Say Goodbye

by foolishwandwaver [archived by HPFandom_archivist]

Summary

Harry slips Dumbledore's leash by faking his own death

Notes

Note from SeparatriX, the archivist: this story was originally archived at HP Fandom, which was closed for health and financial reasons. To preserve the archive, I began manually importing its works to the AO3 as an Open Doors-approved project in August 2016. I e-mailed all creators about the move and posted announcements, but may not have reached everyone. If you are (or know) this creator, please contact me using the e-mail address on HP Fandom collection profile.
Say Goodbye

By: Ash/ aka Foolishwandwaver

The characters you know do not belong to me, in a perfect world, they would.
Apologies to any purists out there. The Fae are made up from an amalgam of sources with extras
thrown in to make it more interesting. H/D in future chapters. Rated MV, 5545 words. Dark ? Harry-
depends on you point of view. Note: Title comes from Madonna’s song Take a Bow - “the show is
over say goodbye”

Chapter 1

Harry Potter had come to the conclusion while spending his summer
holiday mostly in self-enforced seclusion in Dudley’s second bedroom,
at the end of a very traumatic fifth year, that most of the inhabitants of
the wizarding world, were all quite insane, and, or, incredibly
stupid.

Even those witches and wizards whom were muggle born, quickly forgot whatever common sense
they might have possessed to become as sharp as turnips.

Harry found out this astonishing fact while reading as many books as he could get his hands on.
Didn’t matter if they were from the local Little Whinging library or ordered from Flourish and Blotts.
Knowledge had become very important to Harry Potter. Knowledge was power, and he needed
power.
It would be power that kept him alive when he confronted Voldemort. It would also be the power
knowledge gave him when dealing with Dumbledore and the Ministry. Both of who loved to try to
to control his life. Not any more.

It took the reading and understanding of all things, Muggle books on psychology to where the
proverbial light bulb finally lit, and Harry went ‘ahhhh’.

Well ‘The Prince’ and ‘The Art of War’ while not considered psychology, they also contained
information on how to deal with or control people. He constantly carried them with him and
surreptitiously consulted them, although he was pretty confident that only Hermione would have
gotten a clue if she had seen the books’ titles.

He continued this quest for knowledge of all types into his sixth year. This
caused undue amounts of worry among his friends. Being Griffindors, they were hardly subtle in
their questioning of Harry, which annoyed him to no end.
Harry was hardly the total recluse they accused him of being. He was still
involved with the DA, and was back to being the seeker for the Griffindor team. When Hermione’s
questioning and Ron’s badgering became too much for Harry, he would grab his book bag and
depending on the time of day, he would retreat to the library, or enclose himself within his bed,
complete with a silencing and impervious charm on his bed curtains.

If anyone had been the least bit perceptive, and had ever asked Harry what he wanted to be when he
grew up they would have understood his answer of ‘Arthur Weasley’. Unfortunately, the Wizarding

There had been a couple of occasions where others saw what the price for such things were, but then were promptly forgot with the hype that usually followed. So, coming to the understanding after months of reading and contemplation, Harry knew he would never please everyone so like the song, he would please himself.

He had found himself spending most of sixth year studying with Hermione in her never ending quest studying for the seventh year NEWTs. They had hit, at least he thought, every book contained in the Hogwarts library. When that wasn’t enough, Hermione had him use Hedwig to send for more books. When they weren’t at the books, they were practicing what spells, hexes, charms, and potions they had learned to the point that they were almost tied in first place in school standing. Even Snape had been amazed at Harry’s new found ability at potions, try as he would, he also could not get a rise from the usually volatile Griffindor.

He had felt himself changing during the summer where he had turned 15. He could feel his magic increasing. His concentration was more focused enabling him to study better. He had also found the ability to do small bits of wandless magic. A wave of his hand and a softly said Accio would bring an object to him.

The first time he accomplished this he was worried about receiving a letter from the ministry of magic about underage usage. When two days went by with out any letter, he tried it again. Then again. They apparently couldn’t track wandless magic. Especially if he kept it subtle. Slowly with practice it became very easy. So easy that when he finally started sixth year at Hogwarts, he found himself able to do larger, more difficult magics with out his wand, though he didn’t tell anyone about his ability with wandless magic. It would only give them more to talk about. The magic he did do with his wand was almost too easy to accomplish, delighting his professors and frustrating his classmates as they struggled to accomplish the same assignments.

Harry also noticed his body was slowly changing. He was taller by three inches, hopefully, he would gain at least enough height to be comparable to the others. He was at 15, 5’ 8” which was respectable. What he wanted to be was 6’. Hell, even Ron was 6’1”. He was also, finally, starting to grow facial hair, albeit faintly as of yet. His chest had grown broader, his muscles more defined. His voice was a pleasant baritone, his face had thinned, no longer could strange middle age looking witches in the Leaky Cauldron pinch his cheeks. That fact alone made him smile. He was treated either with awe when people saw his scar or heard his name or, they got up close and personal, pinching his cheeks, ruffling his hair, patting his shoulder as if they were a member of his family. He had really hated that.

He was no longer skin and bones. He had made arrangements for a nominal price, for care packages to be sent from Tom at the Leaky Cauldron three times a week. That, along with Molly Weasleys supplements of pies, and baked goods would make sure he had the wherewithal for his body to grow as much as possible. Losing Sirius had taught him to look out for himself. Depending on others he learned only ended tragically.

One peculiarity he noticed during sixth year was his hair. He had allowed it to grow to where it now brushed his shoulders. The weight held it down to a neater looking appearance, but what was peculiar was the silver he saw in among his sable locks. Scattered throughout his hair were separate strands of silver. He wondered if his Father would have gone prematurely gray if he had lived longer. Was this something in his family? He had no pictures of any other members to compare
himself to, or knowing the way things just seemed to happen, this would be something that happened to him alone.

All things considered, sixth year had been a good one at Hogwarts. Things had been relatively calm with exception of Hermione’s panic attack at the end wondering how they would be able to study enough during summer break. After all she had constantly whined, they would have NEWTs to look forward to when they came back, they had to study hard over the summer to do well.

Harry calmed her down by saying he would allow her to borrow Hedwig to transport books for her from Florish and Blotts with the proviso that she stop reminding him of his up coming NEWTs every hour. Ron had thanked him, saying he would have enough reminding from his parents telling him he needed to do well with out Hermione jumping in, garnering them both nasty looks from her.

Strange as it seemed, the minute he boarded the Express for the Dursleys, he was able to feel the magic of places, people and things around him. This was a totally different feeling from his magical core that was inside of him. No, this was magic given off by things, and the further he got from Hogwarts, the more he could feel it and its pull on him.

At the Dursleys, the magic was almost narcotic, there was so much of it. He could feel the cool, almost electric hum of the wards that surrounded the area. Something inside him told him if he really wanted to he could reach out and capture all the magic that went into making the wards and use it anyway he wanted to, or just let it all drain back into the ground, leaving the area defenseless. That would be one of the last things he did as he left the Dursleys for good. If they were so short-sighted to despise magic and what it could do to protect them, then he would give them exactly what they wanted, him gone and all trace of magic with him.

With a little experimentation while he was in the back yard doing some weeding, he found he could pull the magic that surrounded him slowly into him, and saying a little cantrip, found that the magic responded to his command. Next he tried pulling a little more into him, and then wordlessly, with just the slight use of his hand he had the magic work for him. Later that night he found a few more silver hairs in his head and wondered if it was his use of wandless magic that was causing this, since they only seemed to appear after that type of usage.

Later, he would find that he didn’t need the words of a spell quietly spoken, all he needed to do was think about what he wanted to do, to accomplish it.

It was now the end of July, Harry had already gone through his books for his last year at Hogwarts, and had finished all his summer homework. His ability at wandless magic kept increasing with practice to where he no longer needed his wand. As he laid back on his bed perusing the latest catalog from Florish and Blotts, he cast a tempus charm to count down the time till he turned seventeen, and with another flick of his wrist he used magic to open the window in advance of the presents his friends were sure to send.

Harry had already packed his belongings into his school trunk by wandlessly shrinking them, his Gringotts key was in his pocket, read to use the next day. Harry would be seventeen and of legal age, and he’d be damned if he would spend one more night here. He already had word that upon his majority he would be able to access the Potter family vault and have control of all therein including the family properties and houses. Hedwig was standing by to send his Thankyou notes, she had been informed then to meet him at Diagon Alley upon completion of her delivery. Slowly he watched the time count down.
--- somewhere in North America, deep underground---

Two women, both striking in their looks were seated, sharing a pot of tea. One was dressed all in black and was wearing a silver diadem, the other was in green. Both had long, almost floor length raven tresses interspersed with an abundance of pure silver hair. Neither of them looked to be of any age to have such coloration in their midnight locks. The one in black had eyes of midnight with flecks of startlingly bright silver, the other the green of the richest emeralds, so that if you looked closely you would see specks of blue fire in them.

“I can feel little bits of our lost one from time to time as his abilities fluctuate. The power is growing in him. Soon we will be able to find, and then finally claim our boy.”

“Some one blocked the lock we had on him. Do you have a suspect in mind, Morgana?”

“Yes, My Queen, but I need to be close to be definite, such spells as you very well know are highly personal.” The Lady Morgana replied with a low growl.

“You will, I trust meet out the correct punishment for taking one of ours from us, my sister?” As she said this the silver in her eyes flared.

Green eyes became as cold as ice. “Indeed, My Queen, That world,” she spat, almost snarling in rage, “destroyed my Liliana, and kept this child from me. Trust me, they will indeed pay dearly for meddling in affairs not of their own.”

“Who do you have in mind to accompany you, sister?” The Queen said. “You may take any five with the exception of course, of my consort and my heir.”

“I had thought to take Liam, Daffyd, Brazil, Filidea, and Niall.” Morgana replied. “Also, if I may, I’d like some of the Hell Hounds and the use of the coach.”

“You don’t ask for much, do you? Why the coach?” She said with out thought, then shook her head at her thoughtlessness. Of course they would need the coach, modern aircraft left the Fae too uncomfortable surrounded by all the metal comprising it. “Of course, take the coach, it will transform to whatever transportation you need when you need it.” Queen Macha replied wryly. Then paused, while she thought over the names Morgana had given her.

“Filidea? Granted, she has been more loyal than your other lovers, but do you think she will be able to meet out justice? What would she do if you suddenly met one who would call forth an egg from you? You know it is imperative we have more children.”

“Macha, if that happens, it happens, she knows the law, like all of us do. But truly, she was as heartbroken as if Liliana and her son had been her descendants. She begged me to include her.” Morgana snickered, “She wants to do to them what you did to that ass Cu Chulainn when he dared kill one of yours as a reminder that while not always visible, the Fae are still here, just not where we originated. All I know right now, is that Aren, or um I think Liliana called him Harry, is somewhere in the Isles. As he grows stronger, I’ll find him.” Morgana gave her sister the Queen of the Fae a coy look. “Are you positive I can’t tempt you to come on ‘The Hunt’, it will be like old times, dear one. You know none compares to you in battle!”

Queen Macha smiled in remembrance of times long, long ago, but shook her head against the temptation offered. “No, I did promise when we migrated here that I would do nothing overt, as
Queen, I must stand true to that bond. The Fae do not tell untruths, we just don’t tell all of a truth.” She sighed, “How I do envy you. Go, sister, before I regret not being able to enact vengeance, and my love for you becomes anger at your freedom.”

12:01 AM The owls had started to arrive, and Harry had tied his pre-written, almost form-type thank-you letters to Hedwig and sent her off. He wandlessly shrunk the un-opened presents and tucked them into his trunk and shrunk that also and placed it in the inside pocket of his jacket. Glancing around his room one last time for anything he might have missed, and seeing the room was totally devoid of his presence, he opened his door and quietly descended and left number 4 Privet Drive by the back door, placing a notice-me-not charm on himself, mounted his broom and flew to the edge of the wards.

Hands held slightly away from his body, fingers splayed, Harry started to gather the wards, slowly pulling them away from their target and towards him. When he felt them at the breaking point, he started to drain the power from them, siphoning the magic into himself.

At first, he felt a tingling in his fingertips that spread into his palms and up his arms, centering in his stomach until it spread out filling every bit of himself. When he could take no more, he closed his hands around the unseen filaments of what remained and pulled with all his might until he felt them snap. What was left dissipated into the ground. He then mounted his broom and as silently as he arrived, left, never to return.

Tucked way in the back of a glass fronted bookcase, in the Headmaster of Hogwarts office, partly shielded by a book haphazardly replaced on purpose to keep it from being seen by prying eyes, was a snow globe. The only thing remotely extraordinary about this particular snow globe was it’s subject. It was a perfect representation of all of Privet Drive only in extreme miniature. Unknown and certainly unseen, it slowly started to glow. It flared once then started to dim. As it dimmed the glass encasing the miniature Privet Drive thinned until it disappeared, leaving Privet Drive exposed on its wooden base.

There was no longer anything magical about the snow globe, or Privet Drive.

Harry landed behind a large, open 24 hour petrol station just off the main Motorway into London. It wasn’t really a great distance from Surrey to London, but Harry had time to kill, and a plan to work on. He had picked this place after scouting it to make sure it wasn’t one of the ones frequented by Uncle Vernon when he was taken into King’s Cross Station for the train to Hogwarts.

This one seemed quite busy with many lorries parked or refueling. Shrinking his broom, he put it into his jacket pocket before he wandered into the business. He knew from past experience that what he
needed he could purchase here. If Dudley rode along on the trip to Kings Cross, he always made it a priority to make sure they stopped at one of these places so he could make Harry run in and purchase snacks and a drink for him. One last dig at Harry before he left for school.

Holding a small piece of paper as if to make it look like he had a list of purchases to make, Harry wandered the aisles. He picked up a couple of magazines, The Times, a can of coke, a packet of crisps, chocolate bar and a small bottle of make-up in as close to his skin tone as they had and wandered to the cashier. Paying for his items he asked the clerk for directions to the facilities. On the clerks look of confusion he replied in an exasperated tone of voice asking for the blokes Loo and shook his head when the clerk pointed it out. Obviously not a position that required higher mental functions. Snape would have made mince meat out of the kid.

After he finished using the Loo and washing his hands, he opened his sack and took out the make-up and read the directions. Applying a couple drops to his fingertip, he watched as his scar disappeared with the liquids application. After removing what was left on his finger, he ran his fingers through his hair and thought Hermione’s color. Gradually his sable and silver locks turned into a mousy brown. Taking off his glasses, he placed his fingertips against his eyelids and did the same thing, only thinking blue eyes. Again, he watched as slowly his vibrant green eyes slowly turned blue with only specks of the green remaining. He transfigured his glasses from round and black to oblong and silver. His eyesight had somehow slowly improved since he turned 15. He still needed glasses, but he was willing to bet in a couple of months he would be seeing 20/20 with out them. Magic? Genetics? He was no longer surprised at the things that happened to him.

Replacing his glasses he gave himself a good going over in the mirror. There he saw a 6 foot, brown haired, blue eyed young man with silver glasses wearing old, unremarkable clothing. At 17, his face resembled the man he was becoming, there was little of the boy he was left, and surprisingly, very little of James Potter. Harry Potter was for all intents and purposes no more. Leaving the Loo, he wandered to where a lorry was idling, waiting for the driver to finish whatever business he had. The loud noise of the lorry was perfect for a confusing background sound.

He popped the top on the coke took a sip, and opened the package of crisps and started to munch on them. Did he really want to do this? He knew exactly what would happen if he did. But thinking back, there was not one, out of all the people there who had even offered him a drink of water when he was made to work the yard during the hot summer months. And he had noticed, the curtains pulled back from time to time to watch him to see if he keeled over from heat prostration. Or in the winter, when he was sent out to shovel snow with no boots, no gloves and only a thin coat, not just Vernon’s drive, but he was to do theirs also. No, not once then was he offered a hot cup of tea, or asked if he would like to come in for a bit to warm himself. No, he definitely would have no regrets upon reflection. Like the muggle bible story of Gomorrah, he was looking for a kind person, instead of honest, and like the story, he found none. What they have sown, so shall they reap. Justice, pure and simple.

When he was finished, he threw the trash away and shrunk the rest of the items and tucked them into his pocket, then, placing his hands on his temples he concentrated, opening his link with Voldemort. He thought, ‘the wards have fallen, the wards have fallen’ and pushed it into Voldemort’s mind, then just as quickly shut the link. Taking his Firebolt out of his pocket, he enlarged it and flew off to meet up with Hedwig.

Lord Voldemort sat up suddenly in his bed and immediately called his death eaters to come to him
through the morsmordre. He then called for Pettigrew to come and assist him in dressing.

Peter Pettigrew became more nervous as he watched his master pacing back and forth rubbing his scaled and skeletal hands together as he impatiently awaited the arrival of his servants.

When all he had called had arrived, he entered what he called his throne room. There the death eaters immediately knelt as he seated himself.

“Lucius” He hissed and waited as Lucius knelt before him kissing the hem of his robe. “Lucius, I have had a vision.” He held up his hand to stall any questions. “The wards have fallen at the Potter house.” Tonight we finally destroy the boy. Come.” With this, he rose and proceeded to leave to where he could apparate from, not bothering to see if he was followed. He knew none would dare stay behind or even presume to question him.

Previous to this ‘vision’, Voldemort had had no intentions of going after Potter until he had finished schooling at Hogwarts. He had no desire to call more attention to the boy, bringing him more supporters from the Wizarding World, neither did he want to create a martyr for the others to flock to Dumbledore’s banner. He had a simple accident planned for the boy that would seem totally natural on his way home from Hogwarts, resulting in multi-auto, multi-muggle fatalities.

All with the use of minimal magic. He could even point to it and say the muggles, with their greater numbers, always rushing, and unnatural technology had killed Potter. Another reason to destroy them. So simple, so elegant, but this was an opportunity he couldn’t by pass. It would push up his time table for conquest a whole year.

Once he left his wards, he turned to his followers and said Privet Drive, Little Whinging, Surrey, and apparated knowing the morsmordre would pull the others along behind him.

Mundungus Fletcher had been napping on Arabella Figg’s front stoop when he heard the popping sound of many people Apparating down the street from Wisteria Drive. Knocking, no banging loudly on her door until it opened, he told Arabella to call for help, there was trouble on Privet Drive and left to see what he could do.

Arabella was smart enough not to bother with time consuming questions. She immediately went to Floo the headmaster. Upon receiving no answer, she floo’d Grimmauld Place where fortunately, or depending on how one looked on it, unfortunately she got Molly Weasley. When she told Molly the same thing dung told her, she was met with a loud, ear shattering scream, and the start of what she knew would be many questions that she just didn’t have the time or answers to. Shaking her head she yelled at Molly to shut up and call the Order and get over here, then disconnected the floo and went to see if she could help Fletcher.

Voldemort looked at all the identical houses on Privet Drive and sneered. Typical muggles. “Which one, Lucius?” When Lucius told him that he didn’t know the number, Voldemort hissed out to spread out and destroy them all.

Rounding the corner that led Wisteria onto Privet, Mundungus heard many loud explosions, looking
down the street he saw houses erupting in flames. He stood there transfixed as death eaters ran up and down the street firing off incendio curses at all the houses. He almost jumped out of his skin when Arabella bumped into him.

“Oh, Dear Merlin!” she cried out softly when she saw the street aflame.

“What do we doBella?” Dung asked, this was totally beyond his experience. He hunched in on himself when the flames had caused a natural gas pipe to explode, resulting in even more fire. They could feel the heat even as far away as they were. They stood there in shock as the death eaters dis-apparated with the oncoming sound of the fire brigade. “Bella?” He asked again.

“We mourn, Dung.” She said with tears streaming down her face, “we mourn.”

Tears streaming down his face, Severus Snape apparated directly to the outskirts of Grimmauld Place, took off his mask and robe, shrank them and placing them in an inner pocket entered.

“Severus!” Albus Dumbledore almost shouted, “what happened?”

“You tell me, Albus, you tell me!” he shouted back. “I was called. He told us the wards had fallen, and pulled us to Privet Drive where He ordered us to burn them all down. There was noth, noth…” With this hesitation, the others could see how devastated he was by the events he was made to participate in.

“But how, Severus? How did they come down?”

“You tell me, old man! You put them up! When was the last time you checked on them?” Snape growled back. “Or have you even bothered?”

“Now Severus, I’m sure one of the Order would have told me if anything was out of place.” Albus said quietly, trying to calm the distraught man with his soft tones, and conciliatory manner.

“Do not. Do not try to excuse yourself. You have never checked after the boy at all since placing him in that hell hole, have you? Well, now your weapon has been destroyed, what are you going to do now old man?” Severus snarled viciously at Albus.

“Severus!” Lupin almost shouted. “What is the meaning of this?”

Severus started to laugh, a sound no one had heard in a very long time. “You do not know?” He barked out. “You honestly do not know? Harry Potter was Dumbledore’s weapon, his chief pawn in this game between him and the Dark Lord, nothing more. And through his neglect, he has lost him. There is just one thing I would like to know. Will you regret the loss of the boy or the machine you were trying to create?”

“Severus!” Dumbledore said harshly while at the same time …

“Severus, surely you can’t mean…”

“OH, Can I not, Lupin?” He snarled back at him, then turned to Dumbledore. “Do as you will, you usually do, but this time do not include me. I am out of the game. One way or another, I have had
enough of both of you. Enough to haunt me for eternity.” Severus turned, ignoring Dumbledore’s harsh command to stay, and left.

Albus turned to the others trying to decide how to play this so it would turn to his advantage. He carefully tried to read them, most wouldn’t look him in the eye making it almost impossible to do legilimens on them.

“Severus was right!” Lupin said. “You were using Harry all along, weren’t you? All your talk about him staying there for protection and you never bothered to check your own wards in 16 years? I agree with Severus, count me out also.” With that Remus Lupin also turned and left the gathered people to their own thoughts and conclusions. All he knew was Harry was the son and godson of his best friends, and they, with their deaths had entrusted his care and well being to him, and through Albus Dumbledore’s advice, he, Remus Lupin, the supposed moral one out of the marauders had neglected that most important duty. He was deeply ashamed of himself.

As he entered the kitchen he saw Hedwig sitting on the window sill. ‘Merlin’ he breathed to himself as he went to let her in. A kernel of hope blossomed inside himself, not for the war effort, he couldn’t give a damn about that, it was hope that Harry was alright. This time, he prayed, this time Harry, I won’t fail you. He retrieved the note meant for him and left the others on the table. As soon as he did that Hedwig turned and took flight. Another sign of hope he thought. If Harry was dead, or injured Hedwig would not have left like that. Taking his note he hurried upstairs to his room. He wanted no one to know what it said.

Dear Remus,
I am doing fine. The Dursleys are leaving me alone. Thank You for the birthday gift, hope to see you soon.
Love,
Harry

In very small letters near the bottom it said: Use the marauder saying.

Remus took out his wand and placed the strongest silencing charms around his room, and put locking charms on the door. Then he tapped the paper with his wand and said; “I solemnly swear I am up to no good.” Writing appeared on the paper. Remus wanted to whoop in laughter, and beat the shit out of Harry for scaring him as he read:

Remus, whatever you hear don’t believe it. Meet me outside Gringotts August 1st at 2:00 pm. I’ll explain then. Bring no one with you. Harry

Remus used an incendio on the paper, it wouldn’t do to have say, one of the twins get a hold of it, they too know what the marauders saying was, and would feel no shame at reading someone else’s letter.
With that accomplished, he began to pack. Where ever Harry was going, he wanted to be right there beside him.

Lady Morgana was preparing for bed when she felt her great x many times grandson come into his wizarding power. It normally wouldn’t have made much of an impression on her except she had
sensitized herself to his signature when ever he had used any substantial amounts of power in the past. This night, his birthday, he had absorbed and played with a great deal of power. But it was his wizard power she had felt, he would need another Fae to bring him to his Fae abilities. ‘That’s my boy’ she thought to herself, ‘I’ll find you now, and you’ll never have to want for family again.’ Morgana again mourned for her lost Liliana wishing she could have brought her here, but Liliana had found love at that school of hers and so she had stayed in that world, promising her ancestress to bring the child to them on his 15th birthday. But that world had destroyed her and her chosen, and had taken the child from them. The wizarding World had long memories to go with their longer than the mundane peoples lifespan. It was time they were reminded that they were not at top of this particular food chain.
Harry spent what was left of the night and most of the morning sleeping in room 11 of the leaky cauldron. On awakening he fed Hedwig, then spent the time left until he went down stairs for lunch disguising the owl. Some of the configurations of colored feathers left much to be desired and she let Harry know exactly how she felt about it until they finally hit on one they both agreed to.

Harry had found a little known charm that worked almost like an encyclopedia, the ‘Show me’ charm, and it did just that, it pictured all types of owls, they went through all the Eagle owls, Barn, Tawny, Wood, Spotted, Hedwig definitely protested any type of pygmy owl, after snowy, they hit stygian, which she liked. Harry personally thought they were a bit too scary looking, especially when their ear tufts were standing straight up looking like horns, but Hedwig liked them, so a Stygian Owl she would be. And since they were said to be able to travel to and from hell, Harry thought Persephone to be a perfect name for her.

She was a mottled black and dark brown with a black face and startling golden eyes, that when the light hit them just so, looked red causing a shiver to go through Harry. All Harry said was she should stay away from Snape if they would happen to see him since their favorite food were bats. Hedwig, er Persephone, just chirruped at him. Apparently the Owls version of giving raspberries.

“Well, girl, ready to eat?” At Persephone’s nod, or it really was more of a kind of bobbing motion, but Harry had always taken it for a nod yes. She flew to his shoulder and Harry waited til she was stable before they left the room.

After Harry had settled himself at a table Tom came over asking what ‘the young master’ would like and after Harry heard the special to be pea soup he remembered the warning from the shrunken head on the night bus, to eat it before it ate you, he ordered the Shepard’s pie.

Harry ate his fill and shared some of the meat with Persephone which she accepted after he told her she could hunt while he was in Gringotts. They would meet afterwards so Harry could tell her where he would be staying, not at all sure staying at the Leaky Cauldron would be the best way to go, especially once he heard the patrons talking about the attack and death of Harry Potter by you-know-who. He saw a copy of the Daily Prophet and glanced at the headlines declaring their savior to be dead. Then underneath the main story there was another one questioning his death wondering if he was in hiding since his body hadn’t been found yet.

Harry snorted at that, and thought it wasn’t a wonder he hadn’t been blamed for the attacks. After all that was usually the way things went. Only this time they would have been at least partially correct in that assumption.
Tom came over and asked if there was anything else he wanted, when Harry said no, they were good, he remarked upon Persephone looking different last night. And to his surprise, Harry totally agreed with him, saying depending on the light, he sometimes didn’t recognize her, then he laughed and said not to mention the times Persephone just plain scared him with the way she could appear at times.

Harry then told Tom all about the different characteristics of a Stygian Owl, and that he understood totally his confusion since they were native to South America and Harry doubted if he had ever seen one before. This settled Tom’s suspicions, to where he was wondering if ‘the young master’ had just come from such a place since he had never seen him before.

Harry told him that he was from Australia, figuring he couldn’t very well say America since he didn’t have a strange accent, but that he usually traveled a lot during the summer with his parents, but this was the first time he was on his own and also the first time in Britain. He then asked what sights Tom would recommend since it was obvious to Harry that he ran a very popular establishment and would hear about all the better places to visit.

If Tom would have displayed any more suspicion, Harry would have continued to ramble on about some of the places Mum and Dad had taken him to. And on and on. But Tom just said to come back a little later and he would have a list for him of the best places for him to visit and some of the better places to stay at.

Harry asked if it would be alright if he waited til Tom did the list because he didn’t know where he would be or what he would be doing later since he had half formed plans to meet up with an old friend of his family while here, and he might not be coming back, and he would really appreciate that list since all he knew about Wizarding England was Diagon Alley and Stonehenge.

Tom then told Harry that he wished all visitors would be as friendly and as personable as the ‘young master’. Harry then insisted Tom call him by his name, Aren Evans. Tom then thanked him and hoped he would stop back before he left to go home, and Harry promised he would, gave a big smile, saying Tom was his first English friend.

Why people thought him a complete Griffindor was beyond Harry’s comprehension. He only got into situations when there were no alternatives. With the way the Dursleys raised him, being incautious was a foreign concept. Granted, there had been a few incidents where Harry had disobeyed or gotten angry and lost his temper but there had been no incidents for quite a while since he learned the hard way that rushing into things and loss of temper often had fatal consequences. His days, ever since he could remember were planned out to a fare-thee-well, even if it was just weeding. Since they weren’t fond of feeding him he had to plan to sneak food for the day, and then there was the problem of enough water to drink, but it couldn’t be too much cause he was only allowed so many bathroom breaks. He sighed, the list just went on and on.

Never knowing how Vernon especially would react to a request taught Harry to plan for all contingencies til it was second nature to him. Harry had spent a large amount of time planning this get away and had tried hard to think of all the things that could, and knowing the way things went when it concerned him, probably would go wrong.

He guessed maybe they thought it because of the way he flew when playing Quidditch. But really, flying was like walking to him, you just did it, you didn’t think about it before hand, especially when you were concentrating on trying to catch the snitch. If you thought about the bludgers coming at you or the other seeker, or even crashing, then you could say good bye to winning. Oh, he knew all those things were factors, and stayed at the back of his mind while playing, but the primary goal was to catch the snitch.
Or the name he had come up with. Evans he got from his mother, but Aren just popped into his head one night about a year ago and wouldn’t leave. He actually liked Aren better than Harry so much so that there was a stray thought that went through him from time to time to see about legally changing it.

Aren James Potter. He liked that much better, it felt right. Still, there was something missing, like he should have another middle name beside James. Ah, well, maybe that would come to him also. So he sat there in pleasant reverie watching the people come and go, passively eavesdropping on some of the louder conversations and sipping on his butterbeer waiting for Tom to get back to him with his list. It was just shy on 1:00 so he still had plenty of time til he met Remus and they had their talk.

He couldn’t remember the last time he was out in public that he had such an enjoyable time just sitting and relaxing while the world went by. It was nice not to be Harry Potter. He planned on not being Harry Potter for as long as he could get away with it or at least until the start of school.

Tom was a good as his word, and returned with a list of places to visit and sat a bit with Harry while he perused it. “I didn’t know how much time you had Aren, during this holiday, so I just included everything I could think of.” Tom told Harry. “I didn’t exactly know what your preferences were, if you wanted to go to towns, or historical sights, or, well, you get the idea.” He said by way of apology as to the length of the list.

“Oh, I’m not fussy,” Harry said. “I just like traveling, seeing new things, er, Tom? What is this Hogwarts you have on the list?”

“That is the premier school for witchcraft and Wizardry here, I thought that you might want to get a look at it even though it will be closed for the summer holidays. Since that is the school that Harry Potter goes to, don’t you know.” Tom said this like he was taking personal credit for that fact, and seemed a bit heart-broken when Aren/Harry didn’t respond right away.

“Um, sorry Tom, but who? I didn’t quite catch the name.” He replied, looking slightly confused.

Tom looked aghast. “You’ve never heard of Harry Potter?” With that everyone stopped what they were doing and stared at Aren and Persephone.

Harry immediately felt very uncomfortable and tried strongly not to show it.

“No, I didn’t say I haven’t heard of him, why he’s in our history books at school, don’t you know, I just said I didn’t hear the name you spoke. So, Hogwarts is where he goes to school, eh? Maybe I will make it a point to stop and take a look, it will be something I can tell my friends about.” Harry said then looked even more confused as Tom started to cry. He immediately asked him if he said or did anything wrong because he surely didn’t mean to.

Tom apologized for his behavior and said that the news today was very bad concerning Harry Potter, very bad indeed.

Harry knew he had no choice but to ask what happened, even though wanting to hear about it was about the last thing he wanted to spend any time listening to. As Tom told him, he interjected the proper, at least he hoped, amount of feelings at the sad news, and hoped he looked as shocked at the news as the ordinary wizard would.

Harry was extremely uncomfortable now, and luckily by glancing at the clock he noticed that it was almost two, and he could leave. So he apologized to Tom profusely about the sad news and said he hoped they had got it all wrong somehow, which brightened Tom up a bit, but said he was almost late for his meeting, and thanking Tom for all his help he left for his meeting with Remus and Gringotts.
As he neared Gringotts, he noticed Remus right away. He was leaning against one of the pillars outside the Goblin bank looking very uncomfortable. Harry scanned the area checking for magical signatures and excess use of magic of the people in the area. He had the funny feeling that Dumbledore had assigned some of the Order members to keep an eye on Remus. As of yet he didn’t know why Dumbledore would do such a thing, it just seemed likely that with the events that had happened last night, it would be a thing he would do.

And he was right, he could detect at least two invisibility cloaks in use. He couldn’t see through them yet, but his sensitivity to all magical power made them easily detectable. After all, if you could see what he saw, you would see this big blob of fluorescing colors, but there would be noting else there. So, ergo, invisibility cloaks.

Pure or Wild Magic he found from reading a very rare book, Sirius had given him, and also from his own experience, does not work that way. Almost every living thing, and even some not, give of magic. That magic has to go somewhere, so like water, it flows, gathering into little trickles, then lines, then streams until it becomes a river, or ley line. When two lines meet they form a node, which is a vast collection of magic, or a lake of magic. The ancients knew how to collect these and house them in objects. That’s why the great pyramids were said to be able to do magic. Although after all these years most of the strong magic had dissipated, they still, if you knew how, had power you could use.

Harry put plan B into effect, and taking out the list Tom had given him, he wandered over to Remus, like he was a bit lost, and asked loud enough for the spies to hear, for directions in his best, at least he hoped, Aussie dialect. As Remus was gesturing out his instructions, Harry whispered for Remus to go into the bank in about twenty minutes and ask for Griphook. When told to scratch his nose if he understood, Remus did. And Harry thanked him for the directions saying as soon as he finished his business at the bank, he would now know how to get to the places on his list. Shaking Remus’ hand he went into the bank and immediately asked for Griphook.

Ten minutes later, Harry came out, spied Remus, and again thanked him for directions, and promptly walked away to where he was out of sight. Ducking into an alley, he sent Persephone off to hunt, and changed his appearance and clothes by thinking that he wanted to look like Justin Finch-Fletchly, and as Justin, he went back to the bank to await Remus in the room he had arranged with Griphook, and became hopefully for the last time in at least awhile, Harry Potter.

When Remus and Griphook entered the room, they both stood at the entrance in shock until they were told in no uncertain words to shut the damn door. Griphook complied at once while Remus ran across the room and grabbed Harry in such a strong hug that it lifted him off his feet, he kept whispering the same words over and over; ‘You’re alive, you’re alive, you’re alive.’ As he squeezed the stuffing out of him.

Remus finally let Harry out of his bear hug when Griphook started to clear his throat very loudly, but kept his arm around him as if to reassure himself that it was indeed Harry that was here and not some hallucination.

When Griphook asked if that was all he wanted Harry assured him that they had just begun, and the first thing on the agenda was access to the Potter family vault and that while Harry was going through his family’s’ things he wanted the paperwork drawn up to have everything transferred for now into his own personal vault under the name of Aren James Evans, including his trust fund vault and his inheritance from his godfather, Sirius Black. He wanted to make sure no one other than himself would be able to have access to it. He also handed Griphook a parchment stating that it was his will, and that it was only to be read when they had absolute proof, in other words, Griphook had to have positively identified his body, and confirmed that he was dead. Both Remus and Griphook
looked strangely at him, then Griphook did something Goblins rarely do, he smiled, especially after he unrolled the parchment and saw two wills. One for Harry Potter, and one for Aren Evans.

The one for Harry Potter stated that an undisclosed party, known only to the manager of his estate from Gringotts would inherit all of his assets. That manager was Griphook by name. Griphook had just become a very important Goblin in the Gringotts hierarchy because Harry Potter had been, little did he know it, very wealthy, very wealthy indeed.

Not being anywhere as stupid as wizards presume them to be, Griphook wanted to know what he should do if a body was produced. Harry said then, once he was satisfied, all assets, (of which there would basically be none) would come to me, and so saying he transformed himself back into Aren. Griphook, and now Remus understood now why there were two wills. One for Harry, and one for Aren.

Remus stated that that was way too Slytherin for a Griffindor to think of, and Harry just smiled and asked Griphook to have someone take him to his vaults while he took care of all the paperwork before the rest of the world starts to invade by wanting to know where the money will be going.

“Now, Harry…” Remus started only to be told that his name was Aren from now on, and that it was important that he not forget.

“All right, Aren, do you really think anyone will be here to claim your money right away?” Remus chided him.

“You bet! I’m just surprised I beat them here.” He stated a bit harshly.

“There are a couple things I’ve learned about wizards in general, one; they are for the most part greedy, two; they are very shortsighted when it comes to anything but themselves, just look at the laws and restrictions you have to live under. With Goblins, well, they treat them like servants and even though they handle their money, they still mistrust them. I know from experience, that Goblins are very courteous, honest incredibly smart with money and very trustworthy people. Now that is only two examples, there are many more. Now, three: they are by far, rather dense in that they rarely think for themselves, they’d rather someone told them what to think and how they should act, even Remus if it goes against what they know, they will basically act like sheep and follow whom ever plays Shepard.” Harry could see Griphook agreeing to everything he said.

“Even you, Remus, just usually went along with almost everything Dumbledore would say with very little argument.” Harry baldly stated.

With that, Remus had to agree, and gave up his argument. Griphook left to start on the paperwork, and to fetch a Goblin to take, Mr. Evans to his vaults. There in all probability wouldn’t be anyone here about the vaults today, and maybe not tomorrow, but the next day, would be a very interesting day for the Goblin. And if he knew Fudge and Dumbledore, a very frustrating one for them.

“Just tell me one thing Har, er Aren.” Remus said after Griphook left, “When did you get so smart?”

“It took Sirius dying, Remus, for me to start using my brain. Up until then, I was Dumbledore’s good little Griffindor. These last two years, I’ve basically pretended to be the same old Harry Potter, just a bit more depressed or quiet than usual. Also, living, if you can call it that, with the Dursleys tended to keep me on my toes.”

“Har, er, sorry, Aren, but about the Dursleys. Well, they didn’t escape, and speaking of escape, how did you get out with out getting hurt or noticed? The whole street was nothing but an inferno.”

At this Harry looked a bit shame faced, but hardened himself towards the words he would have to
tell Remus. If only Remus wasn’t such a Griffindor. Snape he knew in his heart would have understood, maybe even applauded his actions, but he had very little doubt that Remus would. He just told Remus to wait until they got into a vault where he could be almost certain they would have absolute privacy. Because what he had to say, could go no further, and if when Remus heard the whole story, and he meant the whole story, and couldn’t accept it, then, he was sorry to say he would have to Obliviate him.

Remus looked shocked at this giving Harry a sinking feeling in his stomach.

“You can do that?” Was all Remus said, so surprised was he.

“You’d be surprised what all I can do.” Was all Harry half-mumbled in reply as he hugged his arms to himself and turned away from Remus towards the door waiting for a Goblin to take them to his vaults.

Remus saw by Harry, shit! he thought, Aren’s body language that he expected to be rejected, and would have to Obliviate him. He had already learned that Aren had already a very disheartening, albeit accurate view of the world he lived in combined with the way he was raised, he shouldn’t wonder at his cynicism.

Just then, the door open and another Goblin stood there stating his name was Grogsho, and Mr. Griphook told them that he was to extend every courtesy and answer any questions that Mr. Evans had. This was said in typical Goblin fashion, a marked difference from Griphook until Harry squatted down until he was eye level, extended his hand to shake, and thanked him saying he was very pleased to meet anyone Mr. Griphook recommended to them. Being so cordially treated went a long way to sweetening the Goblins disposition, not that Goblins could ever be thought of as sweet. But Remus saw this and noted that Harry, damn, Aren, Aren had never discriminated against anyone because of their race or background, unlike most others did. Even to giving second and even third chances. But after that all bets were off, as he had shown he did indeed have James and especially Lily’s temper.

Remus was amazed at Aren’s behavior and very pleased. He had never even seen Dumbledore show such courtesy and thoughtfulness to another species. Whatever Aren had to say, Remus would accept, even if was he was going to join Voldemort. He would be damned if he let this remarkable young man go alone, Dumbledore truly had no idea on what he had lost.

“Aren,” Remus said as they were going to the carts that took them to the vaults, “I need to tell you how devastated you favorite professor was.” When Harry gave him a look that said, tell me another story, Remus stopped and holding onto Harry’s shoulders gave him a slight shake to emphasize the seriousness of this matter. He left the Order after telling the Old Codger off. Aren, he cried!” Remus said before he left go and followed the Goblin to the cart, where they both waited for Harry to collect himself and join them.

Harry looked shocked. I have to write to him. Tell him Harry thought, maybe he’d accept an invitation to where ever it would be they were going to be living. Maybe, just maybe, he had more allies that he thought.
Chapter 3

As Harry was riding in the Gringotts cart towards his vaults, thinking of what Remus had told him about Professor Snape, that same Professor, was finishing up all the potions Poppy had wanted for the infirmary. He had packed during the wait times for some of the potions, and all he needed was to summon a house elf to deliver this and he could leave.

He was going home to Snape Manor, something he rarely did. This time, however, he didn’t for see coming back. He would wait a week until the furor over Harry’s death had died down a little, then he would tend his resignation. As of yet, he had no plan on how he would get away from Voldemort. But, he had meant every word he said, he had had enough, and if it meant his death, well so be it.

Harry and Remus were just about to enter the Potter vault when Griphook, caught up to them. He had just finished going quickly over expenditures for the past couple of years to see if anything jumped out and demanded his immediate attention and what he found would demand a full audit for Mr. Evans benefit. It seems, Griphook told them there had been quite a bit of money drawn out of his trust.

Harry asked if he could be given a quick heads up, then at Mr. Griphook’s pleasure, he would expect a full accounting. When asked if he wanted an outsider to do the audit, Harry told him that he had complete faith in Mr. Griphook being more competent to do the task than any outside firm. So, Griphook proceeded to give Harry the ‘highlights’. Tuition and room and board at Hogwarts was 2,000 galleons per semester. 5,000 extra was taken out per semester for a total of 14,000 galleons a year. Also, at the end of each semester an extra 5,000 galleons were taken out for living expenses for Mr. Potter during the summer.

Harry knew for a fact that Mr. Potter never received a knut of that money and said so. He wanted to know how much money Mr. Potter had personally taken out of his trust vault over the years. Griphook told him that Mr. Potter had personally withdrawn 5,493 galleons, 421 sickles, and 93 knuts in the six years he had access to the vault.

He wanted to know if they thought that was an excessive amount. He really had no idea. He took out money for school supplies at the beginning of the year, with extra for presents and treats and stuff, it usually lasted him all year until he was back for more money for school. Griphook then told him that Mr. Potter’s parents had set it up to where he could take out up to 10,000 a year for any expenses Mr. Potter would have.
Harry then wanted to know who it was who had access to the vault beside Mr. Potter. Griphook then confirmed what Harry had thought when first told about the discrepancy, he just wanted Remus to hear that the Headmaster had been stealing from him.

All totaled, from rough estimates, approximately 90 plus thousand had been embezzled from Mr. Potter’s trust fund vault during the years he was at Hogwarts, he stated he would do a full audit including the years Mr. Potter had been cared for by his mother’s family. Which Harry told them he knew for a fact Mr. Potters’ family were left with the impression that Mr. Potters’ parents had died penniless, that they had bemoaned the need to care for Mr. Potter out of their pocket. Harry then wanted a complete audit done on the Potter family vault and also the Black vault, especially from the time Mr. Black had been incarcerated up to the present.

Griphook almost forgot himself by rubbing his hands together in anticipation of the downfall of such a high ranking wizard. Remembering himself, and his now, important status, Griphook bowed to Harry and said it would be done. Harry returned the bow, stating he had the utmost confidence in Griphook to see the matter through to the end. Upon hearing this Griphook did forget himself enough to give Harry a very large and pointy-toothed grin. He received a wink in return.

At 12 Grimmauld Place the Order of the Phoenix sans Lupin and Snape were gathering to hear the latest details of last nights tragedy. While they were waiting for the Headmaster and Kingsley Shackelbolt to arrive from the Ministry of Magic, Tonks was becoming agitated at what she was hearing come from Harry’s best friends. Granted, they had been in shock earlier, and had even cried when told the news of Harry’s probable death. But now they were talking about whether Harry had left a will, and if they were in it. Ron told the twins not to be daft, of course he was in it, he was Harry’s best friend, who else would he leave it to? Then Hermione said it was ‘we’, we were Harry’s best friends, and they should probably pay a visit to Gringotts after the funeral. Hermione then wondered how much Harry was worth, since he never said anything about it, but then Harry never had a clue about such things. The Potters were an ancient Wizard family, Ron said, older than even the Malfoys.

And since Harry had just turned 17, he probably had never been in the Potter vault.

When Tonks heard that she called them on their so-called friendship. Calling them fair weather friends and sycophants of the worst sort who had only been with Harry for the fame. Right before that unbeknownst to the gathering, Severus Snape had floo’d in and had over heard the greed of Harry’s supposed friends. He truly had meant to leave for good, but he wanted his suspicions verified, so he came, and now he was very glad that he had. He loved nothing more than ruining a Griffindors day, and he had the perfect means to totally destroy it. Snape being Snape would lash out with no holds barred.

“Contrary to your supposed belief Mr. Weasley,” he smirked, “I know for a fact that Mr. Potter indeed left no will unless he wrote one out once he had left school for the summer. That being the case, all property goes to the next in line, which, since the Dursleys didn’t survive would be Miss Tonks and Mr. Draco Malfoy and his mother, Narcissa. You get nothing, not even his Firebolt, since that was in all likelihood consumed in the flames. I only wish Mr. Potter was here to hear you.” After saying that, Snape then smiled, a smile of such malice it was almost shocking. Before he left the group he left them with a few last words that had Tonks break out in laughter. “Bye the way, Do Have A Nice Day.”
The word when Albus and Kingsley finally arrived was all bad. There had been nothing left by the time the Muggle Fire Brigade finished for them to find. Any bodies had burned to ash in the intense heat. They would have to wait until things cooled down a bit before they could go in and use magic to recover anything. But they would gather up and reform as much as they could, at least that way Dumbledore said they would be able to bury Harry with his parents instead of leaving what remained with the Dursleys.

They were then handed out the Thank-You letters Harry had wrote to them. Dumbledore said he had taken them incase they contained a clue as to what had happened. Ron mumbled he should have waited a day, at least he would have had the frogs he had sent to eat now. When she heard that Molly Weasley smacked her youngest son right across the face with as much power as she could. “I have never felt so ashamed of anyone as much as you Ronald Weasley. How, in Merlin’s’ name could you have no real feeling for the loss of who was supposed to be your best friend? If by some miracle, Harry survived, don’t think I won’t let him know just how both of you have behaved. Albus! What have you been teaching these children!” She huffed off into the kitchen and started banging pots and muttering to herself about ungrateful children.

“My Queen” Lady Morgana bowed before her sister in the audience chamber of the Queen’s apartments. “I have located Aren. He is in London. Once there I’ll be able to pin point his signature easier.”

“Well then, I had better get on the phone and have the President contact the Prime Minister and tell them that a party of Fae shall be entering the Isles to look for their long lost child. I do believe this latest Prime Minister is friendly with the American President, so there should be no difficulty that can’t be negotiated. From what I have already been consulted on, it would seem the British Magical community is having some type of difficulty with a renegade Wizard again to the point where mundanes are being targeted. According to what I have been told, Their Ministry is trying to handle this with out calling for assistance from the Mundane Leaders. The president tells me Their Queen is concerned it may turn out to be like the previous episode with the Wizard Grindenwald. The Prime Minister has been keeping close tabs on their world. I do believe we should have an appointment with him so you could reassure him of our peaceful intent, and if need, offer assistance.”

“And if there is a difficulty in our presence?” Morgana asked.

“You still go, but it will be unsanctioned. Of course. Just like the small tasks our leaders ask us to perform from time to time. The British Wizardry amazes me in their failure to learn from past mistakes. Irregardless of what they would like to believe, they exist on the sufferance of the Mundanes, they really should have learned to co-operate with them as we have done.”

“Very well, we shall start preparing for either contingency. You never cease to amaze me with the way you have led our people. You are truly a Great Queen, sister of mine.” Morgana said, and bowing once again she left to make preparations to leave for London.

Once they were in the Potter vault, Harry started explaining. But Harry started from when he was about six years old, leaving none of the atrocities suffered by the boy at the hands of his family.
When he got to his school years, he emphasized begging Dumbledore to send him anywhere but back, even when told what had and would happen, He denied Harry his simple request. Then he told of his abilities, which lead him to plan his escape, his knowledge that he would only be used by Dumbledore, and his reasoning behind last night.

Remus’ mouth had keep opening to speak, but Harry’s up held hand always prevented him from speaking. He needed to tell this from the beginning straight through to the end with out any distracting questions.

When Harry finished, Remus, looked for a place to sit. He found an antique chaise, and pulled the covers off. Telling Harry he wanted to process everything before he gave his answer, Harry nodded and proceeded to look around the vault.

The place was huge. One area seemed to be nothing but very old furniture. There was no money lying around like in his vault, instead there were trunks labeled with their contents. Each trunk seemed to contain half a million galleons, and there were many of them stacked one upon the other from floor to ceiling and from what he estimated, were five, or six rows deep. Then there were the cases of books. Looks like he inherited one hell of a library. Looking closer there were filing cabinets, old, very old fashioned ones, but still, filing cabinets meant papers, and papers meant information on his family, which for 17 years he had very little. This in his mind was the real treasure.

So scanning the front of the cabinets, he read the labels, he wanted to check out the most recent first. He had a thirst to know about his parents like no one would believe. Later he would find out about the family history, he had a deep seated need for that also.

Hah! Harry had shouted when he found a drawer dated 1980. Here, he thought, here is where I start to find out who I am and where I came from. When he went to open the drawer he found his hand shaking he was so, so. He didn’t know exactly what. Excited? Scared? Nervous? Yes! All of the above he thought. He opened the drawer slowly, in it were a lot of sheets of parchment, but on top of that was a letter addressed to him, in his real name!

Aren Morrigan James Potter

He knew it, he just knew it! Morrigan! Strange, but kind of cool none the less, he liked it. As he reached in to take the letter he found his hand shaking even more. Remus leaned in and helped him since it seemed he was too nervous to grasp it. He looked at Remus with raised eyebrow. At his nod of acceptance he visibly relaxed. He didn’t realize until just this moment how much he had been dreading Remus answer.

“It’s your mothers handwriting. Tell me, how did you know your name when even Sirius and I didn’t?”

“I really don’t know, Remus, it was just a feeling I had last year that kept coming back. But I knew there was something missing, it had felt incomplete.”

“Morrigan.” Remus stated, and Harry nodded.

“I just knew there was something else, but I could never come up with a name that felt right, you know? This one feels right.” He fisted the area around his heart to emphasize the emotion.

“Well, Aren Morrigan James Potter, are you going to keep talking, or are you going to read what your mother wrote?” Remus asked amused as Har, no definitely Aren held the letter from his mother just gazing at it. Aren looked up with the shy smile he was almost as famous for, and slowly,
carefully, opened it. Unfolded the pages, it had been dated on his first birthday. July 31, 1981.

My Dear Son, Aren;
With any luck, I’ll be able to come back in a year or two and tear this up. Hopefully this letter is something you’ll never have to read. Unfortunately, I’ve been having strange feelings and feel there are some things You should know, and I don’t really think there will be anyone to tell them to you. Your father is here, standing behind me scowling at my need to write this. He is saying, “why do ya want to go babbling to “Hairy” this kind of stuff for. First off, let me straighten you out about your nickname. I certainly didn’t give it to you! It was your father that had said one night after you were born that he believed you were the first Hairy Potter ever to be born, the other babies had had no hair, while you had a head full, while you had a head full. just as wild, although not as much, as your father has now. So blame him! Unfortunately, for you, that is all he ever called you, so everyone else just did the same. I have just recently been making him use Aren, unfortunately again, Sirius will not comply, And I don’t even believe our other friends even know your real name.
On to other things. If what I fear will happen, I am comforted in the knowledge that our will states my family from America will raise you. It will be your choice, like it was mine what world you want to live in. The Fae, or the Wizard. Or even both. Your great, great, great, many more times, Grandmother Morgana wants you desperately, so much so that she made me promise to bring all of us over there to live when you are about 15.
I have so much to tell you about being Fae. Unlike this world, the Fae have no half-bloods, or pure bloods. If your Fae, your Fae, and that’s all that is important. That is one of the things I really miss. There is very little prejudice in that world. Well, you shall learn it soon enough, especially if I know Morgana!
I want you to know that your father and I love you very much. Just incase, I don’t get to tell you that in the future, it is important to know. Underneath this letter, Aren, you will find deeds to houses and titles to businesses, and other such things along with the tapestry of the Potter family tree. Morgana will have to tell you of our full lineage on my side, it is very, very long as the Fae tend to live, even for the Wizard world, incredibly long lives. Living to one thousand is quite common if one doesn’t do something stupid. So what ever ideas Sirius comes up with, talk to Remus about it first. He is the only one of your fathers friends who displays a modicum of sense. Or better yet, go ask Severus. He is the one I would trust when you have a problem.
It seems like I have rambled on just like your father predicted. So I will get to the point. If the absolute worst should happen, and we are dead, and you are not with the Fae, you will be! Around the age of 15 the Fae powers along with the wizard powers start to come out, however you need another Fae to help you bring those abilities (they call them gifts) out. Don’t worry, they will find you, until then, take care, and know you are loved.
Mom

Aren couldn’t stop crying enough to really read the letter from his mother so instead Remus appropriated it and read it out loud to Aren, stopping every now and then at parts that surprised him. When he finished he looked at Aren. “So that’s where Harry came from.” He started to laugh.
“Hairy” he emphasized it “Hair-ry Potter, the hairiest Potter of them all! All this time I thought,” he snickered, “The whole world thought that was your name!”
“Remus, Mom’s letter say’s that Sirius knew. He knew and never told either of us!”

“He probably thought it was the greatest joke in the world.” Remus replied. “ But, Aren, One other person knows, and never said a thing about It! Aren, Dumbledore knew that Harry wasn’t your name and deliberately never told anyone! If your mother felt bad enough to write you a letter, I know they must have left a will. Albus said they didn’t. You were never to go to the Dursleys, Snape was right. Albus was only using you.” Remus was stunned. Snape was right! Damn Albus! He was worst than Voldemort, at least with him you knew what you were getting into.
“Aren! We have to make sure Dumbledore doesn’t get his hands on you! At least until your Fae relatives find you. Look through there and get out the properties you own. We need to find a place to stay til we can think things through. But as soon as we get settled, write Snape, your Mother trusted him enough to tell you to go to him if you needed advice, we are going to need him on our side.”
Severus had left Grimmauld Place in disgust. He made a mental note to warn Lupin that the vultures were already circling, eyeing the Potter Estate with great avarice. He had checked, and his house elves had put away all his things, there was unfortunately nothing at this point of time for him to do. He found the thought of idleness strangely welcoming. It was a condition he rarely found himself in he thought, as he sat back in his very comfortable wingback chair and contemplated the fire that was burning. Granted, it was August, but the Manor had been uninhabited and closed up for so long it exuded a chill on the flesh.

Rubbing the bridge of his nose hoping to stave off the headache that had been threatening ever since he had heard Mr. Weasley spouting off on his anticipated wealth. He had admired Nymphadora Tonks defense of Potter. She was a rare creature, a decent Black. That house had a habit of producing disturbing members, whether light or more usual dark, they all had one thing in common. They were all strange and unsettling.

Strange as it might seem to anyone else, he knew one person who would truly mourn Potter’s demise. His godson, Draco. Oh, he would never admit it, but Severus could always see that sparkle of life in Draco’s eye when ever he had a Quidditch match opposite Potter. In all things, Potter had been his only true challenge. Potter’s essence he supposed he could call it that, had seemed to call to Draco, almost like a lovers’ touch. Draco responded to the boy, almost, he snorted at this, like a blossom to the sun. Merlin! He was becoming maudlin in his reverie. But with the halt of open hostilities between them last year, he had hoped that this year he could somehow convince Draco to ignore the prattling of his father, and refuse to take the dark mark. Potter had been his Ace in the hole.

Severus was so lost in thought, he never noticed the flames in the fireplace turn green. It was only with the motion of someone arriving through his floo that he bothered to open his eyes to see the boy, no man he had been thinking about appear. To his great surprise, Draco was, indeed distraught, with tears of grief streaming down his face.

“Say it isn’t true, Severus. Tell me he’s pulled off another miracle and your Order is keeping it quiet.” Draco begged as he knelt in front of Severus and hugged him in almost desperation.

“Father has been celebrating! Oh, Merlin, It’s disgusting!” Draco said with a catch in his breath. “He’s staggering around the Manor drunk, Chanting a vision, a vision, we beat him with a vision!” Draco mimicked his father while rubbing his tear stained cheeks on his sleeve, placing his head back onto his godfather’s lap. “He’s singing about it! ‘Tom had a vision and Harry came down!’” Draco sing-songed. “Severus!” He almost shouted this, a note of panic creeping into his voice. “He’s started to plan my marking. You have to help me!”
Severus sighed in relief. When he first heard Draco mention the Order all he thought was that his life expectancy was a matter of days. Draco’s grief had done what it would have taken extremely delicate conversation to uncover. Severus gently carded his fingers through his godsons hair making shushing sounds hoping to calm the young man. While wondering how he would be able to keep him safe when he didn’t know if he could even stave off his own death.

Vision? “Draco, vision? What is this about a vision.”

“Oh, Father as usual, bragging about the powers of his master. He said He had had a vision in the middle of his sleep telling him the wards were down at the Potter house. That’s why they attacked.”

Severus rubbed his jaw in thought while still trying to sooth Draco with his other hand. This could be something. Voldemort, yes, he could say it mentally, had never had a vision before. He had instead sent then to Potter. I wonder…

Aren and Remus had spent the past two hours going through documents looking for a suitable home out of the many properties the Potters had owned. They had never even made an attempt to enter the Black vault, that would have to wait for another day. Aren, in another uncanny and amazing move, had asked Mr. Grogsho if he would care to leave to take a break, at Grogsho’s negative reply, Aren asked him if he would consider becoming an aide to himself and Mr. Griphook. There would of course be an increase in pay as well as status. Grogsho, jumped at the opportunity to align himself with this remarkable wizard and asked what if anything he could do. Aren then asked for help with the other papers, if he would kindly pack them up so Aren could, when they found a suitable property, take them with, and if that property needed furnishings if he could again, assist in picking out from the pieces in storage here any that might be needed.

Of course, he said he would understand if he needed assistance, that as his liaison between himself and Mr. Griphook, he would be busy, and the transportation of such matters would be beneath him, he could hire as many workers as needed, and keep them as a sort of repair crew for all the properties he owned, and speaking of properties, Aren said he would also need people (Goblins) to oversee the financial aspects of his businesses. He should consult with Mr. Griphook on how many would be needed, but Aren would indeed take it as a kindness if Mr. Grogsho would over see that.

Grogsho was ecstatic, finally a chance to find work for his family, and with a wealthy and powerful wizard! They probably had no idea how difficult it was for a Goblin to find paying work outside of the bank. Very few Wizards hired Goblins, and then it was usually menial. Grogsho asked what loyalty oaths Mr. Evans would want. When he heard there would be no type of binding, he declared himself to be ‘One of the house of Evans’, in effect, binding himself freely to Aren. From everything Grogsho had heard, he knew that this one rare wizard understood what was important to Goblins. Family, security, and freedom. Aren had offered all these and more, asking only for assistance. Also, he knew the pain of betrayal, and the price that must be exacted against the betrayer.

Grogsho worked quickly, he wanted to finish so he could go and announce his great fortune, and seek guidance from Griphook, for he was the first to see the worth of this man. Such a wise and perceptive Goblin, one could only benefit from his association with him.

Remus was astounded. First, for Aren, the Goblin Griphook was going to go against one of the most important and powerful wizards of all time, and now this Goblin, upon three hours acquaintance, was binding himself, to Aren, and in time, his children. Remus looked at Aren and saw a small smile,
the little shit knew exactly what he was doing!

Aren in the mean time found a parchment that had him laughing out loud. When asked what was so funny he said, according to this he had controlling interest in Zonko’s. He then said he had funded the Weasley twins with the start up money, and had reinvested some of his spending money in it, so that now he had a monopoly in the joke shop business. And to think Hermione had always said he was hopeless at playing the game. Well, maybe he was hopeless at games, but when it came to the real thing, She should get a look at him now!

Aren had finally found something he thought might do. He asked Grogsho, if he knew anything about the properties here, and when told that he was often assigned to go out on inspection of some of them, Aren asked what he knew about one called Griffins Rest.

That, Grogsho said was one of the original homes of the Potter family. Indeed he said, it might have been the first. No one has lived or even visited there for quite some time, but it has been kept habitable, if you are interested.

“Remus? I think I’ve found us a home!” Aren exclaimed. “Mr. Grogsho? Will we need anything besides food?” When he heard Grogsho recommend a house elf or two, he got this evil look on his face before he mumbled that he knew just the two to get.

“Aren? I’m not happy with that expression on your face, it reminds me too much of Sirius when he would come up with one of his hair-brained schemes.” Remus chided Aren.

“Leave it to me, Remus, this will work out just perfect.” Aren snickered. “Well, that about does it! Mr. Grogsho, whenever you are able to get the papers to me, I’ll have the wards keyed to you and Whoever accompanies you, just let me know ahead by owl if you need to come. I want to also thank you for all you help, I really appreciated it.” Aren bowed to Grogsho and left calling out. “C’mon, Remus! We’ve got a house to go to.”

The Queen had come to find Morgana instead of sending for her this time. “You have a go, to quote the vernacular. The Black Coach will be escorted in by RAF fighters and you will proceed directly to 10 Downing to meet with the Prime Minister, who will then inform their Queen. I hear she would like to re-open our ancient friendship with the Monarchy. Apparently what ever our President said to them had quite an impact. So, dear, if you are invited to the Palace, please behave, she is, I’m told a bit of a prude.” Macha laughed when Morgana held her palm over her belly and shook her head no, meaning, she didn’t feel the need to reproduce with anyone ‘over- there’.

“They do know that the Black Coach is sentient? That there is no pilot when it is a plane and no driver when it is a Limo?” The pilots won’t be able to communicate with it? I would really hate to be shot down and have to swim home. My back stroke isn’t all it could be.”

“That lovely general we worked with..” Hearing this, Morgana snickered. “Uh, hum, as I was saying, ...he will be there to assist. Please give him my warmest regards.”

“Do you think he ever forgot you? The man could hardly walk when he left for his next assignment.” Morgana slyly questioned. “Sure you don’t want to come and deliver your, um, regards
in person?” There was a definite smile in the voice that asked her that question. “Oh, Yes! Before I forget. There has been a slight change in my roster, It seems Brazil might be ovulating for Owen ap Kelle, so she will be staying, You might want to make sure, it she does, that it takes, Danu knows, we could use more children here.”

“That is the best news I’ve heard today! I’ll be sure to watch out for her. So, one of Kell’s get did it for her, eh? When did he get back from his wanderings? I do believe I should recall our wanderers for a gathering every so often, maybe with them all in one place, we'd see more births.” Macha paused while she wrote that down, she would have to think more on this before she put it into force, or the children of the sidhe would protest the curtailment of their adventures. Even if it was only once every decade, it might just work. “So who are you taking instead, and don’t say Rowan, she’s been begging me, and the answer is no. The Heir can not leave until she produces at least one child! I swear, she is so un-co-operative! I tell her and tell her, baby first, then she can go out into the world and get herself killed”

Morgana totally agreed with her sister on this. While the Fae were remarkable long lived to the point of almost being considered immortal, they could die, while not from ageing, it was their inquisitive nature and extreme lust to experience all the world had it offer that drove them to do dangerous things. They had integrated extremely well into American culture, since the Americans themselves had a similar temperament. Then she recalled what she was going to say, and shook her brain to clear it of extraneous thoughts.

“I had thought on Mirinda, she was always good in a fight, and I have the feeling we will be in one with this rogue wizard. Although you are always my first choice when the shit hits the fan, Mirinda’s no slouch. Besides, she has been complaining with the last of her get out of the sidhe, she has nothing to do. What do you think, sister?”

“I think you should lay off the TV, you’re picking up too much slang, but yes, Mirinda is very good, she should be I trained her! What did her youngest get up to that she’s restless?”

“The lad decided to join some company that puts out oil rig fires, since one of his abilities is fire, he deemed it right up his alley. So Mirinda worries he’ll get blown up before he finds someone to mate with.” With that, Morgana bowed extremely low, hair splayed all over, flourishing her hand out to the side while the other cupped her heart in exaggerated court etiquette ruining it by chuckling at her sisters snort of derision at her actions.

“Go on! Be off with you! and bring our boy home, just, Morgana? Behave!” She laughed as Morgana saluted her.

They had been at Griffin’s rest for three days now and had settled in nicely. The Fortress, for that is exactly what it was, had been modernized to where they had plumbing, and indoor bathing chambers and toilets. Other than that, it was almost pre-Arthurian in it’s design and age. Flooing would definitely not be a problem if they ever decided to become connected to the net work. The fireplaces were large enough for the Weasley family to all fit.

Aren had gotten Dobby and Winky, two of Hogwarts house elves to come and take care of things
here while also popping back to Hogwarts to let Aren know what was going on there.

Aren had put up very strong wards their first day there, surprising Remus again with this ability. Yesterday, they had gone through the fortress, seeing if there was any structural damage in such an ancient structure with Aren remarked that whoever built this, certainly built to last upon finding the fortress is almost pristine condition. He started on going through the papers and parchments Grogsho had brought, until tiring of that, Aren was now attempting to write Severus. Persephone, who had met up with them once they left Gringotts, was waiting impatiently. Apparently she was bored and was excited at having something to do. Remus had to agree with Aren, she picked one scary owl to become, and it was quite frightening when her eyes would flair red at times.

Remus entertained himself with sipping a cup of very nice tea while perusing today’s edition of the Daily Prophet. Leaving out a snort every now and then whenever he came across another example of what Aren called Wizard stupidity. When Aren looked up at the latest snort, Remus just stated that it seems like to day was the day they would present your ashes to Griphook at Gringotts. They are planning of making something of a processional out of it with the Minister and Dumbledore as the chief, er, ash bearers. Aren laughed.

“Just so Griphook has fun, he’s been looking forward to it. It will be interesting to see what kind of tricks they try to make him believe it’s me. There! Done.” Aren said as he sanded the letter and then gently shook off the excess. Rolled it and tied it to Persephone with a warning not to scare Severus too much, and not to bite!

“So Aren, What have you planned for today?” Remus said, while folding the Prophet and finishing off his tea.

“Actually, I want to go to Godric’s Hollow and fetch my parents.”

“What!”

“I am going to take my parents away from there before the place is desecrated by the up coming circus of my ‘funeral’ and bring them here. This is home for the Potters, not, there. They need to be here. Godric’s Hollow was a place of hiding, of destruction. This is home, Remus. I just wish you could feel what I feel here. From the moment I arrived I’ve felt welcome, wanted, arrgh! I can’t describe it, but it’s good, very good.” Aren reached up and grasped his sable locks in frustration with his inability to describe himself accurately. He had reverted to his real features of emerald eyes and sable hair. He didn’t want to pretend to be something he was not, not here. Griffin’s Rest was more than home to Aren, it was Sanctuary.

Remus was standing at the door. “Well, you coming?”

Aren gave Remus a megawatt grin. Then sobered. “Remus? May I ask you a personal question?”

At Remus’ nod, Aren hedged and hawed a bit. But then looked him soberly, eye to eye, and asked him why, he wasn’t arguing with him about things.

“Aren, because, I promised myself that I would always be there for you, for the longest while, I let Dumbledore.(and you were right by the way) tell me how to treat you. That was wrong, so very wrong on so many counts. That now, I will listen, really listen to all you have to say, and think on it, and then, my lad, then if I do disagree, then you shall hear of it, but so far, after careful thought, I haven’t had any argument to give.” He hugged Aren to him. Then letting go he tugged on his shoulder saying lets not keep James and Lily waiting.
Say Goodbye

By: Foolishwandwaver.

Disclaimer, A/N and other stuff: Only the idea that I had a story to tell is mine, characters belong to JKR or history, the basic plot is well used, just thought I’d give it another go. Again, a lot of the Fae names are from history, but the history itself is semi-made up. Even the books I consulted, (did a Hermione) contradicted each other in some form. Just incase your interested to do a Hermione your self, they were: The Woman’s Encyclopedia of Myths and Secrets by Barbara Walker, HarperCollins Pub., Sacred Sexuality by A T Mann and Jane Lyle, Element Books Ltd., Celtic Mythology by Proinsas Mac Cana, Peter Bedrick Books, Mythology, An Illustrated Encyclopedia, Ed. By Richard Cavendish, Barnes and Noble Books, and Draeconin’s Website http://draeconin.com , and go visit lots on the fae there.

Chapter 5

Dumbledore and Fudge proceeded from the Ministry to Gringotts carrying an ornate box that contained the ashes of Harry Potter. They were flanked by reporters from all the Wizard newspapers, including ones from Australia, France, Germany, and America to name a few much to Dumbledore’s displeasure. Fudge, however was in his element. If he couldn’t control, or use something, then it was best to get rid of it. And oh, how he had tried to get rid of Harry Potter these past couple years! Now it had been done for him and there was the promise of much money at the end of this farce. Since Ministry records showed Potter to have no will, He, er, the Ministry would benefit, from the combined fortunes of the Potter and Black family. Dumbledore, neither confirmed or denied it. With this he could finally tell Lucius Malfoy that his days of bribing himself to protect him from lawful prosecution, his get out of jail on technicality days were over, and he’d best watch his step. What a perfectly lovely day this was turning out to be he thought as he schooled his face to reflect only these solemn proceedings upon arriving at Gringotts.

Fudge surreptitiously patted the pocket containing the speech declaring today Harry Potter Day because of his sacrifice and the great benefit his estate would be to the deserving Wizard and witches of their world.

Dumbledore on the other hand was genuinely glum. There was not a hint of a twinkle to be seen in his eyes. He would have to find some way to replace the boy. He didn’t think another prophecy from Trelawny would work and he had yet to figure anything out. He needed another Harry Potter, to either destroy or cripple Tom to where he could finish him off with out risking himself. He was getting to old to play the Hero, he just wanted to finish his days as ruler of this little part of their world. Once Tom was out of the way the removal of Fudge was assured. That he still needed the idiot perturbed him, but who else was there to put the blame on, if things didn’t work out?

Fudge though by asking him for a will and getting no reply, the way for the Ministry to take over would be clear. It had worked with James and Lily, so he foresaw no reason the same scheme wouldn’t work today. As Harry Potter’s, how had he put it? Ah, guardian protector, yes he liked that, he would continue to use Harry’s estate to the elimination of the Wizard who killed him and his parents. That ought to put a damper on Fudge’s day Dumbledore thought as he directed the box that floated between them up the steps of Gringotts with his wand.

They were met at the entrance by a group of high ranking Goblins and the Wizards they had hired as
curse breakers, among them one of his Order, William Weasley. Dumbledore was a bit taken aback
by the fact that they were not going into the bank. This either was going to go very well for him, or
very badly. Right now he couldn’t tell.

One Goblin removed himself from the group and introduced himself as Mister, all around noted that
the mister was stressed, Griphook. He said that upon instructions received by Mr. Potter prior to the
tragedy, and after his majority, and according to the parchment he held up, he would proceed with
Mr. Potters instructions as to verification of the remains. With this both Fudge and Dumbledore’s
eyebrows rose in surprise, and he went on, upon this being the body of Harold James Potter, he
would then proceed with the instructions of Mr. Potters Last Will and Testament.

This was not going to be good, both Dumbledore and Fudge thought.

“I do believe we should conduct this indoors, to insure a little more dignity and privacy for Harry.”
Dumbledore said, trying to regain the high ground.

“Mr. Potter states in his instructions that most of his life was conducted in secrecy and that he had no
control over it, we will, be giving him this last bit of control.” Griphook stated harshly. So saying he
instructed William Weasley to come forward and asked for the box to be opened. He then told
William to determine if a wizards’ remains were indeed in the box. At this Fudge spluttered.

“What! Of course, it’s a wizard in there, my Aurors themselves gathered them up from the scene of
‘The Tragedy’. Fudge almost shouted, while reporters were busy scribbling down the proceedings.

“Oiy! Of course it’s Harry in there!” Ron Weasley shouted out ignoring his older brother’s grimace
and Hermione’s elbowing him in the ribs. Ron then turned to her, “See, the Goblin say’s Harry left a
Will,” Ron smirked, then turned back to the Goblin, “Come on then, let’s get to it!” This time almost
everyone frowned at him.

Bill Weasley got out his wand, said a spell as he made some movements with it and waited for the
results. He shook his head at Mr. Griphook. Looked straight at Dumbledore and Fudge and stated
that there was no trace of magic in these remains. They could not possibly belong to anyone magical.

The reporters wrote furiously, and Fudge blustered, until Dumbledore said that of course, they could
be, because of the intense heat, all the magic had dissipated, since it was a fact that the Aurors found
no trace of magic at the site due, they said to the heat.

“ We have taken that into consideration, Chief Mugwump.” said Griphook holding out his hand and
waiting as a vial was placed into it. “This will tell us if the box contains anyone with Potter blood.
Heat, no matter how great will not affect it.” He uncorked the vial and dipped a feather into it stating
that with a Phoenix feather, no Darkness could contaminate the proceedings, and flicked the feather
containing the potion onto the remains. And waited.

And waited. He then looked at everyone, eyes glittering with some emotion the assemblage couldn’t
name since not one person there had ever bothered with the exception of the banks’ employees, to
learn anything about Goblins. Aren could have told them what Griphook was feeling had he decided
to attend.

“This box contains… No trace of Potter blood or bone. We are done here.” With that everyone
turned and went into the bank, slamming the great doors closed leaving all except the reporters
stunned silent. Dumbledore turned, a look of fury on his face then dis-apparated before the reporters
could start asking questions. The others weren’t that smart.
Aren examined his parents grave. They had been buried side-by-side, with one small headstone proclaiming their names, dates of birth and death, nothing else. Aren was disappointed. There should have been more. These two people gave their lives for him and the Wizarding world, there just should have been more he thought and knelt behind the plain headstone with his hands buried in the ground it stood upon.

Remus watched him, being forewarned that he might do something strange, and that he shouldn’t interfere. Before his eyes, the ground slowly started to part until the coffins had been uncovered. Aren then motioned with his hand and they rose from the ground. He directed them to the side as he knelt again, hands clenched into the earth, and the ground re-formed until there was not a trace the ground had been disturbed, not even a depression of where the coffins had been.

“Come Remus, let’s take my parents home.” Aren said as along with the coffins which he didn’t bother to shrink, he apparated to the edge of the wards at Griffin’s Rest.

Remus appeared to see Aren slowly walking towards a grove of trees, the coffins following behind, and he ran to catch up.

“Where are we going, Aren?” He asked.

“I don’t exactly know, Remus, I’ll just know when we get there.” Aren replied, his head slightly cocked to the side as if he were listening to someone or something. He followed a slightly overgrown gravel path into the trees until he came to a clearing. Situated in various areas in no distinct pattern he could ascertain, there were large monuments and a couple of mausoleums of great age. Off to one side there appeared a large obelisk of blinding white marble, on top of red granite. There were no names on it, or marks of any kind until Aren approached, then slowly an unseen hand seemed to write his parents names onto it along with the simple wording of most beloved of parents.

Here, Aren knelt and did the same thing, and watched as the earth then opened to accept Aren’s mother and father. When finished, Aren brushed the grass off his hands, turned to look at Remus, and told him, now, now they are home where they belong.

“Severus? There is a really scary looking owl here with a letter for you.” Draco shouted. Until just now, Draco had thought his family’s Eagle Owls were the most intimidating he had ever seen, but this one was down right frightening.

“Oh, My!” Severus exclaimed when he saw the owl. “Aren’t you a beauty!”

Draco just looked at him as if he had finally taken that long walk off a short pier and had gone off into the deep end. The man had inhaled way too many potion fumes over the years. A beauty! It was obvious his brain was decaying slowly, but surely.

“Draco, this lovely, is a Stygian Owl, they are extremely rare. They choose whom to serve and if desired, can bond with them. They are also intensely loyal and protective of their bonded. You are extremely fortunate to be able to see one. I myself have always wanted to see one ever since as a boy I had read about them.” The owl looked into Severus eyes and bobbed her head in agreement then held out her leg displaying the rolled parchment tied with a sparkling gold ribbon.
Severus untied the ribbon and examined the seal. It was a fleur de lis embossed on red sealing wax. He carefully slipped the seal and unrolled the parchment and began to read while Draco hovered behind him. Intensely curious as to who the sender might be hoping to get a peek at what was written.

Severus read it once quickly, then once again, taking his time, as if to evaluate every word. He raised his head from the parchment, re-rolled it, much to Draco’s disappointment, and told Draco to pack whatever he had brought with, to leave nothing personal, or of any value behind. Snape then called his house elves and instructed them to do the same, including them. They would be leaving, he stated at their disbelieving looks, house elves stayed at their house, usually. He then became specific, leave no trace that anyone, including yourselves, EVER lived here, NOW!

“But where are we going, Severus? Who was it from” Draco asked.

“Someone who, and for the life of me I can not fathom why, but someone who cares whether we live or die, we’ve been offered sanctuary, Draco. Now, get going while I pen a reply.”

When Draco still refused to move as Severus started to write, he pushed the mysterious scroll over to Draco, telling him to read, then, get packing, unless, of course, he wanted to stay here waiting his father’s arrival. That galvanized Draco like nothing else would have had the power to do. Draco unrolled the scrolled parchment after examining the seal, and read.

To Potions Master Snape, Greetings;

Recently while examining the contents of my family’s vault I came across a letter addressed to me by my mother. It seems, she was a trusted friend to you during both of your schooling at Hogwarts. Along with other things which I shall not mention at this time, she advised me to seek your counseling if ever I should find need of it. I find it of necessity to gather around me those few trusted individuals of which you are one. Please accept my invitation to join me for an undisclosed amount of time to hopefully become one of my advisors in these troubled times of visionary Dark Lords, and the disappearance of impertinent brats. If at any time you would wish to remove yourself from my company, you would not be given any detentions. Persephone will await your reply, and a port key has been included in this missive, just say activate. If further assurance is needed, touch this scroll to Persephone’s head, once to remove, twice to apply.

Sincerely awaiting your arrival,

Aren Morrigan James Evans

“Do you know this man, Severus?” Draco asked. Severus had finished his note, and told Draco to watch, then tell him who it was from. Severus then took the scroll, re-rolled it again, and begging Persephone’s pardon, tapped her once lightly, on top of her head.

They both watched as Persephone started to turn snowy white.

“It’s Hedwig!” Draco exclaimed. Then watched as Severus tapped twice and she re-transformed into Persephone.

Draco looked at Severus with wide hopeful eyes. “It’s Harry!” Draco shouted with a laugh to it. “Harry’s alive, he’s Aren Evans! Severus! You…you, You knew! All this time you knew!”
“No, until I read the letter, I only had some suspicions about the veracity of Potter’s death. Now, we have work to do, I want to leave as soon as possible.”

Severus said as he tied his note to Persephone.

“Thank you dear lady,” He said as he petted the owl’s head with just his fingertips. “Do you require sustenance?” Persephone who-hoo’d and hopped to the windowsill then took flight.

Draco had been ready and impatiently waiting for Severus and his household to pack for what had seemed like hours. He was becoming antsy, the antithesis of a proper Malfoy, first he’d adjust his cuff, making sure the cufflinks were positioned ‘just so’, then he started to brush at his robes, picking off imaginary specks of lint, every now and again walking to the door to search for Severus.

He’d walk back and glance out the window, not really seeing the scenery, his minds eye on his upcoming meeting with Potter. Glancing down he thought he saw a smudge on one shoe. Taking out a handkerchief, he buffed both of them until he saw himself looking back. Glance out the window, check the doorway, and adjust cuffs, what the fuck is taking so long? He felt ready to scream! Where in the nine hell’s a mirror, ah on the wall, how clever! Hair looks good, hum, is that a zit starting?

“Ready Draco?”

Draco grabbed his chest. Heart pounding, short of breath, panic time!

“Severus! You scared the shit out of me!”

“Your vocabulary, Draco leaves much to be desired.” Severus said dryly. He knew he scared Draco, he had been standing in the doorway for five minutes watching the boy fidget. If nothing else, it should be interesting to watch the two together he thought, as he took out the parchment and waited for Draco to grab onto it.

“Activate”
“Re-Muuus!” Aren shouted. “We’ve got a note from Snape.”

“That is Professor Snape, and what does he have to say?” Remus replied, while Aren rolled his eyes at the reminder to use his proper title.

“Hold on now, Persephone’s hungry, I need to take care of her first.” Aren answered as he caressed the owl’s soft breast cooing to her. Telling her what a good girl she was and how proud he was that she didn’t take a bite out of the old bat, pulling out a nice lively mouse, holding it for her until she got one of her talons on it. It let out a squeak, as she impaled it. Aren rubbed her once behind her ear tufts and let her in peace to devour her richly deserved feast.

Taking the note, Aren opened it and read as Remus came up behind him.

“I don’t see why you have to feed her live prey at the kitchen table, Aren. It’s not a polite thing to do.”

“Remus, think,” Aren pointed to him. “You be werewolf, with out a potion, I’d be on your menu, and you grossing out over a mouse? And Snape’s coming, says he’s bringing his godson, along with his house elves and stuff. I never knew he had a godson, did you?”

“Professor Snape, and no, I didn’t.”

“Huh, how about that! Do-oootb-beeeee!”

“Aren, do you really need to shout?”

Aren looked at Remus seriously, “No, I don’t, but I want to. Potter house, Potter rules.” With out the hurt of extra words, Aren had just told Remus that if he didn’t like how he behaved in his house, well, there was the door. He seriously felt like singing Pink Floyd. Yeah! Tea-chur! Leave those kids alone! Where’s an air guitar when you need it. Unfortunately, Remus lived in the Wizard world, and they were something like two hundred years behind the times. It was hard to be a rebellious teenager when they had no idea what you were saying. It had to have practically killed his mum, she grew up with The Stones, The Beatles, and how in hell could she explain Alice Cooper! It really sucked
sometimes. He’d have to think of some old time insults, for Snape, just so he didn’t feel left out. Hum… Prithee, dear instructor, plant thy wand where thou doest not find sun and revolve! Nah, misses something in the translation.

“Harry Potter, sir! What can Dobby do for you?” Aren almost felt like screaming as Dobby popped in. Well, that brought him down to earth in a hurry. Aren had tried, he had really, really tried to have Dobby call him by his real name, but it was a hopeless cause. It only took, he thought, like forever to get him to stop calling him master. Aren knew when to cut his losses. Arguing with Dobby was a no win situation most of the time. Kinda like being a muggle raised teen in a wizards world.

“We’re getting company, Dobby. I’ll need two rooms for my visitors, and they’re bringing their house elves, so you need to prepare whatever it is you think they will like. Er, ah, by the way, Dobby, where is it you do sleep?”

“Dobby sleeps with Winky, sir.”

“Hey, that’s a, just a little more than I wanted, I mean where? What room?” Most elves pranced around with little to no clothes on, and as far as he could see, there were no, er dangling bits, of any kind on either sex. He presumed they reproduced in the usual way, but what the usual way with out the bits was a bit beyond his imagination.

“In pantry off kitchen, sir. That’s where all House elves sleep at Hogwarts.”

“No, um Dobby, I mean here, where do you sleep here? ”All ready he could feel a Dobby headache coming on.

“Dobby and Winky sleep in room off kitchen, Harry Potter, sir.”

“Is that what you want? Does that make you happy? Because there are a whole lot of rooms in this place, you can more or less have your pick.”

“Oooh, Harry Potter is good to Dobby. Dobby doesn’t deserve master like Harry Potter.”

“Harry Pot, er, um, Dobby, look, I just want you and Winky and any other house elves to be happy. So you just do whatever makes you happy, Kay?”

“Yes Harry Potter, Dobby and Winky will prepare rooms for guests.” When Dobby popped out, Aren rubbed his forehead, trying to understand house elves always gave him a headache. He had no trouble with other sentient beings, but for some reason that defied any type of logic Aren could come up with, the better you treated, or the kinder you were to a house elf, the more slavish they acted. They only thing they didn’t do, thank Merlin, was wince when he made any type of sudden move.

There had been a series of old books he had picked up on a discount bin at Flourish and Blotts about other beings. There had been ‘How to understand the Werewolf’, ‘How to understand the Vampire’, Goblin, Giant, Veela, the list went on to even the more obscure, like Banshee. There were no Fae, or House Elf books. He really needed to understand his house elf before his brain exploded.

Aren looked over and saw Remus laughing silently, cocking an eyebrow, he silently questioned him.

“Of all the amazing things that you have done, it’s interesting to see you bested by a house elf.”

“That!” Are pointed to where Dobby had been before he popped out, “Is no ordinary house elf, trust me on this Remus, we have a very long history together of him helping me so much, it almost gets me killed. Voldemort could take lessons from Dobby.” Aren shuddered, now, that was just too damn scary!
The Black Coach landed at a private runway at Heathrow, as it taxied towards the terminal it slowly transformed with all aboard into a stretch limo. It even sported flags at the front by the headlights and displayed the Royal Fae crest on the door panels. It was immediately flanked by an escort of police on motorcycles as they led the way to 10 Downing Street and Morgana’s meeting with the British Prime Minister.

She supposed she should be feeling some type of emotion at coming home, but she had embraced living in the United States. Mirinda, however was all eyes as she exclaimed over the changes. At the time they were debating the move, Mirinda’s favorite stomping ground had been London, so this was exciting for her as she told some of the others about some of the places she had frequented, and wondered if they were still there.

“I would imagine there would be some changes, but on the whole, they are probably still there, and yes, if you want you are free to wander around until I pin point Aren. The Hounds of Annwn will stay with the Coach. They will both know when they are needed. So, anything else? If not, the coach will let me out, then take you to our hotel, then come back to pick me up when I’m done. After you check in, you free unless needed.” With that, the Coach slowed as it neared the departure point, then stopped to let Morgana out. With a shouted behave, she entered the home of the PM.

Dumbledore had no confidants, no close friends, and certainly no lover to express his displeasure to. What he had, as long as he was Headmaster of Hogwarts and held the wards was the Headmaster portraits in his office to talk to. They were merely a sounding board though since most of them did not approve of a majority of his actions. His plans, his beautiful plans were ruined. He needed an idea, an inspiration, something! At least Fudge had admitted they were his Aurors that had brought the wrong ashes. His explanation at the time had seemed to go over reasonably well. He could also explain his sudden anger and leaving as shock. Yes, that worked quite well. He was in shock that Ministry Aurors could bungle so important a mission. He would have to show deep sorrow at not being able at this time to lay poor, poor Harry to rest with his parents, but that was easy.

Finding another to take his place would be hard. He would have to go through the school roster. Maybe a Hufflepuff this time? Loyal, yes. Hard working, good. Dependable, even better. Yes, he needed to check out the Hufflepuff hopefuls. Look them over once school commenced.

Now, what to do about Remus and Severus. They were just too smart to be allowed to go on spreading such slander. It just might be politic to somehow allow Tom to gain the knowledge that Severus had spied on him for me. That way, his hands would be clean in Severus death. And everyone knew werewolves were dangerous and unpredictable. With out the Wolfs bane potion, why, he could harm or even kill a student. Such a tragic end for Harry Potter’s favorite Professor. So sad. He could see it now, telling the press that Poor Professor Lupin, last of James Potters’ friends, just couldn’t handle the grief over loosing his friends’ son, forgot to take his potion. Yes indeed a shame, but we had to put him down, we just can’t risk the lives of anymore students. He could attack Malfoy! Now there was a snotty brat! Should have been drowned at birth. Hah! Get rid of the Malfoys and their money goes to the Blacks which goes to Potter which, well, he’d have to see that will, but it should all come to him. Perfect! Absolutely perfect! Besides, everybody knew he had always had Harry’s best interests at heart. Wards! Merlin! That’s right!

Albus rummaged through the items on his desk, not here. Check the book cases… not there either. Now where did I put the blasted globe? Ah, the glass curio case. Upon finally seeing the melted
snow globe Albus plopped down hard in his chair. How did that happen and he not hear the warning? Or see it happening? The breaking of the wards would have had the globe glowing like a small sun and the sound should have been deafening. Tom had learned some very powerful tricks to be able to do this. He had to have had at least twenty of his strongest Death eaters to assist with the breaking.

It had taken him a month, night after night to put those wards in place.
How by Merlin did they do it? He examined the globe closer, not a shard of glass left, amazing!

“Reeeemuuuus! You ready?” Aren shouted. He had changed himself back to brown hair and blue eyes. He really wanted to see the look on Snape’s face when he appeared to be met by a stranger after thinking he had figured it all out. Then, just as calm as you please, wandlessly switch back. Griffins’ Rest was situated on top of a node, at the intersection of three ley lines, he had power to burn. He laughed, and only he knew how to tap into it. Oh, he would have to teach them how, and maybe they would be able to, or then again, maybe not. He knew damn well, Tom had no idea how to do it. As long as he met him where there were some lines he was in fairly good shape to emerge from his battle with Tom in one piece.

“Damn, I must of hurt his feelings with that Potter rules shit.” Aren mumbled. Any other freaking teenager wouldn’t have to walk on freaking eggs all the freaking time. Worried about hurting freaking grown-ups feelings. He just got so tired of do as I say, not as I do all the damn time.

“I’d tell him to bite me, but he would.” He snickered. That reminds me he thought, note to self, have Grogsho get some Wolfs Bane potion. It would be way to soon to have to ask Snape to make it. Snape is going to need some damn careful handling, but he had one hell of an idea that if he could pull it off, and with the power here, well, it all depended on what he saw. But if he could do it, Snape was his! And from years of dealing with Snape, he had learned he was one mean, tough bastard that he desperately wanted in his corner. If he could just loose the attitude, he would be the perfect Slytherin.

Getting tired of waiting, Aren walked to the meeting point. It wouldn’t do to leave guests cooling their heels because one of their hosts had hurt feelings. At least Remus was adult enough to behave normally when they arrived, and not air out their private disputes for all to see. He really hated when his friends did that. Nine out of ten of the Griffindors never knew when to keep their mouths shut. And then it wasn’t just said, no, it was broadcast to the whole freaking world.

Shaking his head, he knew not to get himself started on the problems he had with his friends. Once going, he could go all day thinking of things that pissed him off.

When he went back, no, if, if he went back, he would go as Aren, and get himself re-sorted. Not Griffindor this time, and definitely not Slytherin, they’d try to murder him in his sleep, but Ravenclaw was a definite option. He studied his ass off this past year and knew he could hold his own with either Draco or Hermione when it came to smarts. Or he could have tutors, then take his Newts when the time came. That would probably be the best option. There were just too many different factors to figure in at Hogwarts. Not to mention the Headmaster would be out for his blood if he ever figured out who he was.

Well, that’s why he wanted advisors. He needed all options made available so he could choose the best one. The main point was he would choose, not be told what he was going to do.
“Have you been waiting long?” Remus asked as he walked up to Aren.

“Nah, just pondering some options.”

“Oh?”

“About school, mainly. To go or not to go, that is one of the questions.”

“Why wouldn’t you want to finish your schooling?”

“Let’s see, a quick run down, Griffindors, Slytherins, Dumbledore, Voldemort. How’s that?”

“Ah, yes. I think I see your point. This will take some serious discussion.”

“I was hoping that one night, maybe next week we could figure this all out. I am really counting on you and the professor for advice.”

“Any time I can help, Aren.” Just then a pop was heard and Aren and Remus turned to meet their guests.

Draco? Aren thought. He brought Draco? Ah, fuck!

“Harry!” Draco shouted and came over giving him a big hug. Aren’s eyes just became wider, his arms held stiffly at his side while Draco squeezed the breath out of him. He looked at Snape, then Remus, then back to Snape. Just then Draco backed out of the hug, face displaying a furious blush as he peeked up at…

“Who the fuck are you? Where’s Harry? What have you done with him?” Draco started to shake him. He was so stunned, he did nothing except look from Remus, who was just as surprised, and Snape, who had a small, half smirking smile on his face. “You slime covered son of a bitch, if you hurt him,” As Draco raised his fist to beat some answers out of Aren, the two men came to their senses. Snape pulled Draco off Aren and held on to him to prevent him from going after him again, while Remus tried to cushion Aren when he toppled backwards falling hard onto his ass.

Hand splayed over his chest, Aren fought to regain his breath, when it looked like Draco might slip Snape’s grasp, he immediately switched back to his original features.


“Harry?” Draco looked at Aren sitting splayed out on the grass, all disheveled and still a bit breathless.

Aren gave Draco a crooked smile. “ ‘lo, Draco.” Aren said softly looking up at the man who was supposed to be his nemesis. “Welcome?”

“Harry!” Draco shouted, this time slipping out of Severus’ clutches, and fell to his knees between Aren’s splayed legs and proceeded to hug the breath out of him again. “Sorry! Was just…worried…you died…father happy, dancing…ran away and you…you. Draco pulled back and looked, really
looked at Aren while Aren awkwardly patted Draco on the back.

When it finally reached Draco’s higher mental functions that Harry was all right, Draco grabbed him by the ears and hair and shook him. “Just what the fuck were you trying to prove dying like that?” He shouted into his face. “I ought to kick the shit out of you for pulling a stunt like that!” Aren grasped Draco’s wrists trying with out loosing too much hair, or an ear for that matter, to get Draco to let go of him.

“Um, boys?” Remus started rather unsuccessfully. “Boys?”

“Oh! How I do hate breaking up such a touching reunion.” Snape started. His voice, that felt like velvet over an open wound at times, was enough to remind Draco of where he was, and quickly letting go he moved backwards and got up from his kneeling position while our hero scooted back on his rear as far as he could.

This was not anywhere in the plans for Aren’s meeting with his Potion Professor. But this was typically what usually happened to him anytime he tried to make a favorable impression on Snape. He should just give up now and save himself future humiliation.

He rolled over onto his belly, then got to his knees and tried to get up but his robe had wrapped around him to the point that it restricted any further movement. Looking up, he raised one hand towards the Potion Master. “Help?” Severus grasped his hand and pulled him upright then held on as he regained his balance.

“Professor Snape, Thank you, and welcome to Griffin’s Rest. I had planned a somewhat more dignified greeting, but…” Aren shrugged. He then turned to Draco. Held out his hand waiting to see if Draco would take it. When he did, Aren smiled at Draco. “Welcome Draco, believe it or not, I am very glad to see you here with Professor Snape.” Aren gave Remus a see? I can do manners when it’s important look. “Let me have you shown to your rooms and while you get situated, I’ll get cleaned up, and we’ll have Tea and talk. Sound good?” At their nods of agreement Aren motioned for them and their entourage to follow.

“Dobby will see to your baggage and show you elves where to go.” Aren said over his shoulder. While all of them watch bemusedly as Aren manipulated the wards of the fortress with just the movement of his hand. “Griffin’s Rest will accept you both now.”

“You did it!” Snape said amazed at Aren. “You pulled Dumbledore’s wards down without anyone being the wiser and sent that ‘vision’…” Severus didn’t know what he wanted to do. On one hand he really wanted to punch the shit out of Potter, on the other he wanted to know how he did it. How did he gain such power to take on Dumbledore’s wards? He just stood there, staring at Aren. Then he looked at the fortress Aren called Grifflns Rest. He had presumed it to be some fanciful flight of a Gryffindor’s imagination, but as he examined the place, he gasped, and looked at Remus for confirmation. When Remus nodded he was flabbergasted. There were in all of reality no words to describe the feeling of being in one of the Founder’s homes. At Draco’s questioning look, he pointed upwards. Draco saw it and his eyes widened.

They both looked at Aren with a little bit of awe, and Aren, well he really wasn’t paying attention so he gave them a stupid look back. “What?” And looked up to where Draco pointed. “Oh, yeah, cool isn’t it?” He said as he opened the door and invited them in.

What had amazed them was the carving of a Griffin at rest, sword between his front paws, snake wrapped around it’s neck in companionship, with a raven perched between the Griffins wings and a boar sitting beside at the Griffins haunches. This figure had been seen all over Hogwarts, and was the unofficial school emblem. It was the mark of the founders. Snape shook his head, either Remus
or he had to have a long talk with the boy. Cool, he thinks it’s cool. Snape snorted.

“What is this you are telling me?” Voldemort hissed. “Do try Peter, to keep your teeth from chattering too much. Humm?”

Peter was scared. Everything had been perfect. Even Lord Voldemort hadn’t punished anyone since they destroyed Privet Drive. Now with the news in the Daily Prophet about Gringotts denying Harry Potter’s death? He had no idea how to stop shaking, he just knew he would be a very long time recovering.

He truly wished he would have been content to be like Remus, and just enjoy the reflected limelight cast from James and Sirius. But no, he had wanted to be popular like James and dashing and bold like Sirius. Well, this is where jealousy got him. He was such a fool.
Chapter 7

Morgana had been out shopping when she felt Aren’s power signature. Map, she needed a map. Now. She clutched the arm of the closest salesperson, “Books, where do you have books with maps.” At the bemused look she got, she showed the woman a glimpse of how she got the name Lady of Phantoms and Nightmares.

“No, fool!” The woman stuttered out fourth floor after she had seen the nice lady she had been assisting somehow turn into the man who had attacked and raped her ten years ago, then her knees had given out and she dropped to the floor and fainted from shock. Morgana didn’t even spare her a glance, she had way more important things on her mind. To help clear the way she projected a feeling of dread, as she mentally whispered suggestions to the other shoppers, telling them to clear a path, death is walking this way.

Her path had been cleared, all the lifts were empty and waiting for her. She did the same on the fourth floor to clear her way to the book department. When she was close she suggested those in charge should get maps of Britain ready for her to look at. She reached the counter just as a frightened young man was unfolding a large map of the Isles. Immediately projecting calming feelings and warm feelings for everyone in the area, the young man relaxed.

Morgana held her hand over the map and concentrated on Aren. Cambria! This was good, Cambria, (Wales) had been home for most of them. More specifically their sidhe, Caermarthen. He was so close to it, right at the beginning of the river Usk. She thanked the young man and tipped him extravagantly for his assistance, then went down stairs to make repairs with the woman she had terrorized. Aren, here we come she thought.

They started assembling for tea about an hour later in the Great Hall of Griffin’s Rest and were awaiting the arrival of Draco before they went into the dining room. Actually, Aren hadn’t even seen the dining room yet. There were a lot of rooms in the fortress he hadn’t seen.
Remus and he had eaten their meals in the kitchen and had spent most of their time when not in their bedrooms in the library. When he put up wards for the fortress, there had been ambient ones waiting for the next master to come into use. When they did it tied Aren into Griffin’s Rest like a bonding. If he mentally searched, he would know what was going on anywhere in the fortress. It was a very strange feeling, because now the building felt almost alive to him. If asked, he could tell that it took Severus house elves ten minutes to put all of their possessions away and thirty arguing with Dobby over who would do it. Even knowing about their argument, and the thought that he hadn’t heard the last of who would do what was enough to bring on the start of a Dobby headache.

The Great Hall of Griffin’s Rest resembled the Great Hall at Hogwarts, or he should put it the other way around, since Hogwarts was built after Griffin’s Rest and it seemed likely they had used it as their basic building plan. So a lot of Hogwarts resembled his home, which was logical since the founders had lived here while Hogwarts had been built. Sounded logical, but Aren felt the was missing something. Somehow he felt there was a lot more to the story of Hogwarts than anyone knew.

Aren smirked to himself. They had actually thought he hadn’t a clue about his home. He just knew Snape was itching to instruct him on his lack of knowledge concerning things deemed to be sacrosanct in the Wizarding World.

That he had made it a point to become familiar with the customs and ceremonies, no matter how stupid and pointless he thought they were, would be a secret he decided to keep to himself. Aren he thought, how very Slytherin of you. If he could have reached it, he would have patted himself on his back in congratulation.

After all, what exactly did they think he read? While he liked Quidditch, he couldn’t read it 24/7 like Ron. His grades should have proved he knew how to open a book and where the library was located. He did rank second this past year over all. Stupid? He thought not, but it was better for any adversary to underestimate him. Even if it is only getting one over on his companions, his victory would be sweeter for it.

His house had let him know Draco was on his way down. Aren glanced up the huge staircase and witnessed Draco nervously adjusting his clothing and patting his hair. What in the world had Draco to be nervous over? He was the one who had been assaulted? And then he thought about the whole encounter. To say he had been surprised to see Draco would be mild, but now, realizing Draco had hugged him, had worried about him, had scolded him for scaring him, it led him to only one conclusion.

He cared! He actually cared what happened to Harry Potter! No wonder he was nervous. There had been witnesses to Draco’s totally uncharacteristic emotional outburst. Not knowing exactly how he felt about that, he did know he would never tease Draco about it. Aren hadn’t had all that many people in his life that actually gave a shit about him, so he wasn’t about to alienate one who did. Although he was curious about why Draco cared, he figured he had plenty of time to sneak up on that subject.

“Hey, Draco!” Aren called up to him. “You’re right on time.” Lowering his voice as Draco descended, “I hope you brought an appetite.” He said to Draco as he drew level, leaned in to almost whisper. “Frankly I think between my elves and Snape’s, there will be enough for all of Hogwarts. They have been arguing among each other on who gets to do what so I figure they are going to cost me a fortune in food alone.” This did exactly what Aren had hoped it would. The uneasiness had vanished in the joining of them as co-conspirators, even if it was trivial.

“Nice place you got here Potter.” Ah! Aren thought, Draco was back in form.
“Well, granted it’s a bit old, and has been uninhabited for quite a while, but it has possibilities, you know, it may not be much to look at yet, but I’m young.” He smiled at the other’s look of surprise.

“Well, granted it’s a bit old, and has been uninhabited for quite a while, but it has possibilities, you know, it may not be much to look at yet, but I’m young.” He smiled at the other’s look of surprise.

“Potter, you can not be serious!” Draco said shocked.

“Call me Aren.” He said, directing them into the dining room.

Aren glanced around, the room was huge. The walls were of polished stone, tapestries of mythic battles covered most of the area. Portraits, Aren presumed of his ancestors were interspersed with weaponry from swords and crested shields to crossed lances that looked as if they had been used by some long forgotten knights in battle if the scratches and nicks in them were anything to go by. There was a huge fireplace dominating one wall. He imagined the heat it would throw out would be welcomed on cold snowy days.

The floor was a huge checker board of gray and black squares of slate. Covered here and there with what looked to be decorated canvas. Aren took a guess that they hadn’t exactly had wall to wall carpeting back then. Still, they looked right. He knew he wouldn’t be replacing them at all. Dominating the room, directly in the center was a huge oaken table. If you looked closely you could see the ax marks still remaining from when it had been hewn from what must have been one honking big tree since the table top looked to be a solid piece. Aren ran his hand over the edge and got the impression of great deeds being planned here. Of richly dressed men and women, of the table laden with a whole boar and roasted haunches of venison. With more concentration he could almost swear he heard music of some type of stringed instrument.

He was brought out of his reverie by something Draco had been saying to him.

“What?” He asked.

“You seemed a bit lost there, Potter. You all right?” Draco’s hand had been gripping his arm. With Aren’s response, he had let go of it, dropping his hand to his side. Fist clenching and unclenching, as if that wasn’t what he really had wanted to do.

“Oh, yeah, just lost myself a bit imagining the past history of this room. And the name is Aren.” He then walked over to where Snape and Remus had seated themselves, leaving the head of the table and the setting to his right empty.

Aren noticed the large painting behind his chair. It was larger than life. The man in it looked to be leaning against a wall, arms crossed in front of himself, fast asleep. He had long black hair tie off with the tail curling over his shoulder reaching down to his mid-chest. He was dressed in a tunic of blue brocade cinched in with a heave black belt, legs covered in what looked to be heavy woolen hose. Black boots climbed his calves up to and covering his knees. So this was Godric, Aren thought. There had been no portraits of the founders at school that Aren had know of, and none were depicted in any books Hermione of he had come across in the school’s library. And there certainly wasn’t a little brass plate under the painting telling who the subject was, but again, like the feeling about Hogwarts, somehow he just knew he was right.

He would have sat down and started his meal, but he had seen a flicker of an eye from the portrait, it had looked like he had been peeking at them. Why the old fraud, Aren thought. If he had had his eyes opened, Godric would have recognized the gleam that appeared in his great, many times grandson’s eyes. It was one he had often worn. Always right before copious amounts of blood was spilled.

Aren tugged on the ends of Draco’s hair to get his attention as he walked over to stand in front of the portrait. Draco rose from his seat and joined him, standing a little behind and to Aren’s left. Aren raised his right arm, reaching out to the portrait and with the tips of his fingers, flicked at the head of
“Wake up old man. We’ve got company!” Arena almost shouted. In the background he heard someone spit out his drink and another splutter his name.

Draco reached over, grabbing his arm, dragging it away from the portrait, whispering sternly to him. “What in the nine hells do you think you’re doing?”

“Well, I thought I’d introduce my guests to my Grandfather, but all the fool (at this he heard Draco groan) wants to do is sleep. I mean the place has been empty for what, 500 years, he should be plenty rested by now.” Arena cracked a grin, the one they displayed so prominently in Witch Weekly magazine.

“Who you calling a fool, boy?” His voice had the same quality as the guy who did Darth Vader. It was deep, rich, warm and smooth. Like the best dark chocolate. But Godric had called him boy. He hated being called boy with a passion, and he wasn’t going to stand for it anymore, not from anyone.

“My name is Aren Morrigan James Evans Potter, master of Griffin’s Rest, NOT boy.” Aren projected a lot of power behind his voice to let everyone, not just Godric know his feelings. “I am your great many times Grandson. How do you do?”

Surprising everyone, Godric started to laugh. “You’ll do, son. You will do just fine. Now, who is hanging off your arm? He your mate or just your paramour?”

Draco dropped Arena’s arm and blushed a fiery red, and opposed to Arena’s rosy cheeks.

“I don’t know, Draco? Are you?” Arena’s emerald eyes seemed to glow as he looked at Draco and the blonde became lost in their aspect. Until Arena nudged him.

“I am most certainly not his paramour.” Draco snapped back. Really! A Malfoy as a boytoy? He thought not.

“Malfoy’s take paramours we are not paramours ourselves.” He shot back, then blushed again when he realized who he was talking to.

“That is great then.” Godric clapped his hands together and started rubbing them. “Aislywyn will be so happy to hear that there will be children in the demesne once again.”

“Children!” Four voices shouted out in unison.

“Of course, it all depends on the power of the Wizard.” Godric looked them all over, his eyes going unfocused. “Three of you are able, the wolf’s moon cycle would destroy any babe he tried to carry, the stress of changing you know.”

All of them were now surrounding the portrait of Godric, tea had been long forgotten.

“How…” Arena began only to be drowned out by Snape.

“Conception.” He sneered at Godric “For the male of the species is impossible.” He stated.

“You are…” Godric started to be interrupted by Arena who excused his bad manners and asked to be allowed to introduce his companions. Snape’s eyebrows rose at hearing Potter’s prettily said manners. There might be something there that could be worked with after all.

“This is…” and as he introduced them, stating who and what they were, Godric’s expression grew grim, then he hunched over placing his face in his hands, shaking his head back and forth. “That
was, with out a doubt, the biggest mistake I made, lending those fools gold to start that thrice damned school.” He looked up at Aren, eyes sad with apology, then went back to his mumbling. But Godric’s voice was of the type that carried, even at a mumble, so the others had heard his confession. “The things I do to make your grandmother happy.”

Draco was the first to pick up part of what Godric had said. “You loaned them gold? Did they return the loan?” While Remus picked up and asked why Godric had been against the school, and did it mean that he had basically nothing to do with it?

Aren just listened to them all talking until it became background noise for his thoughts. He was still thinking about the idea of a man being able to have children. Didn’t that just boggle the brain? The more he thought about it, though, the more he liked it. At 17, he was still a virgin, but had found both sexes fueled his night-time fantasies. So no matter which sex he fell in love with and chose to marry, again providing he lived that long, he would be able to have a family. This was great news even though the thought of carrying a child himself made him a little woozy. Oh, Gods! Giving birth! Now that got to hurt like a son-of-a-bitch! That thought turned the woozies into nausea.

“Aren!” Draco brought him out of his funk. “You could possibly own Hogwarts!” Aren looked at him uncomprehendingly, he was still mentally giving birth, and he just nodded at Draco, giving him a sickly smile and went over to the table to sit. Only Draco noticed this behavior as anything out of the ordinary as the others had gotten into a half argument, question and answer session.

Aren picked up a nice pewter goblet of great age and sipped its contents which turned out to be a very nice wine as he sprawled out in his chair. Finishing the goblet, he decided another one would taste even better, so as he was pouring for himself, Dobby popped in and asked to speak with Harry Potter on ‘Bad things, master Harry Potter, bad things that dumbly wants to do.’ The others were still occupied, Draco going back to find if they could claim Hogwarts as theirs. And wondering when exactly he started to thing of him and Potter as a couple?

Aren and Dobby left the dining room for the Great Hall to have their conversation.

“Okay, Dobby, what bad things is Dumbledore planning?” He asked and Dobby told him that when he went back to gather the rest of his socks and Winky’s dresses, cause the great Harry Potter had gifted them to them and they were not about to leave them for the bad dumbly to give to other house elves, and he had heard the one picture of wizard talking to another, (this is where Aren started with yet another Dobby headache) wizards do not notice Dobby, Harry Potter, sir even picture wizards, so Dobby listens, learns much.

“Dumbly dore going to have master Severus and master Wolfie killed” This chased away the headache! Especially when Dobby told him how. “Now, master Harry Potter, could Dobby hurt Smidge? Smidge is bad elf, Is telling Dobby that Dobby must not wear hats or socks. Dobby tells Smidge that the great Harry Potter gave them to him so Dobby must wear. (and yep, Dobby headache was returning for another round) Aren told him he could do what he wanted, just don’t kill Smidge. He presumed Smidge was one of Severus’s elves so it only figured that he would argue with one of his. And went back into the dining room. There were now more important things to think about, babies could be thought of when everything was over.

“Um guys?”

“Remus? Draco? Professor?”

A shrill whistle stopped conversation. “Um guys? I’ve just heard some news, and we have to talk about it.” And he proceeded to tell them, in a non Dobby way what he had been told. “Remus, you’ll be here, so I’m not worried about that, but Professor? Do you intend to go back to Hogwarts to
When Severus told him that his return had depended on what they had found here, Aren relaxed a bit. “I need to do something.” Was all he said as his gaze lost his focus and he ‘looked’ at Severus. There were too many charms on Severus robes for him to ‘see’ clearly.

He gave Severus a very serious stare. “Professor, I need you to remove your robe.” When Severus started to argue, Draco told him to do it, it would be important. But still Severus, not one to ever give in gracefully, demanded to know why. “I need to see the morsmordre and your upper body with out any clothing obscuring you. I almost positive that I can remove it.”

As he stripped, Severus wanted to know how positive. Percentage wise, Aren told him it was about 98 out of 100, but it all depended on what he saw.

He just knew he would get an argument about that too! This was turning out to be one long exhausting day. And it was only the first day they were all here. He hoped things calmed down a bit afterwards he thought as he collected his thoughts to explain as clearly as he could, what he could do.

“While I don’t know the how and whys of what I can do, I’ll explain the what. I can see magic, and I can access it and use it.” He held up his hand and asked them to wait until he was finished explaining for their questions. “You all know how to access the magic in your core, well magic is also all around us, it is in objects and plants and just everywhere, like a fine dusting of snow. Now, some of this starts to gather, and it forms a thread, the thread becomes larger as more magic is added. That thread turns into a small stream, and grows. When two or more streams meet they form a pond, or a small node. A node is just a reservoir of magic, when it’s full, it becomes a river, flowing out of the node at a steady rate, until it meets another. This forms a larger node or a lake, if you will. There are all over the world, and Griffins Rest sits on the convergence of three streams which, let me tell you, has formed a very large lake of magic underneath us. With me so far?” At their nod, Aren then told him how he discovered it, and how he started to try to access it. “Now I can take that raw magic and blend it with my own and use it. And depending on what I see, I can remove the mark.” Severus stripped.

Lucius could not find Draco anywhere in the Manor. He had at first used his magic to try and locate the boy. Then he had the house elves search. After a particularly trying round of torture, one elf admitted that he saw Draco leave by the floo right before Lucius killed him. Then had the other elves clean up the mess.

He started fire calling all of Draco’s approved friends from school. He had not been seen by any of them, or had talked to any of them in over a week. He was now becoming quite perturbed which did not bode well for Draco’s immediate health. He floo called Severus at Hogwarts, and upon receiving no answer, floo’d to Snape Manor.

Snape Manor was totally empty, a state he admitted it was usually in since Snape preferred to stay at the school, but there had always been house elves at the Manor in the past. Now there was nothing. The Manor was totally devoid of any occupation and looked and felt as if it had never been occupied. There were scant traces of magic, but nothing of any amount to tell him anything.

His master would need to know of this, he just had to find a way to keep Draco’s disappearance from his knowledge while near him, or it would not bode well for him. Draco was to be marked next
Aren ‘looked’ at the Dark Mark. Not only was it very ugly, it gave off a very bad feeling. He looked deeper and could see where it had wrapped around nerves and follow the black thread up to Severus’ brain. From the brain a thread led to Severus’ magical core. He could do it.

“I can remove it Severus.” When Remus mumbled Professor Snape, he got looks from everyone there. Snape looked at Remus, hard to believe one of the marauders was a defender of his dignity, but that was Lupin. He always had been a contradiction.

“If Potter can remove it, he can very well call me any damn thing he pleases.” Severus said as he displayed his arm to make access easier on Potter.

Potter, He would have to make an effort to use his name as he wished them to. The time for acting contrary was long past. “Aren,” Severus said and saw the young man look at him in surprise, then smile shyly. “When ever you are ready.”

Aren gathered himself and calmed his mind. Splaying out his right hand he reached out and found the node. Slowly, very slowly, he started to draw some of the wild magic into himself, giving it plenty of time to blend with his own signature, until it was all his. Then, he put his hand over Severus’ heart and severed the thread that led there. He looked at the gathering and explained.

“When I fight Voldemort, he will use the mark to drain all of his followers. I just severed his ability to do that to you.”

“Why didn’t we die when you defeated him as a baby?” Severus asked.

“That happened suddenly, he didn’t have any time to draw on any reserves.” Aren stated simply and watched as the others nodded in understanding. “In the upcoming battle, and it will be a battle, he will be ready for all contingencies.”

Then Aren did the same thing with Severus’ head, and severed the thread that had run from the mark to his brain. “Now,” Aren said, “he can’t call you.”

Aren again quieted himself and reached into the well of wild magic and tapped it again, this next one would be the difficult one.

“But the Mark is still there.” Draco said. “Why is it still there if you stopped it?”

“The first two were only threads created by using other spells combined with the one that created the morsmordre. They were relatively simple to sever. This next one is the biggie, and I have to tell you, it is going to be painful in the extreme. Do you have any pain potions with you?”

Morgana was frantic. For the second time today, Aren was using wild magic. She was frightened for him. If used wrong, it would fry him until there were only ashes left, and she
was too far away, even traveling in the Coach, to reach him in time. She desperately prayed to Danu to watch over her lost one and protect him til she could do it herself.

Draco had run to gather all Severus potions he could carry, too worried to even think of calling a house elf to do it. He had a very bad feeling that what Harry was doing could kill him, and that despite his simple explanation of wild magic, it was an extremely hard thing he was doing and incredibly dangerous. What he was doing was so out of the realm of Draco’s knowledge that he didn’t know if he’d be able to do anything if things suddenly went south. He had a vested interest in keeping Harry, er Aren alive. After all, didn’t Godric declare them mated? He wanted to damn well explore the possibilities. The thought of spending a lifetime staring into those emerald eyes was exciting.

Draco entered the dining room and placed various bottles and vials where, while out range were still easily accessible. “Potter, before you continue, a word?” Draco motioned for him to follow out into the Great Hall, and closed the dining room doors giving them a modicum of privacy.

“I know what you are going to do is dangerous to Severus, but I have a feeling that it could also that to you. No, don’t interrupt me until I’ve said my piece.” Draco just looked at Aren. He had no idea how to tell him of all the things that were swirling in his brain, and even less what he was feeling for the raven haired man. Giving a little mewl of frustration, he grabbed onto Aren’s head and pulled him into him, and kissed him. All the frustration and hope and fear he was feeling was put into that kiss. When he broke it off, he looked at the now dazed and bemused Griffindor. “Just be safe.” He whispered in Aren’s ear and went back into the dining room. Aren in the meantime just stood in the Great Hall with a blank expression on his face until a little half smile started to play on his lips. I knew he cared he whispered and shaking himself, went back into the dining room.

Aren seated himself facing Severus, holding his arm with both his hands. “What I’m going to do is fill the Mark with my own power. It is the total antithesis of Voldemorts. To keep you still, because you will never be able to withstand this kind of pain on your own, I need to stupefy you. Understand?”

When he saw Severus nod, Aren reacted quickly, any delay would in itself be a kind of torture. When Severus was stupefied, Aren placed his left hand over the Dark Mark and pushed. With his right he reached back into the node for more power. It was resisting, so he pushed harder watching as beads of sweat poured off Severus face. He could see his chest dampening with the perspiration pain brought on. He wouldn’t be able to take more of this, so Aren opened himself and reached. Power flooded into him and he immediately pushed it into the mark. There was a flash of total darkness, when it disappeared, Aren knew it was over. He had won this battle against Voldemort also.

When he revived Severus, he promptly fainted. The only the Stupefy spell had kept him conscious.

Lucius appeared before his master and had just started to explain the things he had found out when Voldemort had started to scream. And scream. He used his scaled, skeletal hands and started to gouge pieces of his own flesh out. First around his heart, then he scratched at his forehead. It had seemed to end and Lucius was wondering what he should do when the screaming started again.
This time a dagger appeared in his Lords hand and along with screaming, Voldemort started to stab at where he had placed the Mark on his followers, blood spraying all over. Then Lucius felt it. His arm was on fire, and he to searched for some way to remove the cause of his pain. He could smell his flesh burning. A large, dense, pulsating black cloud appeared and hovered over the two, as it did where ever a Death eater happened to be, though they didn’t notice, they were too much in pain. The cloud entered the Mark and they gave one final scream before unconsciousness overcame them.

Placed directly over the morsmordre on the death eaters and over Voldemort's heart was the slash of a lightening bolt.

Harry Potter had struck one of the first and since the episode at the Ministry, most decisive blows against Voldemort. He had taken the war to Voldemort and rained all over his parade. It was just too bad he had no knowledge of it.

Whew, what a chapter! 8 will be ready in about a day.
Chapter 8

Morgana sat rigid in the back of the Black Coach, now prowling through the motorways of Britain on its way to Cambria and Aren. Before they had left London, the concierge at their Hotel had provided them with a detailed map of the Isles. She now had an exact location for Aren. Though if you looked at the map, its name was blurred and you tended to look elsewhere. Aren had warded the place and had made it unplottable.

He however hadn’t the knowledge she had had. She knew this place from long, long ago. She knew the original master and had even helped in its construction. She felt another build up of power, this would be the third. What was the child up to? She held her breath, this one was way more powerful than the others. But the again, there was a hell of a lot of power just waiting to be used at Griffin’s Rest. All the occupants of the limo felt the surge as Aren released the power. It was going somewhere. She was curious on where the power was going. Aren was going to hurt very badly, if not destroy the recipient of this power blast. But she was merely curious, she didn’t care what he did as long as he survived doing it, and he had! She sighed in relief.

Now that the danger was over she relaxed and her mind wandered down very old pathways, remembering. The memories would have come easier if she was home among her things. The Fae were collectors, all of them. It wasn’t for the usual reasons, because they coveted a particular type of thing, it was for the memories the item had lodged in it. That was one of the problems with an extremely long lifespan. You tend to overlay your original memories with newer ones. A Fae’s collection solved that. Each item was imbued with thoughts of the people, places, deeds, and emotions of the time, and all hers were back in the U.S.. Luckily, not all of this time had been overlaid.

She recalled it had been the time when they had been invaded by the Great Dragons of Foreign climes. A very rare occurrence to be sure. They had come because of the abundance of power the Isles, and especially Cambria had exuded. They had come across in their hunting party a wizard. That wasn’t unusual. What was ‘different’ about this wizard was that he was mounted on a Griffin
trying to protect one of the native Greens with a clutch of eggs, trapped in her cave from a larger Horntailed dragon. This wizard looked to be having difficulties, so they helped him since their goals were the same. And so started a rare friendship between this wizard and the Morrigan. She snorted causing others to glance at her, but Morgana was lost in her memories. The Morrigan were the name given to her and her two sisters. Macha the eldest, Merdyce the middle sister, and her, Morgana. With the exception of their eyes, they had been almost identical. Well, there was also their animals and dispositions to take into consideration.

Macha was bold like her ravens, outgoing, outspoken, a natural born leader, wise in the ways of others. Merdyce animal was the boar, fierce when provoked or protecting what she considered hers, always up for a bit of fun, but basically one to be left to her own pursuits. And Morgana, she who called the serpents, a loner, but also deadly when protecting her territory or those she loved, she kept her council, thinking things through, she had become the conscience of the trio. And then there was Ardeth, whom they called the Griffin Wizard, who was an enigma to them. He didn’t behave as other wizards, needing the company of his kind, he was powerful, but not power hungry, kind in an age when one was usually ruthless, benevolent, but not easily taken advantage of.

He was…their friend. A friendship that had continued after his death over a century later, with his son, and then grandson, until one of the sons had gone away to school, a novel concept, in those days, where learning was done at home or apprenticed to another. The pattern continued with each progressive son spending less and less time at Griffin’s Rest, until one day, the master never returned, preferring those of his own kind to the solitude and isolation of the fortress. She had missed Ardeth, his son, Aswin Morgan, and his son, Atley Morven, and so on. The Morrigan had been honored to be included in the naming of the Griffins sons. She wondered if that tradition had been forgotten also.

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Twelve employees of the Ministry of Magic had been exposed. Of those, most had been junior clerks, and of no great loss, but three had been Aurors, and one had been the Minister’s secretary. All had been locked up after being interrogated. The daily Prophet was having a field day since most of the captured had been out in public where the Ministry couldn’t cover their infiltration up.

Albus was also having a very bad day. Three of his members had been betrayed with the casting out of the morsmordre. Three! Voldemort had three spies in his order and the one he had, had left him, as there had been no word from Severus since he had left the order and Hogwarts.

It also had not escaped anyone’s notice of the lightening bolt scar that had appeared over the Dark Mark. Either Harry was alive, which was the general consensus, or someone had taken up his banner. Albus was inclined to believe the latter, and he had given instructions to find this wizard at all costs. He must be brought into the fold. Or as Albus privately desired, under his control.

But, if it was indeed Potter, there was a good chance that Lupin was already with him. The sale of Wolfbane was strictly controlled, so a little check into it’s sales should net him Lupin. How sad that Lupin had finally discovered his spine. No matter what else happened he had to remain in control. With this latest action, if he didn’t do something soon, the Order members would start to question his decisions, and look to follow the brat. Time was starting to become important, he needed to get to Harry if he was indeed alive before the blockage on his true signature came out. Once She got wind of him, all would be lost.
Severus had been floated up to his room, Aren and Draco had left Remus to undress him and get him settled, while it would still embarrass the man, it would be less than if Aren or Draco had done it. Remus had called them in once he had finished, pointing at where he had the sleeves of his night shirt pushed up revealing where the morsmordre had been. The arm now showed the silver slash of a lightening bolt, and faintly, but growing stronger and more defined was the distinct shape of a Griffin.

“Shit! Snape is not going to be a happy camper.” Aren exclaimed, while Draco and Remus both wondered what a happy camper was. At their partially confused expressions, he explained it was a muggle expression. To explain it was from Dudley watching too many American programs would get too complicated, still, they did have a way of saying the exact thing he wanted to.

Lucius awakened first, clutching his arm in remembered agony. What happened? First, Voldemort starts screaming, then attempts to mutilate himself, then he is in pain. Voldemort was with out a doubt insane, but was at times brilliant with it. Oh, he had at one time been everything Lucius had wanted for himself, a brilliant mind, the right mind set, and more power than any wizard he had ever seen, and no morals to stand in the way of using that power.

Lucius looked at his arm, the mark was still there, but over it was a… lightening bolt? Potter! Potter was alive, and had the power to do this from out of sight? When he heard Voldemort moan, and give a slight twitch, he decided his place was anywhere but here at this time. Especially when He learned that He had been marked by a boy who He repeatedly tried and failed to kill. He was loyal, but he wasn’t stupid. He would leave the receiving of punishment up to Peter he thought as he apparated to Malfoy Manor.

The headlines at the Daily Prophet screamed POTTER LIVES! Strikes back at followers of You-Know-Who! Traitors uncovered in the Ministry!

Right at the time the Daily Prophet was sending out the latest edition, the representative to the Wizarding World from Her Majesty’s Government was meeting with Cornelius Fudge. He explained the while Her Majesty, and the Prime Minister understood the desire for their worlds to remain separate, an Accord had been reached with an off shoot of the American Government. The Fae, or rather he said their representatives were here to recover one of their own who had been hidden from them. He went on to tell Fudge that any obstruction of their mission would be seen as hostile, and the agreement to stay out of Wizard Affairs would be void.
Sir Darcy Treverton had been born to a Wizard family, but was a squib, and did not care for how those of his situation had been treated in this world, so had moved out to the Muggle world where he was doing very well indeed. Even to being Knighted for services to the crown. The thought of payback was never a nice one, but Sir Darcy Treverton had not been treated nicely by his kith and kin so he felt no compunction about relaying this news. Indeed, he relished it.

The Fae he said have offered their services to Her Majesty’s Government in various ways for National Security. Her Majesty deems their assistance of more import than your desire to remain autonomous. With that he bid them a good day and left. Sir Darcy Treverton was a very happy camper today. (he too watched sky TV) *

He had become acquainted with the Lady Morgana when she had her meeting with the Prime Minister, and had liked her tremendously, and hoped her search was successful. She had thought the British Wizards to be supremely idiotic, a sentiment which he shared, having lived and dealt with them. She had also informed them that those responsible would be punished, it was Fae law. Children were precious to the Fae, and were never to be harmed or used. The fact that Aren’s signature had been blocked was proof that the one doing it had knowledge of who and what he was, and that he had family to care for him and would come to take him to live with them. All present were horrified that this could have been done and had assured Lady Morgana that they would not interfere with her judgment, only that Sir Darcy be there as Crown witness.

Upon her return he would be escorting her and her grandson to meet with the Queen and the Prince of Wales. They would have their ancient titles conferred on to them and for services, their ancient lands would revert back to them in perpetuity. In the hope that they or more of the Fae would move back to their homeland. Of course, the knowledge of their existence would not be broadcast they would live like they had done in the U.S., in open secrecy. The future, Sir Darcy thought looks to be very interesting.

Then, in accord with their meeting, the Hunt would begin, and final justice served. Sir Darcy had heard as a child tales of the Fae Wild Ride and their Hunt, told to him by his witch mother as a warning of what happens to bad children. He was looking forward to being in one. But as a Hunter, not as the Hunted.

Draco and Aren had left Severus to be watched by Remus, he would send a house elf to notify them of when he awoke. They had gone into the kitchen for something to eat since they had missed tea, and were now sitting in front of an empty fireplace in the Library. Aren had noticed that Draco was starting to fidget again meaning he was becoming nervous about something. He reached over and started drawing patterns lightly over Draco’s hand. He felt Draco become very still, but he didn’t pull his hand away. Instead he seemed to drift in toward Aren, so Aren did the same until their shoulders were touching.

“Did you mean it?” Aren almost whispered.

“What?” Draco replied in the same whispery, almost breathless voice.

“What you said, when you, ah, kissed me. Did you mean it?” Aren asked and after a moment he saw Draco nod. “Me too.” Aren replied now putting more pressure in the patterns he was idly drawing with his fingertips on Draco’s hand. Draco sighed and relaxed, leaning now fully on Aren. Draco’s fingers now playing, with Aren’s. “Have you ever?” Aren asked and Draco shook his head no. “Me neither.” Aren turned a little towards him and watched as Draco mimicked the movement. “Do
you…would you…could we, ah, do that again?”

They were face to face, staring into each other’s eyes, their lips mere inches apart.

“Kiss?” Draco’s voice was so soft and low, less of a whisper, more a prayer. And their lips met in their first real kiss, tentative though it was. Softly, at first as they found a good position, then with more pressure. Lip moved upon lip, breath softly passing to and from. Mouths slowly opening, the need for more building. Hands no longer idle, pulling at each other, the need for contact, body to body, paramount.

“Aren?” Like an annoying fly, the voice sought to disturb them, but they were too involved with this first exploration to pay any attention. Then it became louder, more grating to nerves that had started to hum with pleasure. Tongues had now tentatively touched against each other, and came out again, this time with more boldness.

“Aren!” No fly, but a soon to be dead wolf! “Severus is awake.” Good for him Aren thought, he on the other hand was way too busy to care until Draco pulled away. Aren looked at Draco, a question in his eyes. Draco mouthed ‘later’ and Aren nodded. Remus would live, but only as long as he never did that again.

Coming back from where ever he and Draco had been, Aren looked around to orient himself. The Sun was shining into the windows brightly, it had to be late afternoon. So much had happened it really seemed like days had gone by instead of hours. He yawned, the last time he had done so much it had been his birthday and that was, he calculated the days, a week ago. There was still much to do and the time to do it in was growing short. He yawned again and stretched, then taking Draco’s hand, and tugging him along, they went to see Severus. Curiosity of what his mark finally looked like running concurrently with words of apology through his brain.

Half way up the stairs he stopped cold. He ignored the inquiries, head cocked as if listening. “Get Severus up, we’re getting visitors.” He said in a commanding voice as he turned and went back down the stairs. Draco and Remus both shivered slightly as they matched the voice with the man he would one day be when he had fully come into his abilities and had ‘seasoned’ a little gave them pause. They didn’t know it at this time, but Aren’s means of acquiring his full potential had just arrived.

“He’s really going to be something, isn’t he?” Draco said to Remus as they walked along to Severus room.

“Yes, he will, but what?” Remus wondered out loud. “He’s already doing things that I thought couldn’t be done. And doing them with ease.”

That was so Griffindor! “Remus!” Draco almost shouted. “You know him! Do not start fantasizing something stupid like you Griffindors have a nasty habit of doing.” He chided the werewolf. “He’s an adult now, and won’t keep forgiving his friends their stupidity. I suggest you think carefully before acting in any way.” Draco’s words were clipped, his voice biting in anger.

Remus looked carefully at Draco, when did the spoiled, pampered son of a Death eater grow up? And when did he become Aren’s staunchest supporter? He was right. They were all guilty of jumping on the flimsiest of evidence to the most erroneous of conclusions, hurting Aren badly in the past. He had promised, and already, he was wavering. Feeling very ashamed of himself, he told Draco to join Aren and he would take care of and bring Severus. He needed the acerbic tongue of
the Slytherin to chase the stupidity out of him.

According to Draco, this had happened often in the past to Aren. He needed Severus biting honesty to tell him of what all he missed of Aren’s life and of what all Albus had glossed over.
Chapter 9

Aren stood on top of the steps leading up to the entrance of his house. Mentally he smirked at the thought of comparing the Fortress Griffin’s Rest to say the Dursley’s house. But it was his, he lived here and he wasn’t pretentious like others might be to call it anything more grandiose. It was home. And now there were visitors. The Wards had warned him they were here, but they had not signaled him of any danger. Actually, they seemed to welcome them, so he would also.

There were six of them, and hounds. Hounds? Calling them hounds was a kindness on his part. They made The Grim seem like a friendly puppy. They were huge! He had no idea how everyone had fit into the limo they had arrived in. They were the size of a small horse with red glowing eyes, and had teeth a Great White would be jealous of.

He wrinkled his forehead in disbelief as they came to stand in front of him on the opposite side of the Wards and started whining. Then rolled onto their backs exposing their bellies, tongues lolling out the sides of their fearsome jaws. They wanted him to pet them? He looked at his visitors. “What do I do?” he asked.

“Pet them” One of the women replied, “it seems like they found The Hunt master. They are now yours to command, and will be with you for as long as you have need of them.” She had long black hair streaked like his only with much more silver. He stared hard at her, traces of old dreams flashed through his mind. Dreams or memories?

Sometimes, when he had dreams of his mum, she would be in them. His eyes locked with hers, green to green, and he started to ‘see’. She was giving him her memories! Memories of her at his birth, his first Yule, his first birthday.

“Yammi?” He whispered, and saw her flinch a little. Her eyes wet with unshed tears.

“Liliana would say ‘go to granny’ to tease me, she knew I didn’t like that name. You…” she said with a catch to her voice, “you, would look at both of us and smile. On… on your birthday, she was teasing me again, you held out your arms for me to hold you and said ‘Yammi’.”

Aren waved his hand opening the wards and held out his arms once again to her. “Yammi.” It had
taken 16 long, hard years, but he finally had his family. They held onto each other tightly, crying for all the lost time. Crying in sadness for lost loved ones and the unfulfilled dreams of might-have-beens. Crying in joy for loved ones found and dreams fulfilled.

They were joined in their embrace and tears by Filidea, and Mirinda, while Liam, Daffyd and Niall stood guard. Draco had come up behind, watching the scene unfold. This was Potter’s family, and while he was happy for him, he was also jealous, and wary. Jealous because he could feel the love almost pouring off them, as they showed Aren how precious he was to them, it was something that had never happened to him. Wary, because he recognized who they were. Only Potter, he thought would have the Wizarding Worlds version of bogey-men as his family.

After a little while, they separated, but not completely. One or the other of them had a hand on or arm clasping the other, constantly touching, as if they were afraid the other might disappear. Aren was introduced to the Fae. Niall, was the only other one blood-related. “And I, my love am called, Morgana.”

Draco gasped loud enough to be heard by all, but it only echoed the sounds made by Severus and Remus who had come up behind while the blond had been lost in his observations. “Morgana le Fae?” he asked, she didn’t look scary. The tales told of her reveling in the blood of her foes and the horrors she committed must be exaggerations. While not petite, she was very delicately built, quite fragile looking with her reddened nose and watery emerald eyes.

“Many times imitated, but never duplicated.” She said, asking Aren to introduce his friends. Severus, and Remus bowed extremely low, with murmured My Lady, while the Hounds surrounded Draco. “Potter?” he squeaked, not knowing they had scented their master on him and wanted to imprint Draco’s scent also. This would be another one for them to guard.

Remus understood what they were doing and smiled, telling Draco not to worry, they would not hurt him. Severus questioned the statement, eyebrows extending to his hairline at the answer. Both young men flushed slightly at Remus comment and Severus look. Morgana observed the proceedings and smiled. Hopefully, Aren would have Draco for the completion of the rite. It was always better to have one who was known and even better if there were feelings for them than bedding a strange body.

While she and Aren were holding each other she searched Aren’s memories and found the one who had taken him and blocked his signature so she couldn’t find him. She had also seen all that had happened in his life up to now, poor child she thought, also seeing the ones who destroyed her Liliana and her husband. The blood and battle was assured. All elements were soon to come together. They would only need a small amount of time to make sure Aren was prepared for battle. To be on the safe side, she wanted to introduce him to war with small skirmishes. Best to get the rite done as soon as possible, he would need his abilities for the final battle.

Aren redid the Wards to acknowledge them all and they walked up to the entrance of Griffins Rest. Before they entered they all noticed that the carving above the massive doors seemed to come to life. Morgana bowed to it and thanked it for keeping all who lived with-in safe, and they all watched as the Griffin seemed to bow it’s head slightly in return.

Aren asked what she knew of the carving as they settled into the dining room for food and drink. He explained that while not the official crest of the school he went to, similar carvings were all over the place. All were rapt with attention as Morgana told of her and her sisters friendship with the Griffin Wizard. It had been only partially known to the Fae present. Now they knew the whole story. The wizards had a difficult time believing this woman could defeat a dragon. And Severus, being Severus, said so. Morgana turned to him, within viewing of the others and showed her ‘face’. He
believed. They all believed.

Dobby chose that moment to ‘pop’ loudly into the room and watched as most jumped out of their chairs, some with swords drawn. He slinked as much as he was able, ears curled down in his shame at causing fright to the assemblage and announced that the rooms were ready for the ‘Great ones’ and quickly popped, this time quietly out.

All agreed that it had been a long and emotionally trying day. There would be time now for talk and plans. “Now that we are finally together.” Morgana said hugging Aren. “Besides, I do believe, “ she whispered to him, “that your young man would like some time with you.” Aren blushed.

“You, um, don’t mind that he is a man?” Aren said, not knowing that he was overheard by Severus.

“Foolish love, the only things that truly matter is this.” She said placing her hand over his heart. “This is to be trusted and followed, the brain tricks, and others are just that, other, separate, not included, to be set aside.” She looked up at Severus, “did I miss a definition?”

“No, My Lady, but both of the worlds Aren comes from frown on such associations. While not unheard of, they are not welcomed.”

“Then it is a very good thing that Aren is Fae, is it not?” She said to him.

“You mean, it’s okay, Draco and I?” Aren asked. Seeking approval.

“The heart wants what the heart wants, only fools do not listen to its song. No grandson of mine would be a fool.” Placing a kiss on his forehead she bid him a goodnight, and latching onto the Potion Master’s arm, she informed him that he would escort her. Aren watched as they ascended the stairs to her room, the others following behind leaving Aren alone with Draco.

They turned towards each other. “So.” Aren said, now with everything that happened during the day weighing on him, he was left speechless and floundering, wanting to continue to explore his feelings towards Draco, but not exactly knowing how to start. Hoping Draco would give him some kind of a clue as to how they should proceed. Draco had initiated their encounters in the past, but thought maybe it was time he took the lead, if only he knew what to do. Well, he did know what to do, he just hadn’t done it before, now hadn he?

“Potter!” Draco said sharply. “Is this going to be an on going thing?”

“What?” He had no idea what Draco was talking about.

“Where you get lost in thought and I have to bring you out.”

Draco was on the verge of a full blown hissy fit, Aren had seen them at Hogwarts, usually directed at him. So he decided to tell him what he was thinking, and if Draco thought he was hopeless, well, he probably was.

“It’s just, I’ve never started, and I don’t know how to… you know. I mean, I want to, really, but I um…” he shrugged, at a loss for words.

“Potter, do I look anything like a girl?” He gave him a dirty look. “Of course I don’t! So why would you expect me to act all girly? You’re acting like a virgin on her wedding night!”

“But, I am.” He said softly.

“How could you be, with all those sickening Griffindors always hanging around you?”

“How could I not be with all those Griffindors, not to mention professors, always watching me?” he
almost shouted in frustration. “Arrgh!” he did scream in anger when he heard a painting snicker. He grabbed Draco by the hand and pulled him along after him. “Don’t say anything, not yet, unless you want everyone to know.” He cautioned Draco as he led him to his room and shut the door behind them, automatically putting up locking and silencing charms. “My life, welcome to it.” He said hoping Draco understood. “Now we can talk.” But instead of talking he took action, and wrapped his arms around the blond, he held him tightly to himself.

Draco felt so good pressed close to his body. This is how it should be, where he felt they both belonged. Aren nuzzled his nose behind Draco’s ear. He smelt good, nice and fresh, with a citrus-y background that blended perfectly with his natural scent. Feeling Draco reciprocate, he started slowly to pet his back, caressing the sinewy muscles he could feel under the clothes feeling them contract at his touch. He knew his were doing the same, it felt wonderful he thought as his hands grew bolder as his mouth lipped at Draco’s ear and the man in his arms shuddered when his tongue came out to taste and see in the intoxicating scent had an equally delicious flavor. It did.

“So Severus, you must tell me about yourself and your relationship with my Aren.” She said as they walked towards her door. She glanced down the hallway to see Mirinda disappear in to the room with the wolf. ‘Poorly chosen’ she thought, that one does not have it in him for a liaison with the Fae. He’ll be thinking love and all Mirinda wants is to have an itch scratched. She sighed, that was Mirinda’s future problem. Niall would be with Daffyd of course. Where one was the other could be found. They had been together so long, it was hard to remember a time when there had been others with them. Liam would be spending the night alone. He was strangely enough, not one for finding comfort wherever he could. A wholly un-Fae like behavior. But then again monogamy was his choice. His relationships always had to have meaning.

Well, if needed, he would be the one she chose to do the rite with Aren. He would take great care with the young man and show him that he considered it an honor, not just a duty or a night of wild sex.

She herself, had rarely indulged with anyone other than Filidea for quite awhile, well, with exception of those times Filidea felt the need for a third to join them. When that happened she would most often join in. She liked cock, she just didn’t like the scheming brain that was usually attached to the cock. After the Heir, she was next in line for the throne, little though she had ever wanted it. That was the only reason Macha’s daughter wasn’t with them. Morgana would be damned if she risked her freedom because the girl didn’t want to have a child as of yet. Yet! Morgana snorted, they had been waiting for centuries!

“So with you as his professor, I presume my Aren to be well versed in potions.” Morgana replied to Severus’ answer and watched with amusement as Severus tried not to insult her with the truth, not knowing she had seen all of Aren’s life when she had searched for the one responsible for the blocking of his signature.

They had arrived at her door. Filidea opened it with a flourish and dragged Severus inside. Morgana followed with an amused smile on her face. This would be interesting she thought as Filidea stripped the top and bottoms off she wore leaving herself naked, and jumped into the Potion Masters arms and proceeded to rub herself off against his crotch while sucking at his neck.

Severus was stunned. He had an arm full of Fae humping him who was the lover of one of the most
powerful beings he had ever met. He was wondering what to do as he felt himself responding, pushing his awakening erection against the wetness and warmth he felt coming through his trousers. Desperately, he looked to the Lady Morgana for guidance and relaxed a bit when he saw her smile.

“Morgana?” Filidea questioned. “Joining us?”

Morgana waved her off. “Not tonight, I have much to think on. I will walk for awhile.” She said opening her door to step out into the hall when she heard Filidea call her once again. “Yes?”

“His clothes?” Filidea asked, and smiled when Morgana waved them off. At times Filidea was really jealous of Morgana’s power, especially when it was so useful she thought as she speared herself on the now naked man’s cock with a slight grunt, and started to give him a ride he would be long in forgetting.

Voldemort slowly became conscious. The other death eaters had revived, and taking a cue from Lucius once they saw the condition of ‘their Master’ left, hoping not to be called anytime in the near future, if ever.

He hissed with the pain consciousness brought, not remembering what had happened. His arm throbbed, his head felt raw and his chest burned fiercely. He hissed out to Nagini but received no answering hiss, then called to any of his minions. Hissing in slight amusement at the muggle term. They were really too inept to be Death eaters. A slave is what they really were.

He hissed again in pain when he tried to get up off the floor. Some one would pay dearly for leaving him here lying on the floor like common refuse.

Someone? Lucius! He had been with him he remembered. He looked around the floor and saw that dear Lucius was not here with him. He also saw the mangled and bloody mess that was his arm. Slowly righting and oriented himself to his position, he clung with his one functioning hand onto his throne to aid in his balance. He felt fear. Something he hadn’t felt in a very long time. There was no one here and he had been crippled. There had been no one even near to have done this!

There! Behind his throne lie Nagini, belly up, and dead. He roared in anguish, wiping what he thought might be tears from his face only to see his hand come away red with blood. As quickly as he could with the pain he was in, he shuffled over to a mirror and screamed out one word. Watching as cracks started to run through the glass until it shattered, showering Voldemort with its dust.

Peter thought it was finally safe to venture back into his Master’s lair when he heard the name screamed, and decided he still had many things he needed to do…elsewhere.

Now would be the perfect time Lucius thought to change sides as he sat at his desk in his study staring off into space. He could Floo to Dumbledore, and claim that when he received the mark over the morsmordre, it had ‘opened his eyes’. No, Dumbledore wouldn’t buy it. But, Fudge would, along with a very generous amount of money in way of reparations for the guilt he was now feeling over his ‘wrongness in belief’. He smiled to himself, yes, that would work. Lucius after all was a Malfoy, and not to be sacrificed on the alter of the losing side, his skin was way too valuable he thought, especially now that the Potter brat has shown how strong he his. Voldemort was the loser in this war with a capital ‘L’.
Aren and Draco gazed into each others eyes, silently asking and answering questions, and upon the receiving of answers, their mouths met. Tongues tasted, touched, mapped, entwined, and dueled. Breath growing short, with the slow removal of clothing and the need to map and claim each inch of skin revealed.

Bodies molding to each other. Beginning slowly, hands caressed, with gentle movement, creating warmth with the friction. The warmth turned into heat, the movements more frantic, hands clenching, pulling the other closer, closer, skin rubbed against skin until even their sweat pooled, unable to find space between them. With a joint shout of release, they eased slowly apart, still touching, caressing, until they could once again regain their breath, their heartbeats slowing to normal. Sticky, sweaty, smelly, with stupid grins plastered to their faces, they sat down together on the floor.

Aren heard it first, then felt it. Rolling to his knees, cradling his head in pain. Voldemort had screamed out his name! Somehow, Aren thought, he knows I’m alive.

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Morgana heard the name “POTTER” screamed through both her and Aren’s mind, and had ghost pains of what her grandson was feeling. Concerned, but not alarmed, she had a very good idea on what the beast who plagued his existence had just discovered. Smiling she licked her finger, drew an imaginary 1 in the air twice. “That’s two!”

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Draco helped Aren to his feet when it seemed the worst of the attack was over. Wrapping one of his arms around him, he helped Harry to bed and climbed in behind him.

“Harry, what just happened here?” Draco asked once they were situated in bed, with Draco wrapped around Aren, holding him protectively.

“Voldemort. When I pushed the Mark out of Snape, it must have rebounded and did something to him. Somehow he knows I did it and that I am alive. He is not very happy right now.”

Draco smirked against the back of Aren’s neck and tightened his arms around him, unconsciously trying to protect him. “When is He?” He whispered into Aren’s ear before kissing it.

“Oh, when He’s plotting Dumbledore’s or my death, or when He thinks he’s come up with a plan that just might work, or when He’s crucio-ing someone, or…” Aren started to laugh when Draco nudged him in a particularly ticklish spot telling him to stop with his list, “for the love of Merlin, Harry”.

Aren asked if Draco could try to remember that his name was Aren, that Harry was just a nickname his father had given him. He then told Draco the story behind the name Harry and the blonde was laughing so hard, he had curled up into a ball, clutching his sides, tears running down his cheeks. Aren marveled at Draco. It had only been a little over a day since Snape and Draco had come and look where they were now, and what all had happened. It seemed as if things were finally starting to go right for a change. Draco was just starting to calm down when Aren felt a presence outside the door Wards. He heard a knock on the door. Reaching out mentally, he felt his grandmother’s presence. Grandmother, he smiled at the word. She was not technically, the relationship was so far between them it was a hard concept to really understand, unless, Aren smiled, you were Fae, and he was.

Morgana opened the door, knowing she was welcome, and with a wave of her hand she parted the
wards to come in. Draco sobered immediately, whispering that they were naked, unless he had forgotten. Aren, having been in her mind the same way she had been in his, sincerely doubted that anything they had to show would in any way shock her. Moreover, told the blond this.

So, as best as they could, they sat up in the bed making sure all their ‘bits’ had been properly covered, blushing the whole time as Morgana waved up a chair and sat beside Aren’s side of the bed. Draco felt incredibly embarrassed to be naked in bed with his lover while his grandmother; Morgana le Fae sat beside them with a slight smile on her face. Draco did what he usually does when confronted with a situation where he was not shown in his best light, he used sarcasm, it being his weapon of choice. “Getting comfortable are we?” he snipped.

Morgana raised her eyebrow and gave him a look; Draco flushed slightly and squirmed about higher in bed while Aren just smiled wider at Draco’s actions. This was all quite novel to him, so he really did not know how he should react if at all. He felt only love, tinged with slight amusement coming from Morgana, so inwardly shrugging; he let any thought of being uncomfortable slip away.

“I thought”, Morgana began, and “that what I had to say to you had best be explained with out the others around.” When Aren’s eyes slid to Draco and back, she shook her head. “As your partner, it is important that Draco also know. Secrets, I have found, are best not kept from those who mean the most to us, they eventually come out, only to bite us on the ass in the end, no?” Both boys agreed with that.

“This concerns the way you will acquire the majority of your Fae abilities. You have attained some now, which tells me that your rite of becoming will be quite…ah, intense.” At the word intense, and the way she hesitated saying it, she had gained their unwavering attention. “I would dearly love to just give you a book and answer questions after it was read, but the rite tailors itself to the individual. There are however three things all rites have in common to varying degrees. They are battle or confrontation in some way; blood, usually gained through battle, and sex.” Here she paused and conjured a glass of water for herself, and taking a sip asked if they wanted anything before she continued.

“To most Fae, battle is no more than a brawl, or argument where blood is drawn. They usually cause it themselves by using a small knife and nicking their antagonist which is usually their partner; just enough to get a bit of blood on them, then they have sex. These three things combine to release their abilities. Once a Fae reaches a certain age, late teens to early twenties, they feel it oncoming so keep their partner or a trusted friend close because anything can start the rite. Are you both with me so far?” She asked as she sipped some more water.

“Fae, like wizards and mundanes, all have various strengths or power. Some are like your squibs, and have very little, most are somewhere in the middle, and then, there are those like my sisters and yourself who show an unlimited ability. That is one reason why drawing magic from the lines did not injure or kill you. 99 percent are unable to do that.” Aren flushed with a bit of anger, thinking that this was another reason why he could never be normal. Morgana caught his thoughts. Supremely disappointed she could not re-kill those damned Dursleys for ingraining the need for normalcy into Aren. He did indeed have a lot to answer for.

“Aren,” she said stopping him from the self-loathing thoughts viciously circling in his mind. “Normal is subjective. To me, you are normal and the Dursleys were subnormal. They could not do anything magically like I am able to do, and yet the things they did do, well, so can I. So looking at it that way, you see how their greed and jealousy for what they could never have turned against you? Believe it or not, I had this same talk with your mother Liliana, she could not understand how one she thought of as her sister could hate her so much.”
Morgana’s words caught Aren’s attention and his eyes zeroed in on her like lasers. “She wasn’t mum’s sister?”

“If she was her sister, she would be known to me since she then would be Fae? No? I don’t pretend to know how all that had come about, your grandfather was Fae, and he worked with the mundanes during their World war. It affected him to where he left us and would not come home, preferring to stay in the Isles. It was not until your mother’s birth that we once again saw one another. Does this help, Aren?”

Aren thought about what all Morgana had said, it had made more sense than anything else he had been told. It definitely answered a lot of his most heartfelt questions and he felt validated as worthy of love.

“Jealousy and hatred, Aren. That also is what drives Voldemort. In addition, along with Petunia, they had tried to destroy what they hated and were jealous over even to where they drug others into their spiral of hate. Misery truly loves company. They both went out of their way to make others like themselves. It is vicious, Aren, and to be caught and eradicated before it perpetuates itself.”

Aren started to smile as he worked it all out in his mind. Draco too, was affected by Morgana’s words as they struck something deep within himself. He too had always wondered why his family was the way it was. The way he almost became and would have continued with his children.

Morgana let them both process what she had said. Much had been said tonight, but there was still quite away to go before they could sleep. They would need time to truly understand all she was saying to them. It was an extremely difficult lesson to learn and one that needed reminding of throughout ones life.

“For even if raised in a good supportive and loving family,” she said “jealousy and hate could take root, destroying from within. Unfortunately, there would always those who instead of trying to do for themselves, would always covet that, which others possessed and had accomplished, and thought were due to them also. Unless dealt with, would poison those around them. Yes, It is a very hard lesson to learn.”

She continued sipping her water, and casually picked up only their surface thoughts, yes, they had gotten the message and had taken it to heart. It would serve them well. Now, time to stop their ruminations as the night was not growing younger.

“Ready to learn more, my loves?” She asked gently, and the smiling faces they showed answered her question.

“Aren, since you have almost unlimited power due to the lines and nodes, your rite will be like I said before, intense. I feel we can control the when of your rite, by engaging in some skirmishes with Voldemort’s followers, thus gaining the ‘battle’ and ‘blood’ part needed. Now as to The sex. It will in all probability be instinctively forceful, a taking, um… well, there is no nice way to say it; it will almost be a rape. Among us, it is considered an honor to participate in such a powerful rite. But I know neither of you are experienced so if you… um, chose Draco, you will in all probability hurt him…badly.” Aren started to protest that he would never do such a thing to Draco when Morgana stopped him.

“Aren, I know you would never willingly hurt Draco, but this… compunction will not give you the
choice. So there are two things I can recommend, because it is up to the both of you to decide. The first is to let Niall, or one of the others, receive you.” When Aren looked puzzled at what she said she decided to be blunt. She was good at that, leaving diplomacy to Macha. “Niall will let you fuck him.” When Aren looked to be a bit shocked she sighed at his lack of experience.

“Aren, it will be fucking, there will be little tenderness involved, trust me on this, I’ve been through it! Therefore….if you do want Draco, you better start getting him used to it. Have I been blunt enough?” Both Draco and Aren were wide-eyed as they nodded. She vanished her water glass, rose from her chair, and waved it back to where it had been.

“Think on this. Think carefully. Any questions you have later I will be happy to answer if I can. But don’t delay.” She said then smirked, “I suggest you take every opportunity you can find to fuck each other. Good night my loves. Sleep well.” She almost added ‘pleasant dreams’ on to it, but thought it would be a bit much, doubting they would be able to appreciate her ‘brand’ of wit.

They watched as she left. They continued to stare at the door for quite awhile afterwards. Then, after much beating around the bush, they discussed what they had learned coming to an agreement to sleep on it before making any decisions. They did however decide to take Morgana’s advise to heart and starting sometime tomorrow, they would end their virgin status, that would determine what they would decide next.

Most of the occupants of Griffin’s Rest had slept in. Only Morgana and Niall were up and at breakfast. She wondered how Filidea’s night with tall dark and acerbic went. She had one of the house elves show her to another bedroom, not wanting the bother of climbing over two bodies in her bed. He had seemed quite nicely endowed, so she supposed Filidea would be in good spirits today.

As she was pouring a second cup of coffee, Aren’s owl arrived with the Daily Prophet, and two more owls arrived, each with parchment tied to their legs. As she picked up the paper from Aren’s owl, it sidled over to her plate. “Vain bird, change back and you may feast.” She watched as the owl turned snowy white. “What is your name?” She asked? “Hedwig? Well, that is rather ironic. Did Aren name you? No? Ah… I wonder if he knows?”

“What did she say, My Lady?” Niall asked. Niall’s abilities manifested as increased mobility which made him incredibly fast and agile on a field of battle. He also had defensive and offensive spells that were awesome, but communication with creatures was not one of them. That was a gift only if you had an animal to call, but wizard owls, being magical, were easy for her to communicate with. That same gift was most times handed down. Foolish Dumbledore to think Aren had gotten his parseltongue abilities from Voldemort with out considering where his bloodlines led.

“Her name is Hedwig, she was disguised as a stygian owl, and I asked her to turn back to her natural form, which is much more beautiful,” she said that last directly to the bird who had a strip of bacon clasped in her beak. “I also asked if Aren named her, he didn’t. Hedwig means strife, and she was the patron saint of orphans in the Catholic Church. And no, she does not believe Aren knows the meaning of her name.” She said, and started to glance at the paper.

She cursed silently as she read the headlines, she had hoped for more time without the world intruding. The details did not matter, the stories headlines told her the whole story. The World now knew her Aren was alive, and what he had done. They did not yet know the why’s or how’s which was good, knowing the what, he had done was bad enough. Now, unfortunately, they wanted her love found. She snorted, unless they were more powerful that the Morrigan, the Wards would keep
the hunters at bay until it was time for Aren to assume that mantle.

“Niall, love. If you’re finished, would you take care of the Annwn?” She asked. The Hell Hounds would be hungry this morning. She herself would have to go feed her mares, which reminded her that was another thing she had to tell him about. She sighed; she must be getting old to be forgetting her horses. Maybe in another couple of hundred years she would feel the need to go to the sunset land, but not just yet. There were older Fae than her and her sisters, but not many, it took a lot of stamina to live this long, and with Aren, she had more reason than most not to weary of life.

She had sensed the arrival of her lovelies last night as she was talking to Aren and Draco, but felt she had already given them much to think about without adding her Nightmares into it. Finishing her coffee, she left to take care of her beauties.

As she was leaving, Filidea’s latest came into the room looking better than he had yesterday. However, she did not know the man, so she really could not say if a night with one of the Fae was a good thing for him, or if he had just been weary last night. She nodded a greeting to him as she left. Severus was hungry this morning! Yesterday had been quite amazing, he had thought he would die with that thrice damned Mark on him, and last night was something he had no words to describe. He did not think he had ever been ridden so...so enthusiastically, and great Merlin! He had started to glow along with the Fae! When that had happened, he felt her orgasm along with his. He wondered if it got better once you were actually wanting sex instead of taken unaware? As he served himself from the warming trays on the sideboard, he wondered where everyone was?

Aren awoke surrounded in warmth with a hand not his own petting his chest and the feel of slight movement between his ass cheeks. He decided that he wanted to wake this way every morning. Surrounded with warmth, love and need. Now this, this was something worth fighting to keep. Aren moaned in pleasure and pressed back against Draco’s erection, encouraging more movement.

He felt the hand on his chest pan down, caressing as it went, and lips nibbling at his neck. Draco whispered something he did not quite catch, not paying attention to anything except the feeling Draco was evoking, especially that hand as it neared his erection. Fingers playing in his curls, stroking everywhere but where he wanted. He nudged his ass back more, feeling the now slick cock slide easier between his cheeks, and yes! Draco had started to stroke him. Oh, he thought last night was brilliant? This was beyond that.

Suddenly the hand clenched tighter around him, pulling with more intent as the strokes of his cock became more forceful. “Harry! Gonna come! Merlin!”

The sound of Draco’s voice and his words were the catalyst. Aren felt himself tightening, his muscles clenching as he neared his own orgasm. “Yes! Gods, Yes!” Draco shouted as Aren felt warm come shoot up his ass and onto his back. He felt his balls draw up, and he stiffened as he came with a loud grunt all over himself and Draco’s hand.

Draco mumbled again when he could catch his breath and Aren felt the sticky and cooling come vanish from his back and belly. He rolled on to his back, giving his love a brilliant smile. “I want to wake every morning for the rest of my life with you doing that.” Aren told him, and watched as Draco’s hesitant smile bloomed.

He did not know how Godric knew, but he was right. Draco was his mate; there would be only him, first, and last, that was the way he was. The Fae might have a tendency to sample what took their fancy, but he also had Griffindor blood in him, wanting only one. Only Draco. Now all he really needed was to figure if he was what Draco wanted and he figured what worked last night would work this morning. He hoped.
“Dobby!” Aren called out.

“Well, Harry Potter, great one’s son, sir! What can poor humble Dobby do for the great Harry Potter?” It was way too early, and he felt just too damn good to have a Dobby headache, but not taking any chances, he made his request short to prevent the possibility of one.

“Breakfast for Draco and I here in my room. And tell Lady Morgana we will be down later, much later.”

“Oh! Yes! It shall be as you wish, great and kind Harry Potter, sir!” Dobby had taken last night’s lesson to heart, popping in and out quietly. He reappeared a couple minutes later with a tray of food and drink and handed Aren a scroll of parchment, saying it was from the Great One herself, and disappeared.

Draco and Aren situated themselves as the tray hovered over them. Once they were ready, the tray lowered and they removed the covers to see what they had been brought.

Sipping some juice, Aren unrolled the scroll and a small vial fell onto his lap, curious, he started to read. As he read his eyes widened, until it seemed they were impossibly large.

“Harry! What does it say?” Draco was concerned with Aren’s expression.

Aren gave Draco a look of disbelief, turned back to the scroll, re-read it, glancing down at the vial on his lap, the scroll, the vial, Draco, ‘till finally he handed both the scroll and vial to Draco. “Read.” Was all he said.

My loves, Please come down sometime today. You have some mail that might be important. I shall endeavor to entertain the troops in your absence. The following are instructions. (Underlined twice) Follow them to achieve what we talked about last night. Above all, enjoy each other. Yammi.

Following were a list of steps to take for intercourse. Draco’s eyes and movements matched Aren’s.

“That’s one hell of a grandmother you have there, love.” Draco replied, not knowing what else to say.

“Isn’t she just”? Was all Aren could come up with. Then he focused on what Draco had called him. “Am I? Because you are mine!”

Draco caught on to what Aren had said. “Yes, for a long time.” He replied simply. Shaking off the girly feeling that had almost taken over, he waggled his eyebrows at Aren, “shall we?” he held up the vial, and wiggled it at him. “We seem to have an annoying condition to get rid of and I seem to recall that if I’m to be one of the stars of your rite, we definitely need to practice.

Draco held the scroll aloft and read out loud; “step one, cleanliness is mandatory. You know I have never heard of this charm, I hope it feels more pleasant than the one Pomfrey uses. Do you want the honors?” he said handing the scroll with the charm written on it to Aren.

Aren held his hand over Draco’s belly and said the charm watching Draco to make sure he was alright. He had the strangest look on his face and Aren asked him how it felt. “Like a feather brushed me all over inside.” Aren handed him back the scroll saying, ‘my turn’ and watched as Draco did the charm to him.

“Wicked.”

“Step two.” Draco started when Aren said he would take it from there and proceeded to lay the blond down and started to kiss him senseless. He wanted their first time to be wonderful, and he was
going to do everything he could to make sure Draco enjoyed it. Whispering between kisses how much Draco meant to him, how wonderful he felt, how smooth his skin was, Aren had slowly kissed every inch of his face and had started on his neck. First he would kiss the area, and then lick it and to see his skin shiver and goose-bump he would blow over the wetness. He started right behind the ear and slowly worked his way to his chest, spending an inordinate amount of time on his nipples. Feeling his love squirm when he touched a nerve ending with the tip of his tongue.

“Draco, love you.” Aren whispered as he laved and sucked at the rigid nubs. “Bond with me?” he said then lightly bit the area. Aren heard his grandmother warning him in his head that he was creating a bonding spell, a very strong one with his words and actions. He wanted to bind himself to Draco he thought back.

“Merlin, Harry! Yes!” Draco responded. Aren did not know if Draco realized when they were doing so he stopped touching and kissing Draco, and waited for him to open his eyes and look at him. He would not take advantage of him, thought, it would have been so damn easy to do.

“Harry?”

“Draco, I love you. Will you bond with me and be my partner through life?” Aren asked, very seriously. He knew his grandmother was waiting for a reply, though he did not know why she needed to know.

Remus had been talking to Morgana about the history of the Fae when he noticed she seemed to be someplace far away mentally. The others took this cue as something momentous was about to occur and quieted, waiting for their Lady to tell them what they should do or expect.

“Right!” She nodded once and turned to leave the room. Remus detained her by catching hold of her arm. “Wait! Where are you going? What’s happening?” He asked, starting to become angry at her blank stare. He put a little bit more force into his hold, squeezing her arm.

Morgana came back from her mental conversation with Aren. Explaining why she had been concerned. Now she realized the wolf had detained her, forcefully it felt like. Her eyes grew cold as she stared at him. When he quickly released her and asked forgiveness, she told him not to ever do that again. Then she announced to the room to brace themselves, she would try to contain the bonding shock waves. All but the two wizards smiled and nodded.

Severus knew better than to interfere with the very powerful, so merely observed the wolf act stupid again.

“Wait, who’s bonding? Not Aren and Draco, they can’t.”

Severus was rewarded for his patience as Remus went flying across the room, all with out Morgana doing or saying a thing. As she left, he went over to Remus, and helped him to stand. “One day you will learn, pray the lesson isn’t fatal.”

Aren was beside himself with happiness at Draco’s answer. Neither of them would ever be alone again he thought as he kissed him. He had explained that he had mentally started the bond, when he had realized what he was doing he stopped. With Draco's affirmation, he proceeded again, only
starting where he had stopped.

Aren heard the most marvelous sound from Draco as he laved his navel with his tongue. His arms had surrounded the blond curtailing Draco’s movements, while his hands were grasping and releasing his buttocks as he mimicked the sex act on his navel. He then buried his nose into blond curls, inhaling the scent of his beloved. Draco’s testes had drawn up tightly into his body; it would take little to draw him over the edge.

Aren opened the vial, and placing a small amount on his finger tips gently touched his opening, while his mouth licked the base of the blonds shaft, then swiftly sliding upwards until he enclosed the head with his mouth and sucked hard as he stuck one finger into his opening. Draco planted his feet and curled up over Aren, and grasping his head, pushed hard with his hips shoving his cock deep into Aren’s mouth and came, shouting out his name over and over. Flopping back as if dead having spent all of himself, arms stretched out, gasping for breath.

Gagging at the unfamiliar and uncomfortable feeling of Draco’s cock forcing it’s way down his throat while it emptied itself into his mouth, Aren swallowed as best as he could. The taste was slightly bitter, slightly salty, not good, but something he could learn to appreciate, especially with the reaction he got from his love. He had to hold on tightly to his resolve, or he would have come along with Draco. He was so hard it hurt.

While Draco came back from his orgasmic high Aren had continued to slide his finger slowly in and out of his opening. Caressing what skin he could reach, licking the blonds pubic hair and hips, calming them both, waiting for Draco to be ready to respond again.

“Harry?” Draco panted.

“Yes, love?” Aren said as he continued to slowly penetrate him with one finger, his head buried at the crease of thigh and hip licking the area as if to savor the unique taste of his love.

“That your finger in my ass?”

“Yes love.”

“Feels good.”

“Thanks love.”

“Harry?”

“Yeth?” Aren was occupying himself now by tasting Draco’s balls, rolling them individually with his tongue. Who knew his Draco was such a talker after sex? When he received no answer it was because Draco was lost in the sensations of Aren’s tongue as it once again licked his hardening penis like a lollypop. His hands clenched into the bed covers trying desperately not to shove his cock back into Aren’s mouth.

Removing his finger, he dabbed more oil onto it and inserted two, stopping when Draco grunted at the increased pressure in him.

“Stop?”

“Gods, No! More, Harry, please!” and Aren started to move his fingers in and out, faster, he twirled them, and scissoring them, all the while hearing Draco’s very enthusiastic response cheering him on.
When Aren added a third finger, Draco hesitated, until his prostate was touched, and he howled for more. Aren moved his body back, away from Draco; still keeping his fingers moving though, and quickly pulled his leg, flipping the blond, until Draco was lying on his belly. “Lift up, love.” Aren asked, helping Draco up onto his knees, and positioned himself between his legs, and oiled his erection.

“Ready, baby?” Aren panted, he had to tug hard on his balls to keep himself from coming. Positioning the head of his cock at Draco’s entrance, he slowly withdrew his fingers, and clasped his hip with that hand while he slowly entered Draco.

“Oh, God!” Aren cried out at the tightness enclosing his cock. The warmth that encased him sent a shiver of pleasure down his spine. He rested his head in the middle of Draco’s back, panting heavily, desperately waiting for Draco to become used to Aren’s invasion of his body.

Slowly he moved into Draco, then out. When he again hit his prostate, and Draco begged for more, faster, harder, he heard the voice in his mind tell him to say the words now.

“‘Heart to heart.’ say it Draco. Draco! Say it!” he waited until Draco repeated it.

“Mind to mind.”

“Body to body.”

“Two becoming One, one and the same.”

Oh Gods! he thought, this is it.

“MINE!” he shouted, not hearing Draco echo him as he was coming inside his love. As he came the bond formed, Aren’s magic entered Draco, the feeling of such power entering him, brought Draco off, shooting his seed all over the bed. Their power combined, there was a bright flash of light and the shock waves from the combining sped out, and hit the barrier Morgana put up, it didn’t contain the waves for long, as the first strong ones had weakened the barrier until it collapsed.

They sat in the library, braced in their chairs as pictures shook, ornaments and books tumbled from the shelves and the walls rumbled. When it was over, Morgana came staggering in. Severus rushed to help her to a chair. She brushed the hair out of her face, while he used his handkerchief to gently wipe the perspiration off her brow. “I contained most of it” she whispered to him, “that was just their combined wizard power. We have yet to experience Aren’s Fae abilities.”

Severus stared back at her, black eyes dancing with mirth. “Be afraid, be very afraid.” At first she stared at him with shock at hearing a mundane expression from him. Until he winked at her. Then, shocking everyone, they both started to laugh.

A/N: you have no idea how very hard this was to write.

TBC
Fudge paced nervously in his office. His sins were staring to come home to roost. One of his biggest had owled him to expect a visit for ‘a frank and profitable’ discussion requiring the utmost confidentiality. That meant one thing only. Lucius. Lucius was coming, and Fudge dreaded what he would hear, and shuddered at the thought of what he would have to do. For he owed Malfoy as the muggles say ‘big time’ especially after sending him to Azkaban. He only hoped that Lucius realized, that at that time, he had no options.

Now, he was watched even closer, with the attack on Harry Potter’s home, the lack of evidence, or the incompetence of his Auror’s in finding a body leading to the lack of evidence of his death, and now the uncovering of the Death Eaters in the Ministry. The daily Prophet and Quibbler were having a field day reporting on all his past blunders, and those of his people. One more mis-step, and he would not have to wait to be recalled from Office; they would come in and drag him out bodily.

Once the Wizarding people find out that while they thought they had been hidden from all muggles, the muggle governments knew all about them, and always had, all would be over. In that area at least it had been his predecessors who had refused to aid the muggles in any way. If left up to him, he was sure he could have come to some kind of compromise, after all there were a lot of adventurous Wizards with little to do other than the handful of professions that were available.

The only way he could foresee himself out of this mess would be if he found Harry Potter himself, or was able to report (and show) Voldemorts death. Just as he was completing another lap around his office, a house elf popped in, looked carefully all around waving some thing it held in it’s hand, nodded to the Minister, and popped out. He sighed; Lucius was coming and settled in the chair behind his desk awaiting his arrival.

With a very soft sounding ‘pop’ Lucius appeared. Once he left, Cornelius promised himself to increase the anti-Apparating wards around his office. He forgot about House elves being able to do that. He rose and held out his hand in greeting, manners must not be forgot, even under the most trying of times.

“Lucius, so pleasant of you to come by. You’re note however was quite vague on details.” He noted that while not refused, Lucius only touched his gloved fingertips to his hand very lightly.

“Cornelius,” Lucius said, helping himself to a chair and taking his time settling into it, fussing with
his cane and gloves. Then directing his piercing gray eyes at him. “I have had an epiphany, 
Cornelius. It happened just, ah, yes, yesterday.”

“Oh? They are always welcome. While I myself have never had… ah, sorry, Lucius, You were 
saying?” He had become flustered at the deadly glance bestowed upon him. He couldn’t help it, he 
tended to ramble, when he was nervous, excited, scared, you name it he talked.

“It has come to my attention that the Dark Lord has been defeated.” This was said so blandly that it 
took awhile for it to sink in. Cornelius jumped up out of his chair, Merlin he thought, miracles do 
happen. Then Lucius spoke again, piercing his little bubble of joy. “Sit down, you babbling idiot! I 
said defeated, not dead.”

“Lucius, You’re tone of voice is hardly nice.” He said nervously.

“When have I ever given anyone the impression I was nice? Do you take me for an idiot 
Hufflepuff?” Lucius sneered back.

“B-b-but, I was a Hufflepuff!” Fudge said in a small voice that almost, but not quite resembled a 
whine.

“I rest my case.” He said, giving Fudge a smile that a shark would be very familiar with. “Enough of 
these pleasantries, Cornelius, now I know it will be difficult, but try to pay attention to what I have to 
tell you.” Lucius paused, subconsciously rubbing the area of his Mark while he thought of how to 
word what he was going to tell Fudge. It was extremely important the blithering idiot understand his 
words.

“Yesterday, Something was done that not even Merlin himself could do. Harry Potter marked all the 
Death Eaters and attacked and scarred Voldemort…but…now pay attention, this is the important 
part; He was nowhere near him at the time. Potter did what no one had ever done before, and I can 
assure you, Voldemort if not now, will once he gets over his rage, realize what I have.”

“What is that Lucius?”

“Simply this, he has just lost the war. Potter can destroy him from where ever he is, anytime he wants 
to.” Lucius said. “He can destroy all of us!” Lucius said with quiet intent.

“Come, come Lucius why would the boy do that!” Fudge said chidingly to the very serious man 
opposite him.

“Because, my dear Minister, very few of us have ever been kind to the boy, and from what I hear, 
that includes Dumbledore.”

“Dumbledore? But that’s preposterous!” Fudge exclaimed. “Dumbledore has always cared for the 
lad.”

“Dumbledore, has only done that to secure his weapon, which I have learned through my former 
ah… association with the Dark Lord, was what he considered Potter to be, that, and a steady source 
of galleons.”

“What! But that’s…that’s…”

“.….The truth. From time to time, Voldemort would let little things slip he had learned about Potter 
and Dumbledore. One of them was that somehow he found out that Dumbledore was dipping into 
the Potter vaults through his supposed guardianship. Since muggles are not allowed access to the 
vaults at Gringotts, Dumbledore took control and has quietly been augmenting his depleted fortune.”
“Well, Lucius, What can we do if Potter hates us also?” Cornelius asked, bewildered at all he had learned.

“We try very hard to get on his good side. This is why I am here instead of Hogwarts. Dumbledore, according to my sources is going to be taken to court by Gringotts and Potter.”

“Lucius, how could you possible learn of that?

Those Goblins at Gringotts are notoriously closed mouthed.”

“I had been searching for a suitable bride for Draco since he’s come of age, and I came across some startling knowledge. Out of what, our population of twenty thousand or so, there are about two hundred ‘old’ families, most now of which are either poor, or of mixed blood. Do you know, that because of Grindenwald, and Voldemort, most of our original families are gone, but by checking various family trees, Potter is head of house for eight of the original families, along with their vaults!” Lucius voice took on a bemused quality.

“How could that be? I would have known of something like that happening!” Fudge said.

“It’s really quite amazing. Through Sirius Black’s will, he inherited the Black fortune and became the head of house. James, Harry’s father, well his mother was a Stone, and the only child, so the Stone name, vault and bloodline are part of the Potters, then there was Harold Potter, whose mother was a Westerby, again the last of her family, through her, came not only Westerby but Marches, and the Carriages. That’s six so far, and then through another marriage to the Potter heir came the Middledowns, and Holydens. Eight all totaled. The Potter men have married very well, and if I’m not mistaken, that includes James.”

“James married a muggle born, Lucius, everyone knows that.” Cornelius said.

“Did he? It has come to my attention that some of the Fae have come back, looking for one of theirs who had been hidden. Now, we all know the Fae look different and their magic is different, but that is only after they come of age, they are indistinguishable when young, except for their remarkable eyes. I do believe Potter is the lost Fae child. If so, his heritage is extraordinary.”

Cornelius was angry, how did Lucius gain this information? Less than a handful knew of the arrival of the Fae.

“Calm yourself Cornelius, this could help us tremendously. Remember, we need Potter if not friendly, at least tolerant of us. With any luck, after he takes care of Voldemort and Dumbledore, maybe he’ll leave for where ever they came from to be with his family.” Lucius said displaying a smarmy smile.

“Tell me, Cornelius, do you ah, know what Fae are here? Are their names known to you?” He slid in on the off chance it would be a known name.

“No, Sir Darcy,” Cornelius spit out the name, “did not choose to inform me of their identities.”

Fudge sighed. He would have to tell Lucius about the Fae. He knew quite a bit, but not all. At least he wouldn’t look like a total fool. As he prepared to tell what he had been informed by the muggle liaison, Sir Darcy, a wave of power swept over them. “What was that?” Fudge cried out in alarm.
“It felt like a bonding. A very powerful bonding.” Lucius replied. “I wonder who…” He stopped cold. Something about the magic had a tinge of Draco’s signature to it. He growled to himself. So that is what the boy was up to and why he couldn’t find him. He was with some witch! If it was that Parkinson bitch! The family maybe pureblood, and have money, but they were stupid and bred ugly, every last one of them! He refused to believe his son was that stupid to be caught in their trap!

No! He thought, Draco was too smart, he also knew Lucius refused the offer of their daughter many times. The same went for the Bulstrodes, and the Nott’s youngest daughter. He snorted; too damn bad Potter wasn’t a witch! He would find out soon enough, but for now he needed to finish with Fudge.

“You were saying, Cornelius?”

“What? Oh! Yes, the Fae. Well, Lucius it seems they will not all be leaving. They have allied themselves with the muggle government and are to receive their lands and titles back, and they have been given carte blanche to take care of us if we interfere in their business.” Cornelius said sadly.

“Grindenwald and Voldemort!” Lucius exclaimed.

“Yes, they both just had to go after muggles, and now the muggles it seems are advanced to where our magic is of no concern to them. And when we could have been of help, my predecessors refused to allow any Witch or Wizard to help. So there we are, stuck with the muggles and the Fae as our future masters if we don’t stop Voldemort soon.”

“Well, there then is only one thing to do.” Lucius said.

“What? What can we possibly do?” Fudge moaned in despair.

“We find Potter! What else?”

.“-.-.-.

“Wormtail!” Voldemort hissed as loudly as he could. “Get in here you traitorous rat!” He was in pain, and he needed to repair the damage that Potter brat had him cause to himself before his followers saw it. “Those slimy turncoats! The minute they see a weakness in him, they would desert; trying to save their own worthless hides.” He hissed. Especially Lucius, he thought, he’s the slipperiest of the lot of them.

Poor Nagini he thought, she had been his most loyal, taking the brunt of the pain from Potter’s attack until it had killed her. He wondered how the others had fared. Oh they had not died, but he knew something had happened to them when he could no longer push the pain off on Nagini, it had been their ‘honor’ to protect him.

Where was Severus? He had been calling him for what had seemed a long time. He needed his Potions Master to heal his injuries. Severus rarely left any potions here unless ordered to. Why didn’t they have a lab here where Severus could work? He knew he was whining. He glanced again at his mangled arm, that look reminded him of why he was in so much pain and he started calling for Wormtail and Severus all over again.
“Finally!” He hissed as Wormtail entered the ‘throne’ room. “Where have you been, rat?”

Wormtail flinched at Voldemort’s tone of voice; it was one that had only meant pain for him in the past. “Gathering supplies, Master.” He said as he emptied his bag of bandages bottles of potions and ointments.

“Where is Severus? I have been calling him.” He hissed at Peter while he poured a potion bottle over his arm. He watched as it bubbled a bit, frothing at the edges where the cuts had been ragged gouges. He supposed the knife he had used had been a trifle dirty.

“Severus has disappeared almost two days ago, along with the Malfoy brat.” Peter said as he applied ointment. “Lucius has been searching for them, and all trace of them has gone.” He said wrapping the arm in white gauze.

“Potter!” Voldemort hissed out angrily. “Of course! They made his life miserable at Hogwarts! He would take care of them first! Looks like I’ll be needing a new Potions Master, and Lucius and new son.” He chuckled then as an idea formed.

He would probably have to order Narcissa, that vain bitch to spread her legs for Lucius. Maybe there would be a girl this time, and he could then claim her, and, then with dear Lucius death, claim the Malfoy money. Dear, dear Lucius was not always as generous in giving to ‘the cause’ as he should be. The same went for the others, those pureblooded bastards and their ‘family’ money.

He sneered, Potter had never had to go through the trials he had, being born legitimate and wealthy. No, not ‘Perfect Potter’ he grimaced more at the thought than Wormtail’s rough nursing abilities.

“Give me your arm, Peter, it’s time we stopped playing with muggles and start becoming serious about this war.” Peter held out his arm while Voldemort touched the lightning scarred Dark Mark with his wand.

Yes, he hissed in relief, the connection to his followers was there, although faint. He had been worried- no! He had been concerned, yes, concerned about that. After all, He was Lord Voldemort, and he never worried, that was left to fools like Dumbledore and Potter.

It was too bad there was that whole killing his parent’s thing. If it hadn’t been for that, maybe he could have gotten the brat to join him. He had after all been as betrayed by those whose duty it was to care for him as he was. They really did have quite a bit in common, maybe he could…humm, this would definitely require more thought. There just might be something there he could use to his advantage.

... ...

Dumbledore was furious; he had just received an Owl from Gringotts stating that all the Potter vaults and their contents would be audited, since with Mr. Potter’s supposed death they had found some discrepancies in the accounts. And he should make himself available for questioning since he had been the only one in control of the keys to the vaults during Mr. Potter’s minority.

Didn’t those creatures understand he had a war to fight? War was expensive. Unfortunately the Ministry had not seen the need to re-imburse him for the first war with Voldemort. So what else could he have done? The members of the Order were by and large relatively poor. Only the Potters had deep enough pockets to aide him back when they were alive. They were also fool enough to put their trust in him...to a point. Unfortunately it did not extend to the care of their only son. He had to
‘create’ a will declaring him Harry’s guardian.

“Well Fawlks, what do you think?” Unfortunately, he had forgotten, the phoenix had left him sometime after the attack on Privet Drive, and had not returned. His sins were starting catching up to him, the loss of his phoenix would need to be hidden, else it show others that he was not exactly in the light anymore.

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It was almost time for dinner when Aren and Draco had finally made an appearance since their bonding. The Fae bestowing upon them wishes and blessings for long life, happiness, health, and many children surrounded them. The last brought on blushes, especially from Draco.

Severus hugged his godson and shook Aren’s hand congratulating him. It was nice seeing the real Severus emerge Aren thought as he watched his former nemesis join his grandmother in conversation. Only Remus seemed hesitant in his wishes for the young men. Aren shrugged, thinking it would take awhile for Remus to see him as anything but the boy he taught the patronus charm to. Draco thought differently. Knowing how the wolf had behaved previously towards him and Aren. He had a lot of Griffindor superstitions and stupidity to get over. All encouraged by the headmaster.

Draco had an idea this house rivalry was encouraged by the headmaster and had been going on for years in some kind of plan he had. What it was, Draco didn’t know, but his instincts for the machinations of others were rarely wrong. Draco thought Dumbledore had probably started building his power base as soon as he had become a professor at Hogwarts after his defeat of Grindenwald.

Fame is a very heady thing. Only someone of his Aren’s character was proof against its corruption. In his heart, he knew Dumbledore had been one of its victims.

Morgana reminded Aren he had mail, and smiled when Aren sighed saying it looked like the honeymoon was over and it was time to get back to work as he went over to read the scrolls that had been delivered this morning.

The first letter was from Griphook. In it he stated the full amount from his vaults that was in question. There was also an accounting of all the vaults in his possession. There were fifteen vaults in all, some with names he was unfamiliar with. He had no idea who the Stones were, or Westerby for that matter or really most of the others. The Potter vault, the Black and the Griffin vault he understood. Griphook also wanted an official go-ahead from him to drag Dumbledore to court after a proper inquiry.

Aren quickly wrote a note giving permission and secured it to Hedwig for delivery. Draco and the others had agreed that the pretence to remain dead, while tempting was now over with the Prophet declaring his victory but they all agreed that the world did not need to know where he was…just yet.

The other owl was from Luna Lovegood asking Harry if he was all right and if there was anything she could do to help him. For someone who acted as ditzy as she did, she was one smart Ravenclaw. She was the only one of them to believe him alive and to try to find him and offer assistance. After consulting with the others it was decided to invite Luna and her father, so a port key had been included in Aren’s response. Who knows, maybe one of the Fae here would be able to finally tell the
Lovegoods where to find the elusive crumple horned Snorkack.

Then came a general discussion on whom else to bring into their band of warriors. When Aren mentioned Ron and Hermione's names, Severus decided to put his memory of them into a pensive feeling he explained, Aren would better understand by seeing than him telling what he knew of the two members of the golden trio.

Aren was very quiet after he viewed the events of Severus memory. Draco was puzzled until he too viewed it along with Remus and the others. They were very angry on Aren’s behalf, although Aren said nothing; he had to be hurting at their betrayal. What he did do was write a letter to Tonks inviting her. In it he included a port key and a cryptic message that it was time to meet some of her family.

Speaking of families reminded him of Griphook's letter. He showed it Remus asking if he knew these people. When Remus shook his head, Severus was the next to be consulted. He scanned it quickly then told Aren what he knew of the families, saying he would have to get his family tree and examine it to find the answers.

So he did. They all examined the large tapestry; it went back to Ardeth, the Griffin Wizard and father of the Griffindor line. There they found the names Griphook had listed. Aren had one hell of a bloodline, and that was not including his Fae blood.

TBC
Chapter 12

Aren and Draco spent the rest of the week when not in bed, preparing Draco for Aren’s ‘rite of becoming’, training. Draco and Severus needed to see if they could also tap into the smaller of the ley lines while fighting so they would not as easily become tired it became crucial. Remus was unable to due to his lycanthrope.

Aren’s training was almost exclusively with Morgana and Liam as he learned how to use the traditional Fae weapons of sword, bow and arrow. Liam had also included the mechanics of a semi-automatic pistol, the P-90 rifle, and Mac-10. When Morgana raised her eyebrows at this, he said he was just covering all the bases. Aren agreed. Severus and Draco spent their time with Niall and Daffyd concentrating on using the ley lines, and the Fae sword, which required quite a bit of wrist and arm strength since it closely resembled the muggle broadsword.

Remus preferred to stay indoors learning what he could of the Fae from Filidea, who along with Mirinda took a shine to the wolf. Aren shrugged, it was up to Remus if he wanted to learn weapon use, since he was unable to tap any lines, he could basically do what he wanted until they got to the point where Draco, Severus and Remus needed to learn advanced spell work, since they still needed their wands to cast.

Draco had picked up the art of using the ley lines easily. He couldn’t use the large ones, or any nodes, but still, it was impressive. Severus also had progressed along the same lines, although slower than Draco. Morgana thought it was because of the bonding, that Draco was able to acquire some of Aren’s abilities and she had spent one on one time with him. If he kept up, he would be able to do his spells wandlessly like Aren. Severus, with Morgana’s tutelage, had been able to cast some of the less complicated spells wandlessly, those that used emotion to back them, he still needed his wand for the spells that required complicated movements.

Neither of them wanted to learn to use muggle weapons, which was also fine by Aren, he though wanted every advantage. And with the way they reacted when he fired them, he knew very few death eaters would be prepared to face off against their use. Aren snickered, the sound alone would probably give them a heart-attack, let alone what they would do once they saw what damage a bullet could do to a body. Liam had made sure to have a ready supply of Armour piercing rounds. He said, they were unstoppable by any magic he had come across, something to do with what they were coated with he thought.

Aren was beginning to think there was more than mutual admiration between his grandmother and
Severus, Draco also agreed with him about that. Snape had become almost likeable lately, even to where they had seen him smile! Not a smirk, but a smile; a pearly white showing (which to their surprise, his teeth now were), smile.

He would not be a bit surprised if something developed there. He even wore color! Granted it was navy blue, slate gray and forest green, not big changes, but the unrelenting and forbidding black was gone for good. They hoped.

Aren noticed that Snape and Morgana continued with their working friendship into other areas. It seemed to be a mutual admiration society for the others sharp tongue and biting wit. They took sniping at each other to a fine art. He personally thought of it as verbal foreplay between the two and wondered if they knew. Aren had often felt he was at a verbal tennis match. Aren was surprised at Snape's knowledge of muggle expressions in these battles, although Morgana was up on what seemed to be all the slang used through the millennia including the latest, which tended to even the stakes leaving most all of them stumped. Severus wit was dry and acerbic; Morgana was simply a force of nature when she got on a rant.

They usually all gathered in the Great Hall before dinner to discuss the day’s events and to plan the next day. That is usually when the action between his grandmother and Potion Professor would start. He and Draco had come to taking bets on who would start first, whose would be the best, funniest, or most on target comment of the night. It also helped to prevent Remus from cornering him.

He had observed Remus stalking him this past week, just biding his time waiting for the opportunity to ‘talk’ to him about his feelings concerning the pensive. He just needed some extra time to process it. He had lain there in the back of his mind while he had concentrated on all the other things that were going on and that he needed to learn, plus there was Draco, his bonding still quite new, that also took his mind away from betraying Griffindors.

He could make a very accurate guess about what the conversation would be about. Remus was a dyed in the wool Griffindor and last of the marauders, he with out a doubt felt it his duty to act in loco parentis with him. While he did not doubt his loyalty, he did doubt his ability to distinguish Aren of now from the third year Harry he knew. His attitude needed to change, he did not need any more doubt or suspicion cast on his actions, or any counseling about his feelings towards Ron or Hermione.

The pain of his best friends betrayal was just too fresh to be handled rationally. Anger was only the start of the emotions he felt at the betrayal of his ‘friends’. He had known of Ron’s insecurities with being poor, and the last son who was an underachiever, only fair at Quidditch, opinionated and prone to jumping to all the wrong conclusions. There were only two things Ron had going for him; he was good at chess, and he was Harry Potter’s best friend- usually, when he didn’t think he was dark and evil.

He did however expect Ron to mourn his friend Harry more than he coveted his money. Well, he had taken care of that by writing a new will. He had sent a copy to Griphook along with notice of his bonding and his newfound grandmother when he wrote telling him to proceed with the action against Dumbledore.

Hermione and her betrayal of their friendship had started last year. He had expected little sympathy over his death; he had not expected her to encourage Ron’s greed. She was smart, he had to give her that, but what counted most in the world was power. In that area she was only mediocre. Well, in time they would receive all they deserved. He had no intention of thinking about them, but apparently his mind had thought differently. He could feel the sadness, tears of regret and bitterness, welling up in him. He needed Draco. He needed to gaze into eyes that turned silver when he was
looked at by his love. He needed to see that in the worst way. He needed. Now.

He turned towards Draco from where he was observing the nightly pre-dinner verbal battle between Morgana and Severus and scooped Draco up over his shoulder, calling out to not wait dinner for them, and proceeded up the Grand Staircase with Draco protesting that he could walk you know all the way up.

Remus moved to follow when Severus stopped him. “Aren does not need your shoulder to cry on wolf. In all likeliness you are probably too dim to have noticed, but Aren is no longer thirteen years old. He is a man now and needs his mate, not his fathers old friend.” Severus said a bit harshly, and then gentled his voice almost sympathetically. “It is difficult to let them go, but if you do not want to lose him altogether, I suggest you learn to allow him to live as he desires, not as you would have him to.” Remus nodded his head sadly in agreement and turned towards his now almost constant companions, the lovely and aggressively sexual Filidea and inexhaustible Mirinda who cooed sympathetically at him.

Morgana came up to Severus and hugged his arm. “You know, I did caution him about caring too much for those two.” She nodded towards her ladies. “They are not constant in their affections.”

“He is so accustomed to being melancholy that it will be hard to tell, when their liaison is over.” Severus said with a sigh.

“And hast our Master of Potions also become melancholy? That sigh I heard seemed tinged with regret and longing. The ladies will gladly service you if that is what you are longing for.” Morgana felt a frisson of jealousy at her words, but the look on his face was heartbreaking for one who could read it. He looked as if he had spent his whole life watching others dining at a banquet to which he would never be invited. That he was only allowed there to dance attendance towards those dining.

Morgana’s words shocked Severus out of his reverie, and he assured her he had no such appetites, rather he envied the wolf his delusions being the kind of person who was too grounded in reality to indulge in a temporary fantasy.

“But if you could have your hearts desire?” She asked curiously.

Severus gazed deeply into her emerald eyes with the flecking of deep blue flame; “If such a thing were indeed possible, I would hope I would do all in my power to keep it forever.” He then gave her a wry smile and placing his hand gently at her back guided her into the dining room.

“Mayhap twill come to be, one never knows the future.” She said almost too softly for him to hear as she allowed him to guide her.

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Molly Weasley was almost at her wits end with her youngest son. She was thoroughly confused as to where he had gotten the idea he had been cheated out of poor Harry’s money. She thought he would be over the moon with happiness that the papers had reported Harry being alive, but no. Instead he kept on about saying that it all should have been his.

She thought he had stopped this foolishness after she had smacked him and yelled at him, but she had noticed Ron and Hermione at various times whispering together with secretive looks upon their faces. After those times, she would again catch Ron’s mumbling about Harry’s money.
She knew Hermione had been furious last year when Harry had scored more Owls than her, and had even achieved honors in DADA and transfigurations. Hermione while very smart was not that powerful. She remembered Ron telling her about how Hermione couldn’t even get her broom to jump up to her hand. A sure sign of the power contained in their inner core. So it seemed that Hermione was letting her jealousy of Harry poison Ron also by encouraging him in this fantasy.

Poor Harry, she thought; having to deal with friends like these. Molly was a realist, she knew her children very well. She knew Ron could make something good with his life but he was way too lazy to put the effort into it. She had once had hopes of Ron and Hermione making a match of it in the future, but now that she had seen Hermione’s true colors, she knew it would be nothing short of disastrous. Ron with his unpredictably temper and unreasonable jealousy combining with Hermione’s sarcasm and nagging to have things turn her way was enough to give one the collywobbles.

She really should have listened last year when the twins had given her their opinion of trio’s dynamics after the fiasco at the Ministry of Magic. They had told her that Ron and Hermione would “leave ‘em flat right when he would need ‘em”. And they were right. She sighed, wondering if Remus was with Harry. She also worried about Severus; they hadn’t heard a thing since he left the order.

She had always though he had hated Harry and yet there he was, upset about Dumbledore not checking on the wards. Well, he was right on that wasn’t he? Arthur and she checked the wards every year on the anniversary they moved into the Burrow. She tched when she remembered Dumbledore saying that the Order hadn’t noticed anything. Well! She supposed not! Only the caster could ‘see’ their wards. How did he expect anyone else to she’d like to know?

And this business of Harry’s remains being faked! All to get into his vault! She never heard of such a thing in all her life! All for money! Merlin knows, the poor boy was only too anxious to help! If they wanted, all they had to do was ask. Like when poor Arthur was fired by Fudge, didn’t the dear boy almost force money on to them, saying family took care of each other? Now, look, she though, I’ve made myself cry! She sniffed.

There was a mystery here, and she never liked mysteries. They only made her worry more, and Merlin knows, as if she didn’t have enough worries already! She would set the twins on to it and see what they found out. One things for sure she thought, she’d get to the bottom of this, or else!

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Aren tossed Draco down upon the bed and dove on top of him when he finished bouncing. Kissed him once, hard. Then proceeded to pull his pants down to his knees.

Aren gave Draco a look that he could not interpret, it almost seemed to be half apology, half begging. Scrunching down til his head was level with Draco’s groin, he encircled his hips with his arms and engulfed his flaccid cock, suckling at it as a baby would a bottle. Draco felt hot tears drop onto his groin and belly. He sat up, cradling Aren, petting his hair and murmured nonsense words trying to comfort him as his cock was nursed from soft to hard by the gentle actions of tongue and mouth.

Those bastards had hurt his love badly, though Aren would never show his pain to the world, and that damn wolf! Didn’t know when to leave well enough alone. Prowling around after him wanting him to lay his emotions out for all to see. As if he didn’t have enough going on in his life!
Draco liked this feeling. Knowing Aren needed him so much. That Aren only wanted him. Would only show his precious tears to him. Merlin! He loved this man so fucking much, he could cry himself!

And he did. His tears dropped on top of Aren’s head as he told him how much he loved him, would always love him, holding him as Aren sucked him off. Draco came sobbing his love to Aren.

Aren then carefully re-dressed him and curled up next to him and fell asleep, secure in his love's arms.

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The next day at breakfast Aren and Draco behaved as nothing out of the ordinary had happened. Aren had earlier told Draco not to worry. It was their house, their rules, and if the rest didn’t like it they could just fuck off.

“You mean you’re house.” Draco said absently as he dressed for the day. Aren had grasped him by the arms; looked seriously into Draco’s beautiful silver-gray eyes and told him that everything he owned belonged to the both of them.” Why do you think you’re working with Griphook over our assets and businesses? I trust you to take care of things for the both of us.”

“Like we are married?” Draco asked.

“Exactly!” replied Aren.

“Then what is our last name?” Draco asked, mumbling about not exactly liking Potter for a last name. “We will need a proper name to sign documents and other things.”

“Things?”

“One… day we will be in a position to go back into society. We will need a name for invitations, announcements… things.” Draco explained.

“What would you like it to be?” Aren countered. “You have a choice here. We could be Potters, Evans, Griffins, Griffindors, or Le Faes.” Both of them scowled at the thought of being Griffindors. The name would command respect, and they did like Godric very much, it’s just what most wizards and witches associated the name with, that they didn’t like.

“If we go by my blood, it would be something like Griffin Le Fae since Evans were Fae, and Potters were Griffins originally. What do you think of being Lord Draco Lucius Griffin Le Fae?” Aren asked.

“Makes me sound royal, I like it! Hey! There is a title too?” He sounded as excited as if Yule had come early this year.

“Morgana said the muggle government were giving us back our lands and titles, so I think there’s probably more to it than that, we will just have to wait and see what all there is.”

Aren did not know it at the time, but the idea of being more than his father was, or could ever be was like a shot of pure self-confidence to Draco. He had been secretly dreading his father finding out, and what he would say and do. This was something a Malfoy could understand if not exactly accept because of the same sex pairing. He had technically married up into a higher caste, and once he had produced one or two children, he knew that no matter what, he would be secure in their world.
He knew in his bones, he would be the one to carry their children. He could see the way Aren had almost turned green at the thought of being pregnant. Maybe after he saw Draco going through it once or twice, he would be amenable to the idea, of it being his turn. He knew that they both would want a large family being only children themselves. He sighed, that was for the future though, they had enough to do in the here and now to make sure they had a future.

So, even though they acted as usual at breakfast, others weren’t. There was a slight air of excitement coming from the Fae contingent, and they both wondered what was going on.

Aren looked for Morgana, but since she wasn’t there thought she had finished early and was out feeding her beauties. The goblin relatives Grogsho hired refused to come near the Nightmares. It seems they were a little too fond of goblin flesh and kept trying to take bites out of them. They had built an owlery for the other owls they had needed, and took care of them. However, the goblins did like the hounds though, like? They loved them and could be seen riding them often. They had begged to be allowed to ride them when the time came for The Wild Hunt, and Aren, not knowing exactly what The Wild Hunt was, agreed since according to his grandmother he was the Huntsman. That meant he was in charge, right? He would have to remember to ask about it. He sighed, would he ever know all he was supposed to?

He had just finished breakfast when he noticed Mirinda, Filidea, Niall and Daffyd huddled together, talking excitedly and from time to time shooting speculative glances at Severus. He shrugged it off, kissed Draco and told him he was going out to the stables to see Morgana, and to join him when he was done.

In third year Aren had ridden a Hippogriff, in fifth, a Thestral, the experience was so much more exciting than riding his Firebolt, but nothing so far came close to the exhilaration he felt on a Nightmare.

They were twice as large as a horse, a glossy blue-black color with black, blue, green, and purple iridescent wings with glowing fiery ruby-red eyes. Their breath came out as either steam or frost, and Morgana said it would never hurt the rider only the riders’ prey. They were magnificent and scary as hell at the same time.

When they were first introduced to the nightmares, Morgana told them to find one they liked and were compatible with, her own mount, Onyx, was excluded. Aren had chosen Nox, Draco’s mount was Raven, Liam had Ebon, Filidea refused to ride, and would travel in the coach with Black and Blue in harness. Severus had chosen Coal, Daffyd and Niall rode Soot and Sable with Mirinda and Remus joining Filidea in the coach. Soir, Nuit, Nocti, Melano, and Jet would remain for anyone else joining in.

Aren was told the muggle/wizard representative had begged to join, so one of the Nightmares would be going to Sir Darcy Treverton. He would be arriving within the next couple of days to brush up on his weapons and riding skills in preparation of The Hunt.

The other part of their training not occupied with ley lines, was learning to fight with weapons and magic from their backs. A new concept for the wizards to grasp until Morgana made fun of them. “And I suppose you’re method of fighting would be to stand still, presenting a stationary target? Why not just paint a bulls eye on yourself screaming ‘oh! Kill me now!’ and be done with it?” They were a bit ashamed when she described a wizard’s duel to a T. She just rolled her eyes at them shaking her head in disbelief.

The threat of what she would do to them if they were stupid and clumsy enough to harm her babies was all the incentive they needed to become quite accurate and deadly.
Today however, Morgana was in a very bad mood, although that was like saying Severus made adequate potions. All through their training she kept shooting black looks at Severus. He had confessed to the boys that he was just as puzzled as they. Aren just shrugged; glad they had not been injured too severely in the fall out of some of her demonstrations. She had decimated a good bit of the forest that surrounded Griffin’s Rest. He shrugged at their concerned looks, saying he didn’t have to have the forest cleared for more pasture land now, and look he said, they were well supplied now with wood for their winter fires. He knew almost zip about women, and wasn’t about to remonstrate with his grandmother because of extra kindling.

As it was, they used most of Severus stock of potions for their assorted cuts, bruises and aching muscles. They would need to visit Diagon Alley to stock up and Aren made it a priority to create a potions lab in the dungeons. While they were dosing themselves, it was decided that Aren was to ask one of the ladies if there was something going on with Morgana.

Aren protested, but was out voted. Besides, they protested, she was his grandmother. He was the logical choice. When Aren called them cowards, they agreed that when it came to understanding a woman’s moods, it was every man for himself.

That evening, dinner went no better. Morgana did not join them for their pre-dinner discussion and insult fest. She arrived as they were seating themselves, ate silently and left.

After dinner Aren asked Mirinda and Filidea if they would know what was bothering his grandmother. Draco, Severus and Remus kept themselves at a polite distance but close enough so they could over hear the conversation.

“Oh, my dear!” Filidea said to Aren. “It’s just miraculous! She should be celebrating, instead you would have thought her world had ended.”

“Aren,” Mirinda decided to tell him. Filidea was way too blonde she said to make sense. “For the first time in a millennia, since her beloved Oberecht died, Morgana has her moon cycle.” He now knew what was going on. That was one thing about living with a bunch of boys at school. Sex and girls were always a hot topic.

“So what? She needs chocolate? Ice Cream? What?” Aren asked. Those were the agreed upon cures at school among the girls in Griffindor. Draco then joined in by saying his mother preferred to shop. Severus asked if she needed a potion of some type he could make. Fae eyes turned to him once he spoke and stared at him.

Mirinda again explained. “It is ordered by our Queen, that if one is fertile, one must breed. Our numbers are dangerously low, Aren, you have been the only child since your mother. Brazil was to come instead of me when she became fertile. There was much celebrating and the Queen herself was to oversee that all came to pass, as it should. Morgana must mate!”

When Aren just shrugged, it was clear they would have to tell the whole story. “Morgana and Oberecht were possibly the greatest love match of our race. When Oberecht lay dying, he swore to Morgana he would find a way back to her. She has only ever spent an hour or two with a man in a thousand years, preferring to be with women, or to be without companionship at all. She swore she would await his return, and she has.” Mirinda stated with a sad expression, glancing every now and again at Severus.

“Why do you all keep staring at me?” Severus wanted to know.

“Because you did!” Filidea piped up. Clapping her hands with glee, bouncing in place. She reminded Aren of ditzy Lavender from school.
“I did no such thing!” Severus growled back at her. “How could you misconstrue inappropriate relations out of simple conversation is beyond my understanding!” he snapped.

“Severus” Liam said. “It is scent, the pheromones of a particular man that brings this on in the Fae. He must be around the female often for this to happen. You have been the only one besides Aren who has spent any time with Morgana. It is not Aren because he has bonded.”

Severus pinched the bridge of his nose, trying to stem the headache he could feel coming on. “She will not be pleased.” He said dryly.

“You have no idea.” Liam agreed. “I am hopeful you both shall survive the rite.”

“Rite? What rite?” Severus voice came out sounding just a wee bit panicky.

“It is basically the same rite Aren will go through, but Morgana will fight you since you are not Oberecht.” Liam stated bluntly.

Severus, just as blunt and twice as dry wanted to know how eve could they tell?

“Oh, Oberecht died you know.” Filidea chimed in confidingly. “You’re not dead, are you?” Aren and the others just looked at her in disbelief.

“Oh, what gave it away?” Severus murmured at her response.

“What?” she said, “its true, he’s been dead for a really long time.” Nope, he was wrong, she was more of a ditz that Lavender could even aspire to; she had to have been the original blonde that all the joke were about. Before this became any more of a farce, Aren said that the details should be between Liam and Severus. He for one really didn’t want to know about the ins and outs of what Severus was to do with his grandmother. When no one else left, he tacked on that neither should they, and watched as they slowly made their way to their rooms.

Once Aren was assured Liam and Severus would have privacy he bid them good night and he and Draco left after telling them where the spirits were kept. He had a feeling both would need quite a few glasses before the night was over with out the interruption of house elves popping in and out to serve them.

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As Severus pulled a couple of bottles out of the sideboard, he remembered the conversation he had with Morgana last night about wishes. Even though the time spent with her had been short, he knew he could, probably was falling in love with her. She excited him on so many levels. His heart sank at hearing about her and Oberecht. The thought of forcing himself on her left him nauseous. He had hoped that he might be allowed a night with her before they had to part ways, knowing he was not the type to inspire more than that from shush as her. After all what could she possibly see in one such as him?

He did not bother with a glass, instead, drinking directly from the bottle as he waited for Liam to tell him everything. It just sucked being him.

So Severus sat patiently, biting his tongue and chewing on the inside of his mouth or sipping from his bottle when ever he wanted to make a sarcastic remark, and heard the whole story. Then while Liam waited for his response, he sat thinking and drinking for quite awhile.
“I can not in good conscious tender my answer at this time.” He said slowly, enunciating very carefully being quite drunk at this point. “I will give what you have told me careful consideration and weight the merits pro and con, then render to you my decision.”

“You have a bit less than two weeks, if you’re going to do it, otherwise, if we have to we’ll tie her down and one of us will take care of the matter, understand?” Liam said with a warning gleam in his eye. He let Severus know that even as bad as it sounded, it would be done, one way or another. Obsidian eyes glittered as they met sapphire blue, and stared hard into them.

“What about Aren? I do not think he will stand by idly while you do this.” Severus spat back.

“Aren is Fae, the law is the law. We are not talking about stopping one crazy assed bastard of a wizard here; we’re talking survival of our people. It will be done, will you nil you; she knows this ‘sides, s’not like its her firs time ya ken. She’s been through’t twa before.”

“But her vow?” He questioned Liam.

“Well who’s to say Oberecht isna you? We all saw the way she took to ya.” Liam shot back his words were now tinged with a thick brogue instead of the soft lilt that was his usual speaking voice.

“Me? I have never had any hint that I was anyone else. If he reincarnated, I sincerely doubt he would choose one such as I.” Severus said shaking his head slightly.

“Think about it verra carefully.” He said standing also, and going towards the door. Liam didn’t back down which meant he was deadly serious. They would do it, the bastards. Severus nodded and they both left the room for their bed.

Instead of going right to bed, Severus paced, and thought, and paced some more. It wasn’t that he didn’t want to; it was the thought of either he did, and it was willingly, or it would be forced.

The only way he could see living with himself would be to try courting her. He would have to have Aren assistance and blessing. Severus shuddered at the thought of ‘that’ talk. But Aren was to all intents and purposes the head of house, he’d do this right, damn it, or not at all.

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“Are...” Draco whispered. “You awake?”

“Are...” he became more instant. “I want to ask you something.”

“Aren!” This time he shouted and kicked him out of their bed, “You awake?”

Rubbing his ass, he peeked up over the bed from his position on the floor. “I am now. Draco, it’s two in the morning, couldn’t this wait?” he whined.

“Do you think Severus will do it?” Draco asked.

“Do what?” Aren bitched back, damn it, he was having the loveliest dream about Draco sucking... nah, better not go there, he thought or he’ll be up all night horny. He and Draco had already made love and he knew Draco was sore, he smiled remembering, and they had gone at it quite enthusiastically last night at Draco’s urging. No ordering him was what it was, damn, he was a bossy
thing when he was being fucked! So it was a bit too soon for a repeat.

“You know, with Morgana? Put that thing away, I’m sore.” Draco said batting at Aren’s erection as he went to sit on the edge of the bed.

“Well, much as I really hate agreeing with her Filidea was right, he brought it on, and he has to do it.”

“What if he doesn’t want to? I hate to say this, but Severus is not exactly what you would call a ladies man.” Draco said in response, and then cracked a smile thinking about what he had said. Ladies man? He snickered; he was more like the harbinger of the apocalypse, than Mister Romance.

“He will do it even if I have to put his cock in there myself, and push his ass up and down until he comes!” Aren gritted out. “Draco, the stakes are too high. The law has to be followed, I won’t lose my grandmother just because of some misplaced delicate sensibilities.”

Once Draco realized Aren was deadly serious he stopped laughing at the image of Aren forcing Severus to fuck Morgana. “Damn! You Fae are a nasty lot, aren’t you?”

“Hey! After the rite you will be Fae also don’t forget. Cover you ass, or let me in it, stop teasing me!” Aren bitched climbing back into bed. Draco had been rolling around, flashing himself, and he knew Aren was hard! “How do you expect me to sleep this way? Look at it, I can hammer nails, it’s that hard.”

“Go take a shower.”

“A what? You have got to be kidding!” Aren said.

“But I’m sore!” Draco whined louder.

“How about if I kiss it and make it all better?” Aren asked wiggling his eyebrows.

“Lots of tongue?”

“Oh, yeah. Lots and lots of wet hot juicy tongue, all for you, baby.” Aren was already panting at the thought.

“You’ll go easy then?”

“Of course, baby. Nice and slow.” He said already licking the round globes preparing Draco for when his tongue glided up his crack in long, slow, wet, sloppy licks. Just like he liked, until Draco became more demanding and shoved his ass into his face demanding penetration. Aren had then stuck both of his thumbs in there and stretched the hole open wider and tongue fucked him deeper still. Draco became louder in his moans of “more,” and “yes! right there” and “Oh! Aren! Deeper!”

He knew his love very well indeed as he started to slick himself up waiting for Draco to start demanding he fuck him hard, all it took was one more swirl of his tongue and Draco was yelling for Aren to ride him hard. Aren however started out slowly, holding on to his shaft, he entering him with just the tip of his cock and then swirled the head of cock around before pushing in a little more, then pulled back and did the same thing all over again.

“Will you stop fucking around back there?” Draco shouted. Aren smiled, that’s my baby, he thought as he started to push the rest of his cock in. He started slowly, thrusting in the out, but each thrust had a little more force behind it until Draco screamed out he was coming. His ass contracted rhythmically around Aren’s cock, until it milked the orgasm out of him with only a few more thrust ‘til he spilled
his seed into his loves welcoming channel.

TBC
It was a night of dreams at Griffins Rest. Some were good, some were unmemorable, some dreamed of love, some of death and longing, and then there was one who had a vision.

Draco slept the sleep of the sexually sated. Completely satisfied with his life and very happy, he smiled all through the night held securely in his lovers arms.

Aren dreamt of Voldemort and his death eaters attacking all the Quidditch matches this Saturday. They had purposely targeted the players and those people who were important and who could afford the best seats in the pitches. They had targeted all matches being played that day through out England.

Voldemort wanted the wizarding world to suffer, and what better way than take away their pastime, and as many of their sports heroes as they could. It was really very clever. There was no way the Aurors of the Ministry, The Order of the Phoenix and Aren and his small group could save them all. The mass of people stampeding to escape would probably do more damage than Voldemort, yet he would get the credit. This was what Aren saw in his dream/vision. Then Draco rolled over in bed nudging him out of Voltemorts thoughts by way of an elbow to his ribs and Aren had turned his mind toward more interesting things. Namely, the owner of the elbow.

Once Severus finally quieted his mind to where he could sleep he had dreams that kept him either aroused or tossing all night long. He dreamt of dying, and waiting in an endless void until the time was right to be with his love again. He woke up in a panic, looking around for his faceless love that he could have swore by all the oaths he knew, had been there with him. He woke aching, and momentarily regretted turning down the offer of the ladies for ‘a quickie’ when ever he wanted. He would have liked to bury his aching cock in something warm and wet while he lay on a soft body and did nothing more taxing than fuck mindlessly until he came. Instead, he went and took a cold shower.

Remus dreamt of chasing muggle cars, his childhood companions with him, and the ladies that lay on either side of him dreamt of doing the ‘wild thing’ with a wild thing. They had thought at one time it would be Remus. Unfortunately, he was nowhere near his wolf persona as they had found him to be quite vanilla, but still, until something better came along, he would do.

Daffyd and Niall were the old married couple of the group. They now, more times than not, went to bed to sleep, although the first decade or so that they were together they had been known to rattle the windows and howl down the doors. Giving Aren and Draco a run for their money. Now they left the more exuberant moves to the young ones.
Liam dreamt of one woman that would be his for all time, he just hadn’t found her yet. But once he did he wouldn’t be dithering like his friend Severus. He too woke up aching, but instead of cursing his condition, picked out bits of his dream as inspiration and jerked off, falling back asleep if not happier than he woke, at least more content.

Dobby dreamt of stuffing socks that his hero, Harry Potter conjured for him down Smidge’s throat while Winky cheered him on and Harry Potter’s consort, Draco applauded his ability to stuff so many pair into such a small body. And Smidge dreamt of Dobby being used as potion ingredients. With him helping his master chop him up into little pieces.

Morgana had nightmares of Oberecht dying then being reborn as a man who was leading a tortured life far from her, while she was lost in the mist searching for him. She woke up gasping after she saw familiar obsidian eyes staring at her. Was it a nightmare or a warning not to deny what had to happen? Was it her Oberecht, at last? Or just a sign stating she had wasted too much time waiting for a fantasy that would never come true?

It was a grumpy group that met for breakfast. Especially when Aren told them about his dream. It was decided that he would have to go into a calm frame of mind and search his thoughts to see if it was just a dream or he had had a vision. He knew in his heart he had been in Voldemorts mind again. It was too detailed to be anything but that. But he did as Severus asked since he along with the headmaster were the most familiar with these visions of his.

Severus had brought a pensive for when Aren called brought it to the fore front of his mind, so they all could see exactly what had happened.

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Voldemort had become even more paranoid since Potter’s blasted attack. He had barely escaped with his life, and he had yet to figure out how that miserable boy had done it. How had he acquired such power? He had seen his mark superimposed over his own weakening it on his followers. He had heard their murmurs of concern. Their worries of what would happen to them if Potter or Dumbledore defeated them.

Dumbledore, hah! Very few were worried about the old fool, it was Potter; young and strong, they were afraid of. They should be afraid, every time they had gone up against him the boy had either escaped, or did commendable damage to his followers. Making them all look like fools. Now he was grown. A young wizard just into his powers! Yes, they should be very afraid. He himself had his doubts about defeating Potter now. But before Dumbledore or the boy killed him, he would destroy and kill as many as possible before he died. His followers included, he still could drain them of all their magical power, leaving them if not dead, then squibs. A final reminder of their Lord.

He trusted not a one of them. Not all of them were stupid sheep, willing to do what ever they were told at the slightest hint of torture. Especially Malfoy, that slick bastard. He had probably found a way to escape punishment. The LeStranges were all completely mad. Azkaban had taken what little self preservation and common sense they had left. All they wanted to do now was destroy and kill. Well, he would give them their chance.

Voldemort paced back and forth, clutching his arm in pain, it still had not totally healed, hissing of
his plans in parseltongue. He bemoaned every now and then the death of Nagini. Only Peter was here, hunched in on himself in a corner of the room, hoping his master did not notice him.

Yes, he hissed, he would not tell any of his followers where they were going or what they would do 'til right before the attack. He wanted to take no chances that any might get it into their heads to buy themselves a bit of forgiveness and leniency by disclosing them.

He missed Nagini. He missed the way she always asked him to simplify his plans so she would understand. So he continued to hiss out in parseltongue as if she were there. Clarifying some points of the details while simplifying others. Besides, he grinned inwardly, Peter always pisses himself when I speak parseltongue, Nagini may not be here to eat the rat, but there was always the memory of her coiling around him while he spoke to her.

This plan was brilliant he hissed. He would destroy the wizarding worlds favorite past time. And as many of its mindless fans and over paid over adulated players as possible. He hated Quidditch ever since he had been humiliated during tryouts for the Slytherin team back when he was a boy. Forced to use a training broom, it had been a wonder that he had even flew high enough to see through the goals, let alone try to catch the snitch. Oh, but he had wanted to be a seeker so badly as a boy! He remembered his first day of flight lessons. How that old broom jumped to his hand! His instructor had said he was a natural. He had been happy then he remembered. One of the very few times in his life he had been truly happy.

No matter! That was long ago. A different life. Slytherins do not dare try to humiliate him now.

They were nervous. They were so nervous, but they had a job to do. When they had been told they were to accompany Mister Griphook on a matter of embezzlement they smiled. It was always fun watching the witch or wizard try to squirm out of the mess they had gotten themselves into. After all, even before they stepped foot into Gringotts, they were warned by the writing over the doors what would happen to thieves. Goblins took money matters very seriously. Very seriously, indeed.

They knew it was someone at Hogwarts. Very few of the Gringotts’ employed wizards had fond memories of some of the professors It would be something to tell everybody during a round or two of butterbeers tonight after work.

Bill Weasley just wanted this day to be over. He had a lot to tell his mum and dad about what was happening. He just thanked Merlin he resigned from being a member of the Order of the Phoenix when he was first assigned to the Egyptian branch of Gringotts.

That farce put on by Fudge and Dumbledore had left a very bad taste in his mouth. He was quite ashamed that he had once thought of Dumbledore as an honorary uncle.

The only one out of the group that had gathered outside of the wards of Hogwarts that wasn’t nervous was the goblin Griphook. He had explained what he wanted the wizards Gringotts employed to do. Then he told them who they were to summon to a hearing before the Wizengamot, along with the Officers of the bank. They were to enforce the letter of the law by making sure he was able to present his summons to Dumbledore.

He had two separate notices to present and read. There would be more summons and charges presented by others, but since he first found out the facts, he was to be allowed to go first. The only difficulty Griphook had was deciding which one to floor the Mugwump with first. Gods! He thought, he loved his job when it allowed him to do these things to the high and mighty, and he loved Harry Potter or Aren Griffin Le Fae for allowing him to do them.
Behind the Gringotts contingent there apparated half a dozen Aurors, Minister of Magic, Cornelius Fudge; Head of the department of Magical Law Enforcement, Amelia Bones with her head Auror Kingsley Shackelbolt. Marciana Dingtwaddle; Chief Justice of the Wizards International Covens Covenant Association, ( also know as Wicca ) *snicker* Since the accused was head of the Wizengamot, they needed to go international for the hearing. Along with her came some of the IBB, International Behavior Bureau; more commonly known as the International Ball Busters. They were the ones responsible for creating the International Laws of Wizardom. And the WYP, Wizard Yeoman Police; a body of Aurors made up of all member countries. (also know by those who come up with alternate meanings: the ‘wet your pants’ are here!)

Also along for the story, Rita Skinner of The Daily Prophet, Lysander Lovegood; owner and chief Editor of the Quibbler, Able Parlay of the Wizarding Wireless, Lucinda ‘call me red’ McGillicudy of The Washington Wizard Times, and last but certainly not least, Innuendo Pseudonym of the Wizard Inquirer who unfortunately, made Rita Skinner seem like she was on veritaserum.

Bill Weasley had a very bad feeling about this. All these people for a bit of sticky fingers? There was something very important about to happen. The Internationals do not get involved in local cases no matter who the witch or wizard is. Hell, they haven’t even gotten involved with the war with Voldemort yet, or maybe Fudge finally did something right and asked for help?

Bill felt like smacking himself for being stupid, this was Fudge we were talking about, of course he wouldn’t ask for help, he barely recognized Voldemort as a real threat. Well, he did recognize him, he just had not mobilized any Auror’s to fight against him yet. Unless, that thing Harry did to unmask the death eaters in the ministry…arrrgh! He was thinking in circles now.

Chief Justice Dingtwaddle spoke first, being the highest ranking one there they had all agreed before hand to defer to her judgment in case of a conflict of interest. “Mister Griphook, are you prepared? As per our agreement you will speak first, then I shall have the floor. Fudge?”

“Oh, no, no, no. I’ll leave it all in you’re hands. I know justice will be served with you in charge.” He said smoothly. Actually, Fudge couldn’t be happier. His chief rival for power was going to be eliminated today, publicly. Tomorrow everyone would know of his perfidy, and the trials he as Minister of Magic for England had to try to overcome with him to stymie his abilities. He could see himself being re-elected by a landslide!

There was a pop and Sir Darcy Treverton had appeared. He made his apologies for being late, but he had a last minute communication from the Lady. “When we are finished here she would like to meet with some of you.” He said, “Unfortunately, it can not be all as of yet.” He said knowing Lady Morgana’s grandson did not want Fudge in his home.

Just as he finished saying this a house elf popped in and handed Sir Darcy a letter. He quickly read it, mumbled ‘oh, dear’, folded it up and gave it to Madam Dingtwaddle. She also murmured ‘oh dear is right’ and handed the letter to the head of the WYP, who handed it to Madame Bones , who gave it to Kingsley Shackelbolt.

Rita Skinner was tempted to transform herself so she could get a look at that letter. What ever it contained had some of the most powerful people in the world rattled.

Dingtwaddle threw up a dome of silence over the more important members of the group, including Mister Griphook as this also was of import because it concerned his business here today and his partner.

“We have had word that Voldemort plans to attack all the Quidditch matches this Saturday. This
changes things a bit. The World court will still make its announcement but will hold off on the charges ‘til after Saturday. Mister Griphook, you it seems will be the only one with true satisfaction today.”

He nodded his head seriously. Yes this was important, why the money that changed hands during the betting alone during one match was large, to loose out on all would not make the officers of the bank happy.

“After Mister Griphook’s business is done, I shall read the announcement to the press and we shall all adjourn with Sir Darcy to Griffin’s Rest. Agreed?”

They all nodded as she removed the dome of silence.

“Well, Gentle wizards and witches, shall we?” Dingtwaddle said and started up the road to Hogwarts.

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Note: To avoid confusion, this next part takes place just prior to what had already happened- thanks

Aren and Morgana translated all the parseltongue Voldemort had hissed and spit out to the others as they viewed Aren’s memories of his vision in the pensive.

At first sight of Voldemort, Niall and Daffyd had hissed out the word Naga in dismay. Later they explained that they traveled…a lot. And in their travels they had come across the Naga. They were Snake people, sort of half cobra / half person and they were very peaceful. They were dismayed because of the insult to them Voldemort represented.

Morgana had a message to send quick, so she excused herself.

After the pensive showing and explanations Draco caught Aren swaying on his feet and he rushed over to steady him. Snape saw and told Draco to take Aren some where close by to rest until they could come up with an idea of what they were going to do.

Aren didn’t know what they were all excited about. There was no way they would be able to stop all the attacks on Saturday. Even with all the Aurors and Order Members, they would not be able to cover everything.

All the death eaters had to do was attack one player, and stampede the spectators with some loud flashy magic. The people trying to get out of the pitch would do the rest of the damage. Apparently they never watched a football match where the fans got out of control.

As Aren was lost in these thoughts Draco had led him to a room off the library. It must have belonged to the Lady of the demesne, because it was decorated in softer colors and much cushier furniture along with lots of bric-a-brac on almost every surface.

Aren found what looked to be half couch, half bed, and sat down on it. He supposed it had some kind of name, but as he’d never saw one before, he had no clue as to what it was called. As he relaxed back into it, he imagined the Lady of the Manor reclining in it while her attendants sat near her sewing something or other. It made a pleasant fantasy to take him away from the images of people dying at Quidditch matches.

While he fantasized of days gone by, Draco was busy examining the things that were in the room.
He was quite impressed, everything was extremely old, but of the highest quality. He approved.

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Severus knew he had to speak to Aren today, the problem would be finding him alone. There was no way he wanted anyone besides him and maybe Draco to hear his petition. Especially that damn wolf!

Well, if this was to be done, and it seems it must, t’would be done right and proper. He summoned Smidge and told him what he should get from his room, then armed with all he needed he searched out Aren.

He still had not quite got his mind around the fact that he was going to at last ask for courting rites. Sure, he thought most men dread the day if their marriage hadn’t already been arranged, that they would have to go before the witches head of house and present himself as a prospective in-law. He had heard stories to chill the blood from others he knew that had gone through this. Lucius time was particularly horrifying, but then the stupid twit had picked a Black, so what did he expect? One of the few times him and Sirius had gotten along, Sirius had told the story of Lucius before his father, Orion Black when he was young and had sneaked into an alcove to over hear. Severus smirked as he remembered, he could actually say he liked the bastard at that time.

Still, here he was, about to present himself, and to whom? Why, his favorite student, Harry Potter! He is so going to laugh his ass off he thought. And he could not do a damn thing about it. Not until he was either accepted or rejected. He would have to do what Aren demanded, and hope he met the bride price.

Oh, he had no fear of Aren asking for money, Aren had enough to buy most of the wizarding world if he wished, he had never been interested in that. And that was why he was hesitant. He was not exactly his favorite person. Things had gotten better, but they still tended to eye each other warily. He only hoped, Aren knew nothing of this tradition, or if he did, not enough to make his life hell.

Taking a deep breath and letting it out slowly to calm his nerves, he opened the door to the room Draco had taken Aren to.

Ah! The Lady of the demesne’s solar. A very comfy and cozy room, this was good, it could have been the master’s study which would have been more intimidating. He gazed around, it really was quite charming, and he half wondered abstractedly if Morgana would like such a room, he was sure there would be no problem converting a room at Snape Manor to such as this.

Aren was reclining on a fainting couch and Draco was over in the corner examining l’objet d’art trying to figure out their worth. He cleared his throat to get their attention.

Draco looked up from the solid silver trinket box he was holding, saw it was Severus and went back to his perusal. Aren opened his eyes slowly, saw Severus and asked if they needed to go back. He had no idea why Severus looked so uncomfortable.

“Uh,hum” He cleared his throat. He suddenly had the absurd idea he should have shined his shoes, and he desperately wanted to look down and see if they were scuffed at all. “I am here to present my self, to you, as Head of House for your inspection as a candidate for the rite to court the Lady Morgana.” There! He had gotten it out with out screwing it up, or Merlin forbid, fainting and then he made the mistake of looking closely at Aren. He could tell by the gleam in his eyes he knew exactly what was going on. Oh, fuck! He was so screwed.
All of the professors had been at Hogwarts for over a week now in preparation for the new term. All that is but Professor Snape. There had been no word, no sign, nothing of the man, and some of the staff were worried.

Minerva had felt the ripple in the wards and as deputy headmistress, it was her duty to greet all who entered. She stopped the lesson plan she had been working on and left her office for the entrance.

Lucius had been busy the past few days sending owls out in an effort to find Harry Potter and his son. He had carefully quizzed some of his acquaintances and business associates for what information he could gather. So far he had squat.

Neither of them had left the country, so they were either together somewhere impossibly secure, or were dead, and their bodies carefully hidden. He was at a stand still as to what to do. Even Narcissa had no idea where her son might have gone. He feared the worst since the owl from Hogwarts had not arrived. Today was they day they were scheduled to come. Those letters were charmed, they had always found Draco, no matter where they had gone for holiday.

He also knew what that bastard Voldemort had planned if Merlin forbid, his heir was dead. Narcissa had been reluctant to give him a child when she had found out who he served, it had taken a lot to get her to agree to become pregnant with Draco. To be commanded to have another? She would never. For a Black, she had been the most beautiful, and also the one most like her cousin Sirius. Although she had been in Slytherin house, she had a very strong streak of morality. He was always amazed at how sisters could be so much unalike as her and Bellatrix and Andromeda.

McGonagall, having been a professor at Hogwarts for over forty years thought there could be very little to fluster her. At seeing who had come to Hogwarts, she was flustered. One would have been forgiven for thinking the Transformation Professors Animagus was some type of bird the way she flapped her arms about with twitching fingers. You wouldn’t be too far off in thinking that with a little bit more thrust she’d be taking off. There was nothing of the sleek ‘I don’t give a shit’ attitude of a cat anywhere near her. She had no idea they should have been expecting such distinguished visitors. “Come, come” she almost chirruped. “I’ll take you to the Headmaster.” She led them in a nervous hop-skip type of walk. Turning around often to make sure all were following her.

When she got to the Gargoyle she whispered ‘gobstoppers’ and waited for the gargoyle to allow them to pass. Then directed them up the stairs with her following closely behind. There was no way she was going to miss this.

They all entered Albus’ office and he quickly hid his surprise by conjuring up enough chairs for all of them, though no one sat.

“You are Albus Percival Brian Wulfric Dumbledore?” Griphook asked bluntly.

“Why, yes, yes I am, and you are?” He replied.
“I am Mister Griphook, an officer of the International Bank Gringotts, and a representative of His Highness Prince Aren of the Fae, Duke of Silures of the land known today as Wales, conferred by Her Gracious Majesty Queen Elizabeth the 2nd. His Grace, recently reaching his majority has asked the bank to audit his considerable accounts. They have come up quite short. Upon investigation, it was discovered that you, Headmaster Dumbledore held guardianship over his Grace’s assets. You are being charged with embezzling funds with in your protectorship, inappropriate use of funds not to the benefit of the one to whom funds belong, misrepresentation and with holding information from His Grace, falsifying a will, and unlawful entry to one of His Grace’s Family Vaults. You will be required to present yourself along with counsel at the Ministry of Magic where the Wizengamot, the Wizard International Coven Covenant Association along with the Senior Officers of Gringotts will hear your case.”

Everyone was stunned when Griphook finished. Dingtwaddle was impressed that he had not read even a word from his list of charges, that Griphook had quite a memory she thought.

“There has also come to our attention that the building loan for Hogwarts is seriously in arrears.”

There was a lot of ‘what?’ that echoed around the room. All eyes looked to Griphook. “Let me explain, none of the founders and subsequent builders of Hogwarts had money to build this school. They borrowed the gold, and wrote that they would pay the money back plus interest 50 years after the school opened.” Griphook looked around at everyone before continuing, he wanted to make sure they all understood the ramifications of what he was about to say on behalf of his partner.

“They did not so much as pay a knut back to the lender who I am told was against this school to begin with, only his wife talked him into funding it. The present Head of House wants this matter settled or he will take over ownership of the building, lock, stock and any barrels on premises. With interest, and I must tell you that the Head of House was quite kind here by using interest of the period the loan was made is One Million One Hundred Thousand Galleons. The Holder of the loan had rounded the sum down, to an easily remembered number. Payable by the start of this next session or the Holder of the loan will take over Ownership within the month. Here is the paper work, I am done here.”

“One minute, before you leave. I take it these both are from one person?” Albus asked, he had a very good idea who, he just wanted it confirmed.

Griphook only nodded.

“And his name would be?” He started only to have Marcia Dingtwaddle interrupt. “Albus? I’ve known you since before the war with Grindenwald. I told you then to cease you’re meddling in things not of your business and you didn’t listen to me. I suggest you concentrate on making this right, because more of your pigeons are going to come home to roost and this will seem quite small in comparison. Good day, Headmaster.” Saying that she turned, and along with all the others left.

At first, Minerva didn’t know what to do. She wanted to question Albus of both of the summons, but as Deputy Headmistress it was up to her to show the visitors out. She did her duty, knowing she probably wouldn’t get a straight answer out of the old codger.

She was basically a realist, Albus would have to answer to his embezzlement and other charges, but what of the school? The board of Governors would need to meet along with the Department of Education. The school must not be allowed to close! But who had that kind of money? The only one she could think of was Lucius Malfoy and with idea in mind, she shuddered to think of him in charge of the school, not to mention the interest he would charge! She only hoped the future owners were agreeable to keeping the school open.
Albus, once he was assured of privacy, opened the documents, and looked for the name. There it was, The boy once known as: Harold James Potter, herein shall now be known as Prince Aren of the Fae; his true birth name and title.

Albus screamed out the name of Harry Potter and cursed the day his parents met as he destroyed his office, then plopped down in the middle of the destruction and started to laugh. The little prick had bested him!

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Meanwhile, back at the ranch:

Severus knew when a battle had been lost. He had underestimated Aren’s knowledge of wizard customs once too often, and now he had to pay-up.

Aren stood and held out his hand for the parchments Severus held. Unrolling the first one, he saw it was Severus Gringotts account. The third was a list of properties he held as Head of House Snape. The third contained all the patents he held. Aren was impressed. Severus was quite the inventor when it came to potions. The fourth was his Mastery Certification. The fifth was his Educational Certification.

Aren gave each document the consideration it merited. In all Severus really had quite a lot to offer a mate. She would definitely never want. If he wanted, Aren could by rights demand half as the dower price. Well, even more actually since Morgana was third in line for the throne with her middle sister and niece, the heir before her. She also had more money and assets than God, so there was really no need for any bickering over that.

“Very impressive Mr. Snape, especially the patents. I am very impressed. Your possessions are more than adequate.” Aren stared hard at Severus. “Will you become one of us?”

Severus blinked. Not quite sure what he meant at first, he said nothing, just looked a bit confused at Aren.

“Severus, will you become Fae?”

“You would allow?” He gasped when he understood the full import of what Aren had asked.

“If she accepts, I would demand!” He responded putting the full weight of his power and status behind his words.

Aren was one incredible person right now. With his Fae abilities and a dozen or so years under his belt, he would be a force to be reckoned with. He only needed seasoning, and even not much at that. He felt for the first time in his life truly humbled. He was asked to join into this remarkable family by blood ties. Unbreakable ties at that.

He entered the room expecting at best some teasing, at worst total humiliation. What he received was acceptance, friendship, and a family worth anything to keep. His vision was blurry and he did not know why until he felt the first tear run down his cheek. He never cried! All of a sudden, he was being held tightly. Someone was whispering in his ear. What? What were they saying?

“Welcome to the family, Severus.” Aren had said, hugging the stunned man. Draco had come over and joined in til it was a group affair. Severus wiped his face clear of his emotional outbreak. Still trying to keep from breaking down even more, he was blinking furiously.
Draco was sniffling, as he cuddled in Aren’s arms once the togetherness bit was done. Merlin he thought, he was turning into such a girl.

And Aren? He doubted his smile could have gotten wider, he was very pleased with the outcome of this ritual. But there was still one thing before he was done. “Severus? I call Morgana Yammi. Can I call you Yappi Sev?”

Before Severus could answer, they were interrupted by Liam who said that they had company, a lot of company.

TBC

A/N: thanks for being patient, unfortunately, I need to restore my computer. But until then I still get E-mail, yeah, go figure, it took me three days of trying to post chapter 12, God only knows how long this will take, but then I really gotta get this sucker fixed, so if ya e mail me, I’ll see what I can do. Otherwise, this is the last for at least a week, though for the sake of my sanity, hopefully not that long.

Godric loaned 100,000.00 Galleons I rounded it off to 1000 years so, the math:

100,000.00 Galleons loaned at .01% interest per year=1,000.00 right?
Now 1,000.00 X 1,000 years = 1,000,000.00 still with me?
Add together 100,000.00
1,000,000.00
1,100,000.00 One million One hundred thousand Galleons
If I’m wrong I’ll eat my calculator!

Oh, coming up in upcoming chapters: fighting at the pitch…what match will Aren be at? Will he protect Ron’s Chudley Canons?

The rite of becoming for Aren. The taking of Morgana and becoming a Fae. Liam meets Tonks. WICCA goes after Dumbledore. Lucius finds a clue. And much more!
Once they left the wards of Hogwarts, Marciana Dingtwaddle gave the press the announcement she had promised. She had timed it perfectly because Sir Darcy had given the chosen ones port keys to Griffin’s Rest.

The announcement, as printed in the Prophet; went like this: “We the members of the Wizard International Coven Covenant Association do recognize the danger to the Wizarding World brought on by Thomas Malvolo Riddle Jr. AKA; The dark Lord, AKA; Lord Voldemort, AKA; He-who-must-not-be-named, AKA; you-know-who. (AKA- also known as) He will be hunted down, by lawfully appointed officers. We will not and do not recognize any other vigilante groups’ rights to act in such a manner as they would appear to be lawfully allowed to pursue, contain or capture and or kill any or all members of the unlawful group known as The Death Eaters; and if caught during such acts shall also be treated as criminals. Once captured, Thomas Malvolo Riddle jr. and his associates will be tried in World Court, and if found guilty shall reap the appropriate punishment assigned by those duly charged with this task. Working in conjunction with us are the law enforcement officials of all the muggle countries within our association and Her Highness, Macha, Queen of the Fae, has assured me her warriors will join in where needed and assist in the elimination of this peril, including Lady Morgana le Fae, her grandson, Prince Aren Griffin Le Fae, his consort, and entourage. Thank you for your time and patience.

There! Marciana thought, choke on that Albus! I just made sure everybody knows that little group of yours is illegal.

Marciana gathered along with all of her people, Mr. Griphook, William Weasley, Sir Darcy Treverton, and strangely, Kingsley Shackelbolt. They all port keyed at the appropriate time to Griffin’s Rest. The others watched them go wondering where they went and who they were going to see. Was it this mysterious Fae Prince? Who was he? And to hear the Lady Morgana Le Fae was his grandmother. There were libraries of books detailing her exploits. Most everyone there thought about that and shuddered.

Rita Skeeter would have given her first born (if she hadn’t of eaten it) to have been able to have gone with them. There was one hell of a story brewing where ever they were going and she desperately wanted in on it.

It was a strange group of people that met outside the wards of Griffin’s Rest.
Not all of them had been at Hogwarts. Tonks had portkeyed in from Grimmauld Place. Luna had portkeyed in from home along with her father who had quickly apparated back after receiving WICCA’s announcement joining her as per their invitation.

They waited outside the wards waiting for someone to come and let them in. Unlike most, these wards were quite impenetrable, usually they just prevented Apparating or magic being done against the area. These even prevented walking or seeing through them.

As a curse breaker for Gringotts, William was fascinated with their construction. He told the others that some very ancient magic had been employed, using the earth’s natural magic as a renewing source. He held his hand lightly to where the wards were supposed to be, and a ring of fluctuating iridescent colors surrounded it, showing all the presence of the magic in the wards. He tried, but his hand could not penetrate the magic. Wards usually only stop the use of the magic or users of magic they were set against, these stopped everything.

His home had wards, but visitors could enter. They would feel a tingle, reminding them that they could be expelled, but were not stopped, also even though he had helped his parents add to the wards on his home, a person could still see and hear whatever was going on in the wards. He had to know how this was done!

“Wotcher, Billy, what’s that mean?” Tonks asked what the others didn’t have time to.

“It means These wards are quite unbreakable.” He said full of admiration. “The creator of this would have had no problem breaking anyone else’s wards if he can use wild earth magic. His or her power is practically unlimited!” He looked around at the group gathered. “Whatever we do, I suggest we be on our very best behavior.”

Suddenly there appeared three quite tall men armed to the teeth. They all had long hair tied into a tail with a strip of leather. The one with Black hair was slightly silver streaked had a side arm attached to his belt and tied to his thigh, the hilt of a knife could be seen sticking out of his boot top, he had a sword slung in its scabbard upside down for an easier draw and was cradling a P-90 in his arms. The other two has crossed swords slung behind their backs and like the first, you could see knife hilts sticking out of their boot tops also. They were all dressed in green muggle army clothing. (BDU’s)** They introduced themselves as part of Lady Morgana’s group and asked them to follow single file through the opening. Once through the first thing they saw was a huge fortress build along the lines of Hogwarts. One of the Fae brought them out of their reverie by asking them to follow the road to the front door. There they would be met after knocking.

William Weasley wanted to stay behind with the guard and asked the one who appeared to be their leader if it was allowable. When he gained that permission, he asked Mr. Griphook if he could, and Griphook said as long as they permitted it, it would be alright by him.

After knocking, the great doors were opened by Remus Lupin who was thoroughly hugged by Nymphadora Tonks, after he caught her tripping over the fringe on the large floor cloth that lay in the middle of the Great Hall. Kingsley examined the fringe, it was fine and quite silky, he just shook his head, only Tonks could trip over something that fine.

“Remus! So this is where you’ve been.” Tonks said brightly hanging on to his arm. Remus patted her hand and said he missed talking to her, that she had always been a good friend.

He turned towards the others and asked if the would follow him to the library, where they would then meet their host.
Sir Darcy went over immediately to greet Morgana and was introduced to Filidea and Mirinda, and her grandson, Aren and his consort, Draco, and Severus Snape. She said she’d get to the others later, when they had come back. Sir Darcy then introduced the visitors to everyone. That he was enamored of Morgana was plain for everyone to see which did not thrill Severus.

But he had spent so many years in the background as a spy, he felt uncomfortable bringing attention to himself to attempt to lay claim to her, especially in front of strangers, so he went over to listen in for a bit on what Draco, Aren and Griphook were talking about.

Liam, Niall, and Daffyd waited until the visitors were at the door with William standing quietly beside them. Liam then introduced them, saying they were told to expect this behavior from him as they had been told he was insatiably curious about all types of magic and how it worked.

William was then told just the basics about the wards, and he would have to ask Aren for more details as none of us are able to use nodes. “Takes a very powerful person he said to withstand the raw power of the wild magic contained in the nodes.” Liam told William. “It tends to take over a body, burning ‘em up from the inside if it can not be controlled and harnessed.”

They then all relaxed, as William understood he would have to wait ‘til he met this Aren to find out more.

“You tell me you were told to expect my behavior?” Will asked Liam. “does this mean that someone up there knows me?”

He was told that it was a surprise and he really would have to wait. Then Will started quizzing them about their weapons and they got to talking in general about the kind of things Will had run into in his job at Gringotts. They had all become quite friendly, but then Aren had also told them about how really nice William could be. And the Fae let down their guard once they were assured that Aren had been right in his assessment of this young wizard’s character.

“Think we impressed them?” Daffyd asked the others, after shrugging his shoulders to ease the marks the straps from the scabbards were making into his shoulders.

“If wide eyes and open mouths are signs to go by, I’d say we impressed the socks off of them.” Niall replied. “Damn, Liam; you really dressed for bear, didn’t you?”

“Just wanted to make sure the wippies took us seriously.”


“Wizard Police, wippies. They got a rep as being the big bads. Just want them to know that we are what they have wet dreams about becoming.” Liam said with a smile when Niall started to laugh.

“Oh, yeah, we be bad alright, can we get this shit off? Seriously, These damn swords are heavy when you don’t wear them all the time.” he said as he started to undo the buckle on his chest that held the crossed braces in place. With William offering to help hold the swords.

“Do it as we go, I want to hear what they come up with as a plan for Saturday. Niall? You know the wizard world better than I, what the fuck’s Quidditch anyway?”

“I could tell ya, but you’d never believe me, the explanation sounds stupid, ya gotta see it to
appreciate it. It is played on fast brooms about 90 feet in the air though.” Niall replied. Can be fast, and over in minutes or it can drag on all day. Like I said, hard to explain, but kind-a cool.”

“I’ll say, I used to play in school.” Will told them.

“Any injuries?” Liam said, he loved football, dyed in the wool, season ticket holder for the Pittsburgh Steelers. The game of Warriors he said. It was the only time he ever wished he was a mundane. He really wanted to just once, squat on the line, death in his eyes, and try to hit the quarterback so hard he would not only see stars, he see the whole fucking firmament with the angels of the host singing to him to find another occupation.*

“Oh, some really good ones, you’d probably want to be a beater.” Niall said then realized that he would eventually have to take him to a match.

“What position did you play Will?” Niall asked the wizard.

“I was a seeker.” When Liam asked what they did, Will explained;” I thought I was good until I saw my brother’s friend fly. Harry should have been born in the air.” He went on to tell them of watching Harry Potter fly against a dragon in a tournament three schools had set up. “He really should go pro, once all this stuff with Voldemort is over. How about you Liam? I can get some brooms if you want to learn the game.”

“Sit on a broom? Ninety feet in the air? No insult, but having something hard trying to jam its way up my ass is not a fun thing for me. Tried it, didn’t like it.” Liam answered.

Daffyd snickered, “Didn’t like it? Then ye were doin it t’all wrong boyo.” Niall laughed while Liam just shook his head at the others. “Ye don hear our wee Dray complaining abou the lad’s technique, do ye now?”

Liam just shoved Daffyd in the shoulder. “When the fuck did you become a son of the ol sod?”

“When you did, Liam.” He chuckled. “I heard the accent you put on for Severus’s benefit last night. Tell me, does he know it takes almost a barrel of the good shit to really bring out the accent in any of us?” Liam blushed then, knowing the fuckers had heard all that he had said to Severus.

“Well, what would you do? The man is seriously repressed and thinks shit of himself?” he exclaimed half angry at their teasing. He liked the repressed shit, he really did!

Will was listening to their banter when he caught the name Severus. Snape was here? He stayed quiet to find out more. But his mind had started to work overtime. If Severus was here the Dray mentioned might be Draco, he had heard that Draco had also gone missing. So… if they are here, maybe, just maybe Harry could be also. The kid had a way of getting into deep shit yet coming out of it covered in roses.

“Same as you, Liam. Ya did good…boyo.” Daffyd said as Niall agreed, they too liked the man, even with all his problems. All he needed was time with them, he’d learn to loosen up…eventually.

At this time they had reached the Great Hall and had put their weapons in a chest and locked it. They usually dumped them on the large table after practice ‘til they had had a bath to ease up their muscles before they cleaned their gear and put it properly away.

The elves of the house had asked to take care of it for them, but they were half afraid one would cut
off a part on another if they took it into their heads to play warriors with them, or especially with Liam’s gear, shoot up the place before they could stop them.

Gear stowed, they went to the library to see what the plan would be.

There on top of the great library table, Aren had conjured up a pitch, and had little players flying around. He was told that basically every pitch was the same design, so at least there they wouldn’t have to worry about every pitch being different, and having to plan for all designs.

Lysander was busy writing down all the information he could. He had been asked not to write about anything until he was given notice that the information he would be reporting wouldn’t jeopardize any lives. He, unknowingly, had been appointed official reporter and historian of the war.

Luna had wandered off to tour the fortress, and find the stables once she heard there were Nightmares there, waving bye to Harry after she asked if it was alright for her to do. War talk she told him, just gave her a headache.

Aren just nodded his head in agreement. He wondered why he was surprised at her matter of fact acceptance of his being alive, bonded and Fae. He guessed he needed four legs, fur and to be a rare animal to impress her.

Will immediately spotted Severus Snape and Draco Malfoy. shit, it sure didn’t look like the skinny little runt he knew, but that scar was hard to miss. It was Harry! Damn, the boy filled out nicely and had looks that rivaled Draco’s. He gave Harry a big smile when he was spotted, but stayed near Liam. Harry seemed a bit preoccupied with doing some kind of magic. All wandlessly. Will had a sneaking suspicion if he wanted to find the creator of the wards outside he need look no further.

Liam’s wippies were doing the most talking. Arguing back and forth about where they should be, ‘cause this is what I’d do…” everyone had a different ‘plan’.

Aren just stood in the back along with Severus smirking at them. Draco was carrying on a conversation with Griphook probably about buying a good sized chunk of some third world country for a vacation home Liam thought. He thought no one could be as sharp when it came to investments and money matters as goblins were until he heard Draco lecture Aren one evening at dinner. Aren had just told Draco to handle it, he said because he had been told he was lousy at monopoly and would let the rents slide ‘til he lost.

Liam was a bit confused though, why weren’t Aren and Sev telling them what they knew about Voldemort’s tactics? Now that was a question he needed an answer to.

He nudged Will, Daffyd and Niall to follow and sauntered over to them. Once there he softly asked his question to Sev and Aren. Though he really didn’t need to. Kingsley, Tonks and Remus were arguing loudly with the wippies.

“So, lads. Plenty exciting eh? Tell me, what the hell are they doing? Do they even know who you both are?” he asked.

Aren shrugged, concentrating on the pitch until Liam figured out he was directing the players to dive bomb into the wippies that were being placed about the pitch. Severus smiled at Aren antics and told Liam that they thought they would wait until all the shouting was over then, they would tell them what Voldemort had probably planned for his death eaters to do.

Liam looked at them both in disbelief. Severus used to be a death eater! And Aren, who was
probably the most powerful person in the room, hell, in the world probably, and the only one who had gone up against Voldemort more times than a dog had fleas, and they were being ignored? “The world’s gone mad! I’m going for a beer! Join me?” Liam asked them all.

Draco said he’d be right with them as soon as he finished seeing Griphook off. He too had had enough of the bickering. It had interfered with his business with Griphook. A man had to have his priorities straight after all and Draco had an empire to oversee, and maybe a kingdom to build for their children.

They looked at each other, nodded and left the room to have a beer with Liam. Aren half turned before he left to waggle his fingers at Morgana. She smiled at him in return and nodded her head telling him to go on, get out while the getting’s good.

“So” Will said to Harry once they left the room. “You and Draco?”

Aren nodded, then looked apprehensively under his lashes at Bill Weasley wondering what the verdict would be. “Congratulations are in order then, kiddo.” And he slapped him on the back when Harry gave him a big smile. “Damn, you’ve grown!” he smiled when Harry laughed. “Once all the hub-bub quiets down, you have to tell me the whole story so I can let mum and dad know.” Aren nodded. This was his favorite of all the Weasleys, no shouting, no having to watch out for pranks, no dodging amorous little sisters. He stated what he wanted to say, and listened to you. Well, he liked Charlie too. But Bill was just totally cool.

Remus paused in his argument with one of the International Auror’s to watch them leave. “Where are they going?” He asked Morgana.

“If I know Liam, they probably went to get a beer.” She said with a smirk on her face.

Remus smiled back, and looked around. Tonks and Kingsley were still arguing with the others. No one had noticed the most knowledgeable people were the ones to leave. Then it hit Remus. None of them here but him and the Fae, knew who Aren was and probably were not listening when Severus was introduced.

“They don’t know who really left, do they?” he looked to Morgana for confirmation and smiled when she shook her head no.

Marciana was no dummy, and the light went on in her head as she watched Remus’ conversation with Morgana and the smirks on both their faces. The ones who left she thought were the ones who should have been here! With us listening to them! And here we are, arrogant pricks, so full of ourselves, getting no where fast.

“Morgana? Who exactly was it who left?” the others stopped talking when Chief Justice Dingtwaddle talked.

“Liam, who is a cousin a couple times removed and one of the best warriors you’ll ever find has worked with the American military training special forces, and then there is Severus Snape who was a spy against Voldemort for over fifteen years and was once one of the inner circle, My grandson’s consort, who’s father happens to be Voldemort’s right-hand, and my grandson, whom you all probably know as Harry Potter.” You could have heard a pin drop if Tonks had not fallen into the Quidditch pitch in surprise, then half tripping the whole way across the room, scrambled to find her
friend Harry screaming his name as she went.

“I am so ashamed of all of us Lady Morgana, please forgive us our arrogance.” Marciana said apologetically. The others had the decency to look embarrassed at their huge mistake. None of them had even given the young men more than a cursory glance, and had missed seeing the trademark lightning bolt scar on Aren’s forehead. He was probably off with the other ‘experts’ laughing their asses off over how they had come here and taken over telling ‘them’ how it was going to be done.

“Uh, huh, hum…” was heard. They looked around and one of the portraits half bowed, as he entered into the frame fully. “Whatever you do, do not call my heir, boy! Take it from me, it is quite a sore spot with the lad.” He spoke in a voice that commanded respect.

“And you are…” Marciana asked, not wanting to commit any more faux pas.

“Godric Griffindor, at your service, m’lady. I too have a bit of knowledge in the way of a fight. If I can be of service…”?

“Lord Griffindor!” Kingsley bowed to the portrait. “It is indeed an honor to meet you.” He seemed a bit puzzled at first, then stared at Godric. “Harry Potter is your heir?”

“Aye, that he is, and quite the bright one at that! Ye might want to pay a bit of attention when the lad speaks. He does happen to know the enemy better than most.” Godric said with a knowing look directed towards them all.

Aren picked that moment to enter the room, a bottle of butterbeer in one hand and Tonks hanging off the other with a scowling Draco right behind holding a glass of wine. The others strolled in after, all were highly amused at Draco’s jealousy over Tonks.

“I told Dobby to bring refreshments in for all of you. Aren always gets a headache when he talks to Dobby, though I really can’t understand why.” Draco told Morgana in short clipped diction practically broadcasting his displeasure.

“You prat! You used to be a Malfoy! The name alone scares the socks off of him.” Aren sniped back shaking off Tonks and putting his now free arm around Draco. “Sorry, Tonks, but while I like you, I happen to love Draco, and we are both quite possessive.” Aren said by way of apology, while Draco pasted on a very insincere looking smile.

After they had all gathered and were served by Dobby who kept trying to talk to Aren about ‘bad elves in kitchen’ and Aren kept moving behind Draco, using him as a shield, Draco couldn’t hold in his snickering at Aren’s actions; he popped out from behind his Draco shield long enough to tell ‘Dobby! Whatever, just no killing!’

Aren was tempted to smack his love along the back of his head, becoming quite put out by his snickering at him. “Draco, one day, remind me to tell you about our second year, and how Dobby ‘helped’ me. I guarantee you will look at him in a different light.”

Remus laughed at hearing this, he had already heard the story and agreed with Aren.

“What? Dobby?” he said in disbelief.

“Draco, remember that rogue bludger during our match?”

“What? The one that tried to kill both of us?”
“Dobby was trying to ‘help protect me’” Aren said and watched as Draco and Severus eyes got big. They both looked then at Dobby who hunched down and lowered his ears in embarrassment.

“Dobby promised never to save Harry Potters life again.” He said by way of apology.

“Just keep remembering that, Dobby, and …?”

“Dobby no kill Smidge… today” He smiled that smile that sent shivers down Aren’s spine and popped out.”

“Well!” Aren said clapping his hands together, “Now that Draco has saved me from the help…” Aren said not being the least bit embarrassed about needing rescue from his house elf.

“Before we begin;” Marciana said interrupting Aren, “I and my people here own all of you an apology. Please,” Marciana looked at all of them, “accept my sincere regret that we have in our self-importance, ignored and neglected you all. We came here at your invitation, with the warning you have given us, and in our arrogance have taken over. We are truly sorry, and beg all of your forgiveness.” Aren, Draco and Severus nodded their acceptance, and Aren walked up to the Chief Justice, held out his hand to shake hers.

“Thank you Chief Justice. You are one of the very few who have ever considered Severus, Draco, or I worthy of an apology. Our own people tend to ignore us unless we are useful to their plans.”

“Indeed,” Severus said joining him, “We have recently had our fill of being used only as tools, to be put aside and considered of no great import until we are of use again.” At this Morgana put her hand on Severus arm in companionable sympathy, patting it. Severus smiled to himself thinking things since accepting Aren’s invitation might just finally work out for him.

Lucius had just received an owl from Fudge telling him of all that had happened at Hogwarts. He was speechless with amazement! He had to find out who this Prince was Dumbledore had stole money from. More importantly, the school was in debt. Here was an opportunity if ever he saw one.

He sat down at his desk in his study and wrote out the need of a meeting of the board of Governors of the school as soon as possible. Made copies with his wand and summoned his owl. He was going to be a busy bird today.

He also fire called Fudge, he needed first hand information. The note did not contain nearly enough information to satisfy him. He needed to know who all was there, and what their reactions were to the news. And most of all, he wanted to know how Dumbledore reacted.

Aren could see Severus start to thaw out a bit with the apology from the Chief Justice. He even laughed a bit when Lysander Lovegood told them what the announcement would read that would appear in all the papers and on the wizard wireless about unlawful organizations. Albus had been able to get away with it in the past, with just Fudge to go up against, but apparently Marciana knew Albus and the tricks he could get up to, and she thwarted him quite nicely.
And as much fun as it would be just to talk about what they imagined the old fraud’s reactions to be, they needed to get the details of the Saturday Quidditch match attacks out of the way.

Marciana then asked Severus for his opinion on Voldemort. He told them that while he is powerful in magic and very devious and cunning, he is never-the-less quite insane. His one goal for the past several years has been to defeat Dumbledore and Harry Potter. Originally it was to make the wizarding worlds safe from muggles, so while he said he would be agreeable to instructing on tactics, spells and hexes they might go against, what Voldemort will do at any given time is anyone’s guess. “I suggest you ask Aren since he is intimately acquainted with the way Voldemort thinks.” He said that with a slight grimace for all Aren had to go through to know Voldemort’s thoughts.

“Well, to begin with, when I removed the Dark Mark from Severus I didn’t realize what would happen to the other death eaters and Voldemort. Severing the link to Severus mind and core was not that difficult, it was the mark itself that fought me. When I went to push it out of Severus and back to Voldemort, there was a backlash, and Nagini died due to Voldemort pushing the pain at first onto his familiar, afterwards, he tried to cut it out of himself due to the rebound, and also pushed most, but not all of the pain onto his followers. That is how my mark was superimposed over his.”

“No, he is still in pain since he thinks I killed Severus who was his potions master, and Draco. And also confused as to how I did it.”

“And what are these marks?” Henley Humphrey, one of the WYP asked.

Severus told him what the Dark Mark looked like, he could no longer show them, he was pleased to say since he no longer had one. But he did show them Aren’s mark that replaced it.

Severus blushed at all the attention his arm was getting. The ladies all ooh’d and aww’d, some of the men asked if they could get one. Aren and Severus looked at them like they were insane. “Get a tattoo” he growled as he refastened his cuffs.

“So now,” Aren continued, “Voldy is afraid he will lose. His main objective now is what any terrorist’s would be. To leave as much chaos, death and destruction as possible before he’s destroyed. As far as I know, there really is no way to fight that. We just have to try to minimize the damage.”

The large library became quiet then when they realized that they couldn’t stop Saturday from happening. No one was saying anything and the atmosphere had become quite gloomy with the thought of people dying that they couldn’t prevent.

“Well, enough of this doom and gloom.” Morgana broke the silence. Does anyone know what teams are playing and where?” That was exactly what was needed. Something to fixate on.

Lysander said to hold on, he believed he had a copy of his paper that had the matches listed for this week as he rooted through his pockets mumbling to himself.

Draco nudged Aren. “The apple didn’t fall far from that tree did it?” They now knew where Luna got her peculiar behavior from.

“Ah, here it is! Knew I had one!” Lysander pulled a very crumpled copy of The Quibbler from the inside of his robe.

The paper listed the matches and the players statistics, the prediction for the weather at the different pitches around the country, and the odds given for those inclined to wager on the outcome.
Kenmore Kestrels were playing Puddlemore United at Kenmore.
The Pride of Portree were playing the Tutshill Tornadoes at Tutshill.
The Chudley Canons were playing the Montrose Magpies at Montrose.
The Holyhead Harpies were playing The Wimbourne Wasps at Holyhead.
Start time for all matches is 2:00

“Well, how many of us are there?” Aren asked. “We have four matches to cover. We have ten here if all are going?” He looked to Morgana for confirmation. She nodded.

“The WYP can field 15 for Saturday,” Marciana said “If we had a bit more time, I could have the Chief of the IBB pull some more from their present assignments, but three days does not give us enough time to call in more.”

“Auror Shackelbolt, how many will the Ministry be able to field?” Morgana asked.

“Off hand, without speaking to Madam Bones, I would say about 10. Maybe as many as 15.” He told everyone.

Bill Weasley asked to be counted in. Unfortunately Charlie was in the wilds of Romania and out of touch, he didn’t want to talk to his mom and dad about asking the twins, because then Ron and Ginny would get wind of it, and his life would be hell whether they were included or not.

Aren could tell what he was thinking and just shook his head ‘no’ at him. He didn’t want to have to answer to Mrs. Weasley if any of her younger children were hurt.

Morgana again spoke. “Most of us will be at Holyhead. Aren and Draco must stay close to the area.” She shook her head when the were going to question her as to why. Just told them it was a Fae matter, and could not be interfered with. “I will allow Daffyd, Niall, Mirinda and if he is willing Remus to go to another pitch. But we must have Aren, Draco, Liam, Filidea, Severus and myself. We will have to stay together this time.”

“There are quite a few of us who while not able to do the greater magics, would be willing to assist with crowd control.” Sir Darcy said. “I know the wizard world does not think much of us, but Her majesty’s government finds us quite useful as most of us ‘squibs’ are serving in the various services.” “If allowed, I will have a number for you tomorrow of how many will be able to work the crowds.”

“Sir Darcy, you have been anything but useless, please,” Morgana said, placing her hand on his arm in comfort, “lets not hear any more of that type of talk, eh?”

“Well, I think for such short notice we have quite a good start here.” Marciana said. “I can sit down later with Mister Shackelbolt and Sir Darcy and we can iron out the details of the other matches and leave the one in Wales to you.”

“Chief Justice, while you all are quite welcome to stay here at Griffins Rest for the night, I do believe we can offer better accommodations as a headquarters for the duration of your stay.” Draco said. “It would be too trying for Aren to constantly be available to alter the wards every time someone needed to consult with you.” Aren gave Draco a grateful look at his suggestion. He hadn’t even thought of that!

“And now,” Draco continued, “I’ll have the elves take you to your rooms so you can freshen up before dinner.” He had taken Aren at his word, that they would share all they had in their lives, and he would be a damn poor partner if his love had to deal with what he was very familiar with doing. Malfoy Manor often hosted large gatherings, and he was quite familiar with hosting types of duties.
Right as everyone was preparing to be shown to their rooms Hedwig flew in followed by five owls. “Oh, I think it’s our Hogwarts letters.” Luna said. Aren turned around fast, now where did she come from, she was out at the stables, wasn’t she?

One of the house elves popped in, removed the letters from the owls and put those directed to Draco or Aren on a side table then handed Luna hers and popped out again. Two of the owls stared at Draco before following the others out through the owl paths the fortress had created when Aren had adjusted the wards to allow owl delivery.

“I just wanted to tell you that I think you and Draco will make the most beautiful children! I am worried that I might lose one.”

“What?” they both said, shocked.

“Well, when you eventually offer me Trelawney’s position, of course. I don’t know if I can keep watch over so many students. I might misplace one or two.” She said as she wandered off somewhere down a hallway they’ve not been down before.

“Do not look at me that way. You will be in charge of Hogwarts if you want it.” Aren told Draco. “She does have a habit of being right most of the time, so I would consider her for the job.”

“No. I thought she meant one of ours she would lose. I was about to hex her.” Draco said, “But if she wants it, the job is hers, anyone is better than Trelawney.”

“Draco, we haven’t talked about Hogwarts. Are we going back?” Aren asked.

“Why don’t we wait until dinner and then get everybody’s thoughts on that? I’m not quite sure either of us are ready to deal with Dumbledore quite yet.”

Draco said thoughtfully as they both went to their rooms, letters left in the library until a decision was reached.

“Draco? Baby?”

“No! Don’t even think of it!”

“But Dray…”

“No!” he emphasized by batting Aren’s hands away from his ass.

“I’m haarrrd!”

“You’re always hard! Go wank in the shower. We haven’t time for anything else before dinner.”

“You’re so mean!”

“What are you going to wear?”

“Anything, pick something for me.” He shouted back to be heard over the running water.

Draco finished choosing their clothes for dinner and was undressing on his way to join Aren in the shower when he heard Aren mumbling.

“Mean ol Draco won’t let you play, will he?”

“Are you talking to you’re dick?” Draco half shouted. Quite amused until he heard a small gasp,
thump, then a pitiful ‘uhhuh’ then all was silent except for the running water. “Oh, fuck!” he wrenched open the door to the shower almost pulling it off it’s track. Aren lay crumpled into an awkward heap on the floor, long, black and silver hair tangled all over his body, he was out cold with blood mingling with the water as it ran into the drain.

“Oh, shit, shit, shit!” he kept saying as he turned off the water and levitated Aren out of the shower. Draco had felt a tingling through out his body and an emptiness in his head. If he had not have been here, this would have warned him Aren was in trouble. The wards were re-acting to Aren’s accident.

“Draco!” came a shout from outside the bedroom door. “Draco what’s wrong with Aren! Draco! Let me in!”

Draco quickly threw a towel on to Aren, covering up his charms, and when he was lowered Aren on to the bed waved open the door. In rushed Morgana, all disheveled herself.

“I felt the wards…shit!” she exclaimed as she saw Aren, blood had started to seep out from under his head, mixing with the water already saturating the pillow from Aren’s hair. “What happened?”

“He…uh, he slipped…shower…why’s he bleeding so much? And what’s that?” Draco exclaimed as a dim glow started to emanate from the unconscious man.

“Oh! Dear Gods and Goddesses! It’s starting!” she gasped.

“What? What’s starting?” Draco was panicking now.

“The Rite!” she shouted back. ‘Shit, shit, shit! Draco, get Aren hard and get on him! I need to get Filidea!”

“What!” Draco shouted back. “It’s not supposed to happen now!”

“Well, it is. Apparently all the conditions are met but you! Now, get to it!”

“I… I can’t!” Draco was almost in full blown panic. The rite could not happen now! He wasn’t ready!

“Then I’ll get Niall!” she said as she went to the door.

“NO! You can’t!” He cried out.

Morgana stopped then and really looked at Draco, the poor boy, she thought. She took a deep breath and hauled off and slapped him hard across his face, “Draco, the rite doesn’t give a shit if you’re ready or not. It happens when it happens and can’t be stopped. Now, either you finish it or I’ll get one who will!”

Morgana’s slap did what all the talk in the world couldn’t. It woke Draco up to the seriousness of the situation. Draco went over to Aren and uncovered him. He was really glowing now, but it seemed to be weakening. One thing he did not have to do though, Aren’s penis was already hard and standing up right from his unconscious body. It also happened to be huge! “Oh, God! This is going to hurt.”

“It has to Draco, we have all been through it. You have to force it, love. Both must feel pain. Then the good feeling will start, I promise. The rite ’tis quite a wonder!”

“Aren’s unconscious! How will he feel pain?” Draco said as he started to get on top of Aren. When he came into contact, Draco also started to glow slightly. He straddled Aren’s body and positioned himself.
“You must bite him, bite him hard bring blood to flow, and you have to take in some of it for you to be Fae also.”

“Yammi?” Draco almost cried out the endearment in his fear. “What if I can’t?”

“Then, Draco, the rite will fail, and our Aren will die!”

“WHAT!”

“Why did you think we kept on about this? This is us! The Fae! It is what we are, what makes us, us! We were not joking or teasing, like some foolish wizard thing. Do it or he dies!”

Draco then positioned Aren’s cock at his opening and holding it steady, sat down hard on it, screaming in pain as Aren’s cock tore through delicate membranes, causing him to start bleeding. Draco cried again in pain as he started to raise and lower himself, the pain now sharp and stabbing, despite the blood now acting as lubricant.

Morgana patted him on his shoulder, and kissed him on his forehead whispering to bite hard, and drink, she had to get Filidea to do the reading of the powers. Draco nodded as she left, still crying, though the pain had eased up a bit as he was stretched by Aren’s cock.

“ohGodohGodohGod” he moaned as he continued to fuck himself raw on Aren. He heard a groan come from Aren, and his body reflexively pushed itself further into Draco.

“Ahhhh!” he moaned at increase in pain. I hurt, you hurt he thought, and leaned down to his shoulder, kissing it first, he then sank his strong white teeth in to him, biting hard til he felt the blood welling in his mouth. Feeling Aren’s body stiffen at the pain of the bite. Draco drank deeply, almost gagging at the knowledge of what he was doing. Both never-the-less carried on, continuing the movements of the mating dance.

As he swallowed a wondrous feeling began to take over his body. He noticed both of them were glowing strongly, there was now no pain, only the familiar feeling of excitement that kept building with each thrust of Aren’s body in to him and each lick of blood Draco took.

Aren’s hand came up to clamp Draco to his wound, somehow in his dazed lust knowing it was important, the other on his hip directing them to work faster in their up and down movement.

The light coming from their bodies was almost blinding with all the colors of the spectrum flashing about. “oh, Gods!” he moaned again, this time in joy and ecstasy as Aren increasingly responded to Draco and the feelings intensified into incredible pleasure just like Morgana said.

They were too far gone to notice Morgana and Filidea enter the room.

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They were gathered in the Great Hall. All but four of them. And the others, well, most of the others were wondering where Aren, Draco, Morgana and Filidea were.

“Do ye think?” Niall said.

“Aye, most likely.” Daffyd answered.

“Well, we’ll feel the conclusion I’ll wager!” Liam added on and the others nodded.
“What? What will we feel?” Severus asked as him and William Weasley joined them.

“Did ye not feel it when the wards went off?” Liam asked them. “something happened to Aren. So we figure, it’s the rite. And we’ll be feelin tha ending!” Liam’s brogue became thick even with out lots of drink. The atmosphere was getting thick with a strange glow slowly luminating the room, and all in it. The feeling was incredible, Will tried to put his feelings into words but just couldn’t find any to adequately express what he was feeling.

“Ach, he’s going ta be strong our lad!” Niall said. “I don ken of when any this strong has ever happened? Do ye?” He asked the others. Mirinda joined them and answered.

“Nay, Na ‘een Morgana and Oberecht’s was like this!” Awe filling her voice.

The light intensified along with the emotions all were feeling. Some of the wizards were quite embarrassed as they couldn’t control their bodies and they became orgasmic falling down onto their rear-ends one by one. But they need not have been too concerned as it was happening to all in the fortress. Until with a blinding flash the light disappeared.

Liam was one of the first to recover as he sat up from his prone position on the floor. He looked around and saw that Severus was also moving slightly.

“Well? Was it good for you?” He joked to the man and smiled as a slight smirk appeared on the Potion Master’s face.

“The earth moved!” he replied dryly.

“I need a cigarette! Daffyd, tell me again why I quit smoking?” Niall said.

“So, What do you think?” Daffyd asked.

“Ach! He’s probably High Lord of the cosmic orgasm.” Liam laughed.

“Don’t you take anything seriously?” Severus asked.

“Severus! It could not have been prevented. It happens to all Fae, just not anywhere near this powerful. Believe me we all knew what was at risk.” Liam said to the man.

“What?” William asked, “What was at risk?”

“Just the lad’s life!” Daffyd answered.

“What!” Will shouted, “we’re here covered in come, making jokes about Harry dying?”

All of a sudden Severus startled everyone by laughing out loud. “Will!” he gasped, still chuckling, “It’s Harry Potter we’re talking about! How else could it have happened!”

Will thought about it, then he too laughed, yeah, this could only have happened to Harry.

TBC

J did not see that coming, did ya?

* A/N This came from my son, who does play semi-pro. He is a TE and says that his job is to do what Liam wants to do. Guys, go fig! Oh, and if ya see him, please don’t mention I wrote about the Steelers. I’d never hear the end of it!
** BDU – Battle Dress Uniform, comes in most colors, and cami for the terrain. Consists of Pants w/ lots of pockets for warrior stuff, T shirt that is usually same color, (Yes they come in camoflage too!) and jacket, again with a lot of pockets. Hey! These are modern Fae! Not LOTR type elves! Puhleeze!

*** apologies *** 1) for having no knowledge of compound interest and how it is accrued. I love it that all of you are so into this story to want to correct my deficiencies. 2) for forgetting that it is Skeeter, not Skinner! I slapped myself up side the head for that boo-boo. 3) forgetting to constantly re-read what I have previously written. Once the words start to come, plot goes for a stroll, details are out playing B-ball, and no one is here but my cat ( and frankly, he don’t give a shit what I write as long as I hold him) to remind me to remember to include certain things. Thanks for picking them out!

Now want a hint as to what’s coming next? Morgana and Sev sitting in a tree…
Oops, sorry! Morgana and Severus grow closer, Aren gains a mother-in-law, Saturday at the Quidditch match, and to Hogwarts or not; that is the question. Thanks for reviewing, like I said earlier, still have problems on-line! But I do get E-mail. foolishwandwaver@earthlink.net especially if you want to see a drawing of what MY Aren looks like!
Aren, Draco, Severus and the others waited for their ‘guests’ to arrive. Draco was anxious to speak to Griphook now that Aren had clarified his position in his life. There were things that needed seeing to.

Draco thinks

He couldn’t believe it when he read through a copy of the papers Griphook was serving on Dumbledore! He really couldn’t fucking believe that Aren was that lacking in common sense that he would screw up his calculations and that he wouldn’t listen to Griphook when he corrected him, saying One million was enough. It is such a good thing Griphook had all that fine print in the bottom of the paper saying that if pay off wasn’t made by 5:00 that day, the sum would revert to the full amount. Draco was so fucking glad Griphook had not told Aren about that!

Granted, one million is not chump change, but compare it to TWO Fucking BILLION! I have to love the man, because anyone else would smack the shit out of him for fucking up that bad.

The shit gave me some lame ass excuse that Dumbledore could never come up with that kind of money anyway since he was pilfering from his trust account. He has no Idea that the board of governors and Ministry would gladly hand over that kind of money for Hogwarts. The board is comprised of the wealthiest men in the wizarding world for Merlin’s sake! The board has Lucius fucking Malfoy on it. Hell my father would hand that over in a heartbeat to have control of Hogwarts.

It is such a good thing for Aren that the board of governors can’t get their thumbs out of their asses that fast to meet the deadline or he would be so going without my ass, and for quite a long time too! Rite or no rite. This is serious money we’re talking about here!

Hopefully though, Dumbledore won’t think to read the fine print til, it is too late, and will be fixated on the first amount of one million, thinking that the board could handle that easily.

But. Not. Two fucking Billion! Even father doesn’t have that with out liquidating most of his holdings. I will also tell you, I want that damn school.

Don’t get me wrong, I don’t want to be Headmaster-Merlin, No! I just want final say on the important things. Like who the instructors will be, and what will be on the curriculum, and who may attend.

I don’t want the hoi polloi that Dumbledore has there. I want the strong, the intelligent, the… the … the best our world has to offer. You might not believe it, but I don’t mean just purebloods. Look at
Crabbe and Goyle, and there you have that answer. Or those with large bank accounts, or places in society.

I would have no problem accepting the muggle born, or those who needed scholarships to attend. I just want to keep the average and below average out. Let the Ministry fund a day school or public school for those who don’t qualify. I just don’t want the mediocre with our children, is that too much to ask? It is a good thing for our future children and grandchildren’s future that Aren is enamored with my ass and would do almost anything to get in it.

I have got it made. Aren is everything I had ever dreamed of for myself and much, much more. Aren just happens to be incase you have just crawled out from under a rock, Harry Potter. Yes, THE Harry Potter. He is also, by the way Fae and not just any Fae, but a royal Prince of the Fae. Oh, excuse me if I'm being too modest here but he is also a muggle Duke and wealthier than most of the countries in the world put together. And that is only his wizard wealth. I have no idea what his Fae inheritance looks like.

Oh, one other really small, inconsequential thing; just so you do not get the idea I am a bit shallow but, he is what wet dreams are made of, and I am by no means of average looks. Don’t hate me because I’m beautiful. Let me describe him so you’ll have something to drool over when you look at YOUR mate. Aren is just a tad over 6 foot in height, nicely, but not overly muscled with long, almost waist length black hair streaked with silver from his ability to control wild magic. He has a strong, stubborn jaw, pouty lips, an almost delicate bone structure, and his eyes! His eyes are emerald. I kid you not!

Actually, now that I think on it, compared to most emeralds, the stones pale in the comparison. His legs start at the bottom and go allll the way to the top, nice and long, just perfect for wrapping around a body. His assets? Not that it is any of your business, but let me just say, he wasn’t standing behind the door when THAT was given out. No, he was right there at the front of the line. Puts a big smile on my face…see?

He is also a bona fide, dyed in the wool 100% genuine hero. While you may consider that a plus, I feel it should be placed on the minus side, along with him being too trusting, lacking in self-preservation, naïveté, and he has the fashion sense of a bag lady, but I’m working on that! He wears what I put out for him or he wears nothing at all. A win/win situation if you ask me.

Thank Merlin! Griphooks here, at last! That is one thing my Aren has done right, well, besides bond with me that is. Griphook is one of the best at Gringotts, and Aren, although how he did it, I’ll never know, has Griphook at his personal consultant, keeping a weathered eye on our assets. If only he would follow the advice he was given!

At least now I have control of our finances and properties! You’ll have to excuse me, I have an empire to build, and besides, I do believe if we make the right offer, we can get one of the smaller Hawaiian Islands for our summer holidays. Aren would just love it there, coming out of the surf all naked and…um, well, excuse me, I have an Island to see about.

Aren thinks

My love is not very happy with me. He seems to think I don’t know how much money I forgave from the loan my great many times grandfather made. I do, really, it is just that money never really meant that much to me, and I don’t need, and in all likelihood, our great, great-whatevers will probably never need it. Draco has no idea how large my Fae inheritance is. Most third world countries could only hope to have what I do!
But he tells me, he wants Hogwarts. I don’t know why, and frankly I don’t care. If owning that place will make him happy, then I’m all for it. He can have it, it is just that simple. Still, here he is, practically dancing in place waiting for Griphook to arrive so he can make sure the goblin knows that he is now in charge of our businesses and finances along with Griphook’s help, of course.

My Draco doesn’t want the day to day work, no he wants to make the big decisions that will affect the future. I secretly think he wants to build an empire for our kids. Hey, I have no problem with that, just so he clues me in every now and again. And if Draco and Griphook just happen to get their jollies throwing widows and orphans out into the street with foreclosures, I’ll just have to follow behind them and make it all right again by repairing the damage those two do. But when Draco’s happy, I get to go to my happy place, which is right behind him, if you know what I mean. Otherwise, make Draco pissy, and I’d need a crowbar to pry those cheeks open. He can be a tight ass in more ways than one!

I personally have everything I want, with the promise of children in the future. I finally have a family, a home, and Draco, enough money not to worry about putting food on the table and Draco, enough magic to protect what’s mine, and Draco. Life doesn’t get much better than that. Did I mention that Draco is mine? Silver eyes, white blond hair, and a body that has certain parts of mine at attention most of the time, hell, who wouldn’t be content. Well, besides an Island.

I think I would like a nice tropical island where there would be little need for my love to concern himself with clothes. Au natural is a good look on him. Some where he can tease me with that body of his…hum. Now, that’s a plus in my book! I wonder what he’s smiling at? It is the same smile he gives me when…whoa boy, down there! Yep, he recognizes that smile also!

Oh, well, here’s Griphook. I’ll just let them both commiserate about my stupidity, and then they can get on with trying to buy the world, and I’ll just stand here with my future in-law Severus, and play the dumb hero. * sigh * I’m just like my grandfather, Godric. The things I do to keep my love happy!

A/N I really couldn’t help myself! I received so many reviews about the money Godric loaned for Hogwarts, and I really do read and pay attention to what you all have to say. Besides, the amount of 2,096,015,563.78 or 2,116,874,719.42 galleons (I was given two versions. HEY! Some one want to do a Galleon to dollar conversion?) just tickled me so much I had to do something about it. Besides, do you really think Draco would let an amount like 2 billion 94 million and change slip through his fingers? Nah, I didn’t think so either! Anyone else need a ‘sidebar’ done? So this chapter/sidebar/little slice of life---goes out to Calanor, athenakitty,DemonRogue13,ashbrooke, angelkitty77, hoshi, Jennifer, Amessis, Claudia, thmbrooke, Laura, dedmum, Sarah, hpslashfan, loriangeliss, phoenixia and especially LOUI and VORABIZA When I scream help! They are there. When I yell…I need a fic to read…they send!
Chapter 16

Severus got up off the floor after they had all finished laughing, and with a quick movement of his hand cleaned away the evidence of the rite’s aftereffects. He needed to make sure everyone was alright.

The others were still on the floor laughing since Bill Weasley decided to ‘share’ some of his Harry Potter stories that emphasized his ability to get into the most outrageously serious jams and how things seem to turn completely around for him in the end.

Severus was just about to enter the boys room when Morgana and Filidea stumbled out. Filidea said she needed to find the wolf immediately to finish what Aren started. Although she really didn’t think anyone would ever better the feeling from Aren, she needed a real person. When she saw Severus there she asked him if he would like to join. “Three is always a better number than two, you know.”

“I am sure you are right, but I happen to be empty right now, my apologies.” Severus replied with a slight smile as he heard Morgana snort at his words. He watched her wobble down the hall towards the Great Hall to find Lupin. He almost felt sorry for the wolf having to deal with Miss Filidea of the voracious appetite.

Severus caught Morgana stumble out of the corner of his eye and immediately wrapped his arms around the woman to steady her. “How are the boys?” He asked as they sat down on a settee in her sitting room. She seemed to be recovering well from the after effects of the rite, but he was reluctant to remove his arms, especially when she had snuggled her face into his chest so trustingly.

“How are our boys doing?” Severus repeated, although at this moment in time he really did not care as he placed a very light kiss to the top of her head, one hand brushing the long black and silver hair out of her face. Gently caressing her cheek with the knuckles of his hand as he combed back the hair, his other hand squeezing her shoulder gently as he tightened his arm, drawing her in closer.

“They were both a mess” she said softly, then looked up into his sparkling black eyes with eyes a familiar green, “it was glorious, just glorious!”

A black eyebrow arched elegantly in question. “A mess?” he was curious, what exactly constituted a mess, and how could it be glorious? Visions of Longbottom messes swirled in his mind. Nothing remotely glorious about that. He almost withdrew in surprise when a very elegant finger reached up and traced the eyebrow in question.

She looked up at him awkwardly, trying to stay where she was yet not put a crick in her neck with
the difficult angle it needed to be in to watch his expressions.

Severus decided to take a chance, and lifted her from her position beside him and placed her half reclining against his other arm, firmly on his lap. Her sigh of relief brought a slight smile to his face, softening its harsh lines.

She again reached up to caress the eyebrow she had become particularly fond of. “Wish I could do that! I can only do the Elvis sneer.”

The eyebrow if possible rose higher. “The what?”

She was going to tell him, but decided it would only confuse him, so she showed him instead, and lifted her lip twitching it in the way ‘the king’ made famous years ago. He only laughed then lower his head and kissed her nose.

“That” he said “Looks more like a nervous condition than a sneer.” Petting the area lightly with the tip of his index finger. “Need a potion for that?”

She could tell the way his eyes glittered he was teasing her. He really did have the most remarkable eyes. They were really more sable than black. You had to look very closely to see the rich dark chocolate among the black.

“Morgana?”

“Morgana?”

“Huh? Oh what?” His voice had brought her out of her contemplation of his eyes. She had not realized she had been staring so fixedly at him until she noticed the light blush on his cheeks.

“I take it my sneer didn’t frighten you.”

“No, not really.” He said softly, a slight smile played across his lips.

She sighed. “They are going to laugh at me at the next Evil Overlord convention. I hope you’re happy! All the other evil sorceresses and sorcerers will be making fun of me!”

To her great surprise and delight he burst out laughing at this. When he calmed down she asked him how he knew such a muggle thing.

“Occlumency with Aren, his cousin was interested in co, com, computers. And it happened to be something he …printed? Aren kept it, and apparently memorized it. When I came across it in his Occlumency lesson, I was fascinated and asked him for a copy. I do think that was when we started to become friendlier.”

“It’s a great list isn’t it? No wonder he’s been able to beat Voldemort at such a young age, he had the bad guys playbook!” They both giggled a little at this. Well, not Severus, but it was as close to a giggle as she was likely to get out of him. It was more, now she thought on it a silent shaking of his shoulders that led her to think of him giggling. But the shaking was just enough to remind her of where she sat, and if that ridge nestled between her buttocks was any indication; he definitely was not, what did he tell Filly? Oh yeah, empty. No Severus seemed primed and ready to go.

She had no idea why she was going to do what she did except to say it seemed like a good idea at the time. Maybe it was the after effects of the rite, maybe it was their companionship, maybe it was what was going on with her body, maybe it was time to stop mourning, maybe she was just damn horny. She started to clench and release her cheeks around his erection in a rhythmic manner, leaving
him in no doubt she was doing it deliberately.

Severus reclined his head on the back of the settee, closing his eyes. Trying to control himself when the first feeling of her sitting on his lap made him hard. It was too soon after Aren’s rite, and the passion was still around them, making him edgy. He knew holding her would be a stupid thing to do, but he really could not help himself. What he wanted, really wanted at this moment was to bury himself so deep inside her, he’d never find his way out. Her actions were not making it easier to stop, they were encouraging instead.

Morgana reached up to caress his cheek which had gone from a blush to an almost feverish flush. As her hands skimmed the area his eyes opened, glittering with sensual promise and suddenly, instead of a caress, she wrapped her hand around his head and pulled him towards her.

Slowly, so very slowly, their mouths moved towards each other. Lips delicately meeting for the first time in tentativeness and exploration. Soft to hard just brushing lightly, almost butterfly soft against each other. They parted a breath away before like a magnetic pull they rejoined, opened, inhaled the others breath, tasted each other and found it addictive. Needing more, tongues touched, entwined, mated in an imitation of the act between two who loved.

Severus lowered the arm that had held tightly on to her shoulder in an act of comfort and instead now clasped onto her hip, pushing her harder down on to him as he pushed his hips up to meet her.

Severus then copied the move she made that first night when Filidea had jumped him. Waving his hand in the exact motion, he thought ‘clothes disappear’, and they did, leaving Severus and Morgana skin to skin, like it was meant to be. He then slightly pushed her off his lap, and standing, scooped her up and walked, holding her tightly in his arms into the bedroom.

He knew exactly what needed to be done at this point. Liam had been very thorough. Embarrassingly so. Aren also had made conditions, he had to be one of them if he wanted Morgana. He wanted her, more than he wanted his next breath, so he would do what was needed and almost threw her onto the bed, eyes glittering with a feral light.

Morgana raised herself on her elbows, and watched him warily. She knew what that light in his eyes meant. She would give him the full experience of becoming Fae and her mate. Before he could move onto the bed to cover her, she lunged lightning quick, pulling him off balance til he was under her.

“So you want to be Fae? Do you know what our coin is?” she asked as her cat green eyes glowed. “Blood, flesh and pain are the coins of our realm.” She crawled on top of him smearing her menstrual blood over his body, and straddled his hips. Her hands gripping his shoulders, fingernails biting into flesh bring small wheals of blood to the surface. “Welcome to the family” she snarled then lunged, biting him in the pectoral as she mounted him, her sharp white teeth tearing at flesh and muscle. Severus screamed out his pain but clasped her hips forcing himself into her hard, lifting her knees from their position on either side of him off the bed.

“Bitch!” he grunted and quickly reversed their positions until she was now in the submissive position. They both gasped as he rammed his hard cock into her repeatedly. Leaning down he suckled at her breast until the nipple was pebble hard then bit down hard drawing blood that he quickly drank down.

He gasped as he felt a burning inside himself, that soon turned intensely sexual, he could see light coming off his skin, merging with the glow from Morgana.
“What the fuck?” Liam quizzed at the slight glow seeping into the room, along with the feeling that he needed to fuck someone, anyone, now!

“It canna be Aren!” Daffyd said as he grabbed Niall’s arm and they quickly started to leave the room. The other wizards looked bewildered. They still had no idea of what had exactly happened before, only that it was the most sexual high they had ever felt, and now it seemed it was happening again, only this time the Fae were quickly pairing off and leaving the room.

Filidea had sat on top of Remus lap when she entered the room, now she didn’t even pretend to be doing other than fucking the wizard as she lifted the skirt of her dress, and pulled out his cock and mounted him in front of everybody. “It’s the bitch and the dark one.” She groaned. “Knew I should not have left him alone!”

Mirinda stalked Kingsley, cornering him, whispering into his ear as she also cupped his erection. He nodded eyes wide, mouth hanging open practically salivating all over her as he grabbed her hips pulling her into the cradle of his thighs. Then they two left.

“Hey, lass.” Liam said to Tonks. “want to feel all warm on t’ inside and glowy on t’ outside?” Tonks looked at him wide-eyed. “G-g glow-y?”

“Aye lass.” He said lifting her in his arms he quickly left for his bed.

The older wizards in the group that was left sat down, made themselves comfortable and prepared to ‘ride’ it out, while the younger ones, no proof against Fae magic, paired off.

Luna, eyes wide watched as her staid widowed father groped then went off with one of the WYP male Aurors. She never thought he would have been interested in his own sex. Maybe that was why all her previous matchmaking attempts had not worked. She thought as she sat on the floor in a dark corner and masturbated. Watching her third year DADA professor fuck the blonde Fae furiously, small growls coming from his mouth as she kept slamming down on his cock demanding it ‘harder wolf!’ it was so entertaining here at Aren and Draco’s place she thought dreamily, fingers working feverishly at herself as the wave crested and broke over them all.

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Aren woke up half on Draco, he had no idea how he got into bed or when, all he knew was his head hurt, his shoulder was sore, and his dick felt raw. He also had no idea why he had awoken feeling like he did, only that it made him horny. He looked down to see his hand clasping himself, come running down his cock and sprayed on his chest and Draco’s back.

Draco had slept through whatever it was, face still pressed sideways into the pillow drool soaking a spot on it.

“Hello, son”

Aren quickly rolled off of Draco and sat up in bed to see a girl standing at the foot of his bed, smiling at him. Glancing around frantically, he noticed that they had slept on top of the covers, so he conjured up a blanket to cover his and Draco’s nakedness.

“Congratulations on your bonding and a successful rite,” The red-headed girl, no, woman said.
“Who the fuck are you and why are you in our room?” He snarled. Rite? What the hell was she talking about?

“Is that anyway to talk to you’re mother, My Lord?” The woman chided him.

“WHO? You’re What? What the hell are you talking about? My mother is dead.” Aren spat out. He felt shaky and nauseous with a cold clammy feeling creeping over his skin raising bumps on his flesh.

The woman sighed, and walked over to Aren’s side of the bed and sat down by him, sinking into the covers, yet not disturbing them. Now that he was more awake, he saw that she was just slightly transparent. He looked at her closely, red hair and very familiar green eyes. A Ghost?

“Mum?” his voice squeaked.

Just then Aren heard other voices seemingly to come from just beyond the bottom of his bed.

“Well, wasn’t that a lovely plan you can up with there Fulbert*?”

“But James, how was I to know the lad would be pulling the puddin? You have to admit, it was funny, I mean him wanking there in front of his mum an didn’t know it.”

Aren knew that voice.

*lots of laughter and loud snickering heard*

“It was wasn’t it? D’you think he resembles me?”

“Oh, James, he’s got way more than you!”

“Ass! That wasn’t what I meant, and what do you mean he has more than I do? You poof! You’ve been eyeing up my son!”

“Have not!”

“Have to, you pervert! Your own godson!”

“STOP!” Aren shouted, and it immediately became silent.

Aren turned to his mum, his face was bright red. “Mum?”

“Aren, since your rite, you have come into you’re Fae abilities.”

“But mum! I don’t remember doing the rite!” He reached up rubbing his head and pulled his hand away quickly when he came across a nice sized lump that was still quite sore. “The last thing I remember was taking a shower to get ready for dinner.”

“I don’t know those details, all I know is what happened right after the rite ended. Your abilities, or one of them allowed us to come.”

“What abilities? I can see ghosts?” He asked, it was confusing, couldn’t everyone see the ghosts at Hogwarts?

“I am not a ghost Aren. You have become Lord of the Dead. You and those you wish, can talk and see anyone who is dead, all you have to do is call them. They have to obey you. You also have the ability to catch souls, but I really don’t know much more than that.” She told him while trying to comb her fingers through his hair to brush it off his face, only her fingers kept passing through unable to grasp the strands.
“Mum.”

“Yes?”

He looked at her closely, she looked like the pictures he had. “You…you’re really here…sitting on my bed…talking to me.” He stumbled through, it was all starting to become real to him. He waved his hand at the bottom of the bed. “And that was Sirius and dad I heard?”

“Yes, I’m here, and yes, that was unfortunately your father and the idiot dog you heard. Not exactly putting their best foot forward so to speak.” She smiled wryly at him in apology. “I wanted to come to you at a more appropriate time, but Sirius had a plan and talked James into it like he usually did, and well you see how it’s turned out haven’t you?”

“Well then, why Aren’t they here?” he asked her.

“Only Fae dead may appear to crave a boon, all other dead must wait until commanded, and you told them to stop so they can’t talk to you.”

The wheels in Aren’s mind started turning. He would need time to think about all this and to find out about that soul thing his mum told him. His mum. Wow! He could have his parents and Sirius around any time he wanted.

“Ah, er… Mum? How do I get them to come here?” Aren felt a bit embarrassed, he should know how to call them if he was the lord, shouldn’t he? The Lord, another title, Draco will be so pleased! That brought out a giggle and he saw his mum smiling at him.

“Think of who you want to see and say their name.” She told him.

“What if it is someone I don’t know and only heard about?” Aren asked remembering his talk with Tom in the chamber of secrets. He had the beginnings of a plan forming. He would need to think about it before he told anyone.

“Well, you think about what you know of them, then use the best name possible, but you have to call them, so some type of name must be used.” She explained, slightly frowning at the look she saw in his eyes. James got that same look after he thought of something devilish to do to someone.

“Aaaarrreeeennnn! I don’t like that look!”

“Just thinking of something, mum. Might all come to naught, I have to think on it for a bit. So if I say James and Sirius come now?”

“Well, if you say come, hairy, then we come, and so apparently do you!” Sirius said as he materialized at the bottom of the bed along with his father. He flourished an elaborate bow, “My Lord!”

“Dad!” Aren almost shouted, “Sirius! I’ve missed you all so much!”

“Aren?” Draco mumbled “Who are you talking to and why are they in our room?” This last was said in a whine. He wanted to complain about how he felt and manners prevented him from bitching like he wanted to. Draco then rolled over to see who Aren was having a conversation with exposing himself to all there. Lily and James turned their heads in respect, while Sirius ogled the merchandise.

“Sirius!” Aren almost shouted at his godfather while he quickly covered up Draco’s charms. What a letch he was turning out to be! “Behave or you go! And the name is Aren! Use it!” He said frowning at the man.
“Draco, this is my mum; Liliana, my father; James, and my godfather, also a cousin of yours; Sirius Black. Mum, dad, Sirius; this is Draco, my bonded.”

Draco nodded at them then leaned in towards Aren making sure all his bits were covered. “Aren! They are ghosts!”

“Mum tells me they’re not, don’t know what they are yet, but I have the ability to call the dead. Neat huh?”

“Any dead?” he asked Aren, his eyes speculative.

“Any, and they have to obey me!” he watched Draco as he said this, a silver blond eyebrow rising in thought, knowing he was already like himself thinking of the advantages this could be put to.

Lily smiled at Draco, and told him she was glad her son had found someone to love who loved him back. Draco smiled at that. He did indeed love Aren with his whole being.

While Lily smiled at the boys, James and Sirius frowned, they needed to know a lot more about this young man before they would approve.

“Draco?” Sirius said, “wasn’t there a Draco at school that you and Ron were always complaining about? A Draco Malfoy?”

“Malfoy!” James exclaimed, “Not Lucky Lucius son?” he looked at Sirius who nodded at him in agreement.

“Pay them no attention Draco. Aren loves you and you love him, that is all that is important. Besides I once knew you’re mother, she was a lovely woman, and a good friend to me.” Lily turned towards the two men who were grumbling, “Behave you two, or Aren will send you back!” she snapped at them. James stopped, knowing Lily would tear into him otherwise, but Sirius kept on with his grumbles.

“Remus is here!” Aren said to the men, “Why don’t you go and see what he’s doing?”

James nodded, knowing he would have plenty of opportunity to talk in the future with his son, and grabbing Sirius by the sleeve dragged him out of the room. Before he left, Sirius got a certain look in his eyes, he would really rather have stayed and gotten a better look at Harry’s bonded, but orders, no matter how gently couched by the Lord, were orders.

“James, why didn’t you and Lily ever live here?”

“Didn’t know it existed, did I? But it reminds me of somewhere, I just can’t put my finger on It.” He said as he saw Sirius go through a door and followed him.

“Well, I’ll be damned!”

“Most likely” James agreed, “What’s up?”

“It’s Snivellus! Looks like he’s been bumping uglies with some poor misguided woman. Shit!” he exclaimed as he got close enough to check out the woman. “It looks like Harry’s sister!”

“What! Aren does not have a sister! I mean I would know that wouldn’t I? Stop with the Harry, he said use his name…orders? Remember?” James said then he too came to where Sirius stood and
looked at the woman sleeping in Severus arms. “Holy Merlin! It’s Morgana!”

“Who’s she?”

“She is kind of Lily’s grandmother.”

Sirius snorted at that. “I’ve never seen a grandmother built like that before! Nice rack don cha think? James, look! Snivellus got quite a nice tool on him, doesn’t he? Much bigger than when we were in school!”

“Sirius?”

“Sirius! Lets go! I really don’t want to be here when they wake up” he shuddered, “especially Morgana! You have no idea of what she could do to us!”

“Damn James! Relax, we’re dead! What she gonna do? Kill us!”

“Trust me, there are far worst things than being dead, and she knows them all! Besides, Lily will kill me if she finds us here.”

“You are so pussy whipped!”

“Am not!”

“Are too!”

“Ass!” James said and smacked Sirius in the back of his head. “You’re nothing but a cock hound, Sirius! Isn’t there anything but sex you think of?”

“You go with out as long as I have! Then tell me what you think about!”

“Come on! Lets go find Remus.”

-.-.-

“Mum?”

“Yes love?”

“Could you, um, like go to other places and see what is happening there?”

“Like what?” she asked a little leery of what her son was thinking.

“um.. Like , could you go and see if Draco’s mum is okay?” Draco turned to Aren and gave him a look of hope. He really missed his mother, not that he would tell Aren, but he was worried about her.

“How did you know Aren?” Draco asked. “When father is not around, my mother is totally different than what you saw at the World Cup. She’s…”

“I know baby, that’s why if she wants to, I’ll make a port key to bring her here!” Aren told Draco. “I can feel your sadness through our bond.”

Not caring who was there watching, Draco kissed Aren passionately to show how much Aren’s thoughtfulness meant to him. Aren started to reciprocate until an ‘ummmhum’ from Lily brought
them back to the here and now.

“Give the order Aren and I’ll be happy to see Cissy. Order me to show myself and speak to her, otherwise I can’t. Then if she wishes, you can send a port key.”

Aren ordered his mother to seek out Narcissa Malfoy, to show herself to her and to speak to her, then to come back and tell them of what she found. Draco smiled through his tears at being able to again see his mother and wished Lily a good journey as she vanished.

“Now!” Aren said turning to Draco, “tell me all about my rite!”

TBC

A/N: guess who the Fulbert is, especially those of you who need the HP lexicon to survive! Hint:… check the time lines! Also, this is for Susanna, who likes ship…you did say dominant Severus… right? Again…can’t send pic of Aren with out an addy, thnbrooke- sorry sweetie, but I lost yours, send again!
Chapter 17

Draco had just opened his mouth to tell him about his rite that he missed when Aren’s stomach rumbled.

“Hungry! You?” Draco thought about it for a minute before he nodded in agreement.

“Starved! Let me call Dobby, you already have a headache with out Dobby making it worst.” Aren smiled gratefully, and relaxed against the headboards while Draco made the arrangements. The whole time Dobby had been giving him strange looks and weird sounds. He knew damn well the elf wanted to talk to him, but he wasn’t up to playing his game right now.

Smart Draco didn’t allow an opening either for Dobby to ask any questions. Aren rubbed his hand up and down Draco’s thigh in appreciation. Eventually ending up at his crotch where he spent time playing with Draco’s pubic curls.

Draco predictably, especially for a 17 year old young man, rose to the occasion and wanted to know if Aren was going to take care of the problem he caused.

Aren nodded as he slid under the blanket he had conjured running his hands all over Draco before he put his mouth to the tip of his cock and gently started to suckle.

Aren was actually more interested in his breakfast than sex at the time but figured it would at least be one way to occupy his mouth til the food arrived. Besides, when he sucked Draco off in this way he always got this maternal…

“Dwaco!” Aren almost shouted, but of course that was a little difficult to do when you had a mouth full of Draco. Unfortunately for Aren, Draco had placed his hands on his head to keep Aren in place. Shit! Aren really needed to talk and it seemed his love was not in a lets stop and talk mood if the pressure on his head was anything to go by. There was only one thing he could do in this situation if he didn’t want to end up with missing chunks of hair. He increased his suction on the very sensitive tip of his cock and carefully eased one finger into Draco’s hole searching for yes! That was the spot! He stimulated it like mad until his love couldn’t hold out and came.

“Dwaco!, er Draco!” Aren then shouted once his mouth was free. “Oh, My, GOD! You’ll never guess!” Aren raised horrified eyes to his love.

Draco was feeling way too relaxed to pay much attention to Aren. That was one hell of a blow job he was just given, and it felt to Draco that along with his cum, Aren had sucked out what functioning brain cells he had. He just smiled lazily at Aren.

“Draco!” This time Aren shook the blond, he really needed him to get out of his post blow job bliss.
This was serious shit!

“What?” The silver eyes lost their dreamy look and sharpened in annoyance.

“My Mother was here!” Aren shouted hands fisted in his hair, ready to pull.

“I know.”

“NO! She saw us!”

“Aren, I was here, I saw her too.”

“Aarrgh! NO SHE SAW US! TOGETHER. Your ass, your dick! Oh My god! She saw me wanking! Draco what am I going to do? M’Mum Saw my cock! Oh, god! She watched me cum!” Aren then crawled under the covers, and pulled them tight around himself.

While Aren hid, Draco looked down at himself and took inventory. He personally thought he looked damn good and had nothing to be shy about. He snorted, Aren had even less to be shy about, but he guessed it was different if a blokes mum saw you. He shuddered to think of his mother watching him.

Dobby popped in with two trays and put them down, looked around, and not finding Aren, popped out. Draco shook his head, that was one seriously disturbed house elf!

“Aren, breakfast!” Draco heard a muffled ‘never coming out again’ from the blankets. “Ooo, waffles! And oh, yum! Strawberries! Aren! Stop being melodramatic. It happened, you can not unhappen it so deal with it love! Besides, if my mother comes, you had better be presentable. You have just enough time to eat, shower and dress, before Liliana comes back. Oh! And we need to round those two miscreants you sent wandering and find out what has happened since we’ve had our rite.”

Aren poked his head out of the covers wondering where his drama queen went to and left this earth mother in its place? So, there being nothing left to do, he got up and did exactly what Draco wanted him to.

Draco had filled him in during their shower about the rite and Aren apologized profusely to him and watched amazed as Draco waved it off saying it was his fault all along.

Okay he thought, what abilities did Draco get? He sure is behaving more mature that usual. Strange, Aren could always count on Draco being just a tad more childish than him and always willing when he got into a ‘teenager’ mood to join him. He became still, and went inside himself to where he felt his bond to Draco and followed it. There he found an ability to heal much more than a Medi-wizard could do and humm…it felt like what he felt when he was talking to his own mum, or Mrs. Weasley, or Poppy Pomfrey. A kind of deep caring or love. He snickered inwardly, Draco got mother power!

When he came out of his semi-trance Draco was looking at him quizzically.

“You seemed different, so I wanted to find out what your abilities were.”

“Well? What did you find?”

“Well, you can heal almost anything, short of death, and you’ve got…” He hesitated, not knowing how to put it, until it flashed inside his mind. “Gaea’s abilities. Draco! You can help create life! Do you know how important that is to our people?”
“I still think we should have kept to the public rooms! That last one was damn embarrassing!”

“James, James, broaden your mind! That was a very nice ass that other wizard was sucking on. And the red head seemed to really like having a tongue up his hole if those noises were anything to go by. Reminded me of someone. James! Who do we know has red hair besides Lily?”

“Sirius! I just can’t believe you! I think if we came across a knot hole in a tree you’d find something arousing about it!”

“A hole’s a hole James don’t knock it til you’ve tried it. Or are you going to condemn Aren because he bonded with a man?”

“Sirius! You know I’d never do that! It’s not the partners we see, it’s the fact that that is all we’re seeing here. People having sex!”

“Ah! That’s okay then, you’re not prejudiced, you’re just repressed! Tell me James, were you always like this? I can’t see Lily being a stick in the mud like you.”

James just shook his head, Sirius would never understand since the Blacks were always thought to be a bit touched in more ways than one. This was Godric’s fortress, Aren’s house, shouldn’t things be a bit more decorous? “I’m not a stick in the mud, ask Lily! Oh, er, better not. Where the hell is Remus? Shouldn’t he be helping to take care of things?” He was talking and following, but not watching where he was going until he bumped into Sirius.

“I think we’ve found our little lost wolf! My, my, my… the things he does when we’re not around. James? Would you call that doggie style or wolf-back?”

“Oh, Fuck!”

“Yes, I’d say they were, and quite enthusiastically if I do say so myself! I never thought he had it in him!” Sirius saw that James couldn’t take his eyes off Remus and nudged him in the ribs. “I say, James? Would you call that his human dick or his wolf one, or maybe a combination of the two? I need a closer look, wait here and I’ll find out.”

Sirius walked over and knelt down to get a closer view of the ‘item’ in question. James just gaped at him. “A combo job I shouldn’t wonder, do you think he’ll start howling?”

“He did before.” Both spirits were startled to hear another voice talking to them. It came from a young woman with very light blond hair.

“You can see us?” James said to her.

“And hear you. I’m Luna, a friend of Aren and Draco’s. Don’t they just have the most interesting lives?”

“Luna, Is this sort of thing common?” James asked her.

“Oh, no. It’s only the effects of the rites that caused this. It should end with lots of embarrassment soon. I remember you, welcome back! Was the veil all it should be?” She said to both James, then Sirius.

“Whole lot of nothing. Frankly, when I realized where I was I was quite disappointed.” Sirius said to her very seriously.
“Aren is going to call you, you should be going back. It was nice meeting you, Aren has something planned I think you will both enjoy. Tell me, have you seen any crumple-horned snorkacks where you were?” Luna said then wandered off again with out waiting for an answer.

“Strange girl.” Sirius said.

“Strange everything.” James replied.

Severus was the first to wake. When he came back to consciousness he stayed perfectly still, the result of too damn many years as a spy for Dumbledore kicking in. He tested the muscles in his body to try and determine if anything had been broken or damaged. Slowly moving them by flexing then relaxing the larger ones. So far so good. He then slowly opened his eyes taking in his immediate surroundings. The sight and feel of his bed partner brought it all back to him. He was alive so it had to have been successful. He was Fae, but he didn’t feel any different than he had.

He cast his mind back over what he and Morgana did. She was right it was glorious, and looking at them lying there, incredibly messy. It had been sex at its most primitive, mate or die. They had behaved like animals, snarling biting licking sucking each other all over. Nothing had been off limits. No wonder she kept reminding them that the Fae were at heart how did she put it? Ah, not very nice, and he was now one of them…life was good!

He smiled, and when she was in season, it would get even more passionate. He wondered if he had time to create some stamina potions, or maybe, he just wouldn’t need them. He would never have believed himself capable of half the things he had done with Morgana, and as a death eater, he had done some very difficult things to stomach.

Now though, he was hungry, starved to be exact. Smiling wryly he did believe both of them should wash and get the blood and other fluids off them before they called for food. He turned to wake Morgana and found her eyes open staring at him. Watching him carefully. He somehow knew she was trying to gauge his reaction to all they had done now that the screaming was over. So, he smiled and kissed her nose to answer her unasked questions.

Lily walked the halls of Malfoy Manor searching for her old school friend, Cissy. To think, their boys, both the same age were now bonded. Draco was a beautiful combination of both Lucius and Narcissa. She thanked Merlin though, that he was more like Cissy than Lucius. He had that same core of morality that would never fail, just like his mother. One only had to be perceptive to see it. She could hardly wait to see their children, and with Draco, she knew there would be many. He was given the same ability she had once had, that of Bringer of Life. Her people would rejoice once they heard the news. Now with his touch, all now empty wombs would be able to quicken with life. Narcissa should be so proud of this son she raised. She was very anxious to tell her so.

Lily found Narcissa sitting alone in a garden room at the back of the Mansion. She was staring out the window at the lovely manicured grounds that surrounded the Manor. Lily sighed silently, she looked so lonely and sad.

“Cissy?” she began hesitantly, not wanting to scare her friend.

Narcissa looked to the source of the sound calling her name and her eyes widened in alarm.
“Cissy, I come with a message from our sons.” She said gently to the apprehensive woman, hoping that would reassure her. It did the opposite as her eyes filled with tears.

“Great Merlin, they are dead! Aren’t they?”

Lily was shocked, and she rushed to Cissy’s side reassuring her that they were very much alive and doing well.

“Lily? How?” she waved her hand unable to get the words out in any understandable order. There were so many thoughts going through her head.

“I don’t know the whole story, Cissy. All I know is from when I was able to appear to them just two hours ago. Be assured, they are well and wish for you to join them. Your son misses you greatly. I am here to find out how you are and to let them know if you want to join them.”

“Only two hours ago? Why not sooner?”

“It was only when Aren came into his powers that I could go to him, Cissy. He is Fae like me and it takes a certain rite to bring our abilities out.” She smiled at Cissy and told her a little about the rite, and that her Draco was one of them also, and what a fine young man she raised and that the boys had bonded.

“Lucius will not like that, I’ll tell you that much for nothing.”

“Will you come?”

“Are you going to take me?”

“Aren hasn’t given me the ability, he only told me to show myself and to allow you to hear me. He said he would make a port key for you.”

“Come back as soon as you can, Lily. I’ll be ready.” Narcissa said as she watched Lily slowly fade away. She felt so much better, her lethargy had gone which was good, since she had much to do before she was ready to leave.

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“Sirius! James! Come to me!” Aren called out. “Draco, would you ask Dobby to get our Hogwarts letters, no ask him to bring all our mail. I think the idea I had when I found out about this ability has just jelled.”

“Good?”

“One of my best!”

“Better than The Privet one?”

“Much! We are going to start what Liam tells me the mundane military calls softening up our targets.”

“Sounds like fun what can I do?” Sirius said as he entered the room. “By the way, Harry, great place you got here, very entertaining guests.”

“Pay no attention to him son, or he’ll go on all day.”
“Just because you are a prude, James doesn’t mean the lad wouldn’t like a blow by blow account of just how his guests have been occupying themselves.”

“Aren? Somehow I just know I’ll regret it, but ask him to tell us what has been happening in our home during our rite.”

“Draco? Are you sure? You don’t know him like I do.” James replied. And both boys became a little hesitant at the warning.

“James! How dare you impugn my honor!”

“What honor?”

“I do have some, I’ll have you know!”

“Well, where have you been keeping it?”

“Just because I don’t walk around with a stick up my ass, doesn’t mean I’m with out it! To be any stiffer James you’d have to be dead!”

“Sirius! News flash! We are dead!” James told him dryly.

“Right! But that does not mean we have to act it!” he shot back to his best friend.

It was like a tennis match, watching them shoot insults at each other until Aren had enough and called out for them to stop.

“You will both listen to me. I need to start this plan as soon as possible because tomorrow’s Saturday, and I want them to be weirded out a bit for the game. I also need to know if there are any other dead that could help you in this, especially if they have a grudge against Voldemort or any of his Death Eaters. Now here is what I want you to do…”

By the time Aren finished his plan all, including Draco were laughing. James had come up with 5 kindred spirits, and Sirius had, besides his brother Regulus, added another six into the mix. Once Aren had called them into his presence, and given them their instructions he also gave them freedoms, they could be seen if wished, and heard and just to make things interesting he gave them the ability to affect solid matter up to 10 pounds by imbuing them with bits of his own magical signature. Lucius, maybe Bellatrix, but definitely Voldemort would know by that that he had a hand in what was going to happen. So all in all, 14 spirits who had been imbued with Aren’s magic and given abilities they hadn’t had since they were alive were sent to harass, prank, warn about what would happen if they didn’t surrender, and what ever else they could think of to Voldemort and his followers. The softening-up had started.

Tomorrow might be a bit too soon to see if it was effective, but as it continued, and Aren brought in more spirits, he knew it would start to get to them. Sirius was especially anxious to visit his dear cousin, Bella.

After they left he told Draco he had the same thing planned for Fudge and Dumbledore, only the spirits he used would be more appropriate to them. Than he floored Draco when he said he was going to call Tom’s mother and father later once things really got going to drive Voldemort more insane. He wanted them all so frazzled that they would make stupid mistakes, and then it would be time to swoop in for the kill.

“But what about the mud blood and the weasel?” Draco asked, there was no way he was going to let them get away with how they treated his Aren.
“This will be right up you alley, love. You and Severus, Remus and whom ever you want will come up with a test, of magical knowledge, traditions and power for entrance and the years from 1st to 7th. All those who don’t pass, leave Hogwarts. They can go to a magical public school for mediocre witches and wizards.”

“How did you know? That is something like I wanted to do when we gained control of Hogwarts.”

“Our bond, love. When you feel something strongly, so do I. So I knew you wanted the school, and why. Besides, what greater way to humiliate Granger than having Miss know-it-all fail and be sent off in disgrace. Same with Ron. Do you really think they will get good jobs once it’s known they were expelled for failure?”

“Aren?”

“Yes love?”

“You are more Slytherin than Slytherin.”

“Thanks love, So, should we journey to Diagon Alley Sunday and get our Supplies?”

“So we’re going?”

“Oh, Yeah! I just don’t know if we should go at start or wait a couple of weeks. We still haven’t gotten to talk to anyone about this with all that’s been going on.”

“Aren? There are two more letters here, one for you and one for me.” Draco said with a bit of a quiver in his voice which was enough to alarm Aren.

“Draco?”

“They are from Lucius, both of them.”

“Read them, and let me know what he wants, but remember, you are more powerful than he will ever be, you no longer have to consider him in your life unless you want to, just don’t expect me to invite him for tea anytime this century.”

Draco read the letter to him first. It asked him to come home, that his mother missed him. He snickered about that and tossed it in the fire. The letter to Aren, or Harry Potter, asked ‘to be allowed to assist in your up coming fight with The Dark Lord’ Draco emphasized his words to Aren. He was to let him know in which way he could prove himself to him. Both Draco and Aren snorted at this. Lucius wanted to cover his ass, and survive the end of Voldemort.

“What do you want to do?” Draco asked.

“Use him, what else.”

“Tell me you are not going to trust him?”

“Hell no! Even Voldemort says Lucius is the slipperiest of them all, I said use him. But he will still have to answer to his crimes. I think with a little bit of thought we can come up with something good for your dear ol dad.”

Lily chose that time to show up and say Narcissa was excited about coming to be with them. She told Draco how sad she was when she found her, and that at first she had thought they were dead, and I was just delivering a message from the great beyond. But that once she had convinced her, she
was anxious to pack up and come here.

While Lily was telling Draco that Aren had quickly made up a port key and had given Lily the ability he had given the others so she could grasp it. She left saying she would be back within the hour.

“That gives us just enough time to have a room readied for her, and to make sure the place is up to snuff.” Draco said, “Something tells me we will need to have the elves do some cleaning, especially with the reaction my cousin Sirius had. He seemed way too amused, for everything to be all right.” Aren agreed with him. Sirius had been way too amused at his home to make him feel comfortable showing his mum and mother-in-law around without a quick inspection.

The others were up and like Luna predicted, embarrassed, but were waiting on Aren to allow them to lift the wards so they could leave. They had a lot to prepare to be ready for Quidditch tomorrow. Aren assured them that he would see to the Harpies. And he would be in Diagon Alley the following day if they needed to contact him or any of the others he said to Marciana as he walked them out to the edge of the wards and opened a doorway for them to go through then closed it and went back to the library to join the others.

Draco had sat down with Severus and called Lupin over to discuss the test he wanted administered to all when they got to school.

“So you both are definitely going” Remus asked.

They nodded but told them, that they thought they would arrive more so into October than the start of semester. They wanted to arrive with the ownership of the school a certainty, and asked Severus whether he was going back.

“No, While I love potions, I loath teaching and always have. Dumbledore kept me there for my protection, but since that is no longer needed, and he is not to be trusted, I do believe I will set up a lab when everything is all over and experiment with some things I never had time to.”

“But Severus” Draco almost wailed, I’ll need you there when we go! I was planning on asking you if you would care to be headmaster.”

Severus looked quite surprised at this, but told him he didn’t have the patience required. “If I may be so bold? I do believe Lupin here would make a fine Headmaster, if you wanted to bypass McGonagall, although she would be my first choice.”

“No, McGonagall is too set in her ways to be headmistress,” Draco said, “Remus? If you want it, the job is yours.” Remus needless to say was flabbergasted at both Severus and Draco’s suggestion. But accepted the position. He did tell them of his worries about being a were-wolf until Severus told him not to be stupid, he personally would keep him supplied with the Wolfsbane potion.

“Severus,” Aren said, we will still need you and grandmother and the others there for a little while, say until the Yule break? I do believe everything but the shouting will be over by then.”

“And Just what have you planned my young Lordling?” Morgana said as she came in to the room. Severus immediately stood up and went over to her, and escorted her to a comfortable couch where they both sat. Ah, Aren thought, something momentous happened between them and he didn’t think it was a nice chat over tea and cakes.

“Well, Yammi, after tomorrow, we thought we would get ready for our last year of school.” Aren said simply.
“Filidea told me of Draco abilities and he is too valuable to be allowed to risk himself tomorrow. He stays here, where he is safe.” Morgana said. “No, don’t even bother arguing, when it comes to the survival of our race, nothing takes precedent” Morgana looked hard at Aren. So far he had not put up an argument, it had all been Draco, wanting to be there to protect Aren.

“I agree with you.” Aren said. “I looked into Draco and saw what he had and knew how important to us he was. There are a lot of other things I really need him to be doing besides wielding a Faesword at some yahoo’s in masks.”

“Filidea however,” Morgana continued despite Draco’s spluttering, “could not see into you for your abilities. Have you any idea what they might be?”

Just then Sirius appeared, he bowed to Aren, looked around and winked at Severus and waggled his eyebrows at Remus. He walked over to Aren ignoring the shock on the other’s faces and whispered to him. “Tell him I said you could.” Aren said. Sirius gave him a big smile and disappeared with a wave to Remus and a kiss blown to Severus.

Draco smirked while all eyes turned to Aren. “Well, um…you see, I happen to have become the Lord of the Dead, or so m’mum says.”

“Oh!” Morgana exclaimed, “I should have thought of that. It is close to my own abilities to create phantoms and other manner of specters. And what else have you found?”

He didn’t know why, but he was reluctant to tell any of them about the other ability that had come up so far. He wanted to wait til he knew more about it before he shared with anyone but Draco. “Well, that was it so far, why, isn’t that enough that I can call up the dead?”

“And you called up Sirius?” Remus exclaimed.

“Well, no, not exactly, you see, um…well, mum and the others were waiting for us to wake up. They were already there.” Aren flushed a bright red at remembering what his mother had seen while he heard Draco giggling and gave him a nasty look.

“And what have you told Sirius he could do?” Remus really wanted to know why they weren’t here to talk with him.

“I took a bit of what Liam was telling me of military strategy and sent quite a few with enhanced abilities off to soften up the enemy.” Liam broke out laughing, in their training they had talked and one of the things they had talked about was the marauders. So he had a damn good idea the kind of things Sirius would be up to.

“Good move, have you planned what to do to the others?” Liam asked.

Aren went on to explain what all he had been thinking of, and some future ideas he had for eliminating the thorns in his side. Liam, Draco and Morgana along with Daffyd and Niall nodded agreement. The ladies didn’t care about military matters, and it was over the wizards, Severus and Remus heads as they were not very cognizant of muggle militaries.

Lily picked that moment to appear with a nervous Narcissa. Draco shouted and came over to her immediately and gave her a big hug, smiling down on her blond head, he looked over to Aren and Lily and said a silent thank you for this precious gift.
Right before he left, Aren had taken Bill aside and had a chat with him. Bill had then apparated directly to Gringotts and went inside to meet with his direct boss, Mr. Griphook. There he told him all, well considering what had happened, not all but most of what had happened at Griffin’s Rest.

It was fine with Griphook for Bill to work with the IBB and WYP, but Griphook told him his primary task would be to keep their most important clients healthy, his job would be to protect them at all costs. Griphook owled the IBB to inform them that William Weasley would be with Aren at the Harpies on the morrow. And he would only be available if the Prince or his consort were to be there. Griphook then told Bill the rest of the time was his own until Monday, but he should owl the results of the Quidditch match.

When Bill arrived at the Burrow he found only his father and mother there. The twins were at their shop, and according to Molly; Ron, Ginny and Hermione were at Grimmauld place. They were only here to pick up what would be needed for shopping on Sunday. This then was the perfect time to talk to his parents with out it ‘getting’ around.

He had been disgusted at the actions of Ron and Hermione when he worked that travesty Dumbledore and Fudge put on trying to gain access to Harry’s vaults and told his parents so. When he learned of Dumbledore’s perfidy concerning Harry, he was outraged, but unable, due to client confidentiality to say anything. He had been given permission by Griphook, now that the information had been released to tell his parents what he knew, and he did.

To say Molly and Arthur were shocked was an understatement of Homeric proportions. After feeding Bill a snack and pouring tea for all, Molly ceased her rant a bit. Bill told them that Ron, Ginny and especially Hermione were to know nothing of this conversation.

“…And that’s about it except for a message I’ve been charged to deliver to you both from Aren.”

“Well, Bill? Lets have at it.” Arthur said dreading to hear that Aren no longer wanted anything to do with them because of their association with Dumbledore.

“Aren said that I should tell you both that being with this family was some of the happiest times he had ever spent, and would like to continue being thought of as another son or brother, if they could accept his bonded also. He also, with the exception of Ron and Hermione wants to see us from time to time if that is agreeable with us.”

Molly snorted out, “well of course it is… The dear boy!” and she proceeded to cry tears of happiness that she hadn’t lost her youngest ‘son’. She then cried harder mumbling about ‘where did we go wrong with Ron?’. Arthur had been patting her shoulder ineffectively trying to stem her sorrow.

“Mum!” Bill almost shouted at her, “Stop thinking that way! From what I’ve seen, Ron has always been a jealous prat. Before he even met Harry, er Aren, he was jealous of the twins and Percy being at school, he was jealous of Charlie and me being out of school with good jobs, he was even jealous of Ginny for being a girl! Then he met Aren, and when he wasn’t bragging about being his friend, he was jealous of him for all kinds of reasons! That is no ones problem but Ron’s. So don’t be blaming yourself.”

Molly had stopped crying and along with Arthur was listening seriously to their oldest son.

“Mum, dad, I tell you, if I could have, I would have hexed them both so bad at the funeral procession for Harry! I was ashamed to have him as my brother, and saddened by how much neither of them seemed to care that Harry might be dead. All they wanted was to get their hands on his gold!” He said with a disgusted sneer.
“How many times did Ron abandon Harry when for some stupid reason of only his comprehension, that he was jealous of him, or thought he might be dark?” Bill asked angrily. “Did he stay a true friend? No! But Harry, er Aren always took him back, with a smile. Well, he isn’t going to any longer! Ron and Hermione really hurt him bad this time. And apparently Hermione has been after Ron for at least a year to call off the friendship because Harry was doing better academically than her!”

“But how?” Molly started to ask Bill when he stopped her.

“How do I know? From Aren’s bonded talking to me. He has no love for either Hermione or Ron, but now that he is with Aren, he thoroughly hates them. Y’ see, Aren’s bonded is Draco Malfoy!”

He had to pause when his father and mother started up again. Red heads! He thought, why does the color of our hair always seem like a short fuse on our temper? He was very glad for all the control he had learned in his job, or maybe it was that he and Charlie had just been away from the ‘Weasley’ influence long enough to learn control.

“Listen!” he said loudly to break through to them. “Listen to me!”

After another cup of tea, and minutes spent waiting for his parents to calm down, he told them what he had found out. “Draco was hysterical when he heard Lucius bragging about them killing Potter. And packed all his things and left Malfoy Manor and his parents for good. It seems Draco had always liked our Harry, but because of who he was couldn’t do anything about it. That night was the breaking point for him. Somehow, during the next week, they found each other, and have been together since. Draco is, believe me thoroughly besotted with Aren, and the same goes for Aren. So if you want to be in their lives, you have to forget he was ever a Malfoy. It’s that simple, and that hard.”

He waited, hoping his parents took in what he was saying, and would be able to put old feuds aside. Draco was no longer a Malfoy.

“Mum, dad, It was Draco, Severus and Remus that had told me of all the things I’m telling you. And once I thought about all of it, I have to tell you, If I would have been Aren, I would have dumped Ron as my friend long ago. But Aren persisted until he could no longer afford to give Ron the benefit of the doubt.”

“What do you mean, son?” Arthur asked, always the most level headed of the two.

“Just that the war has started, and Aren is the main focus of both Voldemort and Dumbledore, he can’t have someone at his side who might turn at any moment and stab him in the back!”

“But the Order has been made illegal! The Prophet has a direct quote from the head of the IBB!” Molly said. “What can the poor boy do?”

Bill then went on and told them about the IBB and the WYP taking him on along with some of the Ministry’s Aurors. He also told them what Aren had done to Voldemort when he removed Severus’s Dark Mark, and what was going to happen tomorrow, and the roll he had to play in the war.

“Aren is incredibly powerful, you have no idea of what he can do! But he needs his ‘family’ and friends supporting him.”
“Well then, Arthur. You’ll just have to be there along with Bill to make sure nothing happens to ‘our’ boys!” Molly declared. “I will make sure Ron stays away from them, and I’ll send Hermione home after she gets her supplies on Sunday after I have a little talk with her.”

It was a fact in the Wizarding World that brains would only get you so far. It was power and ‘familial’ connections that really counted. Arthur showed his wife and son how much he was savvy to what was going on around him.

“Make it plain to her that even if she somehow manages to get Ronald to marry her, she will not be considered a part of this family. And make sure Ronald knows this, that we will no longer acknowledge him if he does something this stupid. He doesn’t have the brains and backbone Percy does to try to go it alone, but he will have to if he gives in to her!”

Both Bill and Molly were shocked at Arthur’s statement. But Arthur was Head of House for the Weasley family and that was all important in wizard life and he let them know that he was speaking as Head of House on this.

“Oh!” Bill exclaimed once he got over his father’s statement. “I almost forgot!” he rummaged around in his pockets and brought a small box which he un-shrunk and placed it on the table. “Aren wanted you to have this, it was important to him for me to give it to you both.”

The box was very ornate and had the Griffindor crest on the outside. Arthur was almost too overwhelmed to open it. Inside were a couple of rolled up scrolls and two keys tied with a scarlet ribbon, one to each of the scrolls.

Arthur untied the parchment with the biggest key and read it’s contents with Molly and Bill peering over his shoulder.

“Oh my stars!” Molly exclaimed, “He shouldn’t have!” It was the deed to 12 Grimmauld Place, and it was in Arthur’s name as Head of House Weasley. He untied the second scroll with shaking fingers. The key tied to that looked suspiciously like a Gringotts key. He glanced at Bill who nodded. It was a Gringotts key! Arthur slowly unrolled the scroll and gasped.

It stated that while Aren was Head of House Black, and would keep Black family possessions, the house, which Sirius had always hated and all the Black money would go to the Head of House Weasley for being kind enough to consider an orphaned boy as one of his own. All he had to do to lay claim was put a drop of his blood on the deed and the house would recognize him as it’s owner, and the wards would respond only to him, Dumbledore or other members of the Order not of his blood would not be permitted entry.

Bill then told them it was a safety precaution since some of the members had been spy’s for Voldemort, no one other than a Weasley would be able to enter. Aren wanted them safe. He watched again as his mother started to cry.

“Bill, when will we be able to see Aren?” Arthur said, and Molly finally stopped her crying to hear the answer to this. She desperately needed to see her ‘youngest’ son and his bonded.

“He opened his wards to Owls, you can write him and find out, you just need to use his proper name. You do know he was never really named Harry? His proper name is Aren Morrigan James Griffin Le Fae. Apparently the Potters were always blood descendants of the first Griffin, who then became Griffindor, who then became Potter. Aren has taken back his rightful name. He has quit with all the cover-ups that have been used in the past. Says he’s been lied to way too many times to even consider allowing them to continue.”
Arthur gulped, “Then he’s…”

Bill nodded. “Yes he has always been the heir of Griffindor. And I found out that his parseltongue abilities came from his mother’s side, Lily was Fae, not muggle like all the other lies Dumbledore said about Aren.”

Molly, true to form turned very practical. “Well, Arthur, Bill, you two have a busy day tomorrow and I have to get this ready to take to our ‘other’ home. Come on with you! There’s lots to be done if I’m to get a letter off to our boys tonight.”

With smiles all around, Arthur pricked his finger and added a drop of his blood to the deed.

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“Mione!” Ron whispered “What do you think you are doing?” he said as he saw Hermione going over to the part of the Black library that had been forbidden to them. Had been forbidden to all by Sirius. He told them it was dangerous for any but the Head of House to read any of the books, other than the ones he personally picked out for them.

“Oh! Don’t be more stupid than you can help, Ron. There are no more Blacks and I want those books!”

“Mione! You just don’t understand! There will always be a Head of Black House. It just might take awhile to find ‘em. All the wizard families are related in one way or the other. Just because a direct bloodline ended doesn’t mean the whole line’s gone.”

“Ron, just because my parents are muggles doesn’t mean I don’t know a lot of superstitious nonsense when I hear it! ‘There will always be Blacks’” she mocked, “What idiocy.”

Ron took exception to her calling him stupid and implying he was an idiot. He may not be the brightest, but he knew his world and was frankly quite pissed at Mione for always putting him down and telling him what he should be doing. Let her find out for herself! Just because she was smarter than him didn’t mean she knew everything. He always thought she was mental, and this just proved it. So he sat back to watch the action. Even Ginny who just sat there quietly watching through the whole argument, was anxious for Hermione to be proven wrong.

Really, Ginny thought, she does tend to get on one’s nerves. She smiled at Ron. And shrugged as if to say you tried, when Hermione

Hermione reached out to pick up one of the books that had tantalized and teased her with its knowledge ever since she had first been in this house. When nothing happened at her touch, she pulled it off the shelf. Again, nothing happened. So sticking her tongue out at Ron, she took it over to the chair she had been sitting in, plopped herself down and wiggled around until she was comfortable all the while shooting Ron superior looks and proceeded to open it. In her own way, she was just as stuck up as Malfoy Ron thought.

Ron had no idea how he would explain to his mother about what happened to Hermione. It had been fabulous! Ginny was smart enough to get the camera and take pictures of the condition the know-it-all was in now.

In her place was a putrid green, life sized slug with Hermione’s face. Ron had burst out laughing
especially when Ginny took photos. “I told you! But Noooo, Miss know-it-all would never listen to stupid ol Ron, now would she?” He held a mirror up to her to show her what she looked like.

“Turn me back!” she screamed through her tears. But she knew damn well no one but The Head of House could do that, or maybe Dumbledore.

“Oh, just shut it! Maybe mum or dad will have an idea.” Ron bitched back to her.

“Ron did try to warn you Hermione.” Ginny told her, “But you just wouldn’t listen. Now you have to wait and just hope they find the Head of Black House before school starts.” She giggled.

Draco and Aren had spent most of the evening after dinner with their mothers. They talked of everything, the hardest for Aren had been telling his mother of his years spent with the Dursleys, and that no matter how hard he tried, Dumbledore had always sent him back.

Both mothers were enraged on his behalf and vowed to help their children in any way possible.

The boys had then told them of what had been happening lately, and their plans, including the letters from Lucius. Narcissa had warned that he was probably planning on trying to save himself at the expense of others, and that he could turn back to Voldemort if it looked to him that he might win. Lucius might talk family, but Lucius first loyalty was always to himself.

Narcissa then warned them that Lucius had been spending a lot of time with Cornelius, so he was indeed definitely plotting something. She then gave Aren a list of those who had passed on that had worked in the Ministry and had no love for Fudge. They would be able with Aren’s help to gain access to all the most top secret files there.

Draco smiled at Aren, “Well, that would indeed take care of Fudge!” Aren agreed.

Conversation then became lighter as Lily and Cissy wanted to know when they could expect them to have a formal ceremony, and they both hoped it would at least be before the first grandchild made its appearance. It was after all the proper thing to do, one needed friends and family around to make things ‘right’ and ‘proper’.

Aren felt slightly panicky at the thought of a ceremony, he hated formal things, but guessed it couldn’t be helped, so he told them that maybe by Yule, they should have all the nastiest things in their lives taken care of.

So kissing the boys goodnight, both Lily and Cissy left with talk of the plans they needed to make and the short amount of time they were given to make them in. Boys! They agreed, what else did one expect!

Draco and Aren went to bed slightly bemused by their mothers attitude. It seems everyone would have their set jobs, including the moms. Draco was a bit worried about Aren going tomorrow with out him, until Aren told him that through the bond, Draco would know everything that was going on and could then apparate in if his healing abilities were needed. This calmed Draco to where he could fall asleep. Yes, they all had their parts to play, those who now resided at Griffin’s Rest, and it all really started tomorrow.

TBC
A/N: Many thanks to Laura who is doing the research for me so I can write. Hope you like! And to those who mailed me and gave me their opinion, many thanks!
Chapter 18

Aren awoke with a weird feeling. He knew it was Saturday and in a handful of hours he would be fighting Death Eaters and maybe even Voldemort, but that was doubtful. Voldemort was way too much of a coward to come out and fight him unless he had everything stacked in his favor and Aren was broken and bleeding on the ground. Only then would the fucker risk himself.

No this was way different. It had to do with Draco. He rolled out of Draco’s embrace so he could face him. He seemed to… no he did have a slight glow about him. Since they had come into their Fae abilities, both glowed when making love, but this was different also. Whatever it was, it was making him hard, very hard.

It almost felt like a compulsion, similar to what the Imperio did. What ever! His baby was giving out vibes, and boy was he ever receiving. He felt an almost primitive type of lust take over. Draco’s look was different. Aren leaned closer, his scent was different, and it was incredible! He touched him lightly, running the palm of his hand up his arm. He even felt different, although he couldn’t say why, he just did.

“Draco? Baby?” Aren kissed him lightly on his cheek. His nose closer he got a larger dose of his scent and his eyes almost crossed he wanted him that badly. Aren kept nuzzling him, whispering for him to ‘wake, please wake.’ Aren had started to glow even with out being in his mate.

When Draco finally opened his eyes they had a silver glow to them. “I need you.” Were the first words out of his mouth and he spread his legs and lifted them, grabbing them with his arms and pulling his knees to his chest to keep them as wide open as possible, ready for Aren. “Now, Aren. It’s time. Give me your seed.”

Aren crawled between Draco’s upraised legs and removed his arms, placed Draco’s legs over his shoulders and went to touch Draco’s opening and found it had a slippery substance already there, practically oozing out. He put his finger to his mouth and tasted it and groaned at the taste. It was natural and tasted of Draco.

Aren returned his finger to Draco’s hole and inserted it, no matter how he felt, he would never consciously hurt this man whom he loved with all his being. But he found the ring of muscle that surrounded it gave way almost immediately. Aren positioned his cock at the entrance, it had been leaking pre cum since he woke and the tip was generously lubricated. Draco groaned in passion as Aren entered him. “More, Gods, give it all to me Aren.”

Aren entered Draco all the way with one thrust burying himself in his loves body and began to thrust on Draco’s repeated orders for more quickly. It felt like he was in a race that he had to finish or die
but he didn’t know why. This compulsion was something Fae and it had taken over the both of them.

“Yes! Yes! Yes! More! Keep on, don’t stop! Don’t stop Aren, not yet!” Draco screamed out at him.

“Almost ready.” He grunted.

“Draco! Please! I gotta cum, oh gods, Draco!” he panted out but held on though he kept thrusting in and out of Draco wildly. They were both glowing so brightly they resembled a miniature nova. Their skin seemed electric but most of the brightest part of the glow had centered itself at Draco’s navel area.

“Draco what’s happening?” Aren said noticing the extra brightness.

“More Aren, give me more, I’m almost ready,” Draco was concentrating on something, Aren could tell, but he had no idea what, still he continued as Draco directed him. “Oh! Yes! Yes! Now! Aren, come in me now!” he shouted as Draco came, with ropes of pearly iridescent come shooting out of him onto his chest.

Aren stiffened and with a grunt and quick sharp snaps of his hips shot his seed into Draco’s body. “Stay!” Draco commanded him. “Don’t pull out yet!” Aren kept his position with half of Draco’s body draped over his shoulders, legs falling down Aren’s back, and the other half resting on Draco’s shoulders and neck on the bed.

Draco was watching the glow that was centered right above his navel. When it changed from his aura of bright white to a violet-blue color and sank into him he smiled. “Now baby, you can pull out, but go slowly” he told Aren. “We did it!” And started to laugh. “Good Goddess! We did it!”

“Draco? What exactly did we do?” Aren was panting trying to catch his breath. That had been the most intense love making he had ever experienced with Draco, and that was saying something!

Draco rested his hand on his stomach where the violet blue glow entered. “Say hello to our son Aren!” and laughed some more at the astonished look on the face of the father-to-be.

Aren was still kneeling between Draco’s legs, he had only taken them off his shoulders and placed them back on the bed on either side of him. He leaned forward, bracing his arms and kissed the area where Draco had his hand. “Thank you love, thank you so much.” There was the start of tears in his glorious green eyes. “But why baby? I thought we were going to wait until it was safer and you were more prepared.”

“When Morgana ordered me to stay home, and you agreed, I felt something, but I let it go, then I think my Fae instincts must have kicked in because I knew last night what was going to happen before you went off to fight. I knew we had to at least try to create a child so your bloodline would live on.”

Aren could hear the ‘just in case’ that Draco didn’t say.

Draco then snorted in laughter, “Actually, to make my Fae instincts totally happy we should have at least half a dozen children running around. I think it would settle down then.”

Aren gasped, “You can’t, can you?” While the idea of having six children was appealing, he didn’t care for the idea of six babies all at once it seemed too overwhelming a concept.

“Bet I could if I concentrated very hard on it. My Fae abilities would jump at the challenge.” He said with a slight smirk at the expressions flowing over Aren’s face.

“Draco!” Aren exclaimed then looked slightly bewildered when Draco laughed.
“Six would be a bit unpractical, but I think I can create another egg for when you come back. Two would be nice, wouldn’t it?” he asked, no almost seemed to be begging for Aren to give him another child.

“Draco, if you want two you know I have no objections, I just want you safe. Will you be?”

“My Fae abilities will make this easier than if I had done it the wizard way. I had checked into that with Godric one day while you were training and it requires a couple doses with a potion that changes the body so most of it is female. It is quite painful he told me, but this way, my magic does everything for me.”

“Feeling slightly superior are we?” Aren said as he got off the bed and went into the bathroom.

“I am superior!” he shot back loud enough for Aren to hear over the running water.

Aren came back with a warm flannel and gently wiped the cum off Draco’s chest, and went to clean up any that had leaked out of Draco. They both enjoyed this part of their love making as much as the beginning, it showed care and concern for one’s mate and it was more personal than spelling the come off their bodies and Aren was always happy to do it.

When they had first started this Aren had surprised himself at the feelings he had when he saw his seed leak out of Draco’s entrance when he cleaned him. The first time he saw it he almost felt like beating his chest and giving a Tarzan yell, stating ‘see? That is from me! It’s mine! And no one else will ever be able to do that!’ Aren snorted to himself, not possessive much are we? But there was none seeping out this time. The entrance, instead of looking relaxed and oozing come was closed up tight. He washed the area anyway. He figured Draco’s Fae abilities was keeping it closed until the babe had settled in where ever he was supposed to be.

“Ready to get up, or do you want to have breakfast here?” Aren asked him. He was in no hurry to leave their haven this morning.

“Here. I need to keep a bit prone for a little yet, besides I feel too good! I want to bask in these feelings. I didn’t know being pregnant would feel this good. If the whole thing is like this I think we will be having a lot of children. It’s strange, Aren. This just feels so right, but I don’t feel all girly or anything, just so much better than I did. Do you think it’s because I am using the abilities I was given?”

“I think that sounds about right. Yesterday, when I called the dead, it felt good, like something I should have been doing for a long time.”

“Aren, Why didn’t you tell Morgana about your soul seeker thing?”

“Soul catcher? I don’t know why, But I don’t think It should be common knowledge until I know more about it. It seems something that would cause a lot of fear I think. At least that has always been the way these things tend to go for me.” Aren said then called Dobby and asked for breakfast to be brought.

The same time he was dismissing Dobby, Hedwig flew in trailed by another owl. Only Hedwig was keyed into Griffin’s Rest, and she only allowed another owl to follow her if she thought the note or letter was important. Otherwise the Goblins who were in charge of the Owerly had the house elves deliver the letters.

Aren took the letter from the owl’s outstretched leg and told Hedwig to take her back to the owlery to be cared for. And reached into a drawer for some treats for the both of them. Dobby reappeared
with a large tray and Aren told him to put it on a table. He gave Dobby one stern look. “No killing!” Dobby popped out frustrated.

“Aren, that is one seriously disturbed elf.” Draco said as Aren brought over a selection of his favorites for him to eat.

“He just hates Smidge and I won’t let him kill him. So he is really frustrated.” Aren popped a piece of bacon in his mouth and started to chew as he opened the letter. It was from Molly Weasley, and he smiled through most of it until he got to the end where he burst out laughing and handed the letter to Draco warning him not to drink anything til he was finished.

Dear Aren and Draco,

Bill has told us the wonderful news of your bonding. Arthur and I are so happy for the both of you and wish for many happy and joyous years of love for you both.

Aren, once again you have been way too generous to us! But we accept! It will make a lovely inheritance for Bill, and Charlie will get the Burrow. The twins are also doing well, thanks to you. What we ever did to have a son like you I’ll never know! And now to hear that you are bonded! The first of my boys! Well, I have to tell you I cried many tears of happiness at this news especially since Bill told us there is the possibility of children! Aren, Draco! To think I might be a grandmother soon has me beside myself with happiness.

When you are able dear, Arthur and I would love to pay you a visit, Bill has told us much of your lovely home. But it shall be when you and Draco are more comfortably settled in, I remember the first year of our bonding, I am not that old yet!

On a more humorous note; I want to tell you of a mishap a certain witch of both of your acquaintance had here in the Black Library. While Arthur and I were at the Burrow gathering school things, she decided it would be quite alright to ignore the warnings Sirius had given out about certain books that only the Head of House Black could read. (I’m sure you remember!)

Needless to say, this witch who-knows-it-all decided as there was no longer any Blacks alive (despite repeated warnings) that she was entitled to read what ever she wanted as she knew best what was good for all! (Aren, does this sound familiar?) She is now a human sized slug of the most amazingly nauseating green color. She unfortunately still retains her face and especially mouth!

She is even now demanding We find the Head of House for Black so he could reverse her stupidity because only HE can return her to the way she was, although I am not really sure that would be a good thing. I suggest you take your time being found! (Oh, dear! It is not nice of me to laugh, but I really can’t help thinking of her reaction to you being Head of House!)

Well dear, I totally understand that you have many other things to do, and probably can’t be bothered to jump to do her bidding! Never fear, I shall just have one of the twins throw her on the train, and have Hagrid take care of her until you feel like being found.

Now, until we see you both, I want you to take care of each other and be safe and happy. Love ‘mother’ Molly

P.S. Just to make me happy, Arthur and Bill will be waiting for you at the entrance to the Harpies match later today. I have told them to watch out for you both, though I’m sure it won’t be needed.

Draco’s laughter was quite contagious and started Aren up again as he thought of Hermione as a slug on the train to Hogwarts. It was almost tempting to the both of them to be on that train. Draco looked at Aren after wiping the tears of mirth out of his eyes. “And will the Head of House for Black be found in time?”

“Nah, let her *snicker* stew in her own slime, and let everyone else see it also!”
“Aren! Is that the behavior of a Griffindor?”

“Well love, since we are Griffindors – real Griffindors, I vote yes, you?”

Draco nodded his agreement. That taken care of, they continued with breakfast only stopping to snicker every now and then at the images that popped into their minds.

They showered quickly and Aren dressed in the olive drab BDU’s leaving off the jacket since it promised to be a warm day. He knew he would quickly become hot from fighting. Quickly he got together two extra sets to owl to Bill and Arthur. It wouldn’t do to have them mistaken for the enemy. This way, every one would know who was on whose side.

Draco dressed the same. He would be Apparating there afterwards to deal with any who were hurt. Like his ability to bring life, he felt a compulsion to heal, and he knew his magic would not let him do anything that would harm their child. Right now he was spending time with his mother. It had been a long time since they had been able to be just mother and son. Being Malfoys they had always been watched, and their behavior had reflected it, never knowing when someone would see something personal and report it to Lucius or even worst, Voldemort. Now they had no such fears.

Draco found his mother talking with Liliana and Morgana who was catching them both up on the boys lives. When he walked into the Ladies of the Demesne solar he stopped a bit to listen to the rare sound of feminine laughter. It was a good noise, and he wanted the fortress to ring of it often.

“Liliana, really! I don’t believe you stayed and watched! Your own son!” he heard his mother say.

“But Cissy, it was so unreal, there he was, all grown up, he didn’t seem like my son, there was just these two incredibly handsome men, and one was in the process of um, getting off. Cissy, I tell, you I never wanted to be someone else more than I did then. If I would have been, I swear I would have joined in and begged for it.”

To the sound of more laughter Draco thought it was time he let his presence be known before he heard more than he really wanted to.

Aren met Severus in the Library. He was dress identical to him in Olive drab also. The only surprise was how good they looked on Severus. It was still strange to see him out of his customary black. He was preparing the pensive that Aren would use to put his memories of Voldemort’s plans in and the portkeys so they could be taken directly to the Auror’s who would be waiting near the gates to the matches they would defend. Each pensive would only contain what was specific to that match. That way they didn’t have to figure out how to copy memories into all the pensive.

Aren didn’t have long to wait as he felt Voldemort calling his Death Eaters to him, and told Severus. Severus gave him a bemused grin. It was strange, although a wonderful strange, not to feel the Mark burning pain into his arm at the call, or to even know the call was being made. “Feeling a little left out are we?” Aren asked.

“It is a strange, but very welcome feeling.” Severus replied.

“Well, before they arrive there is something I need to do.” He told Severus and called Sirius to him.

“Harry! I was just getting ready to find out who all the Death Eaters were, old Moldy has called a meeting!” Sirius said in exasperation.

“I know all about it, Sirius, I need you to go to Grimmauld Place.”

“Aww, Har-rreee, I don’t want to! I hate it there!”
“Should I leave?” Severus asked.

“Snivellus! Getting a lot lately?” Sirius just couldn’t help himself. He had to rag on his number one nemesis.

“A whole lot more than you dog breath.” Severus shot back.

Aren smiled, Severus really was loosening up. “I think you will enjoy hearing this too Severus.” Aren told him.

Severus raised his eyebrow in question. Now what he thought would I enjoy about that monstrosity.

“Seem a certain know-it-all bushy haired Griffindor has been into the forbidden books in the Black library. Even though she was instructed many times by a certain deceased Head of House of Black that they were forbidden to all but the Head of said House.”

“Oh! Please tell me she turned herself into a pile of Thestral manure! Dad was a real prick but he knew some damn creative curses.”

“Ah,” Aren was taken by the thought that she could have been that! He could picture it so clearly in his mind. Severus laughter brought him back to the present. “No, not Thestral shit, A now how did Molly put it, A life sized, amazingly nauseous green colored slug still with her human face, or something like that!”

“Oh yeah! I remember that one, happened to Bella, she never did listen. He kept her like that for a week and threatened to use her as bait next time he went fishing for sharks.”

“Well I want you to go there and really let her have it. Oh, yeah, you can also tell her that the present Head of House Black is way too busy to see to her problems. She will just have to stay like that until he can find the time to reverse it. Oh, and tell her it will cost her. What I don’t know, hint of something really good and very embarrassing and also very public for her to have to do as reparation for disobeying.”

Aren turned and looked at Severus. “She pissed you off almost as much as she did me. Any thoughts?”

“Any limitations?” Severus asked. He smiled when Aren shook his head no and told him the sky’s the limit. Severus was really glad he was part of Aren’s family, the boy had one hell of a vicious streak to those who were on his ‘bad’ list. “When do I have to let you know?”

“Well, she will be at Hogwarts as a slug, I won’t take it off until we go there. So right before then should do.” He turned to Sirius, threaten her will all manner of things that might happen, but get it through to her, she will pay, or be expelled from the Wizarding World with her feeble powers stripped.”

“You can do that Harry? Take some ones powers?” Sirius asked with a shudder.

“Just as easy as I gave extra abilities to you. Even Voldemort doesn’t know how to do that! He can only do something similar through his mark.” He grinned at them evilly, “I can just rip out their magical core like that” he said as he snapped his fingers.

“Harry?”

“Yes Sirius?”
“Your one scary fucker!” he said and disappeared.

“I hate to say this, but he is right. You are scary at times.”

“That bad?” Aren asked.

“No, not for anyone who hasn’t gone out of their way to hurt or betray you, to your friends and family you are everything that is good. It’s just that I reminded my self how glad I was to never betray you to Dumbledore. You made me so angry at times I thought I would have a coronary, but that I have never done, and I can’t tell you how relieved I am that I haven’t!”

“Um, Ah, Severus? You are Fae now, family. When we fight…we leave no survivors. A survivor has a nasty habit of showing up later to kill you or yours, think of the child you will have. Do you want say Avery coming back sometime in the future to hurt or killing him? Since the rite, all the instincts I was born with and had suppressed are coming back to me and that is one thing I know. Are you up to it?”

“Aren, we are indeed family, a family I love and cherish more than the one I was born to. There is little I would not do to protect that. You have my word!” They were both serious with the gravity of the situation until the others started to drift in. Then they resumed their tasks.

When Draco showed up Aren went over to him and picked him up. Draco wrapped his legs around him almost automatically and Aren gave him very passionate kiss. “Gods! I missed you love. How was your morning?”

“Interesting” Draco said returning the kiss combing his fingers through Aren’s long hair. “Getting ready?”

“Just waiting for Voldies groupies to show. Oh, and I sent Sirius to give Granger a hard time, Severus is going to think of a suitable punishment for her.” He was rewarded when Draco started laughing. He did love this man’s laugh it just warmed his heart to bring happiness to him.

Aren then put him down and kissed him on the forehead, and whispered to him that it was show time what ever that meant.

Aren relaxed himself and went into a half trance after sitting in one of the overstuffed chairs the library sported and followed the link through his scar to Voldemort’s mind.

“Sirius! What? Aren’t you supposed to be dead?”

“Sure am, Molly. How are things going? Family well?”

Molly was flabbergasted, surely if Sirius was to come back as a ghost he would have done it long ago? “So you’re a ghost now?”

“Not really love, I was just summoned because someone’s been a bad, bad girl here, doing things she was told not to. Serious things. Things that bring the dead back!” He winked at her as he said it very loudly and whispered Aren sent him to scare her. But by the look on Ron’s face you would think it was him, he was that scared, Sirius bet before he was done, the kid will have pissed his pants.

“Well, well, well, look at what we have here.” Sirius said as he slowly circled the plastic covered
couch they had placed her on. He looked her over carefully, every now and again poking at finger into an interesting spot.

“Sirius! Put me back this instant! You can’t keep me like this!” Hermione demanded.

“Quiet witch! You will only speak when you are told to. You know Harry once complained to me about you. Oh, it wasn’t voluntarily, I had to pester him to find out what was troubling him. He told be I was acting just like you. Only you did it all the time to him. So what he said was true, You do like to hear the sound of your own voice.”

“You can’t talk like that to me!”

“OH? And why can I not? Did I not tell you repeatedly after each nag session you started, not to touch any but the books I gave you? Did I not tell you that they were for the Head of House alone to read? What part of that was too difficult for you to comprehend? Why, even our idiot friend Ron here understood.”

At that both occupants of the library glared at him, but Ron had the good sense to keep quiet for once in his life. “Just put me back and go back to whatever hell you came from.” She snapped at Sirius and watched as his eyebrows rose in surprise. He didn’t need to think he could just get away will saying such things to her.

“I take back what I told you a couple of years ago. You definitely are not the smartest witch, you are merely an arrogant jumped-up mud blood, self-delusional in her belief of her false superiority. A truly smart witch would be apologizing profusely at disobeying the Head of House. And be in fear of what her punishment would be.”

“You’re nothing more than a ghost! You can do nothing to me!” she was so angry at Sirius, how dare he say those horrid things to her. Even though she had the suspicion most of them had a ring of truth to it. “Besides,” she snapped out, “You were dead!”

“Were you not told that there would always be a Head of House Black?” and waited.

“Mione! Answer him!” Ron loudly whispered and relaxed a bit when she nodded.

“You are one of the stupidest witches I have ever come across! But, no matter. The present Head of House Black is quite indifferent to your problems and finds himself to busy to deal with you as yet, so remain a slug you will.” He smiled to himself when he heard her gasp of outrage.

“He can’t do that! I have school!”

“Um, Yes, yes he can do that! You will go to school as is! But rest assured…” Sirius voice turned dark and foreboding. “…He will get to you, He will get to you both! And I can promise you, it will not be pretty. He is much more unforgiving than you can imagine. Before I left he told one of his family members who has no love of you at all, to think of something suitable, with no limitations put on him I imagine he will make you suffer very publicly. Neither of them wants anything to do with those who let greed, jealousy and spite, rule their lives.” Sirius looked at both of them and sadly shook his head. “I pity you both.” He said leaving them in the library.

“Well Molly,” he gave her a ghostly buss on the cheek. “It’s been lovely, but there’s things happening today and I don’t want to miss a thing!”

“Sirius! What does Aren want us to do with them?”

“Throw them on the train! He’ll get to them eventually. ‘Ta!” he said as he disappeared.
The pensives had been prepared along with experimental gas canisters Liam got from his connections with the military, and the antidote for the defenders to take so they would not be affected. It was a calming gas supposedly to be used when crowds became unruly, it was supposed to calm them to where they were quite docile.

Aren was still rubbing his shoulder from the antidotes injection. Severus was intrigued, and asked Liam for a sample to experiment with. Liam told him he would get him the formula. Then Severus could experiment his little heart out as long as he shared the results with certain ‘friends’, Severus could have a whole shit load of stuff to play with Liam said. There are lots of things wizards would have no idea how to fight that certain of his ‘friends’ had Severus had learned, just like there are things the mundanes couldn’t combat that the wizards had.

Severus liked the idea of working a quid pro quo out with Liam’s ‘friends’ and asked Liam for an introduction sometime in the future.

Through Aren, they had found out that the Death Eaters would apparate in at 10 minutes after the start of the matches. Aren planned to put up anti-Apparating wards to contain them. They had also found out who exactly Voldemort was sending to each match. They would have 10 targets to take out Liam said.

Aren told them he would cast a spell that removed their masks. There were two only that were to be captured. The rest were to be dealt with in the Fae way. One was Lucius, the other was Percy. Aren didn’t want either death on his conscious, he would let others deal with them. But they were to be brought here, unconscious. He had a place for them.

Unbeknownst to everyone else, Griffin’s Rest had dark places that only Aren knew about. One such place was what Godric called the Oubliette. Where prisoners of a certain type could be put in and just left there if wished. Then Draco and Arthur could decide what to do with their erring family members.

It was 1:30, time to leave. All but Severus and Remus were bristling with weapons.

“Remember love,” Draco said as he kissed Aren, “I’ll be waiting and ready for you, so don’t fuck around. Take care of the bastards and come home and fuck me stupid!” Aren laughed. “Baby, you know I always do what you say! Should I have it out and ready to go?”

Draco considered this idea seriously while his mother giggled a little nervously, not knowing if they were joking or not. “No, love, I wouldn’t want you to risk hitting it on something on your way to me. It’s not exactly small you know.”

Aren waggled his eyebrows at Draco. “Nice huh?” He then caught the change in Draco’s scent. “Aw, man, baby! Don’t start with out me! Give me two hours, no! One. One hour and I’ll giving you what you want. You know you’re doing this deliberately!”

“I just want you to remember why to hurry home!” Draco smiled at him. “One hour and 10 minutes, not a second longer or I start with out you.” Giving him one last kiss he turned and went back to the fortress.

“Fucking Death Eaters!” Aren griped, trying to re-arrange his cock in a more comfortable position. The rest laughed as they apparated to Holy Head.
They met Arthur and Bill outside the main entrance for the Holy Head pitch. Bill came up to them and started to hug Aren thanking him for the gift to his family. Arthur took a little longer as he continued to stare at Aren. “Harry? Is that really you?” he asked.

“It’s Aren father Weasley, and yes, it is finally the real me!” he said only to be engulfed in a crushing hug.

“Molly and I have missed you so much! It’s good to finally see you and looking so…so…”

“Kind of hard to take in all at once isn’t it? Dumbledore took a lot away from me when he shoved me at the Dursleys. Here let me introduce you to the others.” And Aren introduced Arthur to everyone.

Arthur looked long at Liam and Morgana. “Family?” he asked and Aren nodded. “Yes, I see the resemblance.” He said as he fingered Aren’s silver and black plaite hair. When it came to Severus and Remus he gave both of them the same hugs he gave Aren, telling them it was good to know they were safe and doing well.

Severus surprised them by returning Arthur’s hug and telling him that it has indeed been a very good month with Aren for all concerned.

“Arthur, dad! I have some very sad news. Percy is one of those that will be here today!” Aren showed him and Bill the pensive. When they were done Arthur had wipes tears of sadness out of his eyes, and looked at Aren sternly. “He made his decision. What are your plans?”

Aren told them that Lucius and Percy were to be contained, the rest killed. He would take Lucius and Percy to a safe containment area to give Arthur time to decide what to do with his wayward son. Just like his consort would have to deal with his father. He then had Liam give them their antidote injection. Arthur was again fascinated by the muggle invention as he was with his new clothes, telling Aren how much he liked them.

Aren told him they were his, alone with more of the same, only in different colors so they would all match when they fought and explained quickly the reasoning behind it.

“Where is Draco? I must say, after the surprise wore off I’ve been looking forward to meeting him as family!”

“Don’t tell mom yet, but he’s breeding! We couldn’t risk him and our son.” When Aren said this the others heard also, and all came to hug and congratulate him. Morgana had tears in her eyes at this news. “Then why rush back?” she asked.

“He wants two! So two he’ll get!” Aren almost felt like strutting and shouting the news to everybody.

“Two! There hasn’t been a twin birth in almost 5 centuries! This is wonderful news! Well done child, well done indeed!” Morgana crowed. “Come, lets finish here so you can get to more important things.” she said and Aren whole-heartedly agreed. Nothing was more important to him than his Draco.

Liam came up to Aren nudging him. “The lad has ye by the balls, eh?”

Aren laughed. “Trust me cousin, he keeps them very happy there in his hands, I wouldn’t want it any other way!” Liam laughed and called him a damn lucky sod and Aren agreed.

They all took places around the pitch, un-noticed by the spectators because of notice-me-not charms
placed on all of them, and waited for the action to start.

They didn’t have long to wait as the Death Eaters apparated in, in one group. Aren automatically reached for the ambient wild magic the lay under the pitch and using it set up the strongest anti-Apparating wards yet to be seen. Then he cast the spell to remove their masks. That done Remus and Severus bound Percy and Lucius up quickly.

Aren drew his Faesword, and along with the others rushed in to quickly decimate the ranks of Voldemorts Death Eaters. Bill, Arthur, Remus and Severus watched the carnage. Severus just waiting to see if any escaped. Those stupid enough or lucky enough would have him to finish them off with Avada Kedavra.

It wasn’t needed. Besides the stiff and prone bodies of Percy and Lucius, all that was left of Rodolphus Lestrange, Walden McNair, Jugson, Mulciber, Travers, all the Bogges- Belinda, Bernard and their father Bayard was small pieces.

All told it had taken less than 5 minutes from start to finish.

No one had escaped and surprisingly enough, none of the spectators had even noticed anything going on til it was all over. Severus then released the gas canisters and waited for it to take effect before he gathered up the bits and pieces in a large container to send to the IBB headquarters for them to dispose of. Lucius and Percy were quickly ported to the Oubliette before anyone noticed them.

Even blood soaked, some of the more adventurous wandered over to talk to the boy-who-lived-to-save-them-again. Which was what the papers reported to all the next day. Harry Potter was alive! Some one had been enterprising enough to take a couple of pictures and his scar shown clearly for all to see, even though the face and body had changed nothing could erase the emerald eyes or the lightning bolt scar.

But it was not an innocent child’s face that greeted the wizarding world in the papers. It was the face of a strong and determined man, blood splattered, holding a sword of legend. He had become even more famous.

Unfortunately, the papers could not get a statement of any kind. Prince Aren, aka Harry Potter had much more important matters to take care of. He removed the wards, and apparated to his home and his awaiting love. Leaving the others to explain to the press and IBB when they finally arrived.

The defense at the other matches was reported also, listing who was killed, who was injured and who had been captured to stand trial, but none of them made the impact of the picture of Aren on the cover of all the papers.

The reactions of ‘some’ were needless to say not at all pleased with the proof of his presence as the rest of the wizarding world. But they had reason to be afraid.

TBC

A/N: Thank you Laura for all your present and future help. With out you, writing would take much, much longer. Also to all who review for your encouragement, and even kibitzing. You have no idea how I look forward to them. (the reviews)
Chapter 19

Aren apparated to the wards of Griffin’s Rest, entered and started stripping the minute he got in the door. Lily was there in a flash. “Aren where…” He held up his hand, “Busy mom…” he kicked off his boots and pulled of the bloodstained T-shirt “…talk later” and started unbuckling his webbed belt as he took the stairs two at a time.

Meanwhile below, Lily was joined by Narcissa, James and Sirius. She fanned herself and looked at James. “You were never like that! He must get it from my side!”

“You mean we missed it?” Sirius wailed. “But he just left!”

“He gets that from my side!” James stated authoritatively.

“What? Quick to come? Oof! Why’d ya do that for?”

James had elbowed him sharply in his side. “Sirius! I mean the warrior thing, Godric was an excellent fighter and so were most of the Griffins.”

“But you’re a Potty…ter! Jamie boy. Remember?”

By the time Aren had reached the door to their rooms, he had his pants unbuttoned all the way to where they were just hanging on his slim hips by a wish. His cock had grown and hardened (not that it had been anything but hard since he left) with each step he took closer to Draco. He opened the doors to their rooms and caught Draco’s scent. He was hard and throbbing by the time he reached the bed.

Draco way lying on the freshly made bed naked and spread out watching Aren approach. The world except for Draco had ceased to exist and there was only one thing of any import, and that was lying before him.

Draco watched him strip off his pants and boxers in one fluidly graceful movement.

“That was fast.”

“I was motivated.”
Any of that blood yours?"

"Nope, not a scratch, this a problem?" He touched an area on his arm where there was some splattered.


Crawling up from the bottom, he slinked up and over Draco and slowly lowered himself on top of him. "Umm, nice!" he murmured licking along his jaw line until he reached his ear where he started nibbling, slowly moving back down to the junction of neck and shoulder. It was there, but the Fae breeding frenzy had not quite taken over. "You sure?" Aren asked.

"Very sure. Oh, Gods!" he moaned when Aren flexed his hips and their cocks rubbed together. "Feel That?"

"Yesss! Do more!"

"My dick has been hard like that since before I left. Some ass took a picture of me at the pitch, so I’ll probably be in the Prophet showing the world the boner you gave me."

"Everyone will just be jealous of me then, nothing I’m not used to! Oh, yeah, do that move again!"

It started slower this time, but the intense feeling of mate or die as Aren called it was starting to take over their senses. Suddenly Aren flipped Draco over on to his stomach.

"Aren! Not this way. I need to be over…" he said in a slightly panicky voice.

"Just for a minute…there’s something…it was so good… I just have to…"

Aren mumbled as he started to lick at Draco’s entrance. Like before, it was again self-lubricating, almost oozing out, and his tongue entered easily. The muscles enclosing the opening had relaxed, welcoming his entry. “Gods baby…you taste…” With his hands he spread Draco’s cheeks wider and inserted a thumb on each side and widened the entry to allow him in deeper.

"Ah…Aren! Ooh fuck! That’s…yes!" Draco was screaming his pleasure as Aren continued to feast on his essence. “Baby, baby! Now, s’time now, fuck me! Gods! need to feel… please Aren!”

Once again Aren flipped Draco and assumed the same position he had that morning only pulling a couple of pillows down from the head of the bed and placing them under the small of Draco’s back for comfort. It could have been pitch black and Aren would have been able to see clearly, their skin was that luminous when he entered Draco, and slowly this time started to move in and out.

Sirius and James were still standing at the bottom of the grand staircase in the Great Hall. Lily and Narcissa having wandered off with talk about what room to use for what purpose. Sirius figured they had enough rooms to use a different one each month if they were that daft when the rest of Aren’s war party burst through the doors.

“Where is he?” Liam almost shouted.

James used his index finger and pointed upwards.

“Fuck!” Daffyd snarled.
“Yes, that’s about what he’s doing about now.” Sirius chimed in.

“The little prick!” Liam shouted and rushed upstairs.

“I wouldn’t say that…” Sirius said as he watched all but Severus and Remus following Liam up the staircase. “…got a look you know, anything but little I should say.”

Severus looked at Sirius as if he lost what little mind he had until Sirius held out his hands leaving a space of 9 inches between his palms, leaving the others in no doubt to what he had been referring. Severus eyebrows rose. “Really?”

Sirius nodded. “Surprising really, I mean considering James here. Oooh! Hey! Will you stop that?”

“Shut up Siri, or I’ll ask Aren to call up some dead fleas to infest you.” James snapped.

Sirius hand shot up automatically and began scratching his head. It was a while before he realized the others were laughing at him. “Don’t miss that, I tell you.”

Aren let out a groan of relief when he started to move in and out of Draco. “Now I’m home.” He sighed in pleasure slowly continuing when the door to their bedroom slammed open. “Get out or die!” he growled not bothering to stop his movements to see who it was.

Draco’s eyes widened as he saw them being surrounded by his Fae family. “What?… Oh!” Draco, unlike Aren, knew what they wanted and felt compelled to give it to them. Only there was Aren to contend with. He definitely wouldn’t like it, hell he was growling now! “Aren?…” Draco said in a begging tone of voice. “…baby, let them, it will help them.”

Aren was just about to withdraw from Draco when Draco tightened his legs around his shoulders, pulling him back inside himself. “Don’t you dare stop!” he shouted at Aren. “They just need a taste… Aren! It will increase their fertility! Then they will leave. Aren, please? It is for our people!”

Aren still growled but nodded his agreement. “One taste only! Then get the fuck out!”

Daffyd was the first, placing Draco’s erection from which a luminous opalescent fluid had been seeping, carefully in his mouth. He sucked once eyes widening in surprise at the taste then let go and with a grateful nod, left. One by one the others took their turn, at each one, Draco gave a grunt forcing some the cum out of him and into their mouths.

“Damn!” Aren exclaimed as even Morgana took a turn and kissing Aren’s head left. “We be strange fucks!”

After hearing the door close, Aren sped up his tempo. It had been hard to hold back in more ways than just this when the others were doing their thing. But it was what Draco wanted and his people needed. His people would want more and he was damned if he’d allow them to suck on what was his whenever they wanted. Aren conjured up a muggle condom and unrolled it, placing just a bit over the tip of Draco’s cock. “Fill that!” Aren growled and snapped his hips harder into Draco when he saw his love catch on to his idea by giving him a patented Draco smirk. Pleased when the smirk turned into a gasp of pleasure.

“Yesss! More. Harder.” Draco shouted at him. Aren sped up again, knowing he had to keep going no matter how much he ached to come.

“Draco! Soon?” Aren almost whined at the need coursing through him. His balls had drawn up and were just waiting to pump their seed into Draco’s channel. Gods! Aren thought. Any longer and he
just knew they would burst.

“Almost… ah, ah! …there! Ah… ah…yes, yes, ah! Now! Baby give it to me now!” Draco started to come, filling the condom and Aren, giving one last hard snap of his hips, shoved in as hard as he could and came, filling Draco with seed.

Again they watched as a bright white glowing ball detached itself from them and hovered over Draco’s stomach. This time Aren knew what was going on and as the ball gently fluctuated he started chanting please, please, please to it. Begging it to accept them. Both were as still as statues as they watched it hovering over the spot where it’s ‘brother’ grew.

The white changed to violet-blue and entered into Draco, joining his brother. Draco placed his hand protectively over the area and finally took a deep breath, not knowing he had been holding it until the drama had been resolved.

He smiled at Aren noticing the tears that had coursed down his blood and dust covered cheeks leaving silvery trails. “I bet this one will be a handful!” Draco said and told Aren it was safe for him to pull out.

Aren then very carefully removed the condom from Draco and transformed it into a clear crystal vial and put it on the table beside the bed. Draco watched as Aren again bent over his stomach, kissing the area and whispering to the ‘boys’.

“What did you tell them?” Draco asked curious as Aren relaxed beside him.

Aren yawned, “just how much we loved them and welcomed them into our lives.” Draco nodded his agreement and really ‘looked’ at Aren. “Damn love! You look like shit!” But the only answer he got was a gentle snore.

Draco then glanced at the gently glowing vial, marveling at the swirling colors contained inside the pearly liquid. Aren had in his jealousy given them one hell of a trump card. The Fae dealt in blood, flesh and pain as their coin, how much more valuable to them would be life?

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The news spread quickly. The Daily Prophet had decided to run a special evening edition and had all it’s writers working on all the different aspects of the defeat of the Death Eaters at the four matches. The Harpy match got the most attention because of who had been there to defend against the Death Eaters.

The Headlines were bold to say the least. But it was the picture displayed that really grabbed their attention.

THE BOY WHO LIVED, LIVES TO SAVE THE DAY!

At approximately 10 minutes into the various Quidditch matches taking place today, a hoard of Death Eaters appeared bound to wreck You-Know Who’s wrath upon the wizarding populace who were present as spectators.

Before they could even lift a wand, they were set upon by members of the IBB who subdued or killed most of them. According to eyewitness accounts only a very few got away.

The most exciting by far was the Holy Head Harpies match where our own Harry Potter appeared and with his co-horts used swords against the dastardly Death Eaters and decimated their ranks to the last one. None escaped and none survived Mr. Potters devastating quickness in striving to save our people.
The remains were turned over to the IBB for identification. Once the danger was neutralized Mr. Potter then apparated out to parts unknown. Others with Mr. Potter were unavailable for comment. See related stories: Harry Potter; Fae Prince! page 3, IBB strikes blow against Darkness! Page 2, Eyewitness to Defeat! A spectator’s account of the action at Holy head. Page 2. Playing with Death! The Players speak out! Page 4.

When the news got out, those few who had escaped thanked whatever Gods they could remember for not being assigned to go with Malfoy. His whole group had been cut to pieces.

Those who had been captured also were thankful they had not been put into Malfoy’s group when they were told the news. They were also strangely enough glad to be captured, they at least were out of it altogether. All but the most hardened readily volunteered to take veritaserum to tell what they knew.

There was one common thread running through their minds; How did the IBB and WYP know? Unfortunately for the captured Death eaters curiosity the IBB was most certainly were not telling.

Voldemort was enraged when Pettigrew brought him the news and stupidly, a copy of the Daily Prophet, he had been made to suffer for his comrades defeat. Peter pretended to be unconscious from Voldemort’s crucio for as long as he could listening to him rage on about traitors in their midst.

Peter knew the truth, there were no traitors. Potter could now do what Voldemort had crowed about doing to him, only better. This latest debacle was the proof. Potter could enter Voldemort’s mind anytime he wanted undetected and gather whatever knowledge and information he wanted. The end was here.

It was only a matter of when and where, and Peter had no desire to be there to suffer along with Voldemort. Just like the rat he morphed into, Peter was jumping ship. The only question was where to jump to?

Potter had saved him before, but his location was too well hidden for Peter to find. With the Ministry, there would be no bargaining, they already had many there to interrogate, it had to be Dumbledore!

While Voldemort continued to blame everyone else for failing him, Peter scurried away.

Alastor Moody liked creating a little bit of havoc at times. With what he had to report along with his advance copy of the Prophet, he knew he would be creating it again. He knew Dumbledore was not the kindly dotty old man he led others to believe. He had not been the Ministry’s best Auror for as long as he had and not learned to tell the good guys from the bad.

Dumbledore may at one time have been good. He didn’t know the details he didn’t need to. For quite some time Dumbledore had been leading them all on his path, not the lights. Potter had caught on because of his callous treatment at Dumbledore’s hands and had slipped away from his control.

You know it is time to pick another side when your leader is following his own agenda and not that of common good. Dumbledore had screwed up greatly in his handling of Potter, and for what Alastor would have liked to know.

He knew Potter. He had made it a priority to know the lad, and no matter how he would have been raised, he would have been on the side of the light. There had been no reason other than greed and supreme indifference to have treated the lad the way he did. Aye, he heard the whispers about Dumbledore from those in the know at the IBB who were settling in at the Ministry and shook his head sadly to think one of their greatest heroes was also one of their greatest villains.
Minerva, along with most of her fellow professors, was thrilled at the news Moody brought to them to Dumbledore’s disgust. He didn’t dare show it though, especially with that damned Moody watching. He saw way too much with that eye of his.

Alastor continued to stir his pot of mischief by telling harmless but flattering snippets of Potter he had overheard to the others, watching covertly as the headmasters frown became more pronounced.

Then he decided it was time to give the pot one final stir and see if it blew up.
“Tell me Albus, have ye and the governors come up with the money for the school yet?”

Dumbledore’s chair flew backwards, finally tipping over as it hit the wall when he abruptly and with surprising power, stood and stalked out of the Great Hall.

“Alastor! Was that necessary?” Minerva chided him. “The Governors will come up with the million Galleons before the start of classes.”

“A million? Are ye daft? That was the price for only that day! Tell me t’ oud coot did na read the whole document? Word is, the real payment owed is over 2 billion! Ye won’t find that stashed in a sock under the mattress! I suggest ye all get ready for new owners.” He laughed as he decided it was time to finally go.

Hermione gasped with almost every sentence Ron read to her. For the thousandth time that day she wished for hands so she would be able to read herself instead of waiting while Ron stumbled over every third word. Honestly, to think this was the best he could do after 6 years of schooling!

This was terrible news. She knew what it meant that Harry had been seen and photographed. Not only that! He came back from the supposed dead as some kind of mythical Prince with probably God knows what powers or abilities.

She really wished he had stayed the clueless friend that she had bossed around since first year. Sirius should have never died, Harry then would have remained as he had been, controllable. And eventually she would have gotten around to seducing him and having him marry her. She would have gone far with the Potter name. Now she was stuck like this, and with Ron while he still had a pureblood name was even now pulling away from her because of what others were telling him.

She needed to come up with a plan, and a darn good one or not only would she remain a slug, until Harry decided she had suffered enough, but she would lose access to the movers and shakers of the wizarding world that the Potter and Weasley names by her side had shown her.

Last year, unknown to Ron or Harry, she had talked with quite a fair few of the muggle born like her. They all realized that if they were to really make anything out of themselves they had to attach themselves to an ‘established’ name in this world. None of their cores had any real power to it and realized that the pure and half-bloods really did have more power to them. There was something of truth in what the Slytherins spouted.

They had gone so far as to list who to try to pair off with. Most of them, even the boys, had chosen Harry as their first pick. She had wanted to tell them that he was off the market, but the others knew they had not been getting along well lately. Still she had been confident that she could pluck Harry anytime she wanted by spreading her legs for him.

“I though you were straight.” She said when Dean Thomas had put Harry at the top of his list.

“You have never seen what I’ve seen in the showers. He is turning into one serious stud muffin,” the
others laughed at this. “go ahead, laugh.” Dean told them, “but that boy comes ‘nicely’ equipped, and for the chance of getting him, I’ll be anything he wants me to be.” He laughed as more boys added Harry to their list, having recalled how nice he looked in the tight Quidditch uniform.

Ron looked up from his reading at hearing Hermione growl. “What’s wrong now?” he complained.
“Don’t you understand?” she whined. “Harry is bonded!”
“Well, it was bound to happen sooner or later, wasn’t it?”

She just rolled her eyes at him. She really wanted to scream at him that Harry was supposed to be hers, but didn’t think Ron would take it at all well. Looks like she might have to settle for Ron or revise her list since she only had their names on it. She might have been a tad too overconfident.

Ron also realized he had been too overconfident when he read the news. He was not as stupid as Hermione thought. Book wise he was not brilliant at all, but when it came to strategy, things were different. He knew he blew any chance he had getting back into Harry’s good graces. Bill would have told Harry how he had acted at Gringotts and now with him bonded and Fae? The days of being one of the golden trio were over.

He knew he would have to do as well as possible this year, hope his dad could find him a place at the ministry and find a nice witch his parents approved of, otherwise, he’d be out on his ass, lucky enough to find a job working the Knightbus, cleaning tables at the Cauldron, or even worst, working for the twins. Ron he thought, when you fuck up you really fuck up!

Draco had left Aren to sleep and went down stairs. He had some serious thinking to do about Lucius and needed advice from his mother as to what they should do about him. But no matter what, he wasn’t about to let the bastard go free, not when there were two children on the way that the prick might find a use for.

He didn’t want him dead, but he had to be neutralized in some way that he could never bring harm to Aren or the children. He was sure his mother felt the same way. It would also help to talk to Arthur and Molly Weasley about what they wanted to do with Percy. Between them he was sure they could come up with a solution.

Aren woke with a start. Draco had probably gone downstairs. He could feel him thinking in the back of his mind about Lucius. He felt bad for Draco having to figure out what to do with a father who had no scruples about using his own son to further himself.

He got up and stretched the kinks out, and padded off to the bathroom to shower off the stink and dirt. Draco had to love him to let him get close the way he smelled. God! He reeked!

He was also starved he realized as he was toweling dry. He quickly dressed and went downstairs to find Draco and hopefully food waiting for him somewhere.

At the bottom of the stairs waiting to raze him stood Sirius. Before he could even open his mouth Aren told him Voldy was on a rant, go see what’s happening. Grumbling, Sirius did as he was told and vanished.
James also met him and asked if there was anywhere he wanted him to go.

“Not really, dad. I just did that to get rid of him. I mean I love Sirius, but sometimes…”

“Say no more I totally understand. He gets paw in mouth quite a lot. Frankly he never did know when to keep his mouth shut. Must be the Black in him, they were all mouthy.”

“I think he got it from his mother, you never could shut her portrait up! You know dad, if you really want to help…”

“Just tell me what!”

“Well, do you think you could see what Dumbledore is up to? That way, we’ll have a heads up before we get there. Sort of pardon the expression, but spook around and see if he’s got anything up those ugly robes of his that he might be hiding.”

“Aren?”

“Yeah dad?”

“Just want you to know, I really am proud of you. I just wish…”

“Yeah, me too. Thanks dad, that means a lot to me! I always wondered, well y’know.” Aren ducked his head so his dad wouldn’t see his eyes start to water.

“I know son, I know.” James said and slowly disappeared. He knew his son was on the verge of crying and it wouldn’t do to have his father who he wanted to look at him as an equal, see the little boy still there, even though he was, and probably always would be there peeking out of those green eyes from time to time.

TBC

A/N : Not as much as I usually write, I just had a very bad week. Hope to do much better next chapter-foolishww
That evening Arthur, Molly and Bill ported in to Griffin’s Rest and were walked to the door by Liam who greeted Bill like a long lost brother. The jokes were few because of the seriousness of the visit. They met Aren and Draco and Molly, in typical fashion sobbed over both of them in between exclamations of how handsome, tall, happy they looked.

She shied away from Sirius, James and Lily not knowing how to treat not-ghosts. She had been told they were the souls of the dead made corporeal with some of his power, not ghosts, or spirits or phantoms, but she had a hard time understanding Aren could do such things and just called then not-ghosts.

“We have talked about this as much as we dared,” Arthur said, “but could come up with no real solution. Do you have any suggestions Aren?” Only James and Lily found it surprising that a grown wizard would be asking their son for his advice.

“First I would like to hear from Sirius and dad on what they have to report, then I do have an idea or two we can talk about. Sirius?”

“Voldy boy is plenty angry, he is blaming what happened on spies in the death eaters, and has killed two inconsequential ones, and severely damaged by over crucio-ing, two others. They are as the Longbottoms now, and I fear he will probably kill them to get them out of his way. Bella wanted to find you and attack, but Voldy has decided he will form an alliance with someone, but I didn’t find out who since he is not telling anyone, and they, I fear will somehow allow Voldy entrance to Hogwarts when you are there and try to kill you.”

“I ah, also spent a bit of that time playing with cousin Bella. She really is insane you know. But very receptive to my suggestions about Peter. I also heard from her something surprising, it seems Voldy is having problems with controlling the Dementors. She thinks they found their savior or some such nonsense and it is just a matter of time til they leave.”

“Thank you Sirius. It wouldn’t happen to be planned for Halloween? Would it?” Aren asked him very calmly.

“How did you know?”

“Voldemort is anything but original. It was logical. Usually it was the end of school or Halloween that he had something going on.” Draco answered him.
“Dad?”

“Son, I fear Peter went to Dumbledore, at first he said he was going to defect, but like the coward he is, went back to Voldemort with this plan. Dumbledore, is Voldemort’s new ‘partner’, and like Sirius said, at all Hallows eve, they plan to somehow try to kill you.” Aren nodded while some of the others exclaimed in horror at Dumbledore’s treachery.

“It was really the only half-way smart course they could take.” Aren said amidst wide staring eyes.

“Aren,” Severus asked, “why do you say this?”

“Both are my enemy. Alone neither are strong enough to defeat me, what they don’t know is that even together they don’t have the power they think they do. But, that is still a ways off, and we do have other things to resolve tonight.”

When no one else spoke, and they kept looking his way, Aren clapped his hands together and started in. “Now on to Percy…” and just like that Molly started to cry softly. “Molly?”

“It’ll be alright mum, Aren here probably has a smashing solution.” Bill said heartily trying to cheer his mother up.

“Draco and I talked earlier, and we both agree that the first thing is to remove the Dark Mark from both of them. We’ve done some, well actually it was Draco that did the most, but he did quite a bit of checking things out and it seems Percy really only wanted to get the girl. He had no Idea what he was getting into, he just wanted to marry Penelope Clearwater.”

“Well!” shouted Molly, “She must be a piece of work I tell you!”

“Actually Molly,” Draco said, “Penny is really a nice person, Clearwater kept both her and her mother thoroughly in the dark in aspects to his allegiance. Most Death Eaters are men, there are only a few women, and from what I understand they are all very hardened. Penny really does love Percy. Clearwater coerced him into joining using Penny as bait.”

“Aren is going to remove the Mark and take most of his magic from him as punishment, and to protect us, then he’ll see if he can get him a position with Sir Darcy who works for both the wizard and muggle worlds.”

To Draco’s embarrassment, when he finished telling all of their ideas, Molly jumped up and threw herself at him, crying out her thanks all over him as he looked around wildly for help. Narcissa came to his aide and gently pried Molly’s arms loose from around him and walked her over to where she had been sitting and offered her a cup of tea.

“There, there Molly,” Narcissa’s voice was quiet and soothing. “Draco is just a little jumpy with big hugs because of the babies. Sshhh, quiet! They haven’t told anyone yet.” Narcissa whispered to Molly tugging at her when her head went up, ready to jump Draco again at the word ‘babies’. She then went on to tell of her and Lilies ‘secret’. It was a sure fire remedy. Get a mother’s mind off one child by mentioning that another one was pregnant.

“Now, about Lucius.” Aren said he was curious about what Narcissa had said to quiet Molly down, but decided he’d better leave her to what ever she was doing, since it seemed to work.

“You gonna make him an offer he can’t refuse?” Liam said. Aren smiled, beside the Fae, he, it appeared was the only other one who ‘got’ it. He really needed to have Liam bring some of those TV’s and computers the Fae had helped develop with the military that were shielded from EM and magical interference. It would open a whole new world for his baby.
Just for the hell of it, he puffed out his cheeks, rubbed an eyebrow and gently scratched at his cheek. “Either that or he sleeps with the fishes.” He said in a soft gravely voice and watched as Liam cracked up with laughter as Daffyd hummed the theme song.

“How about you say godfaudder” Daffyd agreed and cracked his knuckles.

Morgana put an end to it before the ‘boys’ got totally out of hand, and this went on all night. “So Aren, How do we solve a problem like Lucius?” After it left her mouth she knew instead of stopping, she had just challenged them. I shouldn’t have said that she thought.

To everyone’s surprise it was Narcissa who jumped in. “Oh, I know this one.” She said as she started to sing. “Oh, how do we solve a problem called Lucius? Now that we’ve caught the shit and pinned him down? Oh, how do we solve a problem like Lucius? Shall we kill the prick or turn him into a clown…”*

Aren and Liam were almost in tears from laughing so hard. ‘Gods, baby! I really do love your mum!” Aren declared holding his side.

Draco’s mouth was hanging open in shock. He had never seen this side of his mother before. It was…nice?

“Narcissa?” Molly asked, “Everything alright dear?”

“Well really Moll, do you really think when Lucius was away and Draco in school, I spent all my time at teas or shopping? I often went into muggle London or Paris and there I discovered the cinema!” She breathed out the last like it was created by Merlin. “Moll, I just have to take you to a couple of flicks, you’ll love it!”

And just like that, the Malfoy/Weasley feud that had lasted through centuries, ended when Arthur joined in and they made plans to go to the movies.

“Actually,” Aren spoke up once he regained his breath, “Narcissa’s idea isn’t half bad.” “No!” he said quickly when Draco turned shocked eyes on him. “Not the killing part, but instead of a clown, maybe a house elf? Lucius has spent most of his life self-centered, I do believe it is time he learn to serve instead of receive, no?”

They had thought the idea was justice personified, and rose to go to the prisoners when Aren stopped them. “Sorry, but I can’t allow anyone near there. I’ll have Percy brought here.”

Morgana, Liam, Draco and Severus looked thoughtful at this statement. Obviously there was much more there than just a room for prisoners. Draco tried searching his bond, but found that area blocked from him, as did Morgana when they met each others minds inside of Aren’s while trying to sneak the secrets out of him. Aren looked at the both of them after he mentally shut the door in their faces. “Ah, ah, ah! Now was that nice?” he said shaking a finger at them.

Draco thought there were still some things Aren was not ready to share or confide in yet. One of them had to do with his one ability he wasn’t saying anything about, and it seemed another was where he kept Percy and Lucius prisoner. And that was alright. If Aren needed time to work through and understand what he had and was, he definitely could have it.

A dark impenetrable cloud appeared in the middle of the room. Aren walked over to it and reaching in, pulled Percy out. The cloud hovered for a couple of seconds longer then dissipated. Percy was in the same state they had left him in at the pitch, only he was awake now.

“Lo Percy. Seems like you have been a very naughty boy lately. Well, in a little while, your walk on
the dark side will all be over except for a dim memory. Severus? Strip him.”

Moll gasped but Arthur held her back. “Let him do what he needs to.” Arthur said to her. Maybe this wasn’t the ideal place for someone as motherly as Molly to be. “Bill, take your mother out so she doesn’t accidentally break Aren’s concentration.”

“I would never..” she started.

“Molly, I think most of us need to leave.” Narcissa said gathering her and leading the majority out, until only Arthur, Severus, Draco, and Aren were left. Remus went with the others to explain what was going to happen and that it could be extremely dangerous for both especially if Aren’s concentration and will were broken. “Molly, I know you wouldn’t mean to, well, any of you would try to hurt Aren, but it is a hard thing to see, and accidents do have a way of happening.” Remus told Molly and the others.

When the doors to the library were opened, Draco was helping Aren walk. He had removed the Dark Mark and had reached into Percy and removed his core, draining most of it, then with his last energy, he put it back into Percy. Percy was mercifully unconscious while this happened and would only remember the start of the proceedings. The only reminder was the vividness of the lightning bolt scar that had been over the Dark Mark. It was now red instead of the silvery tracery it had been.

Voldemort was again, along with his remaining Death Eaters screaming in pain, and they bore the brunt of it. One had gone so far as to cut his lower arm off to try and stop the pain. He was left with a deep red lightning bolt that snaked up his shoulder and onto his chest.

Voldemort’s scar had deepened, cutting deeper into his chest til it seemed it had been carved into him. He had to somehow stop this, what ever it was Potter was doing. He heard a gasp as Peter pointed towards the corner of the room they were both in. There was Sirius Black, standing laughing at them.

“What is happening to me?” Voldemort shouted at him.

“Harry Potter is reclaiming one of your followers. Each one he claims damages you. This one was not a power at all, wait! He has one that is, and I will be here to laugh at your suffering as you have laughed at those you tortured. Until the day when he will finally end your existence like the turning off of a light.”

Voldemort screamed again in rage as Sirius vanished and a young fairly attractive woman appeared in his place. “Who are you?” he snarled.

“Why Thomas, do you not recognize your mother? I am here to see how you have tarnished and drug the once respected name of my father into the slime of infamy.”

“What is this?” he screamed at her, “You of all know of my treatment!”

“Did you ever once try to find my father?” she yelled back at him. “In my pride, I did not go to him when your father rejected my being magical. That was my sin! He would have welcomed us both! He was a very good man. But it was me! I was the ambitious one!”

“How could I when no one would tell me of him?”

“But you could find out our shame? That we were tainted by being part of the bastard line of Salazar? That you could find? But not what was easiest found in the Ministry records?”
Like any true mother she was on a roll, and not about to accept any pithy excuses from her son. “But no, poor, poor, Thomas! He has been the only one in the whole world to ever have been hurt or rejected! No one else ever had a hard life did they? Yet somehow I recall, if they did, they managed to become people their family would have been proud of with many friends to stand by their side. Tell me Thomas, do you have or did you ever have any friends? Did you even try to have a friend?”

“I don’t need this! The ramblings of some creature dredged up to try and shame me!” he screeched back.

“Some creature, am I? Tell me, son. Have you looked in the mirror lately?” She waited but all she got was a snarl from what had once been a handsome man, a man who had shown such promise! “One last word, then you’ll hear from me no more. When you are killed, and mark my words, you will be, none shall ever morn you, not even your so-called followers. Such is the legacy you leave!” she said with such scorn, Voldemort hid his face from her sight not noticing that she had vanished until he said softly, “not even you? Mum?”

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In the farthest reaches of the Oubliette Lucius was screaming in pain, although he didn’t know why, he was still in his frozen state. Where ever he was, this place was a thousand times worst than Azkaban. There, one had only to fear the approach of Dementors.

Here all your mistakes, all you harmed, all you wronged were present to torment you. What you had done was reflected back 3 fold. If you ate wile someone was hungry and didn’t feed them, you starved three times as bad. If you caused pain, the same. He would do anything, promise anything to be quit of here.

Dying even was out of the question here. Those he killed, he felt their death, though it was worst, yet he always re-woke from his dying to curse what ever it was that kept him alive.

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Percy was to remain here for a few more days with Bill acting as his watchdog. But it was a very happy Molly and Arthur that went home to Grimmauld place. That happiness did not last very long as they heard the remainder of their children yelling at the top of their voices.

Molly sighed and went to see what was going on. She was accosted by her youngest son as soon as she opened the door to the library.

“Mum! She’s gone mental! Tell her!” he yelled waving his arms in a certain direction, he gave another wave, mumbled ‘bloody stupid bitch’ and left the room.

“Ron’s right mum, she’s starkers for sure! Wait til you hear what she wants to do!” Ginny said her arms folded across her chest, and looked at the cause of all this.

“Hermione, now what is wrong?” Molly asked her but Ginny just couldn’t wait.

“The looby wants to go to Diagon Alley with us tomorrow, mum!” She looked at Hermione with a ‘so there!’ expression on her face.

“Oh, I am sorry, Hermione, but that is just not possible!” Molly said as tactfully as she could.

“Well, you will just have to figure it out then, but I am going! I will pick out my own books and things.” She snapped back.
“No, Hermione…” Molly started to gently try to tell her that no one wanted to be seen with her, but as usual, she couldn’t get a word in.

“You will take me!” She shouted back. “If left up to anyone else I’ll probably get some old second hand books with important pages missing! I want the best if I’m to excel at my NEWTs this year!”

Molly and Ginny blushed at the implications of Hermione’s diatribe. Molly had just had enough. “Very well, Ginny, go pack her things! Hermione! You are going back to your parents, let them deal with you!”

“You can’t! I can’t let them see me like this! What will I tell them?” she wailed.

“Tell them the truth! If you don’t, I guarantee, you will not like the consequences. But I have had it with you! And that is something with being the twins mother I have not said in these many years!”

Molly left to write a letter to the Grangers, just incase Hermione found a way to fudge the facts.

Hermione’s trunk was brought down by Ron and Ginny and placed in front of the door. Molly had just finished her letter, and was waiting on Arthur to come back with a port key from the Ministry when She heard something terrible.

“Hermione! Tell me you were joking!” she almost screeched out the words.

“I told her mum, but I’m just Ron who doesn’t know anything important. I don’t count!”

“Hermione!”

“I meant every word! I will marry Harry just you wait and see!” Hermione said with a self-satisfied smirk on her face.

“He is bonded! You can’t!” Molly said imploringly. “Think of what you are saying!”

“Oh! I will find a way to break it! It’s probably some stupid Fae bitch anyway! He is mine! He always has been. It is this bond that is wrong!”

“Did he ever ask you to bond or marry him?” Molly asked.

“It was only a matter of time, I was just too busy with school, he knew that and was only waiting til it was over.” She announced to all in the room.

“And of course, you can prove this?” Molly asked her. Really she thought, the girl wasn’t that stupid was she? Was her arrogance that out of control?

“Well, of course I can! I just need to see him!”

“Hermione? Do you know the penalty for trying to break a legitimate bond?”

Unfortunately for Hermione, she didn’t catch the seriousness in Molly’s voice or see the worried looks on Ron and Ginny’s faces. And she just waved everyone off. “Well, I shall just have to wait then til I see him at Hogwarts. Then we shall see won’t we?”

“Yes, Hermione, then we shall indeed see!” Molly said as Arthur arrived and they set everything up and ported her back to her parents.

“She’s going to Azkaban, ain’t she mum?” Ron asked.
“Or worst.” Molly replied, recalling the little bit Percy was able to tell her.

“What could be worst than Azkaban.” He asked.

She looked at her son seriously. “Hope you never find out!” she said and sat down to write another letter. This one to Draco and Aren, she told the details of what Hermione said and asked for a pensive to record the memories. They would be needed for the trial.

She had given the witch every chance she could. But now, it was out of her hands. It was serious to try and circumvent and break a bonding in the wizard world. She dreaded to think what the Fae would extract. But Hermione was in serious trouble now, and digging herself in deeper.

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Before they left for Diagon Alley, both Ginny and especially Ron was warned not to say anything about this bond breaking business. It was to be kept a secret until the injured party decided to do something.

Ron acted like it was stupid until Arthur stepped in. “I heard you asking your mother what could be worst than Azkaban last night. Open your mouth and say something stupid, and you will find out. This is your only warning, Ronald! I will not have my idiot son ruin this family! And that goes for you also!” he said to Ginny. “There will be no gossip sessions with your friends about this! If you are asked, all you will tell is about her turning herself into a slug and us sending her home. Am I understood?” They both nodded, white faced and scared. They had never seen their father like this, ever!

So it was two very subdued Griffindors that walked the streets of Diagon Alley shopping for their school supplies, Molly trailing behind.

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Aren had once again donned the disguised he used when he first left Privet Drive. Draco decided he didn’t much like the change, preferring his gorgeous Fae Prince. One day he decided he would parade Aren around in true Fae costume. Of course, he would have his wand ready to hex any one who decided to come too close to him. But today, they both looked very ordinary. Draco opted for brown hair also, cut short, and brown eyes.

By luck they had run into Molly and handed her the pensive she had asked for in her letter. They had told her that Percy was doing well, and they were going to see about getting his Penelope and her mother to join him. Sir Darcy was already notified, and he would be around sometime in the next couple of days to see if Percy would work well with him. Molly was overjoyed at this news. They had not said anything however about Hermione. That would wait for another day. Draco did have visions of torturing the bitch, but that was for the future.

Aren would not leave Draco’s side fearing something would hurt his pregnant mate. This garnered them enough looks as it was quite uncommon for two men to be that close. While not frowned upon, it was not exactly approved either. Neither of them cared. They had much more important things to think about. Later on, after they had finished, there was still Lucius to take care of. If Percy and Severus had worn out Aren, how much worst would it be for one who was as seeped in the Dart Arts as Lucius?

That was what was on Draco’s mind until they reached the Leaky Cauldron.
The worst reaction that had happened was a disdainful sniff from a matronly witch escorting her children when Aren gave Draco a kiss after they had left Fortescues and Aren spied a dollop of fudge at the corner of Draco’s mouth and kissed it away.

They decided to take an extra bit of time for themselves and have lunch before going home. Unfortunately, Ron’s mouth once again got him in trouble. He had met up with some of his friends and had behaved himself so well, he was allowed to go off with them for lunch.

Ron, Dean Thomas, Seamus Finnigan and Neville Longbottom met up to discuss how they should treat Hermione and if Harry would be back for his last year. Talk was very general, and Ron was being careful until he saw two brown haired men enter together and sit close to their table. The men were holding hands and one had held a chair for the other to sit. He told the others to look at those two over there.

Neville had noticed and while he had no opinion one way or the other, knew his grandmother would hex him six ways to Sunday if he displayed any bad manners towards them. Dean and Seamus sniggered and wondered whether they were buggering each other ignoring the frown Neville sent them.

They watched the men avidly to see what they would do. Ron up til now hadn’t really been paying attention beyond his first comment, to anything but his food. Seamus got a little too graphic and Neville excused himself but first he told them that they were quite disgusting, he frankly didn’t see anything wrong with what they were doing, and they should mind their own business. He then left shaking his head at how juvenile his friends still remained.

Unknown to the boys, the men at the other table were very aware of what was being said. They nodded and smiled at Neville as he walked by and he returned it. Ron chose the moment to give Neville a parting shot. “Oiy Neville, I didn’t know you were a faggot!” “Yeah Neville,” Seamus joined in “Don’t come to school and expect to be around us you pervert!”

Neville turned bright red and stood still him his tracks. The man with glasses and flashing blue eyes stood, and walked over to Neville and asked him if he would please sit by his partner and just enjoy what was going to happen to stupid boys with big mouths saying it loudly enough for all to hear. He nodded and sat.

“I always thought there was something about Neville, look at ‘em sitting with those blokes!” Ron said to his companions. Dean noticed that they were overheard, and knew they were in trouble, but Seamus and Ron had their heads together snickering to each other about Neville.

“Excuse me, But I believe you owe your companion an apology.” The man with the silver glasses said.

“What! Are you mental or something? It’s only Neville!” Ron said.

“Don’t you care that you have hurt his feelings?”

“Feelings? What is he a man or a girl?” Ron replied.

“He’s probably a fag is what he is.” Seamus whispered to Ron. But not soft enough for the man not to hear.

“I do believe you gentlemen need to learn a very important lesson in respecting others.” He tapped the table in front of each boy. Then he tapped each boy on their heads, just once saying “you have the manners of a pig, you are definitely a goat and you are monkey aping your betters. You will stay
that way until you truly understand what you did was wrong.”

He walked back to his table and sat down. “See? I told you that you would enjoy it!” he told Neville. “You are a credit to your raising and it has been a pleasure to meet you, but we really must be going now. I do hope though, that we will meet again in the future. I am Aren, and this is Drae. Have a very nice day.”

Neville smiled in bemusement at the two men as they left. It was starting to look like Hogwarts, or just Griffindor tower was turning into an animal farm. Aren and Drae? The names sounded very familiar somehow. He really did hope they would meet again. Aren acted just like Harry…. Oh, shit!

A/N: hope you thought this was a better effort. And sorry for the movie/song fest…can’t help it when something like that takes over, I did play it down, it had been much worst…snicker* But there will still be a little bit of it in the next chapter…there’s something I just gotta do when Aren ‘does’ Lucius and I’ll just hate myself if I don’t! *- a really bad take on “How do we solve a problem called Maria” from the Sound of Music, and the other is of course from the Godfather.
Chapter 21

Molly had been fetched from Madam Maulkins where she and Ginny were finishing up buying her new robes for the school year. A spectator at the Leaky Cauldron had seen the whole thing and went to warn Molly of what to expect.

He had been sitting next to the boys and had heard every word. While he wasn’t one to approve of the men’s life style, they had been harming none and instead had gone out of their way to reassure the boy the others had hurt with their words.

“Aye there Moll, your youngun and t’others were saying some mighty hurtful things to young Longbottom, and t’other one from before went to ask ‘em to ‘pologize an they smarted off at ‘em. Gots wot they deserves they did.”

What am I going to do with that boy she wondered as she went to drag him home. Seamus and Dean’s parents were arguing with others who had seen what happened when Molly arrived. The boys, hah that was a laugh! The animals were bleating, screeching and grunting out their responses to the other parents. Giving them the impression the boys had been wronged. She had had it with Griffindors lately. Honestly! What were they teaching them? Even Slytherins were more protective of their own than the Griffindors lately. She glanced at her son, the pig; and hands planted firmly on her ample hips, let them all have a piece of her mind, ending with telling them that she was sending a letter to McGonagall.

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Aren and Draco apparated back to Griffin’s Rest in a lighthearted frame of mind. Draco asked him if he thought anyone had noticed him use wandless magic on the griffindorks.

He told him he didn’t think so and added that he wondered if any had noticed the geas he put on them first. “A what?” Draco asked.

“A Fae word, um, like a restriction or curse, I guess. That knock I did on the on the table before them?” He said looking at Draco and watching as he nodded. “That was it. It will prevent them or anyone from turning them back until they truly understand the harm they did to Neville.”

Draco looked at him in amazement. “I didn’t know you could do something like that? Can I do that?” Aren shrugged his shoulders and said he didn’t see why not since it was a Fae thing.

“We don’t just get even love, we make it stick until they really learn their lesson. No matter how much they say they are sorry, it won’t come off until they understand and really mean it. I got that from Morgana when we first touched minds.”

Draco nodded his understanding, then asked if Aren would show him how to put a geas on
someone, smiling when Aren agreed.

“Love? Do you think your tests for Hogwarts will be ready soon?”

“How soon?” Draco asked.

“Well, they will be leaving on the express this Friday, classes start Monday. I was thinking we might be there for Monday?”

“What? To take over the school and everything?” Draco shouted.

“Well, with our boys on the way, I just want all this over with, don’t you? I’d just like to be a father, not the savior, or an avenger, or the prince, just dad. So I think the more time we give them, the more mischief they can cause.”

“That is true. But what about Voldemort?”

Aren stopped right before the door to their home and looked down at his shoes, then up at Draco with a half smile. “I thought while you were busy getting the tests ready and finding professors to replace those that were incompetent, I’d do a little hunting.”

“Like The Wild Hunt, hunting?” Draco asked watching Aren nod. “Hunting for what? Or should I say whom?” he asked opening the door and entering.

Once they gave their packages to a house elf, they entered the library where most of the others were gathered.

“Whom, I guess.” Aren replied. “So far each time I removed a Mark, it badly hurt Voldemort.”

When Aren said that he got everyone’s attention. “It also reduces his personal power by making him use it to heal himself, and his power base. He will have less reserves to draw from. I thought I’d go after the really strong ones, and take away their Marks. Or throw them in the Oubliette. That will block Voldemort’s access to them til I have the time to get to them and remove their Marks.” He looked around the room at their faces gauging their thoughts.

The ones he really wanted to ride with him were the ones with smiles on their faces, all but Morgana. “For how long will we hunt?” she asked.

“Only this week.”

“Why so soon Aren?” Severus asked.

“Well, the new semester begins next Monday, I would like for us to be there, and clean house so to speak before anyone gets too comfortable where they are and thinks up more plans against me. Besides, the faster I claim Hogwarts, the faster I take away Dumbledore’s ability to milk the school for his own benefit.”

Aren, what do you mean? How could Dumbledore…” Remus waved his hands showing he had no idea what Aren was getting at.

“Remus, think. Hogwarts has over a thousand years of magic soaked into the very mortar that holds her together. Just by being headmaster he can tap some of that for his own use. And now he’s threatened, I imagine he is going to try to take as much as he’s able one way or another. It’s what I’d do.”
He saw the others thinking about what he said. They were seriously considering his words when he decided to drop one last bombshell for them to mull over. “Also, I noticed as I left on the train last year, my abilities increased the further I got from Hogwarts, he somehow had Hogwarts itself dampening them, so the sooner I claim it, the less he could possibly control or hurt me.”

“There’s also the fact that Aren’s father told him Dumbledore and Voldemort are going to work together.” Draco told the others, reminding them of Dumbledore’s treachery. “So when Aren claims Hogwarts, we can nullify Dumbledore, using him instead, while we prepare Hogwarts. That reminds me. I need to contact Griphook so all the paperwork is done and settled the minute you take control.” He told Aren.

“Morgana? I need you to contact our queen, tell her we will need some more warriors. I want Aren kept safe at all costs.” Aren raised his eyebrows at this, whoo-hoo, Draco was on a roll it seems, taking charge and living large!

“You do know the Queen will expect to be recompensed for what she does? It is not always… pretty to see.” Morgana warned him.

“Oh, I think I have something worth more to her than blood, flesh or even pain.” Draco replied and reached into the pocket of his robe and pulled out a small vial filled with opalescent liquid swirling with all the colors of the rainbow. “I have life here, what do you think she would give to have this?” he asked.

The Fae’s eyes opened wide at what Draco held so cavalierly between his fingers. “The ultimate fertility potion and it only takes a drop. So, what do you think this is worth?” Draco gave them all a smirk.

“But how?”

“Aren. He refuses to share anymore, so he came up with a solution.” Draco said from the comforting presence of his love behind him feeling his arms snake around until they gently cradled their children.

“Draco is my consort, my bonded. He will not be used in such a way any further!” Aren put the weight of his power behind his words. “Do as he bid, and make any arrangements he wishes, His will is mine. Is this understood?” Aren stared hard an every one til he saw their nods of acceptance.

“Well, I need to see to Lucius, ready Draco? We need to get this done if I’m going hunting tomorrow.” Aren left knowing Draco would follow. Narcissa had left the fate of Lucius in Draco’s hands, and they had talked long into the night last night about what they were going to do, it would be exhausting, but fun.

Draco followed Aren to their bedroom where he was asked once again if this was his wish? When Draco nodded, Aren created the black cloud and they walked into it. All around them was darkness. Aren held Draco’s hand and with a dagger sliced into his palm, then his own. He clapsed Draco’s hand and waited as their blood mingled then dropped onto the floor.

Suddenly flames erupted in the torches that had been in holders on the walls illuminating the room. “The Oubliette will accept you as master the same as myself. Any others would be considered enemies and treated as such.”
“There is nothing here Aren!” Draco said a bit disappointed. Aren laughed.

“This is just the entry love. What is it you thought to see?”

“OH, I don’t know, maybe Lucius hanging in chains or something.” Draco said chagrinned and slightly disappointed at not seeing the bastard who would hand his only son over to a monster suffering.

“Lucius is suffering greater torments than any torturer could provide, I assure you. But there is more here than a prison, come, see!”

Aren did indeed show him wonders. There was a library so ancient it contained scrolls instead of books. “This was rescued from many libraries, including the one at Alexandria.”

Another room contained jars and containers of various sizes and colors. There were thousands all placed carefully on row upon row of shelves. They were ingredients for potions and spells long thought lost due to the extinction of the species of animal or plant. Another room opened up onto a vast conservatory full of growing plants. And yet another held silver, golden and jeweled objects, most magical, all valuable beyond price.

Draco desperately wanted to examine everything, but Aren pulled him away telling him there were more rooms that he knew were there but hadn’t had the time to discover. “Love, we have the rest of our lives to explore and discover what lies here.” Aren said gently pulling Draco away from a wooden, staff with a clawed top that held an orb emitting a gentle pulsing light.

“But Aren! That could be Merlin’s staff!” Draco whined pulling against Aren’s insistent tugging, wanting to get back to the staff.

“Could be.” He said, “but we do not have time now.”

“Aren, how could all this be beneath our home?”

“Most of it isn’t. It is hell, I don’t know, something like another dimension, like wizard space. I don’t know how to explain it, I just know it is.”

“Aren, do you think Merlin was one of your ancestors?” Draco asked.

“Ghads! I hope not! Morgana said he was as crazy as a loon! He did some things that the Fae had to punish him for. He was as bad in his own ways as Voldemort or Dumbledore according to what I got from Morgana.” Aren said with a shudder as he opened another door.

They entered a very opulent bedroom of eastern design that brought to mind tales of the Arabian nights and djinns. Aren waved at the bed where there were clothes laid out for them. “Ready?” he asked as he went over and started to take off the clothes he had worn to Diagon Alley and redressed in what was there for him saying nothing himself about what he was wearing but listened instead to Draco’s gripes with an amused smile on his face.

“Problem Draco?” he asked trying very hard to keep the laugh from his voice.

“Look at this!” he said as he finished pulling up what could only be called tights. “They don’t even come to my waist! They are going to roll down on me!”

“What! You don’t like traditional Fae clothing?” Aren asked him.

“Aren! I can see every detail of my cock and balls! This is obscene!”
Aren sighed, “Only to the non Fae love, finish dressing. This is court dress in our house colors. Fae are proud of their bodies and like to show their assets.” When he said that Draco turned to give him his opinion of Fae court dress, then gasped when he saw Aren.

“Oh my! You will only wear that for me! No one else!” Draco told him, hands on hips, bare foot tapping silently waiting for Aren’s agreement. Aren had on similar tights with knee length black boots. His top was a long, tight sleeved tunic that ended at the top of his thighs. Over that he had on a sleeveless open fronted robe of heart blood red embroidered in jet beading at the floor length hem that resembled thistles.

Draco’s differed from Aren’s in that his tunic had a high neck similar to a turtle neck and it came to right above his knees. His robe was also sleeveless but closed seamlessly down the front and was hooded. There were also gloves of the same soft leather as the boots and a veil that attached when the hood was pulled up so that only his eyes would show. While not quite the shapeless sack worn by middle-eastern women of certain religious persuasions, it came close. “Aren! Why am I dressed like your Houri? I don’t like what this implies.”

“Aren, At this time you are the second highest ranking consort in the Fae court, thus the hood, veil and gloves. You are breeding, so the longer tunic until birth. No consort, especially a royal one, shows themselves to any but family. It is a sign of respect to the wearer that they are almost sacrosanct and not to be viewed by the rabble. When you go out into the world, this is the style you will wear.” Aren really hoped Draco would like the pedestal the clothing proclaimed him to be on as he pulled his own gloves on. Both of their gloves were finger-tip less, to enable the use of magic.

“Sacrosanct?”

“Almost holy.” Aren replied. “Actually, you out rank the Queen-consort because you are breeding, that is something he could not accomplish.”

“I can live with that. So, the more clothing I wear, the more important I am?”

“Yes.”

“Why don’t I have beading around the bottom?”

“Jet is the stone of death, thus it proclaims my ability, This,” Aren showed Draco a large brooch consisting of one fist sized milky opal surrounded by black opals, and pinned it to his shoulder, “is yours.” The colors flashed out of the stones when hit by the light of the torches. “You are the Bringer of life. Only you may wear Opals.”

Draco conjured a mirror and stood admiring himself. “You know Aren, I am quite looking forward to going to court.”

Aren dreaded hearing Draco say that. Oh, Draco would do well indeed at court, he would in all probability thrive on the atmosphere. He just didn’t know what Aren did from Morgana’s mind and the knowledge that had been unlocked with his rite. There was reason, hell, several very good reasons why Aren and Morgana kept telling Draco, Severus and Remus that the Fae were not nice. Aren knew once they were called to present themselves to the Queen and then the court, the real terrors would start. But until then, he would let Draco stay as innocent of the real world of the Fae as possible. Time enough to prepare him when they were called.

Aren walked over to Draco and presented his arm with a slight bow. “Are you ready, beloved?” Draco gulped at what was up coming, nodded, fastened his veil, then placed his hand upon Aren’s
arm and allowed him to escort him into what would be soon known as the room of judgment.

Although they dressed Fae, the room they entered presented itself as medieval. The stone walls were decorated here and there with silk panels of the house colors of red and black. The floor was highly polished black marble with grains of gold running through it. At the far end of the room were what could only be called two huge thrones of the same black marble, cushioned with red and black pillows. Behind the thrones, encased with more silk bunting was the coat of arms for the house of Griffin.

Upon a field of black was a blood red Griffin, with a ducal coronet with crossed swords above the Griffin. The floor right below the thrones was a mosaic of jewels; onyx, ruby and golden topaz depicting the same crest.

As they walked down the center aisle toward the thrones, Draco noticed benches on either side of them and asked what they were for. “For when the Duke heard reports or pleas of his vassals and when neighboring nobility came to court the Duke’s favor. It was also used upon occasion to hear requests from Royalty for men or arms. It will be used again once we are able to remove all but the most necessary of wards. We still have quite a bit of power, even in this day and age.”

When they reached the thrones, Aren fussed a bit to make sure Draco was comfortable and placed a cushioned stool before him to place his feet upon.

Once Draco was seated to his satisfaction, he asked him if he was ready.

When he nodded, Aren once again created the dense black cloud and reached in to pull out Lucius. A stool appeared before the jeweled coat of arms on the floor. “Wizard Malfoy, please be seated.” Aren told Lucius while he went up to join Draco. All along the walls there appeared spectral men at arms to guard the prisoner.

“Beloved, these are your guardians and whenever you are here to judge, they will attend you and do your bidding.” Before Lucius there appeared a scale waiting to weight his sins. Aren surprised Draco by sitting at his feet. “When ever you are ready, my love.”

“Wizard Malfoy, you are here to be judged. Gather your thoughts, and then speak in your defense. If your actions are justified, the scale for mercy will tip in your favor, if not sentence shall be pronounced for your crimes and carried out.” Draco said in a whispery voice. A scroll appeared in Lucius hands. “These are the crimes and actions of which you have been accused. Begin any time.”

Lucius read over the scroll slowly. Who ever compiled this list was very thorough, it dated back to his days at Hogwarts. He glanced at the scales. He was lost and knew it. He had no defense for most of what was listed. One glance at the floor told him bribery would not be an option since they could waste precious jewels in a floor. He would need to attack the legality of this trial and hope to be remanded to the Wizengamot.

Slowly he stood and brushed imaginary lint off his sleeve. Then he proceeded to straighten his cuffs. All this Draco knew from experience was a stalling tactic. Next he mentally told Aren will be him clearing his throat and a request for water.

Aren lounged back against Draco’s leg and proceeded to play with the hem of his robe, subtly slipping one hand underneath and wrapping it around Draco’s leg slowly started petting him.

Draco, not one to let a challenge go unanswered, slipped his foot off the stool and placed the toe of
his boot under Aren’s ass and began to flex his toes. The leather being very supple, Aren felt each toe as they caressed the crack wiggling slightly until they were near his entrance.

While Lucius did his throat clearing and asking for water, Aren decided to up the steaks and leaned back more til his tunic rode up, and splayed his legs just enough that if Draco looked, and he would, he would see Aren’s balls and the base of his cock which, thanks to Draco’s cleaver toes was now hardening. He also, cleaver him put just enough pressure on Draco’s foot that he couldn’t move it easily. Aren’s fingers now played at the inside of Draco’s thigh, almost, but not quite reaching his balls.

Lucius will now accuse us of taking justice into our own hands I bet. Draco thought to Aren.

“I demand to know who you both are and by what right you have imprisoned me and dare to try me of this slanderous rot!” Lucius threw down the scroll listing his crimes. Nostrils flaring he stood with arms locked over his chest. “I have rights and I demand they be seen to!”

Aren sighed and slowly with a gently pat, slipped his arm from his loves leg willing his erection down for the time being, and got to his feet.

Aren snapped his fingers and another scroll appeared in his hand. “It says here you are dead.”

“What! What is that?”

“Why your certificate of death. Your lovely widow was kind enough to give it to me as a thank-you gift.” He glanced up to see if Lucius reacted. “would you like me to read it? I find legalese in the Wizard world to be quite droll, I do believe I will start a collection.” Aren cleared his throat and held out his hand for a glass of water, sipped then let it disappear away again. “It says; ‘As coroner I examined him, and found it was not merely whim, that he is not just nearly dead, He’s really most sincerely dead!’* Odd wording don’t you think? I seemed to have heard it somewhere before. Almost compels one to sing.”

“That can not be right! As you see I am here! Alive!”

Aren flipped it around showing the seal from the Ministry of Magic to Lucius. “So my dear dead wizard, as Lord of the Dead I may do with you as I please. Well, love? Guilty or not?” he looked to his consort who was having a hard time containing his laughter. He knew exactly where Aren had gotten the wording to the document, his mother sang it as she wrote it!

“Guilty, Your Grace!”

“Who are you?” Lucius screamed in fury. This just couldn’t be happening!

“What! You still don’t recognize me? Go on, take a good look.”

“I am the boy who lived, formerly known as Harry Potter, but you can call me master!”

“Never!”

“You know what they say… never say never! Have a seat!” Aren compelled Lucius to sit back on the stool that had been provided for him and waved his hand stripping him from the waist up. He grabbed Lucius arm and examined it.

“Nice work if I do say so myself, but we just have to get rid of that ugly black skull, so tacky and over the top don’t you think? Now just hold still… This is going to hurt you way more than me, and your little snake faced boss too!”
Aren proceeded to remove Voldemort’s ties to Lucius. When he got to the last, the morsmordre itself he reached for all the wild magic he could hold. When he was ready he looked at Lucius. “You’ve been such a brave little Death Eater, just one more and you’ll get a lollipop, I promise!” Aren pushed his magic into the mark and forced it back to Voldemort ignoring the screams coming from Lucius.

Lucius fainted before Aren could remove him from the spell. Still holding Lucius arm he examined it “Well, now that one’s nice if I do say so myself! Come see this baby!”

Draco jumped out of his throne and hurried over to see what Aren had done. There on his arm along with the lightning bolt scar was the flower Draco’s mother was named after.

“What do you think love? I was going to keep him, but I think he should go to Narcissa.” Draco agreed, it would be too weird to have him around. “Humm,” Aren looked critically at Lucius. “Looks like a Lucy in disguise to me.” With that he transformed Lucius after the geas was put on to the form of a female house elf.

Aren was almost panting with exhaustion. He needed food, a shower, some Draco loving and bed, but not necessarily in that order. “Call Dobby love, and have him take care of this one until Narcissa can claim him.”

Aren left to go into the room that contained the bed, and stripped out of his court clothing and crawled on top of the bed awaiting Draco.

Draco entered and saw Aren all laid out like a banquet for him and quickly started stripping off his clothing.

Aren rolled over onto his belly, lifting his ass and tucking a pillow under his hips. “Fuck me love, I need to feel you in me because I am most assuredly yours, make it so in every way.”

Draco was startled at this. It was something he really didn’t even think about. He was content the way things were and had only a fleeting thought to taking the dominant role. Kneeling between Aren’s legs he put his hands on Aren’s ass cheeks and slid then up his back in a massage eliciting a groan of pleasure from him and rested his head for a moment on the small of Aren’s back as he kneaded his shoulders.

He kissed that area in the small of his back where a very slight patch of black hair nested. Then swipe his tongue out and along the crack of Aren’s ass. After that, Aren spread his legs as wide as they would go for Draco. “More love.” Aren murmured. Draco proceeded to return the favor Aren was always willing to give to him. He feasted on Aren’s entrance. Licking, sucking, planting tiny bites on the star shaped hole and stiffening his tongue pushed it in and swirled it around, tasting the musky essence of his love, listening to Aren groan in pleasure and beg for more.

Draco waved his hand and oil appeared. Slicking up his fingers, he inserted two, his tongue had relaxed Aren’s hole enough so there should be no pain, and proceeded to stretch it wider. They were both virgins in this area, and Draco didn’t know if he could hold out long enough for Aren to receive pleasure from this so with his other hand he reached under and started to stroke Aren’s weeping cock.

Aren was pleading with him now to please, please hurry before he came. Draco slicked up his cock and held the head at the entrance and slowly pushed in. He stopped when Aren gasped and started to withdraw. “You leave me and I will so hurt you!” Aren groaned. “doesn’t hurt, just different, more baby.”

Draco pushed himself the rest of the way in. “Ah, Gods!” Aren sighed. “fuck me love, gonna come.”
Draco then started the familiar motion of in and out. He started slowly, Aren was so tight around him, if he did not gain control it would all be over sooner than he wanted. It was a good sensation, but he missed feeling the sense of warmth and need he got when Aren loved him. It just felt more right when Aren did this. But Aren was right in this, it was time for them to finally loose all their virginity and become partners in every sense.

“Oh, hey! Yeah, do that again!” Aren shouted to Draco. And Draco smiled, he must have hit his prostrate, and he angled for the same place and he continued to jerk on Aren’s cock. “Oh, baby, baby, gonna come!” Draco felt Aren shoot all over his hand and at the same time his anal muscles milked the orgasm out of Draco.

Slowly he pulled out of Aren, pleased when he saw there was no blood. He had been so afraid of hurting him. “Aren? Alright there? Aren?” Unfortunately for Draco, Aren was asleep. He however was energized. It had been one hell of a day.

He called for some food to be brought, and cleaned them both up. Covering Aren, he re-dressed and decided he would explore just a bit. While he really wanted to get a look at that staff again, magical things had a habit of backfiring on those who didn’t know what they were doing, so he settled for the library and went to check out what they had.

Aren woke an hour later to the smell of food and the feel of an empty bed. Searching out the bond he saw Draco was reading, although with difficulty, a scroll. Mentally he called and told him dinner was waiting.

Draco looked up startled at the mental probe until he realized it was Aren. Hurriedly yet with great care, he re-rolled the scroll he was reading and brought it with him. This was important. It held information on Aren’s soul abilities. Although in this it called him a guardian guide instead of keeper or catcher of souls. Aren’s instincts had been right not to confide this ability to anyone. It was frightening in its power.

Draco knew if anyone could handle it with the care and consideration it required, Aren could. He was probably the only one with enough empathy and strength of character to do the job justice.

Aren glanced up as Draco entered the bedroom and quickly swallowed the piece of chicken he was chewing on. “Don’t tell me. I can practically feel you cackling with joy from there. Sit, eat. The babies are hungry. Then you can tell me.”

Draco carefully put the scroll on a side table and joined Aren in eating. He was right, he did need to feed himself and the boys. Telling Aren he was what the Greeks called Thanatos could wait.

TBC

A/N: Yeah, yeah, I can hear ya now, but even foolishwandwavers go on vacation every now and then. * from the Wizard of OZ, although I did paraphrase it a bit. Can’t you just hear Narcissa now? Hey Lucy! I’m home!
“Alright, just spit it out.” Aren said to Draco after what seemed like 15 images of the same thing kept popping into his head.

“Spit what out? What?” when Aren gave him one of those looks. The kind that said you are not an angel, don’t even try to pull that on me, look.

“I keep getting images of death is what, you know guy in black, carries a scythe, s’enough to ruin a guy’s appetite. So stop with the flashing and just tell me already.”

“Well, since you asked, stop with the roll the eyes bit! Like I tried to say, Since you asked, I came across this scroll and it was about your, well not your as in you, but well, soul abilities. The Greeks called those who could do what you can Thanatos, which is their name for Death. Now while you don’t actually kill them…”

He stopped at Aren’s snort, and wry, ‘oh, geeze thanks a lot!’ before he continued. “…you escort their souls after you have judged them to their reward or torment.”

Aren continued to look at him.

“What?” Draco shouted.

“That’s all?”

“How fast do you think I can read ancient Greek?” Draco snapped back.

“Give me the scroll.” Aren said.

“Would you be careful? Do you have any idea how valuable that is?”

Aren tapped the scroll then gave it back to Draco. “There now, read!”

Draco unrolled it and started, then stopped and looked at Aren. “How in the nine hells did you do that?”

“Draco, love. Listen. Everything here belongs to us, right? Not every master of this house would know how to read ancient Greek would they? So it goes to reason, that everything would have to be accessible if you needed it. Simple logic!”

“The house told you didn’t it?” Draco said shooting down Aren’s little bit of high flying act. He smiled when he saw Aren blush and nod. “Would it tell us what everything here is?” Draco asked him.
“You’re still hot for that staff Aren’t you?” When Draco nodded, Aren shrugged and said, “ask before you touch. If it’s dangerous or there is something important I’m sure she’ll let you know.”

“She’ll? The house is female?”

“I really don’t know, but I get this warm, caring feeling when I talk to her, so I think so.” Aren replied. “What do you feel?”

“I…I’ve never tried talking to her. How do I do it?” Draco asked wondering why he never tried when he knew Aren talked to her often.

“Picture the house and think at it like you are asking it something.” Draco just looked at him like he just crawled out from somewhere. “Just try?”

Draco felt a warm and comforting feeling just like Aren told him he also got the feeling he was being laughed at gently at not trying this before. Then he asked about the staff and found out it belonged to Ardeth, the first Griffin Wizard and was told not to bother, there was noting here belonging to that horrible wizard Myrrdin or Merlin Ambrosius.

“Aren? What do you call her?”

“Besides family, a real family, what I’ve always wanted was a home, this here, so that is what I call her because to me, that is one of the most beautiful names I can think of.”

Draco looked a bit startled at first til he thought about it. It seemed stupid at first, but a home is where family is where love could be found, where you belonged and were wanted. Yes, Aren did have it right, home was a beautiful name.

“All right there, love?” Aren asked as Draco looked pensive.

“I was just thinking about what you said, and that you were right, home is a beautiful name.”

“Kay, so what’s it say about me?”

“Not everything is about you, you know.”

“This is. Read!”

“Oh, ah, well lets see, The Dementors belong to you, but since there hasn’t been a proper Thanatos in a long time they have been corrupted. All you need to do is call them and they will come back to you.”

“Right. Call. And what am I supposed to do with them once I have them? No- wait! Don’t tell me, we’ll have our own Quidditch team; Draco’s Dementors! Just think of the money we’ll save on brooms alone!”

“Cute, but pathetic. Do you want me to go on?” Draco snapped and waited for Aren’s nod of agreement. “Well, according to this, they are the ones you send that are supposed to lead a soul once the body dies to their reward, next life or punishment.”

“Oh, they are also not supposed to look like they do now. They’re supposed resemble who ever the soul loved the most and had died, sort of a comfort measure, a reassurance or a warning. Depending on the souls lightness.” Draco said as he finished reading and re-rolled the scroll.

“Draco? Um, How do I uncorrupt them?”
“Scroll didn’t say, it just said you were to call them.”

“It said I? Me?”

“No, Not you specifically, just the guardian guide or Thanatos was to call them.” Draco looked at Aren with a look that said what is so hard about this to understand or are you trying to be dense?

Suddenly Aren jumped up and started pacing back and forth. Draco watched. This was how Aren worked out a problem he found from experience. He stopped a couple of times and turned towards him like he had something to say when he would resume his pacing.

“Got it! That was the missing piece! They are the key I needed!” Draco watched as he punched the air, and did a little dance with a couple of whoo hoo’s thrown in. “Voldemort you son of a bitch! I got you now!” Aren shouted. Draco was still puzzled, but if Aren was happy, then he was also.

“Baby, you don’t get it, but the reason Voldemort didn’t die that very first time was that he found a way to anchor his soul here. With the Dementors, I can make sure, once I kill him, the prickless wonder stays dead by having his soul taken.” Aren swooped in and gave Draco a passionate kiss. “Gods! I love you, you are a genius!”

Well, if Aren thought so, who was he to argue?

Later as they were leaving the Oubliette Draco noticed there was a lot more silver to Aren’s hair than there had been before he ‘did’ Lucius. “Aren. Have you noticed you’re a lot more silver?” Draco asked.

“I used a lot of wild magic today. I really hurt Voldemort when I took Lucius Mark. I don’t think he’ll be doing anything for quite awhile, especially if we get some more of his inner circle.”

They continued this while they were preparing for bed that night. Aren asked Draco to think of the Slytherins he went to school with, and which ones wanted to join and which were going to be made to join. He said if he could remove the mark from those who would make their kids join, then they would have a chance of bringing them over to their side.

“Don’t you mean the side of the light?” Draco asked, becoming puzzled.

“No, I need a power base at school. Dumbledore is still considered by most the leader of the light. I can’t trust them not to be doing something against me. And We’ve seen most of the crème of the crop from Griffindor turned into animals. So…”

“So you want me to tell you what ones we might be able to count on?”

“Well, in a way. I don’t mean fight. I just mean, well, if they hear or see something that would help us. I don’t want them to feel pressured, Ghads! I think they probably had that most of their lives the way you did. But I would like to at least know who won’t try to hurt us. I explained that really bad, but do you know what I mean?” Aren asked Draco.

“Off hand I’d say Zabini, Crabbe, Goyle and Parkinson. They are the ones most likely to join if you can keep their fathers out of commission. Nott really is a junior Death Eater wannabe, so’s Bulstrode. Stay away from her, she wants to be another Bellatrix.” Draco told him knowing of his hate for his crazy aunt. He couldn’t stand the bitch either, always talking to him in the past with her weird brand of taunting baby talk when she was at the Manor visiting mother.

“Get in touch with Justice Dingtwaddle, and see who all they captured and explain what I can do to their Mark. Maybe I won’t have to hunt all week.” Aren asked. “Also let them know we are going to
take Hogwarts. Some WYP from WICCA would be nice to make sure Dumbledore doesn’t compromise the whole of the Wizarding world with his siding with Voldemort.” Aren rubbed his face in tiredness. “Baby? How did it ever get so damn complicated?”

“You’re tired, you’re whining, tomorrow’s a busy day for both of us, let’s just get some sleep.” Draco said as he patted Aren on the shoulder and settled in for the night.

-=.-=

Voldemort had never felt such pain. He had shunted off as much as he dared with out his followers becoming too suspicious about what all he could do with the Mark he had given them. He was slowly drawing their magic from their core to replenish as much of his as he dared. Things, despite the tentative partnership with Dumbledore were not going well at all.

Those that had been with him were still on the floor unconscious. Too much more of this and regardless of any threats or punishment, they would leave. He had over heard one say Azkaban was starting to look good. Of course he was punished, but still, word was spreading. It was also getting harder to find more followers. Now with Dumbledore with him there was the possibility to get the seventh years from their fathers. Unfortunately, those he wanted, their fathers were either captured or dead.

Money was also drying up. His biggest cash cow had been Lucius, but with him dead, his son either dead or in hiding and Narcissa nowhere known for Bella to get to her, he was quickly running out. Purebloods, he sneered, they all had their excuses, but in reality had locked it away in trusts faster than he could ask for it and the goblins at Gringotts couldn’t give a damn. They followed no rules but theirs and those of their biggest clients. Which again it seemed was Potter. Even Dumbledore had been stealing from Potter until the brat found out.

Wars were expensive, and it seemed only Potter had the cash to afford one. All avenues were starting to close, and he could see no exits anywhere in sight.

His plan to hurt the Wizarding world had failed badly, now there was only the Hogwarts option left. He groaned in pain. His arm was turning black, soon he knew if it wasn’t treated, he would have to remove it. His chest scar was deeper and looked infected and his ever present headache was now causing blurred vision and nausea. Fucking Potter! He wished he had never heard of that damn Prophecy that Dumbledore allowed to be leaked to him.

Even Fudge, that sorry excuse for a wizard had been hiding lately. His remaining spies had told him when he had been seen, he was always jumpy and talking of ghosts. Like that visitation from his mother and what his other followers had reported, he didn’t know how, but he just knew Potter was again behind it all.

-=.-=

Monday dawned wet with a steady rain. September was almost here and the weather brought the reminder that the end of summer was here. Draco had been up early writing letters and sending owls. He was in a pissy mood, but that was because Aren would be going and doing something typically
Griffindorkish with out him.

He hated when Aren did these things and let anyone within sniping range know of it especially Severus and Remus. They were not going and would be staying to help, being less than adequate on horseback, and would be finishing up the tests for the following Monday. Draco still got in a few sharp barbs about them staying safe while Aren again saved their hides.

They allowed it because they shared Draco’s concern for Aren, and with Remus were-wolf senses, he could scent the elevated hormones due to his pregnancy, and took Severus aside before the potion Master could say something hurtful to his Godson.

Muggle women carried for nine months, Witches for eight, and Fae for seven. A Fae man carried less than that if he was lucky to be able to bear children. Draco would probably carry for maybe 20 to 22 weeks Lily had explained yesterday while the boys were ‘seeing’ to Lucius. She was the only other who knew anything about the process Draco was going through being gifted when alive with the same abilities. She had yet to get together with Godric and Severus to discuss the potion that would allow Wizards to bear children.

Even at being less than a week pregnant, he was starting to feel it and the stresses surrounding him and Aren were not helping at all.

Sirius and James had appeared along with Fawks who they said had been staying in the Forbidden Forest for the past year. He had left Dumbledore, and had attached himself to James with the objective of finding Aren. Fawks had become fond of Harry ever since he started at Hogwarts and last year he could no longer remain bonded with the Wizard. Dumbledore had covered up his departure by simply saying Fawks perch was in his private rooms as the bird was getting to be older and all the coming and going in his office disturbed him.

Very few knew enough of the life of a Phoenix to dispute the Headmaster. Fawks, however gave a very long and thorough look at Draco and immediately attached himself the blond. His trilling calmed the blond back to his usual politeness.

Aren appeared just in time to witness the bonding and was thrilled with it to the surprise of Remus and Severus who thought the Phoenix would naturally bond with Aren.

Aren sat beside Draco and as he ate breakfast he watched Draco feed Fawks the choices bits of fruit, cutting the pieces into Fawks sized bites and magicing up a special dish that he told the elves was to always be at the table with them so Fawks wouldn’t have to eat alone.

When Aren finished he asked Sirius and James to give their reports on Voldemort and Dumbledore. He had already heard from Unspeakable Bode who had died last year and had no love for Fudge, along with some of those Narcissa had recommended he have work for him in getting into areas where all the secrets were.

Bode had told Aren that Fudge was on the brink of collapse, rarely venturing out of his office on the rare days he even showed up. Secret papers had somehow, Bode told him gotten into the hands of Amelia Bones and she had Dolores Umbridge arrested yesterday. Did he want Bones to get the papers they found on Fudge to her yet? Aren gave him the go ahead and Bode smiled at him as he disappeared.

Sirius told Aren that Voldemort was very weak. He had drained most of his lower level followers til they almost on the same level as squibs. When they were unconscious from Aren’s removal of Lucius Mark they thought they would bring Aren a present and James and Sirius pulled thirty wands from their pockets and placed them on the table.
“You took their wands?” Aren asked then started to laugh as Draco proceeded to break them and throw them into the fireplace.

“They make nice kindling don’t they?” Draco said to the room in general as they too started to laugh.

On Dumbledore they didn’t have anything to report with the exception of hearing a conversation between Sinistra, McGonagall, Pomfrey and Sprout about watching the headmaster more carefully when the students come, lest he do something rash, especially if Harry Potter showed up, which James said they all hoped he did.

Liam entered dressed in Black BDUs and was loaded down with weaponry. The only thing Aren didn’t see on him was an ICBM strapped to his back. He told them the Mares were saddled, and the Annwn and their riders were also ready and waiting.

Grogsho had supplied Aren with what seemed an endless supply of cousins and cousin-in-laws for the Fortress. What surprised all was how willing they were to go to war for Aren. Not the fact that they were fighting, besides an inborn knack for making money, they were quite a war-like race, but that it was Aren they wanted to fight for.

Liam was going on about how impressed he was with their armament. “It’s been quite awhile since I’ve seen battle axes used. Although Aren, we do seem to have a slight problem, just a wee one in fact.”

Aren had just finished tying down the holster to his side arm. “A wee one?”

“A tad, a mere nothing of a smidge of a bagatelle of a problem.”

“Well? What is this bagatelle of a problem?” he said as he slid his Faesword into the scabbard on his back in its now familiar (and since the picture in the Prophet, famous) upside-down draw.

“We were planning on leaving the Wards today, right? Or were you going to import some big bads for a duck shoot?” Liam asked him.

“Of course we’re leaving. Although it’s not that far, we’re going to Caernarvon, Bella and Rastaban along with Rookwood are hiding out in the hills there. Why?”

“Whee-el, there seems to be a right nice gathering of nasty, raggedy, creepies flying all around the out-side of the Wards.”

“DEMENTORS!” Severus and Remus shouted together.

“How do they do that, James?” Sirius asked. “Think they’ve been spending a little too much quality time together?”

“Surely you can see the seriousness of this Sirius?” James responded.

“I dare you, say that real fast 5 times, and don’t call me Shirley.”

“prat”

“Git”

“flea bait”
“Road kill”

“Leash laws”

“hunting season”

“Stop it! The both of you!” Remus cried out. “Aren, you can’t go out there! You know how Dementors affect you!”

“S’all right Remus.” Draco said as he fed Fawks a grape. “let him go, he’ll be fine. Would the pretty baby like another grape?”

Aren cracked a grin. Draco using baby-talk to Fawks was too cute! At least Fawks took his love’s mind off what Aren would be doing. He winked at Fawks and grinned more when the Phoenix winked back. “would my baby like another one?” Draco coo-ed to Fawks, Aren laughed and left the room, the others trailing behind.

“How are we to handle them, lad” Liam asked, drawing his sword, Daffyd and niall steadying the Mares. Aren waved them off and walked down the gravel path to the edge of the Wards and just that quick the words came to him.

Aren dropped the Wards amidst the other’s crying out to him to stop.

“Aren!” Morgana almost screamed at his attitude. “You can’t be Azrael !”

Draco has watched it all from where the Mares were. Fawls lending them a degree of calm. “One thing you will get used to. If something is going to happen, it will probably happen to Aren. That is almost a cosmic law by now.” He said matter-of-factly as he walked over to Aren and adjusted his jacket and smoothed out a wrinkle in his T-shirt. “Now have a nice day at the office, dear and what did I tell you to remember?”

“Bad guys don’t play nice and neither should I?” Aren replied with a kiss to Draco’s cheek.

“That’s right! And they said you couldn’t be taught! Be home in time for dinner, we’ll have Shepard’s Pie! You like that, don’t you baby?” Aren really wanted to laugh his ass off, but he knew Draco was pulling the little woman routine out of his ass to fend off the others questions by treating it like just a normal day, nothing special, and it was working. Gods, he really loved this man!

“Will 5 O’clock do?”
“Perfect, now give us a kiss and go!” Draco told him, and Aren did just that, mounting after the kiss and riding to where he would replace the Wards once the others joined him.

Liam shrugged and ran to his mount and proceeded to catch up to his ‘nothing special’ of a cousin. Their bloodlines were so skewed that that was how they referred to each other. Breaking it down to simple easy to understand terms. The Fae, Aren decided, if they were blood, were either cousins or aunts and uncles, with the Yammi proviso for Morgana. Liam liked it so much he used it also.

“Not getting enough ass from your better half, Cuz?” Liam teased Aren while they waited.

Aren squirmed in his saddle, still feeling Draco’s presence in certain areas.

“Oh, he gave it to me nicely, still feeling the love!” he waggled his eyebrows at Liam when Liam raised his to Aren, the waggle answered it.

“Really? Maybe I should have gotten a saddle with extra padding?” wanting confirmation to his query.

“It would have been nice, have one ready for next time!” Aren replied.

“I must have been doing it wrong like Daffyd said.” Liam muttered. “That good?”

“You have no idea! Draco’s quite the perfectionist in all things!”

“Damn!” Liam replied and Aren laughed.

While they were waiting Narcissa ran down to join Liam. “Did you ask for what I wanted?”

“Aye love, twill be delivered in a couple of days.” He said to her.

“Did you remember the list?”

“Ach!” he tapped his head and then rooted in a pocket, pulling out a sheet of folded paper and handing it to her. “Here ye be. I included all the extras you might need.”

“Thanks Liam, good hunting boys!” Narcissa said then went back to join Draco.

This time it was Aren who raised an eyebrow at Liam.

“She wants to teach Contemporary Muggle Studies at yer school, and wanted some Tv’s and such.”

Aren nodded, “What even she wants, tell Draco, and we’ll foot the bill, just include extra for our own use, eh?’

“Already done. I also included in the list a reminder to purchase for home also. So you’ll have the generators and such that will be needed. Lucky you I know how to install a satellite dish.”

“I’ll look forward to some quiet nights with Draco and a bowl of popcorn in front of the TV watching a DVD.” Aren said as the others joined them and he replaced the Wards.

With a mighty leap the Nightmares spread their wings and took to the sky, heading north to Caernarvon on the other side of Wales from their home in Caermarthen.

Riding the Nightmares was wonderful! They were a natural creature, like the Pegasii, or the Unicorns which horses evolved from. While the hippogriff was a construct from an amalgam of creatures, and had a rougher gait. This was smooth, fast, and thoroughly exhilarating.
Before Aren knew it they were circling the mountains of Caernarvon and Aren had to concentrate on his connection with Voldemort to connect himself to the Death Eaters exact location. Once acquired, they set down and allowed the hounds with their riders time to apparate to them. The hounds of Annwn, while magical, could not fly, but where ever the Huntsman was they could apparate to him.

While Aren was gone Draco remained busy. He had received an answer from Griphook telling him the paperwork on the school would be ready for him as requested. He had also looked into the other matters Draco had wanted, and yes, the Island could be bought. The negotiations would take a little bit of time, but Griphook was sure he could have it wrapped up by the New Year. As to his query about starting some elementary schools to be affiliated with Hogwarts? That was eminently possible as long as accredited instructors were employed. He only needed to be instructed on locations. As to the ministry opening more day schools for those not qualified for the honor of attendance at Hogwarts, they would see to opening more, thanks to the Griffin Le Fae’s generous educational donation.

He also received word from Chief Justice Dingtwaddle on who the captured Death Eaters were and they would be delighted at the offer of Prince Aren’s services. Those in captivity were Crabbe, Goyle, Avery, Ms. A. Frumpt, von Crupt, Olifransiti, Clearwater, M. Flint, G. Edgecomb, S. Strontzoi, S. Smeltzer, V. Veeblesher, and A. Hurachew.

She also stated they could find no reason not to accompany your return to school and would be happy to assign some Aurors permanent duty to them as long as was needed.

Draco wrote back that His Highness would be interested in removal of the Dark Mark from Crabbe, Goyle, Avery, von Crupt and Strontzoi. Those were the strongest in magic and the most likely to really hurt Voldemort.

Sir Darcy had also replied and would be delighted to take Narcissa shopping to purchase supplies for the school. He also wrote that he thinks Percy Weasley might work out fine as his aide. He had visited the Weasleys and found them delightful people, if a trifle eccentric. He also wanted to know if they had a habit of turning their children into creatures, as he came upon a pig and a slug who held conversations with him until they were shooed out by Mrs. Weasley.

Unfortunately it was too early to hear from Queen Macha on his request, and offer so after lunch he planned to finalize the testing of the Hogwarts students. Severus and Remus along with Narcissa’s help were already busy thinking up questions and scanning text books for more.

The Hunt was very bloody. Aren had made it a point to have the Annwn trained to attack anyone holding a stick and to take the stick away from them. They were sent in to the camp first to soften up those there. Along with the remaining two LeStranges and Rookwood, there were three others. Rastaban and the three Aren didn’t know did not survive the hounds and goblins savagery. They would have gather up their pieces for the IBB to identify.

Bellatrix and Augustus were wounded but still unwilling to give up even wandless. Liam took care of Augustus by kneecapping him and Aren knocked out Bella with the pommel of his sword, but not before they both got in a few digs at each other, this time Aren came out the winner when he flashed his scar at her and told her he was no longer a child for her to scare.

Aren ported them to the Oubliette, and told the others to search the camp and retrieve anything that looked valuable of interesting. All non magical coin and jewels went to the Goblins in thanks for a
job well done.

The Fae hoped the next hunt would prove more exciting and Aren said it would. He asked if Liam could get some C-4 for Wednesday. When Liam told him it would be no problem, he then went on to tell them what their next hunt would be. They were going to little Hangleton to chase the prickless wonder out of his home and burn and salt the area so he couldn’t return. And he said, “if any of you clown’s tell Draco where we’re going I’ll personally give you a tour of the Oubliette.”

Aren and the others then proceeded the grizzly task of gathering up the pieces, bagging them and porting them to the offices of the IBB. Even with magic they all managed to get blood on them, so it was a frightening sight that met those who waited their return to Griffin’s Rest.

TBC

A/N: No lectures. I am really not incorporating any Christian dogma, it just seemed like a cool idea. Again…thanks to all who review, and for the ideas and things to think about some of you have given me. You make the story so much better. Special thanks to Laura: if it wasn’t for you this would take longer to write and not be anywhere as interesting as it is. * ICBM : Intercontinental Ballistic Missile. Also Uriel is the Angel who guards the gates of Hell or Tartarus and Azrael is the Angel of Death, also know as Thanatos in Greek mythology.
Chapter 23

Draco was just coming into the Great Hall when he felt the Wards being opened, so he waited
knowing Aren would be in shortly. Home had let him know that two prisoners were ported into the
dungeon section of the Oubliette Two hours ago.

Since he had acted the role of little woman of the house when he left he though he might as well
greet him the same way. With thoughts of ‘my hero, and welcome to the return of the great warrior’
running through his mind, what he did see shocked him.

“Great Googlie fucking Mooglie what the hell happened to you? You had better not be hurt, or
you’ll be in such trouble, I’ll kill you myself and save the others the fucking bother. Here! Sit! Damn
not on that! You’ll get blood and ewwww what’s that? On it. Sit on the floor! No wait! Not the
carpeting! Oh, Gods, baby, don’t cry! I’ll make it better, swear it!”

Draco had taken Aren by surprise. He had hoped to get to their room and shower before Draco saw
him, but the drama queen just had to re-vamp the roll! It really wasn’t funny, but Draco didn’t let him
get a word in. He had assumed he was hurt and had drug him all over the Great Hall looking for a
place to put him where the blood and stray body parts wouldn’t mess up Draco’s perfect little world.

He finally sat on the large block of polished marble right at the entrance, and curled up and started to
laugh. I am gonna be in deep shit if he thinks I’m laughing at him Aren told Home who was telling
him the status of his prisoners. She agreed.

Pop me outta here Home, put me in the shower and have the water running. She asked about his
weapons, and Aren told her if she would see to them also he would be very grateful. As he vanished
he forgot to tell Home to tell Draco where he would be. Lucky for him, she didn’t forget things.

He had just been reaching toward Aren when he disappeared. He felt Home show him mentally that
Aren was now showering in their bathroom. Reviewing the picture of naked Aren in his mind he
saw no wounds, not even a scratch, and the blood and yuck, gore had to have belonged to someone
else. Thanking Home he made his way to their bedroom and a bit of welcome home celebration.
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While they were basking in the afterglow, Draco informed Aren that they would be expected at
WICCA and IBB headquarters tomorrow. He also told him who they had captured and they
discussed who would be the best to take the Mark from.
Aren told Draco he had a treat for him then later in the Oubliette. Which reminded him to write a letter to the IBB explaining the package he ported to them. “The hounds and goblins got a little carried away, and we had to gather up lots of bits and pieces of the Death Eaters.”

“So that was what was all over you?” Draco asked.

“Yeah, I should have told them neatness counted, but they were having so much fun I didn’t have the heart.” And went on to describe the events to Draco.

Draco started mumbling about missing out on all they fun, until Aren reminded him he had brought him two presents for later which cheered him up considerably.

“Aren? I was thinking of using that little wife-y routine when ever we go out and at Hogwarts.”

“But Draco! That is so not you! By the way, thanks for taking the heat off me with it. So why do you want others to think you’re the little woman when you really run the show?”

“Once they see the act and get used to the routine, I’ll fade into the background and they will then ignore me and won’t consider me a threat at all.”

“Damn! You’re sharp! That’s a good move. You will basically be hiding in plain sight while all eyes will be focused on me. But love, is it really fair to you?”

“Like I’m concerned what the riffraff of Hogwarts thinks of me!” he said snidely. “Aren! I was thinking, all those years the Dementors were, well Dementors. What happened to all the souls of those who died?”

“I don’t know for sure, but I think most of them found their way. The soul guides were to help those who were judged or afraid, but I don’t know anything beyond that.” He let out a snort of frustration. “Sometimes, when this weird shit happens to me, just once I’d like a manual of how to book. If it hadn’t been for you finding the scroll, I would have been floundering with this too!”

“Sucks being you doesn’t it?” Draco said casually as he was dressing. Aren was still lying relaxed on the bed when Draco chided him to hurry up he wanted to play with his presents.

“Oh!” Aren said, “I forgot! Did Narcissa bond with Lucy yet?”

“No, Dobby is having way too good a time right now with her. She will be presented later on tonight after he and Smidge have finished training her. They remember Lucius very well and want to make sure he knows his place!”

“Just so it’s not left too long. While it may look like a female house elf, It has the memories of being Lucius, so the sooner bonded the better.”

“I forgot about that! Go write your letter and I’ll inform Dobby to watch Lucy carefully so she doesn’t try any Lucius tricks.”

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Severus had rushed out to the stables after hearing from Liam that that was where Morgana probably was. Liam, watched him go with a trace of bemusement showing on his face. “I never would have
thought him to be the type to be a mother hen, clucking after her chicks.”

Niall and Daffyd were a bit more concerned and spoke in their language to Liam telling him what Morgana and the goblins were probably doing.

“Best he find out now. Though I can’t see how she can enjoy it with that Mark tainting the taste.” All three nodded then resumed their conversation in the English tongue. They had noticed the wolf’s ears had been directed there way when the spoke their language. Those who weren’t of them, no matter how close, were not allowed to know of the peculiarities of being Fae.

Severus mind told him he was being foolish, running after Morgana like he was, but until they had procreated, he had an inner compulsion to be as close to her as possible. It probably had to do with being Fae, since she would ripen sometime this week and felt as insecure about her welcome at that time as he did when he first entered school.

As he neared the stables he slowed down to collect himself and heard laughter coming from within. Letting out a sigh of relief he stopped just short of entering and listened to what was being said, the habits of twenty years as a spy hard to stop.

“eh, Lady Fae. Been a long time since we fought ’twizards ’tgether, eh? Took our lad ‘ere ta see it through.” Severus heard one of the goblins speak. He never knew the Fae and the Goblins had fought wizards. Granted, that way Binns droned on, it would have been remarkable for anyone to recall any useful information about any of the goblin wars. But even so, nothing had been mentioned in any of the books on the subject, that much he was sure of.

“Tasty critters dem wiz be, eh?” He heard another one say. Tasty? Good Gods, surely they couldn’t be…? Could they?

“Allus thought them be stories they just told us as young’ens ‘bout the Fae coming to aide t’other races when the wiz’s gets ta be uppity.” Another Goblin said. How damn many goblins did Aren employ here Severus wanted to know?

“Aye, I allus thought the elders be braggin ‘bout being friends wi’ t’ Fae until our lad came ta treat wi’ Lord Griphook. ‘Ere ye be Lady Fae, I saved some o’ ta tastier bits for ye. Where be t’others?”

“My thanks Grend’alop. But ‘dark’ meat is an acquired taste. Tell me of Aren, how did he do? As you know, it was all over but the clean-up when I arrived.”

“Ach! Ye shou a seen t’lad. ‘im be not a’tal shy that one! He jumped offer ta Mare an flew in ta the thick o it, ‘e did!”

“Aye Lady, Ye kin be proud o tha one, ye kin.”

“ ‘E be Fae right ‘nough, did ye see ‘im wi t’bitch? ‘E sliced ‘is mark ri or ‘er heart, an dipped ‘is ‘and init an dainty as ye please licked it off in front ta ‘er. O she let outta mighty screech she did then, an our lad whomped ‘er one up sides ‘er ‘ead and sent ‘er off.”

Severus heard more laughter. He was starting to get sick thinking of what the goblin had said about Aren.

“Aye, Grafs ‘ere asked why’d ‘e do that when she looked ta be t’tastiest o’the lot.”

“Well she did!”

“And what did my grandson say?” he heard Morgana reply.
“Says ‘e needs must bring somp un ‘ome for his mate ‘e did. ‘E be a thoughtful one, ‘e is ‘ta be looking out fer his mate and young’un wats not ‘en borned yet.” Grafs replied.

“Aye ye be right there! We lucked out an I’ll tell tha ta any o’ mine ‘bout ‘avin t’lad as a master. Once word gets out ‘an ta other races ‘ear they’ll be bang ‘es door down ‘ta join up wi ‘im.”

Draco? Aren brought some ‘food’ Severus shuddered for Draco? Holding his hand over his mouth he made his was to the closest copse of trees where he emptied his stomach.

When Morgana and Aren said they weren’t ‘nice’ why did I think they only said it to scare us so we wouldn’t argue too much with them? Why didn’t I believe the stories? Severus, Severus he said to himself, what have you gotten yourself into this time as he wretched again?

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“Yer fancy was ou list’ning ya know?” Grend’alop said to Morgana.

“I know.”

“Don’t think ‘e likes us. Been wiz too long ya ken?” he asked her.

“Possibly.” she replied.

“I need to breed, he has been chosen. We’ll see after the deeds done how he adjusts.” She told them.

“If he doesn’t, he might need to be removed with out Aren or Draco knowing.” She gave them a pointed look and waited until they understood. “His betrayal would hurt the lads too much.”

“Ach, we can’t allo’ ta no ca we? Hear ‘es been hurt by thos’un sposed ‘ta care for ‘im.” Grafs said. “let us know an we’ll ta’ care of’un afore ye.”

“Nay, you’ll need someone else not connected to you. Aren would find out if it was done by one of his, or here. Anything that happens on his land, he knows, understand?”

“Ach! T’lad be tha powerful?”

“More than you will believe. Caution must be used if this is necessary.” She said then took her leave.

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“Will you please wait a minute?” Aren said to an impatient Draco. “Let me remove the Marks quick then you can play with them.”

“I don’t want her! I want Rookwood!” Draco whined.

“ And so you shall have him, after I remove the Marks.” Aren told Draco patiently. “You wouldn’t like him with it.” Aren said wrinkling his nose at Draco. “Oh, go ahead, see for yourself!”

Draco stuck his finger in where Liam had shot his kneecaps. The bullet had left a fairly large but clean hole on entry. It was the exit that had been chewed up. The only reason Rookwood was upright was the wrist manacles holding him to the wall. It was plain to see that there was nothing left of the backs of his knees.

He swished it around in there, cocking his head as Augustus screamed at this new pain. “Loud isn’t
he? I wonder if all the children you violated screamed as much?” Draco asked him as he viciously dug into the wound until he saw his finger poking out the rear. “No do not even attempt to beg. I heard all about you from Lucius on how you said their screams were music encouraging you on.”

Draco removed his finger and staring Augustus Rookwood straight in the eye licked at his blood covered digit. Then wrinkled up his nose. “Nasty after taste. You put a blood stopping charm on his legs?”

“I told you! The Mark taints the flesh and yes, I did, I didn’t want him to bleed out before we got to him.” Aren said then gathered his power and not bothering to sever the strings like he did on the others, just pushed his raw power into it and waited for it to finally connect with Voldemort. Rookwood had, as the others fainted with the pain the removal caused.

Bellatrix had been chained up the same as Rookwood and was watching the proceedings. She tried to scream when the pain hit her, but Aren had put a silencing charm on her not wanting to hear anything that came out of her foul mouth.

“Want to enervate them while I gather up more power?” he asked Draco.

While Aren replenished the magic he used on Rookwood, Draco enervated both. “Hello Aunty. In your darkest dreams you never thought you would be here, did you?” Draco asked her and got a glower from her in return. “What? Not fun anymore when your victims have the upper hand?”

“Did she ever hurt you love?” Aren asked.

“Not me, although she often threatened my mother that she and some of her friends like Rookwood here would pay me a visit if she didn’t hand over some of her jewels for dickless to cash in. Mother was quite relieved when you were in Azkaban since it gave me time to grow older. Rookwood here only likes them under 10, don’t you?” Draco then grabbed a knife and proceeded to cut off his pants until he was left hanging with them around his ankles.

“Aren, he makes me sick. I don’t even want to taste this scum.”

“Then don’t love. It’s basically a bonding thing we do with some of our more, um, uncivilized allies.” Aren told him. “Ah, Home just told me Severus found out how Morgana was ‘bonding’ with the goblins. He’s off puking in some bushes.”

“Will he be a problem?” Draco asked worriedly. “I don’t want to lose my godfather Aren if we can help it.”

“We shall just have to see how Severus deals with this aspect of us. But if it looks bad, I’ll warn him that now he is one of us, there is not going back. Besides, if I know Morgana, she let it look ten times worst than it was just to see what he would do. Speaking of do, what are your plans for the molester here.”

“I thought I’d cut off his dick and balls and feed them to Aunty Bella. She looks hungry, doesn’t she?” Aren nodded and a table set for one appeared.

“Go ahead while I take the mark off the bitch.” As Draco was carving, Aren grabbed Bellatrix’s arm and pushed more power then he ever had through her and into Voldemort. He was gasping for breath when he finished, and had to bend over, hands on knees while he recovered.

Draco had made the cuts cleanly, and used his healing abilities to heal the gaping wound he made. He wanted Rookwood to live to stand trial with what Draco had done to him, but for the sake of the wizarding publics delicate sensibilities, he put an obliviate charm on him and modified his memory to
where he would think Bella in a fit of anger did this to him while Voldemort looked on, laughing. Image is everything Draco reminded himself.

“Aren? How do snakes reproduce?”

Aren glanced up at Draco to see him garnishing Bella’s meal with just a slightly puzzled expression on his face. Aren had to blink quite a few times until he realized he wasn’t hearing of seeing things.

“Um, I don’t really know, why?”

“Well, you’re a parselmouth, haven’t you ever asked one?”

Aren had to pause and he just looked at Draco while he tried to think up something to say. He could feel Home laughing in his head at them both. Hell, she was almost snickering at them and he sent a wordless growl towards her.

“Draco? What brought this up? And no, I haven’t.”

“Oh, just thinking. You know.”

Aren couldn’t help it, he had to know what brought this on so he searched their bond and found out what he did to Rookwood, and the image of a dickless Voldemort laughing popped in and then he saw the connection and shook his head in bemusement. He doubted he’d ever understand all of Draco but it would be a lifetime adventure to try and figure him out.

“Enervate the bitch and lets get this done. I told Dobby to have Shepard’s Pie for you and I’m actually looking forward to it!” Draco told Aren.

Bellatrix refused to do what they told her to until Aren put her under Imperio. When it was done, Draco obliterated her and modified her memories to match Rookwood’s. “You know Aren, getting even sure works up an appetite, don’t you think?” Home chose that time to let only Aren know she was laughing at this latest from Draco. Aren could only agree as they left the two prisoners in Home’s care until tomorrow when they would hand them over to the IBB.

‘Home?’ Aren thought. ‘would there be some way you could come with us when we go to Hogwarts?’ Aren felt a blankness as she was apparently trying to figure out a way she could go with her boys.

“Aren?”

“Humm?”

“Aren!”

“What!” he blinked back at Draco.

“Where did you just go?”

“Oh, I was asking if Home could find a way to go with us when we went to Hogwarts.”

“I hope so, I’d miss her too much.” Draco said and they both felt a very warm and well loved feeling steal over them. Draco smiled at Aren, “I think she’ll find a way.” Aren nodded.

That evening at dinner Severus kept giving Aren and Draco surreptitious looks. So Aren opened his bond with Draco and asked him if he wanted to have a little ‘fun’ with Severus. Draco looked puzzled. Fun and Severus are two words that have never gone together before. So Aren hinted a little
more and Draco caught on ‘we have to be careful because of mother and Remus’ Draco reminded him. Aren nodded his agreement and the game was on.

“So love, did you like the presents I brought you?” Aren asked Draco.

“Very tasteful. You’re getting better at knowing what I like.” Draco replied with a smile when he saw Severus start out of the corner of his eye.

“I try to pay attention to what you like and don’t. You have a very refined palate.”

“Thank you Aren, that was a lovely compliment on my good taste.”

“You’re not eating very much tonight. Don’t you like Shepard’s Pie?”

“Not as much as I’d like the Shepard!” Draco replied dryly and watched as Severus gagged on his mouthful.

“I agree, this is way too well done for my tastes it’s not juicy enough.” Aren said and had a hard time holding in his laughter as Severus excused himself from the table.

“I wonder if it was something he ate?” Draco said and watched as both Liam and Morgana coughed up their wine.

“Maybe he’s not getting enough red meat in his diet?” Narcissa replied.

Aren watched as Liam fell off his chair laughing. “Mother?” Draco said. “You are absolutely priceless, don’t ever change.”

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“Auror Shackelbolt, Tomorrow at 10:00 Prince Aren and Prince Consort Draco will be arriving to assist in our fight. He will need access to some of our prisoners. As soon as they arrive, please have me notified.”

Kingsley nodded as chief Justice Dingtwaddle left. Now what are those two up to he wondered. They had received another package from Prince Aren today even more grisly than the one from Saturday. The coroner and medi-wizard were even now trying to establish the identity and mode of death for them.

Granted, a letter had arrived from Aren saying he was sorry for the contents but his dogs had gotten a little carried away before he could get to them.

Kingsley knew of no dogs that were able to sever limbs with one bite. These were even worst than that! There were parts that had been eaten he was sure as there had been quite a lot missing. Kingsley rubbed his tired eyes, time to go home, it had been a long day and now with Aren and Draco coming tomorrow would probably prove to be even longer.

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A/N: Well?
“Aren,” Liam said after he had finished his coffee. “Do you think you could modify the Wards while you are away today? I have a large delivery coming and I will need to stay here to set up the satellite and other equipment.”

“It’s coming today? Cool! Okay, that should not be a problem.” Mentally he asked Home to see to the wards in his absence. She was a little excited too; it had been a long time since she had ‘upgrades’ as Liam would put it. And she thought it was about time they moved forward instead of stagnating like most of wizardom.

Aren took Liam aside and explained his relationship with Home. He told him that if he needed to request something from her, to get a very clear mental picture of what it was he needed and she would do her best to comply as she was excited about what you call up grades to her.

Liam was a bit surprised, but realized Home was exactly like the Sidhe in a lot of ways. Over the years, they both had acquired a degree of sentience. He also agreed not to let everyone and their brother know about Home. Liam would have full access to all but the Oubliette since he was not of Griffin blood or bonded to a Griffin.

Both Aren and Draco were in Fae garb today, but with out the tights and knee length boots. Their robes were also embroidered instead of jewel encrusted at the hem. Draco still wore his large opal brooch because it proclaimed his ability to all, as did the black jet brooch on Aren’s shoulder. Both have been incised with the outline of a Griffin, proclaiming their house.

Narcissa would be tagging alone as far as the IBB headquarters where Sir Darcy Treverton who would be escorting her while in London would meet her.

Aren had slipped her a small wallet. In it were two credit cards, One in her name, the other listed as Griffin Inc., Identification, and a small fortune in muggle cash. He had also asked her if she could add popcorn to her list. She nodded, then hugged him tightly, saying she had always wanted a credit card, but had been afraid Lucius would find out.

He told her to use the Griffin Inc., card for purchases for Hogwarts and their home. The personal card was just that, only for her.

“Oh, Aren! I had wanted to ask you what ever happened to Lucius?” Aren looked at Draco. Draco sighed and called for Dobby. Aren could just feel the headache trying to appear with the soft pop of Dobby’s arrival.

“Yes master momma Draco? What can dobby do for you today?” Aren closed his eyes, master momma? Only Dobby would come up with something a silly as that. He automatically pinched the bridge of his nose hoping to stem the worst of it.

“Dobby, is Lucy ready to be bonded?” Draco asked the elf.
“Oh, Yes! Dobby and Smidge saw to it’s training all by our onesies. With a little help from Winky also.”

“All right, that’s great, bring Lucy in and we’ll get to it.”

“Oh master, momma Draco, Smidge asks if he can be present to see it’s bonding.” Dobby asked Draco.

Draco looked to Severus for confirmation; Smidge was still technically his elf. Severus nodded. There was something strange in the way Dobby referred to Lucy as it instead of her. There were three soft pops and three elves appeared before them all. Severus heard a loud snort from Aren and looked sharply at him but saw his eyes were only on that of the elves.

“Oh, No! No, Lucy don’t want to bond to master prince, he be scary to Lucy put Lucy in oublie if Lucy be bad. Please Master Dobby, no let Lucy go in oublie, Lucy be very good!”

So that is why he had holes in his undergarments this last time he went to dress, Severus thought, and she was wearing pink, a shocking shade of it to be sure, but still pink. Severus looked over at Aren when he heard him gasp. Now what was going on with the lad? He was bend over clasping his ribs as if he took a blow to them and he was shaking. Was he hurt? He went over to see if he could help when he noticed that Aren was not in pain from an injury, he was in pain from laughing too hard.

“Arcen! What is it?” Severus asked. He was the only one reacting this was, although there was a slightly suspicious looking smirk on Draco’s face.

“Sev.. Severus! Lo..look real close at Lu..lu.. Lucy!” Aren gasped out.


“Think about what He was like. This is justice at its most basic form!” Aren replied still chuckling, “Gods! I just love that yellow bow!” Aren snorted and then started laughing again which this time started Severus to join until the both of them needed each other to hold the other one up. Both now had tears streaming down their faces. Remus joined them wanting to know what all the excitement was about. When he found out he too started chuckling.

There was no mistaking who the elf really was if you looked. Long blond hair, and winter gray eyes stared back at you with a hint of constant displeasure until the elf looked at Aren, then fear shown through. She was still trying to hide behind Dobby to stay out of master prince’s line of sight. Giving him surreptitious glances to make sure master prince wouldn’t but Lucy back in oublie again.

Aren composed himself and told the others that the bonding needed to be done before too many of the elf’s memories of who it was returned.

“You mean the transformation wasn’t total?” Severus asked. The ramifications of what the elf would think when it’s full memory returned were enough to set him off into laughter again.

“Aren, you are too kind to be gifting me like this.” Narcissa told him. “I really appreciate the gesture, but it would be too weird to have hi, er it around me all the time.”
“Well I certainly don’t want it!” Draco said, “especially when the children are here!”

The elf looked at who was speaking and the gray eyes turned into a very familiar coldness. “Draco!” Was spit out ion a very chilling reminder of the voice it had once had until glittering green eyes met those of the elf’s, and the elf once again cringed behind Dobby.

Smidge came up and smacked the elf in the face, then tugged on the long blond hair. “What were you told about always respecting the masters?” Smidge told it. Smidge was the only elf to ever speak in correct English that Aren had heard. It had to be Snape’s influence.

“I will bind with the elf.” Severus said with a wicked glint in his eye. All could hear the ‘eeek!’ the elf squeaked. Aren, Draco and Narcissa nodded gratefully at Severus.

When the binding was complete, Severus put Smidge in charge of Lucy and reminded the ‘elf’ that Aren was still the master while they were here and the ‘oublie’ was still an option for misbehaving elves. Lucy let out another ‘eek’ and was popped away along with Smidge and Dobby.

“Oublie, that’s cute! Which reminds me.” Aren said as he created another thick black cloud and pulled the petrified bodies of Rookwood and Bellatrix out and floated them to the side.

Severus couldn’t help himself; he went over to them and examined them carefully. He could see no bites, er, damage other than the shattered knees that Liam had said he did to either of them, and gave Aren and Draco a wicked look. Somehow or other they had known what he had heard with Morgana and the goblins and had played him last night at dinner.

“Severus? Remus? Would you both like to come with us and run interference?” Aren asked them.

“Aren,” Remus said. “We were not with you yesterday, or when you ah, questioned these two. What could we possibly say?” Remus asked.

“Well, frankly Remus, the IBB’s wippies and our Aurors will be there and most of them are either Griffindors or Hufflepuffs or depending on how they do it in other places, of a similar disposition. I really don’t have the patience to have them badgering us with lots of stupid questions. Especially from those who knew us! Besides, you both can confirm how big my Annwn are. They got a trifle too enthusiastic yesterday.”

“Are you not going to question any of their captives?” He asked Aren.

“Why would he do that?” Draco wanted to know.

“Well, for information on Voldemort’s plans.” Remus realized right after he said it, how stupid the question was. Of course Aren wouldn’t need to question any of the other Death Eaters. He had had Bellatrix all to himself overnight. He had thought he said these words to himself but apparently he didn’t and Draco over heard.

“I told you when Severus and I first arrived to stop the way you think. You haven’t done so and still insist on painting my love with your stupid and unfounded prejudices. I won’t have it! Do you hear me! How dare you even think of some of the things you probably are!” Draco shouted at Remus.

“Are you going to be this way as Headmaster, Remus?” Aren asked. “I have learned to ignore others’ beliefs as rampant stupidity, especially those who should know me, but are you going to inflict those same prejudices on children who don’t have the will or ability to protest or ignore such slights?” Aren’s eyes showed how disappointed he was in Remus. “All you had to do was ask Remus.”
“That is beside the point, love. What business is it of others to judge what we do when they are not, and could never be in the position we are in?” Draco replied. “I don’t know how you have dealt with it as long as you have. It has been just shy a month, and already I have had enough of the world telling us what we should or not be doing! While they sit on there collective asses and just whine! I do believe I need to give an interview to Lysander about us!”

Draco in high dudgeon on Aren’s behalf was quite a force to be reckoned with. Even Severus felt ashamed of his thoughts. May all the Gods that ever were protect the poor fool who in the future said anything Draco took exception to about their children. There might not be enough left to identify.

“He learning, love. You forget they both have a lifetime of those habits to change. I imagine it’s hard to radically change your thinking patterns.” Aren said trying to pacify him.

“I did!” he retorted.

“Yes, but you love me and we share a bond. It’s hard to misconstrue my thoughts when you know exactly what they are. Are you ready to go? It is almost 10 now.”

Draco gave them one last glare then put the finishing touches on his ‘outfit’.

“Draco? What in the nine hells are you wearing?” Severus said when Draco closed the opening of his robe, pulled up the hood and fastened the veil.

Draco twirled and posed with hands fluttering. “Why Severus! It’s what all the well-dressed consorts are wearing this season! Besides, it is not allowed for any but family to see me with out, right?” Draco asked Aren for confirmation.

“Baby, they could see you, but then I’d have to challenge them to their right to look upon you.”

“Can’t have that, you get way too messy when you’re chopping up someone into little bits.” He said now hanging onto Aren’s arm and hugging it to him.

Liam had risen when he saw Draco in their traditional robes and came over and bowed to him. “You honor us, Prince Consort by consenting to our ways. You are considered to be extremely precious, and we do not allow the common world to view that which we treasure the most.”

“See? I told you so!” He said in a singsong voice to Severus.

“I didn’t realize! Forgive me my blunder, Draco.” Severus said to his godson.

“Prettily said.” Aren told Severus. “Morgana! You must start instructing Severus in our ways!” There was no two ways about it. Aren had given a command to his great, great, and many times grandmother and also at the same time chided her for her laxness. Once Draco was veiled, even family must show respect, and only Liam had.

Once she realized her mistake she rose from the table and curtsied before Draco, the others following her lead. She didn’t realize they would take their customs so seriously, since they were quite young yet. She had forgotten that Aren had rarely had the luxury to make youthful blunders.

Aren was exactly right in his chastisement of the rest of them. If they had been at court and shown such disrespect they would have been severely punished by Queen Macha as it would have reflected upon her and her consort also. While still her sister, she was not one to forgive slights easily. As breeding Prince consort, he was only after the Queen and heir in respect due. All others including her and Aren were below Draco in status.
“Forgive me Prince Consort that in my surprise, I failed to honor you and show you the respect that is your due.” Morgana said and Draco nodded his head to acknowledge her apology.

Narcissa came up beside Aren and whispered if she needed to do anything or change. “I washed my face and hands I did.” She said with a smile and in a funny cockney accent.

“You are loverly as always mother Narcissa.” Aren smiled and told her with a wink to show he got her reference.

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Kingsley Shackelbolt was one of the few present who had seen Aren and Draco lately. So only Draco’s veiled appearance surprised him a bit. Thinking it wouldn’t hurt he bowed his head to the both of them and asked a junior Auror whose mouth was hanging too far open for Kingsley’s comfort, sent him to notify Madam Chief Justice that their guests were here.

“Ere now Wots this? Blocking the halls is against policy now init?” A voice came down the hall towards them. Aren shook his head, nah; it couldn’t be, could it? Kingsley was going to go after the newly hired Information Aide to the WICCA and IBB headquarters when Aren placed a hand on his arm stopping him.

It was. Stan Shunpike! His job was to assist people in finding out where the various offices were located in the huge building Aren and Draco had given them to use. He had a large brass badge that proclaimed just that.

Aren nudged Narcissa and whispered ‘play along’ to her. He stood out from the others and hands on hips stood right in front of the Aide. “I am the Great and Powerful OZ!”

Narcissa moved up beside Aren, and curtseyed. “I am Narcissa, meek and mild! You wouldn’t happen to know where Kansas is would you?”

Stan got out his list and started to look. “ Don’t b’lieve we have a Kansas office ’ere, sorry missy.”

“Ah, Oz! Right on time. And you must be Dorothy.” Chief Justice Dingtwaddle said to Narcissa. Stan leaned in to whisper. “Ere now Ma’am, says ‘er name is Narcissa, not Dorothy.”

“Ah! My mistake, Mr. Shunpike. Thank you, you have been most helpful.” She turned towards Aren and Narcissa. “I’m afraid we’re not in Kansas anymore.” Marciana bowed to Aren and even lower to Draco. “Prince Consort, You honor us with your presence.” Aren blushed a bit at being beaten at his own game, but Marciana was great to go along with it.

Draco’s silver eyes though, shone through at his acknowledgement and at the way his mother and bonded were becoming very good friends as Aren introduced his mother to the Chief Justice. “Lady Narcissa, we have someone here waiting for you, may I be allowed to introduce to Sir Darcy Treverton?”

Sir Darcy took the outstretched hand and bowed over it lightly touching his lips to her knuckles. He offered his condolences about the death of her spouse to Narcissa and the Prince Consort and said what an honor it was to be escorting her into London proper today.

For a minute neither Draco nor Narcissa quite knew what he was condoling them about until it hit them he was talking about Lucius and that he was to all intents and purposes dead. She was finally free! “Please, call me Narcissa, or Miss Black if you will. The Malfoy name has nothing but dreadful connotations with it, and many painful memories.” She murmured to him with a slight but warm smile.
Draco walked with them both to the entrance of the building that would leave them in muggle London. A car was waiting for them and Draco passed Sir Darcy a port key for their Home and told him it was a permanent one that he could always use to come for business or visits. He also suggested they get together as Draco had some ideas he wanted to talk to the liaison about concerning expanding their businesses into the muggle world.

While they waited for Draco to return, Kingsley and the other Aurors started questioning Aren about what he was going to do today. They had already questioned the captives and could provide transcripts of the proceedings.

“Oh, I’m not here to question anyone.” Aren said. And those in the group immediately started questioning him like he knew they would. He held up his hands shaking his head no while backing up and letting Remus and Severus take over. Their questions had very little to do with the Death Eaters captured and were more personal in nature. Wanting to know all about him and his consort and who it was and why Narcissa Malfoy was with him. The list went on and on.

Even the IBB’s wippies started in, since all they were told was that Prince Aren was Harry Potter when the few allowed had gone to Griffin’s Rest and were informed of the fact by the Lady Morgana.

Aren had moved over to where Kingsley was standing. He liked Kingsley; He never got too personal, preferring to stick to business. “I have a gift for you.” Aren said sotto voice to him.

“A gift?”

“When Draco comes back. By the way, thank you for not blabbing to all and sundry about Draco and I. I can’t tell you how much I admire that in you.”

“It is a common failing unless you are or were trained as an Unspeakable. Like I was. You will find most of the witches and wizards of Britain have if not directly, then through marriage a connection to most other families here, and feel it only right that they should know what is going on with a member no matter how far removed. It isn’t quite as bad in those from other countries.”

“Never the less, Kingsley, I appreciate you holding your own counsel. Ah! Good Draco’s back. Now we may proceed.” Aren said as Draco returned and came over to his side, latching on to his arm when he say the questioning frenzy Aren predicted.

“Auror Shackelbolt. I have a gift for you.” Aren said out loud for the others to hear. He waved his hand and Bellatrix and Augustus Rookwood appeared to them. “I have not questioned either of them, only removed their Mark.” Aren told the assembly.

“You’ve what?”

“That can’t be done!”

“How could you...”?

“My apologies for the way the others in their group faired. Severus or Remus will tell you about the Annwn and their goblin riders. They were a little too, ah, enthusiastic in their role in the Hunt.” Aren said to Kingsley and Marciana.

“Then why are you here, Prince Aren?” Marciana asked. “If you didn’t question them at your home, do you want to do it here along with the others?”

“Nope, don’t need to know anything from them. I just want the strongest magically so I can remove
their Marks. That’s all.”

“Aren, Why would you want to do that.” Kingsley asked.

“Because, every Mark I remove leaves Voldemort that much more in pain, and reduces his resources. You see, he can access their core with the Mark and drain them for his own benefit. Most of his less important followers are little more than squibs you’ll find if you look.”

“Great Goddess! We never thought of that!” Kingsley exclaimed and the others only nodded. “Well, Aren! Are you ready? Is there something we can get you that you might need?”

Aren shook his head no, saying that they only needed access to them.

“Can we come and watch?” Marciana asked, “Or is this a secret Fae thing we have no business knowing about?”

Aren and company laughed, and he said no, that they could observe if they wished, they must just keep quiet while he concentrated. He then asked for only the three most powerful be brought into the room. The questions started up only to be silenced by glares directed at them by Kingsley and Marciana.

Kingsley then told some of the more vocal of the Aurors to take Lestrange and Rookwood and start the procedure to begin their incarceration with them. That not only left the remaining with more room, but gave a more quiet and stable atmosphere to the area. The more junior Aurors were taking seats along the walls while the main group sat at the large conference table in the center waiting for the first to be brought in.

In came two Aurors, with wands drawn following them were Crabbe, Goyle, Flint, Edgecomb, and Clearwater all tied up with magic inhibiting ropes and manacles. They were followed by two more Aurors, wands pointed at the captives.

Aren and Draco carefully scanned them then consulted with each other by Aren putting a shield around them that prevented any from seeing or hearing what they were doing.

Kingsley asked Snape and Lupin what they were doing. Neither of them could say, but thought they were discussing which ones out of the ones brought in Aren would do.

“I thought you two were in the inner circle, so to speak.” Kingsley said.

“Only Aren and Draco know exactly what the other is thinking and doing. We know what we see and what we are told. He has learned the hard way not to trust totally.” Severus replied.

The shield was removed and Aren asked where Avery was.

“How did you know we had captured him?” one of the more senior Aurors asked. It was a valid question as no information as yet on all the captives had been released.

“Voldemort knows.” Aren said, “I know whatever he does.”

“And how exactly do you know that?” that same Auror asked suspiciously.

“You do not need to know.”

Kingsley interrupted by telling Aren that Avery had some type of poison on him and had taken it to avoid questioning.
“He is not dead, where is the body?” Aren asked.

“Now just hold on a moment.” the outspoken Auror said being egged on by his compatriots grumbles in the background, “How do you know this? There is no way...”

Marciana stopped his rant before he really started to get into it. “Aren? I do believe they released the body to his family this morning for burial.” she said glaring at the Auror.

“Then he has escaped.” All eyes turned to him including those of the Death Eaters. “It’s one of those secret Fae things you were asking about earlier. Clearwater, Edgecomb, and Goyle have the most in their core. Voldemort has been careful with them. They are also the smartest of the lot which isn’t saying much. Strip them from the waist up. Have them sit at the table with their arms bearing the Mark exposed.” Aren instructed them.

Getting a nod from Kingsley, the Aurors did as they were bid, although there was some grumbling heard. Aren’s face became angered at this continuing bullshit from the Aurors.

“Chief Justice? Kingsley? I have really had enough of this shit! I will remove the marks because it will hurt Voldemort, but beyond that I really want nothing to do with these...associates of yours. I find my tolerance for petty mindedness very low these days. I am Fae! I have no need to answer to such as these!” Aren rose from his seat abruptly, toppling it onto its side. Draco had put a hand onto his arm as a measure of comfort and Aren kissed him on the forehead in appreciation of the gesture.

Blocking off his mind, he once again sought the power within him and reached out to fill it to overflowing with Wild magic. Keeping one hand down to facilitate his connection to the pool that was far underneath the building, he clasped the other hand on top of Clearwater’s Mark and let loose. When he finished and the screaming was done, the other captives had fainted along with Clearwater. Aren didn’t care. Still in contact, he grasped Edgecombs arm and repeated his actions, and finished up with the unconscious Goyle.

All three had no trace of their Marks. What remained was the lightning bolt over the Griffin. The other three had deeper bolts of scarlet over the Marks.

Aren remained standing, but he was swaying slightly. Draco and Severus stood quickly to keep him steady until he replenished himself. It would not do to have allowed a Prince of the Fae to fall flat on his Face.

Aren nodded that he was alright and turned to Marciana and Kingsley. “That’s all folks. We are outta here!” Aren with Draco clutching his arm went to leave when the one Auror who had spoken up before just had to open his mouth again.

“Here now! What are we supposed to do with them now?”

Aren coldly looked him up and down and sneered. “Fry ‘em up and serve them on toast!” he spit out and tugging on Draco’s arm they left. Aren knew Draco was having a difficult time restraining his laughter as the ported out and back Home.

Severus and Remus stayed behind while Aren and Draco made their getaway. They also were tired of the attitude of not only the Ministry’s Aurors but also those of the IBB. Severus Fae abilities had manifested very subtly. They were an increase in his ability to perform Occlumency and Legilimens to where he could do so at will. It was more difficult to read Fae unless they were broadcasting their emotions. With Aren and Draco it was impossible. But with Wizards, he instead had to work at shutting out their mental voices, and what he had heard today upset him greatly.
“Tell me, he said loudly. “Why should Prince Aren do anything for you? You are the most bigoted, narrow-minded imbecilely moronic group of people it has been my displeasure to know. I just happen to know what you are all thinking and most of you here should be locked up in Azkaban for your thoughts alone.” Severus turned to the Chief Justice and Kingsley. “You both are the only exception. You should feed veritaserum to them all then lock them away. But they should definitely never be allowed to breed. Remus? You wanted to add anything on to this?” Severus asked him.

“Only that if I was Prince Aren I wouldn’t lift a finger to save any of you. I only hope for the sake of the future of the Wizarding world you are not our best and brightest. For if you are, may the Gods help us all!”

Severus and Remus nodded to Kingsley and Marciana and left, apparating back to Griffin’s Rest.

“Severus?”

“Yes, Remus?”

“I propose we re-do those tests we were helping Draco with. I want to make damn sure only the best are in our school. We can no longer afford to educate idiots to where they have any hope of achieving and type of power in our world.”

Severus gave him an evil grin.

“I also propose we open the school to all sentient beings. Maybe then we can stop this insular prejudice that seems to be prevalent among us.”

Now Severus looked thoughtful. “You know Remus that is I think the most singularly profound thing you have ever said. We need to tell this to Draco and quickly advertise the new changes if we still wish to get any ‘other’ students for the next semester. Maybe there are records of applicants that have been turned down because of their race?”

-.-.

“Well! Wasn’t this a shining example of the ‘new’ Aurors?” Chief Justice sneered out at those remaining. “To think I had once immense pride in what you all stood for. You have chased away one of the most important people on the face of the earth with your bickering, sniping, rampant bigotry and false suspicions. Do even realize who that was? Tell them Kingsley, I can no longer stomach the sight of these creatures!”

Kingsley cleared his throat, and took a deep and hopefully calming breath. “I know you read the rag called the Daily Prophet, do any of you read the Quibbler?” There was a small show of hands. “Lovegood has been given exclusive rights to tell the story of Prince Aren. No one else. Only that has the truth. So I’m suspecting that no one here is able to read? Because if you had, you would have found out that Prince Aren used to be Harry Potter before he discovered his true identity. And you have alienated him! The only one who can defeat the Dark Lord, and you have made an enemy of the man!” He had to take a couple more deep breaths because he could feel himself getting worked up at what he was saying.

“If this can not be repaired, I suggest you all start looking for new jobs, and do not expect a recommendation from me!” He snorted in disgust and left the Aurors to think about what all had happened and said in this room.
In a one grand country manor in the village of Little Hangleton, all the occupants were comatose; especially the owner of said manor. His companion was depleted magically as were those unlucky enough to be present at the time of the removal of the three Dark Marks. They had essentially become squibs because of the Lord draining them of their magical core to augment his own.

The lucky ones, were those who’s Mark had already been removed or who were behind the partial shielding of captivity. Those few still would be able to use a wand if they were ever again allowed to possess one.

Those who had been the farthest away also retained some magical ability. They would in time, providing their Lord wasn’t attacked again, be able to replenish what was stolen from them.

Aren stomped up to his room, with Draco right behind, who was undressing as he followed his furious lover. The house elves would just have to gather it all up and put the garments back where they belonged.

Aren knew what Draco was doing. He knew what Draco was going to suggest. He didn’t know if he could be trusted not to take any of his anger out on his lover. Everyone was previously occupied, otherwise he would have journeyed to Little Hangelton and destroyed every fucking thing there.

That pleasure would have to wait until tomorrow, and then there was Hogwarts to look forward to in a couple of more days.

“Draco?”

“Yes Aren, what can I do for you?”

“Fuck me, love. Fuck me hard! I need you to fill me up with yourself and take away the taint of the outside world.”

“That I can do, love. That I can indeed do!”

TBC

A/N: This is not the original chapter. That has unfortunately been wiped along with everything else on the one that ’fried’. Still, I hope you like it. There are some movie quotes included, can you find them all? To all who E-mail me...Please send me your addy’s again. When I say I lost everything, I mean it! I only had a couple of things backed up. That will teach me won’t it? Also, this computer has even less bells and whistles than the last one, so there will probably be more mistakes. Deal!
“I really don’t give a flying fuck what you think. You are not going without me along!” Draco shouted at Aren.

“Draco, please be reasonable!” Aren pleaded.

He looked up at the ceiling as if expecting divine intervention. “Oh! Now it’s be reasonable! I like that! Be reasonable! Well why don’t you try to be reasonable! Eh? Not saying so damn fucking much now are we?” Draco started in a remarkably close imitation of Aren’s voice. ‘But Draco, it will be a cakewalk, Voldy’s really hurt, can hardly move. The others, they are comatose.’ We, ah, no that was I wasn’t it? ‘I go in and set the C-4 and AK the asshole and Bob’s your uncle, Fanny’s your aunt, au revoir Voldy, that's French y’know; invented mayonnaise, I love mayonnaise.’ Wasn’t that what you said? Although why you told me about the mayonnaise is beyond me.” He had gotten up quite a bit of steam and was panting with the effort, but he wasn’t going to back down, not this time!

Aren was torn. His mind said Draco is a warrior and should be at the side of his mate. His heart said no way, he’s pregnant and needs to be protected. Home was arguing both sides of the question also in his mind confusing him even more. He pulled a galleon out of his pocket and tossed it. “Call!”

“Heads!” Draco shouted.

“Fuck!” Aren shouted as he saw it was heads.

Draco was too smart to gloat. Instead he just asked to be given a minute to dress properly, pulled his cammies out of the clothes press and almost waltzed into the bathroom. Inside with the door closed, his fist pumped the air and he silently shouted Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!

Aren stomped down the staircase and huffed into a chair at the dining room table. His face like thunder with arms tightly folded across his chest, eyes glaring, they silently dared any one idiotic enough to remark.

“You caved!” Liam was the idiot. Aren threw a piece of toast at him.

“I’m not sure I deserved that!” He said wiping the crumbs from his face. He threw the piece of toast in the fireplace and watched it turn into a charcoal slab.

“I tried.”

“Try? Do or do not. There is no try.” Liam told him.

Narcissa’s eyes glittered at hearing this. She had spent the better part of yesterday shopping for
DVD’s and CDs for her classes at Hogwarts. She might not have seen all she bought but she had sat in a darkened movie theatre and lost herself often to other worlds, worlds with out Lucius and Voldemort in them to plague her and threaten her son.

“Oh, blow it out your ass!” Aren snarled at him.

“Here dear,” Narcissa looked at Liam and patted the chair next to her.” If you can’t say anything nice about someone come sit next to me!”

Liam pointed to himself and raised his eyebrows. “Are you talking to me?

“Oh, move yer blooming ass!” She replied to him and smiled when he complied. As he sat down Morgana and Severus entered also dressed in cammies. “There he-ere!” Liam sang out.

“What’s the score Niall?” Morgana asked.

“Well, they just started, Liam has more, but Narcissa’s are more obscure, so I’d give it to her right now. Liam growled at that.

Severus took one look at Aren scowling face and frowned himself. “How did he find out? Aren turned and glared at Liam.

“I don’t think I should have said that!” He replied.

“You think? Since when have you learned to think?” Aren growled this time.

“Liam? Anything happens and I am going to cut your heart out with a spoon.” Severus joined Aren in scowling at Liam.

“A spoon? Oh, Severus, don’t be silly when we have all this cutlery right here for you to use, and I think if you asked very nicely, Aren would let you use his sword. A spoon! So silly you men!” Filidea stopped her rambling when she spotted a bowl of strawberries that looked in need of someone to eat them.

Aren banged his head on the tabletop at Filidea’s answer. He couldn’t believe he lived with all these insane people.

“A spoon,” Severus smiled, “Filidea, you twit, because it will hurt more!” He had to pat Morgana on her back as she started to choke on her coffee.

Draco picked that moment to come prancing into the dining room. “Wilkommen, Bien venue, Good Morning all! Filidea dear, you eat all those strawberries and I’ll feed you to the Hounds.” He walked over to her and took the bowl away. “Mine, all mine! Aren love, you keep that up and you’ll get a headache!” He plucked a particularly large one out and murmured; “goodness! there be whales here!” Fawkes following him into the room, his dish was waiting for him one chair down from where Draco sat beside Aren at his customary place as head of the table.

Aren banged his head once more for effect then sat up straight and sipped the coffee that Draco had poured for him. He watched as Liam reached into his cammie jacket and pulled out a couple of gray blocks and slid them over to Aren. Are picked one up and examined it, wrinkling his nose at the smell. *

“Gods!” Liam exclaimed, “I love the smell of napalm in the morning!” And gave Aren’s frown a wide smile in reply. “All you have to do is place them and set the timer. Give a whistle to let us know you are on your way out. You know how to whistle don’t you? You just pucker your lips, and
“blow.”

Draco nudged Aren. “He’s doing it again, isn’t he?” and frowned when Aren nodded. Fawkes trilled at him, reminding him that he had not had his fill yet. “Oh! Is daddy ignoring the pretty boy? Daddy is so sorry.” Draco baby talked to the phoenix slicing a peach up for him while Severus made gagging motions to Morgana behind his back.

“Is it my fault you have been culturally deprived? I just wanted to loosen things up a bit, sheesh, Consorts, no sense of humor.” Liam replied to both of their frowns.

“Always whining Liam.” Morgana said, “I’ve had to listen to that for centuries!”

The doors to the dining room opened again and Sir Darcy, Kingsley, and Tonks entered. “Hope we’re not too late for this little Hunting Party.” Sir Darcy said to the gathering around the table. Tonks stumbled in and came over to Aren and gave both him and Draco a hug and a kiss before she sat down and started to fill a plate.

Niall leaned over to Liam; “she’s lost that loving feeling.”

“What do you mean no she hasn’t?” He said to Niall, then, “God, I hate when she does that!” He said to himself. He sighed and got up. It was time to get the Mares ready. He turned to give one last look at those at the table. “Aren, I just want you to know, no poor bastard ever won a war dying for his country, he won it by making the other poor bastard die for his country.”

“What the hell was that all about?” Aren said and threw another piece of toast at him, this one heavy with butter.

“Just Liam trying to get a last one in.” Niall told him as Liam wiped the butter off his cheek.

“I think I deserved that!” He said and blew Aren a kiss as he left.

“Draco? Tell me again why we want our family around us?”

“Because you would get no sex if you threw buttered toast at me.” He said as he fed Fawkes a strawberry.

“But what if I licked it off?” He paused for effect, “Slowly.”

“Can I get back to you on that?” He started to pant and lick his lips when Aren dipped his finger in the butter dish and smeared some of it on his lips, and slowly licked it off, the proceeded to suck on his finger, all the while staring Draco in the eyes. Draco’s eyes however didn’t leave Aren’s finger as it went in and out of his mouth slowly.

“I can do more than whistle when I pucker my lips. Wanna see love?” Aren said suggestively. Draco nodded, eyes never leaving Aren’s mouth. His mouth however was open and drool was starting to collect and run down the side.

“Aren slowly pucked his lips and moved his head closer to Draco. Draco, mesmerized just tilted his head slightly, just the opposite of Aren’s movements. His mouth came closer til it was almost touching his lips. Draco quickly wiped the drool off the corner and puckered his own lips in wait of Aren’s joining his.

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Aren moved past his lips and touched his own to Draco’s cheek, roamed around, just slightly touching. When he heard Draco let out a soft moan, he leaned in closer, the contact with his cheek now pressing harder on it, and blew the wettest, sloppiest, nosiest raspberry, all over Draco’s cheek.
“Pretty neat, huh?” Aren said as he rose from his chair. “Well, gotta go and see a man about a horse. You know, bad guys to kill, worlds to save, same ol same ol. Anyone joining me?” And just like that he left.

Draco quickly popped another strawberry into his mouth and grabbing a slice of toast, left to follow Aren. He had wanted to discuss some rather important subjects with Aren before they had this blow up about what Aren was going to do today with out him along. Thank heavens Liam had let it slip last night when he was finishing up the work on connecting one of the televisions to the dish? Disk? Dusk? Whatever it was called.

He had wandered over to where Aren and Liam were bent over an instruction manual and saw that the blueprint of a house was sketched over the lettering in pencil and Liam was pointing out the optimum places to place the charges. He had let it all go until later that night when they were getting ready for bed, he had asked for an explanation of what he had seen earlier. The guilty expression on Aren’s face told him he had stumbled onto something important that Aren had shielded him from.

He had really hated pushing Aren like he had, but there was just no way he was going to sit back while Aren went into Voldemort’s lair and destroyed it.

“Aren, Wait up!” Draco shouted as he rushed to catch up to his love. “There are a couple of things we really need to talk about.” He panted as he reached Aren who was tightening the girth on Draco’s Nightmare, making sure the saddle would not slip.

Aren’s animosity had gone, replaced with extra concern for Draco’s safety. That was one thing he truly admired about Aren, his ability to let things he couldn’t control go, but he had learned that lesson Draco had found out, the hard way.

“Mount up love so I can adjust the stirrups for you.” Draco mounted and while Aren fiddled with the buckles, he decided he might as well tell him what he wanted to talk about.

“Aren, who do you want for godparents of our children?” He asked and watched as Aren’s body became stiff, his fingers no longer sure in their task. He knew some subjects were still painful for his love to talk about, but he didn’t realize why this would be one of them. “I’m not saying” He hastily went on to explain, just incase Aren had gotten the wrong idea, “that we have to decide and do it now, the boys aren’t even born yet, but I would like to know who you would want so as to mesh them with my choices.” Draco told him. It seemed an imminently reasonable request.

Aren laid his head against the Nightmare’s withers and whispered into the beast words Draco couldn’t hear. Unknown to the both of them, the others had gathered around waiting to hear his reply. After all, godparents to the young Princes would be a very honored position and title to have in any world they would happen to occupy.

“What was that you said? I didn’t catch it.” Draco asked him.

Aren looked at him seriously, “Shit Draco you’ve only been pregnant a little while. You need an answer now? The boys will not be born for another 4 plus months according to you. Why now?”

“Why not now? Come on Aren, off the top of your head who would you consider?” He lowered his head and rested it back onto the Mare.

Aren sighed, this was not going to be good, and would only end in tears. “No one, Draco.”
“There must be some one out of all you know?” Draco questioned.

Aren lifted his head from the Mare’s withers, his knuckles white with anger at being forced to reveal more of the part of his heart that had yet to heal. The part that had been wounded repeatedly by those who should have a care for him but had either never had any or had cut deep with their betrayal. The latest no more than a month old. It would take much longer than Draco realized for it to heal, and he had inadvertently just opened for all to see, a large part of the wound.

His emerald eyes had not a bit of warmth to them, even in a rage; they had glittered with fire. The fire was out; instead, the eyes reflected the coldness and emptiness of a tomb. “Griphook to take care of their financial needs, and Dobby for daily care.”

“AREN!” Morgana exclaimed, “How could you name a Goblin and a House elf over your own kind?”

“Careful what answers you seek Morgana, for you might find them quite unpalatable, even for one such as you!” How dare any one Aren thought question my judgment concerning my children? The trees in the ancient forest that surrounded the open gardens and pastures of Griffins Rest started to sway as if a great wind was coursing through, the morning sky was starting to cloud with dark and ominous appearing clouds. There was a streak of lightning in the distance. Draco shivered partly with the sudden coolness of the day, and partly because he knew it had come from Aren and was brought on by his incautious blundering. He, the one bonded to Aren and able to gain his thoughts and memories had seen Aren past and knew the immense pain he still bared, but allowed none to see. He, through his own stupidity had brought this on by forcing such a painful issue.

He leaned towards Aren from the back of the Mare to place a calming hand on his shoulder, by Aren shrugged it off, staring at Morgana, challenging her to respond to his statement.

Liam leaned in to whisper to Morgana. “Apologize now to the Lord of Storms and Death, and guardian of Souls. You know not what you have just awakened!”

Morgana glared at Liam. How dare he think she should bow to a descendant of hers? Especially when if something happened, their children should come to her!

The clouds had darkened and were swirling around over their heads as if they were in the center eye of a hurricane. The winds whipped their hair into a frenzy around them and rain poured in a perfect circle surrounding Aren and the others who were now looking fearfully at the two.

“Answer me grand son!” Morgana shouted to be heard over the storm. There was a crack heard and a bolt of lightning shot from the sky and struck a nearby tree. “I want the truth of the matter!”

“The truth? Will you be able to handle the truth? The truth is thus. Severus is the least obnoxious choice of the lot of you and still I would choose another. Why? He had always hated my father, and his friends, and with good reason, yet he was a very good friend of my mother. And still, with knowing the truth of my early life, he belittled me in front of others. Yet to save him, he did make sure I did not have any fatal accidents that he could prevent.”

“Then there is the Ministry, when I appeared at Hogwarts was all concerned with me. Where were they for the previous nine years while my so-called family abused me?” Aren took a deep breath and wiped some of the tears that had started to flow freely down his face.

Then we come to my godfather. Instead of caring for a newly orphaned child, he runs off on a quest for vengeance forgetting that there was a helpless 15-month-old child needing care. Did he even see
me? Or did he just take the word of Dumbledore about my condition? And then there is you dear Yammi. Dumbledore may have blocked my Fae signature, but I was never hidden. I had been registered with National Health, You also knew of Petunia. I went to muggle schools; All it would have taken to find me was a half-competent Private Investigator. But you never tried, did you? DID YOU?” Aren shouted at her. “Finally we have Remus, friend to my mother and father who never bothered to even look upon me until he taught at Hogwarts when I was thirteen. How can one profess to even say they care when they allow 13 years to go by with out even seeing if I was alive?” He shook his head and the storm way starting to abate.

“There is no justification for your actions. How dare you think I would entrust my precious children to the likes of you?” Aren mounted the Mare beside Draco and tugging on his reins and Draco’s Mare’s bridle they left.

The others were dumbstruck, but scurried to follow thinking of the words Aren had said. He was right. As long as they heard he was cared for, none had checked the child they had all declared was so precious to them to see whether he was thriving or not. They had never remembered a birthday or a holiday of the child. Why indeed should he care for their feelings when they had shown how shallow their own were?

They flew on towards the north, out of the storm Aren had created and into the sunshine of a late August day in England. Aren had calmed considerably, but the anger he let stay. He would need it where he was going and it all would be directed at the originator of all these troubles.

Draco reached out tentatively towards Aren’s mind apologizing for not trusting Aren enough with their future children’s welfare. He really should have known better he said in Aren’s mind.

‘How should you have known what you haven’t lived?’ Aren thought back. ‘You only knew what I allowed you to see, beloved. You did not see the deep hurt they caused, or know that I would never allow that to happen to the boys. You only need apologize for forcing the issue.’ Aren’s mind told Draco. ‘I do hate to be forced!’ there was a smile implied with that last thought.

Draco realized that was true. Aren could be cajoled and pleaded with, you could reason with him and even use logic. if given time he would usually come to the same conclusion you had, or something similar, but forcing him always ended badly for the other person, maybe not right away, but these things had a way of rebounding sooner or later on you.

Draco had accepted Aren’s answer, and as far as Draco was concerned that was the end of it. Until Morgana protested, and demanded an explanation. He hurt for Aren. What Aren had said was the unvarnished truth. If they had really cared like they said they did, they would at least have checked on him, but he was right, no one did.

It was no wonder why Aren didn’t trust lightly. Draco doubted if in his place he ever would trust those who had so badly let him down in such a time of need. None but a goblin and a house elf had gone to bat for Aren. Draco wondered if that was why Aren accorded so much respect for the other magical races?

They landed east of Carlisle, just a couple of miles shy of Little Hangleton, and on the wooded outskirts of Greater Hangleton. Aren dismounted and called for Sirius. He told him to go to Voldemort’s and report back as soon as possible, do not hang around to do anything else. Sirius gave him a sharp look but did as he was told. Aren was the Lord of the dead and he didn’t look to be in a mood to tolerate any joking around.

Sirius wondered what had happened? Aren had put them back a day or so ago, because, keeping them ‘alive’ was only through the use of his magic, and he had other things that he would need it for.
The others had landed, but at Aren’s order had stayed mounted. Sirius re-appeared and told Aren everyone looked to be half dead, they were either in a deep sleep or comatose, all but Voldemort, he wasn’t there.

Aren touched Sirius on the head and told him to go back to rest, and watched as Sirius disappeared and re-mounted. With a small running start they were once again airborne and flying towards Voldemort’s lair. They landed just outside the wards on the decrepit looking manor house.

“Draco? You will stay here! This is not negotiable. Liam? You’re with me, you others? Surround the place, but do not touch the Wards. If anyone leaves, destroy them!”

Aren and Liam walked up the main driveway until they came to the start of the Wards. Aren started to slowly and undetectably drain them at where he was. He drained away enough to leave an opening large enough for him and Liam to walk comfortably through and they walked as if they owned the place up to the main entrance.

Touching the on either side of the door he discovered no traps left there by Voldemort or any of his followers. Pressing his hands to the brick on both sides of the door he injected his own brand of magic into the building. No one would be able now to apparate out. He nodded to Liam and Liam slowly opened the door. While there were no magical traps, Liam would be the one to determine if any muggle style traps were laying in wait with his military expertise.

Once inside they went directly to where they were going to place the C-4. They had brought enough that there shouldn’t be nothing but rubble left behind. In their work they had counted the bodies lying in various places. All had been depleted of their magic and were comatose, slowly dying with no magical core left to sustain them.

Voldemort had rewarded them by leaving them to slowly die. He probably only had enough magic in his core that he had stole from his followers to leave this place. He wouldn’t waste what little power he had by using it on his followers who were now of no use to him. Otherwise Aren was sure he would have killed them all with the Killing Curse he did seem to enjoy the use of that one.

Aren met Liam back at the front door. He had counted six and Liam had seen eight all in various stages of dying. This then would make their death quick. They left and walked back to where Aren had left the hole in the Wards. He closed it and put up his own shield over the entire place to caver the resulting explosion and fire from muggle eyes.

Liam and Aren then walked back to where Draco was getting the large bags of salt out of the Mares’ saddlebags. They all looked at their watches and waited for the time to count down.

“How many did you see in there?” Draco asked them.

“I counted six and Liam counted eight. We didn’t go upstairs. We just attached the C-4 to the structural supports. I don’t know about Liam’s, but those I saw were drained completely of magic and were dying. He put his arm around Draco, Vincent and Greg were two of them, I’m sorry, love. I know they were close to you.”

Draco sighed, “I had hopes,” That with the capture of their fathers, they would have been safe. I didn’t know Voldemort was so desperate he was calling up school kids. Aren, you have to stop him soon, before he can claim more.”

“Time.” Liam said. There was nothing to hear or see. Aren had put very powerful containment shields up.
“How long until I can release them?” Aren asked.

“You can do that now, don’t matter, there will still be a lot of dust still floating around for quite awhile. Best to get in and get away.” Liam said and both Draco and Aren agreed.

The others came and picked up their salt, and resumed their previous position. They would levitate the bags of salt over the area and then dump them. They way things worked out, the Manor would be of no use to anyone magical for a good long while.

Aren removed the shield and Draco gasped at the level of destruction. There was a hole where the manor had stood and a cloud of dust and loose paper floated through the air surrounding the place. Aren then reached out and slowly drained all the magic out of the Wards Voldemort had put up.

Severus gasped at this display of power. He knew Aren had taken down Dumbledore’s Wards, but seeing it first hand was more real. Aren was doing something that he wasn’t supposed to be able to do. Even the Fae’s eyes were wide at this display of raw power. Once the Wards were drained, Aren let the magic slowly seep back into the ground where it would loose the taint of darkness Voldemort had imbued it with.

The Earth would purify it again and it would join with other magic to be of use once again by those able to tap the ley lines and nodes. Wearily Aren walked back to the Mares with Draco and Liam and together with the others they flew home.

-.-.

Voldemort knew something had happened back at his old home, but he had no idea what. It didn’t matter. Those left were useless. He would miss Peter, he had been good for doing the tasks that required a degree of covertness. As a rat Peter was good at getting into places undetected. But drained, his abilities as an animagi were gone, and with it his usefulness.

With Dumbledore’s help he would have a whole school to help regain his power. There had to be some from the students that he could find a use for. But until he regained some of his powers he would lay low here on the Isle of Dreæ until he was strong enough to go to Hogwarts.

Then, if it was the last thing they did, they would kill that damn Potter.

-.-.

Morgana and Severus went together to rub down and stable the Mares. Neither of them wanted to face Aren yet. His words still painful. Severus was sure some of the others especially Remus would be feeling the same way. It was never pleasant to be shown your shortcomings. Unfortunately these were slightly more than a shortcoming. It was neglect and abuse they were guilty of, and they had the nerve to ask the abused to place his children in their hands.

Severus wouldn’t have blamed Aren if he had kicked them all out. They had a very long road to travel until they gained some of the trust they threw away by being demanding and self-absorbed. One thing was bright on the horizon. They would be going to Hogwarts soon. Hagrid would be thrilled with the task of caring for the Nightmares and Annwn. He adored animals, the more dangerous they were, the happier he was.

Aren told Liam he wanted to meet in the Library after he showered and had something to eat. They had to plan for Hogwarts.

Draco followed him up to their room, and they both began undressing. “Do you have anything special in mind?” Draco asked him.
“I need to get there tomorrow to make sure the Wards don’t reject us. I also need you as my bonded with me. We also have to bring a piece of Hogwarts proper back so Home can imprint herself in it, then she says she will be able to be there for us. After that, we don’t need to be there until Monday.’

“How long will that take?” Draco asked as he stepped into the shower and Aren’s arms.

“Ummm, Nice! Not long, maybe an hour. It’s the sneaking in to get what I want that will be a bit tricky. Yes! Stay just like that!” Aren said as he kneeled in front of Draco and took his erection into his mouth.

This was not going to be long and drawn out, he could tell by the way Aren was practically eating him alive. Not that he was going to complain. Hard and fast was good. “Oh, yeah, that’s it love, suck me hard.” Draco told him, as he ‘helped’ by grabbing Aren’s hair and moving his head the speed he wanted, pulling Aren’s mouth all the way down him as he shoved his hips into his face to get in deeper. “Gonna come, baby, oooh, ungh yeah, take it, yeah, Gods, take it all!” He shouted as he shot down Aren’s throat. Aren kept sucking until Draco couldn’t stand it any more and pulled out of his mouth panting. “Gods!” he said, hands still in his hair, only gentler now. Instead of clutching the hair he was caressing his scalp. Basking in the afterglow as Aren rubbed his hands over his ass and up and down his thighs.

Draco reached up and got the shampoo and started in on Aren’s gorgeous hair, now with even more silver to it after the magic he did today and yesterday. Instead of individual strands, there were streaks almost a half inch wide in some areas. As Harry Potter his eyes had been his most striking feature, now it was hard to single out any individual area. He was a work of the masters, and he was his! And it was about time he showed Aren just how his he was by falling to his knees and taking Aren’s face in his hands tilted it just so and kissed him like there would be no tomorrow, putting all the love and passion he felt for this man into it.

His tongue lapped up the remaining taste of himself from Aren’s mouth, until there was just the pure taste of Aren left. He could feel his hardness pressing against his belly. Lately he had been taking Aren. He had a feeling Aren was hesitant to love him because of fear of accidentally hurting the children. He could not let this state of affairs go on. He missed the feel of fullness and being possessed he got from Aren taking him and he wanted it back.

He reached one shampoo cover hand back and started to prepare himself, although since he discovered his abilities, he found he had much better control of all his muscles and could relax them to make preparation almost unnecessary. When he was nice and open and slicked up from the shampoo, he turned around to Aren’s protest and hunched over inviting Aren to enter him.

“Baby! Gods, your beautiful. Are you sure it’s alright?” Draco answered by pushing his ass back until he could feel Aren’s cock rubbing against his cheeks.

“Aren! Need you! It’s been too long since I’ve felt you taking me.” He pushed against him some more this time feeling his cock move between his cheeks and lightly move against his hole. “Do it Aren or I’ll sit on you and fuck myself!” He said urgently smiling when he felt Aren take himself in hand and rub the tip of his cock around his hole, gently pushing it in, a little bit at a time.

“Oh, Draco! Gods how I’ve missed this!” Aren groaned as he pushed himself in further, then just as slowly pulled out. As he plunged into Draco’s body again he grasped hold of Draco’s slick hips and gave and extra snap with his own, hitting his prostate and the sound of his lovers groan was music he had missed sorely. “Baby, gonna be quick!” Aren panted as he began to move in and out of Draco faster and shallower as the friction built up quickly and he could feel himself readying to come. “Sorry...gotta, ah, ah,” With one big push, he came inside his love, giving a couple of smaller jerks as he emptied himself.
“Aren?” Draco asked as they were dressing.

“Hummm?”

“About what we did...”

Aren cocked an eyebrow at him. “We did a lot of things, love.”

“No! I mean in the shower.”

“Gods! I didn’t hurt you or the boys, did I? I knew it!” Aren started to castigate himself for his selfishness.

“NO! Aren! No, you didn’t! What I mean is well, you see...um I like it! I mean don’t get me wrong making love to you is fantastic, but I really prefer you to do it. I mean it not that I...”

“Draco love, it’s okay, I get it.” Aren said smiling at him. “I prefer to be in you also.”

“Really? I mean you’re not just saying that because...”

“No, no! Really really.”

“Aren?”

“Hummm?”

“What did you mean by the tricky part?”

Aren looked blankly at Draco, for the life of him, he hadn’t a clue on what he was talking about this time. “Draco? What?”

“You said that at Hogwarts doing what ever..”

“OH! Ah, yeah, I know now! um, well I thought Home would like that carving that is just inside the doors that matches the one over our entrance. Remember?”

Draco had closed his eyes to picture what Aren was talking about. Once he got the image and location, his eyes opened wide with a look of incredulity towards Aren. “You mean to tell me we are going into Hogwarts after you get done fiddling with the Wards with out anyone hearing or seeing us, and pry a stone carving off the wall and then just blithely walk away?”

“Yup!, got it in one!”

“You’re nuts! Not only is the wild magic you’ve been using silvering your hair, it’s frying your brain! How in the hell, are we going to do that?” He gave Aren one of his old ‘you Griffindor’s are such idiots’ look. (pat pending)

Draco, Draco, Draco. We’ve been together how long? And you haven’t even searched my trunk yet? You are so losing that Slytherin touch.” Aren went over to it and opened it, after rummaging around a bit, he pulled out a silvery cloak and tossed it at Draco with a ‘voila’. Then he dove back in and pulled out a very worn piece of parchment.

“Fuck Me! You know how rare these are? How long have you had it?”
“Since Yule, during first year. It was my dad’s.”

“Well, that explains a lot!”

“That’s not all! Check this out, but first, get your wand.” Aren walked over to Draco as he fetched his wand and gave him the parchment. “Now tap it and say ‘I solemnly swear that I am up to no good!’”

Draco did as he was bid and watched as the tattered parchment transformed into a blueprint of Hogwarts complete with occupants. “Holy shit! Could I have used this!”

“Now when you’re finished, tap it again and say ‘Mischief Managed’, or anyone will be able to read it.”

“And when did you get this?”

“Third year from the Weasley twins, but it was also my dad’s, er well, the marauders, I mean.”

“This too solves a lot of mystery having to do with you! Okay, no more argument from me, with these, I think the risk factor went down considerably. When do you want to go?”

“Around ten suit you? That gives me time with the Wards and then while they are at lunch we can get the plaque. You won’t have to watch all over the map for the professors since they should all be in one place then.”

“Sounds like a plan! Hungry?” He asked Aren and then went over to Fawkes who was sittiing on the elaborate perch Draco conjured for him. “Is daddy’s pretty one hungry?” he patted his shoulder and waited for Fawkes to hop on.

“You know love, you having Fawkes will cause quite a stir at school.” Aren mused.

Draco laughed at the images bondarding him. “Wonder how the old coot will explain that one away?”

“That’s just it! He won’t be able to and the whole school will know that he is no longer a light wizard, or else Fawkes would not have left until he died! Monday is going to be one hell of an exciting day!” Aren said.

“You know, you have more of a right to Dumbledore than Morgana.”

“Perhaps, but she was given the leadership for this delegation of Fae by the Queen, so it is really her call.”

“Think she’ll kill him?” Draco asked as they descended the staircase.

“Eventually, but not until she’s extracted all the punishment she can from him.” Aren said as they entered the kitchens. Lucy took one look at who had arrived and set up a squeal and dove for the closest cupboard and crawled into it.

“Now that,” Aren said laughing, “Never gets old!”

TBC
A/N: This started out to be a sidebar, just a silly bit with them having fun at breakfast, then it turned serious on me. Anyway, in the beginning there are LOTS of movie quotes. I think there was around 15 or so, can you find them all? Consider it a birthday present from me to you all. Oh, Happy Birthday also to Laura, another Gemini! We be so cool! fww
“We need to speak about this morning.” Severus said to Morgana as he helped her brush down the Mares. She said nothing in reply continuing to brush Onyx.
“It seems Prince Aren has manifested another ability. A very powerful ability to go with all his other incredibly powers.” She still said nothing, and moved on to do Jet now.

“He was right wasn’t he?” Severus watched her reactions, she had flinched slightly at his statement. “You knew where he was all along! You just didn’t want to bother with an infant or child to raise, did you?” Severus snorted. “You really had me fooled, I’ll give you that. It’s just too damn bad Aren had already seen your routine and knew it.”

“What the hell are you talking about?” She snarled at him.

“It’s just that Dumbledore pulled the same thing. He came riding so to speak to Aren’s rescue with schooling at Hogwarts, and carefully telling him sanitized bits of information to get him to trust the old fool. And here you are doing the same. Only Aren rescued himself this time and doesn’t need us, we need him! Tell me, do you really want to have him and Draco against you?” He asked watching her wide eyed stare.

“Ah! I think I understand! You expected to be the all powerful one here, didn’t you? His manifestations of power caught us all off guard, although I’ve seen bits of it at Hogwarts, I knew there was something incredible about the child, else why would Dumbledore go to so much trouble? Not I assure you for just money.”

Morgana looked at Severus as if just seeing him for the first time. “Yes, You are right. I expected to come to the rescue and help my young grandson. Instead there is this incredibly powerful, smart, and charismatic young man who knows what he wants and will get it one way or another. I just don’t know what to do!” she wailed. “I fucked up so badly, and he caught me at it!”

“Be honest with him. but Morgana, if push does come to shove, I will be with Aren and Draco. Just wanted you to know.” He said as he tossed down the curry comb and left the stables. He had his own fences to mend.

Remus didn’t know what to say to Aren now that they were back home. Everything Aren said was true. He had thought of him, but had taken Dumbledore’s word that he was alright and never even bothered to send a card for his birthday. What did that make him? And to think he tried to sit in judgment at times on Aren’s actions! Like he had the right! He had never done anything to deserve it, but he made damn sure to act judgmental on Aren, didn’t he? Remus sighed, his mind was chasing itself in circles, and he was getting no where.

- - -
Tonks and Kingsley had a talk once they left Griffins Rest and apparated back to IBB headquarters to report. Aren was going to Hogwarts on Monday and they would make damn sure they were there to help him in any way possible. Sir Darcy had told them that what Aren said was not atypical of either the magical or muggle Ministry. Usually the Ministries do everything in it’s power to place a magical child with Magical foster parents even if there are relatives. He had heard of something similar to this happening only once before and if was what he though, it had ended badly.

Sir Darcy, said he wanted to be sure of his facts, but when he had them, He would definitely share them with all. But it would have to wait til tomorrow because he was spending the rest of the day with the lovely Narcissa he told them as he waved them off.

While they were eating, Aren would glace towards the cupboard Lucy was hiding in whenever he heard a pot or pan rattle and would smirk. “I’m coming to get you Lucy!” He would say in his deepest and hopefully scariest voice and wait to hear more rattling.

“You’re tormenting him, er her.”

“Yes I am, you have a problem with that?” Aren asked Draco.

“NO, Just though I’d inform you.” Draco said and went back to either eating or coaxing another piece of fruit on Fawkes.

Narcissa and Sir Darcy entered the kitchen and joined them in their simple meal. They watched Aren go through his scare the elf routine twice, and each time it cracked Narcissa up. “Momma Cis,” Aren whispered to her across the table, “watch this.” Aren rose quietly and tiptoed over to where Lucy was hiding. He pulled open the door swiftly, stuck his head in and yelled ‘BOO’! They heard a screeching scream, lots of rattling and clanging, then a thud. Aren was on the floor rolling with laughter. “I don’t think I’ve ever had so much fun!” Aren said between laughs.

The other elves except Dobby and Smidge tittered along with Aren, they had seen what an uppity elf Lucy was, and this was the mildest form of punishment they had ever seen in their lives.

“The simple are easily entertained.” Draco said of Aren. Smidge nodded his agreement, but Aren just laughed harder at hearing Draco’s words. Sir Darcy was confused until Narcissa quieted enough to tell him who Lucy really was.

“Oh! for a while there I had thought it was totally out of character for Aren to torment anyone weaker than himself.” He said to them, then shouted out to Aren, “Carry on old chap, Good show!” and watched as Aren cracked up again at his words.

Draco frowned at the both of them. “Do not encourage him!”

“Ease up on him, son. If situations were reversed, do you think Lucius would leave off at a Boo?” Narcissa said and Draco frowned again at her words as Aren picked himself up off the floor and re-joined them.

“No mother, Draco is merely worried that I don’t develop a taste for torture, and sees this game as a start.” He looked at Draco’s startled expression. “Yes I know why you were concerned instead of joining in. It’s all right love. But you will notice I only do it when she rattles the pots? She is wanting the attention in a weird way. She also thinks if I tire of this I will release her and she will then become Lucius.”

“How do you know this?” Draco said startled.
“Home is keeping tabs on her and tells me.”

“But you won’t release her, will you?” There was worry in Draco’s face now. Worry that Aren would indeed feel sorry for the elf and return her to being Lucius. He knew how forgiving Aren could be.

“No worries on that! Only she can do that. Remember the geas?” Aren said and Draco sighed in relief.

All of a sudden Aren looked at Sir Darcy staring at him hard, then his eyes lost focus like they did when he went into a semi trance.

“Aren?” Draco said and received no response.

“Aren!” Draco said urgently. He got up from the table and came over to where Aren was standing and smacked him lightly on the cheek. “Aren!”

“Huh? What?”

“What in the hell was that?” Draco waved his arms in an exaggerated manner, mostly to keep from shaking the stuffing out of Aren for once again scaring him. Narcissa contented herself with trying to calm both boys, shushing Draco and patting Aren then alternating. How did Molly do this all the time with twins she wondered, it was quite fatiguing. She made a mental note to have lots of help on hand when the boys were born.

“Huh?” Aren blinked repeatedly at him. “Oh! um, Sir Darcy, do you know you have a blockage at your core? Why didn’t you ever have it taken care of?”

“What are you saying your highness?”

“Aren.”

“What?”

“Aren, please call me Aren.”

“OH! Oh, right! Very well, thank you!” Sir Darcy said.


Draco stared at Sir Darcy making him quite uncomfortable now that he knew he was the focus of their attention. Then, like Aren had, Draco’s eyes became vague and almost dreamy as he searched mentally for what Aren had saw. “I’ll be tied!” He sighed, then looked at Sir Darcy, “You want it removed?”

“Should I?” Darcy asked Narcissa and she nodded enthusiastically. “Will it hurt?”

“Only my pride that I didn’t catch it before Aren did.” Draco replied. “But for you there will be no pain, just maybe a really energized feeling when your magic is freed.”

“You mean to say that is why I am considered no better than a muggle by Wizard standards? Why didn’t they take care of this when I was young?”

Aren snorted in disgust. “Knowing the way they are, they probably never even looked to see why it was hard for you to do any but simple magic. Shit! Darcy, you are a Treverton! The family line is almost as old as mine. And were very powerful. The Wizarding World on a whole, are not the
smartest or most caring of people.”

“YES! Sir Darcy shouted, and Narcissa clapped with glee. “Gods yes! Remove it, please! What do you want me to do?”

“Sit and let me place my hand on you.” Draco said.

“And that will do it? It’s that simple?” Darcy asked.

“On your part.” Draco put his hand on Darcy’s chest over his heart. His eyes lost their focus as he mentally searched for and found the blockage, and with his healing ability, removed it easily. “How do you feel now?” Draco asked him.

“Like I’ve just had a shot of adrenalin, jumpy and nervous with lots of tingling sensations running around.”

“Here,” Aren said, “Give me your hands and I’ll take the edge off. You have years of built up magic finally free and flowing, I shouldn’t wonder you want to jump out of your skin.”

Aren grasped his hands firmly and Darcy could feel the excess being pulled out of him. He started to feel better almost immediately.

“There now! You’re quite strong you know. You should have no problems now doing any, including the greater magics.”

“But I’ve never had a wand! I wouldn’t know how to use it!”

Aren’s eyes twinkled and he winked at Narcissa. “Oh, I think our very lovely mother here can show you how to wield your wand. But you don’t really need one. You have not been corrupted by Hogwarts, so you should find it easier, with out a load of garbage to un-learn.” Draco nodded agreeing with every word Aren said.

“But every one uses a wand!” Sir Darcy exclaimed.

“Aren! What did you mean corrupted?” Narcissa asked.

Aren spent the next half hour explaining how magic really works, and that wands are basically only tools to aid in using your magic. “It’s a crutch or a catalyst for some and a block or brake for others.” Aren then got the idea on how to demonstrate what he was talking about. He went to one of the closets and pulled out an ordinary corn broom and placed it on the floor.

“Aren, that is not a flying broom.” Narcissa said.

“Really? watch.” Aren held his hand over it and said up broom, and the broom leaped into his hand then hovered while he mounted and flew around the table, feet dragging on the floor. “Your magic makes a broom fly. What makes a firebolt different is the charms and spells along with it’s design.” He landed and put the broom back on the floor and told Narcissa to try it.

It jumped into her hand when she did and she put it down for Darcy to try.
He let out a shout of happiness when it did.

“I do believe Draco has that as one of the ability tests that all must take. Now try this, seems hard, but really it’s not.” He held out his hand and a flame appeared to dance around in his palm. “Just think about what you saw and do it. All you need is your magic and your mind.”
Both Narcissa and Darcy mimicked Aren and they had a flame dancing in their palm. “You know Aren, that is supposed to be considered Magi or mage ability.” Narcissa said.

“Like I said earlier, they have corrupted you to true magic at Hogwarts. It’s just that this, unlike a wand, can’t be traced or monitored. That is how they really control you.”

“Aren, son. Excuse me if I’m being a bit nosy, but how in the world did you find all this out?” Narcissa asked.

“It’s like this, There I was, supposed to be this big honking savior, I was to defeat Voldemort, but when our wands were used against each other they fought against us as they were brother wands. So I went to Olivander and told him my problem thinking I’d be able to get another wand. He told me that if it didn’t work to throw it away as I never really needed one to begin with. And he sat me down and explained quite a few things no one else would or probably could and why. So I spent a good deal of my fifth year practicing, and I found out on leaving, that the further I got from Hogwarts the easier it was for me to do wandless magic, or true magic. Dumbledore has the school blocking me for some perverted reason of his own.”

“How are you going to prevent that from happening again?” Darcy asked.

“Draco and I are going to go tomorrow and I am going to fine tune the wards so they respond only to us.”

“I do hope you boys are going to use a lot of care not to get caught.” Narcissa said. “And, if we want to get this meeting over before dinner we had better make tracks.” She told them.

“Trust this mother, Aren has ways around that castle that are amazing, otherwise, I’d have all the Aurors coming with.” Draco told Narcissa with a knowing smirk as they left the kitchen with Aren only scaring Lucy one more time before they left.

As they neared the library, Darcy stopped Aren and Draco from entering and asked if he minded not telling anyone of his newly acquired abilities. Aren told him it was not a problem as long as he came to one of them for help if he needed it.

“Darcy, before we start, I wanted to know if you had any objections to what we are going to do with Hogwarts.” Draco asked the man.

Sir Darcy might have a major chip on his shoulder when it came to the Wizarding World, but he was quite levelheaded and very fair-minded. They both found themselves valuing his opinion highly.

He rubbed his jaw in thought as he leaned against the door to the library. “At first, I thought it was very prejudicial, but on closer consideration, and a very honest assessment, those who don’t have the power, ability, or intelligence are holding back those who do. The classes are biased mostly on the poorer students behalf leaving the brightest and best very frustrated with a substandard education. The fact that the curriculum is also Ministry approved is also frightening in a very controlling way.” He looked at Draco and smiled. “I think also that your idea of a type of summer school before Hogwarts for those muggle born in an idea that should been in effect a very long time ago. So I did give you my vote of approval.”

“Thank you Sir Darcy, will the muggle government go along with this?” Draco also wanted to know. They were an important step when it came to re-schooling those who would not meet the criteria.

“With the assurance of you keeping them informed of what you are doing, I see no problems. It was
always the secrecy that angered our leaders. They have long wanted to work together for the benefit
or both worlds.” With that he opened the library door and motioned for them to enter before him.

Liam, Severus and Remus were already waiting for them. Anxious to plan their entrance to
Hogwarts. Morgana, and the others followed and seated themselves.

Severus thought they should slowly enter the school at various entrances and then converge on the
Great Hall at breakfast when all would be occupied with their schedules for the semester.

Liam thought a covert entrance was good also, only he wanted to be in place well before breakfast,
in fact before anyone was up.

Remus thought it would be best if the Aurors went in first and settled things down with their
authority behind them, then they should enter with an escort.

Narcissa wanted to go today! She had a lot of equipment that needed setting up. Aren whispered to
her that it would all be taken care of once they got there. She shouldn’t worry about it.

Draco and Aren stayed silent. Draco because he knew damn well Aren would listen to them politely
and then go and do what he had planned all along.

Besides, he had gotten a major concession out of him. The were going to Platform 9 & 3/4’s in
disguise on Friday to see the weasel and mud blood off on the train. He would have given much to
be on that train, but the insults just wouldn’t feel right with out Crabbe and Goyle at his back.

He also felt bad for Molly. She had tried to get rid of Granger, but Arthur had come back with her
saying her parents couldn’t have a half human slug in their house even if it was their daughter
especially when they heard that she had been the cause of this all along because of her head strong
ways. Mrs. Granger apologized to Arthur, saying they had warned her in the past that nothing good
would come of her attitude and she had proved them right.

Molly had wrote telling them of this, and Aren has sent back a letter saying to throw her in a room at
the Leaky Cauldron til it was time for her to be thrown on the train.

Unfortunately for Molly, she had too good and kind a heart and kept her at Grimmauld
Place.

Draco sat back and half listened as he sat perusing a copy of the Quibbler. In between glances at the
paper he watched Aren. He could tell Aren was developing a major headache by the way he was
rubbing his one eyebrow back and forth. Draco knew he was trying to apply pressure to the area to
try to head it off before it became full blown. Aren had developed little tolerance to these kinds of
meetings where everyone just jumped up voicing their opinion.

“Draco?” Aren called him startling him out of his contemplations. “Would you please tell everybody
a general outline of your plans for the school? Then we’ll get back to the taking of Hogwarts.”

“I consulted a few of the better, more elite schools around the world, and looked over their
curriculum and the one that suits me at this time belongs to the Sylvania School for Sorcery in the
United States. I only sought those schools outside of Voldemorts influence. I found the Hogwarts
curriculum to be woefully inadequate and antiquated. Besides the replacement of some professors,
we will also be taking on quite a few more along with aides to assist them.” Draco cleared his throat
and found Aren had procured him a glass of water to sip from.

“We will also, be starting many new classes, and some of the older classes will be up graded. I want
to be able to produce students that will have no difficulty in going on to another institution for their
masters or other certifications or apprenticeships they might be interested in. I will also be starting
many non Newt and Owl courses to hopefully create a more well rounded graduate, such as Music,
Wizarding Traditions and cultures around the World, Contemporary Muggle Culture, Economics, Gymnastics and other sports besides Quidditch.”

Draco paused, this would if anything cause some of the others to set up a stir. “I have also on the recommendation of Severus and Remus, contacted those who because of their race have been denied education in the past and had to be educated at home or in other ways. Providing they pass out entrance exam, we will be admitting, Four Noble Vampires, three were-wolves, two were-leopards, six Veela, twelve Goblins, and seven Venegetti students of various ages.”

At the mention of Venegetti, Morgana and Mirinda who had been silent til now hissed in displeasure and gave Aren and Draco dark looks.

“Morgana, It seems you have a problem.” Aren said. “Let me remind you that the Fae war with the Venegetti was finished over two millennia ago, and was a draw. I suggest you get over it.” Aren heard Liam laugh. Liam had warned him about the older Fae’s reaction and he had prepared himself.

“Doest Her Majesty the Queen know of this?” Morgana sniped at him.

“I had informed her.” He replied, “But may I remind you, as a race, you left the Isles centuries ago, and have no jurisdiction here. There is no complaint from the Mundane Government and they are the only ones who can tell me what I may or may not do in MY country. Remember, You are here as a guest, please do not do anything where you would be asked to leave.”

Aren knew he had just thrown down a gauntlet. He just needed to see if she would pick it up. He truly hoped not.

“Aren! Fae and Venegetti have never existed peacefully.” She said to him, “This will not sit well at court!”

“I am not taking the Venegetti to court though am I? The Venegetti have the full backing of myself and the Mundane government.”

“OF YOUR Backing? What is this?” Morgana was now outraged at Aren’s assumptions.

“I am the highest rank the Mundane government of the Isles recognizes. So I treated with them and we have reached an accord.” He gave her a hard look. “Be very careful Grandmother that you forget where you are and step over the line from guest to invader. It would not go well, as I also have the backing of the Government of the United States also. YOUR Queen would not be pleased with you if you had her court kicked out of it’s chosen country, would she?”

She hissed in parseltongue her displeasure. “You have been quite busy, have you not?”

Aren hissed right back at her. “When one finds himself abandoned and alone, one learns to guard their back and to do it quickly. Are you with or against me grandmother?”

“Unless I hear otherwise from MY queen, I shall behave.”

“That is all I wanted to know.” He said affably now. Home would let him know if she received any messages in any way from Macha. “On to Hogwarts! On Monday morning we will meet outside the wards and go in together. Then I will inform everyone of the changes to be made. Testing will commence right away with assistance from the IBB. The new teachers and professors will arrive on Wednesday, classes will start the following Monday. All Parents or Guardians will be informed of the changes on Monday morning as we enter so they will have time if their child is sent home to meet them. All who protest will be denied access by my Wards, there will be no negotiations.”
“Your way or the highway, eh Aren?” Liam said.

“Exactly.”

“What of Dumbledore?” Morgana asked.

“After I have rendered him harmless, I only require you to keep him alive until I have taken care of Voldemort. I care not what condition he is in.” Aren said showing his Fae ruthlessness with a smile that sent chills down the backs of most there.

“So,” He clapped his hands. “There you have the basics, save your questions til after dinner, hum?” He went over and helped Draco to stand and escorted him to dinner. “How’d I do babe?” He whispered to him.

“If I didn’t love you, You would have scared the socks off of me!” Draco whispered back. “What was with all the hissing?”

“Only a little grandstanding between us. Only your socks? Shit, I was going for your knickers.”

“You couldn’t if you tried since I’m not wearing any.”

“Fuck!”

“We will!”

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TBC

A/N: The list of Movie Quotes 1 & 2) Pirates of the Caribbean 3) Star Wars, 4) Steel Magnolias 5) Taxi Driver 6) My Fair Lady 7) Poltergeist 8) Harry Potter AT SS 9) Robin Hood Prince of Thieves 10) Cabaret 11) Star Trek/The Voyage Home 12) Apocalypse Now 13) Highlander 14) Interview with the Vampire 15) Top Gun 16) Patton 17) To Have and Have Not 18) Pirates of the Caribbean There are probably more, but those are the ones I deliberately used. And to ALL Gemini's Happy Birthday ! Here’s Looking at You Kid!
“Tell me, What in the hell you were trying to prove Morgana?” Severus said as they prepared for bed. “You have all but declared war on Aren over something that happened over two thousand years ago? Have you lost what little mind you had?”

“It was just a bit of a misunderstanding, Severus.” She said in a conciliatory manner as she crawled over him until she had straddled his thighs, rubbing the wetness seeping from her over his flaccid cock. She was more than ready for his taking of her body. She was sure that any intercourse from now on would result in the desired pregnancy and child she needed.

“Misunderstanding my ass! You challenged his authority as Head of House.” He said as he lifted her off of him. “You should know quite well what that means.”

“I am Fae.” She stated, “What need I to follow the ways of wizards?” She all but sneered. She knew immediately after the words left her mouth she had spoke wrongly to this man. He may be Fae now, but he was still wizard raised, as was Aren.

Severus had hoped it wouldn’t come to this, but he had prepared, never the less for the eventuality of such an answer.

“You want my cock? You want it to fuck you until there is a child? If so my dear Fae bitch, sign the parchment over on the dressing table.” Severus may have become Fae, but he was Slytherin to the core, and he was also not bonded to Morgana as of yet. He doubted he would ever speak those words to her.

He could also smell the change in her body chemistry. He knew any joining now would result in a child. One he had no intention of allowing to be used as a pawn like she had tried with Aren. He had been welcomed into Aren’s family without restrictions and knew that he would not ever willingly betray his family, and that included any child of his. He could hear her hiss as she read. He did not let on but one of his abilities in becoming Fae had been a facility to speak any tongue. He knew exactly what she had said to Aren and had admired his reply to her.

Morgana knew she was walking on quicksand. But there was nothing she could do about it at this time. She had her instructions from her sister the Queen. Her primary goal was to acquire Dumbledore and show him Fae justice for what he did against the Fae. Aren’s power and independence had come out of the blue, and she had no clue as of yet how to proceed with him. Macha treaded a very fine line with the Government. There had been treaties signed, in blood. If broken it would mean their expulsion from their Sidhe.

They had imbued that land with their very essence. To be forced to leave would kill them as a race.
Their very powers would decrease along with their numbers, which was already dangerously low. She was in a very difficult place and now to icing this oh, so lovely cake, she had this fucking contract for that was exactly what it was to sign if she wanted to stay alive by procreating. Talk about being fucked! She was and royally.

Morgana spun towards Severus and found him sitting on the edge of the bed an opened vial held by his lips. “What is that?” She spat at him.

“An impotency and sterility potion. It will last for two weeks and takes effect at once.” She hissed at his words. ‘What to do, what to do, what to do?’ Fuck it she thought, she was here, she was in heat, her mate was here, she twirled back picking up the quill, she jabbed it into her wrist, causing blood to flow and with her blood signed the parchment.

Defiantly she stared at Severus, hands on slim almost boyish hips and glared at him. “Fuck me well, Severus! There’s nothing on that parchment that says YOU must be kept alive!” She snarled at him.

“You say that like you think I fear death. I have long lost any fear of death; we have become quite well acquainted over the years. I also don not think, my lovely brood mare that Aren would allow my death to go unpunished.” Severus smirked lying back on the bed. “If you are that weary of life, you should just go to the sunset lands, instead of having him haul your ass there!” He said as he started to jerk himself to hardness as she watched.

“Would you like me to assist you?” Severus heard Morgana asking him and slightly shivered at the thought of the cannibalistic bitch putting her mouth anywhere near his cock. If it wasn’t for her changed and highly charged pheromones, he knew right then he would have lost any ability to become hard in her presence.

“I don’t believe that will be necessary this evening, as you can see.” He said to her as she started to climb his body. Seeing he slinking crawl up his legs brought another shiver to him. He sat up suddenly and grabbing a hold on her arms tossed her over to his side. As she started to splutter her protestations, he positioned her on her belly and separated her legs with his own, coming up behind her he raised her bottom and reached under her to find her opening with the head of his cock in his hand. Once there he gave a push with his hips and a pull on her bottom towards him, impaling her. His movements had been very fast, leaving her no opportunity but to accept the invasion.

The hand he used to guide his cock into her he kept in place to stimulate her clitoris hopefully bringing her faster towards completion as he his hips pistoned his cock, ramming it into her quickly over and over. He was keeping total control of her in this mating, not allowing he to assume any but the subservient role of receptacle of his seed.

Only Oberecht had ever treated her thus, and while she had once thought he might have been Oberecht’s reincarnated form, she knew he wasn’t. But this one knew somehow of Oberecht’s ways and started to wonder if Aren had anything to do with his gaining such knowledge, or if it was instinctual. These thoughts and more were pushed out of her brain as she neared completion becoming animalistic in her vocalizations of pleasure until she forgot words entirely and continued to mewl her pleasure to his grunts at their act of fornication. Their glow becoming almost was blinding as they both reached fulfillment.

She could feel his hot seed pouring into her, rushing towards her egg. He stayed connected to her as their white glow turned to a white-blue, slowly darkening and concentrating it’s pulsing light where she would carry the child.
Severus had lifted her face from the pillow, raising her up into an almost sitting position while still joined with her to watch their aura’s join and go into the fertilized egg, giving it the spark it needed to develop it’s own core of power. It was with relief she sighed the word ‘male’ glad that there was only blue, not the green signifying a female.

Severus withdrew from her slowly, not wanting to end the marvel he had seen by abrupt actions. He would have a son! More determined than ever to aid Aren and Draco in creating a better world for their children to grow to adulthood in than what they had been born into.

This was a true mating. Not of minds, but to procreate. Something the Fae tried to get away from long ago when they left their more barbaric tendencies behind them and moved entirely into the Sidhe, leaving the outside world except for periodic ventures. Long ago, back when they had had a true King along with a Queen. They had been a young race then but Morgana still had dim memories of the way they had used to be when she had been born.

Long, long into their dim and distant past when they had been one of the dominant races along with the Veneggeti and Homo sapiens had just started to end their fascination with fire, turning it into building with blocks of stone.

Aren was propped up against a mound of pillows, half-reclining in bed waiting for Draco to finish in the bathroom and join him, his hand idly rubbing the thin line of hair running from his navel southward. He was tracing over the events mentally of his altercation with his grandmother, mind searching for ways and means of trying to stave off a possible war with out giving up any of his autonomy. He had been subservient all his life to the whims of his hated family, and two power-mad wizards. One who showed the world what he was and the other who hid behind the mask of a kindly dotty old man. Now he had his Yammi, who had her and her Queen’s agenda instead of his best interests at heart.

He was just getting ready to call Draco when a parchment appeared in his lap with a soft pop. Draco had just walked in when this happened and his forehead wrinkled with the questioning disappearance of his eyebrows.

Aren un rolled it as Draco crawled into bed with him and snuggled up beside him, wiggling, until Aren wrapped an arm around him and they both started to read. Draco whistled when he read it all. “The Bastard out Slytherined her.” Aren declared agreeing with Draco’s whistle.

“What say we go over and offer Sev some encouragement?” Draco asked. Aren had no clue what he meant, until Draco expounded by starting a cheer that was used at Quidditch. “Sev, Sev, he’s our man, if he can’t do it no one can!”

“You do know,” Aren said, “if he catches us, he’ll kill us!” but his eyes were sparking with humor at the thought of cheering on the dreaded Potions Master in the act of intercourse.

“He needs it Aren; his little swimmers are old and need encouragement!”

“What, something like; go, go tadpoles, swim a little harder, swim a little faster.” Aren sang out. “Or, no. With Sev we should be a bit more cerebral, maybe Zen; Be one with the egg!” He snickered. “I think cheering is the way to go, his mind won’t exactly be functional with what he’s doing you know. How about; push it in; pull it out, come Sev come!”

They were laughing so hard tears were streaming down their faces and Aren had to once again hold his ribs to stop the ache. “Gods, Draco, you know, on second thought I really don’t want to see what
they are doing. That’s a little too ewww for me.”

“Weren’t you the one who said if you had to you’d put it in and push until he did it?” Draco challenged.

“That was then, this is now. Two entirely different things.” Aren replied. “Home? Put the parchment in the Oubliette library, please?” He said out loud and sighed as he reclined again on his bank of pillows, hands going behind his head as he stared at the ceiling.

“This is another complication, isn’t it?” Draco asked watching Aren as he just nodded. “Tell me about what you’re thinking, maybe I can help.” He said as he again snuggled up to his mate.

“Where to start” Aren sighed. “It’s all so fucking complicated and convoluted it puts Machievelli to shame. The more I think about everything, the more Byzantine it all gets.”

“Start with the parchment.” Draco said “and then just keep talking. Let’s see where it takes you.”

Aren nodded, and wiggled around holding Draco until they were both more comfortable. “With the Parchment, Sev has made sure that his and Morgana’s child will remain here. If it is a boy, there shouldn’t be too many repercussions, but Girls rule in current Fae society. So keeping a potential Heir away from court could be problematical.” Aren smiled at Draco’s snort at his words. “I have more or less gotten into a pissing contest tonight with Morgana and won, so she is not thrilled with me.”

Draco asked what he meant and Aren explained what all had gone on earlier when he spoke Parseltongue with Morgana. He let out a small whistle and then looked to Aren for confirmation. “Let me get this straight. You basically told Morgana you were head here and not subject to the Queen’s dictates?” Aren nodded. “Don’t you think we have enough enemies here? You had to go looking for more?”

“I don’t want to subject us to their brand of power games. They have had thousands of years to think of nasty shit to pull on newcomers like us. If we are here, we are the ones in power, and I just wanted to let them know that I am not going to play their games. They leave me and mine alone; I won’t come after them.”

Draco still looked puzzled. “It all has to do with bloodlines and politics. The situation they are in is precarious because the Queen, to live there has more or less guaranteed their good behavior and conformity with the government. Our government, who is allied with their government had given back to me all my ancient lands and titles. They make a move, they are out a home. While I have a base and I have been making ‘other’ allies also.” Aren said watching Draco’s confusion disappear. Wizard born and raised rarely take muggles into consideration in the over all picture of how the world works. Draco was starting to learn that there was more than the Ministry of Magic to deal with.

“The Venegetti?” He asked, and Aren agreed by nodding again. “Tell me about them.”

“Hoo- boy, Let’s see... You want the history I know, what they are, or my relationship with them?” Aren asked.

“Start with what you know about them, and go from there, seemed to work before... eh?”

“Okay, Back before there were wizards, the Fae and Venegetti were the predominant races on the planet until for some probably stupid reason, they started fighting amongst themselves. Since neither of them were prolific at breeding, they slowly started to annihilate themselves by killing each other
off. It eventually ended in a draw, and they each went their separate ways. Neither race coming into contact with the other. The Fae went into the Sidhe, and the Venegetti stayed above, but stayed more into the east. That is about all the history I know."

“As for looks and power? They are about equal in abilities I think and they basically look like us except for one detail. They have wings.”


Aren blushed a bit, and looked just a trifle uncomfortable. “Fairies.” He said in a small voice.

“Please tell me that the Venegetti are not Fairies.” Draco said.

“No! They have wings like Fairies, but are usually as tall as we are. Except they are more um, androgynous, you know?”

“Oh! Okay. Sounds better, but how are the children going to fit into a uniform at Hogwarts?” Draco asked.

“Well, as far as I know, they sort of retract when not in use. Actually not a lot have them any more.” He said blushing again.

Draco eyed him suspiciously. There was something going on that Aren wasn’t telling... “No!” He shouted, “Please, please, Aren for the love of Merlin, tell me you’re not!”

Aren just nodded.

“No! I won’t have it! There is no way my children will have wings! How in the nine hells did this happen?”

“The Griffins and Griffindors were always friends with the Fae until one son met a Venegetti and married her. He took her mothers name and became the first Potter. It was originally Potier which I found on the Potter family tapestry. That is how I could form an alliance.” Aren said to Draco.

“Potier? Potier? That is Venegetti?” Draco almost screamed while he lost a good bit of what color he had becoming even paler.

“Draco! What’s wrong!”

“The Potiers are also part of the Malfoy line! I always thought they were just French, not another race! Oh! Fuck!” He clasped his belly where their two boys were growing. “Wings! Fuck!”

“Now love, Don’t go getting excited, they will in all likelihood just be like you and me, except probably even better with a broom.”

“Aren?”

“Yes love?”

“You got any more shit waiting to bite us in the ass?” Draco whined.

“Gods! I hope not!” Aren said looking over at Draco splayed out on the bed, one hand rubbing over the small bump right below his navel that contained his children. He crawled over and placed his head besides Draco’s belly, his hand joining Draco’s. “You don’t really suppose?” He asked in a small voice.
“We won’t know I guess until they are born.” Draco answered him. “That was the main reason you squared off against Morgana, wasn’t it? You just found out you had Venegetti blood and were pulling away to protect the children. weren’t you?.”

“Just sticking to the family motto, babe.”

“What is our family motto? I mean we have so many families in us!”

“Seulement Famille. It’s on the Potter tapestry, and I’m going by that one.” Aren said.

“Seulement Famille. I like that. Family Only!”

“Things would have been a hell of a lot different if my father had only paid attention to it.” Aren said slightly bitterly. “That is what happens when you loose sight of what is most important. Our children, and grandchildren and so on, will be taught never to forget the motto.” ‘Home?’ He thought, ‘would you please post the motto where ever the crest is?’ He received a warm feeling from Home knowing she also was pleased with his choice.

He leaned over and kissed Draco’s belly where their children were. “All for you and your daddy loves, Its for you all.” He whispered. He leaned down further and started to nuzzle at the light blond hairs decorating his love’s groin, inhaling his scent while petting a lightly furred thigh. Aren opened his mouth and started to suckle at Draco’s soft cock, gently laving it with his tongue, tasting the essence of what made up his beloved feeling it starting to grow slowly in his mouth. Tonight would be a night of slow loving, of cherishing until the feeling over swept them.

Draco slowly started to move his hips to push more of himself into Aren’s mouth, petting his hair and caressing what areas of Aren he could reach. Once he was fully hard Aren moved off and started to lick the wrinkled skin of his testes, worshipping at the folds of skin, and tender sensitive skin underneath until he reached the rosebud shaped entrance of Draco’s anus. He rolled Draco over on his side giving him clearer access to the buttocks and kneaded them gently as he parted them to give his mouth access to lick and suck at it.

Draco bucked into him, bending and raising a leg to separate the buttocks more for Aren. He loved this best of all, when Aren would slowly bring him to fever pitch. Showing him in the most intimate way possible what Draco meant to him.

Neither of them bothered with touching their cocks which had grown to full hardness and were dribbling pre-cum down their shafts. There was still some of that taste that Draco produced when he was in season that drove Aren wild to be had and Aren feasted. Swirling his tongue around the entrance and pointing it, dipping into the hole to try and devour as much nectar as he could find.

Draco had started to writhe with the invasion of Aren’s tongue into him. At first it was a gentle foray, then it became a plunging searching invader bringing Draco almost to the point of orgasm. Mewling his pleasure at his lovers attentions to his most sensitive of areas until he couldn’t take it any more and needed completion. Draco rolled over onto his back and grasping his legs under the knees raised them exposing himself for Aren to enter and bring him to completion; a chant of please, please, please issuing from him in supplication.

Aren quickly grabbed a pillow and tucked it under the small of Draco’s back and reached for the oil that was ever present beside the bed and oiled himself and his lover’s entrance, inserting two fingers and pumping them in and out of his loosening hole. Aren kept it up until a third was added to it watching Draco’s face the whole time.

“How you want it love?” Aren ground out, his own erection causing him pain at it’s hardness yet
never betraying that with the delicate touch of his fingers as they still moved in and out of him at a slow and easy pace.

“Fast!” Draco panted. “Not gonna last!” He almost cried as he gripped his legs, pulling his knees closely to his chest. “OH Gods! Aren! gonna come! Hurry!” Aren could see Draco’s balls had drawn up tight into him and his cock was a dark red and constantly oozing now. He jerked a couple of times on his bringing his to the stage Draco was in and then, placing himself at Draco’s entrance he pushed his cock in.

Draco let out a loud whine-y sound trying to hold back his orgasm, when Aren entered him and quickly moved out again, on the repeat he hit his prostate and Draco exploded, shooting pearly ropes of come all over his chest. Aren gave a couple more short fast stabs and froze as he also shot his hot seed into Draco’s body chanting nonsense sounds the whole time.

Aren eased out and pulled out the pillow throwing it on the floor, and helped ease Draco’s cramping legs down from the tight position he had held them in gently massaging over pulled muscles with long sweeps of his hands.

He then summoned a warm flannel and wiped the cooling semen off his love tossing the cloth onto the floor also and crawling up, gathered Draco into his arms and pulled the covers over them.

Whispering a ‘nox’ to the lights they both breathed out a sigh of happy exhaustion and went to sleep.

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Hogwarts looked no different than it ever had and Aren wondered why he thought it should have as they walked from Hogsmede toward the Wards of the old castle. Draco had been giving surreptitious glances all around expecting them to be stopped in their endeavor at any time, constantly glancing at the Marauders map searching to see if anyone was leaving the castle.

It was one of those rare sunny days Scotland saw all too few of, with the breeze gentle and warm. It just felt wrong to think of themselves as sneaking into the building on such a day.

Aren had clasped their hands at the Wards and started to drain a bit of the ancient magic into him with one clasped hand and then recycling it back with his other clasped hand, Draco standing in the shelter of his arms to accomplish this part. The wards needed to recognize the both of them. It was a slow and gentle process, Aren adding bits of his own magic into the Wards to strengthen them and to make sure no one but him and Draco would be able to use the magic they contained.

For the first time, Draco really felt the power inherent in Aren. He had seen Aren do this, but this time he was a part of it, and realized for the first time how incredibly powerful Aren really was, and relaxed at the knowledge. This was power that was warm and loving and incredibly protective. In the back of his mind he knew that if needed it could turn horribly destructive, but only in the need to protect or defend. There was none of the darkness he feared he might find, and he relaxed back against Aren’s chest, and snuggled his head into the crook of his shoulder and neck and started gently mouthing the area.

“If you want to do that, I need to stop this.” Aren teased him.

“Nah, s’nice keep going.”

After an hour, they had finished and Aren pulled out his invisibility cloak as they walked through the now welcoming Wards. Aren knew with the influx of his own magic, they would only warn him of anyone passing through. He had one more task to accomplish before they entered the building. It would seal his ownership and proclaim him ‘head of house’ of Hogwarts. As they reached the stonework outside, he pulled a knife out of his pocket and flicked it open and ran it through his palm.
watching as the blood welled up. Once he had his cupped palm full, he placed it on one of the ancient stones and watched as it was absorbed into the castle. Keeping his palm in place he started chanting.

“I am Aren Morrigan James Griffin LeFae, heir of Godric Griffindor who set out the terms of the building of this school, and I am hereby calling in the debt owed. You are now mine, and shall respond only to me. As you drink my blood you know I speak truth.”

Draco grabbed Aren’s knife and did the same to his palm, and placed it alongside Aren’s.

“I am Draco Lucius Griffin LeFae, Consort of Aren and bearer of his heirs. taste my blood to know I speak the truth and respond to me and mine as my Lord commands you.” The castle also absorbed Draco’s blood until there was not a trace on the ancient stones that there had ever been any blood there.

They could feel through contact with the school the hum and thrum of all the magics inherent in such a building. The could also feel as if there was a three dimensional map inside their brain all the rooms and occupants of the castle and it’s grounds, and get a vague idea on what was happening and where.

Hogwarts was not sentient like Griffins Rest though. It was magical, very magical, but there was no personality to it as there had been no true owner until now.

Recovering themselves after they healed their palms, they didn’t need the map anymore and snuck into the entrance of Hogwarts where centuries of first years had waited to be fetched to be sorted. There on the wall was the stone carving Aren wanted. He placed a hand on either side and asked the school to release it to him. There was a grinding sound as the school sheared off the carving from the block it was carved into and Draco hastily casted silencing charms around Aren until the only thing he heard besides the great clock was the beating of his own heart.

He stood with his back to Aren guarding him while he acquired the plaque and jumped when Aren nudged him with his head. He twirled around, wand at the ready and noticed Aren holding a 2 foot by one foot stone slab trying to speak , but there was no sound until he remembered and removed the charm.

“Ready?” Aren asked and Draco nodded. The next time he wanted to be here was with a full back-up until things were under control. It wasn’t until they had reached the edge of the Wards and had apparated home and entered their own Wards that Draco felt relaxed enough to breath.

“Christ! How the Fuck did you do some of the shit you did in the past!” Draco said with a shake in his voice.

“Did what I had to.” Aren said shrugging. “Looking back, I can only wonder at the mentality that would put such a young kid into such dangers. Lets get this into the Oubliette where Home can do her thing. I need to have her watching out for us there.”

For the rest of Thursday, Draco along with Severus, Remus, and Liam had gone over the test they would have Aurors administer to all the year levels. Aren had at first had a quiet talk with Severus, hugging him for the faith he had in him with the parchment he received last night. Liam had looked a little confused until Severus told him what he did.

Aren placed his hand over where his replacement of the dark Mark was and it now also bore the family motto. Severus and any child he had of his body would always have a home and be safe here. He then told them about his and Draco’s little jaunt today and their expedition tomorrow to Kings
Cross. When Severus left to join in finishing the test, Liam had prostrated himself before Aren declaring his allegiance to his cousin, then kneeling, offered his sword across bleeding palms to him.

Aren knelt in front of Liam and accepted the sword, cutting his own palms and placing them over Liam's their blood mixing, he declared him family and the crest along with motto appeared over his right forearm. They leaned in and gave each other the kiss of peace and brotherhood to seal the joining.

Aren had tears in his eyes, never expecting Liam to declare himself in such a way. He was thrilled and hugged Liam, telling him he had always wished for a brother.

The family was growing faster than Aren had expected, but that was quite alright by Aren. He had found what he had always wanted. He loved and was loved in return.

Severus decided at the last possible moment that he couldn’t pass up the opportunity to see some of his most irritating ex-students as creatures. The fact that they would also be exposed to the public only thrilled him more as he hurried to join Aren, Liam and Draco on there jaunt to Kings Cross Station. They had decided not to even disguise themselves as they apparated to the outskirts of the busy station in an alley that was designed for this purpose.

They were going out in public though and had worn traditional Fae dress, Severus bitching at the thought of wearing red, even though it was only piping around the edges. His hem had his beloved snakes along with an assortment of runes.

To stop the man’s bitching, Aren added another pip of Green along with the red. “I look like a fucking Christmas decoration now!” He bitched until Liam told him to be happy Aren’s taste was understated, describing some of the color combinations her had witnessed in the past. And that he was still predominately in black, although only the open robe was flowing, the rest of his clothing showed off his body to the public by it’s tightness. “ Couldn’t I switch with Draco and play Consort today?” He whined.

“Severus, you know I love you, but I don’t Lo-u-u-ve you!” He said suggestively to him amid the others laughter. “Don’t push it!” Aren told him as they walked through the barrier to Platform nine and three quarters and planted themselves with a half hour to go til the train left to watch the oncoming circus.

Bill had kept them informed as to when they would be arriving. Poor Molly and Arthur had been elected to haul all the critters to the train and throw them on.

Aren had spied Neville along with his grandmother and uncle and went over to introduce himself to them. He then invited them over to join him and his entourage explaining to Neville’s family how Neville had stood up for him and his consort when they were in disguise and how proud they should be to have a true Griffindor in their family.

Even Severus unbent to Neville and shook his hand congratulating him on his actions and introduced Liam as his Potions Professor of this coming year. Liam had put the young man at ease by telling him some of his more spectacular screw-ups when in the field, relaxing Neville more.

Neville had surprised them, when he had first suspected the stranger had been Harry Potter, he had read-up as much as he could on Fae traditions and he greeted Aren’s Consort with charming dignity, even when he found out it was Draco doing the Longbottom family proud. Aren had then conjured up seating to match the one Draco was in for Neville’s Family and offered it to them insisting among
their protests that they should sit and enjoy what Neville’s foolish dorm mates had made of themselves as Neville had left before Aren applied the geas.

“It is removable, isn’t it Harry? I mean Aren?” Neville asked him. Aren then went on to explain to all what a geas was, and that when the miscreant truly learned and was sorry, it would automatically leave, and they would be as they were. That it’s removal was totally up to them. “B-b-but what if they don’t learn?” Neville said.

“Then they deserve all they get.” His grandmother said amid much laughter.

There was the sound of people laughing at the entrance and they all looked towards it as a couple of wagons were pulled through the barrier and the blankets covering the contents pulled off amid much protests from the occupants. But Bill had promised Aren they would get the full treatment and was keeping to his word.

Hermione was pulled by George, complaining the whole time as she was pointed to and laughed at up to the baggage wagon. While George said loudly that she couldn’t expect to be allowed to slime up a perfectly good compartment did she? “Beside, that way none will have to listen to you, will they?”

“But I’m Head girl!”

“You mean you’re Head Slug!” He replied.

Aren had squatted down to talk to Draco when they wheeled by, and Hermione caught a glimpse of him and started to demand she go over to her fiance Harry. Aren gave her a look of loathing and lifting Draco’s veil just enough kissed him passionately, ignoring the wailing woman-slug-thing.

Ron came through next under his own steam. He had changed a bit to where he was mostly himself except for the ears, snout and tail sticking out off the hole cut into his pants. He looked quite dejected to have others see what he had become, but apparently he had been paying attention to his parent and siblings lecturing him, and was truly trying to change his ways.

He saw Aren and just gave him a sad smile and nodded his head as he went past. He knew in his heart that the friendship was over and wouldn’t be renewed. He had been given too many opportunities before to change and none would be offered now. Seamus was still 100% goat and both Neville and Aren wondered if he would ever change. They both knew he had spent a good bit of last year trying to shag anything he could and the rest in sexual speculation about the other students. Even as he passed, they saw him try to stick his face under a girl’s skirt, lipping at the hem until she turned around and smacked him sharply over his muzzle, declaring he needed to be bridled.

Dean Thomas had also changed back mostly. Although his good looks were now those of a monkey, the rest was as far as they could see, back to normal.

They had said their good byes to Neville, telling him they would see him soon, and not to tell anyone until they said so about what all he had learned, and he promised he would. Severus and Liam escorted Madame Longbottom and her brother to their apparition point and returned to Aren and Draco, in time to hear how much Draco had enjoyed seeing Granger. “I never thought I’d ever see a funnier sight than when she had the rabbit teeth, but I was wrong.” Draco said.

“Tell me Liam,” Severus said in that deep voice of his, “Do you plan any potions with slugs or their slime in them this year? Harvesting should be interesting, don’t you think? I think maybe instead of the boil cure, which uses stewed slugs, the one for ingrown toenails which calls for a cup of snail slime?”
Aren and Draco cracked up to picture a bunch of first years chasing Hermione down for a cup-a-slime. It gave them even more to look forward to when Liam said he would make it a priority that that would be the first potion he would have the first years make.

Monday was only two days away and they all couldn’t wait!

TBC

A/N: I was asked for more sex. That always takes me longer to write..sorry!
Chapter 28

Draco was describing what the yearly train ride to Hogwarts was like to Filidea since she asked him, one blonde to another which should have been his first clue never to engage in a battle of wits with an unarmed opponent, they’ll win every time due to you having a coronary over the frustration factor.

Draco was extremely intelligent; too bad he wasn’t also smart. He was also especially when Narcissa was around, and unfortunately for him she was with in smacking distance; a very polite and mannerly young man. He had passed frustration, gone through the sign saying stop before you do something you’ll regret, and was entering oh kill me now alley, and seemed to be trying for the cross change to coronary city. He really needed a map on how to navigate the mind field of moron.

Aren was wide-eyed and blinking furiously, not with fascination at their conversation, it was to keep the tears of laughter at bay. Severus could be heard from the far end of the huge table grinding his teeth in an effort to keep from biting Filidea’s head off. Narcissa, who sat at Aren’s other side tonight and opposite Draco was seen from time to time pulling out strands of pale blond hair every time Filidea made an inane remark. Aren would have to see about ordering her some wigs soon.

Their meal had sat on their plates, uneaten once they over heard Filidea saying she decided Draco would benefit from some ‘girl talk, hun’ as she put it. All other conversation ceased as the diners strained to listen to the sound of two trains on the same track approaching each other.

“And then the train crosses over a viaduct.” Draco said in his tale.

“Why a duck?”

“Well, because it’s the way the train tracks are laid.”

“Course, hun, but why a duck?”

“Well, if not it would be more dangerous, and it’s faster just to go over the Viaduct.”

“I’m sure you know hun,” Draco started to cringe every time he was now hearing that word issue from her lips. “But why a duck? Why not a chicken or a horse. I like horses; you can ride them you know. I bet Aren would show you how if you asked, but, Why a duck?” Filidea gave him a vacant stare with her question.

Narcissa leaned over to Aren, pointing her fork at Filidea like she wanted to skewer her. “I rest my case. Reduce immigration.” Aren snorted and tried to cover it up by coughing into his napkin. He
wondered if he suggested banging his head against the table a couple thousand times would work for Draco like it worked for him. The ensuing headache usually took away all the frustration caused by such as Dobby, Sirius and Filidea.

“Filidea?”

“Yes Severus hun?” Aren definitely saw Draco cringe that time.

“You vacuous muff diving twat! Shut up!” Severus ground out and Aren also wondered if he should maybe start a dental plan for his family. He was sure Severus had chipped a molar.

“But Severus hun, Dracky won’t tell me why a duck!” Aren congratulated himself on the fore sight to put shielding in place or he was sure the hex Draco threw at Filidea that she ducked to pick up a dropped napkin would have taken out a wall instead of being harmlessly reabsorbed.

It had been arranged that they would all meet at Platform nine and three-quarters and board the train for the night trip to Hogsmeade. The train would arrive at six in the morning, giving them time to assemble before proceeding to Hogwarts. The Black Coach had transformed itself this time into a private car for Aren and Draco, where they would sleep on the journey north.

While the Aurors had made the regular compartments into sleeping berths for themselves, and two of the baggage cars now held the Nightmares and Annwn along with their goblin keepers. Three of, which had children who would be arriving at Hogwarts on the day the other students were due to arrive.

Once Home had did her thing with the plaque Aren had brought from Hogwarts, Aren had quickly returned with it and replaced it back into it’s stone. Home had then proceeded to Aren’s amusement to become familiar and start changing things at the school. The first thing she did was having the banners in the Great Hall that contained the house colors and designations fade until they were solid beige. She had also secreted the sorting hat and Godric’s sword. Aren and Draco had come up with more than four houses for the ‘new’ Hogwarts.

Besides Slytherin, Griffindor, Hufflepuff, and Ravenclaw, there would be Taliesin, Paracelcius, Draconis, and Ardeth. They would be represented by Unicorn, Owl, Dragon and Griffin and stood for Arts, Sciences, Crafts, and Government. Once each student was in one of the first four houses, they would then in fourth year if applicable, be sorted again to the house of their talents or specialties.

Taliesin the Unicorn would be for those who liked acting, drama, music, and writing. Paracelcius the Owl would be for future Potion masters, Healers, Astronomers, and Arithomanceers. Draconis the Dragon was for those who specialized in different crafts, like broom, wand, clothing, jewelry crafting.

Finally Ardeth the Griffin would be for those who wanted to work in the various Ministries, Gringotts or become an Auror. Ethics would be heavily stressed in this house. They had worked long hours to come up with this after they had finished designing the tests they would give the potential students. Even though Draco had complained that the house of the Dragon would probably see a lot of Hufflepuffs.

They had wanted to assure their graduates of being in demand after they left Hogwarts. It was one of the major ideas Draco had gotten from Sylvania. Eventually, Draco wanted to have the apprenticeships and advance courses offered so hopefully a graduate could sit for their certifications in the various fields before they left. They had enough space; over half of Hogwarts wasn’t at present in use.
Home in the mean time was doing her best to confound everyone at the school. She had locked doors preventing entry to some areas, and had the house elves serving prune dishes for the arrival feast with prune juice or water as the only beverage. The next day, all foods were white. There was oatmeal, rice, potatoes, cauliflower, milk, poached chicken breasts and pickled onions. For every meal. Sunday she decided was a green day for food and the elves nearly had a stroke trying to find some kind of meat that would suit. They came up with newts and frogs, fried, stewed, and baked, along with cucumbers, spinach, peas, salad, desert was key lime pie or pistachio pudding with Lime aide to drink.

She had also opened the Founders Tower if the lights seen were to be believed as no one could access it. Only once had it ever been occupied and that was when Aislywn, Godric’s wife and her son had visited the school. It had been something the others had created, hoping to cajole Godric to join them since with his money, he was the true Founder. But the truth of that fact was lost to time, all others believing only a descendant of Slytherin, Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw, or Griffindor could enter. None ever had.

In the past it had pissed a young Tom Riddle off to no end, since he felt as Slytherin’s heir he should be able to access the tower like he did the chamber of secrets. He had come away from trying to lower the Wards with many an injury that was hard for him to explain to the Headmaster and mediwitch.

Dobby, Winky, Smidge and Lucy had gone ahead to prepare the Tower for the arrival of the Master of Hogwarts. With Home’s merger with Hogwarts the wards had permitted their entry. Home had also taken over all the portraits, so they would only respond to questions on what she deemed allowable, increasing the confusion at the school to the anger of Dumbledore.

Very few noticed though because they had to scramble to create dormitories for the first years since there could be no sorting with out the hat. The various professors complaining to him about not being able to access their classrooms, or that the food was horrible, and he should do something had beset Albus. House elves would not respond to anyone by orders of Home, and the kitchens were inaccessible to anyone.

Flitwick was kept busy trying to constantly re-charm the banners in the Great Hall into house colors only to watch them return to beige. In his frustration he had sent the choral members back to their seats so there would be no welcoming songs this semester.

Dumbledore had tried, but found he could no longer access as much magic from the school like he had in the past and wondered what was happening. He had all the professors clamoring at him to do something as he refused to acknowledge what was really happening to anyone when they questioned him, still clinging to his role of dodgy but wise leader. He didn’t want it out that most of his power had really been stolen from the school. The Headmaster portraits all told him that they had no idea what was going on except that the school was trying to open some new areas.

That was probably why he could only tap a little magic at a time and used that to explain to the others that the school itself was trying to expand, and that once done everything would be back to normal and to just consider this week, a week to get to know everybody.
Home especially wanted to keep Dumbledore in the dark as long as possible.

McGonnigal had started to develop a very good idea on what was going on but stayed quite, preferring to tend to her Griffindors, especially those four who had arrived here somewhat ‘different’ than the others. The Headmasters explanations were so much tripe she could have sat down and made a meal of it.
Of course all was not fun and games for everybody at Hogwarts. As the students entered, Hermione and Seamus found themselves unable to cross the threshold of the school and were as a consequence relegated to Hagrid to be ‘stabled’ until the school had settled down. Dumbledore explained to her much to her screams of annoyance. Seamus just bleated and tried to get under Albus robes, lipping at his knickers until he was smacked away.

Aren and Draco spend part of the ride to Hogwarts laughing at what Home was doing. The images she had sent were hilarious in the extreme. Tomorrow morning would come quick enough and they needed as much sleep as possible. They settled down in their compartment and after a quietly said nox, fell asleep from the gentle rocking and rhythmic clickety-clack of the train wheel on the tracks.

At Hogwarts, once all were secured in their respected areas, Home locked all doors denying even Filch access anywhere. She had work to do. All would be ready for tomorrow morning when her boys arrived.

While the Hogwarts express drove steadily northward and all at the school slept, Home was busy transforming the Great Hall for Aren’s arrival. The four great tables were now separated in half into eight. All the beige banners were either crimson with black Griffins or black with crimson griffins. There were Two head tables, one higher than the other, and directly in front of the many paneled windows that transformed from clear beveled glass into a massive stained glass depiction of the griffin and crown with the family motto. The windows on either side were now the Hogwarts crest and motto.

Where the student chorus sang and the sorting hat sat, the floor was a mosaic again of the Griffin and crown similar to the audience chamber in the Oubliette. When school was in session and her Masters were present they might have need to judge cases, and this would substitute as an audience chamber lending authority to Aren and Draco.

As it neared 7, Home gave instructions to all portraits and House elves. They were to make sure all in the castle were in the Great Hall before 8.

The train slowly pulled into Hogwarts station right before 7, allowing the occupants plenty of time to disembark and collect their luggage. House elves appeared wearing livery in crimson and black to take the things up to the school. There were also Thestral pulled carriages waiting to take them up to the school. The Nightmares not being ridden would follow but until they were ready to be saddled they needed to be exercised to ease the stiffness from their powerful muscles, along with the Annwn and Goblin riders, all were stretching quite a bit.

While Aren didn’t want bloodshed, especially in his school, he would not tolerate any show of force against his family. Hell, thinking twice about it and knowing how the Griffindors and other students had a habit of jumping to conclusions with out any evidence, he would tolerate his people shedding blood, he just told them to try not to kill unless absolutely necessary. The members of the IBB and Wicca frowned at this until Shackelbolt, Snape and Tonks filled them in on how his classmates had a habit of treating him.

He ignored the looks of pity given to him and continued to limber up with his swords while waiting for Draco to decide he was presentable. He had gotten a look at Draco’s newly done robe and wondered if Home might be going a bit overboard on the we are the greatest thing to come along since Quidditch routine.

All had dressed in their best today. The Fae were in modified court dress as Aren and Liam were kitted up with their Faeswords and other weapons. The hem now on Aren’s robe was more
elaborately beaded, running a full foot deep around the bottom of his robe. Along with jet thistles were moonstone clouds with Diamond lightning bolts coming from them and pearl depictions of scythe and hourglass. Aren wondered if he would be able to use its weight as a weapon. If he took the robe off and swung it, hitting someone the weight of the gems would surely knock them out.

Draco’s robe to his surprise was heavily encrusted along hem hood, and front with opals to where the brooch would be too over the top. Depending on how the light struck; Draco now glittered and sparkled from the opals in rainbow colors.

“Looks like Home has her own ideas on how we should look. Not too loud is it?” Aren asked Draco with a smile.

“You? You look imposing! I resemble a walking jewelry store! Gha! I’m even blinding myself with my radiance!” Draco said as a bright beam of sun hit him and he flashed rainbow colors all over.

“You know, I never thought I would ever say something like that!” He confided to Aren.

Up at the school, the portraits and house elves were busy making sure everybody was awake and out of their rooms. Even Hagrid had gotten an early wake-up call with Dobby informing him to take the human creatures into the Great Hall this morning as they would be accepted today only though, and that was only because Master Momma wanted them there.

Once all were in the Great Hall, Home locked all exits. The tables were set as if for a great banquet, so the students started to take their seats wondering what color food it would be today. They spent most of the time exclaiming over the changes in the Hall. The only one who didn’t marvel was Albus. It wasn’t until the Great Doors started the locking process that anyone really noticed they were captive in the Hall.

At 7:30 Aren and group passed through the Wards with no problem. Aren and Draco received a warm welcoming feeling from them. “Different from when I left last year.” Aren commented. Instead of dampening his abilities they now increased them. Draco nodded his agreement as he also received an extra boost in power.

At the school, Aren dismounted and assisted Draco down. Only a few rode, the others preferring the carriages and as they waited for them they heard the great Tower clock start to strike eight. Then it started to chime. They had never heard that before. Indeed, even Albus had never heard the Great clock chime in all his years at Hogwarts.

Aren looked at Draco silently asking if he was ready. He nodded and pulled up his hood and fastened his veil and placing the fingers of his left hand over Aren’s offered right. Together with there opposite hands, they touched the Great doors with their palms at the last chime of eight. From the back they heard Narcissa’s cheerful “it’s show time folks!”

“Shall we?” Aren asked Draco.

“Yes! A Little Blood and Mayhem before breakfast always gives me an appetite.” He replied.

“Draco!” Narcissa shouted up to him. “There will be no humping Aren at the breakfast table. I don’t care how much of an appetite it gives you! You just keep it in your, er, dress young man!”

With that Narcissa broke up the tension and at the silent opening of the Great Doors they entered.

None of the entourage gawked at the newly redecorated Great Hall; they all remained stony faced and stared straight ahead following Aren and Draco. Aren was however mentally praising Home for all she had done for them. Aren saw the professors all standing with wands leveled at them. Aren
stopped, and leaned over to Draco. “They don’t look like friendly Indians do they?” Liam leaned forward, “Well, Custer, what do you suggest?”

‘Home? Take all the Wands, please.’ He thought, and Home pulled all the wands into a great cloud that hovered over head, out of everybody's reach.

“Cute trick.” Liam praised.

“He does more if he’s motivated.” Draco whispered back. “You should see him roll over and beg for a tummy rubbing!” Out of the corner of his eye he caught Aren blushing. Then he felt a pinch on the hand that was lying on Aren’s arm. “Brute!” He whispered to Aren.

Just then Neville stood up from his table and faced Aren and bowed. Ginevra then joined him at his table. Blaise, Pansy, Daphne and Theo stood up and bowed at Slytherin. Susan Bones and some Aren didn’t know stood up at Hufflepuff and were joined by a handful from Ravenclaw. Aren and Draco acknowledged their show of respect and Home returned their wands to them as a show of good faith. Draco smirked behind his veil. Most of those who stood and bowed were purebloods who had respect for the old ways and mentally told Aren about his observations.

Aren spied Hermione and nudged Draco to look in her direction. Hagrid had placed her in a wheeled barrel and had rolled her to the table while Seamus was tied to a pole trying to reach a drapery that was tantalizingly just out of the reach of his muzzle.

As Aren and Draco continued up to their table, a screech was heard and a red flash entered the Hall. Draco raised his arm and Fawkes settled on it and began to climb his shoulder, rubbing his head along Draco’s hood in a show of affection. Amid this there was quite a few gasps, as no one knew Albus’s phoenix had left him.

Minerva then bowed and was followed by Sinistra, Flitwick, Sprout, and Pomfrey. Poor Hagrid just looked confused. Little did the teachers know they had just had their first job interview. Aren leaned again into Draco. “Hope you hired a bunch.” He said out of the corner of his mouth and heard Draco snort in reply.

They walked the length of the faculty table, nodding to those who bowed to them. McGonnigal gasped when she recognized Aren. “Harry! Welcome back!”

“It’s Aren, Professor.” He smiled at her.

“Yes, of course, your highness.” She flushed at her faux pas. They hear Hagrid start to say ‘that ain’t no ‘arry’ until he was elbowed sharply in his ribs by a smiling Pomfrey. When they gained the ‘high’ table Aren pulled a throne like chair out for Draco and after he was seated, seated himself while the others joined him in sitting at table. He gave a tap to his water glass and all the tables filled with food.

As he was eating, he noticed some rumblings about goblins sitting at table with him and made a note of those who disagreed with his companions. Draco made a point to coo loudly at Fawkes while he fed him from his plate. He still had not removed his veil or hood.

“Not enough drama for you yet love?” Aren asked motioning at his veil and hood.

“Listen who’s talking, Mr. My way or the Highway.”

“Well, It worked didn’t it?” Aren asked as he watched Draco slip a strawberry under his veil and eat it while sharing some other fruit he had cut up with Fawkes. “Don’t think Dumbledore’s too happy to see your baby.”

“He should not have become a bigger ass than he was then.” Draco murmured back.
When Aren noticed most were finished eating he waved away the high table. All the others except Aren and Draco stood and their chairs vanished also. “Breakfast over, ready for the mayhem love?” Draco nodded. “Mister Griphook,” Aren said so all could hear. “The floor is yours at this time.”

Griphook went on to read the ancient loan agreement, and then announced that as the loan was never repaid, the school would not revert to its owner. He nodded to Aren and a chair appeared behind him for him to resume it.

Draco then lowered his hood and removed his veil to the gasps of many in the hall. Aren leaned in and kissed him as he stood. “Get ready for that humping love.” He murmured.

“Albus Dumbledore!” Aren said loudly, “present yourself for judgment!”

Albus toddled over his heels clicking on the floor until he stood in front of Aren. “Harry, my boy!” He started in his jovial manner attempting to give him a hug but Aren backed away.

“Don’t play doddering old man with me!” Aren said amiably. “I am not you judge. Or executioner.” He said to Albus. “Let me introduce my grandmother to you.” Aren walked over and held out his hand and a woman whose resemblance to him was startling took hold of it. “Albus Dumbledore, may I present to you the Lady Morgana? Grandmother, here he is, he’s all yours, just remember I want him alive for awhile yet.”

“Aren!” Professor McGonnigal said. “Surely this can wait! There are children here!”

“Professor, best they see and learn. It might forestall any stupidity on their parts.” He watched as McGonnigal resumed her place then returned to his own beside Draco.

“I demand to be tried before the Wizengamot!” Albus said.

“But you are before your peers here, Albus.” Morgana purred. “They have all seen from Aren’s pensive once I removed all the blocks you put on him as a child. You have gone against the Fae and it is us who have you first. Should you survive, Wizards may then try you for larceny, collusion with the enemy and what ever else they wish to bring against you. I have already found you guilty of theft of a Fae child, of being instrumental in the deaths of his parents, of saying words of power to deny that child his heritage and of attempts of murder against that child while under your supposed care.”

She pushed a block of power against him with her palm and Albus was frozen in place. She nodded and Daffyd and Niall came up on either side of him. Daffyd held out Albus arm and looped a leather thong around his hand.

“You have taken what was not yours to take.” Morgana said and nodded at Niall and watched as with his sword, he cut off Albus right hand. With a wave she staunched the blood flow and watched as one of the Annwn started to chew on the severed hand.

There were a couple of screams among the students and some had fainted and were seen to by Pomfrey

“You have spoken words of power against the grandchild of the Owen ap Evans who loaned you the ability to defeat your enemy Grindewald. This was not well done of you. You have coveted that power ever since, and have sought to take it from his grandchild.” She nodded again and Daffyd opened the old man’s mouth. This time Morgana produced one of her own daggers and reached into his mouth, pulled his tongue out and severed it, throwing that to the Annwn also. She allowed a bit of his blood to over flow his mouth and run onto his robe before she staunched it.

“You have coveted the power your eyes have seen and have stolen that power which was not
“I want you to see what I do. So you will retain your eyes.” Aren said and he reached out towards Albus and touched his chest. Albus screamed as he felt Aren’s hand enter his chest and rip out his magical core. Then he placed the glowing ball on the floor and watched as the floor absorbed that which he had stolen over his years here.

All in the room gasped as it was supposed to be impossible to take ones Magic from them. Many turned frightened eyes towards Aren. But he ignored them as they had often done the same to him in the past, merely smirking at their expressions.

“For your crimes of Myrrdin you shall serve as Myrrdin.” Morgana said and Albus was pulled magically against a pillar in the great Hall where a solid block of crystal formed around him, holding his there in suspended animation for all time.

Morgana turned towards the others. “There he shall remain until he shall be taken to where Myrrdin as he too is still being punished for the theft of the Fae child of Arth-wr of Pendragon and the destruction of Tintagel.” Morgana swirled in her robe and approached Aren and the members of WICCA. “The Fae are satisfied.”

Chief Justice Marciana asked her how long he must serve in his prison of crystal. “Only half the term of Myrrdin, as Aren escaped alive. Arth-wr did not.” Marciana nodded. It seemed they would not get their turn at Albus in their lifetime. She conferrer with the others and then said that they were satisfied, and would defer their claims to the Fae.

“And you’ll serve as Myrrdin?” Chief Justice asked Aren. “If we are no longer needed at this time we will take our leave while you have a school to over see.” Aren came over to Marciana and they talked for a bit about when they would next get together to take Voldemort. She shook her finger at him, reminding him that Voldemort was to stand trial.

He smiled and promised that he would do his very best to keep Voldemort alive for trial, but that it was up to him to see to his final demise. She nodded her agreement and gathered up those that were not staying and took their leave.

Aren waited until they left then clapped his hands together startling a group of Hufflepuffs. He nodded towards Draco, and waited until he joined him.

“There will be many changes here at MY school. The new Headmaster of children will be Remus Lupin, assisted by Minerva McGonnigal. My Consort will be in over-all charge of education; HIS is the final word on all decisions, so I leave the floor to him.” Aren took Draco’s hand and pressed a kiss to his knuckles, bowing he then returned to his seat.

Draco looked out over the sea of apprehensive faces and focusing on Granger he slowly smiled. This was going to be fun.

TBC

A/N: Hate to do this, but updates will probably be once a week as I have a couple of new cases to oversee and my time is limited.
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