Irreversible Destiny

by SheWolfe7 [archived by HPFandom_archivist]

Summary

AU. HPLV. Dark!Harry. Severitus. 7th Year fic. Can someone's destiny really be set in stone? It's time for change, time for revolution and time for truths to be revealed. Freedom comes in many forms and Cyriacus Snape is about to usher in a new unexpected future. Other warnings: rape, violence, adult language, drugs, chan, sex, torture.

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.
The Hero Returns

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_Parseltongue, foreign words, letters/articles etc._

**Emphasized words, headings**

Irreversible Destiny  
By: SheWolfe7  
Chapter I  
The Hero Returns  
See the conquering hero comes!  
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!  
-Dr. T. Morel, in Libretto for Handel’s Joshua

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**Arcanum Institute of Magic, Unplottable Location, Unknown**  
**Monday the 14th of July 1997**  
**5:00 PM**

The sun was shining brilliantly, the sky was clear and cloudless and the most gentle of summer breezes was blowing. Lush foliage abounded, covering the ground and gentle hills and valleys in various shades of green. Tall trees dotted the landscape, adding character to the strange complex. For miles around the tan brick building that was the Arcanum Institute, as far as the eye could see this was the property owned by the school. The school was located on an Unplottable Island that no one but the Headmaster actually knew was located at. What set the Arcanum Institute apart from other Wizarding Schools was the fact that they only accepted the absolute best students from all over the world, be they scholarly gifted or gifted with amazing wells of power. Another thing that set this school apart was the fact that it was a year round school, which had almost no contact with the outside world. Letters and packages were received quarterly, once in March, once in June, once in September and once in December. Classes ran from 8:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M. respectively with an hour long break at noon for lunch. It was a rigorous school and once again, only the best, most promising students were allowed entry and today one of those students was leaving.

The almost seventeen years old Harry Potter, the famed Boy-Who-Lived was finally being allowed to return to Hogwarts. Prior to his Fifth year, Harry had been transferred over to the Arcanum Institute of Magic by order of the British Minister of Magic along with the blessing of one Albus Dumbledore. As much as Harry had learned and become the best at all his subjects, he would never forgive either man for literally tossing him to the ends of the world to fight his demons alone, without any support. This brings us back to the fact that Harry Potter was leaving the Arcanum Institute for good today. Not that it would have mattered, he was needed the war against Voldemort was getting bleaker and the Wizarding World needed its hero. Harry Potter was not pleased to say the least.

Dressed in his school uniform, which consisted of weatherproof khaki trousers, black combat boots,
a white cotton T-shirt and a short sleeved khaki button up shirt Harry looked oddly like a student from a Military Academy. Harry stood just two inches shy of six feet, he had a muscled frame that was tanned golden and was capable of acrobatics that would have marveled some circus performers. He had long ago had his eyes magically corrected and had grown his hair out to his shoulders, giving him the appearance of a young man entering the prime of his life. Smoothly navigating the halls, Harry headed to Headmaster Randolph’s Office where he would be departing by Port-key back to the United Kingdom and Hogwarts specifically. Pausing in front of a cherry wood door, Harry rapped three times and entered the room.

The Headmaster’s office was large, mainly filled with bookshelves, small sitting areas and large windows showing the extensive grounds. Harry walked directly to the desk and stood in front of it waiting to be acknowledged. Headmaster Randolph was a man in his early fifties with graying chestnut hair and light hazel eyes.

Looking up from his paperwork he smiled, “Harry I see you’re prompt as usual, are you eager to return home?”

“I’m about as eager to go ‘home’ as a cow is to get branded,” Harry replied caustically.

“Your analogy is more accurate than they would be willing to admit to so stay on your guard. As much as I wished it wasn’t time for you to go I’ve held them off long enough, they approached me in January after all. I’m sure I don’t have to tell you to be careful and stay on your guard; we both know what’s waiting for you when you get back to Great Britain. Stay in touch and should you survive the War you’ll always be welcome to return here. Now you should take the Port-key and go, heaven knows what they’ll begin to think if you should be delayed.” Headmaster Randolph said handing Harry a shining Graduate’s Medal.

Harry accepted the Medal. “I mean to survive the War Headmaster, and I’m sure we’ll see each other again someday.” As he put the Medal on around his neck, he felt the familiar pull behind his navel and then there was only a swirl of colored lights.

Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, Scotland, Great Britain
Monday the 14th of July 1997
12:10 PM

Sirius Black could barely restrain the lopsided grin that stole over his face; his Godson was finally coming home! It had been over two years since he’d last seen Harry and he was eager to have a look at the teen. Now a freed man thanks to the capture of Peter Pettigrew Sirius now had every intention of bringing Harry to live with him and Moony at number 12 Grimmauld Place in London. He may have hated the townhouse that housed the Most Noble House of Black but it was his and Harry would need to be somewhere close to all the action not to mention someplace well warded. They were waiting in the Headmaster’s Office as Harry was due to arrive within moments. They ended up being Albus Dumbledore, Sirius Black, Remus Lupin, Mr. And Mrs. Weasely and family, Hermione Granger and several miscellaneous Order Members including Sirius’s hated enemy, Severus Snape.

Dumbledore glanced at his watch. “Any moment now, if you will all move from the center of the room please.”

Not two minutes later a tall, tanned dark haired young man appeared in the center of the room. Sirius felt his jaw drop open in shock. This was his Godson?! When Harry had departed, he had been a short, scrawny fourteen-year-old and this man was a tall, muscled...man! Everyone was shocked
silent, staring at the man who could only be Harry Potter with those emerald eyes.

Harry glanced around the room, expressionless. “I do believe I am expected am I not?”

That was all it took Ron and Hermione both rushed forward together. “Harry!”

Unfortunately, they managed to get about two feet away from Harry before they ran smack into a ward and bounced off, falling painfully on the ground.

“I wouldn’t recommend approaching me quite like that; I always have wards up for security I’m sure you’ll understand. I would have warned you but I wasn’t quite expecting to be mobbed so quickly.” Harry explained, looking faintly amused.

Remus gazed at the young man as if he was trying to figure him out. “You’ve...changed.”

Harry looked cold for a moment. “What were you expecting? I was trained at Arcanum for two years, there’s no way I’d come out of that place the same boy you all knew.”

Dumbledore looked old and tired. “It was for the best.”

“I’m sure it was you can’t fight a war without a weapon now could you?” Harry said positively frigid.

Mr. Weasley stepped forward. “That’s not how it is, Harry.”

Harry snorted. “Please don’t insult my intelligence, I was instructed in Combat Tactics by the best Aurors in the World I know what I’m talking about. It wasn’t your desire that I return it was that the Wizarding World demanded their Savior. If Arcanum has taught me anything, it is that few things or actions are without a price.”

“Harry-“ Hermione began.

“Save it, I haven’t the time to listen to whatever propaganda you’ve come to believe about the war and my place in it. I’ve haven’t spent the last two years being molded to be the ultimate weapon just to come back and listen to this drivel. If I’m back to risk my neck for the sake of a world full of cowards who can’t even say a name, then I want statistics and the latest intelligence on Voldemort.” Harry said cutting her off.

Dumbledore sighed, how had he changed so much? “There is an Order Meeting tonight, and I’ll explain everything then.”

Harry looked like he was going to argue for a moment but frowned instead and nodded. “I can wait I suppose.” Harry glanced over to the window. “Just what time is it here?”

Ron glanced at his wristwatch. “12:10 in the afternoon.”

“Looks like I was right, too bad Connor won’t get my letter until September. That leaves me with fifty minutes; I suppose I can find something to do until then. Now, where am I staying until school starts?” Harry asked.

Sirius smiled. “You’ll be staying with me and Moony at Grimmauld Place.”

“Sounds good, why don’t we head over now? I’ve got to sort through my things and then I’m off to Diagon Alley.” Harry suggested.

The adults all blinked. “Why do you need to go to Diagon Alley?”
“I’ve an appointment with Mr. Ollivander every fortnight for the rest of the summer.”

Dumbledore frowned. “Why are you meeting with Mr. Ollivander?”

“I can’t tell you that, it’s an Arcanum secret. Headmaster Randolph would have my head on a pike if I spoke about it to anyone. Not that it’s any matter of yours, Diagon Alley is the safest place in Great Britain as I recall. Unless Voldemort or you have found a way to circumvent an Anima corona promitto, I doubt that there’s any objection you could voice to what business I conduct within the boundaries of Diagon, Knockturn and Leisure Alleys.” Harry said simply.

Snape sneered. “Have you forgotten who exactly the adults are here, Mr. Potter? Not everyone will cater to your every whim.”

“T’m not asking anyone to cater to my whims I am demanding what is within my rights, Professor. You may not be among the mass of people that believe I am their only hope of surviving this War but the vast majority of the Wizarding World believes that I am the only one who can save them. They are not the ones gambling with their life and I have no obligation to save anyone, especially a world of fickle back stabbers. I may have been Sorted in Gryffindor but that hardly means that my first choice is to rush out and martyr myself.” Harry spat.

Snape flushed before baring his teeth, ready to snap back at Harry. Dumbledore however intervened.

“Mr. Potter is correct, he is not a child and will have as much privacy as is prudent. We will not ask what you do or purchase within the Triad Alleys but at the least you should inform an Order member of when you are planning on departing and returning from the Triad Alleys.” Dumbledore said diplomatically.

Harry nodded. “That’s fine. Now, shall we get going? I must arrive promptly for my appointment with Mr. Ollivander.”

Ten minutes later, Harry walked into Number 12 Grimmauld Place where he was immediately greeted by Cassiopeia Black’s shrieks, “Half-blood spawn! Defiler of my Father’s House...” Sirius looked both apologetic and furious as he and Remus wrestled to close the curtains. Once the curtains had been wrestled shut, Sirius showed him to a bedroom and connecting bath on the fourth floor which Harry examined with some interest. The bathroom was decorated in dark blue. It had a loo, a sink with a vanity, a large mirror, a shower and a whirlpool bathtub. The bedroom was done in rich mahogany and emerald green, and the furniture consisted of a king-sized sleigh bed, an armoire, a bookcase, desk and a small loveseat. After his inspection he began to ward the room with his favorite Privacy Charms; Silencing spells, Anti-Eavesdropping charms, two different Obscuring charms, Anti-Theft charms and an automated Cleaning and Neatening charm. After he emptied out his trunk putting away his clothes, books and scrolls away, he opted for a quick shower and a change of clothes.

It was in the privacy of his room that he dared to remove the various Concealing charms that hid the presence of the Living Metal. He had been receiving injections of the Living Metal by Ollivander since March and he was now approaching the end of the regime. The procedure was dangerous to say the least, but the odds of surviving the procedure were about the same as the odds of surviving a Chimera attack in the wilderness. Today was a special day indeed, it was time to set the Focus Gemstones which meant that after the last injection today, he would have successfully finished the procedure and lived to tell of it. Harry glanced down at his wrists where the only visible manifestation of the Living Metal appeared in the form of two silver-gold bracelets. The bracelets were plain but they were studded with what might be taken as gemstones but upon closer inspection, were actually thumbnail sized doses of various Potions. The left bracelet was filled with different Potions but the right bracelet was filled with fifteen of the exact same kind of crimson potion.
Harry felt a familiar rush of heat through his veins as he watched one of the crimson vials empty as it drained into his bloodstream. Barely a span of a heartbeat passed before the vial was quickly filled with more of the same Potion, thanks to a clever Renewing Charm he’d cast on the thumbnail sized vials. He made a large supply of the Potions he wore in his bracelets and spelled the various ten-gallon tanks to automatically refill the thumbnail vials whenever they were emptied. After the Potion spread through his bloodstream Harry finished toweling off and pulled on the clothes he’d set on his bed, white silk boxers, soft white calfskin breeches and a long-sleeved shirt made of white spidersilk. After he pulled on his black dragonhide boots, which reached up to his mid-thigh, he cast a spell to braid his hair and checked his appearance in the mirror as he re-cast his Concealing Charms.

Nodding in satisfaction, Harry grabbed his wands and tucked them into their hidden holsters. Two wands went into the holsters in his boots, a third went into a side holster in the waistband of his breeches and his first primary wand went into a holster up his right sleeve. That done, Harry headed downstairs to where everyone was to gather.

In the drawing room on the first floor, Sirius and Remus were talking with several of the Order members who were all speculating about the odd changes in Harry’s attitude. There was no doubt that he had grown and from the reports the Arcanum Headmaster had sent, he was excelling at a rapid pace top of his class in all his subjects. While he might have grown mentally and magically, the adults were worried about his emotional growth or possibly the lack thereof. He had been fairly cold, blunt and sarcastic which he had not been before he had left for Arcanum. If anything his old secretive nature was a mere shadow compared to how he behaved and spoke now. Everyone was talking about the changes and muttering darkly about what the changes could lead to.

At the other side of the room, the students and Harry’s friends were also in a deep conversation all worried about Harry’s sudden distancing from them. Ron and Hermione both were experiencing a mixture of regret and wistful at the loss of their friend, there was no doubt that the trio would never be the same. Ginny on the other hand was in a state of bewilderment, how had Harry changed from the shy, modest boy into this cold, domineering man? What had Arcanum done to him? Neville, Seamus and Dean who had all just arrived fifteen minutes ago were trying to piece together what they’d heard about Harry so far. Could he have really changed that much in two years?

The doors opened and abruptly the conversations halted as Harry strode confidently into the room. For a moment there was a minute of gaping and staring before the adults got their expressions back under control.

Harry smiled coolly. “Is everyone prepared to go?”

Dean gaped, eyes wide. “Harry?”

“Unless there’s someone else walking around with an Avada Kedavra curse scar, I do believe I am indeed Harry James Potter.” Harry said with slight amusement.

Neville blinked. “You look great! It’s been so long since we’ve seen you.”

“Likewise and as much as I’d like to catch up, I can’t be late for my appointment with Mr. Ollivander. We can talk after my appointment; no doubt everyone’s curious about how my life has been the last two years.” Harry said a bit more kindly.

Sirius stepped forward. “Floo or Portkey?”

Harry raised his eyebrows. “How about Apparition?”
“When did you learn Apparition?” Hermione demanded.

“I learned the theory about a day after I arrived and had it mastered by mid November. There’s really no better motivation than being forced to undergo an Auror’s Trial, if that doesn’t motivate a person to learn to Apparate nothing will.” Harry explained sharply.

Tonks blanched. “I was twenty when I took my Auror’s Trial, are they insane??”

Harry smiled in commiseration. “Yes well it couldn’t have been as bad as mine. We were tested weekly in the wilderness, at least eight kilometers from the school and we had to make it back to the school by sunset. There’s nothing like fleeing for your life from graphorns and tebos for the first kilometer, climbing down a quarter kilometer cliff face and fording a raging river. Then once you climb onto dry land you’re forced to duel your Professors, infiltrate an underground fortress, capture a magical beast of some sort, evade the security patrols and make your way back to the school before the escape timer runs out. Yes that certainly was a motivation to master Apparition, and I got tired of spending the night in the Infirmary. After I learned to Apparate, I managed to cut down my Trial run to about four hours which was among the fastest times.”

“You did that on a weekly basis the entire time you were at Arcanum?” Sirius exclaimed horrified.

Harry shrugged. “Who needs a Dueling or Combat class when you’ve got to run that once a week?”

Remus frowned. “Isn’t that...dangerous?”

“The Graphorns and Tebos are trained not to do too much damage and the teachers stop cursing you once you can’t get up. There are Cushioning Charms under the cliff and Merpeople to keep you from drowning in the river. After you’ve either been hurt too badly to continue or you’re cursed too badly to be countered, then it’s up to the House-elves to rush you off to the Infirmary to be healed or counter-cursed.”

Seamus winced. “When do you fall under ‘hurt too badly to continue’? A broken bone?”

“A broken leg, a concussion, two broken arms, hands or wrists, a stab wound deeper than an inch in your back, torso or leg, being under the Crucio for more than two minutes or having it cast on you more than three times.” Harry listed.

Everyone gasped as one. “They cast Unforgiveables??”

Harry shrugged. “Well it would hardly be realistic without them, don’t you think? They can cast Imperio or Crucio but they aren’t allowed to cast real Killing Curses, they use illusions. However if you get hit with one of those you get the breath knocked out of you.”

“Hmm, they might be doing something right at that school.” Moody said thoughtfully.

Harry glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece. “We really need to get going.”

Remus nodded. “Molly and Hestia will Floo ahead of the other students with Tonks bringing up the rear. Moody and Kingsley will Apparate ahead of us to the Apparition Point and then you, Sirius and I will Apparate after them.”
Harry walked calmly through the archway leading into Diagon Alley; it had been more than two years since he had last been here. Everything looked exactly the same except for the additional security from both sides; Diagon Alley and the other two Alleys were the only neutral location in all of Great Britain. Through a month of negotiation they had reached that decision and it was the only safe place really in the entire country. Whispers spread as he walked to Gringotts and soon enough he felt eyes watching him. Glancing around the Alley Harry saw several Death Eaters watching him speculatively. Harry ignored it all though as he went to his Vault to retrieve money, his Godfather and Remus hovering around him protectively alert for the slightest hint of trouble.

When they emerged Lucius Malfoy and Walden Macnair were waiting for them. Sirius and Remus moved in front of him, no doubt thinking to shield him but Harry gently pushed them aside. Both men were dressed in custom tailored black and silver robes, Malfoy had his snake cane with him.

“Malfoy and Macnair what are you doing here? I would have thought you’d be with Voldemort planning the fifth attempt on my life, not that it will succeed mind you but I’m sure you’re all quite capable of deluding yourselves into thinking it will.” Harry said tauntingly.

Malfoy’s eyes flashed with anger. “You’ll get yours yet Potter!”

Harry yawned, “You must be losing your verbal sparring skills Malfoy; have you been taking lessons from Draco? You’re positively boring these days.”

“You insolent brat!” Lucius hissed, drawing out his wand

Harry didn’t bat an eye, “I wouldn’t do that if I was you Malfoy, the consequences of breaking the Anima corona promitto are quite unpleasant from what I’ve read and you Malfoys are as vain as peacocks.”

Macnair glared at Harry as he set his hand on Lucius’s wand arm. “Don’t Lucius, not here anyways.”

A sudden coldness swept through Diagon Alley and Harry instantly looked away from Malfoy, knowing without a doubt what was causing the sudden chill. Not a minute later, floating black robed figures glided into view. In front of the normal clad Dementors was a silver-robed one the Dementor Lord, as Harry recalled from his texts. Dementors were wizards who through the practice of Dark Magic or Dark Necromancy attempted to Transcend into Lichs, who were Dark Undead Wizards. Very few, namely one in ten thousand actually managed to become Lichs, the rest either became Dementors, Banshees or Ghosts. No doubt Slytherin’s Ghost the Bloody Baron had attempted and failed the Transcendence. The Dementor Lord was the one in charge of looking after the collective interest of the Dementors; he was the Dementor who had been closest to Transcending and thus the one who retained the most of his humanity and mind.

The Wizards and Witches in the Alley, moved away from the Dementors shivering as the cold sunk into their bones. Sirius was breathing harshly, Remus attempting to move him from his sudden stupor. Harry silently moved past the two Death Eaters and calmly approached the Dementor Lord.

“As I recall, Dementors were not allowed within the confines of the Triad of Alleys.” Harry said in the Necromancer’s can’t, which was a kind of deep guttural hiss if one could imagine that.

The Dementor Lord chuckled which came out as a deep rattle. “We are not allowed to partake in the souls here within the Alley otherwise we may come and go as we desire to. You are well-learned I see but then, I can feel your power. You have been practicing the Light Necromancy have you not?”

“Perhaps,” Harry replied secretively. “You are allied with my enemy so I would hardly give you an
“You may not answer but,” The Dementor Lord raised a cold, gray hand and brushed his fingertips along Harry’s collarbone, up to his cheekbone. “A Necromancer always recognizes another whether one practices the Light or the Dark Necromancy...or both.”

Harry leaned forward, “And a Necromancer always keeps his silence.”

“Of course young Necromancer, there are few enough of our kind left in these times, may you have a good Summoning.” The Dementor Lord said caressing Harry’s cheek one final time before moving back and vanishing in a cold gray mist, his fellows also disappearing.

The moment they were gone, Harry took out his wand and conjured a mirror. Lifting up the hand mirror, he saw that he had dark gray marks on his skin from the Dementor Lord’s touch. Had he been anyone but a Necromancer, the Dementor Lord’s touch would have either burned him or made him unbelievably ill. All it had done however was temporarily stain his skin for a few days; it would wash away after a time rather like ink or marker.

“Harry, are you alright? You aren’t hurt?” Sirius asked immediately at his side, gazing at the marks with shock.

“I’m fine.” Harry replied.

Remus glanced at Harry confused. “Were you...talking to it?”

“Hmm? Yes, I suppose that we were talking a bit weren’t we?” Harry said absently. “He was an interesting personage to say the least. Anyway, I’m going to go to Ollivanders. I’ll meet you both at Fortescue’s at three o’clock okay?”

“Right.” Sirius said still staring at him. Harry barely spared a glance around the empty walkway as he headed over to Ollivanders.

“Ah, Mr. Potter you are prompt, I see. I have everything waiting in the back room.” Mr. Ollivander said as he temporarily closed the shop.

Harry nodded as he walked into the back room. The backroom was littered in wood, core material and tools. Harry glanced around the room with interest before taking a seat at a workbench, studying the machinery. Ollivander entered, two large trunks floating behind him. Ollivander opened the lid of the first trunk and removed four bottles the size of wine bottles. They all contained a glowing, metallic looking substance two where gold and two were silver. Setting the bottles down on the workbench next to Harry he reached back into the trunk to pull out a box the size of a jewelry case, when he opened it, Harry saw two vials filled with clear liquid resting in the box.

Ollivander motioned for Harry to get up. “Open the other trunk and take out whatever gemstone feels right to you.”

Harry got up and did as he was told and nearly gaped when he opened the trunk. Gemstones the size of his fist were piled haphazardly in the trunk nearly spilling out, there were so many! Ollivander gave him a pointed look and Harry did as he was instructed taking out a gemstone holding it for a moment before discarding it and setting it on the ground. He set aside fiery rubies, dark sapphires, sparkling diamonds and luminous opals. The pile grew as he discarded emeralds, amethysts, topaz, garnets, citrines and pearls. Finally there was only one stone left a silvery stone with flecks of gold.

Harry picked up the stones and brought it back to Ollivander. “Then this would be the one.”
Ollivander accepted it, eyes glowing. “How exciting! I’ve never heard of anyone needing this particular stone! This will be interesting yes, very interesting indeed. Take off your shirt and sit.”

Ollivander walked back to the first trunk and removed what looked like a large syringe and a silver bowl. Taking a book off a shelf, he quickly read something over before mixing the liquids into the bowl. He poured a generous amount of the silver liquid, adding just a splash of the gold. Then he mixed the liquid until it was metallic silver with just the faintest hint of gold. Taking hold of the bowl filled with the Living Metal and the syringe he walked back to Harry. Harry held the bowl as Ollivander emptied the clear vials into the syringe.

“I’ll need to inject the Stabilizer into you, it is not painful but you will feel a burning sensation as it spreads through your body.” Ollivander explained before injecting the dose directly into Harry’s spine.

Harry didn’t even twitch and he felt a pleasant warmth flow through his body. After another ten minutes Ollivander filled the syringe with the Living Metal injected a dose into each of Harry’s arms and legs, one into his neck and the last above his navel. It was a strange sensation and after a few minutes a tingling sensation formed in his palms and on his earlobes. Before he could ask what was going on, he felt heat pulsing through his palm and the edge of his earlobes. Then in front of his very eyes the Living Metal pooled to the surface of his skin, forming a strange glove with an unset gem carrier on his palm.

The ‘glove’ consisted of two ‘rings’ on his fingers and thumbs which were connected by braided threads to anchor the circular gem carrier on the palm of his hand. The circular gem carrier was in turn anchored to his bracelet by thicker braided threads. Looking at the back of his hand, Harry saw that thinner braided threads from the rings also ran on the back of his hand anchoring onto the bracelet so that the metal would not move. Reaching up to his ear, he felt earrings in his ears the largest the size of his thumbnail and the smallest the size of a newborn’s fingernail. The metal in his ‘gloves’ moved once before it stilled, becoming a permanent attachment to his body, just like the bracelets.

Ollivander nodded slowly. “Pick up the stone with both hands and the Living Metal will absorb it just before it goes back to sleep.”

Harry did as he was told and was surprised to feel the stone heating up before being absorbed by the Living Metal. A flash of light blinded him momentarily and when he could see again the stone was now perfectly cut and set in the center of his palms and he touched his ears, the once empty earrings were now filled.

“I’m going to guess that since I’m still alive, the procedure went as it was supposed to?” Harry asked as he put his shirt back on.

Ollivander began to put things away. “Wizards first used the Talismans to anchor the amount of power they were able to use. It’s been two thousand years since any Wizard needed to use a set and you of course, are always the surprise. No one has ever needed a Starlight Diamond as a Focus Gem.”

Harry gaped, he knew very well that Starlight Diamonds were the rarest Magical Stone on the planet and that only three had ever been mined. “What does this mean exactly?” Harry asked after regaining his composure.

“The stone will act as your Focus point; no one can ever remove the stone from you as the stone and metal are now a part of you. You will always be able to attack or defend as the situation warrants and the power at your disposal is much greater than anything a regular Wizard or Witch could command.
with a wand. There isn’t anything you won’t be able to cast, it’s just a matter of learning the incantations, do not be surprised if you master even the most complicated spells on the first try.” Ollivander said looking pleased.

Harry took out a moke-skin bag filled with a thousand Galleons and set it on the workbench, then he recast the Concealing charms covering his ears and extending them to cover his arms from the elbow down to his fingertips. “The payment as usual, same time next week?”

“Yes, be especially careful when Casting, it will take a while for you to adjust to the power.” Ollivander said as he walked Harry back to the door of the shop. Just before they he was about to leave, Ollivander leaned over and whispered in Harry’s ear. “You will be ready for the second stone by the end of August.”

Harry smiled a real genuine smile, the man really was aware of things. “I’ll be careful. By the way, this is untraceable correct?”

“Yes.”

“Perfect, thank you Mr. Ollivander, your family is indeed the best wandmakers in the world.” Harry said with a bow as he swept out of the shop.

Ollivander watched as Harry walked away. “What times come that a Caster would need two stones?”

Harry met the others for a sundae brushing off their attempts at questioning him. After that Harry stopped by Flourish and Blotts and the Apothecary always aware of the eyes that followed him. He spent the rest of the trip in a preoccupied daze thinking about the number of secrets he was carrying. Headmaster Randolph and Ollivander knew about the Living Metal procedure, only four people knew about his schooling in Necromancy and the only one who knew about his Transformation was Professor Dumont the Potion Master from Arcanum. Then there was his darkest, most highly prized secret that no one living was aware of and as far as Harry was concerned no one needed to learn it, ever.

After Harry had finished picking up the more vital supplies, they returned to Grimmauld Place.

Absently Harry excused himself and locked himself in his bedroom. He had too many secrets and not enough guaranteed privacy where he could possibly hope to keep all of them. The most important secrets to keep however were the one no one living knew of and the Living Metal. Harry had long ago accepted that someone would find out about his Transformation and Light Necromancy was not illegal and thus not something that needed to be kept secret. However there were few if any Light Necromancers alive and practicing and Harry did not want to be hounded to do Summonings so it was better left a secret until it was unavoidable. Harry closed the curtains in front of his windows and enforced the Privacy Charms on his room before slipping off his shirt. Harry looked at himself in the mirror as he removed first his Concealing Charms, the silvery-gold metal contrasted against his tanned skin and the Starlight Diamond gleamed. Tracing the cool metal, Harry reveled in the sense of power that was literally at his fingertips.

Harry watched himself in the mirror as he initiated the Transformation, heat spread through his back and he could feel muscles forming and bulging as his back, shoulders and chest tingled. Pain erupted from his back and chest for an agonizing moment as Harry felt his wings rip out of his back. He staggered to his knees as large scaly black wings shot out of his back, dripping blood on the ground and walls. The pain burned for a few heartbeats before his body went into overdrive producing endorphins to counter the pain. Concentrating Harry raised a hand and felt the energy for a Cleaning Charm pool in his hand before it was released, cleaning away all the blood spilled in the room and
the blood clinging to his wings. Harry stretched his wings this way and that for a few minutes after the pain faded away.

In February of last year he had started Transforming and fortunately his first Transformation had been in the presence of his Potion Master who had also had some Mediwizard schooling. Professor Dumont had cleaned him up and dosed him with a multitude of various Potions to help deal with the various aches and pains, blood loss, physical exhaustion and a few different Healing Potions to help his body cope with the new appendages and muscle tissue. Over the next two months Dumont had developed a Potion that took care of all the resulting changes due to the Transformations and in a way strengthened his fragile wings. The Invictus Potion was a fairly long lasting Potion that perfectly took care of all the symptoms of the Transformation well before the Transformation even took place. Things especially progressed better as the Living Metal became a key part of him. Every six hours the Invictus Potion was automatically distributed directly to his body through the Potion bracelets. As long as he Transformed once a day it was his secret to keep for however long he desired to keep it thus. Yawning, Harry sprawled onto his bed lying on his stomach; he would take a short nap as it was going to be a long night.

I hope you’ve enjoyed the first chapter of ID. I will slowly be adding it here to the site in the next couple of days.

(1) Anima corona promitto- literally Soul Circle Promise. During the negotiations regarding the Triad of Alleys Voldemort, Dumbledore and a representative of the International Confederation of Wizards swore the oath that none of their respective followers/employees/members can physically or magically harm or kidnap anyone within the Alleys. Anyone who breaks the promitto can expect to be cursed for life with an unknown but supposedly disfiguring curse.

-SheWolfe7 (5-10-04)
Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton, Great Britain
Monday the 14th of July 1997
3:30 PM

Lord Voldemort, the Dark Lord, Terror of the Wizarding World was in the middle of planning an attack on the Ministry of Magic when Lucius and Walden entered the room. Breaking off his sentence Voldemort glared at the two malevolently, if they were going to arrive late to the meeting they had better have had a good reason, especially since they had not alerted him before the meeting started. It was rather hard to plan a good attack when one of his Commanders was not present to offer suggestions.

“Lucius, Macnair you had better have a good reason for being late.” Voldemort commented sharply.

Lucius absently toyed with his snake cane. “We were in Diagon Alley picking up some artifacts when we saw Potter.”

Voldemort’s eyes narrowed and though he had been restored to his former youthful good looks, his eyes were still crimson. “He’s returned then?”

“Yes.” Walden Macnair answered as he smoothly entered the conversation. “We had a few words with him when the Dementors arrived.”

Voldemort frowned. “Why were the Dementors there?”

Lucius shrugged as he launched into an explanation. “We do not know the reason, my Lord. Everyone fled from their path while Potter oddly enough, moved past us and approached the Dementor Lord. It seemed as if they were speaking to each other though I do not recognize the language they used. From what I could tell, Potter looked intrigued and amused not the slightest bit scared by the Dementor Lord. After a few exchanges, the Dementor Lord reached out and traced his fingertips up Potter’s neck to his cheek and Potter did not flinch. They spoke some more and then the Dementor Lord caressed Potter’s cheek before he and the others vanished. Potter conjured a mirror to look at his face and I realized then that he was neither burned nor weak from the contact with the
Dementor Lord.”

“Black had a few words with Potter who looked thoughtful as he dismissed them and headed to Ollivanders. We followed discreetly but upon entering, Ollivander closed the shop and we could neither see nor hear anything that took place. Potter entered at a quarter after one o’clock and he did not come out until a quarter to three o’clock. He was preoccupied during the rest of his stay in the Alleys. He bought a mountain of books and a large variety of potion ingredients before he Apparated to wherever he was staying.” Walden continued taking up the rest of the explanation.

Voldemort listened intently to their report drawing his own conclusions which he kept to himself. “And your conclusions based on what you saw?”

Lucius and Walden exchanged looks before Lucius turned back to face the Dark Lord. “Potter has secrets and from what we heard he was not forthcoming with the others, he’s changed greatly since he was sent to Arcanum. Besides the physical changes in his appearance, it’s clear that he learned to be as evasive and manipulating as a Slytherin conversation-wise. Also it is clear that he had undergone a serious amount of dueling and combat drilling based on the way he moved and reacted to the crowd. He was always alert, conscious to how close everyone was in proximity to him and every time he entered a shop, he was careful to scan the room first looking for possible exit routes, then a second scan to look for any possible sources of conflict.”

“Interesting,” Voldemort said thoughtfully. “The next time that Potter is seen within the Triad Alleys I wish to be alerted immediately. I should like to have a look at him myself.”

Walden nodded. “Of course, my Lord.”

“Hmm and why has Severus not come to report Potter’s return? Lucius you will go and find him, I wish to have a few words with my Spy.”

Lucius nodded, “Immediately, my Lord.”

Ten minutes later Lucius returned. “He will report after the Order meeting this evening as it regards Potter and you will no doubt want to know of the information exchanged.”

“Very well, I will wait then.” Voldemort turned back to the map that was on the table. “A smaller contingent of the new recruits will be led by Jugson and Rookwood, and they will be our distraction. A quarter hour after they start their attack, we will strike here and here...”

At precisely nine, Harry walked into the drawing room where everyone was relaxing. Dean and Ron were playing chess; Ginny and Hermione were doing their homework while Neville, Seamus, the twins, Sirius and Remus played a game of exploding snap. Mrs. Weasley was knitting something while Mr. Weasley was in a hushed conversation with Mad-Eye Moody and Sirius’s cousin Tonks. Harry stood in the doorway watching them for a few minutes, almost envious of their ability to put their troubles out of their minds. He had never had such peace of mind since the Triwizard Tournament and he doubted that he would again; too much was at stake for him to be able to let his guard down like that again. Before his thoughts could turn melancholy or morbid, Moody noticed him standing in the doorway.

“Why don’t you come in Potter? It’s not as if we’re going to attack you.” Moody said loud enough to draw everyone’s attention to Harry.

Harry raised an eyebrow as he walked into the room. “As if you could, I was just comparing how different things are.”
Most everyone stopped what they were doing to give Harry their undivided attention. Harry ignored them as he walked over to a chair in the corner of the room, once he was seated he saw everyone exchange looks. The students looked puzzled, why did he go all the way out of his way to sit so far away from them? The adults on the other hand pondered something else, why was he choosing to sit in the most defensible area of the room?

“So,” Hermione said breaking the awkward silence. “Did you finish any books?”

Harry looked slightly surprised before it quickly was masked. “I’m almost done with the first; it’s a treatise on the History of Dark Magic and the roles of Dark Lords.”

Remus blinked. “Ah, who’s it by?”

“Giles Sainte-Armand.”

Hermione sputtered. “You’re reading a book written by the Ange de Morte?”

“You can’t always read a book written by Light Wizards or you never get the full spectrum of events. Sainte-Armand is actually a rather interesting author; his writing has an intensity that’s almost hypnotic.”

Sirius shook his head. “He was a fanatic Dark Lord, Harry!”

“I know that, I’m just saying that in real life he must have been a charismatic man which no doubt explains how he ascended to so much power during the Dark Ages.” Harry said simply. “I’m not sure why you’re all getting so worked up, it’s not as if I agree with him I’m studying the enemy.”

Moody just nodded. “What else did you do at that school of yours?”

“Nothing really just schoolwork and running the Auror’s Trial, everything was centered around learning everything they had to teach. If I wasn’t in class, I was doing my homework or researching in the library.”

“What did you do on the weekends?” Neville asked.

“Mock skirmishes among the students after breakfast up until lunch, after lunch most of us would either go hiking around the surrounding property or we’d go swimming. We’d play Quidditch once a month usually on the last Saturday of the Month because we always run the Auror Final’s on Sundays.” Harry explained.

Ginny shook her head. “And after dinner?”

“Homework, we’re not allowed out of the Student’s Wing or the Library after seven.”

“What??” the Twins exclaimed.

“School Policy but it wasn’t that constraining, there’s only about a hundred and fifty of us at Arcanum. Besides the school grounds are rather...dangerous late at night.”

Sirius frowned. “Dangerous how?”

“Well there’s always wild animals running around late at night, besides the Graphorns and Tebos, the island was filled with mountain lions, wolves and a few dragons here and there. The Graphorns and Tebos stick to their home territory during the daylight hours but they go foraging later in the evening.”
“Did you ever go out late at night?” Dean asked knowing how much trouble Harry used to get into at Hogwarts.

Harry’s eye twitched. “Nope, I had enough on my plate without risking my life to get eaten by a bunch of wild animals.”

The rest of the conversation was rather dull as Harry truly hadn’t done anything of interest that he could actually tell them about. Sure he’d had fun banishing evil specters and such but he couldn’t tell them he was a Necromancer without the information leaking to Voldemort or the Ministry. So many lies and secrets to keep but he’d manage, he always had after all.

At a quarter to eleven, Mrs. Weasley shooed away the Hogwarts students as the Order meeting was going to start in a few minutes. Ron looked sullen since he had turned seventeen on the third of March but he had not yet been approved for Order membership. Harry hadn’t either but he had already established that he was the only weapon that the Wizarding World had against Voldemort and that if he was going to be used as such he wanted to know everything. They moved back to the kitchen which was the only room large enough to hold the Order members that would be coming tonight.

Slowly the room began to fill with Order members who arrived by Apparition or Floo. Mrs. Weasley had gone to guard the door to the house, letting in the Order members and directing them to the dining room. Sirius and Remus meanwhile introduced Harry to the Order members as they trickled into the room. Kingsley Shacklebolt entered talking with the straw-haired Sturgis Podmore, behind them came Elphias Doge and Dedalus Diggle who were chatting with the stately Emmeline Vance. Hestia Jones rushed in after them and made a beeline for Tonks as the two women whispered and chuckled about something or other. Professors McGonagall and Snape walked in a few minutes later both talking softly, Snape shooting Harry a glare. Harry meanwhile was careful to watch everyone and mentally began to rank them based on what he could feel. He would be sure to check his observations later with a Summoning but for now he would rely only on his instincts which had rarely failed him. Dumbledore was the last to arrive and as Harry looked around the room, he estimated that there were at least sixty witches and wizards present.

“Good evening friends,” Dumbledore began after refreshments had been distributed. “As you have all no doubt heard and seen, Harry Potter has returned from his schooling at the Arcanum Institute of Magic and will be joining us tonight.”

Some of those less observant began to murmur softly as they turned to look at Harry who was sitting between Sirius and Remus.

Emmeline Vance glanced over at Harry and back to Dumbledore. “Are you certain he should be included in this, Albus? Harry is not even of age yet.”

Before anyone else could speak, Harry smoothly stood up and looked around at the Order members. “Many of you have never met me personally and even those who have are under a misconception. Voldemort,” Nearly everyone winced. “Has returned and from what I have heard has been making life hellish here in Great Britain? He has killed my parents and Cedric Diggory and used my blood to be restored to a corporeal form. You may look at me and see a youth entering his prime but I assure you, I have the mentality of a wizard long in the prime of their life. I was schooled at Arcanum for two years and I know very well that I would not have been brought back had the circumstances not been so dire. I am no one’s fool, I know I am the weapon you would use to smite Voldemort and as such, I will not recklessly rush off into certain danger without knowing what is at stake.”

Some of the adults looked taken aback by his cold use of logic but a few were not.
“It’s not your age really Harry but you pose a possible danger to the security of our plans and the Order’s members.” Sturgis Podmore said in a calm manner.

Harry smiled, eyes cold. “And from my point of view, all of you are standing in the way of my survival by withholding valuable information not to mention you all are a security risk to me as well. Can you tell me which is the more dangerous of the two?”

Silence as everyone gaped or stared at him in shock, even Snape looked shocked for a moment before his mask fell into place.

“You can’t possibly mean that Harry!” Bill exclaimed.

“I’m quite serious Bill, Peter Pettigrew was a member of the Order of the Phoenix and he not only was a Spy for Voldemort but he managed to have my parents killed and I was nearly murdered as well. I may not have had much time see the sights and such but I have no desire to be killed when I have barely begun to live and what you and everyone else in this world are expecting from me is a very dangerous risk to my life. The Headmaster may have survived his duel with Grindelwald but my survival is no guarantee and honestly aside from personal revenge I really have no interest in destroying Voldemort.” Harry said very plainly.

Dumbledore looked concerned. “Harry you should not think that way about Voldemort, revenge is never a reason to destroy anyone.”

“I completely agree with you in that regard which is why I will keep my personal feelings regarding the matter to myself. If I am to be the weapon so be it but my life is not a frivolous thing and I will not forfeit it in a futile endeavor that is what I was attempting to point out.”

“There are no other reasons to fight Voldemort but revenge, at least in your point of view?” Remus asked curious about Harry’s reasoning.

Harry snorted. “Well I’m hardly going to defeat Voldemort for the sake of a world that is as fickle in it’s affections towards me as Sultan choosing a courtesan from his harem to entertain him for an evening. What other reason is there? I have no living family and even my so-called friends and protectors have abandoned me upon occasion. I’ve learned to use my skills in the manner that is most efficient and most of all, solitary. If you had wanted me to be anything but a single purpose weapon you sent me to the wrong place.”

“Why do you keep calling yourself a weapon?! You’re a wizard and a human being not an inanimate object!” Mrs. Weasley said loudly.

Harry settled back in his chair looking bored. “Because it’s the truth, you may not be willing to say it but I’m sure the thought has passed through your minds. To the majority of the Wizarding World that is all I will be, the one destined to destroy Voldemort once and for all. I’m not a fool; my survival depends on this as well because Voldemort will never leave me alone he is crazed with the idea of my death. Joining with the Order to stop him would be easier and less time consuming than if I were to do it on my own without the extra intelligence and back up. However if you prove to be difficult and not very forthcoming with information, I will not hesitate to break from the Order and do this on my own.”

“You’re mad, Potter!” Moody barked, eyes wide. “There’s no way you could possibly take on bringing Voldemort down on your own.”

Harry shot the experienced Auror a penetrating look. “You’ve been an Auror longer than I’ve been alive Moody so I’ll point this out once because I’m sure you’ve heard it before: never underestimate
an opponent. I may not look dangerous or terribly powerful but I can assure you, I’ve learned things
that I doubt even the Headmaster would know of.”

“And that would be...?” Hestia Jones asked.

“I may be willing to work with you but that hardly means that I trust you with my secrets. In time
perhaps but not now, not until I am sure. Now before any of you can make an outburst about my
attitude I’ll be perfectly blunt, the sort of things I am hiding can get me killed and until I’m sure that
none of you are spying for Voldemort or going to accidentally let anything slip those secrets are
staying here in my head behind my Occulmency barriers. There are a few things I can tell you that I
couldn’t earlier while I was being questioned by my friends.”

“So?” Sirius prodded.

Harry paused to evaluate what was safe to tell them. “My seventeenth birthday is in exactly
seventeen days and I have already nearly reached my full Magical ability. I’ve been masking my
power quite a bit so that I don’t stand out in the crowd so to speak and I’ll continue to do so, the
depths of my power are best left a secret until after Voldemort has been defeated.”

Dumbledore stopped him by raising a hand. “Show us if you would.”

Harry nodded as he stood up and released the spell that was masking his magical Aura. The room
flooded with energy as gray energy filtered out of Harry’s very skin. As everyone stared in awe,
Harry slowly dimmed his Aura until finally it returned to it’s ‘normal’ state.

“Why is it gray?” Tonks asked him.

Harry carefully worded his response. “What were you expecting it to be, white? Magic is like energy
it is neither ‘light’ nor ‘dark’ and the fact that it has been classified into ‘light’ and ‘dark’ is due to us.
At Arcanum we are taught a wide variety of magical disciplines, I am as much a ‘light’ wizard as
what you might classify as a ‘dark’ wizard. Dark Magic is classified that because of the intention of
the spell or its user. Arcanum teaches the most powerful and the brightest and as you’ve all noticed,
not a single Dark Wizard has come from its doors. I will not limit myself to one kind of magic or
another just for the peace of mind of a few, it is my life that I am risking and there are no second
chances.”

Dumbledore nodded reluctantly. “So be it, does anyone else have anymore oppositions to Mr.
Potter’s presence?”

Silence.

“Very well, let’s start with those at the Ministry...”

That brought the conversation back to the purpose of the meeting it seemed that their European and
American Allies were much happier knowing that Harry was back and had requested a meeting to
take place sometime in late July or early August. Moody reported that security in the Triad Alleys
was to be increased due to the Dementors appearing that afternoon and especially during Harry’s
appointments with Ollivander every two weeks. Fudge was also eager to have a few words with
Harry along with Madam Bones. Harry agreed to meet with them in three days at the Ministry at ten
and one o’clock. A printer from the Daily Prophet reported that once news spread of Harry’s return
two of their best reporters had been hounding the owner for the honor of writing about Harry’s
return. After much arguing, Harry relented allowing an interview so long as the reporter was not Rita
Skeeter. Snape reported that Voldemort was making plans to attack an important Wizarding building
but had no more details except that he was to report to Voldemort directly after the Order meeting.
He also mentioned in passing that the Dementors had been a bit restless lately which somehow prodded Sirius into asking Harry about the conversation he had with the Dementor Lord that afternoon.

“How were you talking to the Dementor Lord and why were you talking to him anyway?” Sirius asked looking at his Godson in the eye.

All eyes in the room suddenly turned and focused on Harry, even Dumbledore had his entire attention focused on Harry.

Harry sighed and decided to hedge. “I don’t suppose passing it off as an Arcanum secret would satisfy you?”

“No, it touched you after all and you look perfectly healthy.” Remus pointed out. All the stares suddenly became penetrating as they looked for evidence of the contact. Reluctantly Harry removed the Glamour that had been hiding the gray marks on his neck and face.

“There are certain cants that are used to communicate with Dementors; the Ministry teaches three to certain employees namely Aurors, Magical Law Enforcement personnel and Unspeakables. The one used by the Aurors is Rescriptum (instruct), the one used by the MLE is Mandatum (command) and the final is Iubeo (directive order).” Harry explained without explaining what cant he had used.

Sirius frowned. “I was an Auror and I know for a fact that whatever cant you used it wasn’t the Rescriptum.”

“That leaves the Mandatum and the Iubeo, which was it?” Moody asked gruffly.

Harry quirked an eyebrow, “I never said that the cant I used was one of the three that the Ministry teaches its employees.”

Snape sneered. “There is only one other cant and I doubt that you learned the Dominus (master) cant at Arcanum considering that there are only six artifacts that are imbued with the cant and none of them are hidden away at Arcanum.”

“Don’t be too sure however, what I used was not the Dominus cant, what I used is far more...rare and a fairly lost cant to most circles. What I used however is irrelevant as was the conversation I had with the Dementor Lord. Suffice to say I was curious why they were gliding around Diagon Alley and I decided to test out my cant.” Harry said dismissively.

Dumbledore neatly trapped him. “If it was so insignificant then why did the Dementor Lord touch you and why weren’t you injured?”

“Perhaps it was the same reason that the Killing Curse did not kill me?” Harry suggested.

“Don’t be foolish, we all know that-“ Elphias Doge was kicked under the table by Professor McGonagall.

Harry smiled slowly. “How about we all keep our secrets for the time being? When you decide I am allowed to hear the rest of that sentence, I will tell you the cant I used.”

“Harry,” Dumbledore said sternly slowly loosing his temper.

Harry glared but lied smoothly. “It was the Orare (talk).”

“Orare? Why would that cant be named ‘talk’?” Emmeline Vance asked curiously.
“Simply because that’s what it is used for talking. Not that they understand much from what I’ve read which is why I was talking to the Dementor Lord, after all he’s the most human of all of them.” Harry explained as he got to his feet. “Now, I do believe I will go off to bed, I’ve heard more than enough I think.”

Kingsley frowned. “Why didn’t the Dementor’s touch hurt you?”

“Because Dementors cannot hurt those they speak to. Of course if he hadn’t answered when I spoke then yes, he could have harmed me. I suppose the novelty of speaking to someone without being ordered to do something probably amused him.” Harry commented before slipping out of the room.

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**The Strategy Room**  
**Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton, Great Britain**  
**Tuesday the 15th of July 1997**  
**1:07 AM**

Voldemort was sitting idly at the table in that was now called the Strategy Room, his Inner Circle also sitting at the table talking about miscellaneous subjects. To his left the Lestranges were talking about their various offspring Rodulphus and Bellatrix’s twin sons’ Antares and Altair and Rabastan’s son Valerius, on his right Lucius and Narcissa were talking about their son Draco and his extra summer lessons in Dueling and Potions. At the far end of the table he could hear Mulciber and Avery talking about their anticipation for a bit of ‘sport’ while Rookwood and Dolohov chatted about the various pros and cons of certain Dark Artifacts. Voldemort absently drummed his fingers on the table not really focusing on anything though his mind catalogued all the conversations he was hearing. Where the Hell was Severus?

After another few minutes’ Severus strode into the room and immediately apologized. “My apologies, I was kept behind by the Muggle-loving fool apparently I am to brew him a wide assortment of Strengthening Potions.”

“Sit and tell us what you’ve learned.” Voldemort said waving Severus to his chair at the table, which was across from Voldemort and two down.

Severus sat and took a breath before launching into a detailed report. “I was called to the Headmaster’s Office around noon this afternoon only to be told that Potter was finally returning from Arcanum. My observations of him thus far would be this: he is a completely different person, had this been the first time I met him I would naturally have assumed he had been Sorted into Slytherin. When he speaks, his words are sharp and pointed, he’s learned to keep his temper and has no respect for anyone. He’s made several pointed remarks about Dumbledore’s authority and the trustworthiness of the Old fool and the Order. He’s also made it very clear that should the Order not be of use to him, and he will not hesitate to abandon them and attempt to topple you on his own.”

“The insolence!” Several Death Eaters hissed.

Lucius sneered. “Potter always was an arrogant brat.”

“Silence! Continue with your report Severus.” Voldemort ordered, more and more intrigued by his nemesis.

“Potter informed the Order that he has been schooled in both Light and Dark Magics and he will not hesitate to use either without regards to how the others view him. To be blunt, from Potter’s point of view, the whole Wizarding World can bugger off, they’ll believe what they’ve always believed and Potter will do whatever he pleases so long as you are brought down. What little Training Potter
mentioned was basically undergoing an Auror Trial once a week, every week while he attended Arcanum. The brat has also mentioned several times that he is not to be underestimated and I would have to agree from what I’ve seen. He is masking his Aura and at Dumbledore’s insistence removed the Mask for a few moments, his power is at least equal to your own, my Lord.”

Voldemort nodded. “Anything else?”

“I do not know if Lucius or Walden mentioned it but Potter spoke to the Dementor Lord earlier today. Apparently he learned a form of cant named Orare and used to speak to the Dementor Lord. From what I understand it was not any of the known cants taught by the Ministry. Also he’s to meet Ollivander once every fortnight for the rest of the summer and he has pointedly declared that he will not be telling anyone why. As for the Order, Potter has refused outright to reveal his secrets to them until he feels they are trustworthy but he has stated that several of his secrets are the sort that would make you desire to have him killed as soon as it can be arranged.” Severus finished.

A black-haired woman scowled fiercely. “What can he be hiding that is so important?”

“Hidden abilities, I would guess. Potter’s smarter than I thought if he would dare to keep secrets from the Order.” Lucius commented.

Voldemort leaned back in his chair, crimson eyes glowing. “Perhaps it’s time that I asked the Dementor Lord what their conversation was about...”

Rookwood got up and went to retrieve the Dementor Lord as he was one of a few members of the Inner Circle that could actually speak to them. A few minutes later, he returned with the Dementor Lord in tow.

“You spoke to the Potter whelp today, what were you discussing?” Voldemort growled out in the Dominus cant.

The Dementor Lord paused to think before speaking. “We spoke of power and of skills long forgotten to most of the world. I would...advise that you think more candidly regarding the last Potter. There was a reason why my brothers almost Kissed him and that reason is perhaps the least likely you or the others would guess.”

“And that reason?” Voldemort asked now very intrigued.

The Dementor Lord turned away and began gliding towards the door, he paused in the threshold. “I cannot tell you that reason without revealing Potter’s secret and that is not something which we will be willing to reveal to you. We have Allied with you against the other Wizards but I must make this clear, none of my ilk are capable of harming Potter now and to be blunt, none of us will Kiss him.”

Voldemort was truly surprised now, when had the Dementors ever turned away a free meal? “Why?”

“The rarity of his Gift is unexplainable and underappreciated to most of the Wizarding world but to us...there is no one as great even you are but a shadow to him. Dark Lords come and go but the Gift that Potter carries is enough to make even a Lich yield.” That said the Dementor Lord glided out of the room.

“What web of lies does Potter spin? What secret does he carry that makes even Dementors stand aside?” Voldemort commented softly to himself.

Bellatrix gazed at her lord. “My Lord?”
“I want every whisper and rumor regarding Potter collected and brought to me and I want him watched whenever he enters the Triad Alleys. Is that understood?” Voldemort ordered, eyes flashing.

“Yes my Lord.” The Inner Circle echoed.

Voldemort got up out of his chair. “Severus find out what you may about the Potter brat, I want to know what secret he is keeping.”

Severus nodded, “Of course my Lord.”

“Go then spread the word amongst my servants!” Voldemort commanded as he strode out of the room, mind whirling with possibilities.

Next Chapter: Shopping, an Inner Circle meeting discussing Harry, the Ancestral Potter Family Castle and Harry Summons his dearly departed mother and Harry’s parentage is revealed!

-SheWolfe7
Conversations

Author's notes: A shopping trip in Diagon Alley, spying, a Summoning ritual and Harry learns the truth about his parentage. Mentions of Mpreg though there isn't any in the story.

A/N: Many thanks of course, go out to my Beta Robyn. Disclaimer in chapter 1. The Death Eaters might seem a little out of character, my apologies.

Parseltongue, foreign words, letters/articles etc.

Emphasized words, headings

Chapter III
Conversations

Conversation has a kind of charm about it, an insinuating and insidious something that elicits secrets from us just like love or liquor. -Seneca, Epistulae ad Lucilium

Number 12 Grimmauld Place, London England, GB
Thursday the 17th of July 1997
1:40 PM

Harry knocked on the door to Sirius’s small office on the second floor before walking into the room. Sirius was sitting behind a desk looking at some papers while Remus was scribbling furiously on a roll of parchment to the side of him as he flipped through pages of a book.

“Hey Harry, how were the meetings at the Ministry?” Sirius asked looking up from the papers in front of him.

Harry waved his hand. “Nothing of interest just Fudge fawning over me and Bones talking about how her Department may be of use to me. Anyway, I’m going to Diagon Alley I have to pick up a whole new wardrobe the wardrobe I have from Arcanum is more suited to a warmer climate than here. I thought I’d just let you know before I take off, I’ll probably be shopping a few hours but I’ll be back in time for dinner.”

“That’s fine, let me Fire call Moody and then you can go ahead.” Sirius said as he got up and moved over to the fireplace. After exchanging a few words with Moody, Sirius told him to get a move on and Harry nodded before walking out of the house and Apparating.

Harry was unsurprised to see Kingsley and Tonks waiting to make sure he had arrived safely. With a nod Harry continued on his way knowing that they would have sent someone to trail him. As he made his way through the crowd, he noticed some shady looking wizards trailing him and sighed, couldn’t Voldemort find more subtle followers? Ignoring the admiring eyes that followed him, Harry headed to Sartorial Splendor which was a very elegant clothing store. When one of the attendants saw who had just walked into the store, he practically bolted to the backroom bringing out both the owner and a very famous Wizarding fashion designer. Harry was quickly ushered into a private room by the owner, the designer and three attendants were at his beck and call as they supplied him with a completely new wardrobe. Harry had been ushered into a large back room where the more elite customers were served as they often ordered completely new designs. Harry barely spared anyone a glance as he disrobed without a comment and ignored the heated stares of appreciation and...
the babbling praise from the fashion designer. The designer was frantically sketching designs while he ordered the attendants to bring out various fabrics and the owner just happily moved to and fro folding and packaging the items that Harry had deigned to buy. Harry was just trying on a pair of extremely tight fitting buckskin trousers when he heard one of the other attendants rush into the room.

“Mr. Faraday, Misters’ Malfoy have just arrived, should I direct him to the backroom?” A blonde woman with wildly curly hair asked.

The owner glanced at Harry, obviously worried about having a well-known Dark Supporter in the same room as the Savior of the Light. Before he could say anything, Harry looked up from his struggles of trying to get into the pants.

“Oh bring them in it’s not as if we’re going to start dueling here in your shop.” Harry said as he finally managed to pull the pants on and zip them shut.

The attendant stared at Harry for a few minutes before flushing crimson and leaving to escort the Malfoys to the backroom. Harry ignored her and turned to the mirror, examining his appearance. The buckskin trousers were extremely comfortable, soft and he looked damned fine in them.

“Mmm, I like this.” Harry said as he ran his hand down his hip and thigh, well aware of the small gasps of delight from behind him. “You said these are weatherproof?”

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**Sartorial Splendor**  
**Diagon Alley, London UK**  
**Thursday the 17th of July 1997**

Lucius sighed as he and Draco walked into Sartorial Splendor, once the Dark Lord had gotten word that Potter was in Diagon Alley, he had sent Lucius off to investigate, a _Monstro_ (Showing) Charm cast on him. Draco had tagged along to alleviate anyone from voicing their suspicions though they would all know why the two had come shopping at this particular time. After waiting a while, the two blonds were shown into the backroom. Potter was standing in front of a mirror wearing a pair of buckskin trousers and asking one of the attendant’s questions.

“You said these are weatherproof?” Potter asked, hand on his thigh.

One of the female attendants flushed as she looked away from Potter’s arse. “Er, yes it’s weatherproof.”

“Fireproof?” Harry asked as his hand ran back up his thigh to rest on his hip.

“Oh yes, I think.”

Potter’s voice dropped to a velvety croon. “You think? I won’t be happy should someone be able to successfully cast a fire charm on my pants. I like things hot but I don’t want to walk away singed.”

Lucius blinked taken aback at how well skilled Potter was at reducing the woman into a stuttering mess.

The designer looked up from his sketch. “It’s weatherproof, fireproof, tear resistant, stain resistant and charmed to fit any size, Mr. Potter.”

“Excellent, I’ll take a dozen of these then in the same colors as my slacks.” Potter said as he turned around, unzipping the trousers preparing to take them off again.
Their eyes met across the room and Potter smiled in amusement, no doubt catching the flare of lust in both Malfoys’ eyes as he slowly peeled the buckskin trousers off, careful not to displace his gold boxers. He bent down to pick up the trousers and handed them over to one of the attendants who were all still gazing into the mirror, marveling at the fine image Potter made while bending over. Lucius woke out of his daze and followed one of the attendants over to the opposite side of the room, Draco following dutifully behind him.

Harry ignored the Malfoys after smirking at them and sent two of the attendants to find him some jeans and khaki trousers as he turned to the designer.

“I have a friend from the US he’s from Texas actually and he introduced me into the oddest style, if I could borrow your sketchpad for a moment?” Harry asked.

The designer handed it over and watched avidly as Harry drew him a picture of chaps, the un-fringed kind suited more toward motorcyclists. When he finished with the front view, Harry drew a view from the side and the back.

“Think you can make that or adapt something to that? I’d like to have say a dozen each made of dragonhide and leather.” Harry said eyeing his sketch.

“It’s quite fascinating; let me give it a few tries.” The designer said as he rushed off to the other side of the room.

The attendants came back with a pile of jeans which Harry was happy to try on, he preferred jeans with dark or faded washes and he only bought low-rise boot cut jeans. Next up he sent them off to find him some shirts long and short-sleeved as the third attendant came in floating several boxes of shoes. Harry pulled on his cream colored linen trousers that he had worn here and conjured a chair as he sat down to pull on the different shoes. He bought several leather boots, two mid-thigh with lots of fastening straps and several knee height boots with fewer adornments, several pair of sneakers and loafers before finishing and putting on his chocolate brown knee high boots. The two attendants returned with shirts for Harry to try on and as Harry tried them on and discarded them the owner happily folded and boxed up Harry’s purchases. After he finished with the shirts, the third attendant brought Harry various belts and chains for his trousers, which Harry eyed carefully before choosing several. When he finished, the designer had finished making a pair of leather chaps which Harry tried on and gave his approval of.

“I’m sure I’ve spent nearly a fortunate already but onto the robes, bring me everything you have: Formal robes, Dress robes, Casual robes and in both summer/spring and fall/winter. I want to see every single cut design you have as well.” Harry commanded as he slipped his white gauze shirt on.

As Harry checked his appearance in the mirror the two Malfoys exchanged startled looks, they had never seen the ‘old’ Potter display such fashion-sense before. After Harry sorted through the mountain of robes brought in for his perusal and declared he was finished, the three attendants shrank Harry’s purchases and brought them to the cashier who had the unenviable chore of ringing up all of Harry’s purchases. The dragonhide chaps along with the rest of his order of leather chaps would be sent when the designer finished. As Harry walked to the front of the store with the happy owner singing praises, Harry cut him off abruptly.

“You wouldn’t happen to know where I may find a cosmetic shop would you? I promised several friends I would send them some waterproof eyeliner and mascara.”

Mr. Faraday blinked. “I don’t know personally but I’m sure one of the girls will be happy to tell you.”
“My thanks,” Harry said as he headed off to question one of the female attendants.

Lucius and Draco who were also conveniently purchasing their clothes listened raptly wondering why Potter would have agreed to go and buy cosmetics for his female friends. Harry received his bill and signed some forms for them to take the money from his Vault as it was 2,684 Galleons, four sickles and seven knuts. Whistling Harry headed down the street to Madame Renoir’s Beauty Shop. Not five minutes after Harry walked in, Narcissa Malfoy and Camilla Rosier entered and began browsing. Harry flagged down a shop keeper and asked for help finding all the things on the list his friends had conned him into buying for them. After picking up the mascara, eyeliner, body glitter, nail polish and various bath soaps, Harry asked for a specific brand of hair care supplies for himself.

After he paid for the cosmetics he headed down the street to the Post Office where he inquired about sending Post to Arcanum. One of the clerks had to get the owner who explained to Harry the rates of Owl Post to the Unplottable school. Once Harry reserved a high priority Phoenix for September 10-16th, which cost him fifty Galleons, Harry departed the Post Office. Harry wandered toward the junction of Diagon and Knockturn Alleys where he entered a Tattoo Parlor.

Edith saw him and immediately led him into up to a private room on the second floor before going to fetch Harry’s Tattooist Maguire. Fifteen minutes later Harry was lying on the table as Maguire went to work finishing the Necromancy runes. Nearly three hours later, Harry strode out of the shop feeling content now that all eight of his runes, and all ten of his Pre-Summon runes were completed. Of course part of that content might have been from the delightful hour long massage followed by a haircut and a few quick shots of Firewhisky. He felt considerably less tense and far more at ease though he hadn’t lowered his guard in the slightest. Whistling Wagner’s “Ride of the Valkyries” Harry stopped in a grocer to pick up a case of butterbeer and two packs of Vanilla flavored Silk Cut before Apparating back to Grimmauld Place.

Harry put away his packages and came back downstairs where dinner had already started. The minute he sat down he was bombarded with questions.

“What were you doing all afternoon?” Ron asked.

Sirius was eyeing him curiously. “Moody said that you spent three hours in the Tattoo Parlor what on earth did you have done?”

“Did you even have lunch?” Mrs. Weasley demanded.

Hermione peered at him. “Did you buy any good books?”

“I spent the day shopping and I needed to get my Tattoos finished. I got my hair cut as you can see and got a massage. I can’t tell you why I had the Tattoos I done but I might show you some other time. I had a bit of lunch with Maguire and no, and I didn’t buy any books.” Harry answered as he filled his plate.

Dinner passed quickly and Harry had two servings of pudding during dessert blaming it on his sweet tooth. Before escaping to his room, Harry told everyone that he would be going to bed right away as he was ‘exhausted’. When everyone agreed not to disturb him, Harry headed up to his room planning on how to leave the house so he could perform a Summoning.

Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton, Great Britain
Thursday the 17th of July 1997
10:00 PM
Voldemort was having mixed feelings about the odd changes in his young nemesis. Everyone had said he had changed but no one had said that his appearance had taken on that of a fallen angel. Surely Potter could have rivaled the fair Adonis or Apollo with his thick black hair, shining emerald eyes and sun-kissed skin. When one added, Potter’s authoritative and commanding attitude to that gorgeous body it was enough to drive a Saint to sinful thoughts let alone someone as sunken into the Darkness as Voldemort. It had begun normally enough…

Flashback

Someone had sent word that Potter had entered Diagon Alley and was followed until he entered Sartorial Splendor. Voldemort had quickly summoned the Malfoys, cast a Monstro Charm on them and sent them to follow Potter around the Alley.

Lucius and Draco had entered the backroom of Sartorial Splendor only to see a half naked Harry Potter wearing the most tight fitting buckskin trousers Voldemort had ever witnessed on another person. Potter was standing on a raised platform in front of a set of angled mirrors looking completely at ease half naked, one hand resting on his muscled thigh. The attendants surrounded him all younger women and one man who were either eyeing Potter’s muscled frame from the front by looking at the mirror or were gazing at the very nice view from the back. Potter asked a few questions about the trousers before agreeing to buy a dozen before turning around to unbutton and unzip the trousers. Ever calm and cool under every circumstance Lucius’s eyes had betrayed themselves in this one instance as they had immediately focused on the very impressive bulge between Potter’s legs. Almost as quickly as they had focused on Potter’s groin they quickly trailed up his body to land on Potter’s smirking face. Potter made a grand show of slowly peeling the buckskin trousers off his legs, knowing very well the effect he was having not only on Lucius and Draco but the others present in the room as well. Voldemort felt himself becoming uncomfortably warm but he had noticed quite a few of his Inner Circle, who were also watching so they could all give him their opinion on Potter’s change, were shifting in their plush chairs or drawing slow, deep breaths. Just as Voldemort thought Potter couldn’t be more of a tease the devilishly handsome brat had stepped out of the pool of buckskin at his feet and bent down to scoop them up before handing them to a very flushed female attendant.

As Potter talked to the designer as they both looked over a sketch the Inner Circle broke into a flurry of chatter.

“**That’s Potter?**!” Bellatrix exclaimed unable to see how the scrawny boy she’d seen in old newspaper clippings had become the gorgeous young man who was moving around so naturally in his boxers.

Dolohov licked his lips. “I would not mind having a bit of ’sport’ with him!”

“I think I’d happily duel you for him, Antonin.” Augustus Rookwood said hoarsely, eyes filled with lust on the image of Potter.

Voldemort ignored their conversation as he watched Potter try on various articles of clothing before finishing his shopping. As Potter was paying for his clothes, Voldemort happened to pick up the conversation around him again.

“…Has a kinky streak obviously, look at how much leather clothes he bought.” Macnair pointed out.

Dolohov was practically drooling. “He would look delicious in bondage; I would have to agree with that.”
Voldemort frowned. “Potter is the enemy! Save your sexual fantasies when we actually have him within our grasp!”

The Death Eaters flushed and apologized, they had gotten so wrapped up in watching Potter and discussing his clothing choices that they had completely forgotten that their Lord was even present. Potter exited and once the Malfoy men realized where Potter was headed Narcissa and Camilla had taken off after him. Potter wandering in a cosmetic shop brought the conversation to a new subject, guessing what sex Potter himself was attracted to. They debated for a few minutes most thinking he was queer considering he was buying eyeliner and mascara. Those items were not exactly something a normal male would be caught dead buying. By the time Potter left the shop most of the Inner Circle had concluded that Potter was a queer which made some very pleased. However Potter’s next choice in destination quickly altered their opinion as Potter arranged to have a Phoenix deliver his recent purchases to Arcanum. However when he headed into the Tattoo Parlor the Inner Circle was divided again. Tattoos were a neutral adornment but now this showed some who were convinced that he was queer that he did indeed have a great deal of masculinity.

The Malfoys debated about what to do, as obviously even if they did go inside they would not be allowed in the same room as Potter. Draco had volunteered waving off his parents’ protestations by saying that he had been interested in getting a tattoo for a while now anyway and this was as good a time as any. It was a pointless endeavor however as Draco saw neither hide nor hair of Potter during the hour he was in the shop. After nearly two hours the Malfoys had each taken to watching the exits to see where Potter would exit from however Potter did not leave until three hours after he had first entered. Potter came out looking none the worse for his three-hour tattooing and was actually whistling looking far more relaxed though the easy explanation for that was a Calming Draught or a Muscle Relaxing Potion administered prior to the tattooing. Discreetly the Malfoys followed Potter into a grocer and to their surprise saw Potter buying butterbeer (unsurprising) and cigarettes (surprising). Potter strolled back to the Apparition Point and Disapparated without making a sound.

End of Flashback

Damn him, Voldemort thought angrily pacing back and forth in his room, knowing that his desire for his enemy was meaningless. Just because Potter had changed did not mean that the Prophecy was false and his dream of revolutionizing the Wizarding World was more important than his body’s urges. He could be tempted but he would not give into his temptation. Potter will die because Potter must…

Twenty odd years ago, he had put into motion the most cunning plan he had devised during his first rise to power and now it was about to bear fruit. Little did he know that he had succeeded beyond his wildest imaginings, his Dragons (better known as the Elite) were beginning to wake into their powers. Only the Inner Circle, Voldemort’s most loyal followers, had been allowed to sire or mother his Elite and all those Inner Circle members that had borne an Elite had been accounted for. Of the original forty-two members of the Inner Circle twenty-one had sired or mothered an Elite that had survived the odd number of complications after delivery while twelve other babies had died due to complications. Dorian Mulciber, along with Wilhelmina Macnair, Jerome Cartier and Aria Travers had all borne stillborn Elite. The remaining five of the Inner Circle members hadn’t been married and thus hadn’t sired an Elite.

Severus Snape was the only Inner Circle member that Voldemort had not held in contempt; after all, had he had a child the foolish Headmaster would have no doubt tried to steal its loyalties or questioned Severus’s parenting abilities. The remaining three were duly punished (the fourth being that coward Karkaroff) and had slightly less favor amongst their brethren. Voldemort was pleased
though; having twenty-one Elites born out of a possible thirty-seven were fairly good odds. That left one Prime, three Commanders (Malfoy’s son and Rodolphus and Bellatrix’s twin sons) and seventeen Elites to either lead his Death Eaters or work on more delicate projects. Over the span of the next six months they would slowly begin to grow into their hidden powers and eventually around Christmas they would begin their first Transformation.

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Number 12 Grimmauld Place, London England, GB
Thursday the 17th of July 1997
8:25 PM

Harry finished filling a knapsack with all the items that would be necessary for the Summoning he was planning on performing tonight. Now all that he had to do was figure out how to leave Grimmauld Place without alerting anyone to his departure. A quick Illusion solved the problem should anyone manage to break through the charms and wards that guarded his room but now he needed a way to get out of the wards surrounding Grimmauld Place without disturbing them. Harry paced the room for a few minutes before he settled on self transfiguration. Harry stood in front of his mirror as he began transfiguring himself after a few moments a black and silver phoenix stood in front of the mirror. Harry grabbed the knapsack and with a wordless and wandless spell opened one of the windows casting an Invisibility Charm on himself. Just before flying out the window he cast a Scent and Aura Blocking Charm before flying out the window and to several tall hedges by the fence in the backyard. He transfigured himself back to his normal state and Apparated silently.

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Eagle’s Spire, Devon UK
Thursday the 17th of July 1997
8:26 PM

The last streaks of fading sunlight struck the magnificent stone monolith, casting an orange glow to the massive building. Eagle’s Spire was built on a high stone littered rise overlooking distant woodland, a windy river and gently sloping moors. From the description of the property, vast tracts of land were within the confines of the Spire and the last person to live in it was his grandfather who had the Spire modernized. Though no one had lived in it for almost thirty years it had been maintained by a swarm of house-elves and Harry could tell, all the glass windows were cleaned and not a stone was out of place. Shaking his head Harry began the steep climb up the cobbled path to the Gatehouse. The path lead directly to what passed as the portcullis which was now made of solid granite and was guarded by a pair of Golden Eagles.

Harry removed the Concealing Charms on his arms, revealing not only the Pre-Summon tattoos, the bracelets made of Living Metal, the ‘gloves’ made of Living Metal and most importantly the Potter Family Signet ring. Fortunately the ring had been instilled with an Automatic Sizing and had adapted to fitting around the Living Metal which had locked it into place around his middle finger on his right hand. Raising his right hand Harry looked for the little indent that the Signet ring was to be pressed against and upon finding it raised his left hand and set it by the left Eagle’s beak.

“I, Harry James Potter, demand entrance into Eagle’s Spire,” recited Harry as he pressed the Signet ring against the imprint on the wall.

The Eagle on the left moved and bit Harry’s hand testing his blood to ensure that he had the blood right to enter the Family Seat of the Potters. With a loud shriek the Portcullis slid into the ground and Harry stepped over the threshold. Moving up the steps into the barbican, the Portcullis slid back into position forbidding entrance to anyone else. The barbican was a large thirty by forty feet open space with nothing more than two wall torches which flanked the Inner Gatehouse. Once Harry passed
through, he entered a courtyard which was a hundred by eighty feet and was by all appearances a
garden. Lush grass, colorful flowerbeds, small flowering trees and bushes filled the courtyard.
Decorative cream tiles edged with Celtic knots paved pathways through the courtyard to benches,
fountains and the Castle proper.

As Harry passed through the Courtyard, he noticed that there were metal rods with what looked like
 glowing colored orbs which acted like lights. Harry glanced around with some admiration as he
walked up the short flight of stairs to the doors of the Spire. Just as he was about to grab hold of the
door handle, the doors swung open revealing at least a hundred house elves, all dressed in gold
 pillowcases with the Potter Family Seal in crimson.

“Master Potter has returned!” A violet eyed house elf squeaked. “We is welcoming Master to Eagle’s
Spire. I is Saffie, Master Potter.”

Harry smiled at the house elves. “I am most welcome to be here at last Saffie. Now I’ve a favor to
ask, I need a large room perhaps twenty by twenty feet underground where I will not be disturbed.”

“I knows a room, Master Potter.”

“Good, can you lead the way? I must get to work right away. If it is not too, much trouble could you
have a small dinner arranged for me, say in two hour’s time? And have a room prepared for me? I’m
going to need to take a bath.” Harry requested.

One of the other elves answered, “We is getting to work right away Master Potter!” Then with loud
cracks, they all vanished with only Saffie remaining to show him down to a room. Harry glanced
around the empty yet dingy room with satisfaction before dismissing Saffie who looked upset.

After fifteen minutes the room looked far cleaner, the stone walls were gleaming, the torch sconces
were shining and the stone floor was perfectly clean and free of dirt or grime. The ceiling and walls
were stripped of cobwebs and dust and the air had been purified. Harry had moved a heavy wooden
table to the far end of the room and transfigured it so that it would become a stone shelf affixed to the
wall. He conjured several standing torches, which he set up in a large square in the middle of the
room. Another hour and a half was spent warding the Summoning Chamber with every Protection
and Shielding Charm and Spell he knew. He also heavily warded it with Privacy Charms and
Masking Spells. By the time he finished the room the air practically hummed with the power of the
wards he had erected around the Chamber. When his stomach growled, Harry quit to go have a
quick dinner followed by a shower before performing the Summoning.

As he’d guessed the house elves had gone a little overboard with dinner but Harry ate a little of
everything to please them before rushing up to the Master bedroom to take a shower and change into
his ceremonial Summoning clothes which consisted of shimmering silver drawstring pants and a
loose long sleeved shirt that was to be worn open. Tossing off his regular day clothes onto the bed,
Harry checked his appearance in the mirror before rushing back downstairs to the Summoning
Chamber. Once he was satisfied that the room was as secure as he could make it without using Dark
Magic, Harry walked over the wall shelf and grabbed his knapsack. He took his place in the center
of the room and taking out a bag of salt poured a ring around the four center torch stands. He was
careful to keep it uniform and as geometrically correct as he could manage. When the circle of salt
was completed, Harry drew the neck of the bag of salt shut and returned it to its place within his
knapsack.

Next, Harry took out a long stick of chalk and began to draw the Summoning runes on the floor.
When he finished, he was standing in the very center of yet another circle. Harry put away the stick
of chalk and reached into the knapsack drawing out several stone squares with the Fifth Summoning
Glyph etched onto them. Casting a quick Measurement Charm, Harry laid the five squares at exactly
five points on the circle of chalk around him. With a nod, Harry took out a gold chalice and the case of Butterbeer setting all but two bottles outside of the circle of chalk. Taking up the gold chalice, Harry set it at his feet and drew out a silver snake-like device. Sitting down on the ground cross legged, Harry set the snake’s head on his forearm and tapped its head with a finger. Black eyes fluttered open before sharp metal fangs pierced his skin and started drawing blood after the snake got its share for the work; it purified the rest of the blood before regurgitating the rest into the chalice. Once the chalice was filled, Harry tapped the snake again and it went into stasis, closing its black eyes. Rising to his feet, Harry was careful not to knock over the chalice of blood. Stripping down to his boxers, Harry checked the large hourglass sitting across from him on the shelf and began the Summoning. He began by tracing the rune for Sealing in the air with his right hand and tracing the rune tattoo on his body with his left, followed by tracing the rune for Piercing.

“I Summon,” began Harry tracing the rune for Summoning. Once he completed the rune, tracing and drawing it in the air, Harry turned to face the direction of the next Glyph at his feet and continued.

“A Spirit of the Celestial Plain,” Harry started tracing and drawing the rune to Anchor.

“By the Offering of my Blood,” Harry intoned tracing and drawing the Offering rune.

“I Summon the Spirit that once was Lily Potter née Evans! By the Blood of the Illusionist, I Summon!” Harry finished drawing the final Binding rune.

There was a flash of light and then the Spirit of his mother was standing outside of the chalk circle smiling at him. “Hello darling.”

Harry let out a breath and pulled his clothes back on before picking up the chalice of blood at his feet and carrying it over to her. “Here, there’s Butterbeer on your side of the circle.”

Lily took the chalice delicately sipping the blood as Harry rummaged through his knapsack and pulled out a pack of cigarettes. Moving to the center of the circle of chalk, Harry conjured a divan and sprawled, a cigarette in one hand and a bottle of Butterbeer in the other.

“So?” asked Harry after exhaling the vanilla smoke.

Lily sat next to his legs and looked nervous, “I suppose I should start from the beginning but first I want you to know that James and I love you more than anything else in this world.”

“The way you say that is making me worried,” Harry commented taking a swig of Butterbeer to calm his suddenly churning stomach.

“There’s really no easy way to tell you this so I’ll be blunt, James Potter is not your biological father though he did Magically adopt you as his son after you were born.”

“What!” Harry exclaimed, sitting up abruptly.

Lily looked at him with a forced smile. “James and I couldn’t have children together; we were not physically suited to it. Harry my lion, my father was an Incubus.”

Harry stared at her speechless.

“Of course, we didn’t know until after we were married. It’s hard to for the offspring of Incubi or Succubi to have children with regular humans. Merlin’s father was an Incubus too and the children he sired with Vivien were all squibs but the magic of their inherited blood was dormant at least until I was born.”
Harry really wanted to scream or hit something but he was still too shocked to react.

Lily plowed on. “Once we found out that I was a descendant of Merlin, everything became clear how I was such a powerful witch for having come from a Muggle family. Not two weeks later my gift for Prophecy woke and I spent a majority of my sleeping hours walking the Celestial Plain. Eventually I ran into Merlin and he told me about our family and the Debt that we owed his mentor Blaze who had saved Merlin’s life several times. When I woke, I had a very strong Prophecy about fulfilling our Debt to Blaze and when I walked the Celestial Plain again I found both Merlin and Blaze and spoke to them of what I had seen. Both of them were hesitant about the Prophecy as it would change the Destiny of many but eventually they both agreed it was best.”

“I told James when I woke and after arguing we agreed. To fulfill the Debt my family owed Blaze, I would carry the child of his remaining descendant and his gifts would once again awaken in his descendant, in you specifically. However things didn’t quite fall out the way I had seen and now I’m afraid that you will be paying the price for it my lion.” Lily said looking contritely at her son.

Harry drained his Butterbeer and put out his cigarette. “What changed?”

“Voldemort chose a path we did not Foresee and your father was tangled in his trap. I’m afraid Harry that you are as much a servant of Voldemort as those who bear his Mark only that your servitude was caused by the very circumstances of your birth. Your father is-“

“Snape,” Harry breathed eyes wide. “It’s Snape isn’t it?”

Lily looked away from him. “Yes.”

“God,” Harry said running his hands through his hair.

“Voldemort wanted Commanders that he could trust implicitly and he wanted them to be utterly loyal to him. Through the use of Potions and Dark Spells he managed to create a way for his Inner Circle to bring his dream into being. You are one of his Elites Harry and I am sorrier than I can express, this was not the life I had envisioned for you.”

Harry was feeling lost, everything he had known as truth was all a lie. His hated fame was all undeserved, he was no longer the only hope of the Light he was going to be their downfall. He was never going to be free, he had been born into servitude and his Mother had been the one who had sealed his fate all because of a Debt.

“Harry?”

“I HATE YOU!” Harry roared jumping off the chaise. “HOW COULD YOU?!?”

Lily looked as if she would cry if it were possible, “Harry love, I never meant for this to happen.”

“You didn’t mean for it to happen! What kind of a Seer were you? Snape doesn’t even know does he? James and you had never planned on telling him about me! It never would have happened if you hadn’t decided to be such an idiot! I’m screwed, utterly screwed for the rest of my life all because you decided to be righteous and repay the Debt! What the Hell were you thinking? Even Merlin and Blaze had reservations about it but no, you convinced them that there was no harm. Now look at what you’ve done!” Harry roared as he traced the rune for Banishing summoned spirits.

“I-“ Lily managed before she winked out of existence.

With a smooth motion that belied his anger Harry traced the runes for Sealing and Dispelling. After he finished he practically destroyed the Summoning Chamber in a fit of rage and betrayal. Lying on
the stone floor, Harry drank his Butterbeer and smoked his cigarettes mind racing with the knowledge that he was nothing more than a pretender and a servant. Dimly he was aware of the fact that he could fight all he wanted but he would always lose, Voldemort had his loyalty by blood and his mother’s unintentional treachery. Laughing with despair, Harry sank into oblivion plagued with dreams of the fate that awaited him.

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**Northumberland, England, GB**  
**Friday the 18th of July 1997**  
**1:00 AM**

Screams rent the air and smoke clouded the sky as the Death Eaters raided several small towns, two of which were completely laid to waste by the time the Aurors and Order arrived. While the Death Eaters went about their sport the Dementors suddenly turned as one looking south-west as they could feel it…a Summoning. The Dementor Lord finished devouring the soul of a hapless Muggle and as he turned to watch he could hear the words faintly.

“I Summon…A Spirit of the Celestial Plane…By the Offering of Blood…Summon the Spirit that once was Lily Potter née Evans…By the Blood of the Illusionist, I Summon!”

The attack continued around them but the Dementors paid it no mind, intent and focused on the faint conversation they could hear. By the time the Summoning was abruptly cut off the Dementor Lord felt the first wave of satisfaction since he had become a Dementor. It seemed that the young Necromancer he had met was more than he had given him credit for by merit of blood alone. Yes, things were certainly going to become interesting…how long would it take for the Snake Lord to discover the link?

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Well, hopefully that wasn’t too much drama for you! Please review!

-SheWolfe7 (5-10-04)
Chapter IV

Fate

There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings.

-James Shirley, The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses

Number 12 Grimmauld Place, London England, GB
Thursday the 31st of July 1997
4:15 AM

Harry had been taught by the best instructors in the world at Arcanum and though they’d trained him to be prepared for any situation, he doubted they could have ever cooked up such an unlikely situation. From the first moment he’d set his foot in the Wizarding World he had been an icon, a Savior. According to legend, he was the one who defeated the terrible He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named; a Dark Wizard that had killed many powerful witches and wizards yet was brought down by a year old baby. Everyone had told him that he was the spitting image of his father save his mother’s beautiful green eyes. It wasn’t right that he’d been placed on a pedestal and forced to save the world, he who was barely more than a child himself. He had learned to come to terms with what the world wanted of him and knew that there was a good chance that his attempt to topple Voldemort might kill him as well. While at Arcanum, he’d had his fair amount of time to rail and scream at the world for bestowing upon him such a fate but now he would give just about anything he had to take back what everyone else thought his so-called ‘destiny’.

It was all a lie; a terrible lie that was superimposed on a truth, that would devastate the poor fools who placed him upon a pedestal entitled ‘Savior’. In the beginning, when his mother told him he had been angry, who wouldn’t with the life he’d been forced to live? First, he was the one who everyone was in awe of; then, he was the one that everyone distrusted when he failed to live up to their expectations; and finally, he was the one everyone had whispered about while worrying about his mental stability. He’d been the one to see a classmate’s life snuffed out before his very eyes, he’d been the final ingredient of Dark Wizard Revival Potion™ and he’d come Port-keying back to Hogwarts having barely escaped with his own life. Then he’d gone ‘home’ for a week and was abruptly visited in early July and told that he was being transferred to who-knows-where for who-knows-how-long while being patted on the head and told to ‘study hard’.

Arcanum was as different from Hogwarts as the Sahara Desert was to the South Pole. They did things differently there; schoolwork was important yes but not as much as the practical application of
the magic taught. Classes were arranged by skill level with no more than a dozen students in any given class. The Professors were like benevolent aunts or uncles, always available to give advice or help with tutoring, always willing to listen to a homesick student or solve disputes. Unlike Hogwarts, the Professors didn’t believe in keeping secrets, they made no move to keep themselves separate from their students and best of all they didn’t feel the need to pretend the world was black and white. In fact, they did as much as they could to beat it into their students’ minds that the world was not only shades of gray but that there was no such thing as a safe world. Every object, every person, every being was capable of causing harm or possibly even death and at Arcanum you learned to not only protect yourself but to use that which may cause you harm to your advantage. Harry may have hated it in the beginning but slowly Arcanum grew on him and it taught him the most important thing: survival.

Yet for all the good it had done him, Harry found that with all the training, mediation and study he could not deal with the situation as it was. Everyone had painted such a perfect, saint-like image of his so-called parents that the truth had positively cut him off by the knees. He wasn’t the biological son of James Potter; he was the bastard son of Lily Evans-Potter and Severus Snape, who wasn’t even aware that he had sired a child. Nothing about his life was what it had seemed. How had James felt when he looked at him, knowing that he was the bastard son of his school-boy rival? How had Lily talked her husband into agreeing with such a crazed plan? Had either of his parents really loved him at all? He wasn’t James’s son and for his mother had he simply been the result of a Debt that had long been unclaimed? He was so confused.

If that hadn’t been enough though there was the fact that his father was Severus Snape, Potions Master and all-around venomous git. The relationship between the father and son had always been simple, Snape hated him for being James Potter’s son and Harry disliked Snape’s outright favoritism and belittling of Harry’s beloved parents. Harry had no immediate plans about informing his biological father that yes, he had fathered the teen that he hated more than Neville Longbottom. Merlin only knew what would happen after Snape blew up like Mt. Vesuvius then brewed a Paternity Potion and saw the truth for what it was. No, Harry rather liked to keep all his limbs in working condition. Then you tossed Voldemort into the equation and Harry’s brain was ready to shut down and not start again. Being Voldemort’s pawn, his servant, his loyal dog was just sickening. Harry may have been naïve enough to let Dumbledore direction his moves in the giant chessboard of life but Harry would be damned to Hell before he willingly submitted to Voldemort’s will, pain or no pain, pawn or no pawn, loyalty by blood and all that rot.

So Harry dealt with it the best he could. The days leading up to Harry’s birthday were busy and exhausting, leaving him little time to brood over the fate that loomed on the horizon. The first four days following the Summoning were terrible with Harry snapping at everyone and spending the majority of his day locked up in his room. He’d gone through enough conjured Firewhisky to drink even Hagrid under the table and none of it had helped him deal with the situation as it now stood. Helpless, he was helpless and he’d rather have his skin flayed off than submit himself to Voldemort. Just thinking about having to kneel to the old wizard made him want to retch. It hadn’t helped either when everyone else had become very nosy or wanted to ‘talk’. Ha, like he’d talk of anything that truly mattered with a bunch of faithless turncoats like them!

When getting roaring drunk finally got tiresome, not to mention bad for his figure, Harry had decided to take out his pent up aggression with the world and his insecurities about the fate that awaited him by throwing himself into his training. So he would wake at 4:15 and head to the Order’s Room of Requirement on the forth floor. He’d run ten miles on the treadmill, lift all kinds of weights for an hour or two and then duel one of the training dummies. He’d quit when his body was reduced to a pile of sore goo, at which point he returned to his room and soak in his whirlpool bath for a half hour. He’d go down and have breakfast, hang around and chat about meaningless things for the morning before having lunch and then returning to his room to read and study the books Headmaster
Randolph had lent him. After studying for six hours, he’d join everyone for dinner which was followed by a few mock duels with whatever Order member felt like challenging him. At eleven o’clock he’d be back in his room practicing his Wandless and Wordless magic along with using his Transformation to his best ability. By the time he finished at one in the morning he dropped off into his bed and fell into a deep dreamless sleep.

Though this particular morning was his birthday, Harry stuck to his morning routine; working himself until he was sore and dripping with sweat and fatigue. A long morning soak cheered him considerably though he was not looking the least bit forward to whatever it was that everyone had been planning for him. Dressing in a tight fitting short sleeved emerald button up shirt with black denim jeans Harry eyed himself in the mirror and decided that since it was his birthday he could wear whatever pleased him without backtalk. Stripping down to his boxers with a wicked smile, Harry pulled on a pair of black leather chaps over his silver boxers and grabbing a pale blue dragonhide vest slipped it on watching as it molded itself onto his body. Harry used a spell to fuse his boxers to the chaps so that it would move as one article of clothing instead of two.

Smirking at his image, Harry gelled his hair into messy, curvy spikes before deciding to remove the glamour that hid his earrings only changing it so that they looked like onyx instead of diamonds which would have caused a bit of a stir. He also took off the glamour hiding the runes on his arms; it wasn’t as if they would recognize Necromanic runes. Moving over to his closet, Harry pulled out a pair of mid-shin boots and laced them up, smirking at the pair of chaps he had chosen to wear. As it was summer, he’d ordered a few chaps which had criss-cross laces from about mid-thigh down to his ankles. Giving himself a final once over he cheerfully made his way downstairs to the kitchen grinning, boy was everyone going to get a shock when they saw him.

Harry had just pushed open the door to the kitchen when he was bombarded with voices exclaiming, “Surprise!” Under normal circumstances Harry might have been surprised but A) he’d known they were planning something and B) he happened to catch Remus and Sirius talking about his ‘surprise’ party last week. If anything it was everyone else who was surprised by Harry’s choice in dress, Harry had never worn his dragonhide vests or his chaps before. Judging from the dropped jaws, wide eyes and staring from the majority of the Order Harry had well accomplished his goal.

“Morning,” Harry greet with a smirk as he walked over to his place at the table which was between Sirius and Remus, without glancing at the twins Harry warned them off as he walked by them. “Lay one finger, let alone a hand on my arse and your face will be meeting the floor of the dueling platform at a speed that will make you dizzy.”

George made a great show of being indignant, “Why Harry! How could you think that Fred and I would even do such a rude thing!”

“I agree with George Harry, how could you think we’d do something like that to you of all people?” Fred said waving his finger in imitation of his mother.

Harry snorted, “Deny and lie but don’t touch my arse!”

Mrs. Weasley regained her voice. “Harry! By Merlin, where did you get such lewd clothing?!”

“Special ordered it at Sartorial Splendor; I’ve got a good two dozen of these in my closet.” Harry answered cheerfully, pulling out his chair and plopping down into it.

Ginny stared. “How long have you had pierced ears?”

“Since I went to Diagon Alley earlier this month, and yes these tattoos are also from that day as well.” Harry said running a finger over the five runes on his left arm, another five were on his right.
Hermione peered at them from across the table, “I don’t recognize those runes.”

“And you wouldn’t they’re special, an Arcanum secret if you would.” Harry explained leaning back in his chair, arms crossed behind his head fingers touching the back of his chair.

Sirius just grinned. “A right rebel we’ve got here, Moony.”

“Definitely Padfoot,” Remus answered shaking his head chuckling. “Lily would have a heart attack if she saw you like this.”

Harry’s eyes froze briefly before they became the cheerful brightness that they had looked like when he strolled into the room. No one had noticed the change except a figure dressed in all black who was leaning against the wall by the corner. Interesting reaction to his mother’s name, Snape mused, I shall have to see if it extends to his father as well.

“Just as vain as your arrogant father, strutting around in that.” Snape said venomously, waiting for a reaction.

Harry choked on his pumpkin juice as a startled laugh tried to work its way out of his throat. If the greasy bat only knew, Harry thought flashing Snape a cold smile. “Professor Snape, you can be a right bastard all you like today and I wouldn’t give a damn because it’s my birthday and now that I’m a legal adult, I can hex you all I like if you cross the line.”

“Harry!” Hermione hissed.

Harry just smiled lazily. “No, honestly I’m not going to apologize I’ve put up with his remarks for four whole years. Are we going to have breakfast or not? I’m meeting some friends at Leisure Alley at eleven o’clock and I can’t be late.”

“Friends?” asked Remus.

“Arcanum Alumni of course, haven’t seen them in ages!” Harry answered laughing. “All older than me obviously and no doubt they’re going to drag me off drinking but it’ll be good to see them.”

Moody frowned. “I don’t think that’s such a smart idea, Potter.”

Harry shrugged. “No, it probably isn’t but even the hero needs a break, however if you’re talking about my safety, I’ll be perfectly safe as long as I don’t leave the Alleys. None of you have been able to beat me alone or in teams so I don’t think I have to worry about Death Eaters and as I can both talk to the Dementors and cast a Patronus I’ll live, I think.”

“But-“ Mrs. Weasley attempted to protest.

“I’m not a kid! Honestly, I thought you’d have all figured that out. I can certainly take care of myself, I don’t need a babysitter. If I have to duel you all to leave, don’t think I wouldn’t and don’t think I’ll take it easy on any of you either.” Harry said sharply.

Dumbledore sighed. “Very well Harry, just be careful.”

“I’m always careful.” Harry answered just as a phoenix appeared carrying a note from Anthony. Harry quickly read the note and burst out laughing as he got to his feet.

Sirius glanced up at him. “Where are you off to?”

“Anthony’s gotten himself in a bit of a mess and needs me to come right away. The idiot can’t do
anything right it appears. I’ll be out fairly late I imagine so don’t wait up.” Harry said as the phoenix settled on his shoulder. They left in a flash of fire.

Leisure Alley, London UK
Thursday the 31st of July 1997
8:35 AM

Harry smiled as he looked around the picturesque Leisure Alley. As its name implied, this was where all the entertainment was to be found. At the end of the street, Harry could see a full sized Quidditch pitch and a large wooded area with a small lake. There were a few different shops where family portraits or photographs could be taken along with some family jewelers. There were a few different tea shops each featuring clubs where like minded people could meet to discuss various things. As he passed by them, Harry could see aspiring artists and photographers at one tea shop (Colin Creevy would no doubt fit in there perfectly), Quidditch enthusiasts at another and charms experts at the other side of the tea shop.

Down a side street was where the nightclubs and other entertainment clubs (ranging from burlesque clubs to brothels) were located, well out of the way of impressionable children or hormone ridden teenagers. This part of the Alley was especially warded so that the only way for someone under the age of seventeen to enter was in the company of an adult above the age of twenty. Of course there were other ways around the wards but as long as people were quieter about using them (in other words not telling their entire Hogwarts class) no one minded too much. Harry headed toward the entrance just outside of the wards where Anthony was supposed to be waiting for him.

Leaning against the wall of a shop was the older strawberry blond man that Harry was meeting. Anthony Arrington was a tall, broad-shouldered man with a light tan, chin length hair and gleaming jade eyes. Dressed in khaki shorts and a tight fitting T-shirt, Anthony looked like an out of place Muggle, a handsome one though.

“Well, well! Never thought I’d see you dressed like that, looks good on you though.” Anthony greeted as they thumped each other on the back.

Harry just grinned. “That’s something coming from you oh mighty Casanova.”

“Don’t know what you’re missing, Harry! But, we’ll see later tonight.” Anthony said winking. “Come on, the rest are at the park with breakfast.”

The ‘rest’ ended up being all of Harry’s graduated friends from Arcanum. Leah Maitland was a Scottish girl with pale blond hair, a petite but curvy body, lavender eyes and a penchant for pranking anyone and everyone. Ransom Wright was an American who was literally a genius; he had a brilliant mind and had been writing charms and spells for years. He had wildly curly hair the shade of honey, cerulean eyes and a lanky but muscled body. Sunan Metharom was a cheerful Thai from an old Wizarding family from Bangkok; he was tall and slim with a golden brown skin, dark silver eyes and very dark brown hair. A black-haired girl with an oval face and light brown eyes, dressed in sapphire blue robes ended up being Harry’s old crush Hotaru Suzuki. Harry had been enamored of her quiet grace and unbelievable skill in martial arts, which was understandable as her father was a world class instructor in aikido. And the final friend was Sigurd Frisk a very tall, very blonde Norwegian who was now a Beater for the Karasjok Kites and doing quite well apparently.

After breakfast, they informed Harry of the outing in the Muggle world that they were going to celebrate Harry’s birthday. Harry had a laugh as they Apparated to the closest point to their destination. They all knew about Harry’s atrocious childhood so they had decided to drag their friend
to Alton Towers the biggest amusement park in Great Britain. Upon arriving, they dragged Harry
directly to the Forbidden Valley then X-sector knowing that Harry would love the roller coasters
since he enjoyed Flying so much. They were right and they spent the next two or three hours riding
different roller coasters though Harry refused to go on the Ripsaw as he didn’t want to get his chaps
wet. Not that it mattered everyone teamed up against him and had him strapped down before he
could escape. After eating a quick lunch, Harry dragged everyone to X-sector and specifically
Oblivion, which was a Muggle version of a Wronski Feint. It was good but still not as fun as
broomstick but as a Muggle attempt, brilliant!

They left the park at six heading back to London for a lavish seven course dinner at a very
respectable Muggle restaurant. By the time they finished eating and opening gifts, it was almost nine
o’clock so they headed back to Leisure Alley and specifically to Black Death a hotspot for young
witches and wizards. The club was decorated in black and gray with glass and silver bar. Chairs
were made of yew or Blackwood, padded with swathes of opulent chintz. The walls were decorated
with stark looking tapestries and in the main room which was mainly a bar and a seating area, there
was a charmed skylight which filled the room with moonlight and shining stars.

The room to the right was for the milder crowd which played a variety of Wizarding music for those
that wanted to simply dance and chat with drinks. The second floor was a game room filled with
tables for Exploding Snap, Wizard’s Poker, Gobstones and other games. The real place to be was the
basement which was where the wizards and witches who were a bit more open minded went to
enjoy Muggle music at its best. It was the basement that really drew in the crowds, had a Muggle
walked into the basement level they wouldn’t have had a second thought, it looked exactly like a
high-tech Muggle dance floor. The only thing that was different was that everything ran on magic
and that there were spells and wards to amplify the music. That was where they were headed…after
a few drinks of course.

It took fifteen minutes for word to spread around the Triad Alleys that Harry Potter was celebrating
his seventeenth birthday in style (i.e., getting drunk) at Black Death. To say that attendance that night
was high would be an understatement, it was to the point where the club was completely full.
Unfortunately, the club didn’t have a VIP system so Harry had to rely on his friends and a few
workers to keep back the crowds. Everyone wanted to buy Harry a drink or dance but Harry was not
going to accept drinks from anyone except his friends or the few people that he knew. A few
acquaintances from his year at Hogwarts dropped by but Harry accepted few if any of their drinks.
Just as they were about to leave to head down to the basement, Harry’s arch rival Draco Malfoy
made his way to the front of the crowd.

“Potter,” Draco sneered. “I bet that I can drink you under the table.”

Harry would be damned if he let a Malfoy of all people try to out drink him, Arcanum’s
Heavyweight drinker. Harry’s lips curled as he growled right back at Draco, “You wish.”

Draco almost smiled as Anthony gave up his chair which was directly across from Harry.
“Firewhisky.” Draco ordered.

“Stop,” Harry said throwing up a hand at the waiter. “If we’re going to drink Malfoy let us drink like
real men, I want a cauldron of Douceur de Vivre!” (sweetness of life)

Quite a few people gasped, that was a highly alcoholic drink even though it was “like drinking
nectar.” Draco’s eyebrows raised and Harry just smiled at his rival. They exchanged insults during
the ten minutes it took for the bartender to finish making their drink. Two crystal shot glasses were
set in front of them along with the bottle the drink was in.
Harry calmly raised the bottle, “Ad fundum, Ad nauseam!” (to the bottom, to the point of nausea) then he filled each of the shot glasses.

Draco raised an eyebrow, slightly surprised at his rival’s sudden use and knowledge of Latin. Draco raised his glass to his rival, “Propria manu!” (by my own hand) Then he tossed back the shot.

Harry didn’t say anything as he took his shot and filled their glasses again. They each drank six shots before becoming visibly drunk. At which point Harry smirked after pouring the seventh round of shots.

“A bene placito,” (at your pleasure) Harry said waving at their drinks.

Draco attempted to sneer as he drank his shot. Harry just smiled as he took his shot thinking, he’ll last another two rounds, three if he’s lucky. The tenth shot was poured and Draco looked completely out of it, his face flushed and his words coming out slurred.

“Drink or forfeit?” Harry asked without even the slightest slur.

Draco nearly knocked his shot glass over as he reached for it, raising the glass to his lips he almost drank it but set it down with what looked like a scowl on his face. “Can’t.”

Harry smiled as he reached over and emptied Draco’s shot glass, then his own before pouring what was left in the bottle into his glass and finishing it off. “Guess I win, Malfoy. Acta est fibula, plaudite!” (the play is done, applaud)

Several people laughed and started clapping as Harry rose with just the slightest sway and bowed dramatically before almost falling back into his chair. Hotaru smiled as she leaned across the table and kissed Harry on the lips, tongue snaking into his mouth to taste the sweet residue of Douceur de Vivre. Harry broke of the kiss with a grin and a wink.

“Shall we dance?” Harry asked his friends who all eagerly got up, congratulating him.

Number 12 Grimmauld Place, London England, GB
Friday the 1st of August 1997
12:17 PM

“God I am an idiot,” Harry said hoarsely as he reached over to his night stand and grabbed the vial of Hangover Potion he’d placed there before departing yesterday. As the potion went to work, Harry lay on his bed thinking about the last night. Dancing had been fun certainly, even if he hadn’t remembered much besides sweaty bodies pressed up against his and going back for more drinks. To be honest he was surprised he hadn’t splinched himself when he Apparated back to Grimmauld Place or fallen down the steps and broken his neck. Glancing down at himself, he was not surprised that he was still wearing the same clothes as yesterday. After a few more minutes he dragged himself to the bathroom to begin his morning ablutions.

When he stepped in front of the mirror after getting dressed to style his hair he was surprised to see the number of love bites on his neck. He didn’t remember kissing anyone except Hotaru and that was only after he’d finished off the Douceur de Vivre. Shrugging, Harry headed downstairs to grab a bite to eat before meeting the others at their rooms at the Leaky Cauldron. As he entered the kitchen, he saw Sirius and Remus eating sandwiches and drinking tea.

“Oh Moony and I were wondering when you’d get up this morning. You collapsed like the dead once you got to your room this morning.”
Harry just shrugged. “Not the first time I’ve been drunk though I’ve never slept quite so late before.”

“Well it’s not everyday that you drink a little over a half a cauldron full of Douceur de Vivre.” Sirius commented laughing.

“How did you know about that?”

Remus passed him the morning’s copy of the Daily Prophet.

**A Black Death Birthday!**

_By: Rita Skeeter_  
_Daily Prophet_  
_August 1st, 1997_

*Yesterday, July 31st Harry Potter (a.k.a the Boy-Who-Lived) celebrated his seventeenth birthday in high style at the popular nightclub Black Death. Potter was seen with a small group of close friends who, incidentally, are also Arcanum Institute of Magic Alumni. Sources report that Potter and his schoolboy rival Draco Malfoy, engaged in a spirited drinking game with Douceur de Vivre which Potter won, exiting the barroom with barely a stagger. The rest of the night was spent dancing in the infamous Basement level of Black Death along with retreating back to the barroom for a few drinks. Wizards and witches alike may rejoice as the Boy-Who-Lived was spotted kissing members of both sexes. Potter was constantly surrounded by the crowd who was eager to personally offer the Savior their wishes on his birthday. For those of you single witches and wizards you may be happy to hear that Potter did not leave with anyone when the nightclub closed at three a.m. Potter is by all accounts handsome, wealthy, famous and reportedly single.*

Harry growled as he saw that the report went on for several more pages with accompanying pictures. Quite a few were taken during Harry and Draco’s drinking game and one was of him dancing with Hotaru or to be more appropriate, grinding bodies with her. The picture with Anthony however…

“Bloody hell,” Harry replied staring as the picture of him and Anthony alternated between running hands over each other’s bodies while kissing and biting each other’s necks and moaning. That however explained the love bites; he’d thought they were a little big to be from Hotaru.

“I take that since you did come home alone that you aren’t dating either of them?” asked Sirius teasingly.

Harry was having a bad day but that didn’t mean that he was going to let his Godfather make fun of him. Forcing himself to look eager and dreamy Harry responded with, “This is wonderful! Now no one will be surprised when Hotaru, Anthony and I announce that we are a ménage à trois.”

“What?!” Sirius bellowed while Remus’s jaw dropped open, eyes wide.

Harry laughed uproariously at the duo before pouring himself some tea and stealing one of the sandwiches on Sirius’s plate. “Merlin you should have seen your face! Priceless!”

“You were joking then?” Remus asked tentatively.

“Of course I’m joking! If I really was having a ménage à trois, would I really tell you? Not likely.” Harry replied before taking a bite from his sandwich. “Though Anthony is rather handsome and Hotaru used to be my crush, however I wouldn’t survive their parents.”

Sirius frowned, “Why’s that?
“Hotaru’s dad is an aikido teacher so he’d want to spar with me constantly along with her brothers and I’m not that good! One of Anthony’s dads’ is a Vampire and I’d rather not deal with that side of the family.” Harry replied with a slight shudder. “I met them once and well the way they looked at me made me feel like the last slab of meat at a butcher shop. If Anthony hadn’t been around I’m almost dead certain that one or both of his cousins would have jumped me.”

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**Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton, Great Britain**
**Sunday the 3rd of August 1997**
**10:00 PM**

Voldemort was on his way down to speak to Severus, who was in the dungeons in the Potions Lab, when he caught part of a conversation between the Dementor Lord and well, another Dementor.

“…three weeks. Very strange for a Necromancer, even one as young as he.”

“Necromancer…denies truth, will not seek.” came the broken voice of the Dementor.

A rattling noise (laughter), “That may be so brother but even he will not be able to escape the fate that awaits him. Sooner or later the Snake Lord will Call his Dragons and even if he fights, he will still come.”

“Call months.”

“True it will be months before the Snake Lord Calls’ them to do battle in his name but he will have to Call them periodically to oversee their Awakening. You did not talk to the young Necromancer Gideon so you do not understand him as I do. He will fight the Bond, of that I do not doubt, but he will not be as subservient as the others, that is below him.”

“…Truth, his blood protects.”

More rattling laughter. “The blood that flows through his veins is more powerful than any other and the fact that he is at least a quarter Incubi…no one will rival his power.”

“Snake Lord? Father?”

“Well perhaps his father but not in the same ways and the Snake Lord will only be more powerful than the young Necromancer because he is the Necromancer’s Master. Not that it will matter, the Snake Lord may kill him before the summer dies and if he does then he seals his own fate.”

Pause “Fate?”

A shuddering inhalation, “He will destroy our world in his desire to conquer and the bloodlines of Wizards will die out. It will be the end of our kind should the young Necromancer die before he attains the knowledge and uses of temporary *Improbitas morum.*” (Immortality)

Silence then, “Tell Snake Lord?”

“I cannot do that Gideon, the Snake Lord must work out on his own who the young Necromancer is and how he is to serve the Lord. He will be in for a shock no doubt but I think that will pass quickly enough.”

“Brother…yield?”

Loud rattling noises echoed down the halls, making even Voldemort freeze at the noise. “The young
Necromancer yielding gracefully so soon? Preposterous! No the Snake Lord will have to coax him, should he desire to become the ruler of all. He cannot do it without the Necromancer you realize? And the young Necromancer is far too spirited and mule headed to bend his knee to anyone, even if he is the Snake Lord’s servant. We shall see how the Snake Lord handles him and we will act accordingly should he attempt to mistreat the Necromancer. Now we best get going Gideon, I must instruct the others and then we will feast upon the Snake Lord’s prisoners.”

Then the air warmed again as the Dementors headed down the hall and Voldemort stepped out of the shadows by the stairs. ‘Interesting, I’m certain they wanted me to overhear that as a Dementor can sense a human within a several dozen yards of them. But why would they want me to overhear them?’ Voldemort pondered as he continued down the opposite end of the hallway the Dementors had just passed through.

‘It’s obvious they wanted me to figure things out on my own, and they obviously know who the Necromancer is. Hmm, perhaps if I have my Dragons brought for inspection, I can figure this mystery out? No I will wait awhile before I do that, I must use what clues they gave me to determine who it is.’ Voldemort continued sorting thought the subtle clues as he headed to see his Potions Master.

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**Strategy Room**  
**Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton, Great Britain**  
**Tuesday the 5th of August 1997**  
**9:00 PM**

Voldemort was at his wit’s end, he had spent the past two days analyzing the conversation he’d overheard and had come to several conclusions which he had written out. He had finally come to realize that there was not going to be a way to figure this out unless he called both his Inner Circle and possibly his Dragons. As he waited for his Inner Circle to arrive, he studied his written notes.

1) The Necromancer was a male- the Dementors had used words like ‘his’, ‘him’ and ‘he’. Not only that but when they had referred to his blood they had said he had Incubi blood not Succubi blood.

2) He obviously does not believe in my ideals- the Dementors had mentioned that he would need to be coaxed into faithfully serving me and that I was likely to kill him before the end of the summer.

3) He was definitely powerful- the Dementors had mentioned that he was a quarter Incubi and was of a powerful lineage. Additionally the fact that he is a fully trained Necromancer at such a young age is an unheard of feat.

4) He is not known to me- Based on what I know, none of my Inner Circle are part Incubi and no one has claimed to be teaching my Dragon’s anything other then Dark Arts. Necromancy is an entirely different Art and far too difficult to teach to anyone so young.

Conclusions:

*Possibly an unknown offspring from one of the dead Inner Circle members?*
Likely attended Durmstrang  
Between the ages of 16-22  
Possibly an orphan, no mention of mother and I would know if any male Inner Circle were raising a child by himself.

As Voldemort frowned and toyed with his quill, his Inner Circle began to arrive. Each bowed respectfully to him murmuring a formal, “Master” before taking a seat at the table. Voldemort waited
as the table filled, face blank as he waited for his Inner Circle to arrive. Five minutes later Voldemort got to his feet and glanced at each of his followers, eyes lingering especially on those few who had not been married or sired a child prior to his downfall.

“I want the names of each of my surviving Dragon’s, their age and what subjects they excel in starting with you Lucius.” Voldemort ordered.

Lucius and Narcissa exchanged a look before Lucius spoke up, “My son Draco Lucius Blake Malfoy is seventeen and excels in Potions and Arithmancy, as well as being particularly good at the Dark Arts.”

Voldemort just nodded as he wrote notes next to Lucius and Narcissa’s names on a separate roll or parchment and looked at Rabastan who was sitting to the left of the Malfoys.

“My son Valerius Rabastan Ash Lestrange is eighteen and excels in Dark Arts and Herbology.” Rabastan replied.

Rodolphus began speaking the moment his younger brother finished. “Bellatrix and I have twin sons, Antares Rodolphus Geoffrey Lestrange and Altair Jason Black Lestrange. They are both seventeen and excel at Dark Arts and oddly enough, Healing.”

On and on the parents gave brief descriptions of their children. The majority of the Dragons were in their Seventh year at Hogwarts, including all of the Seventh Year Slytherins except for Millicent Bulestrode. There were three Ravenclaws Goldstein, Turpin and MacDougal and four Hufflepuffs, Moon, Perks, Fawcett and Summers. Christopher Warrington, Marcus Flint, Wayne Hopkins and Richard Derrick had already graduated and were Death Eaters.

“Now I want the ages of those Dragons who perished, starting with you Avery.” Voldemort said as he dipped his quill and waited.

When the sixteen ages were listed along with the gender Voldemort checked his list and frowned before pulling out a leather bound book from his robes and flipping through the pages until he came upon a row of dates.

Looking up and down the table Voldemort scowled at Pettigrew. “You were given the Anguis Potion on the tenth of April 1979 and it should have been active for six months. You were engaged to Charlotte McKinnon at the time if I remember correctly, was she pregnant?”

“Not to my knowledge, my Lord but she could have been.”

Voldemort scribbled something down. “Did you have relations with anyone else while under the influence of the Potion?”

“No my Lord,” Pettigrew answered honestly (Voldemort checked).

Voldemort scribbled something else down before asking the same of Philippe Merle who apparently had been engaged to a Death Eater who was killed by French Aurors who had raided his family manor. Gilberte had been moved given paternity leave and told to hide at his father’s country manor until after the birth of their (Phillipe and Gilberte’s) child. He had been three months pregnant at the time of his death. Voldemort growled softly as he made a mental note to massacre the French Aurors who had stormed Champlain Manor. When asked, Snape had answered that he had been sleeping with the mysterious Julia Bainbridge who had been killed not even two months into their relationship. Voldemort ran a hand through his black tresses, very agitated.

Lucius cleared his throat. “If I may speak, my Lord?”
“No doubt you are all curious about why I am asking all these questions when I have already been informed before?” Voldemort asked guessing what exactly they wanted to know.

Heads nodded and Voldemort leaned back in his chair, crossing his arms on his chest. “I have overheard the Dementor Lord speaking to his brethren. It appears that there are actually twenty-one Dragons and I have been attempting to figure out who fathered him. This is what I have been able to determine so far,” Voldemort said as he made copies of his notes about the mysterious Necromancer and the list of his Inner Circle. His Inner Circle quickly scanned over the notes and mulled it over.

Bellatrix was the first to speak. “It appears that Barty was the only one who has not been accounted for. As I recall, he had been engaged to Loretta Melbourne before we were sent to Azkaban. Had she been pregnant it would have caused a scandal no doubt.”

Agnes Wallace drummed her fingers on the table. “It’s possible that she may have aborted it when Barty was convicted, that was if she was even pregnant. She’s been married to Thomas Bartley for the last eight years they have a daughter but she goes to Beauxbaton.”

“Could she have had the child then put it up for adoption?” Damien Cartier asked.

Constance Fawcett shook her head. “I don’t think so, I work at St. Mungo’s and she hadn’t been to the hospital until she had her daughter. If she had an abortion or had a child she would have been to St. Mungo’s before.”

“Then who fathered him? If everyone has been checked off the list then how do we know who fathered him?” Flint asked.

Voldemort smiled grimly. “There’s only one way to find out, let’s go to the Throne room. It’s time to see the Dragons.”

Number 12 Grimmauld Place, London England, GB
Tuesday the 5th of August 1997
10:22 PM

Harry was deeply engrossed in reading Belmont’s *Call of Darkness* which was a treatise on the long term effects of using the Dark Arts. He spent at least four hours a day with his fellow Alumni who would be staying until Saturday. Just as he was reaching for his bottle of Butterbeer, a familiar but intense pain flared through his back. A pain that shouldn’t have occurred seeing as he had already Transformed once before earlier this evening. The pain faded away leaving an annoying tugging feeling, as if he had somewhere he had to go. Harry’s eyes widened with realization but he gritted his teeth and batted away the urge to Apparate to his ‘Master’. Dropping to the floor, Harry writhed in agony as every cell in his body seemed to be on fire.

After fifteen minutes Harry knew this was a battle that he would not be able to win and stumbled to his closet as the pain faded as he acknowledged that he would indeed leave. Harry changed into plain black trousers, boots and a simple white silk shirt. He then strapped on his throwing knives, a belt with hidden stilettos and tucked in his daggers into his boots. Once he was finished, he tossed on a large cloak and affixed another Glamour over the others before checking to make sure they were all compatible. Once more before he dared to escape the house yet again, he could only hope that he could melt in amongst the others. Somehow though, he couldn’t help but feel as if things were not going to go well.

A slight cliffhanger, but you my lucky readers, are fortunate indeed as you won’t have to wait a
week to find out what happened like everyone else.

-SheWolfe7 (5-10-05)
The Throne Room
Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton, Great Britain
Tuesday the 5th of August 1997
10:31 PM

Voldemort lounged on his throne, his Inner Circle standing in a V around him as they waited for the Elite to arrive. The Dementor Lord had unsurprisingly arrived with a small entourage and they were calmly floating around various points in the room. The first few to arrive were the younger Flint, Warrington, Hopkins and Higgs. As they were Death Eaters, they were prompt about arriving in a timely manner when they were called but where hesitant at what to do as they had been called as Elites and not Death Eaters. Warrington however just stood up straight as he approached Voldemort. Going down on one knee he bowed his head submissively before reaching out to take Voldemort’s hand and kissing the Slytherin ring he intoned, “My Lord.”

Voldemort nodded, “Elite Warrington.”

Warrington relaxed minutely, pleased he had done the right thing before releasing Voldemort’s hand and backing away two paces before he stood up and moved back to his fellows. As the rest of the Elites arrived, each of them moved forward to greet Voldemort in the same manner as Warrington before taking their place amongst their fellow Elite. None of them looked out of place or the least bit confused by what was happening, which made Voldemort suspicious until he counted them. There were only twenty present.

“Well, this is unexpected,” Voldemort said to no one in particular. “He should not have been able to resist the Call. I expect though he will be arriving after a time, the pain will get progressively worse until he comes. The rest of you may stand in front of your parents as we wait.”

The minutes passed by silently, no one moving but the Dementor Lord who crept forward to stand to the side of Voldemort’s throne. Once the Dementor Lord was in place, he had to wait until the Death Eaters moved out of his way he spoke.

“I told you he was stubborn did I not brothers?” The Dementor Lord asked using Necromancer’s cant.
“Yes.” Several answered.

Voldemort looked sharply at the Dementor Lord but didn’t comment. Another ten minutes passed before their mysterious quarry finally appeared. Eyes fastening onto the newcomer, Voldemort studied him. The younger man appeared to be of average height and build and his clothes were finely made, not luxurious like Lucius’s but certainly better than others. Wisely, the younger man had worn a cloak that covered his face and most of his body.

The Dementor Lord floated forward speaking, “We meet again young Necromancer. You have proven as stubborn as I had assumed.”

“I do not yield to anyone, Lord Dementor”, Harry replied, his voice lower and huskier than normal.

“That much I know young Necromancer and I would be surely disappointed if you would. There is a fiery spirit in you that draws others like a moth to the flame; we will ensure that the Snake Lord treats you fairly. It would not due for the only Scion of both the Illusionist and the Lightbringer to be tamed.” The Dementor Lord said reaching out and pushing the hood of Harry’s cloak back. The others watching examined the features of the newcomer; he had chin length light brown hair and dark blue eyes. In other words, he looked perfectly average, not blindingly handsome or ugly but average enough to pass in a crowd without remarks.

Harry snarled as he stepped back. “How much protection can you give me? Very little I imagine but it matters not, I will find a way to escape this fate my blasted mother unknowingly condemned me to! I am no one’s pawn or servant and certainly not Voldemort’s!”

The Dementor Lord laughed and the air chilled marginally. “Do you think you can escape this life that was decided long before you were born? Do you believe yourself so great that even you can bend the will of the Universe to your whim? If you are that arrogant young Necromancer then I am a Saint and a Saint I am not.” The Dementor Lord reached out and pulled Harry up against his cold body. “Why do you insist on deluding yourself? You know as well as I do that you cannot avoid this fate, not without dying and that you are not allowed young Necromancer.”

Harry broke the grasp the Dementor Lord had on him and hissed venomously, making the guttural Necromancer’s cant sound even more unnerving than Parseltongue. “Are you so far gone that you can’t remember at all what it is like to be human? How am I supposed to react to finding out about something like that? To know that my own mother condemned me to the fate of being the Dark Lord’s lackey? To know that I can’t even disobey him in small ways without risking pain or even death? I am not the kind of person who will yield to anyone and then I find that I have no choice, none at all!”

The Dementor Lord simply stood and thought over Harry’s words. “No one said that you were without power young Necromancer, use your cunning and make for yourself a place within the ranks. You and I both know that there are at best only a dozen Necromancers alive and none of them can possibly compare to you in power. He created his Commanders to lead his army without the need for constant supervision and thus you have some rights and some boundaries for all that you are bound to serve him.”

“Very well, we will see what he thinks of his newest possession and you had best keep your word!” Harry snarled.

The Dementor Lord moved out of his way and Harry quickly stepped forward until he was only a few feet away from Voldemort. Harry stopped abruptly and scanned the wall of eyes that watched him curiously before directly staring at Voldemort.
“I begin to think that was I born under a cursed star Tom,” Harry replied as he let all go of the Glamour spells hiding his physical changes. Harry’s formerly messy black hair was a little less wild, his eyes still emerald green but the bones in his face were beginning to become more prominent giving the panes of his face a sharper look and his skin was little less tan. He was a bit taller than before, with a longer torso and less broad shoulders but he was still as graceful as ever. His features drew a bit of attention but most was drawn to the one thing that made him stand out in a crowd, that oh-so-famous lighting bolt scar on his forehead.

Several people gasped and Voldemort’s crimson eyes widened from surprise. Harry just bared his teeth, which were a bit sharper due to his Incubus heritage, as he took in all the dumbstruck or shocked expressions. His father’s expression was priceless though, the elder Snape looked pale, obsidian eyes wide and his nostrils flared. ‘That’s probably the only good thing mother’s done for me,’ Harry thought absently ‘I will be forever grateful for not inheriting that blasted hawk nose.’ Based on the tense way Snape was standing, Harry guessed that there must be a slight resemblance already even though it had only been five days.

“Potter?!” Draco Malfoy exclaimed the first to regain his thoughts and tongue.

Harry snorted. “No really I just double Glamour myself to look like the Boy Savior of the fucking Wizarding World! Are you always this stupid?” Harry glanced around with a sneer. “And you call yourselves Slytherins, wearing your shock on your faces like this!”

“Potter, that will be enough.” Voldemort said rising.

“Oh excuse my insolence O mighty leader,” Harry said rolling his eyes. “How do you stand being surrounded by fools? Wait a minute I forgot you’re a crazy megalomaniac who constantly needs an ego boost.”

Voldemort looked like he was ready to whip out his wand and start cursing Harry into the next century however the Lestranges beat him to it. All three Lestranges raised their wand yelling out “Crucio!”

Harry watched the yellow light approach and calmly raised a hand, the spells melted away into nothing without even coming close to him. With his other hand he pulled his arm to the side and then jerked it forward making a gesture rather like one would use to bat a fly. A pale blue light emitted from his hand which sent the entire wall of Death Eaters sailing ten feet into the air before crashing down to the ground.

“All bark and no bite,” Harry sniffed before calmly turning back to regard Voldemort who was looking at him with keen interest.

“Potter either be polite when you speak or be silent, now you will tell me the truth about how much you know.” Voldemort commanded before moving back to take a seat on his throne.

“What do I know? I know lots of things. I know how to make a poison that will eat away a person’s internal organs, I know how to Summon a Hellhound that will literally rip apart and devour each and every single person in this room and I know how to sing ‘God Save the Queen’ in over a dozen different languages. Somehow I doubt that’s what you wanted to know.”

Voldemort looked amused. “As interesting as that is, I want to know how much you know about the circumstances surrounding your birth.”

“Oh that, I suppose then that I know more than my dear father over there,” Harry said making a vague gesture towards Snape. “From what my whore of a mother told me when I Summoned her
three weeks ago, her family owed Snape’s family a Debt that had been forgotten and better forgotten if you ask me. Either way she decided it was time to fulfill that Debt so she got herself knocked up by Snape and called it even. James Potter was in on all of it though he wasn’t exactly happy about it; he adopted me though so legally I am Harold James Potter. Obviously as my biological father is gaping like a stranded fish, he hasn’t a clue about how I was sired or that he even had a child.”

Snape, who had finally stopped imitating a fish scowled, “What Debt is that? Your mother was a mudblood!”

Harry snorted. “No she wasn’t, if anything her bloodline is more pure than all of yours, she’s the byproduct of the liaison with an Incubus and a long line of squibs of Merlin’s lineage. As for the debt, you O snarky one have the prestigious honor of being the only other remaining Scion of the Illusionist better known as Blaze, Master of Merlin.”

The room was dead silent except for the inarticulate attempts by Snape to speak. “But- I, what?!”

“You’re not deaf so you obviously heard me correctly,” said Harry, that was the much more polite version of what he would have rather said.

“Polite Potter, remember to be polite,” Voldemort warned before eyeing him curiously. “I don’t see your Incubus markings.”

Harry raised an eyebrow and crossed his arms, his stance clearly indicating that he was not about to indulge Voldemort.

Voldemort’s eyes narrowed, “Now Potter, I order you to show me your Incubus markings!”

Harry let out a small gasp as pain washed over him, gritting his teeth Harry forced himself to stay standing. He would show Voldemort he wasn’t about to be ordered around like an obedient dog! As the pain intensified, Harry allowed himself the luxury of stumbling down to one knee but otherwise showed no outward signs of pain. In fact he was getting enraged, he was not about to yield to Voldemort! Harry looked up and caught Voldemort’s eyes, before speaking.

“Do you really think I’ll bend to your will with a simple order? I’ve fought you four times and thwarted you at every turn; do you think that the circumstances of my birth would stop me now? Not likely,” Harry growled, glaring.

Voldemort was about to curse him but slowly stopped, remembering the conversation he’d overheard. “Very well, you’re still going to be stubborn aren’t you? That’s not unexpected I suppose but know this, you can fight however much you desire but eventually you will do as I command you. Now I’m going to ask you if you will show me your Incubus markings.”

Harry slowly got to his feet as the pain drained away though his body still ached. Bringing his left wrist up, Harry pressed an ice blue ‘gem’ and relaxed as the Pain Potion took care of the remaining aches. Slightly mollified by Voldemort’s civility Harry jerked his shirt out of his trousers and lifted the left side up, revealing the side of his waist and his ribs. There were a few appreciative stares as Harry turned to the side so Voldemort could see the mark which was a waxing crescent moon hanging above an upside down Greek letter Psi. After pausing long enough for Voldemort to have a good look, Harry tucked his shirt back in thinking something over intensely before he turned to glare at Voldemort.

“You wouldn’t have happened to have anything to do with the physical enhancements we Elite have now would you?” Harry asked softly, eyes burning.
“Most were implemented at my request, why do you ask?” Voldemort responded cautiously.

Harry’s eyes burned brighter if that was possible. “Oh nothing really, it just suddenly occurred to me
that you might have had something to do with my being kidnapped by a lusty Incubus and drugged
out of my mind with Lust potions for about a day until I was rescued.”

Blaise Zabini looked confused while some of the adults’ eyes widened with realization. “Why would
an Incubus kidnap you?”

“You mean no one’s told you yet? Apparently, the male Elite have been engineered to be able to
conceive naturally without the use of Potions. The fact that I was a quarter Incubi, which I didn’t
know at the time, was just an added bonus. The teachers at Arcanum still haven’t a clue how he got
past the wards and the wards at Arcanum make the wards surrounding Hogwarts look like
Apprentice work. After that I was confined to the school, then the third floor, then the Student’s
wing and finally to my rooms.”

“Why was that?” Lisa Turpin asked not thinking about it.

Harry bared his teeth. “They kept coming back, apparently word spread around the Demon realm
that there was a quarter Incubi male capable of natural pregnancy. I was safe enough at the school
before the sun set but after that I was fair game. The teachers did their best but it wasn’t until I had
learned more about being a Necromancer that I learned to keep them away from me.” Harry glanced
around counting the number of male Elite. “I expect by now they’ve realized I’ve left Arcanum it’ll
be another week, two at the most, before they track me down and just think, there are fourteen other
equally eligible males for them to kidnap!”

Draco looked worried, “But we’re not Incubi.”

“No, you aren’t but you’re pretty enough and there are enough of us where they would be able to
breed full Incubi in two or three generations. They haven’t been able to get me yet but that doesn’t
mean they won’t settle for easier prey,” Harry said rather cheerfully.

“You aren’t serious?”, the Lestrange twins asked in unison.

Harry grinned as he reached into his robe pocket and pulled out a pack of Vanilla Silk Cut. “I’m very
serious. Incubi are odd creatures; they can break past Wizard wards faster than any other Dark
creature you know? I’m safe most of the time because I’m a Necromancer.”

“How is that possible?”, asked Zabini Sr.

“Spiritual protection of course, I have the Chastity blessing of Athena, the Rite of Protection by
Artemis and the Hearth Protection of Hestia. Additionally, I have the Ill Intention Protection by
Hermes, the Magical Spell Enhancement by Hecate and best of all a Personal Protection Charm
under the sigil of Zeus, thanks to this lovely scar of mine.” Harry explained as he lit his cigarette and
took a slow inhalation.

Voldemort frowned, “Can you give the others the same kind of protection?”

“It’s possible but unlikely; I only manage because Necromancy is a Blood-Gift from the Illusionist
and even then I’m vulnerable on the day of the Full and New Moons.”

Lucius sneered, “Why don’t you give it a try?”
“None of the Elite have the smallest hint of ability towards Necromancy and thus would not be able to sustain the spells. Supposing they did have the ability, I couldn’t do anything anyway as it’s not the correct phase in the month and this place is not warded correctly to even be attempting such a complicated Summoning. And even if that weren’t the case, I’m positive almost half of them wouldn’t qualify for the protection anyways.” Harry lectured between smoking his cigarette.

“What do you mean?”, Bellatrix Lestrange asked sharply.

Harry shot her a dark look but a glance at Voldemort showed that he was about to order Harry to explain anyways. Harry had had enough pain for one evening thank you so he began to explain after sighing. “Have you no brains? The Spiritual protection that I’ve invoked to protect me against the Incubi are blessings by the Greek Virgin Goddesses. Thus they only work so long as the person being protected remains a virgin.”

Narcissa Malfoy stared at him; it was almost unheard of for a teenager his age to still be a virgin, let alone a man as popular as Harry Potter. “You’re a virgin by choice?”

“Well let’s see my only options at the time were to either remain a virgin and protected against the Incubi or go around screwing everyone at school, not being safe anywhere from the Incubi and eventually spending the rest of my extremely long life being impregnated by various Incubi. With those two choices, it’s no surprise I chose celibacy,” Harry replied acidic. “Even then I’m only protected as long as it is my desire to remain celibate, I’m sure if a strong enough Incubus captured me and held me Enrhalled for a day or two I’d probably break. Added to that, the days of the Full and New Moons render my Chastity and Protection blessings useless, which is why I can’t leave my bedroom for any reason on those two days and nights without practically asking to be captured.”

“You can’t just leave us defenseless!” Anthony Goldstein objected.

Harry snuffed out his cigarette. “No I suppose I can’t. You’d squeal to high heaven the moment they captured you and courtesy of the Royal Incubi there’s a King’s ransom in the Demon Realm on my head or rather my arse. I suppose I’ll have to do something to protect you all. Bad enough I was born into servitude, last thing I need is to be some sinfully handsome Incubus’s brood mare.”

Harry flicked his wrist. “Tempus.” Silver mist formed the time which was 10:55. “Well, you’re in luck I have just enough time to get my Summoning Chamber prepared. Now, you’re all going to do exactly like I tell you if you know what’s good for you.” Harry stood up and clasped his hands together before pulling them apart, conjuring a long, thick braid of rope. “Now, I’m going to assume each of you is still living with your parents?”

Marcus Flint shook his head, “Chris, Rich, Wayne and I all live together in a flat in London.”

Harry frowned as he ran a hand through his hair. “Well you’ll be moving back in with your folks until I can come up with a better solution. Now, I would suggest that the rest of the Inner Circle who have an Elite go and fetch their spouses and anything that bears their Family Crest, Seal, Coat of Arms whatever and be quick about it, the rest of you can go do whatever you all do in spare time between raids,” Harry said dismissively. “I imagine that you’ll want to tag along Tom so that’s fine and I should like to have a few words with the Dementor Lord as well.”

The Death Eaters turned to look at Voldemort who nodded and then they departed. Harry however ignored everyone as he turned around and began talking to the Dementor Lord, exchanging ideas about what could be used as temporary protection until Harry could go around individually spelling each Elite’s bedroom. Ten minutes later, everyone had returned and stood waiting.
“Take a hold of the rope; I’ve turned it into a Port-key. We’ll land just outside the second layer of wards and we’ll have to just walk as brooms and any other mode of transportation is not useable between the first and the second layer of wards,” Harry instructed as he reached down and grabbed it, the others following. A minute later they departed.

Eagle’s Spire, Devon UK
Tuesday the 5th of August 1997
11:05 PM

They landed about 250 feet away from the portcullis and upon arriving Harry set the pace towards his ancestral home. The others followed behind him, admiring what they could see of the monstrous castle.

“What property is this?”, Voldemort asked, walking to the side of Harry.

Harry glanced over at his nemesis-turned-Master, sighing he raised his voice so everyone could hear, “This is Eagle’s Spire Castle, the Ancestral home of the Potter Family and the former residence of one Godric Gryffindor. As you are my guests, I will suggest that you not touch anything within as the Castle is particularly dangerous to the Dark Magically inclined.”

“And it does you no harm?”, Rabastan asked snorting.

Harry smiled coolly, “Ah, but I’m family they can hardly injure me, grumble and rant about how I turned out dark yes but hurt me intentionally or otherwise, no.”

As they approached the Portcullis, Harry told them to stay at least six feet back as he went through the ritual of gaining entrance to the castle. Once the Portcullis opened, Harry waved everyone to precede him as the Portcullis would close the moment he walked past the threshold. After everyone passed by him, Harry walked to the front of the crowd and led the way inside.

“Your barbican is empty?”, Lucius Malfoy asked as they walked through the first empty courtyard.

“The statues were moved to the other barbican for some reason. I was planning on moving them back but I haven’t gotten around to it yet,” Harry replied as they passed through the Inner Gatehouse.

Mrs. Zabini admired the garden, “Did you plant this?”

“No, it was already like this when I arrived; I see no reason to change it as the other barbican is full of crops and what not,” Harry answered as he pushed open the door. As he stepped through the threshold Saffie appeared.

“Master Potter, can Saffie get yous anything?”

“I’ll need another small bag of salt, a pail of lambs blood and another two sticks of chalk. Bring it to my Summoning Chamber if you will, along with some tea for my guests,” Harry instructed.

Saffie curtsied, “Right away Master Potter!”

“House elves?”, Draco asked curiously.

“Eagle’s Spire does not run itself I assure you. Speaking of which none of you will abuse my house elves. I’m having enough problems with the portraits; I don’t need you alienating my servants either,” Harry warned them as he led them to the right and down the stairs to the dungeons. Pausing outside the door to his Summoning Chamber, Harry withdrew a knife from the arm holster on his left
arm and slit his hand before setting it on the door and opening it. As the others entered the room, Harry held the door open for them.

“Bloody hell it’s dark in here, don’t you have any torches?”, Theodore Nott asked.

“Use your damned wands you idiots, I have torches but they are to be lighted by me and in a pattern.” Harry snarled as he shut the door behind them. With a wave of his hands, the torches on the walls sprang to life in an alternating pattern. Another wave of his hand expanded the small room into a more comfortably sized room with padded benches on both sides of the room. Saffie arrived with several other house elves who passed out the tea accordingly. Harry sent one off to retrieve his Summoning clothes along with his knapsack.

Ignoring the murmur of conversation and the curious eyes, Harry began stripping out of his clothes piling them neatly by the door until he was clothed in crimson silk boxers. Using several charms, Harry cleaned himself as best as he could as he waited for the house elf to return with his things. Tuli set Harry’s things on the floor in front of him and Harry dismissed him as he pulled on his clothes. Saffie had left the items he had requested on the shelf on the back wall. Grabbing the knapsack, Harry stuffed the other items in it, leaving the pail of lamb’s blood until he needed it. Moving into the center of the room, Harry took out three more miniaturized torches returning them to their full size before rearranging the seven torches. Harry cast several Measuring Charms to make sure that everything was in the right place.

Harry glanced from one bench to the other, “I’ll need the items you brought me and a vial of blood from each parent, taken from Steel. The rest of you strip down to your boxers and wait until I direct you to your spot.” Harry took out Steel (the metal snake remember?) and showed the adults how to use it before accepting the items passing it to the male Elite while directing each to a spot within the circle that he hadn’t drawn yet. They were arranged in two rings of seven, one outside the torches and one inside, the outer circle was five feet away from each other and the inner circle three. Once Harry had received all the vials of blood, each marked distinctively he told the parents to hold onto their vial until he Accioed them.

“Now is the hard part, I will need you all to be utterly quiet. If you’ve got to sneeze you hold it back, if you break my concentration at a critical moment there’s no telling just what can go wrong. Understand?”, Harry asked everyone. When everyone nodded Harry turned to face the other men standing in the middle of the room. “And not a single one of you standing move out of position got it? I won’t even tell you what’ll happen if you move out of alignment.”

Once he was satisfied with their agreement, Harry Accioed the pail of lamb’s blood and his knapsack setting them in the very center of the three rings. Harry reached into the bag and took out the bag of salt. Moving past the others he took a deep breath and frowning with concentration began to pour the salt forming a circle. When he finished he paced on the inside of the circle checking to make sure it was as geometrically accurate as possible. Setting the bag of salt in his knapsack, Harry reached for the sticks of chalk and started the tedious process of drawing Summoning runes inside the circle and then protection circles and other runes around each of the male Elite. Finishing the circle that protected him during the initial Summoning, Harry took out the four stone Glyphs and after casting a Measuring Charm set them in the correct positions on the circle of chalk around himself.

“I’m ready to begin Summoning, until I leave the circle of chalk I drew around me, don’t any of you dare to speak, move or distract me,” Harry commanded before stripping out of his clothes which he let pool at his feet. Starting with the Sealing rune followed quickly by the Piercing rune, Harry began the Summoning.

“I Summon,” Harry traced the Summoning rune before turning to face another Glyph.
“A Guardian of the Celestial Plain,” Harry traced the rune to Anchor.

“By the Offering of Blood,” Harry intoned tracing and drawing the Offering rune.

“I Summon the Guardian known as Demon Stalker! By the Blood of the Illusionist, I Summon!”, Harry finished drawing the final Binding rune.

A flash of light gathered just outside the circle of chalk. When the light faded a ghostly looking man floated in the air looking around with interest.

“Hello Demon Stalker,” Harry greeted stepping out of the chalk circle.

Demon Stalker turned looking at Harry with surprise. “You again? I thought you had that matter with the abducting Incubi taken care of little Raven.”

“I do, it’s these fellows that’ll need your Guardianship,” Harry said gesturing at the Elite standing within the circle.

“Feeling altruistic? That’s not how I imagined you,” DS replied amused.

Harry snorted. “No not altruistic, more of a self-interest matter if you would. Let’s get this over with DS, oh and do feel free to help yourself to that lamb’s blood over there.”

DS floated over to the pail of blood and after Harry conjured him a chalice started drinking. Harry meanwhile snatched up his knapsack before walking over to Draco who was standing nearest to him.

“Hold up your item with both hands and hold it over your heart,” Harry replied as he pulled out a small basin, two paint brushes and a plastic bottle filled with water. With a small wiggle of his fingers, the items he drew out of the knapsack began to hover in the air in front of him, leaving his hands free to pull out two other vials one was blue and the other gray.

To the right of him, Snape was watching him with interest. “What are you doing?”

“Oh just getting ready to do the formal bonding of object to person and DS to object,” Harry answered stepping back. “Steel come.”

The metal snake appeared coiled around Harry’s wrist. “Good Steel. Now all of you pay attention and remember what I’m telling you. Now what I’ll do is Accio the vials of blood, I’ll use a brush and draw binding runes on your son, then I’ll mix the blood in the basin here adding a drop each of the Binding and Bonding Potions and then I’ll draw runes on the item to bond Demon Stalker to the item and your son. Demon Stalker will create a spirit necklace and I will miniaturize and affix the Family item to the necklace, then Demon Stalker will drink the blood remaining the basin and the bond will complete. I will ask the person who’s blood I’m using to draw the runes if they are willing to protect their son and you will answer exactly with, ‘Blood of my blood, until the day I breathe last will my blood protect’. Once I’ve drawn both sets of runes I will ask your son if he will accept the protection and he will answer exactly with, ‘Born of seed, flesh and blood I accept the protection until blood of my blood breathes their last’. Understand?”

Nods or yes’s rang around the room and Harry yawned before moving back.

“Accio Lucius Malfoy’s vial!”, Harry caught the vial and opened it, dipping the paintbrush within and carefully raised it. “Draco Malfoy born of the blood of Lucius and Narcissa Malfoy, will you as his father Lucius Malfoy use your blood to protect your son?”

“Blood of my blood, until the day I breathe my last will my blood protect,” Lucius said perfectly.

Harry raised the brush and began incanting as he drew runes on Draco’s left cheek and forehead.
Setting the brush in the air, Harry reached turned. “Accio Narcissa Malfoy’s vial!”, Harry opened the vial and dipped the brush before once again asking the same question only using mother instead of father. She answered exactly the same and then he drew runes on Draco’s right cheek and layered the rune he’d drawn on his forehead only using his mother’s blood. Harry set the brush in the air and grabbed hold of both vials, preparing to dump them both into the basin.

“Son of Lucius Malfoy, son of Narcissa Black Malfoy, will you accept the blood protection of those who sired you?”

“Born of seed, flesh and blood I accept the protection until blood of my blood breathes their last,” Draco replied.

Incanting again, Harry poured the vials adding a drop each of the Binding and Bonding Potion. “DS get over here and do your part,” Harry snapped as he cleaned one of the brushes with a spell and started drawing runes on the small shield Draco was holding. DS moved forward and with a wave of his hand a shimmering silver-white necklace appeared around Draco’s neck. Harry finished drawing the runes and shrank it before attaching it to the necklace and handing the basin to DS. Finished, Harry moved on to Blaise Zabini who was standing to the right of Draco.

Nearly an hour later Harry finished and in rapid succession traced the Banish, Seal and Dispelling runes. A Tempus Spell revealed that it was almost two o’clock in the morning. Harry yawned again and began the tedious process of cleaning the room.

“You said that this was only a temporary solution?” Voldemort asked as Harry packed up the torches.

“Yes, an Incubus can still get around the protection in the necklace. If the wearer removes the necklace of their own freewill then the protection comes to nothing and Incubi can subvert the wearer into removing the necklace.” Harry rubbed his neck rather absently. “I learned that first hand and I was an accomplished Occlumens and Legilimens at the time. There are only two permanent ways that will cause the Incubi to loose interest, the first is a formal Engagement bonded with blood and the second is Marriage bonded with blood and consummated.”

Voldemort looked faintly amused, “The majority of the Elite are old enough to be engaged, in fact many of them are.”

Harry clothed himself with a flick of the wrist, “And your point is?”

“Too my knowledge you are not yet engaged,” Voldemort commented watching Harry.

“And if I was, do you think I would be mentioning it to you or Dumbledore for that matter?” Harry countered.

Snape moved forward, “You will not marry anyone without my approval!”

Harry sneered, “It’s amusing that you wish to involve yourself in my life father but I’m already of age and no one even knows you’re my father. I don’t have a doubt that Dumbledore or Fudge would want to keep my parentage a secret if they were to happen upon the information. After all, think how tarnishing it would be if they found out that the man who sired the Savior of the Wizarding World was nothing more than a Death Eater spy.”

“I will not be spoken to in such a manner!”, Snape hissed, glaring.

Harry laughed as he wove his Glamour spells which flowed over him and attached themselves to his
very bones. “And how am I to speak to you? I am Harry Potter, son of James and Lily Potter and you are Severus Snape, Dumbledore’s Death Eater Spy who is really Voldemort’s Order of the Phoenix Spy. In the eyes of the world we absolutely loathe each other; we’d just as soon as throw each other to a pack of wolves than speak civilly. Even in this circle you are nothing more than the man who sired me, nothing more and nothing less.”

Lucius Malfoy entered the fray. “Do you honestly believe that you can pretend to be Harry Potter anymore after this revelation? By Christmas you will begin your Transformation and there will be no way to hide that if you were to return to the House of Lions and under Dumbledore’s eye. Harry Potter must die and the son of Severus Snape return here to Wizarding Britain.”

“You know nothing of what I am capable of Malfoy. I have hidden what I am under the very noses of those residing at the Phoenix Headquarters and even you do not recognize that for me, things have already begun.” Harry shed his shirt and moved away from them, willing his Transformation which came quicker and less painfully every day.

It began with Harry hunching forward, eyes closed as he focused. To the amazement of everyone watching, they could literally see his muscles and bones in his back, chest and shoulders bulging and shifting. Then the skin on his back began to turn red and something triangular shaped began to push out of his back until the skin broke. Once the skin broke the rest of the Transformation was fast, almost faster than the eye could see. In one instance the clawed thumb of his wings were poking out of his back while Harry threw his shoulders back a spray of blood splattered everyone within ten feet of him and in the next instance huge black scaled wings were stretched out behind him.

Opening his eyes, Harry glanced over a shoulder at his wings before stretching them a little and flapping them a few times to work out any kinks all while ignoring the little splats as his blood dripped onto the floor or some unfortunate person. Harry fully stretched his wings and cleaned them with a wave of his hand before closing them neatly with a loud snap.

“How long have you been Transforming?”, Voldemort asked walking around him, noting that the skin on his (Harry’s) back and torso was beginning to dapple as tiny scales, barely noticeable appeared.

Harry folded his wings a bit more comfortably on his back, “A year and a half on the twentieth.”

“That long?”, Voldemort asked taken aback. “Hmm so it began before you even turned sixteen. I suppose you have reached your magical maturity already?”

Harry snorted, “January 1st, I’ve just been leading Dumbledore on and even when he had me remove the Aura Masking Spell, I only took off part of it.”

“Interesting,” Voldemort said crimson eyes thoughtful. “And your first Transformation?”

“Worse than the Cruciatus,” Harry said with a grimace. “Thought I would bleed to death, I felt like something was ripping me apart from the inside out. Luckily Professor Dumont came up with this lovely thing.”

Everyone turned to look at the red gem that Harry was tapping on his right bracelet.

“A ruby, how was that useful?”, Antares sneered.

Harry pressed the ‘gem’ which began to empty into his bloodstream. “I would have thought you’d be more observant. This is Invictus Potion and probably the only reason I managed to cope with my Transformations for as long as I did. It’s automated to inject itself straight into my bloodstream every six hours and immediately upon Transformation. It helps strengthen the muscles and bones in my
body and wings along with increasing the amount of endorphins and blood my body makes. It does other things as well but those four are the most important during a Transformation.”

Voldemort watched him carefully, “And your Professor never spoke of it to anyone?”

“He’s half-Vampire; I doubt he’d be telling anyone. He thinks I’m some sort of half-breed as well so he wouldn’t mention it to anyone else. As he told me ‘half-breeds must stick together’.”

Draco looked at his wings with interest, “Can you fly with those?”

Harry opened his wings, “Not yet, they’re still a bit small for flying. They’re fairly small when you begin to Transform, I had about three feet of wingspan (foot and a half per wing) when I first transformed. It’s probably a good thing that they grow over time though; I’d hate to have say seven foot wings bursting out my back the first time. There’s no doubt you’d die of blood loss from a Transformation like that.”

“How often do you Transform?”

“From what I’ve noticed, you have to Transform at least once a day, I prefer to do it at night in the privacy of my bedroom so I don’t have to worry about anyone seeing them.”

Voldemort eyed him for a moment, still thinking. “It seems we have much to discuss Potter. I will Call again tomorrow, we must begin to make arrangements for your demise.”

Harry turned to stare at Voldemort, his eyes shining brightly. “I will not have my life directed by you! It’s bad enough I spent two years being trained to be a weapon unmatched with the sole purpose of destroying you; I will not be used the same way by you as well! From the moment I was born, my loyalty may have been yours by blood but my actions are ruled by my mind and that is something which you have no control over.”

Several of the Inner Circle stepped forward threateningly but Harry ignored them as he stepped closer to Voldemort. “Let us be clear on one point Tom, it’s you that needs me not the other way around. I’m a fully trained Necromancer; if you try to force my will I will make your very life a living Hell and make you wish that your mother hadn’t birthed you. It’s true that disobeying you is painful but pain is pain and my will is strong enough to break over a dozen Cruciatus Curses, do not think I won’t lash out at you if you give me reason.”

Voldemort grinned, very amused by Potter’s reaction. “It is you who should be cautious Potter, I am the one that oversaw the Potion that caused your conception. I am the one with the information regarding just what you are. You can be as stubborn and insolent as you like Potter but you will serve me faithfully in the end.”

“We’ll see, Tom, we’ll see.” Harry snarled eyes locked on crimson orbs. “I will answer your Call and I will give you the explanations you desire but don’t get your hopes up about ordering me around. If you Call, it will have to wait until at least midnight as I cannot leave the premises any earlier...now all of you get the Hell out of Eagle’s Spire.”

Almost finished with tonight’s installment. One more chapter tonight and you’ll get another 6 tomorrow and the final three on Wednesday, if I’m not too busy. Coding this is terribly time consuming…

-SheWolfe7 (5-10-05)
Celibacy

Author's notes: Thoughts about the past and present, plans for the future and why the Incubi are so interested in Harry.

A/N: Many thanks of course, go out to my Beta Robyn. Disclaimer in chapter 1.

Parseltongue, foreign words, letters/articles etc.
Emphasized words, headings

Chapter VI
Celibacy

Celibacy is not hereditary.
-Guy Goden

The Throne Room
Shadow Keep, First Sphere, Demon Realm
Tuesday the 5th of August 1997 (past event)
11:55 PM

Miltiades Pyrrhus Nefastus, King of the Demon Realm, was highly annoyed. What would it take to convince the human Grand Duke to Bond to his son? Miltiades had offered everything imaginable to the young human and he had turned every offer away to the point where the King had resorted to attempting to abduct the Grand Duke. Aristides was handsome, intelligent, powerful and well mannered, a true Prince. It was an honor to Bond to the Prince of Demons yet the human Grand Duke wanted neither Aristides nor any other Incubi who had made an offer for his hand. Queen Photine had suggested that the Grand Duke, like the majority of the Incubi preferred the female form and had proposed marriage on behalf of her niece, Lady Hypatia. The Grand Duke however had very politely declined and stated rather straightforwardly that he was not interested in Bonding to an Incubi or Succubi. The way things were going, he was surprised he had avoided a rebellion.

Lord Sotiris had been the one to accidentally stumble upon the Grand Duke after being unexpectedly thrown out of the Chaos Plane while traveling from the Mortal Realm back to the Demon Realm. To say he had been surprised to see a quarter Incubi would have been an understatement and while he usually preferred the curvaceous female form, he had been unable to resist the handsome youth. Of course he shouldn’t have abducted the Grand Duke and plied the stubborn youth with Lust Potions but Sotiris had never been a patient Demon. Fortunately the Grand Duke had been rescued by his Instructors/Protectors but the damage had already been done, he wanted nothing to do with his brethren.

Lord Sotiris had wisely informed him of his discovery and Miltiades had sent one of his scholars to investigate. Aaron had returned raving about the mysterious human, who was surprisingly a Necromancer and a powerful one at that. Barely a day after listening to Aaron’s report, Miltiades had the youth abducted again and had proposed Bonding him to Aristides. Miltiades was honest, were he not Bonded to his Queen he surely would have arranged a Bonding between the youth and himself. Even Incubi like Sotiris who preferred women could not have resisted the youth, with his ink black hair, emerald eyes and tanned skin. The youth however had declined politely and returned to his
school, traveling through the shadows like a true Shadow stalker, rare as they were amongst the Demons.

Word had spread by that point, and soon all the Incubi who were so inclined were interested at seeing the human who was worthy enough to be Bonded to their Prince and soon enough the abduction attempts on the human began to rise. At the time Miltiades had been too busy with other affairs to pay it much mind but once his Enchanters had finished tracing the lineage of the human, he had been quick to spread the word to the populace. The youth was a Grand Duke, a descendant of a former Incubi King who had ruled nearly thirteen centuries ago and as such, would only be worthy of Bonding to another Royal Incubi or Succubi. Had Aristides been only faintly interested in the Grand Duke before, he was now ecstatic at the opportunity to Bond to the youth. Aristides had barely waited to change into clothes that would blend in better in the Mortal Realm before rushing off to woo the Grand Duke who had by this time, learned of ways to ward against other Incubi.

Days passed before Aristides was able to find a way around the wards but the Grand Duke had just brushed off his wooing and informed them that he was not interested. So the days had turned to weeks with constant attempts to abduct the Grand Duke and make him see ‘reason’. So far though all attempts had failed though a few had come very close but the Grand Duke had thwarted each just before transportation to the Demon Realm where victory would have been assured. Aristides was getting impatient and Miltiades was getting more and more annoyed by the stubbornness of his future son. At the moment he was sprawled behind his desk, stacks of scrolls littered his desk as he waited for word on the latest abduction attempt.

Aristides had gone along to yet again attempt to get the youth Enthralled which left Miltiades waiting silently in his room. Just as he was going to send for refreshments from the kitchens, the door at the end of the room burst open and his son came storming into the room, face flushed.

“He escaped again?” Miltiades asked wearily.

Aristides shook his head, growling. “No, he’s gone! Vanished! No where to be found at the school or on the island!”

“Then he’s gone home, it is fortunate that I have contacts in the Mortal Realm. From what I have read your intended is now back in his home country of Great Britain, it will take a few days at the most to track him down but fear not, we shall.” Miltiades replied as he pulled a bell cord which would summon his Spy Master.

Nicolas appeared bowing, “My king, how may I be of service?”

“Have the search moved to Great Britain. I want the majority of the searchers placed in London as it is the only other Wizarding Center then Hogsmeade but should all else fail have them moved to Hogwarts on September second. We shall get the Grand Duke and he will become the Prince Consort.”

“As you command, your Highness.” Nicolas answered as he quickly left the room to contact his servants.

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The Summoning Chamber
Eagle’s Spire, Devon UK
Wednesday the 6th of August 1997
2:08 AM

The moment the door closed behind the last of his ‘guests’ Harry let out the scream of rage he’d been
holding back. At the moment he could care less if they could still hear him, the first person to walk through that door was going to be hexed into the next dimension and stay trapped there for the rest of eternity! After stomping around the room angrily, Harry decided that if he was going to be miserable he was going to be miserable in style. A quick scan in the hall revealed that all his guests had left the grounds. Growling softly to himself, Harry stormed out of the dungeons and to a sitting room off the Entrance Hall.

Moving towards the liquor cabinet, he poured himself a glass of Firewhisky and greeted the day with a scowl that even his dear father couldn’t have rivaled. I can already tell that this day isn’t worth climbing out of bed for; Harry thought with a grimace as he tossed back his shot and filled it up again. A few shots later, he left Eagle’s Spire determined to spend the day in bed with his books, where he could have some privacy to plot his way around whatever machinations Voldemort and his father would have come up with by evening. Yes, Arcanum was worth every broken bone and drop of blood he’d shed if only for the cold logic instilled that would force him to continue on no matter what happened. Already the gears in his head were turning and things were beginning to fall into place.

As much as he hated being Voldemort’s lackey and as much as he’d rather go on defiantly being stubborn Voldemort had a very good point, he was the only one alive who had all the facts. If there was something Harry hated the most in the whole world it was having someone knowing critical information about him or a situation he found himself entangled in. So now came the hard part, figuring out just how much power they both wielded and each other’s boundaries. Harry had read dozens of books about Voldemort’s first rise to power and his subsequent reign but that had been the old Voldemort. The current Voldemort was considerably wiser and more cautious, thanks to thirteen years spent bodiless. From all reports, Voldemort was a powerful and very intelligent man, who when he decided to strike, struck hard and fast crippling his enemy. That was enough to make him hesitate but then there was the threat that loomed over him, just what exactly was he?

Harry knew that disobeying an order from Voldemort caused pain and Harry knew that his Transformation was definitely the result of whatever Potion had caused his conception but beyond that he was completely clueless. The only other thing he could be certain about was his Gift of Necromancy that was an inherited Blood-Gift through the Illusionist. What other Gifts he had inherited through his bloodline he couldn’t be sure and then there was the fact that if James Potter had magically adopted him, it was possible he had inherited some of the Potter Blood-Gifts as well. All in all it was going to be a complicated procedure to untangle what Blood-Gifts came from whom and what was either an enhancement or a Gift through the Potion. As Harry slipped into his room, he mentally cursed his life, Fate and Voldemort.

The Throne Room
Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton, Great Britain
Wednesday the 6th of August 1997
2:15 AM

They arrived back in Voldemort’s Throne Room, everyone looking rather tired and worn out. Voldemort barely remembered dismissing everyone as he departed for his Private suite of rooms to think things over. Of all the people he’d prepared himself to see Harry Potter, the Bloody-Boy-Who-Wouldn’t-Die was not someone he had expected even in his wildest imaginings. It was absurd and by Merlin, more ironic than anything he’d ever experienced in his life. How much more ironic could it get? He had killed Potter’s ‘parents’ and tried to kill Potter four times only to find out that Potter was one of his Dragons! The Boy-Who-Was-A-Weapon now was his by all rights and though he (Harry) wouldn’t make things easy, victory was now assured.
Absently Voldemort walked up three flights of stairs and traversed several corridors before stopping in front of what was obviously his suite of rooms. Glancing at the stone double doors, which were guarded by several imposing snakes, he hissed out the password *Eternity*. The doors swung open noiselessly and shut behind him with a muffled click. The walls were made of solid green marble with white marble columns; intricately carved snakes slithered across the tiled floor hissing softly. Blackwood and ebony dominated the furniture in the room, plush chairs and sofas were covered with chenille throws in green or black with silver trim. A fireplace cast a warm glow on the dark woods of the bookshelves and desks as lamps bathed the room in a soft glow that was strangely relaxing. Very few people would have envisioned this room to fit Voldemort’s tastes but even a Dark Lord needed a cozy retreat.

Bypassing the sitting room and the door on the left that opened up to a large study/library, Voldemort continued straight to the door in front of him which led to his bedroom. It was sparsely furnished just a wall of mirrors on half the left side wall with a walk in closet, a huge bed made of ebony wood that made a King-sized four-poster look like a child’s bed and two nightstands next to the bed. The bed was covered in dark emerald green sheets over a goose down mattress and a fluffy silver silk goose down duvet. Unlike the sitting room, there were no decorations though the snakes could wander into his bedroom but were forbidden except in extenuating circumstances. Voldemort strode over to his closet and walked in grabbing a satin robe, black silk boxers and several large fluffy Egyptian Cotton towels.

Upon exiting the closet, Voldemort headed directly across to the door on the right side of the room which led to his bathroom. Being a Dark Lord had no better perk then the one he was now standing in. The room was easily the size of both his sitting room and his bedroom combined. With black silver veined marble walls and white marble floors, one would almost think the room stretched into infinity. The entire ceiling was charmed to mimic the sky outside only far more crisp and clear. Walking farther into the room and to his right Voldemort passed by his four head shower and the door that led to a separate loo and sink. Normally he would have gone straight into the steam room but he needed to think and what better place then the whirlpool bath the size of a child’s wading pool? With a wave of his wand, faucets turned on and the jets of his bath roared to life as the bath was filled. Another flick of his wand and salts and oils were added to the bath, coriander and cardamom, he loved the combination of spice and citrus.

When the bath finished filling, Voldemort stripped out of his clothes and slipped into the hot water, groaning with contentment. Ever since he had spent thirteen years as a bodiless specter, he had learned to take the greatest pleasure from having a body and indulged himself shamelessly. After all he was the bloody Dark Lord, Terror of the Wizarding World, who was going to tell him that he couldn’t spend three hours in his bath if he wanted to? No one that’s what, Voldemort thought as he idly reached for the small cabinet next to the bath which contained a variety of drinks. Any other day he would have poured himself a nice glass of Madeira but he needed something with a bit of a bite to it if he were to make it through the rest of the day. Reaching for the brandy bottle, he poured himself a glass as big as his fist and drank it absentely as he plotted.

“First of all, we need to find out how exactly Lily Potter arranged to be impregnated. Second, we have to begin plotting to have Potter ‘killed’ and Severus’s son arrive. I’ll have to begin tentative contacts with another Ministry to have a birth certificate and other papers forged. Hmm, the hard part of course is convincing him to serve me faithfully, he’s a stubborn boy, no—man.”

“We have quite the history together and he’s already admitted to the fact that he positively hates not having a say in his life. Not that I would blame him, with the way that everyone has treated him. I wonder,” Voldemort said eyes widening. “I wonder if anyone’s truly seen Potter for who he is and not who everyone expects him to be. Perhaps that is where I failed so many times before; I did not study him carefully enough and from what I have observed, he is a more than capable actor. I will...
have to observe him more carefully in the future.”

“He cannot escape my Service so that’s not a matter I have to worry about and it’s apparent that he’s stubborn enough to withstand a direct order. He’s powerful enough from that display of magic alone earlier; I wish I knew more about Necromancers but they are so rare I should count myself lucky to have one within my ranks.” Absently swirling his brandy, staring at it as if it held all the secrets of the universe, Voldemort scowled, “If it were not enough that it was Potter of all people, it’s also the fact that he’s almost two years ahead of the rest of the Dragons on the Transformation and whatever other Gifts manifested from the Anguis Potion. That shouldn’t be possible at all, even when one considers the bloodline he is descended from! How like Potter to redefine everything that would have been considered normal for a regular witch or wizard! The Anguis Potion was the most complicated Potion ever dreamed of and it was timed down to the last second but Potter somehow manages to twist even the simplest things!”

Worked up into a temper, Voldemort threw his shot glass across the room where it smashed against the wall. “And the brat dares to insinuate that I cannot win this war without him! Me! Lord Voldemort! Arrogant little devil!” By now Voldemort was shouting, one hand pressed against his suddenly pounding temples and the other fisted in his silky raven hair. His crimson eyes flashed ominously but all he did was take a deep breath and sink underneath the hot water, letting it do its own magic. After a few minutes he surfaced, still feeling annoyed but slightly amused.

“I’m not sure what I find more disconcerting, the fact that I know I need him on my side and have to compromise or the fact that I’d rather have him naked and in my bed for the rest of his life. Very well, I suppose there is no point in whining about it, what happened cannot be reversed so I best make the best of it. If I weave my web correctly I may just catch him unaware and then we will see who needs who more.” That said, Voldemort grabbed a loofa and soap and started washing his body, in a hurry to begin writing out ideas and convincing arguments to get Potter to do as he wanted.

Once he finished washing his body and hair he climbed out of the bath and towled himself off before slipping into his boxers and robe. It had taken him over a year to find a way to reverse his appearance back to that of the handsome youth he had once been many years ago. Voldemort strode over to a large wall mirror examining his body. His hair was just a little longer than shoulder length, silky and so black it had blue high lights. Eyes the color of crimson stood out in a handsome face with high cheekbones and a firm square jaw. Standing at almost six and a half feet with a finely muscled frame which was always covered in the most expensive and elaborate clothing he struck quite the image.

Voldemort was sure to keep his body toned by practicing his fencing and hand to hand combat, neither of which he used in real situations but it was always better to have options. Drying his hair with a charm and moving over to his vanity to brush his hair, he contemplated whether to sleep at all but decided that it was more important to get his plans in motion. After grooming himself, he headed back into his bedroom and to his closet where he pulled on slacks, a plain shirt and silver trimmed green robes. Once he was dressed he headed into his sitting room, he had plans to make and people to Floo.

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**Library**

**Snape Manor, Cumbria UK**

**Wednesday the 6th of August 1997**

**10:48 AM**

It had been a long night, one filled with one too many surprises and more revelations then he would
have cared to know all in one evening. He had returned home from the Dark Lord’s Mansion a little
after two o’clock in the morning and he had immediately retired to his bedchamber with a Dreamless
Sleep Potion which was the utmost cowardice on his part. As he slipped into the arms of Morpheus
he had hoped that he would wake in the morning with everything having been nothing more than an
awful nightmare. However when he’d woken up staring at his midnight blue bed curtains, he’d
known without a doubt that last night had been no dream however much he wished it had been.

He had a son and the name that his had spent seventeen years answering to was Harold/Harry James
Potter! Of all the irony! Snape wanted to bellow and rage at someone for this fluke of Fate but he of
course could speak to any one except the Inner Circle about his son. Severus raked a hand through
his hair, resisting the urge to tug at it in frustration. It would be a miracle if he didn’t have nightmares
for the rest of his life about that night. After all, it had begun innocently enough with Voldemort
inquiring after his Dragons. Then a lovely mystery reared its head and, of course, who else could
have been entangled in it other then Harry Bloody Potter!

He remembered vividly the exact instant Potter’s Glamours had faded and in that shocked silence
Snape had recognized his family’s features, the sharply paneed face but oddly enough, not the nose.
Oh the resemblance was slight, if one didn’t know what to look for, but Severus had spent thirty odd
years looking at his reflection. Before the shock could completely fade Potter had opened his mouth.
What else could he have done but prove himself the son of a Gryffindor and a Snape then insulting
and mocking everyone around him while going through every Snape expression and gesture?

Then the Dark Lord had begun his interrogation and Snape had alternately wanted to strangle the
ghost of Lily Potter and his arrogant, smart-mouthed son. It was impossible! It should never have
happened but what did one expect from a bloody Gryffindor, especially a red-haired one who
thought a few weeks of having the ability to Prophesize suddenly made one equal to the Oracles of
Delphi! Did all his schoolmates make a pact to make his life Hell whether alive or dead? And now
he was stuck with a seventeen year old son who he had belittled and hated for years for being the
’son’ of his enemy! He could only hope that Fate would be kind and stop throwing surprises of that
magnitude at him, he may not survive the next bout.

Snape sighed as he glared at a Potions book, ‘now I have to take him in if only to keep up the
pretense and I thought being a spy was hard. No, what’s going to prove to be hard is surviving the
rest of my life with the brat without giving into the urge to strangle him!’

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**Harry’s Bedroom**
**Number 12 Grimmauld Place, London UK**
**Wednesday the 6th of August 1997**
**11:02 AM**

He was having the best dream of his life, Voldemort was gone and he had left the Wizarding World
to travel like he had always dreamed of. It was a Full moon and he was walking along the sandy
beaches of New Zealand without a care in the world. Everything was perfect the sand beneath his
bare feet, the ink-blue night sky filled with stars and the silver rays of moonlight. The waves lapped
gently against the shore and a soft warm breeze blew, making the trees sway rustling. Best of all, the
burden he had carried for so long was gone, he was finally free. Tilting his face up to the night sky
he watched the stars twinkle and grinned.

From a distance he could hear a voice calling his name, “Harry!”

Ignoring it in favor of continuing his midnight stroll Harry kept walking but the voice came closer
and close until…
“Harold James Potter! Open this door right now!” Hermione’s slightly shrill voice screamed from the other side of his door.

Emerald green eyes snapped open with a start and Harry was out of bed with half a dozen spells on the tip of his tongue, his body ready for battle. It took him several heartbeats before awareness sunk in, he wasn’t free he was a captive of the worse sort. Glancing at the clock, he glared when he realized he had only gotten a few hours worth of sleep. Cursing at the voices on the other side of his door, Harry strode over and jerked it open, “What?!”

Hermione, Ginny and the Seventh Year Gryffindor boys were standing in front of Harry’s door, all of them wearing a dumbstruck expression on their faces.

“Well?” Harry snapped, crossing his arms over his chest.

Seamus blinked, “Wow, I never thought that you were hiding a body like that underneath your clothes!”

Harry glanced down at his body and then back to his unwelcome guests. “You woke me up just to tell me that I look good?”

Before anyone could say anything else, Sirius came bounding up the steps, “What is taking so long? Harry ought to be…” Sirius trailed off at seeing his nearly naked Godson standing in the doorway of his room with an irritated look on his face.

“Is anyone planning on telling me why they wanted to wake me up or should I just go back to bed?”

Hermione cleared her throat, “It’s almost noon and we hadn’t seen you up yet and you’re normally awake before us so we were worried about you.”

Harry glared at them. “I assure you that I am perfectly capable of taking care of myself. Now, if that was all I will be going back to my room I need to finish my work before school starts.”

“I’m sure your work is important Harry but we’re having an Order Meeting over lunch which I’m sure you’ll want to be present for.” Sirius added before Harry could storm back into his room.

Harry started cursing in several languages as he turned back around and slammed the door shut. Standing on the other side of the door, everyone exchanged looks.

“Someone woke up on the wrong side of the bed,” Neville commented before retreating to the safety of the drawing room on the first floor.

Sirius just shook his head and shooed everyone back downstairs leaving Harry to get ready. Twenty minutes later Harry strode down to the kitchen which was bustling with Order Members. Heads turned as a scowling Harry Potter entered the room dressed in all black. Taking his seat between the remaining Marauders Harry gave everyone the barest of nods before leaning back in his chair, arms crossed over his chest.

Remus exchanged a look with Sirius before hesitantly turning to Harry. “Are you feeling well? I know you were ill a few days ago and you seem to be a bit…moody at the moment.”

“I’m fine.” Harry grumbled, his emerald green eyes darkening to near black.

Several people sitting close by shared identical looks of disbelief.

“If you’re certain,” Remus said slowly.
Harry ignored everyone answering in monosyllables to anyone who spoke to him. Dumbledore arrived and as they had lunch they gave reports and discussed possible actions. Harry was silent though he absorbed all the information and reactions as he ate his food. Oh yes was he right, today was one of those days were things get worse.

Sirius nudged him to get his attention, everyone was looking at him and Harry resisted the urge to snarl. “What?”

The twinkle in Dumbledore’s eyes dimmed at little at Harry’s tone. “I asked how your studies were going and if you had anything to mention?”

“My studies are going just fine though I will probably be spending longer periods of time in my room so I can finish all the books Headmaster Randolph lent me. As for anything worth mentioning there are two things, I’ve arranged to meet Mr. Ollivander on the eighth and the twenty second for my private appointments. As for the second thing I will be unavailable on the eighteenth I have some… business that needs to be taken care of and before you ask, I cannot and will not be telling you anything more about it.”

Some of the Order members looked as if they would protest but Dumbledore just raised a hand and they fell silent. “Very well then Harry, unless there is anything else we are finished here.”

Once the meeting was dismissed Harry quickly left the room, ignoring the speculative looks cast his way. He had plans to make and was not in a sociable mood.

The moment the door shut behind Harry, everyone sat back in their seats and Dumbledore sighed. Things were getting very much out of hand and Harry was not doing anything to close the gap that now stood between the Savior of the Wizarding World and the Order of the Phoenix. In the beginning Dumbledore had hoped that Harry would settle down after a few weeks when he had enough time to re-adjust to life in Britain but that had not happened. If anything Harry had become even more isolated then previously and no one knew how to reach out to him without risking sharp or derogatory remarks.

“Tonks if you would, please get the students we need to talk about Harry.” Dumbledore asked as he poured tea into his cup.

Tonks got up and wandered off to find the students. Besides the Weasleys, Hermione and the Seventh Year Gryffindors other students fourth year and up were in attendance. For the past year the children or siblings of Order members gathered to be taught additional defense classes at least once a week. While the adults met and discussed Order business the students would gather and practice or learn Defense techniques. After poking her head into the Order’s Room of Requirement Tonks was followed by the two dozen or so students back to the kitchen. Dumbledore had already supplied additional chairs at the table and more refreshments and snacks had been set out. After everyone was seated and settled with a drink or food Dumbledore spoke.

“I am sure that I was not the only one who was having concerns about Harry but I believe it is finally time to start discussing the probable cause of his recent behavior and attitude. As I’m sure everyone has learned over the last three weeks, Harry has changed much not only in his physical appearance but in his thought and behavior. I admit that I believed that he would have settled in and relaxed his sharp attitude; it appears that I am wrong. So, let us first begin by sharing our impressions of him and any recent irregularities in his mood.”

Ginny hesitantly spoke up, “He was very different when he arrived but everyone noticed that. He was cooler towards everyone, yourself in particular Headmaster. Harry didn’t really want to talk to
any of us I think, he looked…bitter.”

“He sounded and acted bitter and I don’t think any of us should have been surprised, from his perspective we abandoned him.” Remus said quietly. “We didn’t talk to him before sending him off to Arcanum and now, I think he’s gotten the impression that none of us care about his opinion or him in general besides as a weapon.”

McGonagall gave Dumbledore a pointed look. “If I remember correctly, many of us believed that we should have at least brought Harry back to Great Britain after his relatives were killed last September. It would have done him some good to be back if only for a week but even that was denied to him and how did we tell him that his relatives died? By post…three days after it was printed in the International Zephyr.”

Dumbledore had the grace to look ashamed. “I have made my share of mistakes and I admit that freely, Minerva. Had I a chance I would redo many things differently but I fear that isn’t possible and now we must live with the mistakes.”

“Things weren’t great in the beginning but they got even worse just a few days after he came back,” Hermione interjected nipping the who-to-blame argument in the bud.

Ron winced in memory, “Blimey, he was just awful for days, like a girl during that time of the month. Thought he was going to tear some heads off he was in such a bad mood.”

Several of the women and girls in the room shot Ron dirty looks for his comment but refrained from making any remarks about his choice in likening Harry’s mood.

“He looked sleep deprived for a few days after he came back and like Ron and Hermione mentioned, he went through a few days of being in a very bad mood. After that he was up earlier than any of the adults training and working himself to the bone. He was in a bit of a better mood though. After that he wasn’t acting any more oddly other than the day of his birthday and Sunday when he was ill and didn’t leave his room.”

Seamus snorted, “And he’s right back in the same kind of mood he was in just after he came back from Arcanum.”

“Would it be too much to hope that he has mentioned what he is studying so avidly?” asked the stately Emmeline Vance.

Those who lived with or saw Harry on a regular basis shook their heads.

“He’s only mentioned reading a book by Giles Sainte-Armand,” Moody stated flatly. “Said he was ‘studying the enemy’ though it’d be fair to guess that he’s reading a few books on Dark Arts.”

After another half hour of talk with no one seeing any obvious reasons for Harry’s mood swings, the meeting broke up with the adults heading back to work and the students back to their practical studies.

Throne Room
Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton, Great Britain
Thursday the 7th of August 1997
12:30 AM

Voldemort waited as his Dragons and their parents arrived, waiting for Potter who was after all the
whole reason behind needing to Call his Dragons. Everyone was prompt but then again Potter did have to slip past the wards at the Phoenix Headquarters. Idly his followers chatted as they waited for the last of their group to arrive. Several minutes passed before Potter arrived, glaring.

“I trust you are well?” Voldemort asked politely.

Those close enough to where Harry was standing could have sworn they saw his eyes blaze. Harry, who was dressed in green and gold silk robes, looking as if he’d just come from an important Dinner party growled.

“No, I’m bloody not well! I spent the entire afternoon being coerced into playing games and talking to children because according to someone, I needed to ‘socialize and have fun’! And then when I thought my day could get no worse I was forced to attend a stupid International Defense League dinner at Hogwarts! With my bloody luck I was seated between a Casanova whose aim for the evening was to get into my pants and an inane chatterbox of a witch whose lifelong dream is to be Mrs. Gilderoy Lockhart! So tell me, can you honestly say I’ve had a good bloody day?!”

Heather Buchanan Zabini, whose eyes were the very color of the flower she was named after, looked very amused, “Any other Wizard or Witch would be flattered to be seated next to Brendan Ryder.”

Harry snorted as some of the wizards and witches present straightened, intrigued. “Yes well I’m sure that’s true, however he rather reminds me of my most ardent would-be-abductor Aristides.”

“Oh, why is that?” Pansy Parkinson asked curiously.

Harry glowered at no one in particular as he pulled out yet another packet of vanilla flavored Silk Cut. “They both have an annoying habit of being unable to keep their hands to themselves and attempting to Enthrall me, one far better at it than the other. If I had a bloody galleon for all the times I’ve been felt up the last two years I’d be so rich I wouldn’t have a place to put all the money!”

Snape frowned as he watched his son light a cigarette and begin smoking. “When did you pick up such a disgusting habit?”

“When I started Arcanum of course, we’re not treated like mindless sheep there,” Harry snapped irritably. “It’s not my personal preference however but until I get the next dose of Hereditas suppressum (heredity suppressor) I’d be bloody surprised if you saw me doing anything else but smoking and it’s all that bastard Ryder’s fault.”

Narcissa looked at him oddly. “Why would you need Hereditas suppressum and why would it be Ryder’s fault?”

Harry paced restlessly as if unable to stop moving. “I’m a quarter Incubus as you already know but I would suppose from the idiotic questions you’re asking that you don’t know even the most basic things about Incubi or Succubi. So let us begin at the beginning, what are Incubi?”

“Demons,” Altair Lestrange said firmly.

Harry shot the older boy a derisive look, “What kind of Demon?”

Morag MacDougal took over the explanation. “They’re said to be very handsome and well, sexual creatures with powerful magic.”

“Well done, you explained it all with that one sentence. It goes against my nature to be celibate and thanks to that idiot Ryder and his wandering hands I’m going to have to be very careful not to get
myself abducted until my Potion is delivered later this week.”

“Huh?” asked Macnair.

Harry was quickly losing his temper. “Morgana’s tits, are you really that stupid?! I’m bloody horny but I can’t do anything about it since I need to be a Virgin to keep my bloody protection! The Incubi will be able to sniff me out at this rate!”

By now everyone was staring at Harry who was growling and pacing, clearly radiating sexual frustration.

Valerius Lestrange blinked, “Sniff you out?”

“Any full blooded Incubi or Succubi who wanders within five miles of me will be able to tell that I’m in season, a Virgin and unclaimed. I doubt it would take more than five minutes before someone is sent along to investigate and another two minutes before they realize it’s me and attempt to abduct me…yet again. It’s that idiot Ryder’s fault! If he hadn’t groped me I wouldn’t be radiating the fact that I’m in season.” Harry paused to glare at his father, “And thanks to my blasted parents and my ancestors I’ll always be in season!”

Voldemort took a deep breath and resisted the urge to bellow at the top of his lungs. “Why don’t you explain this a little more?”

Harry shot the older man a dark look. “What more is there to explain?”

Lucius glanced at him, “Perhaps the real reason why the Incubi are so…obsessed about you?”

Harry was about to unleash a tirade against them but the cold guttural words of the Dementor Lord echoed in his mind. “It is better to make allies than enemies, young Necromancer. It is better to collaborate for the greater good, namely your wellbeing than to suffer and hide your secrets.”

“Fine, I suppose I should have been more…forthright from the beginning. The Incubi as I’ve mentioned before covet me beyond the fact that I am a quarter Incubi and capable of natural pregnancy. I don’t know how much you know about Necromancy but it rarely manifests in Wizards because it is a form of Demonic Magic, one that even the Incubi and Succubi are not capable of. To some extent they can trace it and female Necromancers end up on the receiving end of their…attentions.” Harry explained running a hand through his hair. “I wasn’t joking when I said that there is a price on me in the Demon Realm, I’m a rather unique personage even amongst them. Incubi and Succubi are in season once every ten years for about six months while I unfortunately am always in season as all humans are which is why the moment they trace me, they’ll be after the male Elite as well. After my first abduction they attempted to gain my compliance by going through formal channels, offering me the prestige of Bonding to the Demon Prince. I could have had just about anything I desired had I agreed but they could never have given me what I really wanted.”

Rodolphus Lestrange looked pensive. “Do you think they will make a formal offer or go straight with abduction?”

“I couldn’t say to be honest, after the trouble they’ve had with me they might find it easier to just abduct the others. It’s been two years and they haven’t given up on catching me so I doubt they’d make it so easy on the rest of you. However as all of you are mainly human, they won’t give you as much trouble I’m sure.”

Lisa Turpin frowned, “I thought you said that they’d leave you alone?”

“If I was wholly human they would have to but as I am a quarter-Incubi I doubt that even a Soul
Bond would stop them. Demons are clever and as they—we channel Chaos magic, it would not be hard to unravel even a Soul Bond if someone was smart enough,” Harry shot Voldemort a look. “And only a fool would underestimate the Royal Incubi. Their bloodline goes back farther than even the Illusionist who was wholly human and there have always been rumors about the Incubus that fathered Merlin. Unfortunately I can attest that he was fathered by a Royal Incubi.”

Voldemort’s eyes widened as bits and pieces of the puzzle began falling in place, which explained a great deal. “A well placed obsession then, I imagine that they are interested in renewing the blood of their linage?”

“They are very earnest indeed; I doubt they’ve ever agreed so adamantly on anything before.” Harry replied rolling his eyes. “Just my bloody luck too I imagine.”

Whew, well those all the ID chapters for today. More tomorrow or later on this week. Please review!

-SheWolfe7 (5-10-05)
Obedience

Author's notes: The 'Kill Potter Plot' is ironed out, the Demon Prince makes an appearance and the Order learns about Snape's long-lost son.

A/N: Many thanks of course, go out to my Beta Robyn. Disclaimer in chapter 1.

**Parseltongue, foreign words, letters/articles etc.**

**Emphasized words, headings**

**Chapter VI**
Obedience

The man who does something under orders is not unhappy;  
He is unhappy who does something against his will.

-Seneca, Epistulae ad Lucillium

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Throne Room
Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton, Great Britain
Thursday the 7th of August 1997
12:45 AM

“Well,” Voldemort commented after a few minutes of silence. “Is it wise for you to be without the safety of your bedroom?”

Harry looked mildly amused as he spat out his cigarette and crushed it out beneath his foot. “Wouldn’t matter even if I was in my room, they’d still be able to tell where I was. Might as well get whatever it was you wanted taken care of now so I can sleep during the daylight hours when it’s safe.”

Voldemort nodded and was about to begin speaking when Harry began to unbutton his robe which he rolled into a ball and tossed across the room. Unsurprisingly he was wearing leather trousers and a white silk dress shirt. Ignoring the odd silence surrounding him, Harry unsheathed two calf length daggers from his boots and casually flipped them in the air before catching them. Once he had checked the balance of his weapons he took off a copper ring and tossed it onto the ground, where it turned into a small red clay figurine. Two quick gestures with his hands and a few muttered incantations and the figurine came to life, wielding two swords which shrank down to the size of his daggers.

As Harry and the golem moved into position Severus spoke, “What are you doing?!”

“Keeping myself distracted unless you’d like to listen to me bitch and whine some more? I can tell you right now that I’ve barely touched the iceberg of things I’d love to bitch about, should you be interested in hearing more.” Harry replied, flashing his father a dark look before quickly engaging the golem which blocked his rush and kicked him in the stomach.

Severus looked ready to commit murder but Voldemort calmly interceded. “You sound amazingly like your adopted father; however that was not why I Called you.”
Harry had rolled out of the way of the golem’s stab and to his feet, blocking the golem’s attack. “Talk, I’m listening.”

Voldemort looked irritated but visibly bit back whatever he was going to say before launching into an intricate discussion about creating a history for Severus’s long lost son and killing off Harry James Potter. All during the explanation, Harry had been dodging and slashing at the golem as they chased each other around the center of the room. By the time Voldemort finished, Harry was shirtless and bleeding shallowly from various cuts. With a quick gesture Harry managed to trip and pin the golem before cutting its throat, ending the spar. Rising to his feet rambling off the list of spells that would return the golem back to its inanimate state as a copper ring, Harry grabbed the ring and slipped it back on.

“Well?” Voldemort snapped impatiently.

Harry spared Voldemort a quick glance before tracing a forefinger across his injuries, healing them. “It’s terribly flawed and they’ll uncover the truth within six months I’ll bet, didn’t spend enough time plotting did you? As for the way you were planning on killing me, far too unbelievable. The Order’s met me and the plan that you described would have easily passed had I been the naïve fool I was before I was carted away to Arcanum. No, you don’t know me any better than they do.”

Rabastan Lestrange hissed, “What would you suggest then?”

“If you’re going to lie, one should lie as little as necessary. Bending the truth will work much more to our advantage rather then trying to re-create a complete life from nothing. Of course if we do this my way, you’ll have to trust that I’m capable of doing things on my own as I’ll need to involve my own contacts to arrange things.” Harry replied coolly as he cleaned off his blades with his torn shirt.

Voldemort frowned, “What would you do then?”

“I’m sure that Dumbledore and the others will have questions should I just appear suddenly, claiming the child-hating Potions Master as my father. So we play the game like so, I’ll get into contact with Headmaster Randolph and my fellow Arcanum students and Alumni and we create an identity that no one can trace. No one knows much about Arcanum other than the fact that it is a year round school and that students are admitted on invitation only. What better place to hide the snarky git of a Potion Master’s son then Arcanum, the mystery of the Wizarding World?”

Lucius Malfoy instantly saw a flaw in his plan, “But you were transferred not invited to attend Arcanum.”

“Oh but I was invited to attend Arcanum! It appears that the meddling fool Dumbledore intercepted my Invitation and sent a negative reply and enrolled me at Hogwarts instead. It wasn’t until you were resurrected that they decided it would be better for me to attend Arcanum.” Harry said with a scathing expression. “I’m not the least bit pleased at all with his machinations and it looks like I’ll be getting a little revenge on him sooner than I had planned.”

Severus looked skeptical. “And you say that they’ll agree to go along with your plan and are trustworthy enough to know the truth?”

The look on Harry’s face was beatific, his emerald green eyes shone with some mystical euphoria. “You were there when I mentioned that Arcanum didn’t turn out ‘Dark’ wizards and it’s true. What I didn’t mention was that there comes a point in time where one seeps so deeply into all forms of magic that you cease to be ‘Light’, ‘Dark’ or even ‘Gray’. We call it Preeminence and it’s a glorious sensation, one that I can’t even describe to you but when it’s all over and done with you become… Amorphous. Every spell or flicker of magic used is just mesmerizing, as if everything comes into
perfect balance. It feels as if every nerve in your body is singing with pleasure and your mind
becomes a perfect blank. It’s indescribable...”

There was a long pause as Harry seemingly drifted off somewhere in his memory where no one
could follow, looking enraptured.

Voldemort cleared his throat and Harry abruptly dropped out of whatever it was he was
remembering looking dazed. He blinked a few times and shook his head before continuing.

“We’re all practically family at Arcanum; you can’t share something like Preeminence without
having some sort of Bond. As it is, I share Bonds of Kinship with the majority of the upper Years
and Potion Master Dumont so it would not be as terribly hard to ask for a little help from them as it
would be for any of you to go and forge all the documentation. For those that I’m not personally
allied with, it won’t be hard to gain their cooperation as we owe the school itself loyalty above any
other government or faction.”

Augustus Rookwood gaped, “How can that be possible without even Ministries knowing?”

Harry smiled though it did not quite reach his eyes. “Arcanum Alumni are everywhere and our
power is far reaching, what one does not know one cannot protest. The school is not corrupt if you
are wondering but our form of thought and Magicks are forgotten by most if not all.”

“If the Alumni are that powerful, why haven’t they changed things?” Thomas Goldstein asked
shocked.

Harry laughed at them, a sneer on his face. “Who is to say that we haven’t changed things? It is best
for power to be kept to a few rather than given to the masses; there would be no point in expanding
our teachings past the Isle of Shadows. As for our ideals, who is to say that it has not influenced the
way laws are written or action is taken? Just because we do not flaunt our power does not mean that
we do not have it.”

“So the Alumni are that powerful, why haven’t they changed things?” Julius Carlisle asked.

“Who directs you then and how is it that it remains uncorrupted?” Voldemort asked.

“You are not Alumni and I am forbidden from speaking of who controls the school and our loyalties.
Suffice to say that it is something or someone who is beyond corruption so worry not, absolute
power will not corrupt absolutely in this regard. So long as we do not trespass beyond what It
dictates then all will be well and It will make it’s displeasure known immediately should we
trespass.”

Voldemort looked thoughtful as he nodded, “And the rest?”

“My mother was an obscure scholar who met my father during the celebrations towards the end of
the first War. They separated and she did not realize she was pregnant with me until after she had
returned to teach at Arcanum. I was born on the Isle, raised and taught there was well until my
mother passed on. We’ll say that I am fifteen turning sixteen but schooled a year early due to my
inherited skill. My mother had told me that my father had died in the War but on her deathbed
revealed that my father was a suspected Death Eater. She did not want me to suffer from the possible
repercussions of being a Snape which is why she had never alerted him to the fact that she was
pregnant. I could not stay at the school without parental guidance and upon meeting and speaking
with my father was moved to Britain so we could become better acquainted.”

Everyone was nodding by the time he finished, some looking very impressed by his truth twisting
and the fact that it could not be traced as Arcanum was an entity of its own.
“Self-interest of course, after the evening I’ve had do you really think I want to be pawed at anymore than I have to be? No thank you, it’s bad enough I’ve got an entire pack of Incubi trying to abduct me the moment the sun sets. No one will suspect Severus Snape’s newly arrived son to be pursuing anyone and actually…” Harry looked very thoughtful. “Hmm, it looks like I’ll really have to plan this well in order to keep all the property and money I have as Harry Potter. I’d best get started on creating my new identity so I can get my will as Harry Potter written before Snape tells anyone about his son’s imminent arrival.”

Severus glared at him; it was a little less venomous than earlier in the evening. “And how will you do that?”

“It occurs to me that either I can pretend to be engaged to myself or to swear a Blood brotherhood with myself, as either would be a fitting situation for my passing all my earthly possessions to myself. However I believe that I will go with the latter as that would require less acting on my part; I have no desire to play the bereaved fiancé or to be made a media spectacle of.” Harry answered simply before changing the subject. “To avert any possible suspicion, you’ll have to do a very good job killing Potter. Fortunately for you, I know very well how we’ll manage that in a believable manner. It will take me until at least the sixteenth to get everything prepared and you will not be able to act until after the eighteenth.”

Lucius was going to ask a question when Harry stiffened and whirled shifting automatically into a defensive stance. Wands were drawn by everyone else, eyes scanning the room looking for danger. Harry’s eyes were flicking everywhere as he carefully turned in a circle slowly backing towards a shadowed wall. Before he could leap away however he felt hands grab him. “Percutio!”

The moment the hands released him, Harry had Apparated to the other side of the room, back slamming against the wall face flushed and breath ragged. ‘Damn, damn! I’m not supposed to feel anything for him, nothing! God but his touch burns…in a good way.’

“You are being infinitely stubborn my lovely Grand Duke.” Aristides purred as he recovered from the Shocking Curse he’d received, melting into the shadows.

Harry staggered away from the wall just as Aristides emerged but he found himself quickly embraced, soft lips kissing a path up from the nape of his neck to the spot behind his ear. “Why do you resist me so much my love? I can tell that you want this.”

Harry melted into the touch before remembering that he was not about to submit to his overexcited Incubus hormones. He opened his mouth to Incant only to realize that Aristides had somehow neutralized his Wizarding Magic. Aristides chuckled softly as his hands began to wander over Harry’s naked torso, “So eager to leave me love? We can’t have that now can we? I plan on having you before the sun rises.”

“Crucio!” Two dozen voices snarled in unison.

Harry could have jumped for joy when Aristides let him go, momentarily struck down by the Cruciatus curse. The moment he was released he was moving at a dead run scooping up his cloak.

Call again on Saturday night after eleven, I must leave now! He’ll follow me but the rest should leave back to their estates immediately. Harry managed to hiss out before racing into a shadow and vanishing, Aristides only a few steps behind him.
Once again Voldemort, his Inner Circle and his Dragons were awaiting the arrival of Harry Potter. The last time any of them had seen Potter, he had been fleeing for his life with a rather lust crazed Incubus chasing after him. Voldemort was intensely curious about how it was possible for Potter to vanish through a shadow of all things. Severus had unfortunately not seen his son during the past two days but reported that apparently Potter had locked himself up in his room and had refused to leave. Everyone was chatting as normal with Severus talking quietly with Lucius and the elder Lestrange brothers. It was a few minutes later that Potter appeared, looking worse for wear. He had large black rings around his eyes, his clothes were rumpled and his hair was disheveled and he looked exhausted.

Severus glowered at him, “You’ve been locked in your room for two days and you came out looking like that?!”

Harry’s eyes flashed as he carefully strode over to his father. “I may have been locked in my room for the past two days but I did not have the luxury of sleeping! I have been awake trying to maintain a shield to keep out the bloody Incubi, who not only managed to enter my bedroom but nearly succeeded in abducting me twice! So forgive me if I look a little sleep deprived and scruffy! I can’t help it if I prefer to choose my captivity and being the Demon Prince’s brood mare is out of the fucking question!”

“You will not speak to me like that!” Severus roared.

“You’re the fuckwit who’s antagonizing me! I’ve had a shitty two days, okay? I couldn’t sleep without worrying about being abducted, couldn’t eat without risking Lust or Docility Potions, and I didn’t dare to bathe with real water and soap without risking Aristides bursting in on me naked! The most you’ve had to ever worry about was how much information to give Dumbledore! I have to constantly be on watch for either Incubi or their human agents trying to capture me, I have to worry about my supposed ‘enemies’ and I have to avoid arousing suspicion from the Order! Then I’m constantly fighting myself to stay in control of my body. My mind damned well knows that I can’t get laid, but try telling that to my hormone ridden body which doesn’t care if I spend the next two or three hundred years whelping little Incubi! Then you throw in the fucking Wizarding World who thinks I’m some sort of Messiah come to rescue their cowardly asses from a wizard who’s so terrifying that they can’t even say his goddamned name! And then the greatest joke of all, I’m not who was I though I was! I’m the son of a bloody Seer who couldn’t see far enough ahead and a Spy who’s really a double agent! Welcome to my fucked up life!” Harry screamed right back at him, weeks of pent up rage spilling over.

Severus looked amazingly shocked while the others had cautiously backed away as Harry flared with gray energy.

“Oh wait, I haven’t gotten to best part! Not only am I not who I thought I was, but I’m the also the servant to my nemesis who’s tried to kill me four separate times! I’ve gone from being a Weapon with some control over my life to being a servant with none, do you know how bloody shitty that is? You at least chose to follow this life, to be a murderer and a lap dog but did I have a choice? None at all and I can thank my fucking mother for that honor and you for being an idiot and not seeing through her! Then, then I have to fucking plan my own death and resurrection, write out my will and be your son! It’s a bloody miracle that I haven’t lost my mind and gone stark raving mad and you have the audacity to sneer at me!”
Harry, at this point, had backed his father up against a wall. “Let me tell you something my dear father I can do things that you could only dream of in your worst nightmares. I swear to all the powers that be, I will make you regret every word and every sneer you ever graced me with if you push me even the slightest again. I have no problems staining my hands with your blood, biological father or no, and don’t think that I make idle threats because I don’t. Do you understand?”

“Yes.” Severus replied shakily as Harry stepped away from him.

“That warning goes for all of you as well. I’m not a fool; I know exactly who I am and what I’m capable of.” Harry smiled viciously. “I can sacrifice any of you in a Summoning that’ll make the earth tremble and make me as powerful as a God, however, you’ll be praying for death and you won’t get it.”

The room fell silent at his words, even Voldemort’s body language was screaming caution. Harry however just idly stretched before moving away from his father back to the center of the room.

“I assume you want to know what my contacts have managed to put into place?” Harry asked brusquely, eyes settled on Voldemort.

“If you would then?”, Voldemort commented gesturing for him to continue.

Harry almost smiled, “To say they were a little surprised would probably be an understatement but they’ve begun to lay the groundwork out. You’re rather lucky that It agreed with your plan but don’t be surprised if It makes a few demands later on. They’ve assured me that they will have everything finished by Monday and my will has already been sent to Gringotts and will be in place by Tuesday.”

Lucius Malfoy looked vaguely amused. “They are very efficient.”

“We’re good at things like this, subtlety is an art that few enough appreciate let alone practice.” Harry replied before looking over at his father. “You’ll need to talk to Dumbledore about enrolling your son at Hogwarts. I’ll have the final paperwork by Sunday evening so I suggest that you have your end of the paperwork arranged as well. I’ll need another night to finish the runes on the golem but once he’s done, you can expect to see Harry Potter and your son getting along famously by Thursday.”

Camilla Rosier glanced at him, “Who will the golem be impersonating?”

“Potter for the time being, I need the freedom of being Snape’s son in order to finish taking care of any remaining business. Speaking of which, your plan to kill Potter? Have it arranged on the evening of the twenty-seventh; the damned Ministry is having a bloody summit at Fudge’s Manor in Norfolk. I’ll have the security plans by next Friday at the latest, I don’t go anywhere without knowing what kind of security is in place.”

Voldemort was very intrigued, “Why the Summit?”

“You want to bring the Wizarding world to their knees don’t you? No one would take my death seriously if I don’t die with a blaze of glory, something remarkable. Be honest, had I not turned out to be your Dragon would you have really just killed me with a simple Avada Kedavra? I doubt it; I foiled your scheming too many times to be killed so effortlessly. There’s only a single flaw to this plan however, the night of the Summit the golem will be pretending to be Snape’s son.”

“Why?” Bellatrix Lestrange asked.
Harry bestowed a humorless smile at her, “Even a golem created with my skill does not bleed or bruise. It can simulate breathing and other functions but it does not have blood pulsing through its body and does not feel pain. It will have to be me who takes the last breath as Harry Potter and fortunately, I can be killed without truly killing me. A Necromancer’s highly prized secret if you’re curious.”

“You would agree to allow yourself to be tortured?” Dolohov choked out.

“I can take the pain I assure you, being Amorphous changes your body quite a bit, I have an extremely high pain threshold now. It will require a bit of planning though, I have a lot of Glamours that will need to be woven and any serious damage will be healed with the Potions I carry on my wrists.” Harry replied as he withdrew a dagger from the folds of his robe. “This is the one that will ‘kill’ me.”

Harry carefully drew the silver, rune etched dagger out of its jeweled sheath. It was fairly heavy with a silver blade, a single blood-red ruby set in the hilt. With ease, Harry set the tip directly over his heart and plunged it home. He felt warm, sticky heat soaking his robes before he abruptly faded into oblivion.

Voldemort and the others watched transfixed as the blood pumped out of Harry’s chest. Barely a moment later he toppled over, blood still flowing from his body. A few minutes passed as everyone waited to see what would happen, each becoming more agitated as nothing occurred. Finally after ten minutes, motes of gray energy began to pulse off of Harry’s lifeless body forming a rune. It pulsed brightly twice and then Harry drew a deep breath before clapping both hands on the hilt of the dagger and pulling it free, blood splashing from his chest. He drew another breath and dropped the dagger on the floor before closing his eyes focusing his power on healing the wound as the Blood Replenishing Potion and Invictus Potion streamed into his body. It was another two minutes before he sat up, grimacing at the bloody mess of his clothes.

“I hate that, makes me feel like being a stuck pig.” Harry muttered as he began casting cleaning and freshening charms on himself and his clothes.

“How do you do that?” Voldemort asked eyes glued on him.

Harry smiled tiredly. “Necromancer’s secret of course, I can’t tell you. However as you’ve seen it yourself it will work when we need it to, the golem can Shadow Stalk to wherever they are keeping my body and we’ll switch. The truly wonderful thing about this method though is that no one can remove the dagger except the Necromancer so they’ll have to bury me with the dagger. No doubt they’ll think that you are doing something infinitely evil to what remains with my body which will push them to attempt to find a way to release my poor corpse from whatever it is you are doing.”

Lucius saw it immediately. “And then we will capitalize on their distraction!”

“Yes.” Harry agreed with a nod as he climbed up to his feet. “We’ll plan more tomorrow night, I’m bloody exhausted.”

Voldemort nodded agreeably and dismissed everyone. Harry glanced over at his father before leaving, “You and I need to talk, I’ll meet you at the Hog’s Head in Hogsmeade tomorrow at nine o’clock. I’ll be wearing a burgundy cloak with a gold Re’em cloak pin. It think it’s time that my mother told me just how she managed to get pregnant.”

Severus nodded. “I’ll be there.”
Severus was heavily cloaked in one of his many black cloaks, as he entered the dingy barroom he immediately scanned the room for a burgundy cloak. As he approached he checked the pin and saw that it was his son. The other hooded man glanced up and with a nod, led him from the premises. They walked through Hogsmeade towards the Shrieking Shack before Harry grabbed onto his father’s arm and Shadow Stalked through the darkness, appearing in the empty barbican at Eagle’s Spire. Harry pulled back the hood of his cloak and silently led the way into the castle and down to the Summoning Chamber.

Once the door shut behind them and Harry had peeled off his robe, revealing his Summoning clothes, he directed his father to stand within the four torches and began the tedious process of Summoning the spirit of his mother. Nearly fifteen minutes later he finished and the ghostly specter of Lily Potter appeared.

“Harry! I was beginning to think—Severus?!” Lily exclaimed.

Harry just sighed. “I was Called so obviously everyone in the Inner Circle knows, now we want to know just how you managed to pull it off.”

“Julia and I were friends, she knew what I was and she agreed to borrow me her form so I could seduce Severus. I used a combination of Polyjuice Potion and Charms to maintain the form. I was two months pregnant when she died.” Lily answered calmly.

Severus glared at her. “Didn’t you ever think?! There would have been better ways to fulfill the Debt but you just had to do what you thought was best didn’t you? We’ll kill each other before the end of the year!”

Lily glanced at her son to her old schoolmate. “You still think he’s a spoiled brat don’t you? Severus Honoratus Snape, you are the most idiotic and blind man I have ever met! Had I mortal hands, I would ring your bloody neck for being such an idiot! Harry’s told me about how you’ve treated him and I have to say that you are an imbecile of the highest sort!”

Harry cautiously stepped over the circle of salt and left the room as his mother gave Snape the talking to that someone should have given him but hadn’t. By the time he’d returned fifteen minutes later, Snape looked livid.

“What kind of a fool were you to let those Muggles get away with treating you like that?! No one deserves to be treated like a house-elf, especially you! As much as the coot Dumbledore manipulated you, even he would have found you another place to stay over the summer months had he known how they treating you!” Snape roared.

Harry looked annoyed. “Have you been telling tales again, mum? Honestly I don’t know why you told him!”

“He needed to see you for who you are and the best way was to show him just how skewed his view of you was.” Lily retorted before softening her tone. “Are you still angry?”

“Of course I’m still angry but there’s nothing I can do about it and nothing you can do about it so why bother? Being angry hasn’t done anything for me but make me moody and unable to enjoy anything. You’re still my mother and you did what you thought best, even if I don’t agree with it.”
Harry answered calmly. “I have to ask though, what does James think of it all?”

Lily smiled at him. “He’s still your dad Harry, he resented Severus horribly after you were born because you were his but he loved you just as much as I did. He wouldn’t want you to think that he just went along with it all for my sake.”

Harry nodded smiling. “I’ll have to chat with him again some time. Has father told you what we’re planning?”

“Yes.”

Harry accioed a scroll from his robe. “It’s my birth certificate. I thought we should choose a name we could all agree on.”

“Your middle name will have to be Severus of course, it’s tradition.” Snape replied sternly.

Lily smiled. “I always wanted to name you Alcaeus; it means ‘strength’ in Greek.”

“I’m all for Cyriacus which is also Greek.” Harry added grinning with his mother.

Severus frowned before nodding. “Cyriacus Severus Alcaeus Snape, perfect for a man of your standing.”

“Then we’re agreed,” Harry said as he accioed a quill and scribbled the name onto the birth certificate before adding a drop of his blood to seal it. After his mother badgered him about his well being, Harry and Severus said their farewells and Harry finished the Summoning.

Severus glanced at him, “I want to apologize for my words yesterday. I am so accustomed to belittling you that it was easy for my tongue to get carried away. I admit I never thought I would be a father as my own rather soured me about the whole father/son experience but I will try to be a little less…critical.”

“I accept your apology and I too have to apologize for my attitude. I wasn’t exactly in the best mood yesterday being sleep deprived, starving for real food and feeling unclean. That however is no excuse for taking out all my pent up rage on you.” Harry replied, relaxing marginally. “I was trained to better handle situations like that but I admit I wasn’t taking the news too well.”

“Understandable, it was a bit far fetched.” Severus agreed as Harry finished cleaning the room with spells.

Harry nodded. “I spent three days getting drunk, hoping every morning that I would wake up with it all being just a terrible dream. Unfortunately it was the truth and now, there’s no point in denying it. Besides, thinking about it too much gives me terrible headaches.”

“Hmm, sounds like you also inherited the Snape migraine and most certainly the temper, though part if it could easily have come from your mother. Lily was a harridan when angry.”

“I’ve asked the house-elves to prepare a light meal if you think we have enough time to eat before being Called?”

“Plenty of time, the Dark Lord usually does not call anyone any earlier than eleven.”

Harry smiled, “Excellent, let’s go see what they’ve made then. I’m bloody starved after spending two days living off Nutrition Potions and knowing them, they have completely overridden my orders for a light meal and made a feast!”
The conversation was light, both treading carefully around topics the other may not wish to speak of. By the time they were Called they were far more comfortable together then they had ever been, though they were still very cautious of each other. Harry watched as the Elites greeted Voldemort and when he alone remained instantly shook his head.

“Don’t even think of it, I don’t kneel to anyone. I may agree to work with you for my benefit but I’m not about to prostrate myself over you.” Harry snarled, arms crossed over his chest. “In fact, I’m not sure why the others are greeting you like that. We’re your Commanders, you created us to be better than the average Death Eater so why would we have to bow and scrape to you? Our loyalty is assured, our life for our treachery or so I can tell.”

Voldemort was slightly pleased by Harry’s quick reasoning. “I was beginning to wonder when one of you would see that. You are better than the average Death Eaters, the *Anguis* Potion would have assured that. You will not have to kneel to me in the presence of the Inner Circle but you will be sure to show obedience in the presence of the common Death Eaters. They will always be below you and you may punish them for any disrespect.”

The Elite nodded as they moved into position in front of their parents, as they normally stood. Only Harry remained standing in the center of the room but it seemed that he would always be reporting something or another.

Removing the birth certificate and other papers from his robe, Harry calmly walked up to Voldemort and handed them over for his perusal.

“Your Alumni have excellent contacts; these documents are well and truly legal for all intents and purposes. No one would know them to be anything different unless they know the truth. How goes the other matters?”

“The golem is completed and I will be switching places with him tomorrow evening after he’s had the proper amount of time to absorb all the information and memories I gave him. My contacts at Gringotts told me that my will has been filed and will be legalized by Monday now that the recipient of my fortune has been identified. Father will be meeting me at the International Floo Hub in London on Wednesday and he will be informing Dumbledore of my transfer tomorrow. Cyriacus and Harry will no doubt have much to catch up on so I expect I’ll be spending most of the week at the Triad Alleys buying new things for Hogwarts. It’s fortunate that I decided on masquerading as Blood brothers, no one will question our similar tastes in clothing and accessories.” Harry answered.

Voldemort nodded, “And the Incubi?”

“They are just as annoying as they’ve always been. I will be sleeping at Eagle’s Spire until Cyriacus arrives at which point I will have to ward a bedroom at father’s Manor. I’m not sure yet where I will stay on the eighteenth but I imagine that I’ll end up staying wherever the protection is best grounded. Aristides wasn’t the least bit happy that I managed to escape his grasp twice on Thursday so I imagine that he’ll be pursuing me even more wildly than normal.” Harry sighed, running a hand through his hair.

Heather Zabini frowned, “Didn’t you say that he was your most ardent would-be-abductor?”

Harry laughed, “Yes I did, that was him on Thursday yes.”

“He’s handsome.” Samantha Fawcett replied as she leaned against her mother Valerie.

Harry shook his head, chuckling. “He’s an Incubus; they’re all gorgeous looking though I suppose he is above normal even for them. Not surprising really as he is the bane of my existence after all and
Merlin forbid he be an ugly demon. Perhaps I should properly introduce him; that Incubus you saw pawing me on Thursday was Aristides Anicetus Nefastus, Prince of the Demon Realm."

“That was the Demon Prince?” Severus asked surprised, he hadn’t expected him (Aristides) to be personally attempting to abduct his son.

Harry made a vague gesture. “Yes indeed, that was the Demon Prince himself.”

“Why would he be attempting to abduct you himself?” Severus asked curiously.

“He thinks he’s in love with me and no doubt he’s deluded himself into thinking that eventually I will see reason and agree to be his Consort. Though he does attempt to Enthrall me as well so I suppose he’s not so far gone in his delusion. I’m going to assume that he’s especially irked with me since he got to touch me on Thursday and I suspect that he’s given up on wandering from bed to bed and that he knows personally that celibacy and having Incubus blood doesn’t mix well.” Harry explained with a smirk.

Voldemort, surprisingly, was the first to laugh but soon enough everyone was laughing along including Harry. It served the Demon Prince right after all, at least he had the choice of being celibate or not.

The Kitchen
Number 12 Grimmauld Place, London, UK
Monday the 11th of August 1997
8:30 AM

“…son?! Who in their sane mind would have se—ow, Moony!” Sirius’s voice drifted out of the kitchen the following morning.

When Harry entered the room, he saw his father glowering at Sirius while Remus attempted to get Sirius to keep quiet. Dumbledore looked amused as he glanced from Severus to Sirius and back again.

“As I was saying Headmaster, Cyriacus will be arriving later this week and I hope that it would not be too much trouble to enroll him at Hogwarts?” Severus asked the Headmaster after shooting the other two men venomous looks.

Headmaster Dumbledore just patted Severus on the arm. “It is no trouble at all Severus, when will he be coming?”

“Wednesday morning.” Severus answered.

Dumbledore nodded as he sipped his tea, “Will he be staying with you?”

“It was rather short notice so I won’t have the Manor ready until Saturday but he said not to worry and that he was staying at the Leaky Cauldron with a friend.”

Harry crashed into chair at the other end of the table. “He’s your son?! Why didn’t Cy tell me?”

Four pair of eyes settled on him. But it was Severus who spoke, “You know my son?”

“Of course I know Cy, we shared dorms at Arcanum! He told me that he was coming to London to meet his father and that he was probably going to go to Hogwarts this year but he didn’t tell me it was you Professor Snape!” Harry exclaimed.
Dumbledore looked inquiringly at him. “Why would Cyriacus Snape tell you who his father was?”

“Possibly because we’re Blood brothers? Or possibly because I told him that I’d keep him company until his dad got a room ready for him?” Harry said sarcastically, slightly recovering from his ‘shock’.

Severus looked ill, “You swore Blood Brotherhood with my son?”

“He’s my best friend, he was there for me when I arrived and I was there for him when Celeste was sick and then when she died. Did you notice my bad mood lately? It was an aftereffect of the Blood Brotherhood. It was hard for him after his mother died and well, not two weeks later I was told I was to come back here and Cy was all alone.” Harry said softly.

Remus attempted to change the mood. “Well you must be happy to be seeing him again then.”

“‘Course I am! He’s my brother, my family and nothing can change that.” Harry replied with a grin.

Severus shook his head slowly, “Now I’m worried just what sort of mischief my son is likely to get into with you as a friend.”

“Plenty,” Harry said cheerfully. “Cyriacus is a great guy though I’m going to kill him for not telling me that you were his father. Idiot, did he think I was going to stop being his brother just because we (Harry and Sev) hate each other?”

Dumbledore’s eyes were twinkling madly, so this was the reason behind Harry’s moods! “Why indeed! You should hurry and eat Harry, you’re appointment with Mr. Ollivander is only in an hour.”

“Oh, thank you for reminding me Headmaster.” Harry replied as he took a seat and started to load his plate.

Severus shook his head, rubbing his temple as he excused himself. Sirius and Remus exchanged a look.

“Did you really swear Blood Brotherhood with Snape’s son?”

“Yes, Cy will always be my brother from now to the end of my life.” Harry said somewhat solemnly. “He’s great though, nothing like Snape.”

“Professor Snape,” Dumbledore and Remus corrected.

Harry just shrugged as he started digging in, things were beginning to fall into place. In two days, Harry Potter and Cyriacus Snape would meet.

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Next Chapter: People meet Cyriacus Snape, Harry and Cy go shopping, more about the Kill Potter Plot and more Incubi?

-SheWolfe7 (5-11-05)
Author's notes: The golem is introduced to the Inner Circle, Harry and Cyriacus meet in person and the Demon Prince finally gets what he's desired.

A/N: Many thanks of course, go out to my Beta Robyn. Disclaimer in chapter 1. Whoops, I made a slight error that needs clarifying! Incubi and Succubi are in season every ten years for six months and that is the time that they are most fertile with each other. They could and can have children with say Muggles and Witches and very rarely with each other when not in season. If they wanted to have Full Blooded Demon offspring the best time would be that six month window every ten years.

Another thing, from this chapter until the Summit, Harry = the golem and Cyriacus = Harry. Ah yes, some of you have asked how to pronounce Cyriacus, from what I have learned it is either Sir-ai-cus or as I pronounce it Sira-cus. Odd I know but it is Greek, oh and it means ‘of the lord’ or ‘lord’ if you’re curious. Final note, there is non-con in this chapter but I do not go into detail.

Parseltongue, foreign words, letters/articles etc.
Emphasized words, headings
Telepathy (only this chapter)

Chapter VIII

Lies

Truly, to tell lies is not honorable;
but when the truth entails tremendous ruin,
to speak dishonorably is pardonable.
-Sophocles, Creusa

The Strategy Room
Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton, Great Britain
Tuesday the 12th of August 1997
10:20 PM

“Are things going smoothly regarding the arrangements for Cyriacus?” Voldemort asked Severus who took a seat at the table, second to the last to arrive.

Severus inclined his head politely. “Very smoothly my Lord, Dumbledore suspects nothing out of the normal. Harry’s cleverly diverted Dumbledore’s suspicions about his moodiness the past month by mentioning his supposed bond to the grieving Cyriacus.”

“He’s a very intelligent man, you must be pleased.” Lucius complimented.

Severus glanced at his friend. “As surprising at it was finding out the truth, I actually am pleased.”

Someone sniggered from the shadows, heads turned and wands were raised. The sniggering turned into a chuckle as Harry calmly stepped out of the shadows and leaned against the wall, gracing everyone present with a mocking smile. He was wearing a black leather trench coat with various buckles and straps dangling off it.
“How heartwarming, I suppose the only downside is that Cyriacus is not here to hear that for himself.” What was obviously the golem retorted.

Voldemort raised an eyebrow. “Where is your Creator?”

The golem shrugged. “He’ll be along when he can; we accidentally stumbled into a few Incubi on the way here. No doubt he’s leading them on a merry and pointless chase.”

Ian Buchanan studied the golem carefully. “It’s very well constructed; it will easily pass as Potter.”

“I’ll be sure to let Cy know,” ‘Harry’ said amused.

“Obvious that he’s imbued it with his unique personality,” Dillon Flint commented.

Before the golem could snap out a sharp comment, he was knocked forward as Cyriacus stumbled out of the shadows. The two black haired men tumbled onto the floor, cursing. Cyriacus grabbed hold of the golem’s shoulders and rolled so the golem was on top of him.

Antares blinked, “What are you two doing?”

“Getting off on each other obviously,” the golem mock purred.

Cyriacus spared the older boy a withering look. “Untangling our clothes you blind idiot! Harry I told you not to wear the buckle trench coat, you’re a walking death trap.”

“Well who told you to go and wear one of those mesh shirts you like so much?” Harry retorted.

“I didn’t have a choice exactly, Anthony dragged me to Corruption and you know as well as I do that everyone dresses like this there.” Cyriacus snarled irritably.

Harry slapped at Cyriacus’s hands and carefully untangled his buckle and straps from the delicate mesh shirt. “Did you have a good time?”

“It was passable; I could have gone without the groping though.”

“Can’t we all?” Harry replied amused. “I bet the first one was a Vampire, wasn’t it?”

“No, it was a half-Siren, half-Veela.” Cyriacus answered with a slight shudder.

Harry snickered. “Was it the scarily beautiful kind or the hideously gag-worthy kind?”

“The latter and I have to say if I hadn’t had my dose of Hereditas suppressum, I certainly wouldn’t have needed it after being groped by that thing!”

Harry laughed uproariously as he finished untangling their clothes. “I sympathize, truly I do.”

“Bastard,” Cyriacus grumbled.

“No, that’s you Cy.” Harry retorted with a grin as he rolled off of his Creator and got to his feet before turning around and offering the other man a hand up.

Cyriacus took the offered hand and climbed to his feet, brushing off his dragonhide trousers. “How silly of me to forget, thank you ever so much for reminding me Harry.”

“My pleasure, Cyriacus.” Harry said cheerfully as he bowed.
Lucius Malfoy groaned. “Now there are two of you, how will we survive the next three weeks?”

“Just take it like a man,” Harry and Cyriacus snapped at the same time, scowling.

“Scary.” The Lestrange twins whispered, staring at the two dark haired men who were essentially the same person.

Harry sneered and gave them the finger, “Sod off.”

“I guess you didn’t come out exactly the same,” Cyriacus said with some amusement as he tossed an arm around his creation and led him away from the Lestranges.

“That’s not my fault!” Harry growled.

“Never said it was,” Cyriacus replied smoothly as he reached a hand into Harry’s pocket and pulled out a packet of Silk Cut. Taking out two cigarettes, he passed one onto the golem and lit his with a thought. “We can’t be too similar after all and no one in the Order knows what I’m like when I’m in a passably decent mood.”

Harry lit his cigarette and copied Cyriacus’s example. “How do you smoke these things?”

“Just like you’re doing now,” Cyriacus answered. “Not the best habit I picked up but it’s hardly going to kill me now is it?”

“I suppose not.” Harry agreed as he exhaled the smoke.

Voldemort glanced from one to the other and shook his head. “I see the two of you are already falling into the role of supposed Blood Brothers.”

“Less deviations in public if we act like this in private,” Cyriacus nodded as he conjured two chairs at the end of the table. At the same time the two dropped down into their chairs, reclining exactly the same; one leg tossed over the chair arm, an arm crossed over the chest with a hand resting on a shoulder and the other arm crossed behind the head, supporting it.

“Eerie,” Pansy Parkinson agreed glancing at the Lestrange twins.

Cyriacus glared at her before turning to glance at Voldemort. “I hope there was a reason behind Calling? There are plenty of things I should be doing instead of sitting here listening to everyone exclaiming over how similar my golem and I act.”

“I’ve received the guest list for the Summit; I thought you may want to look at it.” Voldemort replied as he levitated a scroll down to where Cyriacus was sitting.

Cyriacus picked up the scroll and scanned through the list, frowning. When he finished he shot a look at Harry and then sent the scroll back to Voldemort. “As interesting as that is, it would be better perhaps to look that over when I get the security plans. Speaking of which, we need to practice for the Summit if only so everyone knows what to expect from everyone else.”

“Practice?” Macnair asked.

“Surely you’d rather know what you are going to be up against before the Summit? Otherwise I’d be just as pleased to surprise you.”

Harry smirked at everyone at the table. “I say you just surprise them, it’ll be a good show.”

“It would be amusing wouldn’t it? Like the time we ran the Auror Trials in teams.” Cyriacus
snickered.

Voldemort got to his feet, “We will adjourn to the Dueling Hall then.”

The people seated at the table got up and followed the Dark Lord out of the room with Harry and Cyriacus bringing up the rear. Glancing around as they navigated the halls they noted the ornate decorations and designs. Unsurprisingly serpents dominated a fair amount of the décor. The Dueling Hall was thirty feet wide by fifty feet long room, covered in cushioning charms. Torches lighted the room, hanging high on the walls which were windowless no doubt to prevent spells from reflecting around the room.

Cyriacus studied the room as he absently Transfigured his clothes into durable light weight silk dress robes. Once his body was covered with the billowing robes, he wordlessly checked over the Concealing Charms that hid his daggers. Moving into the center of the room, he waited.

“Terms?” Voldemort asked as he waved for his Inner Circle to move into position in various places around the room.

Cyriacus smiled coolly. “ Anything and everything, I doubt that you can do too much damage. Don’t worry; I won’t be casting anything that will be fatal.”

Once he finished speaking he began throwing hexes and jinxes so rapidly that he had five people down before the others had time to react. Constantly on the move he fluidly dodged and evaded spells as he slowly but surely continued to incapacitate his opponents. He caught the Lestrange twins with a Net spell which put them to sleep as he was nicked with a Cutting Hex by Draco Malfoy. With a sneer, Cyriacus raised both hands above his head and made a lasso gesture before bringing his hand down hard, pointing to the floor. The floor violently tossed everyone around and Cyriacus began a Fog Spell as he reached for his daggers. Moving silently he managed to stab a few of his opponents disarming them as he moved along.

Lucius Malfoy cursed as he cast a spell to lift the fog and hissed when he saw that six others were lying on the floor bleeding. Taking aim he shot a Blasting hex at Cyriacus’s unprotected back almost smiling as the younger man didn’t move out of its path. Cyriacus felt something aiming towards him but paid it no mind certain his Reflection wards would send the spell back to its caster. A startled yelp followed by a satisfying thump proved his guess correct as he and Ian Buchanan engaged in a small dagger fight. A few slashes followed by a few good kicks and the older man was down, Cyriacus dodging spells as he pushed the Anti-poison ‘gem’ on his left bracelet. A quick scan of the room showed that he had incapacitated at least thirty of the hundred or so people in the room.

“Crucio!” Several voices shouted in unison.

Cyriacus managed to dodge out of the way of six of them, only being hit with eight which he easily broke free of, it was all mind over matter after all. A wave of his hand sent the closest Death Eaters near him flying in the air before landing rather hard on the charmed floor or other DE’s. Moving towards a shadowed wall he melted into the shadow stepping out behind the group of soon-to-be Seventh Year Slytherins. A Wordless Spell coated his daggers with a Sleeping Venom as he moved forward slashing along their necks shallowly enough not to cause too much bleeding but deep enough for the venom to work. Unsurprisingly Crabbe and Goyle attempted to manhandle him and were thrown a good five feet away just like Ron and Hermione had been the day he arrived. Cyriacus smirked as he and Blaise Zabini exchanged kicks, ‘I love Proximity Wards’. Draco shot a Bone breaking Curse at him as he dodged around out of the way in case it might be reflected at him. The Curse connected snapping several of Cyriacus’s ribs, causing him to hiss as he quickly muttered a powerful Heal-all Spell.
Slashing down Blaise’s arm, Cyriacus whipped around and gave Draco a wolfish smile. “Pario Timoris!” (Bring forth the source of fear)

A huge Cockatrice appeared in a large burst of smoke, it was at least seven feet tall with the head and tail of a Romanian Longhorn and the body of a scarlet rooster. Draco screeched as the Cockatrice snapped at him and ran for his life. Cyriacus laughed as he cast a few more Terror Illusions into the crowd around him. The rest of the duel was fairly quick as the Illusions could do some damage and couldn’t be banished without the correct spell which no one knew. Cyriacus meanwhile was being supported by Harry as they both laughed hysterically at the sort of Illusions that were running around the room. There was Draco’s Cockatrice, Heather Zabini’s Thestral, his father’s Werewolf (which looked a great deal like Remus in wolf form) and Bruce Wallace’s swarm of Imps.

“Relego,” Cyriacus choked out over his laughter, the Illusions vanished in another cloud of smoke.

“God that was hilarious,” Harry said with a wide smile as he directed various Heal-all Spells to the bleeding Death Eaters and various antidotes to the Posioned ones.

Cyriacus stretched, “Wasn’t it though? That reminds me father, you’ll have to have a word with Dumbledore about my familiar.”

Severus glared at his son. “What about your familiar? Isn’t it a Snowy Owl?”

“Hedwig had an accident while I was at Arcanum so I had to get a new familiar. In fact he might unsettle you a bit.”

Severus sneered, “Do you think I frighten so easily?”

“Don’t say he didn’t warn you,” Harry commented amused.

Cyriacus smiled at his not-twin, “Sverre!”

A black mist gathered next to Cyriacus’s leg and slowly a huge wolf with silver black tipped fur appeared. Severus’s eyes widened and he swallowed, staring at the wolf next to his son.

“He’s not a wolf of course but Sverre will probably stay in this wolf form when we’re at Hogwarts.” Cyriacus explained as he stroked Sverre’s head.

Severus relaxed marginally, “What is it then?”

Sverre blinked and right before everyone’s eyes he morphed into a black silver-backed Jackal with luminous silver eyes. I am most offended at being labeled an ‘it’. I am male.

“It’s telepathic?” Phillipe Merle gasped.

I’ll have you know that I am older then all of you put together so I would suggest that you treat me with a little more respect. Sverre thought at them.

Cyriacus scratched behind Sverre’s ear. “I learned the most amusing thing about Ancient Egypt; it seems that most if not all the Old ‘Gods’ were really Demons.”

“How was that possible?” Voldemort asked shocked.

There were times when humans were nothing but weaklings, mystified by our powers. Nearly all the Ancient Religions were ruled by Demons until the forces of Order settled and blossomed. We returned back to our homeland not because we fear the Order Magicks but simply because we are
more comfortable there. One would be surprised at how much Demon blood runs through the veins of you...mortals.

Rodolphus glared. “You make us sound as dirty as the un-magical beings.”

Sverre tilted his head. From what the Grand Duke tells me of your ways, I would have to agree to that statement. To a Demon, your kind are more like the ‘mudbloods’ of your world whereas the un-magical kind are somewhat in-between.

“Why is that?” Bellatrix hissed, insulted.

“To a Demon, we would have dirty blood because we’re a form of mutation that occurs when Muggle and Demon genes mix. Where do you think we get the ability to channel magic from? Muggles are simply either a way to procreate for most of the Demons or they are fodder, so they have their uses. Wizards and Witches do not produce offspring as reliably with Demons and we are ‘twisted’ as we can tap into Demonic Magicks and the free-flowing Order Magicks.”

Lucius frowned, “If that’s true then why does the Demon Prince want Cyriacus as his Consort?”

 Normally no one would have given him a second glance but he does carry old Demonic blood, even if it is diluted. He’s a Necromancer and no Demon can channel that kind of Magic plus he’s a male capable of carrying offspring, not just Siring. He would bring not only an infusion of Old Blood but an infusion of new Gifts and abilities. What you would not notice is that we do occasionally return and claim our half-blooded children sired on mortal women. Unlike you magical folk, we know that fresh blood infuses the overall power of Demon bloodlines. Sverre glanced up at Cyriacus and then over to Voldemort. The power at Cyriacus’s disposal is such that the Royal Incubi will not give up without some persuasion. To infuse the current Royal bloodline with his would prove very advantageous, I am certain.

“Let’s not go there Sverre, they do not need to know that.” Cyriacus cut in before his Familiar could say anything else that should remain a secret.

Aristides wants you rather badly, Sverre commented privately to Cyriacus.

“He can want me as much as he likes but he’s not going to have me. As it is I am bound to the scarlet eyed one now and I have a feeling that it is far deeper and more binding than the others.” Cyriacus growled in Demonic.

Chaos magic can Corrode Order Magic, if directed correctly.

“I am no one’s brood mare!”

No one said that you were, that’s what you are assuming Cyriacus. Think of the things you could do as the Demon Prince Consort, think of the Magicks you could learn.

“I am Amorphous and I am not tempted to learn beyond what I already know. As for the Chaos magic, there is a slim possibility it can Corrode whatever it is that binds me but can it be done without damaging myself is something else. I rather like my limbs and my Gifts as they are Sverre. I have options should this not be something I desire but even then, Corrosion working on something as deeply entwined as this bond may not be possible and I will not agree to sell myself if I get nothing from it.”

All the more reason to see if it is possible.

“We will see.” Cyriacus commented before nodding to Voldemort and then fading into the shadows.
Harry was shifting from foot to foot, obviously very impatient for his Blood brother to arrive. Hermione and Ron along with Sirius and Remus were watching him subtly, noting his impatience but refraining from commenting. Minutes ticked by until the two Snapes finally appeared. Cyriacus was three inches taller than Harry with a slim but muscled frame. He had his father’s black hair which was shoulder length and flowed around his head, his eyes were a dark green. Unlike his father his skin had the lightest tint of a tan and his face wasn’t as sharply defined and as everyone noticed he wasn’t nearly as reserved. Of course, if that wasn’t enough to convince them that Cyriacus was not going to be a Snape Jr. it was the fact that he was wearing dark blue denim jeans and a tight fitting silver shirt.

“Harry!” Cyriacus shouted before crushing his friend in a hug.

Severus looked pained to see his son and Heir on such friendly terms with his schoolboy rival’s son. Remus and Sirius exchanged amused smiles at that but quickly looked away when the other man glanced towards them.

“It’s damned good to see you again Cy!” said Harry pulling away from Cyriacus. “Hullo Sverre, you remember me still don’t you?”

Sverre licked Harry’s hand as his tail wagged. Remus eye’s focused on the strange looking wolf.

“You have a wolf for a familiar Mr. Snape?” Remus asked formally.

Cyriacus finally noticed the others. “You must be Remus Lupin and Sirius Black? Harry’s told me a great deal about the two of you. Just call me Cyriacus or Cy for short, I didn’t even know I was a Snape until a few weeks ago so more then likely I wouldn’t know to answer to it! As for Sverre, yes he’s a wolf. I found him in the woods just off the grounds at Arcanum and just after that he just never left. Headmaster Randolph said that it was alright so he’s been with me ever since.”

Harry chuckled, “Do you remember that time when that stuffy old school official was visiting—“

“And thought Sverre had rabies because Charlie fed him some Fizzing Whizbees? That was hilarious!” Cyriacus finished chuckling as he tossed an arm around Harry’s shoulders.

Harry laughed and changed the topic. “So how about we go drop your things off at your room at the Leaky Cauldron and then I take you off to go see some British Wizarding shops?”

“Only if you take me to the place where you picked up those chaps, Connor would be so pleased to see you took his advice! You and I both know that Lizzie wouldn’t be able to resist grabbing your ass if you were wearing that thing!” Cyriacus’s smile turned wolfish. “Oh yes but that’s right, someone was already grabbing your ass in those things, Hotaru and Anthony if I remember those pictures correctly!”

Harry shoved him away, “Smart mouthed idiot.”

Cyriacus wiggled his eyebrows suggestively, “Oh I know how to use my mouth!”

“Horny bastard!”, Harry laughed as the two began to walk away from the Apparation point to the
Ron and Hermione stared as the two older boys walked off with Sverre trailing behind them. They were pushing and shoving each other in a friendly way as they teased each other. Remus just shook his head, very amused.

“Well! He’s definitely not your son in anything but blood!” Sirius said rather cheerfully. “We’d better go and catch up with them!”

Severus glared at them, “I’ll be on my way then, keep an eye on those two.”

“We will Severus,” Remus agreed before the four Gryffindors turned to follow the others.

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The Gardens
Shadow Keep, First Sphere, Demon Realm
Friday the 15th of August 1997
8:45 PM

“It won’t be much longer before we find him Aristides but in the meantime you must not attempt to capture the Grand Duke while we are gone.” Queen Photine told her eldest son as they strolled through the garden.

Aristides snorted. “He’s a clever man but does he really think that false identity would stop me from finding him?”

“Who says he is trying to hide from you dear brother? It’s true that he avoids making his presence known to you but has he ever hidden himself purposely? No, he’s avoiding someone else.” Chara pointed out amused.

Photine quickly interceded before her children could begin an argument. “It does not matter why he is hiding himself, he will be found very soon Aristides. I beg you to be patient while we are gone and do not pursue the Grand Duke should you find his location.”

“Worry not, I will be patient.” Aristides said somewhat absently. “How long will you be gone?”

Chara rolled her eyes, “Do you not pay any attention to anything but the reports regarding your beloved Grand Duke, brother? Mother, Father and I will be journeying through the Second and Third Spheres for the next eight revolutions. You’ll survive without seeing the Grand Duke for five mortal days.”

Aristides glared at his sister; he did not appreciate her sense of humor. “Shouldn’t you be going?”

“All in good time dear brother,” Chara said sweetly.

Photine shook her head. “That will be enough! Remember you have full powers of Regency should any problems arise in our absence. Beware of the Chaos entities, they have been more restless of late.”

“I will be cautious mother, worry not.” Aristides said giving his mother and sister a hug as they returned inside to oversee packing their things for their trip.

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Snape Manor, Cumbria UK
Sunday the 17th of August 1997
“I’m going up to my room for the night. Tomorrow’s the eighteenth so I’ll be staying in my room until probably the morning of the nineteenth. If I’m not out of my room by seven thirty, I would suggest going up to check and make sure I’m still there. I’ve got a small stock of food and drink so there’s no need for anyone to pop into my room so make sure the House Elves stay clear of it.” Cyriacus instructed his father standing in the doorway of the study.

Severus glanced up from his Potions Journal. “You’ve told me nearly two dozen times Cyriacus! I remember and I will adhere to your instructions.”

Cyriacus just sighed. “Just remember okay? I’ll see you on Tuesday.”

“Mmm, see you then.” Severus agreed returning to his notes.

Harry navigated through the halls and stairs back up to his room, barely paying any heed to the furnishings. It was a rather plain building compared to Eagle’s Spire and Riddle Mansion but it was comfortable and roomy at least. It was elegantly designed with high ceilings, large windows and durable but comfortable furniture. It had only a hundred and forty rooms or so his father had told him but the dungeons were nearly twice the size of those at Hogwarts. Cyriacus snickered, it seemed that nearly all the Snapes had enjoyed spending the majority of their time in the dungeons brewing Potions and practicing Dark Arts, probably.

Surprisingly things were going very smoothly, Dumbledore was not the least bit suspicious of Cyriacus Snape and no longer watched Harry Potter as closely as he had in the beginning. Everyone was surprised when they learned that the Potions Master had a son who was completely the opposite of his father. The Gryffindor students were slightly wary of him Cyriacus but Harry’s friendship had made them at least tolerate the other boy. Harry had been telling him about Ron and Hermione’s attempts to regain the closeness of the old Trio and Ron’s growing resentment of Cyriacus. It seemed that the red head was jealous of Harry’s close friendship with the ‘greasy git’s son’. After that the two had gone even more out of their way to populate their conversation with their time at Arcanum, their mutual friends and inside jokes. The adults were worrying about Voldemort’s reaction to finding out about his Potions Master’s son. Severus of course had reported Voldemort’s enthusiasm at the possibility of training another Potions Master and it was very likely that Cyriacus would have to take the Dark Mark and be a Spy like his father. Harry had been furious at the news but Cyriacus had taken it into stride, spending several hours trying to ‘calm’ his Blood brother.

In the end though no one suspected anything and plans were moving along swiftly regarding the attack on the Summit. Cyriacus was becoming more and more aware of Voldemort’s lingering gaze but ignored it. If he wasn’t going to play brood mare for the Demon Prince, he certainly wasn’t going to play brood mare for Voldemort! Cyriacus was becoming more and more annoyed at the attention he was drawing. Severre wasn’t helping matters, constantly prodding him to barter his body or a child in exchange for freedom from Voldemort’s machinations. After a few days of working constantly on examining the threads that bound his body and magic, Cyriacus knew that even a focused application of Chaos Magic wouldn’t free him without seriously turning him into a squib. Nothing was worth that, even his magic. Perhaps before he had gained Preeminence and become Amorphous he might have been willing to chance it but no longer, he knew the true perfection of perfectly balanced magic and he would not give it up.

Reaching his room finally which was on the third floor in the North wing of the Manor, Cyriacus opened the door and entered. The room was rather similar to his room at Grimmauld place only instead of dark woods; it was filled with golden woods and was decorated in various shades of sea-green. Locking the door securely behind him, Cy headed over to the adjoining bathroom to take a
shower before bed. Once he was dry and had brushed his teeth he headed back into the bedroom wearing a pair of satin pajama bottoms. Yawning he climbed into his queen sized sleigh bed and with a flick of his wand the lights were put out. He shifted around in bed for a few minutes before finding a comfortable spot and drifting off to sleep. Little did he know that he would not be waking again just a few hours after midnight…

The Prince’s Suite
Shadow Keep, First Sphere, Demon Realm
Monday the 18th of August 1997
3:39 AM

Even in his sleep, Cy noticed something was wrong but could not force himself to wake up even when he tried his hardest. He attempted to reach out with his senses to find the source behind what the ‘wrongness’ was but it took him such a long time that he almost feared he would never awake. The moment he regained consciousness though, he realized immediately that today was not going to be a good day, for him anyways. He knew for a fact that he had not gone to sleep with his arms tied to the headboard with silken ropes.

“I was beginning to wonder when you were going to wake my beautiful Grand Duke,” Aristides murmured from his chair next to the bed, eyes gazing at him hungrily.

Cyriacus glanced around the room and knew immediately that he was in the one place he had never wanted to be, the Demon Realm. “How did I get here?”

Aristides smiled triumphantly, “I brought you of course.”

“How did you get past my wards?” Cyriacus snarled.

“I had some help, for a price of course but once I learned how you wizards use wards it wasn’t hard to learn how to Corrode them. I only removed enough to be able to enter your room though so no one will be looking for you until tomorrow morning at the earliest. If you haven’t noticed already I’ve Sealed your Magic so you have no way to fight me unless your Chaos Magic can Corrode the Seal on your Magic. Whatever shall we do to pass the time?” Aristides asked innocently.

Cyriacus glared at him. “You do know that the moment I break free, I’m going to castrate you with a rusty knife?”

“We’ll see.” Aristides said confident in his ability to change his soon-to-be-lover’s mind. “Are you certain you wouldn’t rather do this of your own free will?”

“Not even if you were the last male in both the Mortal Realm and the Demon Realm,” Cyriacus said cuttingly.

Aristides sighed as he reached for a selection of potions which were arrayed on his nightstand, “Very well.”

Cyriacus didn’t even resist when Aristides offered him the potions, he drank them knowing it’d be easier this way. It was rape either way but at least under the influence of the Potions, his body would not object to the intrusion and thus he wouldn’t be in half as much pain when he found a way to break free of the Seal. Before the Potions could begin to cloud his mind he withdrew enough of himself deep within his mind so that he could begin the laborious task of Corroding the Seal. Hopefully it would only take a few hours and not a few days, Cy knew very well just how much sex an Incubus needed a day and he would rather not be fucked raw, Lust Potion or no Lust Potion.
Absently he could feel hands running over his now naked body but it didn’t matter, he had to break the Seal before he could think of revenge. Cy managed one final vicious smile at Aristides which promised lots of pain when he managed to free himself. As the combination of Potions went to work, he applied the limited amount of Chaos magic he could control to begin Corrosion. With the mixture of Potions clouding his senses, he never even noticed the subtle layer of powerful Chaos Magic that was binding his Order Magic from being practiced in this Realm. Nor did he come to realize the fact that Aristides had managed to not only bind his Magic but tangle the threads to the point where they looked like a bird’s nest and were just as useless.

I hope you liked the way I wrote Harry and Cyriacus; I wanted them to be a little out of character so that the Order would think all of Harry’s moodiness was from being apart. The rape is so very cliché-ish I know but it’s vital to my plot.

-SheWolfe7 (5-10-05)
The room was filled with a smaller number of members and those who were present looked worse for wear. Voldemort’s forces had struck, turning two Muggle towns to bloody ruin and destroying the majority of the grounds at Beauxbatons Academy. The Ministry was in havoc, the Defense League was rushing to and fro like a chicken with their head cut off and the Order was exhausted. Severus was snarling about not being informed of the obviously planned attack while Molly Weasley brought out pots of tea and coffee. Dumbledore stared into the distance, wondering where it was Harry had rushed off to the night before and if he was safe on his own. They would not know until he returned the following morning but his absence was worrying a large number of the Order. 

“Where do you think Harry is? I wish we had a way to contact him!” Sirius growled pacing.

Alastor ‘Mad Eye’ Moody glanced sharply at Severus and then Dumbledore. “The question you should be asking is if he had anything to do with what happened this morning.”

“You don’t honestly think?!” Remus exclaimed, jumping to his feet.

“My Godson is no Death Eater scum!” Sirius roared, grey eyes cold.

Sturgis Podmore ran an agitated hand through his straw colored hair. “Moody didn’t say that Potter was a Death Eater, Sirius. I don’t think Harry would ever work with Voldemort but that doesn’t mean that he couldn’t have known about the attack and made arrangements to either be in a position to help or do something else. We don’t know what he’s up to really, who’s to say that he doesn’t know where Voldemort’s headquarters is?”

“Potter could not know where the Dark Lord’s headquarters is as even the Death Eaters do not know where exactly the mansion is located at! The only thing I am positive about is that the Dark Lord has two such headquarters and where they are is something that none of the Inner Circle has yet to guess
“or dare to ask.” Severus practically shouted.

“Gentlemen!” Dumbledore intoned loudly as he raised a hand to silence them. “Please sit down and we will discuss this rationally, there is no use in trying to place blame on anyone in the Order.”

Sirius shot Moody a dark look but nevertheless took a seat next to Remus and Snape was staring into his cup of tea as if it held all the answers of the universe.

“Now I believe that Sturgis has a point that does need to be discussed. We do not know very much at all about what exactly Harry has learned during his two years at Arcanum. What we do know so far is that Harry is an excellent dueler and very well versed in Light and Dark magicks. He receives correspondence by phoenix or occamy, periodically vanishes to meet up with his friends from Arcanum, is scheduled to visit Mr. Ollivander every fortnight and has little or no contact with anyone within this house outside of meals and the occasional duel.” Dumbledore glanced around the table. “I would venture a guess that Harry knows quite a bit more about what the current situation with Voldemort is than even most of Ministry. I am beginning to wonder if he does not have his own network of informants supplying him with information and either books or artifacts.”

Charlie Weasley shook his head. “But why would Harry go through all that effort?”

“He’s told us flat out that he doesn’t trust us,” Hestia Jones reminded everyone. “The fact that he would go to such lengths probably shouldn’t surprise us.”

Sirius sighed. “He’s become overcautious but that’s truly no one’s fault but our own. How many times have we told him to do something without explaining why? No, I’m not surprised but my next question would be who is supplying him with the information and why?”

“No way to know unless we ask and we deserve answers! The boy’s not the only one risking his neck, if he has information he should be sharing.” Moody said with a glare.

Dumbledore nodded, wondering where he had gone wrong. “We will ask him when he returns tomorrow.”

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**Dining Room**

**Snape Manor, Cumbria UK**

**Tuesday the 19th of August 1997**

**7:45 AM**

Severus Snape looked up from his newspaper before glancing over at the clock; his son hadn’t yet come down from his bedroom. With a sigh he got up to check on his son who was hopefully just running late or sleeping in though the later was unlikely. If Cyriacus hadn’t mentioned that being a quarter Incubi made him need less sleep, Severus would have thought the younger man lived off of Sleep Suppressor Potions and Stimulants. Reaching the door, Severus knocked and listened for a response.

“Cyriacus?” Severus asked nearly pressing his ear against the door.

‘Nothing,’ with a snarl he began the tedious process of bringing down Cyriacus’s wards. ‘If that brat was just sleeping and made me come all this way…’ Severus thought just as he finished blasting his way through the final wards. The door unlocked with a click and Severus pushed it open. The bed was rumpled but there were no signs of his son, the blankets looked tangled but there did not seem to be any signs of a struggle.
“What a horrible way to start the morning,” Severus muttered as he cast various Locating Spells which all came back with Unknown as the destination. “I'd best get in contact with the Dark Lord.”

Fifteen minutes later, Severus was striding into the Dark Lord’s Dining Hall. As usual, there were at least a hundred people dining the majority of which were Inner Circle. Everyone was dressed in their full Death Eater regalia but the masks that concealed their identities had morphed into a half-mask. The Dark Lord had cunningly charmed the new masks to alter the eye color, face and voice of the wearer so his servants could not be identified. The common Death Eaters wore the plain white masks while the Inner Circle wore silver and it had already been decided that the Elite would wear gold.

The Dark Lord’s House Elves always had food in the Dining Hall, no matter the time of day as Death Eaters were always awake and about during all hours. A huge buffet table with all sorts of breakfast foods and steaming pots of coffee and tea, sat in the middle of the room surrounded by dozens of small tables which cozily sat four to six people. At the far end of the room was a longer table that sat fifty. The honor of sitting at this table was highly coveted by all and sundry but the only ones allowed to sit here were Inner Circle and the occasional common Death Eater.

Severus made his way directly to the Dark Lord, ignoring everyone else in favor of getting to his Lord and giving him the news of the disappearance of his current favorite. As odd as that sounded it was true, Cyriacus was very much the Dark Lord’s favorite even if he was headstrong and barely polite or obedient. This fact puzzled much of the Inner Circle as the Dark Lord had never tolerated any kind of insolence from any of his servants before. For the Dark Lord to be going out of his way to at least attempt compromise with his former enemy made many insanely curious but most were wise enough to know that asking any questions would lead to tremendous amounts of pain. In the privacy of their suites or private dinners away from the prying eyes of the common Death Eaters they had often discussed it but no one had any sure ideas as to why the Dark Lord was behaving as he was.

Voldemort glanced up from his steak as he saw his Potions Master approaching. “Good morning Severus, what are you doing here so early this morning? Has it something to do with your panther?”

“I’m afraid that my panther has mysteriously vanished from its cage. It looks as if he’s been gone during most of his confinement.” said Severus cautiously, well aware that the common Death Eaters were listening.

“Have you tried Locating Spells?”

Severus nodded, “His status is showing as Unknown my Lord and the Tracer Spells have not detected anything.”

“And the status of your wards?” demanded Voldemort as he quickly finished off his steak.

“There are no disturbances from the wards surrounding the Manor but the panther requires several special wards as you know.”

Voldemort shoved away from the table. “I want all the Inner Circle gathered at Snape Manor before the end of the hour, you will see to alerting the others Lucius. Severus and I will go ahead and see how the wards were evaded.”

Lucius nodded. “I will see to it immediately, my Lord.”

“You have an hour and not a minute more;” Voldemort warned before he and Severus hurried out of the room.
As Cyriacus regained consciousness, he dimly heard a sleepy murmur to his left. He felt groggy and confused but instinctually kept his body frozen in ‘sleep’. Suddenly he remembered…he had gone up to bed, taken a shower and gone to sleep…then he’d woken up tied to a bed with Aristides leering at him…he’d taken the Potions Aristides had offered and begun Corrosion before the Potions stole his mind. How much time had passed since he had ingested the Potions and for that matter, why was he in his right mind so soon? There was no way he should have woken up with his mind totally his own unless a full week had passed and he knew only two days had passed. A quick feel of his magic revealed that he had broken through one Seal but a far stronger one had barely even been affected by his Corrosion. Before he could ponder anymore his stomach gave a lurch and demanded to be emptied.

Eyes snapping open, Cyriacus stumbled out of the bed trying to guess which of the five doors in the room might lead to a bathroom. Guessing randomly opening a door on the left he rushed over to a strange looking toilet and emptied his stomach. As he knelt in front of the toilet he became aware of a very familiar burning sensation in his back and chest. ‘Merlin, what a time to need to Transform!’ Cyriacus thought heaving; ‘well I suppose this explains why I’m so clear-headed. Apparently my body didn’t take to this particular mixture of Potions and burned it out or more likely, I was born with some sort of natural defense against certain Potions. This is going to be a very bad day, I can already tell.’

The sound of vomiting woke Aristides from the pleasant dream he had been having and after seeing that Cyriacus was not in his bed; he rolled on his side and glanced at the strange globe on his nightstand. Two and a half revolutions had passed since he’d given his lover the Potions and they would not wear off for another three revolutions. ‘Now why would he be so ill so soon? Unless…?’ Aristides was grinning widely as he strode into the bathroom and wet a small washcloth and approached the violently ill quarter-Incubus.

“My poor love, is there anything I can get you?” Aristides purred.

Cyriacus managed a quick glare before another heave of his stomach forced him to turn back and pay tribute. Even over his heaving he could hear Aristides muttering about faulty Potions. After another two minutes, his stomach was finally empty and he flushed the toilet, ‘bloody strange how you find toilets everywhere, even in the Demon Realm.’ Rising to his feet, he moved to the sink and agonizingly rinsed his mouth out, aware of Aristides gleeful expression. After he was cleaned off he reached for his right bracelet and pressed one of the red ‘gems’. Nothing happened.

Twisting around he ignored his reflection as he quickly backed Aristides into a mirrored wall. “If you don’t take off the Seal on my magic, I’m not going to be responsible for the pain I’m going to cause you.”

“Not until you agree to become my Prince Consort.” Aristides shot back.

Cyriacus managed a slightly dangerous smile as he backed away and sank down to his knees. “Just remember, I’m not responsible for my actions.”

Without the Invictus Potion, he was going to be experiencing a lot of residual aches but other than that, he shouldn’t be in too bad of a shape. His wings burst out without much fuss and like normal his skin began to change as tiny little scales appeared on his back, torso and shoulders. He was practically panting as he braced himself on his hands and knees on the tiled floor. Heat began to pool in his arms traveling down to his very fingertips. A scream ripped out of his throat as his forearm and
hands. Transformed and became dragon-like with large two inch claws. Tears were dripping down his face from the unexpected pain caused by the Transformation of his hands. Cyriacus stared at his hands, if you could call them that, they definitely were not human-like and felt abnormally bulky and clumsy. He pushed back the haze of pain though, he needed his damned Invictus Potion and he would get it no matter what he had to do to Aristides.

Slowly climbing to his feet, Cyriacus glared at the gaping but very much aroused Aristides. Before Aristides could say anything Cyriacus had him pinned to the wall with his left hand lightly wrapped around Aristides' throat and his right hovered over Aristides cock.

“You will release the Seal on my magic and let me go back to the Mortal Realm or the two of us will discover just how sharp these claws of mine are as I castrate you.” Cyriacus hissed, emerald eyes burning.

Aristides blinked and then reality hit him, Cyriacus had his razor sharp claws hovering mere inches away from his cock and he hadn’t yet sired an Heir. A quick look into Cyriacus’s eyes showed that the Potions had worn off and there was a rage he’d never seen before burning in those eyes. Yielding seemed to be the wisest option he had at the moment.

“Fine, it will take me at least a half hour to undo the Seal. I suggest we find a comfortable place to sit for the next half hour.”

Cyriacus stepped back and stalked behind the Demon Prince as they headed back into the bedroom. Cyriacus spied his clothes and carefully clothed himself before seating himself on an ottoman, well aware that not all aches in his body were from the Transformation. Had he not been used to pain and learned mental techniques to distance himself mentally, walking and sitting would have been a torture in and of itself. Aristides sat in front of him and splayed his hands in front of his chest as he began Incanting as he removed his Seal. About fifteen minutes passed by before someone or rather several persons began pounding on the door. A quick look at the door and Cyriacus knew that he wouldn’t be able to undo the Seal so he just watched as the pounding became even louder. Aristides was oblivious to the disturbance as he was in a trance due to the intricacies involved in undoing the Seal.

Barely twelve minutes passed before the doors abruptly burst open, two Guards falling to the floor as the other two stumbled backwards. Behind them stood the King and Queen who looked horrified when they took in Cyriacus’s condition. Cyriacus’s hair was tousled and had some snarls in it; his pale skin was covered with bruised or scabbed over love bites, various bruises and deep claw marks. His wings still had blood on them and his clawed hands flexed, showing off the razor sharp claws.

Cyriacus glared at them. “Well what do you know, now I can have my revenge on all of you!”

Miltiades stepped past his Guards. “We had nothing to do with Aristides actions; even we would not condone rape.”

A cunning idea hit him and Cyriacus raised an eyebrow as he studied the two Royals. “How much is your son’s life worth?”

“W-what?” Photine stuttered, shocked.

Cyriacus smiled showing off his fanged teeth. “In less then ten minutes you son will finish undoing the Seal on my Order magic and unless you comply with my demands, you’ll have to wait another six years before you can attempt to sire a new Heir.”

The two Royals looked stunned by the threat but Cyriacus just flexed his claws as he slowly traced
them along Aristides shoulder and neck. His hand lingered as it traced along the jugular vein. “How much?”

Two guards got to their feet and made to grab him but Cyriacus pinned them in place with a cold glare. “If you lay a single finger on me, your precious Prince dies and I will turn this building into an inferno you’ve never seen the likes of and piss on your ashes!”

“You will have anything you desire for his life!” Miltiades said frantically.

Cyriacus smirked as he rested his hand on Aristides’s shoulder, far enough away to put their minds at ease and close enough if they decided to go back on their word. “First of all, if I find this fool within a hundred feet of me, I will show him that death would be far more preferable then what I would do to him. Second of all, you and yours will stay the hell out of my life and the lives of the other males capable of pregnancy. Third of all, if any of your kind harasses any of my offspring or descendants I will show you the true meaning of wrath! Is that understood?”

“Of course,” Photine agreed quickly.

Aristides finished Incanting and blinked as he became aware of the situation. A glance at his parents showed that he should not do or say anything.

Cyriacus patted Aristides on the shoulder. “Your parents are very kindly acceding to my wishes in exchange for your life. Speaking of which, for letting your pathetic excuse of a son live, all body parts intact, you will personally owe me five boons. Failure to comply with my boons will equal the extermination of the current Royal family.”

Miltiades gritted his teeth, “And?”

“I want a copy of every book within your library delivered to the home of my choosing by the end of the mortal month. Last of all, I want a gallon of blood from each of the current Royal Demons. Would you not agree that is a fair enough exchange for your son’s idiocy?” hissed Cyriacus, eyes narrowed.

The King and Queen exchanged a dismayed look at the last demand, was giving up sacred Royal Demon blood worth the life of one Prince?

Cyriacus saw them hesitating and decided to give them a little incentive. “Of course if I do decide to kill him, I’ll be sure to bleed him and just think of the price I could get for genuine Royal Incubi blood!”

“How do we know that you won’t sell our blood to the rest of your…kind?” Photine asked cautiously.

“I’m a Necromancer; there are better uses for Royal Blood other than Potions and common Blood Magic. I don’t doubt the things I could Summon with such pure, powerful blood.”

Miltiades looked resigned. “Will you give your word that your creatures will not harm the Demons?”

“Your Majesty, I’m planning on having sworn word and a written contract to protect not only my interests but yours as well so long as you agree.” Cyriacus commented.

“Very well,” Miltiades sent one of his guards off to fetch the Royal Scribe before turning back to face Cyriacus. “Would you like some time to…refresh yourself?”

“I’m not going to spend a moment longer in this suite of rooms then I must.”
The Queen looked at him with something akin to shame and sympathy. “Should I have a Healer sent for?”

“I will Heal anything that needs healing when I get back to the Mortal Realm. I’m sure you’ll understand, I don’t want any of your Healers tampering with my body should I be so unfortunate as to be pregnant.” Cyriacus said sourly.

Miltiades looked hesitant. “I don’t suppose there’s any way to convince you to carry it to full term if you are pregnant?”

“There is nothing you could possibly offer me to carry that rapist’s child for six months.” Cyriacus said shooting Aristides a dark look.

When the Scribe arrived, Cyriacus might have been made out of stone he was so cold and stoic. Once everything had been drafted as he wanted and sworn to all the correct powers that be, Cyriacus had a lovely little chat with Aristides about his contacts in the Wizarding world. Nearly two hours later he was directed to a Gateway which would take him directly to the Mortal Realm. Just before he passed through the Gateway, he murmured a few words and two black shape shifting Chaos entities appeared.

“No killing or fatally harming anyone but you are welcome to cause as much havoc as possible to the inhabitants so long as you go nowhere near the library or the archive. Is that understood?”

The two entities agreed readily, growing wings.

“Make sure you make the Prince’s life a living hell for me will you?” Cyriacus asked slightly amused.

“Yesss.” They hissed, grinning.

Cyriacus snickered. “Good, off you go now and remember whenever the Prince is getting cocky I want you to speak two words Evulgo Fera (Reveal Animal). Have fun.”

The two shot off and Cyriacus smirked as he passed through the Gateway. “I love being a Necromancer, damned if I can’t get away with some things. Demons are so easy to annoy since they’re so vain. Hmm, I could only wish to be there to see what happens when he gets hit with the same spell at the same time!”

The Strategy Room
Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton, Great Britain
Wednesday the 20th of August 1997
10:45 PM

Everyone waited silently not daring to speak or make a single sound. Ever since Cyriacus Snape’s disappearance from the heavily warded Snape Manor the Dark Lord had been livid and unpredictable. The Light was panicking at the sudden wave of destruction and utter slaughter which had not been seen since the height of Voldemort’s first rise. Even the common Death Eaters knew that something had gone horribly wrong and that it involved Demons. Only half the whole force of Death Eaters was participating in the recent attacks as the other half were sent to find any contact to the Demon Realm. The entire Inner Circle and the Elite had been moved to quarters at the mansion and the Elite were not allowed to travel in anything less than groups of five and were constantly under guard by at least a dozen Death Eaters. Voldemort was not taking any chances with the rest of his Elite and he was determined to find his Prime as soon as possible.
Since Cyriacus’s disappearance the Elite had become listless with Draco, Antares, Altair and Valerius particularly edgy leaving little doubt who among the Elite was the Prime. Voldemort himself was feeling irritated and angry, largely caused by the odd link the two former enemies shared. Though he couldn’t find Cyriacus through the link, he could tell at least what type of mood the other was in. It was slowly driving Voldemort crazy as the constant bursts of pleasure, lust and completion made it even clearer that the Dark Lord’s bed was empty and someone had dared to abduct his servant, his possession! And what completely made him livid was the fact that the Demon Prince was doing exactly what Voldemort wanted to do to that gorgeous, argumentative quarter-Incubi. The Demon Prince would die a very painful death should Voldemort catch him and Voldemort was determined to catch the wily Demon, whatever it took.

The last to enter the room, Voldemort took his seat and sharply demanded to hear reports on the progress of the hunt for either Cyriacus or a contact to the Demon Realm. As Lucius launched into his report, Voldemort frowned trying to find the link to Cyriacus and coming up empty handed.

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**Guest Room**

**Hotaru’s Apartment, Kyoto Japan**

**Thursday the 21st of August 1997**

**7:45 AM**

“I would have thought a shower would have helped but you still look awful,” Hotaru said as Cyriacus walked into the bedroom toweling his hair dry, wearing a bathrobe Hotaru had loaned him.

Cyriacus smiled wryly. “You should have seen me before the Transformation caused my body to begin regenerating. I can say from honest experience that Incubi are not exactly good lovers unless one likes it hard, rough and frequent. Which I’m now positive I do not like at all. A little roughness and some aggression are perfectly fine but being turned into an Incubi’s living clawing/biting post is too much for anyone but a full Demon.”

Hotaru studied the marks on his neck. “He tried to Bond you I see and it didn’t take, that’s probably when it got rough a mixture of frustration and need to show possession.”

“I’m just a lucky bastard I guess.” Cyriacus said darkly, shoving the memories away. He didn’t want to remember what had happened during the time he was under the influence of those Potions. That wasn’t him after all.

Hotaru sensed his change in mood and turned the conversation away from what had happened in the Demon Realm. “I still can’t believe you didn’t tell any of us about those Transformations of yours! We were worried about you shutting yourself away twice a month, refusing to leave your room. It’s not like we would have told anyone, all Alumni are Secretkeepers of the highest sort.”

“I didn’t even know what was going on or what these Transformations meant, I wouldn’t have told you if only to keep you safe. I get these irrational desires for raw meat and blood when I’m Transformed. Besides that, I have a record of being feared for any ‘abnormalities’ like Parseltongue so excuse me if I decided it was easier to just ignore what I was. Life is too bloody complicated.” Cyriacus replied, shifting his wings. He hadn’t been able to change back into his normal form yet and having just discovered his tangled threads of magic, it would be awhile before he had enough time to untangle them all.

‘Bad choice!’ Hotaru chastised herself. “I’m sorry! I can’t seem to find a topic that won’t put you on the defensive.”
“You have nothing to apologize for; I’m having a very bad day is all. You know how I get when I’m like this and thanks for trying to divert my attention.”

Hotaru relaxed at his words, Ha-Cyriacus always was a bit unpredictable and it was always safer to be cautious. “Besides the cuts and scratches, you seem to be fine if showing a lot of muscle and joint strain in your back, shoulders and chest. I can give you a Potion for that until you manage to untangle your magic and use the Potion that was designed to help you during Transformations. Most importantly, you aren’t pregnant and now that you’ve been uh… awakened I’ll prescribe you some Potions.”

Cyriacus snickered at her faltering. “Don’t worry about that, I did my research already and I have everything I need. It’ll be nice not to have to constantly survive off of Heredity Suppressor, I have a lot to catch up for I suppose.”

“Let me guess, by Friday the lot of you will be seeing who can get laid the most?” Hotaru said rolling her eyes.

“Maybe,” Cyriacus said amused. “Though I’d win hands down, I am a quarter Incubus after all. Are you offering to help with that?”

Hotaru chuckled as she moved over to a shelf and grabbed two Potions which she handed to Cyriacus. “You are a strange, strange person Cyriacus Snape.”

“No one ever said I was a normal wizard, Hotaru.” Cyriacus replied before downing the Potions. The first caused the bruises, claw marks and cuts to heal while the second relaxed his muscles and dulled the pain to a more bearable level.

Hotaru shook her head as she did one final scan of his health. “You can stay here for the rest of the day, if you’d like.”

“I have to get going, no doubt they’re frantic trying to find me. Besides that I have some questions that need to be answered.” Cyriacus said tone cooling distinctly.

“You’re always welcome here, don’t forget that.” Hotaru said feeling sorry for whoever was going to have Cyriacus’s rage let loose on them.

Cyriacus leaned forward and brushed his lips against her cheek. “Thanks for everything Hotaru; I’ll see you in a few days.”

“Get on your way then and keep the robe!” Hotaru said as Cyriacus waved before walking into the shadows and vanishing.

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**The Strategy Room**  
**Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton, Great Britain**  
**Wednesday the 20th of August 1997**  
**11:00 PM**

After stopping to get a quick change of clothes from Eagle’s Spire, Cyriacus headed directly to the Strategy Room at Riddle Mansion. He arrived in the middle of Montgomery’s report about his contacts in South Africa, stepping out of the shadow portal he barely managed to duck out of the way when Voldemort tossed a powerful Cruciatius Curse.

“Well it’s good to know that I was missed,” Cyriacus said dryly as he stepped into the room.
Severus was the first to speak. “Where have you been?”

“Until a half hour ago, I was in the Demon Realm. Imagine my surprise when the gateway to the Mortal Realm tossed me out in China. Idiot of a Prince probably didn’t warn me on purpose just to see where the hell I ended up. Heh, and I’m the bastard.” Cyriacus grumbled stepping into the light.

Everyone was staring at him and strangely enough it was Lucius Malfoy who blurted out the question on everyone’s mind. “What the Hell happened to you?”

Cyriacus raised an eyebrow as he stretched his wings out behind him, one clawed hand resting on his hip. “As of today, this is what the Transformation looks like. I now have wings, scales and claws; dare I hope for a tail next month? Maybe some horns?”

“You’re in a bad mood.” Valerius said without thinking.

“No shit,” Cyriacus snarled, eyes flashing. “There’s nothing quite like going to sleep in your bed and waking up the next morning trussed to a bed with someone leering at you, making grand plans for a wedding and a nursery. Nothing quite like waking up two days later feeling and looking like you’d been mauled by a bear, with your magic Sealed with the need to Transform and not able to use your painkiller. Then you end up looking like some mad scientist’s failed attempt at cross-species gene splicing! So yes, I’m in a bad mood I’ve had a fucked up three days.”

Voldemort stared at him. “Calm down.”

“And just how am I supposed to calm down? I’m not myself in this form! I have insane urges for raw meat and fresh blood, I’m easily irritated and I can’t change back to my normal form! At this point I don’t know who I blame more, my mother for sleeping with my father or you for dreaming up this mad scheme!” Cyriacus ranted, trying to restrain the urge to leap on someone and shred them with his claws. When the temptation became too great, he quickly turned around and slashed at the wall with his claws trying to ease out of the bloodthirsty mood.

“Did that help?” Anthony Goldstein asked watching Cyriacus pant heavily as he stepped away from the wall shavings.

“Some,” Cyriacus answered leaning against the wall. “Still want blood for some reason though.”

Severus glanced at his son then Voldemort. “Perhaps you should come back when you’re feeling more in control.”

“No, I came for some answers and I will have them.” Cyriacus said glaring at Voldemort. “What the hell am I?”

“Pardon?” Voldemort asked confused.

Cyriacus stepped closer to the older wizard gesturing wildly, “What the hell am I? None of this should be possible! Dragon wings on a humanoid body, clawed hands and this insane desire to eat raw meat! What the fuck did you do to us?”

Everyone was silent, unmoving. Cyriacus was angry, far angrier than any of them had seen before. His rage combined with the inhuman visage he was now sporting made everyone’s instincts scream caution. The Dragons looked at him transfixed, wondering if that was how they would look in four or five months. Voldemort however was calm as he got to his feet and circled Cyriacus with an inquisitive gleam in his crimson eyes.

You want the truth Cyriacus? I am not certain what exactly you are. The only thing I was assured of
was that all my Elite would have above normal power and physical attributes. Do you think you are the only one confused? The Transformation should not have gone beyond the wings and perhaps the scales but for it to Transform entire human body parts into a hybrid of dragon and human? I have no sure answers for you as the Anguis Potion was experimental in the extreme.

Your Potion notes, I want them!

Voldemort shook his head. They were destroyed with my downfall sixteen years ago, there is nothing left but records regarding who was given the Potion when.

“Damn you!” Cyriacus growled, restraining the urge to leap at Voldemort. “And Damn my mother.”

Voldemort quickly backed away from Cyriacus as the other began glowing with power. Cyriacus sank to his knees, overcome by a throbbing heat in his entire body. He was burning, everything that made him who he was, was changing transforming becoming something else. Distantly he was aware of the fact that he was screaming for all he was worth until everything was washed away in a painful burst of white light.

Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton, Great Britain
Thursday the 21st of August 1997
1:00 PM

It was the sound of two people talking that woke Cyriacus from the deep sleep he had fallen into. As his awareness grew, he became aware that he felt different and was almost afraid to open his eyes to see just how much he had changed. The Transformations had always frightened him on some level but now that he had heard just how little Voldemort knew about what was happening to him, he was even more anxious. So feigning sleep he listened to the conversation taking place next to his bedside.

“…Not as ignorant as we thought, though we weren’t exactly trying to hide him from the Incubi so it’s not like we failed. The important thing is that magical artifacts no longer ‘read’ him as Harry Potter and that much we managed so it’s not such a big deal.” Harry was telling someone.

“Why didn’t you go look for him?” Voldemort demanded angrily.

“Because time changes differently in the Demon Realm, fifteen hours there is like a day here and even if I had gone, there’s no way I could have made it to wherever they were keeping him without being noticed. Besides that while Cyriacus may have to answer to you, I don’t because you aren’t my Creator so it wouldn’t have mattered. Cyriacus told me to play things out as Harry Potter and going off to look for him on short notice like that would have blown my cover. Deal with it.” Harry said sharply.

Voldemort shifted in his chair, “Arrogant Demon Prince.”

“As if you’re any better? Aristides and you share a very similar trait, thinking of Cyriacus as some sort of object that needs an owner. You know nothing about what he’s like or what he’s capable of and yet you foolishly think he’s nothing more than a man with a body you wouldn’t mind having in your bed. I would have thought you’d be more intelligent about things but I suppose even Dark Lords have to have their downfall. Though I have to admit, I never would have thought sex would be yours.”

“I do want him for other reasons besides his body though that would be reason enough. He’s intelligent, talented and powerful, there are few enough wizards or witches who rank anywhere near Dumbledore and me and Cyriacus is at least my match if not more. Looking at the situation, having a
relationship or something more with Cyriacus is also very politically advancing. Only a fool would try to bring us down if we fought together side by side and despite your mocking of my intelligence, it would be easier to settle him if he shared some authority in re-shaping the Wizarding world. Being the Prime over the Elite has power over my forces yes but being my Consort and my right hand would be an honor no one else has yet to earn.”

“Even your Inner Circle?”

“They have their uses and their power, enough to keep them pleased as they have no where near the amount of power that Cyriacus and I possess. As much as some have dreamed of being my Consort, they all know that I would not accept anyone who could not wield the same kind of power as I do. Being a Dark Lord is not a simple matter, one has to rule with an iron fist yet have enough incentives to keep one’s followers loyal and working at their best. As useful as most of my Inner Circle are, none of them have the sheer power or mind to enforce their orders.”

Harry shifted. “And I suppose the fact that you don’t have to worry about a knife in the back has any impact on your decision? Or the fact that the link between the two of you is more than a simple mind link?”

“Both of those reasons merely add to the overall appeal of making Cyriacus my Consort. I am not going to list all my reasons but there are enough of them where I doubt even my Inner Circle would remark upon a relationship between the two of us.”

Silence then, “Are you planning on actually speaking to him about it? He’s told me that you’ve been making silent overtures but haven’t come straight out with it.”

“I have been ready for some time but I wanted him settled with Severus first before I approached him. The last few weeks have been rather stressful for everyone and had I approached him when he was still adjusting to the situation he may have reacted badly. Even if he was bred with a form of Loyalty oath, I thought it best not to try his temper.”

“Hmm, being your lover would be one thing but the commitment involved in being your Consort…I doubt he would be willing to agree to that.”

“I believe that I could convince him given enough time and I have plenty of time to convince him to become my Consort. My forces will follow his commands because he is the Prime and will be getting his orders from me and simply having him stand on my side is enough for the time being. However it is never too soon to plan ahead and having him as my Consort is a goal worth working towards.” Voldemort explained simply.

Harry rose out of his chair and walked away from the bed. “Well I’m happy you bothered to explain that all to me and best of luck with Cy. At least now you’ve said your piece so now you can both decide what you’re going to do instead of waiting for one or the other to make the first move.”

Cyriacus frowned as he was forced to stop pretending he was asleep. Opening his eyes he turned his head to the right only to meet contemplating red eyes.

“I really must agree with Lucius, two such beings with your personality running amok is rather aggravating.” Voldemort stated, leaning back in his chair.

Cyriacus shook his head as he carefully climbed out of the bed, pausing to untangle his left wing thumb from the coverlet. “I did say that he wasn’t completely a mirror copy of me and he isn’t, I certainly wouldn’t have been as blunt as that no matter the situation.”
Voldemort made a noise of agreement as he watched the boxer-clad wizard rise to his feet and approach the mirror. He had changed during the time he was unconscious, his body shifting to properly accommodate either the physical manifestations of the Transformation or the magical ones. Cyriacus hadn’t grown any taller but his frame had shifted becoming broader while his muscles increased in size and definition, those however were nothing that would make him stand out in a crowd. His arms from the forearm down were still dragon-like only they had become even more dangerous looking as his arms and shoulders had changed to accommodate the physical power he was now capable of. The large black wings were even more impressive as they looked to have finally completed its ‘natural’ growth. The clawed thumbs had changed into five inch curved talons and his wings now sported talons at the end of each ‘finger’, they had estimated his new wingspan to be either fifteen or sixteen feet. The final thing that would make him stand out in a crowd were his eyes, which were very reptilian looking, no doubt enabling him to see in the dark and at great distances.

“Dare I hope this is it?” Cyriacus asked softly, staring at himself in the mirror. He felt so tired and worn, too tired to bother to put up his defenses. What Voldemort wanted was something that required no secrets between them and Cyriacus was exhausted of keeping track of his lies. It had been a trying week and though he wasn’t broken he was awfully close to bending completely out of shape.

Voldemort had walked over to him while Cyriacus had been busy flexing various muscles. “What do you see when you look at yourself in the mirror?”

“What do I see? I see an abnormal being looking back at me wearing my face.”

“Why do you think of yourself like that? Is it some remnant of your relatives positive reinforcement when you were a child?”

Cyriacus didn’t even look at Voldemort who was now standing directly behind him, close enough to touch. “Asked them did you? Not surprised really, enough Cruciatus Curses would make anyone spill their life story. It’s pathetic isn’t it? All this time everyone had been expecting me to save them from the ‘Darkness’ you spread. How was I supposed to save them when I couldn’t even save myself from my Muggle relatives? I let them treat me worse than a house-elf at times and did I think to ask for help from anyone? I suppose it only goes to show how well the Wizarding world knows me or how delusional they have become.”

“Ignorance is bliss, I’m sure if they noticed the signs of abuse they talked themselves into thinking they had imagined it. After all, it’s not like they left any visible signs that would have made them delve deeper. You were always a skinny, short thing but malnutrition does that. I remember well.” Voldemort said quietly.

“They knew but they didn’t do anything about it, even the Weasleys who I thought of as family and Dumbledore who had been my mentor. Everything changed though when I went to Arcanum, they say the Isle changes you but I think it only reveals what has always been there. I am what I was meant to be and they can’t accept that and I won’t go back to what I was, I deserve better than that. To answer your question, no it’s not due to my relatives. It’s myself, all myself because I always wanted to look normal but I suppose it’s time I got used to the fact that it’s not possible for me to be normal. I suppose though a large part of it is simply because I was strong enough in this form to put that idiot Aristides in his place but not in my ‘normal’ form. I’ll adjust eventually, whether I want to or not.” Cyriacus said eyes darkening as he wrapped his wings tightly around his body.

“What do you mean?” Voldemort asked stepping closer as he cautiously set his chin on Cyriacus’s shoulder, his arms wrapped around Cyriacus’s wings and waist.
Cyriacus relaxed into the embrace and growled softly as he spoke. “Arcanum was—is my Sanctuary. I was breaking when Dumbledore sent me off to the Isle and they were the ones who revealed what I was and freed me of the breaking façade that was the Savior of the Wizarding World. At Arcanum I learned to be Harry and I learned just how to use my magic in a world that is anything but kind and forgiving. There is no Dark or Light, Good or Evil, Black or White, Order or Chaos as I learned at Arcanum. It was a lesson that I hadn’t managed to learn in fourteen years but it was the most important one I’ve learned so far. I’m sure I baffle the Order but I don’t care because in the end they don’t matter, they are nothing more than prejudiced would-be-heroes. I’m not a hero or a Saint; I’m a sinner of the worst kind.”

At this point even Voldemort knew not to speak so he just silently offered Cyriacus comfort and best of all, didn’t judge him.

“Arcanum teaches everything and I wanted to learn how to defeat you, it was a drive that nothing stopped, not pain, not weariness, not hunger. I did horrible, terrible things to advance in my Necromancy and in a strange way I don’t regret what I did because it brought me this much further. I wanted my freedom and at the time the only way to it was to kill you and I would have done anything to earn my freedom. I would have killed you and destroyed myself in the process but it didn’t matter because there’s never anyone to save the hero anyways. They called me their Savior…but you were going to be my savior and free me from this life and their delusions. That my life was forfeit meant nothing in the end, I never could have lived if I survived your death.”

Voldemort closed his eyes; drowning in the words which were so familiar…he had said many of them once too, long ago before he had found his path. “It gets better Cyriacus, it always gets better and we’re so close to freeing you. Once Harry Potter is dead, there will only be you and no more expectations, just you. I can still be your Savior if you want and you will always have your freedom, I swear it.”

“Who will save the hero when he has fallen? No one, it’s expected that the hero will simply die and that’s alright, its okay. As if all the statues in the world, all the recordings in history books make a glorious death worthwhile. They would have used me and watched me die in a hell of my own creation as they celebrated their precious won victory…I won’t give them that satisfaction though.”

Voldemort turned Cyriacus around so he could look at him. “What will you do?”

“I’m going to give them a taste of my own personal hell…” Cyriacus murmured staring into Voldemort’s eyes and then leaned forward and pressed their lips together.

Some HP/LV interaction for you and if anyone is dying for some slash, you’ll have to wait for chapter 11. I will finish uploading the rest of the chapters when I get back from running some errands.

-SheWolfe7 (5-11-05)
Chapter X
Mystery

The true mystery of the world is the visible, not the invisible.
-Oscar Wilde, Irish dramatist, novelist, & poet (1854 - 1900)

Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton, Great Britain
Thursday the 21st of August 1997
1:09 PM

Voldemort was startled but quickly recovered; pulling the younger wizard closer to him as he ravished that mouth he had stared at and wanted for weeks. Cyriacus felt an instinct in him urging him as he deepened the kiss, his tongue gliding back and forth on Voldemort’s bottom lip. The older wizard acceded and opened his mouth; Cyriacus took the opportunity and bit Voldemort’s lip hard enough to draw blood which caused Voldemort to attempt to pull away. Cyriacus opened his wings and held Voldemort in place as his tongue lapped at the blood, savoring it.

When he pulled away Voldemort looked surprised. “Why did you bite me?”

“It felt right?” Cyriacus said with a shrug. “I don’t know what it was that pushed me to it so…I don’t know. Not that it matters, this isn’t the time for that. There’s much to be done and little enough time to finish it. The world stops for no one after all and I’m sure you need to get back to doing whatever it is that you do during the daylight hours. I need some seclusion for a few hours.”

Voldemort frowned but after gazing at him for a few minutes nodded and slowly left the suite of rooms. Cyriacus waited until his footsteps had faded before releasing a tense breath.

“What the hell have I gotten myself into? Better yet, why am I faltering? I feel so…out of sorts and I can’t afford to be weak here or elsewhere. Not now, not ever again. Bloody hell, I hope it’s just stress or I’m going insane.” Cyriacus muttered as he grabbed a towel and a change of clothes from the closet before heading into the bathroom.

The Kitchen
Number 12 Grimmauld Place, London UK
Thursday the 21st of August 1997
1:13 PM

The students were surprised to see Harry seated at the table, writing on a scroll of parchment pausing
every few minutes to idly tap his quill on the edge of the scroll in thought. Sirius leaned over and glanced over the list, pointing something out which made Harry quickly cross something off. Ron and Hermione exchanged looks as they took their seats across from Harry. Ginny shook her head; hopefully Ron would let Hermione ask the questions, she at least knew how to be subtle. The adults shifted, exchanging warning looks Harry had been a bit moodier of late (understandably) and Ron had been prodding Harry. There was no doubt there would be words exchanged and all anyone could hope for was to cut it in the bud before Harry’s temper exploded.

“How are you today, Harry?” Hermione asked cheerfully.

Harry glanced up from the scroll where he was writing something down. “Quite well thank you, and you?”

“Just fine, are you working on school work again?”

“No, definitely not.” Harry said amused.

Sirius snorted, “I don’t think any homework assignment would have anything to do with the nightclubs in Leisure Alley.”

Seamus looked confused. “Why would you be writing down the names of nightclubs in Leisure Alley?”

“It’s Cy’s birthday tomorrow. We were planning on taking him out but I don’t know if he’s well enough to go anywhere yet.”

Ron’s eyes flashed with annoyance. “I’m surprised you wouldn’t just take him out to Black Death, you seemed to have had a good time there on your birthday.”

Hermione kicked him under the table, silently warning him not to push Harry. “Maybe Harry just wants to take Cyriacus to a different club.”

“Actually I wish we could take him to Black Death but they don’t allow anyone under seventeen inside.” Harry commented absently as he scribbled something down on the scroll.

Terry Boot, one of the six Ravenclaws present, stared at him. “I thought you said that Snape was going into our Year.”

Harry sighed, looking aggrieved at having to explain again. “Cyriacus is in our Year but he’s only turning sixteen, he started school a year early because he was very powerful.”

“Is that why he was accepted to Arcanum?” A fourth year Hufflepuff asked.

Harry shrugged. “Possibly but he’s very smart as well, second in my Year after me.”

“Is he likely to get Sorted into Ravenclaw?” Mandy Brocklehurst asked cheeks pink.

“He’ll probably be in Slytherin like his dear ol’ dad.” Ron said rudely.

Harry raised an eyebrow at Ron’s outburst. “That’s true I suppose but then again, I think the majority of students at Arcanum would get Sorted into Slytherin, myself included.”

Ron’s face turned red. “Maybe you should ask to get a Re-Sorting too then you can be in the same House as your boyfriend Snape!”

“Ronald Bilius Weasley!” Molly Weasley screeched.
Harry’s chair went flying backwards and he leaned forward, only a few inches away from Ron’s face. “Don’t you dare speak about Cyriacus like that! I grew up and we drifted apart, deal with it! You have no right to take out your frustration about our non-existent friendship on my Blood Brother, you brat! If you insult Cy in my presence again, I’ll be happy to show you just what I learned at Arcanum and it won’t be pretty, Weasley!”

The students gasped when Harry announced that Cyriacus was his blood brother. Harry ignored everyone as he collected his scroll and quill, quickly leaving the room.

“Ron how are we ever going to get close to Harry if you keep alienating him like that?” Hermione said shrilly.

Ginny shook her head. “I keep telling you that you’re both trying too hard! All you’re doing is making Harry less likely to want to talk with any of us.”

Ron was still gaping, face pale. “Blood brothers, they’re really blood brothers?”

“He has the mark, Remus and I both recognized it immediately.” Sirius said tiredly, thinking of the meeting Tuesday night.

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**Flashback**

**The Kitchen**
**Number 12 Grimmauld Place, London UK**
**Tuesday the 19th of August 1997**
**9:55 PM**

Everyone had been assembled and talking for fifteen minutes as they waited for Dumbledore to arrive back from his emergency meeting with Minister Fudge. Those who worked for the Ministry looked exhausted, especially the Aurors and even the others looked tired as the Order had been helping cover up any magical evidence at the scenes of the Death Eater attacks. Harry looked rather irritated and he ignored everyone in favor of scowling at his tea cup. Every so often he noticed Sirius and Remus throwing concerned looks at the jagged scar just a few inches below his left wrist.

Dumbledore arrived and the next hour was spent talking about the recent attacks, what the Ministry was planning on doing and so forth. Harry listened with one ear; mind focused on the fact that Cyriacus was missing no doubt abducted by that damned Demon Prince! Sirius jabbed him in the ribs motioning to Dumbledore who was speaking to him.

“Harry, I must ask you where you have been and what you have been doing. Your safety is very important to the Order and in fact the Ministry.” Dumbledore said slowly.

Harry idly stirred his tea with a spoon. “I had business to take care of plain and simple. Despite what you may have been thinking, I have had nothing to do with the attacks. In fact, I wasn’t even in the country when they occurred. My business is my own but I can tell you that I was staying at former American Head of Security Isaac Jamison’s summer home which is outside of Savannah. Should you wish to double check and see if I’m telling the truth, I also had lunch with Headmaster Patrick O’Donnell of the Rocky Mountain Academy, Ms. Helene Hanyesworth the premier owner of Flora Botanicals, Mr. Edward Chalmers owner of the St. Louis Oracle and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence K. Madison, owners of the International Zephyr.”

Arthur Weasley gaped at him. “You had dinner with some of the most powerful wizards and witches of North America?”
“I’m well acquainted with them as I went to school with their children or their nieces or nephews. It was hardly anything of merit really, just an informal meal with some friends.” Harry said dismissively.

“Be that as it may, I think it’s time you told us a little more about what you learned at Arcanum.” Dumbledore said in a tone that brooked no argument.

Harry silently observed them debating what was worth revealing. “Arcanum is Latin for secret and many of the things it teaches have long been forgotten. Some might say that some things would be better forgotten and I, unsurprisingly, was adept at some of the more…questionable subjects.”

“Such as…?” Remus asked leadingly.

Emerald eyes met amber and Remus shivered at the gleam in Harry’s eyes. “I’m a Blood Mage among other things.”

Gasps and hisses of surprise erupted from the Order, who were all staring at him as if he had suddenly grown two heads.


“To leave a Gift untrained is to let that Gift control you. I admit I was…squeamish at first but I learned it nonetheless.”

Moody was shaking his head. “That’s dark Magic if I ever heard it!”

“Any kind of magic can be used for good or evil and often times great sacrifice is needed to accomplish a goal.”

Remus stared at him. “What are you saying?”

“Is it worth it?” Harry asked softly. “How does one weigh worth? Is my life worth more than a potential thousand or more? Dare I sacrifice everything for one shot to destroy Voldemort? Do the ends justify the means?”

Sirius grabbed him. “Don’t speak like that! It hasn’t gone so far yet where you need to think like that.”

“How do you know? Better yet, why do you care? A few of you might care whether I walk away from this War but the vast majority is already expecting me to die. I don’t doubt that Fudge has some grand eulogy written in anticipation of my ‘glorious’ demise. Who will save the Hero when he has fallen? No one, the Hero dies and the people he saved remember his name and remember his deed but all else is ash, dust and bone. You may pretend to know me, you may pretend that you will stand at my side but in the end, the Hero dies alone after he vanquishes his enemy.” Harry said bitterly.

They stared at him speechless, struck with a mixture of shock and pity.

Harry glared at them. “What I was doing yesterday, though it’s none of your business, I was putting my affairs into order. Before I left Arcanum one of the students gave me a reading.”

“And?”, Professor McGonagall asked stomach clenching in dread.

“I won’t live out the year, in fact she distinctly said I was going to die ‘as the leaves turn’ so it’s likely I won’t make it to see October. Had it been anyone else I might have brushed it off but she’s never been wrong.” Harry said softly with a grim smile, right hand fingers absently rubbing along
that scar on his left forearm.

“Merlin…” Molly Weasley breathed, horrified.

“And now you know why I have been studying constantly and pushing all of you away, I’m a dead man walking.”

Sirius and Remus looked crushed, the Weasleys looked pained or horrified, the others looked severely ill and Dumbledore looked ancient.

Snape was the first to recover but even when he spoke his voice lacked that oh-so familiar derision. “You seem amazingly composed.”

“My fate is sealed, I can either accept it and be at peace or I can deny it and be bitter to the end of my days. I don’t think anyone knows just how difficult and frustrating it is to have to fight for every moment of life, to fight for the right to simply…exist. I’m exhausted and it will be good to rest, I deserve it.” Said Harry in a strange tone as he stared at Snape, eyes old and tired. “You hate me and I loathe you, why this happened I don’t know and it’s too late to change things. As strong as I am, as many friends in high and low places I know and have, I need to ask you to do something for me, something I entrust no one else with.”

Snape looked surprised by the request but apparently even he felt the ‘dead man walking’ deserved a last request. “What is it Potter?”

“I don’t know how you feel about being a father and I don’t know how well you and Cyriacus get along but for his sake, keep an eye on him. There are times I wish I had acted differently after Celeste passed away but I let Cyriacus cling to me in his grief and now…there’s no way to change that either. I fear how he will react to my death, it will hit him hard no doubt and I have been his rock through all the recent troubles, who is to say what he will turn to without me? If you aren’t there for him, I’m not sure what he will do but he has power equal to mine and thus is an equal match for Voldemort as well. I don’t claim to know you but whatever you do don’t ignore him. Cyriacus has an aptitude for Dark Arts and other lesser known Arts that would no doubt impress even Voldemort. Be cautious how you tread.” Harry said rising to his feet and wandering out of the room.

End of Flashback

Remus set a hand on Sirius’s shoulder, bringing the dark haired man out of his reverie. The two Mauraders exchanged a look before turning their attention back to lunch. Mrs. Weasley looked at the door with longing but resigned herself to verbally chastising Ron about his behavior. It had long become apparent that Harry was happier by himself and as he had so little time left…they would let things lie for awhile longer.

Hermione and Ron were still in a state of shock and the other students were busy chattering away at each other so only Ginny saw the subtle looks of sadness the adults exchanged.

Arcanum Institute of Magic, Unplottable Location Unknown
Thursday the 21st of August 1997
6:17 PM

“So things have finally come to an end of sorts, all these years of guiding and training the generations and it has all come down to this. Did I not tell you that things would fall out this way?” Morgan asked standing in the middle of the circle of crystals that allowed her to communicate with those who
had passed through the shadowy veil of Death.

Merlin shook his head. “So you did and I never claimed to be omniscient, things have changed dramatically from what I first Saw. This was not the path that I would have wanted for my Heir but nothing can change his path at this point. Some things must come to an end if there is to be a new beginning, blood will be spilt and lives broken but all things that come are meant to be.”

“Black spires will climb spearing the heavens/darkness shall pass into darkness and blood will pave the streets/long may he reign, the Prince of Dragons.” Blaze stated quoting one of Merlin’s prophecies. “In averting our destruction we have created a path paved in blood. We cannot turn away from the path we created and now, no regrets can be tendered.”

“They would have destroyed us so it is fitting that we destroy them.” Salazar stated firmly.

“Some will die and some will live, that is the way of things. He has the Demons under his control and the others will be soon in joining him. It is not our destruction that beckons my friend but our survival that rides on this war.” Rowena said simply.

Godric shrugged. “It will be a war the likes of which none of us have seen but we will win, it is only to be expected, he was and will always be a Gryffindor.”

“Then we are in agreement?” Morgan asked gazing at everyone, including those that did not speak. Heads nodded around the room. “I will pass the word then to the Alumni, Arcanum will stand with the Prince of Dragons.”

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**The Courtyard**  
**Eagle’s Spire, Devon UK**  
**Thursday the 21st of August**  
**4:25 PM**

Cyriacus slowly rose out of his mediation idly ‘feeling’ the threads of his magic, checking to make sure they were untangled. They were strung tightly but something felt off, as if something were missing. Descending back into a meditative state Cyriacus delved into his Core, wandered through his threads checking each over. Necromancy, Blood Magicks, Dark Arts, Defensive Magicks, Offensive Magicks, Lost Arts…they were all there and perfectly strung, separate yet together. Delving lower Cyriacus sank into the level of his Core that contained his power and instantly understood what had been missing. Between a quarter and a third of his raw magic was gone! The discovery shocked him so badly that he woke with a startle gaping.

“How the hell did that happen? Chaos Magic and Order Magic can be drawn from outside the body and I was Sealed off from my own power! Unless…of course, this stupid Transformation!” Cyriacus was thinking aloud, quickly putting the clues together. The constant trips to the Hospital Ward at Arcanum, the dietician changing his diet three times in six months, his energy levels increasing slowly with every Transformation…it seemed very possible indeed. Could this explain why he had begun Transforming years before the others? He had reached his full maturation of power earlier than most witches and wizards and he had always had an abnormally large reservoir of power to draw upon.

As he pondered that his mind raced with possibilities, the Potion what was it supposed to do? It seemed likely that it was timed so they would all mature together but how on Earth was it possible? The older Elites should have been Transforming years ago after they reached their maturation yet they hadn’t only he had. What was going on? Then again, he’d never heard of any kind of Magical
Transformation that increased the amount of raw power only to be absorbed into the Transformation itself. How? Cyriacus closed his eyes at the sudden vicious stabbing in his temple, too many questions and too few answers, tonight though, he would learn more tonight. Staggering to his feet he rushed off to begin his preparations.

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The Strategy Room  
Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton, Great Britain  
Thursday the 21st of August 1997  
8:00 PM

“Do you think he’s finally woken?” Augustus asked Lucius after shooting the door a quick glance.

Lucius shrugged elegantly. “Who is to say? The Dark Lord has been just as moody today as he has been of late.”

“…so early this evening! Unless he’s planning another attack?” Robert Carlisle was commenting to Matthew Higgs who was sitting on his right.

The Elite, who were sitting at the other end of the table were having their own discussion which was much more hushed though far more vehement.

“…driving me bloody mad!” Draco spat.

Blaise snorted. “Driving us all mad, can’t have a moment’s privacy!”

Lucinda Moon shot the door a brief glance. “Not that the Dark Lord doesn’t have a good reason, mind you. If the Demons managed to abduct Cyriacus, what chance do the rest of us have?”

“Are we really going to look like that? Ugh.” Morag MacDougal said distastefully.

“Having wings would be wicked though!” Ryan Summers said with a grin.

All conversation halted when the doors at the far end of the room burst open, Cyriacus striding through looking mildly irritated. The others however only gaped at him in shock comparing his previous look with the one he now sported. His raven wing hair was a few inches longer draped around his broad shoulders, his arms were muscular and the clawed hands looked like sharp death. His whole upper body was a scaled, dusky gold which steadily transitioned darker and darker until it became black on his forearms and wings. Cyriacus’s tattoos looked odd on his scaled body, appearing white on his black forearms and a dull gray on the rest of his body. The huge fully grown wings with their sharp talons drew a few awed stares, along with his very reptilian eyes.

Severus sputtered at him. “Why aren’t you wearing a shirt?”

“And just how do you propose I wear a shirt with these things sticking out of my back?” Cyriacus asked spreading his wings open to their full span, standing only in a pair of black dragonhide trousers and boots.

Severus blinked and then became silent as Cyriacus wrapped his wings neatly around his body as he continued his walk into the room. They watched him make his way, reptilian eyes scanning the room thoughtfully nose twitching ever so slightly. Ignoring the number of eyes watching him, Cyriacus paused at the end of the table and conjured a lounge before snapping his wings open and sprawling lazily on the plush leather lounge. As he wiggled on the lounge trying to find a comfortable position he glanced up at the eyes watching and shot them a look that plainly told them to stop staring.
Various people mumbled as they turned to their neighbor and chattered meaninglessly. Cyriacus’s lips twitched but other than that he remained motionless. Fifteen minutes later Voldemort arrived looking slightly surprised to see Cyriacus present. Once everyone greeted each other all eyes settled on Cyriacus.

“Well?” Voldemort prompted, waiting.

Cyriacus just smiled lazily, eyes shining with dark amusement. “Everything has a price and the Demons are paying most certainly. If they so much as step out of line they’ll find out just what I’m capable of and it won’t be pretty. In fact, it’ll be a bloodbath like they’ve never seen the like of.”

“How did you put them into line?” Caleb Gudgeon asked curiously.

“Let’s just say that bastard of a Demon Prince was worth something after all. Normally I’d have killed him and left it at that but he was more useful alive, had I killed him the King and Queen would have had to wait six years before attempting to sire another male Heir. This form has its uses I suppose.” Cyriacus said thoughtfully as he idly flexed his fingers.

Bellatrix looked at him impatiently. “Is there a point to this discussion?”

“No really I just enjoy talking and wasting everyone’s time, of course there’s a bloody point! I managed to buy freedom not only for myself but the rest of the male Elite and I coerced them into giving me a copy of every book in their library. The Demons will no longer interfere and if they do, they’ll pay the price.” Cyriacus said looking at Bellatrix before rising to his feet.

Voldemort looked intrigued. “I don’t suppose you would mind sharing those books?”

“We’ll see.” Cyriacus said, green meeting red. “We’ve other business to attend to tonight. I’ve a source of information which may just reveal a little about what is occurring with these Transformations. It’s best if we go now, the preparations will take some time.”

“Where are we going?” Severus asked as Voldemort rose.

“Eagle’s Spire,” Cyriacus answered idly walking behind everyone and tapping them once with a sharp claw, keying them into the wards. “Apparate directly to the Courtyard.”

Ten minutes later, Cyriacus held open the door to the Summoning Chamber waiting as everyone walked past him. The room was already lit and sized to fit the hundred or so people. Five torches stood in the center of the room in a large circle, inside of the ring of torches were four large crystals which glowed faintly arranged in a square. Everyone kept to the sides of the room, staying away from the Necromancer’s tools.

“What are you planning on doing?” Voldemort asked observing the arrangement of items on the shelf on the back wall. There was a huge hourglass with black sand, a pail of blood, a bag of salt, several sticks of chalk and two of charcoal and a bucket with several slabs of what looked like beef.

Cyriacus shut the door behind him tossing a powerful Locking Spell on it before striding into the center of the room. “Necromancy is a very old Art, one that is rarely practiced because it rarely manifests. However, it has more a few uses. I suppose I shall get the bloody one over and done with.”

Cyriacus Accioed the bucket of meat setting it a few feet in front of him, raising his left arm he pressed the third Pre-Summon Rune on his arm. A large black mist began to swirl in front of him before four lion-like animals appeared. They were about the size of a large dog with huge feline eyes and soft gray fur. Cyriacus smiled at them as the four began to rub against his legs like large
domesticated cats.

“Hello to you too my friends,” Cyriacus said petting them. “Have I got a delightful little mission for you.”

The four stopped winding around his legs as they all sat and watched him, unblinking.

Draco Malfoy snorted, “Is there a point to any of this?”

The four furred heads turned in unison and hissed at Draco who paled.

“Now, now Draco don’t insult my friends. They’re rather like you, quite vain and arrogant though they are well deserved however.” Cyriacus said when the four heads turned to glare at him. “Don’t pay him any mind Nemesis, Lupa, Ate and Ania he doesn’t know any better. In fact, why don’t you stop playing this game and show them what you really look like?”

The four exchanged looks before slowly morphing into four gold-skinned women with sable hair.

“He’s an impudent child, Master.” Ate said glaring at Draco who visibly recoiled.

Cyriacus laughed. “So are most his age, now down to business I need you to kill a few people for me.”

Lupa and Nemesis grinned. “Who?”

“Alfred De Leon and Dominic Kensington, make it painful and messy. If they ask why tell them it’s best not to side with Demons.” Cyriacus said with a malicious smile.

Ania purred, “As you will it, Master.”

Cyriacus made shooing gestures. “Off you go then, while the night is young. I hope those slabs of beef are enough?”

“Fresh meat is fine Master.” The four replied before shifting back into large predators. They each grabbed a slab of meat before vanishing into a black mist.

“What were those?” Draco asked shakily.

Cyriacus spared him a quick look. “Werecats, they’re vicious little things. They used to exist in the Mortal Realm but they were hunted down to extinction. They’re the most willing beings to be Summoned for anything that requires blood spilling and if you earn their respect, they’ll protect you as if you were their own cub. Those four are my keepers I suppose, though most of the Werecats like me passably.”

Voldemort nodded thoughtfully. “And those men?”

“Aristides’s servants, they going to get what they deserve, no one crosses me.” Cyriacus said dismissively.

Severus changed the subject. “What are the rest of the preparations for?”

“You’ll see in a moment.” Cyriacus commented as he snapped his fingers.

Tuli appeared a few steps to his right. “Master?”

“Bring me four gold chalices and some refreshments and snacks for my guests.”
Tuli nodded before vanishing with a soft pop. Cyriacus conjured a stool and took a seat and then conjured a small table to appear in front of him. Barely a minute passed before a small horde of House Elves appeared with tea or liquor trolleys while others carried large trays filled with pastries and small sandwiches.

Lucius Malfoy hesitated as he reached for a sandwich. “Are you going to be doing anything… messy?”

“Nothing that would make anyone ill,” Cyriacus assured the older man while using Steel to fill the chalices Tuli brought him.

Once everyone was served, Tuli approached Cyriacus again. “That is all Master?”

“Yes thank you, you may go.” Cyriacus replied with a small nod of thanks.

Walden Macnair barely waited for the House Elves to go before demanding, “What are you doing?”

“Preparing a Summoning of course, what else would I be doing?” Cyriacus said a bit sharply as he pressed a green Blood Replenishing ‘gem’ on his bracelet. “I’m finally ready to begin so keep your mouths shut and don’t distract me.”

Rising to his feet, Cyriacus levitated the chalices before banishing the conjured stool and table. With a wave of his hand the four chalices moved to settle on the ground a foot to the side of each of the standing crystals. Raising a hand the bag of salt flew into his hand and Cyriacus began the tedious process of making the salt circle. Once he finished with the salt circle he took up the sticks of chalk and charcoal and began to laboriously draw various runes on the ground and circles around the crystals and a circle in the middle where he would later stand. Finished with that, he sent the sticks of chalk and charcoal back to the shelf as he approached each crystal running his hands on the surface as he Incanted, runes appearing all over the panes of the crystals. When he finished with the crystals he summoned the pail of blood and dipped his claws into it before tracing designs on his stomach. A quick Drying charm sealed the blood to his skin and with another hand he levitated the pail outside of the circle directly in front of Voldemort, who raised an eyebrow in question.

Cyriacus continued gesturing as several drops of blood flew out of the bucket and affixed themselves into a rune on Voldemort’s forehead, a Drying Charm sealing it to his skin. Continuing, Cyriacus charmed the same blood rune on each person in the room before finishing now completely ready to begin the Summoning.

“I Summon Spirits of the Celestial Plain by the Offering of my Blood, I Summon the Spirits by the crystal spire! By the Blood of the Illusionist, I Summon!” Cyriacus said as he made all the appropriate runes to go with the Summoning.

Light flared around the crystals before ghostly shapes stepped out of them, two were familiar to most of those in the room. One was a woman with long auburn hair and familiar emerald eyes and the other was a tall slim man with messy black hair, round glasses and brown eyes. Some of the Elite stared at Harry’s parents but the adults were staring at the other two, both were middle aged men, one with straight gold blond hair and the other with a head of curly raven hair.

“M-m-merlin!” Charles Zabini choked out, pointing to the blond man.

“Recognized me have you? I always was surprised by how many people could never recognize my younger self.” Merlin confided with an amused smile.

Lily and James were both staring at their son in shock.
“What on Earth happened to you?” Lily exclaimed shrilly.

Cyriacus shrugged and pointed to Voldemort. “Blame him.”

The unidentified black haired man standing next to Merlin gazed at Voldemort with interest. “Hmm, so you’re the one continuing the legacy of Dark Wizardry? Morgan would no doubt approve.”

“Morgan approves of anyone practicing Dark Wizardry.” Merlin pointed out.

Voldemort glanced at Cyriacus. “This was how you were going to get answers?”

“How else do you propose we go about it? None of the other Elite have begun their Transformation and I’m more than just the by product of the Anguis Potion, I’m the product of the merging of two old Wizarding Families and the Magical Adoption of yet another old Wizarding Family.” Cyriacus said in defense.

The dark haired man nodded, “Exactly so my little Prince of Dragons.”

Merlin elbowed the other man hissing, “He’s not supposed to know yet!”

“He’s not an idiot and the Dementor Lord has been dropping all sorts of hints I’m sure.” Blaze replied rubbing his sore ribs with one hand as he bent to grab the chalice next to his crystal.

James shook his head as Lily and Voldemort argued while Blaze and Merlin bickered about what Cyriacus was allowed to know. “The look suits you, have you tried flying yet?”

“But you’ve been worried; you’re still my son even if you weren’t born of my blood and bone.” James said softly, reaching out to ruffle Cyriacus’s hair.

Cyriacus moved away from the ghostly touch, “Dad, stop it!”

James just smiled. “Pulled any good pranks lately?”

“I’m pulling the biggest prank on the Light on Wednesday.” Cyriacus said with a grin.

James looked serious. “Speaking of that, I think you really should talk to Sirius and Remus about the…situation.”

“Are they trustworthy?”

“They both have been just as used or abused by the Light as you Cyriacus. The only reason why they have stayed with Albus is because of you.”

Cyriacus hesitated and then ploughed on. “My parentage won’t be an…issue?”

“You’re still my son that hasn’t changed and even if it mattered, they’ve begun to know you, not James Potter’s son. Trust me Cyriacus.” James said firmly.

“Alright,” Cyriacus agreed.

James grinned and spoke softly. “I love you, even if you aren’t blood of my blood but you’re still my son Harry. Don’t doubt that.”
“I love you too dad.” Cyriacus said with a quick grin, relaxing a little. “We’ll talk again soon but I’d best get everyone back on track.”

At this point, Voldemort was arguing with Lily and Merlin about the Anguis Potion while Blaze and Severus were talking about Potions and other Blood Gifts of their family. Rolling his eyes, Cyriacus gestured and created a loud thundering noise, everyone falling silent.

“As stress relieving at it is to point fingers and blame, I think it best if we get down to business. We have no records of all the things the Anguis Potion was supposed to do besides the wings, abnormally high power and physical adaptations. Shall we start with my Gifts or the Family Blood Gifts?” Cyriacus asked as he conjured a stool, desk, parchment and a recording quill.

The four spirits exchanged looks. “Your Gifts.”

“Necromancy.” Cyriacus spoke as the quill began to scribble down the conversation.

“That’s from me obviously.” Blaze answered.

“Shadow Stalking.”

Lily and Merlin exchanged uncertain looks before Lily spoke. “That’s probably from my father.”

“It would have to be, I couldn’t Shadow Stalk.”

“Blood Magic?”

“Mine.” James, Blaze and Merlin all said at once, the two others gazing at James in surprise which was quickly replaced with thoughtfulness.

Blaze frowned. “You trace your line to Godric Gryffindor?”

“My family is a cousin branch.”

Merlin shook his head. “My descendants were mostly squibs so you aren’t a child of my line.”

“I had two sons and a Magically Adopted daughter; it could be that you’re from my line somehow.”

Cyriacus groaned. “Have I mentioned how I hate that Purebloods are related to everyone?”

James shrugged. “You can check the Tapestry at Eagle’s Spire, it’s in the side room to the left of the Library.”

“Dark Arts? Lost Arts?” Cyriacus asked reviewing the Gifts already listed.

“That could be from either of us,” Blaze said gesturing at Merlin and himself.

“Or it could be from my father.” Lily added with a frown. “Dark Order magic is somewhat similar in nature to pure Chaos Magic.”

Cyriacus grumbled as he conjured another quill which began writing a rather lengthy paragraph based on Cyriacus’s thoughts and a few odd things he’d learned from Arcanum that may have a connection.

“Moving onto personal adeptness and physical oddities, some form of immunity or resistance to some poisons and Potions?”
James spoke up. “That’s possibly from my family; Gryffindors and Potters have always been ardent fighters.”

“Mastership in Occulmency and Legilimency?”

“My family.” Blaze and Merlin both said in unison.

Cyriacus paused as the two quills scribbled furiously, “Wandless Magic? Wordless Magic?”

“And again,” Merlin added.

“My family as well, and probably your grandfather too, Demons don’t use a focus.” James pointed out.

Cyriacus muttered darkly as the quill recording his thoughts filled up a huge portion of the scroll.

“Tracking? Tracing?”

“My family,” Blaze answered.

Lily sighed. “Your grandfather too, I’m sure.”

“Speaking of which, have you run across him yet?” Merlin asked, interrupting.

Cyriacus shook his head. “No but I always expect to. Forty years is nothing to a Demon, even an old one.”

“Huh well, I expect you will soon, what with the Demons having made such a fuss over you, Grand Duke indeed.”

“Less need for sleep and rest?”

“Your Grandfather.”

“Me as well,” Blaze commented.

Cyriacus frowned thoughtfully. “Would you classify the Transformation as a form of Animagus Magic, Metamorphamagus Magic or a form of Transfiguration?”

“I would guess that it is more of the first two rather than the latter.” Merlin answered, Blaze nodding in agreement.

“And?” Cyriacus prompted.

“Neither are a regular occurrence in my family or Merlin’s.” Blaze answered.

James shifted idly. “The Potters produce Animagi on a fairly regular, every generation basis.”

“I’m sure your Grandfather excelled in changing his features.” Lily pointed out.

“The more we mention him, the more I wish he was here so I could throttle him.” Cyriacus muttered irritably as he continued to ask questions and scribble down answers.

I got the names for the Werecats these from Theoi.com: Lupa- personification of Pain, Ate-Personification of ruin, blind folly and error, Nemesis- Goddess of indignation/retribution and Ania-Personification of Trouble. Amusingly enough they’re all personified by women thus my four
lionesses.

-SheWolfe7 (5-11-05)
Harry’s Room
Number 12 Grimmauld Place, London UK
Thursday the 21st of August 1997
10:30 PM

Knock, knock, KNOCK! Harry rolled out of bed in motion well before his mind caught up with him, wand in hand pointed at the door. With a growl, he stormed over to the door and jerked it open.

“What?” Harry growled, rubbing his eyes with his other hand. He had been having a good sleep until someone came and bothered him.

“Emergency meeting get dressed for battle.” Shacklebolt said before striding away.

Harry stared at the Auror as he walked away before slamming the door shut and cursing. “God damn it! Just fucking wonderful! Can’t Voldemort resist for one bloody day this week? I’m tired of getting my ass busted out of bed just to go chasing off to a massacre.” Harry tossed on some clothes and special dueling robes before stomping down to the kitchen in a bad mood.

Dumbledore and Madam Bones were deep in conversation when he arrived and when Dumbledore spoke, everyone was shocked silent.

“We’ve just received word from one of our spies; we have the location of one of Voldemort’s bases. The Minister and I have discussed the matter and we’ve decided on a pre-emptive strike tonight as Voldemort is away on business according to our spy.”

The moment Dumbledore finished speaking everyone was talking at once.

“…Insane?”

“Can we trust the source?”

“…many will be with us? This isn’t going to be easy, Dumbledore!”
“Enough!” Dumbledore said loudly quieting everyone. “The source is very well trusted and not only will the Order be going but we will have support from both the Ministry and the Defense League. It’s important that we weaken Voldemort’s forces, if only to slow down his advance.”

Harry drew a deep breath mind racing. ‘Shit, shit! What the Hell am I going to do? No one’s to know just what Cyriacus and I can do! Damn I wish I had had some early warning, this is so not going to be good.’

Moody glanced at Dumbledore, Harry and back again. “Are you sure Potter should be going with us? We all know after all what’s coming…”

“War is merciful to no one and I’m hardly so weak, I’m going.” Harry said shortly.

Sirius swallowed. “How long until we move into position.”

“We move at 10:45 and strike at 11:00, if you have any last things that need to be done, do them.” Dumbledore said shortly as he and Madam Bones moved away to talk strategy.

Harry just stared at his fingers, thinking about what he could to do impede the Light without giving himself away. This night was not going to be pleasant in the least.

The Summoning Chamber
Eagle’s Spire, Devon UK
Thursday the 21st of August 1997
11:07 PM

After spending two full hours discussing the situation with feedback from Voldemort about what he had wanted the Anguis Potion to do, they had come to a few conclusions. None of which pleased Cyriacus at all. His missing power had gone into feeding the Transformation; there was definitely no doubt about that. It had taken a considerable amount of power to completely reshape his very body structure to accommodate the abnormal physical changes. The Blood Gifts were very clear cut inherited from one family or the other but any attempts to guess at the lesser abilities or physical enhancements were like trying to hold a fistful of sand. They could have either come from one or two families, the Potion or an odd mixture of all three.

It was frustrating in the least and for all appearances, no one was guaranteed to have a clear cut answer even when the others Transformed. The elder Snape, Malfoy, Lestrange brothers and Bellatrix had all been given a separate version of the Anguis Potion as they were the most trusted of the Inner Circle. This would lead to Draco, Antares, Altair and Cyriacus sharing a set of similar traits which would be distinctive to them alone while the rest of the Elite would share other characteristics, at least that was what they were supposing. No one would know for sure until everyone had begun and finished their Transformations and comparisons could be made. Talk about a tangled web of lies, secrets and unknowns…

“I really wish you hadn’t picked up that habit, dear.” Lily commented, watching Cyriacus smoke.

Cyriacus graced his mother with a wry smile. “Then I shouldn’t tell you how I spent the three days after I found out the truth in July. Hangover does not even begin to describe what I felt like after three days of drinking.”

“I still don’t know how you managed to drink all that Douceur de Vivre.” Draco muttered.

“Lots and lots of practice, we didn’t always study ourselves into oblivion at Arcanum. Just because I
was celibate didn’t mean that I didn’t have other ways of amusing myself.” Cyriacus said simply.

Blaze shook his head and steered away from mentioning the follies of being young. “You haven’t been able to Transform back? How often have you tried?”

“Once before I attempted to untangle my magic, once after and then once again before the meeting,” Cyriacus listed.

Merlin made a thoughtful noise, “And it’s been almost twenty-four hours since you changed?”

Cyriacus looked inquiringly at Voldemort who nodded. “It seems so.”

James looked puzzled as he glanced at Merlin, Blaze and his son. “Why would that matter?”

“His body probably was not prepared to Transform back as a large portion of his raw magic went into literally re-shaping his very body. It is no doubt very exhausting and strenuous the first time if the Transformations happen as rapidly as Cyriacus describes them.” Blaze theorized.

“Lovely.” Cyriacus muttered darkly before smirking lazily.

Lily blinked at her son wondering what he found so amusing. “Cyriacus?”

“My, my that was particularly brutal…I suppose Werecat execution isn’t very pleasant but then again with a motto like theirs one can only expect that.” Cyriacus commented absently, eyes distant.

Dolohov exchanged a wary look with Rookwood before asking, “And that motto being?”

Cyriacus snapped out of the slight daze he had been in and flashed a particularly vicious smile. “No mercy and no forgiveness.”

Several people shivered at his words and the particularly feral look in his eyes while Blaze just snorted at his Heir’s dramatics, even if it was indeed truth.

“Why don’t you try Transforming again? I’m sure you’re body has had enough time to fully recover from the strain.” Merlin suggested.

Cyriacus shot the wizard a slightly skeptical look but obediently gave it another try. At first nothing happened so he relaxed his guard and was immediately bowled over by a fierce burning sensation that flared in his very veins. Weakened by the surprising feeling he crashed down to his knees, his cigarette falling out of his mouth as he gasped for breath as his body shifted. Wings folded, shrinking and drawing back within his body, scales returned back to skin and his arms felt as if they were melting as they reformed back to their normal shape and still that burning sensation continued. The final Glamour which hid the Living Metal shattered spectacularly and suddenly Cyriacus knew the source of the burning in his veins. As he watched, the Living Metal flared with life changing to accommodate the smaller wrist and hand. The *Invictus* Potion drained into his bloodstream as he stared at the Metal which had altered along with him. The bands of silvery metal around his fingers and wrists had been plain before the Transformation but now they were imprinted with ancient runes surrounded by intricate curving artistic designs.

“Well I’ll be damned,” Cyriacus murmured finally.

Merlin and Blaze were both gaping at him, completely shocked. “You are a Caster?”

Before Cyriacus could answer a familiar rasping voice echoed in his mind, along with an image of a battle; ‘They come in force at the secondary base north of Wisbech. We will need enforcements
immediately if we are to hold the fortress!

“Fuck! No time to talk,” Cyriacus swore as he quickly wrote the ending runes to finish the Summoning. “Voldemort, the Dementor Lord just contacted me; they’re overrunning our forces north of Wisbech! We need reinforcements if we’re to hold it.”

Voldemort’s eyes flared. “How?! No one knows the location outside of the Inner Circle and a few… a spy! Damn it all to Hell!”

“Kill the spy after we beat back the Light! Can everyone here fight?”

“Of course!” Lucius snapped, personally offended.

Cyriacus smothered the torches and snarled, “Wands at the ready then, we’re going into a war zone!” Tossing out his arms in the darkness, Cyriacus gathered the others to him and plunged them into the shadowed corridors of the Chaos Plane.

The Grounds
Slytherin’s Citadel, Cambridgeshire UK
Thursday the 21st of August 1997
11:15 PM

They appeared in the middle of the battle, spells flying from every direction. The moment they arrived, Voldemort snapped out orders and the Inner Circle fled to obey his commands as they supported the common Death Eaters. The Elite moved into shadowed areas and began shooting spells from a distance; they couldn’t afford to be caught after all. Voldemort had wandered off to rally his men and only Cyriacus remained, scanning the surrounding grounds for a higher vantage point so he could let loose a few of his creatures. Spotting what looked like a bell tower in the distance, he Shadow Stalked to the top of the tower, half hiding in the shadow Doorway.

Pointing his right pointer finger at the lines behind the attacking Light forces he touched the first tattoo on his right forearm, Incanting. When he spotted the rippling silver mist he pointed at another position behind the Light and touched the tattoo again, repeating the gesture another two times. The silver mist spiraled and swirled, unnoticed by the Light as Cyriacus gave his creatures their orders.

“Break up the forces, claws and teeth only. Touch no one like this,” Cyriacus sent a mental image to his creatures showing what the Death Eaters were dressed like or specific Death Eaters, the Elite and Voldemort, basically everyone who was to remain untouched. “Your price is blood and you may have a much as you will, kill as few as you can though. You are to break their ranks and cause a retreat, not massacre them they must not know how powerful I am or you are. Understood?”

Cyriacus felt a mental signal of agreement and so he quickly finished piercing the veil holding them between planes of existence. Barely seconds after he released them, the clouds of silver burst with light as huge lizards appeared from nothingness. Quick as lightening they moved forward shrieking and snapping at the Light wizards, easily breaking their lines. Broken screams ripped through the air as the lizards tore through the Light wizards. Voldemort knew instantly that the lizards were Cyriacus’s bid to break up the fight and he roared for his followers to push forward.

Somewhere in the middle of the battle, Harry’s voice rang over the screams and shouts. “Retreat! They’ve got a bloody Necromancer! Retreat if you value your lives!” Then the sounds of Disapparation flooded the air and within five minutes, the field was empty of combatants.

Once he was sure that all the Light wizards had gone, Cyriacus quickly banished the lizards and
stepped out of the Doorway, slumping against the wall and down onto the floor. A wave of dizziness and fatigue washed over him, it would be some time before he tried Summoning that many beings into this plane again. If it hadn’t been an emergency, he wouldn’t have tried it but drastic circumstances called for drastic measures. He wasn’t sure how much time passed as he sat there not doing anything but breathe and blink. It was the sound of his name that brought him out of the slight daze he had fallen into.

“Cyriacus?” The voice was smooth like silk.

Cyriacus managed to speak. “Father?”

A rustle of robes and then his Father was kneeling next to him, one hand holding his lit wand while the other caressed his forehead checking his temperature. When Severus was certain he was well, he calmly asked him what was wrong.

“Tired, just…tired.” Cyriacus answered as he attempted to push himself back up into a standing position.

Severus latched onto his arm and pulled him up. Noticing that his son was shirtless and the air was rather chilled, Severus quickly unclasped his robe and wrapped it around his pale looking son. Slowly the two made their way down the spiral stone steps back to the ground where the others were checking over the fallen. Cyriacus was ready to sleep he was so tired not only from casting such a wide range Summoning earlier but also the impromptu Summoning of a colony of lizards from the Beast Realm. Yet the moment he neared a pile of dead Death Eaters, he noticed something was wrong.

Lucius Malfoy raised his wand, “Incen-“

“No!” Cyriacus shouted, blasting Lucius away with a wave of his hand.

Lucius landed on the ground with an “Oomph!” of surprise. The other Death Eaters turned to look at him confused or curious.

“What is the matter?” Voldemort asked as he joined them.

“You mustn’t burn any of the bodies until after I’ve looked at them. Harry managed to trap most of the Death Eaters between life and death. Any remaining injuries can easily be healed before I put them back, I suppose you could say.” Cyriacus commented tiredly as he dropped somewhat gracefully to the ground.

Severus was at his side immediately. “Cyriacus? Are you well?”

“So damned tired but I’ve only got two hours to return them back to a living state or they move on to death.” Cyriacus explained shaking his head as he pressed the white, lavender and orange ‘gems’ on his bracelet. “You’ll have to bring the bodies to me; I haven’t enough energy to waste walking around.”

Severus twisted around and with a flick of his wand lifted one of the bodies and brought it over to Cyriacus who yanked the mask off and set a hand on the ‘dead’ man’s forehead and started incanting. The others moved off to heal the injuries on the ‘dead’ in preparation for their return to the living. The combination of Wit-Sharpening Potion, Sleep Suppressor and a stimulant would keep exhaustion from overwhelming him until he finished his task.

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A Meeting Room
Havoc…that was the only way to describe it. All around him everyone was arguing accusing each other of some misdeed or another. Fudge was bellowing about the spy ‘not getting enough information’ while Amelia Bones and Kingsley Shacklebolt were exchanging hissed words. Dumbledore was speaking to a group of wizards and witches who were from the Defense League that apparently weren’t happy with the night’s outcome. The pre-emptive strike was a dismal failure…and morale was quickly sinking.

Harry was sitting quietly in a corner, observing the constant bickering of the others and realizing just how tenuous the Light’s alliance was holding. It wouldn’t take too much work for a few well thought out rumors to circulate before things flared and alliances broke. Making a note to speak to Cyriacus about it, Harry was abruptly broken out of his train of thought when someone shook his shoulder.

“Mr. Potter? How did you know there was a Necromancer there?” Professor McGonagall asked looking at him searchingly. Silence spread around them like a ripple effect until the entire room was quiet and scrutinizing him intently.

Harry crossed his arms and raised his eyebrows. “How did I know? I studied at Arcanum which is probably the only school of magic that teaches Necromancy. I didn’t know any Necromancer’s personally but every student learned how to combat every Art taught there. Those were Spitting Lizards, we’re lucky that they only used their claws and teeth. If they had been commanded to Spit, we’d either be dead or practically cocooned. From what I remember they produce a sort of acid that well…it wouldn’t be a pleasant way to die or they produce a kind of saliva that’s more powerful and sticky than Acromantula silk. It takes about a minute to begin drying and then you could struggle all day and night, cast spells and hack at it with a knife and you’d never get free. It takes a special kind of Potion to undo the effects but I never learned it.”

Fudge buried his face in his hands. “How are we supposed to stop a Necromancer? They will just raise the dead as they fall! We’d be overrun!”

“Actually Minister that would be rather pointless, from what I recall a Necromancer can only restore the dead if they’ve been dead less than an hour and even then the person remembers every aspect of their life. It’s a large waste of energy so I can’t imagine any sane Necromancer being willing to bring back more than one person every three days.” Harry clarified.

Dumbledore frowned. “You wouldn’t happen to know how many Necromancers have graduated from Arcanum?”

“I don’t know that and even if you were to ask, they probably wouldn’t tell you. Our lives are our own after we leave the shores of the Institute.”

Madam Bones glared. “But this is War!”

“It doesn’t matter if there is a War going on; Arcanum has always stayed out of the affairs beyond its shores. Wars come and go, people live and die that is the way of the world.” Harry said dismissively. “What you should be concentrating on is what to do from this point forward. We know that Voldemort has at least one Necromancer with him and we now know the location of one of his strongholds. You should be thinking about what went wrong with the attack tonight and what you should have done.” Harry said calmly.
“For instance, things seemed to be going fairly well but I can tell that the members of the Order of the Phoenix haven’t worked much with the Ministry. The Defense League seemed to be quite good at supporting the others but they seemed to be a bit weak offensively. I’d suggest more exercises between the three groups and perhaps gaining as much information about a place and planning things a bit more thoroughly before deciding to attack? The Death Eaters seemed to have a very good communication network as it only took fifteen minutes for them to send for reinforcements, we’ll have to make sure that our network is as good or better.”

Quite a few people stared at him incredulous but his calm manner seemed to spur others on and soon enough people were making suggestions on how to improve the cohesiveness of the group. Harry smiled inwardly at his work, they would improve surely but that meant that as they were busy training there would be more time to gather information about their safe houses and their forces. Death Eater recruitment was advancing quite rapidly and Voldemort seemed to have his troops well trained, by the time the others learned cohesion, it would be too late.

Cyriacus’s Suite
Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton UK
Friday the 22nd of August 1997
11:22 AM

The room was unfamiliar to him and from the murmur of noise around him he guessed that he had been moved to the wing the other Elite were living in. He woke up feeling tired and irritable; a hot shower did little to cure his lingering lethargy and in fact seemed to make his mood worse. Frowning at his selection of clothing which included plain Wizarding robes, black trousers, white button up shirts, black silk boxers and non descript black shoes he grumbled about his father’s rather conservative tastes. Five minutes later after a long conversation with one of the House Elves from Eagle’s Spire and he now had a much better selection of clothes. Promising to have a word with his father later about his drab choice in apparel, Cyriacus got dressed and moved back into the bathroom to style his hair. After a few charms to cut and trim his hair and a few dollops of Super Stick Hair Gel, he admired his spiked coiffure.

Striding back into the bedroom, he opened the door on the far left wall and found himself staring into what looked like a sitting room. There were clusters of chairs and sofas, as well as end tables, desks, various bookshelves and rugs. It looked fairly cozy decorated in dark blue and green. Various members of the Elite were sprawled here and there, chatting, reading books, or playing various card games. Shaking his head, Cyriacus closed his door behind him and continued forward. No one noticed him right away as everyone was involved in something. Unsurprisingly it was Draco Malfoy who noticed him first.

Closing a book as he rubbed his eyes, Draco froze upon seeing him and then relaxed. “It’s about time you woke up Cyriacus, we were beginning to think you’d never wake up.”

Cyriacus shrugged as most of the attention in the room was turned to him. “Well what can I say? Being a Necromancer isn’t as easy as it seems. I channeled too much energy in too short a time frame and I paid the price for it.”

“At least you’re awake now; maybe you can talk some sense in the Dark Lord? We’ve been cooped up together since the Demon Prince kidnapped you. It’s driving us all mad.” Pansy Parkinson said with a frown.

“I’ll do my best I suppose; I need to get some fresh air. I’ve been feeling a tad bit claustrophobic of late.” Cyriacus replied glancing around the room. “Where’s the-“ Cyriacus began but stopped as he
sensed his golem Shadow Stalking into the room, emerging from between a bookshelf and a desk.

“And here’s the birthday boy!” Harry said grinning.

Cyriacus blinked and then smiled. “I forgot, how silly of me!”

Harry made a tsking noise as he walked over to Cyriacus. “How do you forget your own birthday? It’s a good thing that I made all the plans then.” Harry paused as he glanced at Cyriacus’s choice in clothes. “Hopefully you have something better than that? We’re going clubbing tonight and I refuse to take you anywhere dressed so primly.”

“Primly?” Blaise Zabini asked glancing at the snug fitting linen trousers, and the clinging white tank that left little to the imagination.

Cyriacus’s lips curved into a lazy smile. “We’re going to Corruption then?”

Harry smirked. “Where else would we go? There’s no better magnet for the kind of game you’ll be after, my dear quarter-Incubus.”

“I do so love the way you think,” Cyriacus purred, eyes warm. He was dying to indulge himself now that he no longer had to be celibate, it had been very hard to keep things to kissing only but now there were no more limitations.

Harry snickered softly. “We need to get going since we’ll be having lunch at the Order Headquarters. I would suggest you turn right back around and change your clothes because we aren’t going to have time to stop and wait for you to get changed later.”

Cyriacus shook his head but did as he was told while Harry sprawled on an armchair, waiting for him to come back.

“What’s Corruption?” Ryan Summers asked Harry.

Harry snickered at the blond boy. “It’s a place that you can’t even imagine but I’ll give you a brief description: alcohol and good looking men and women wearing very little clothing.”

“But he’s not ‘legally’ old enough to drink.” Morag protested.

“Where we’re going there is no such thing as legal,” Cyriacus commented, standing in his doorway. There was a long silence before Harry whistled his approval. Cyriacus was wearing very tight leather pants which had chains threaded through the loops around his waist which happened to dangle right in-between the junction of his legs. He had traded his tank for a silver shirt spun from Spidersilk which managed to drape around his figure, showing off his muscled arms and framing his torso in a sort of see through material. It was a tantalizing shirt altogether as it both hid yet hinted at what lay beneath it.

Harry shook his head. “I totally forgot you had that shirt! Damn it Cy, do you know how much bitching Anthony and the others are going to be doing with you dressed like that?”

“Anthony could find other ways to use his mouth.” Cyriacus suggested, raising an eyebrow.

Harry choked and sputtered. “But I thought you didn’t want to get involved with him! He’s got all those crazy Vampire relatives.”

“And who am I to talk? I’m a quarter-Incubus who happens to turn into a cross between a dragon and a human on a regular basis. It might be fun for a while.”
Until Voldemort hears about it anyways, Harry hissed in Parseltongue.

Cyriacus crossed his arms. He doesn’t own me and we aren’t lovers yet. He can’t honestly expect me to only sleep with him and Aristides!

Cyriacus, we both know he’s possessive, why are you even thinking of this?

Maybe I don’t want him.

Harry cast him a skeptical look. Right and that explains the weird bond the two of you have? Or the fact that the two of you can rarely be in the same room without one of you wanting to pounce on the other?

He doesn’t own me and I’m not going to be his bitch or brood mare!

Uh huh, and he told you explicitly that that was what he wanted? Don’t be an idiot!

Cyriacus growled and would have said something scathing but a cool voice broke into their conversation.

Harry’s right, I am possessive and I never said that you were going to be my ‘bitch’. You are going to be my lover and eventually my Consort, both of which have more prestige and honor than merely being a toy for physical pleasure. Voldemort commented, crossing the room to stand directly in front of Cyriacus. And why are you dressed like that?

It’s my birthday and we’re going out to celebrate. Cyriacus said weakly.

Voldemort slowly glanced up and down his body. If you are looking to have a memorable night, I would be more than happy to oblige you.

Harry laughed at the blush that crept over Cyriacus’s face. See? You hardly need to go to a club to get an offer to get laid. In the end Voldemort’s probably a better choice, Anthony might want to snack on you afterwards.

“You think you’re so bloody funny, don’t you?” Cyriacus growled in English.

“No, I think the whole thing’s damned funny. Admit Cy you’re probably frantic, it’s been what four days since you’ve gotten la-” Harry was immediately shut up by a Silencing Hex cast by an irate Cyriacus.

Cyriacus growled at his golem. “You’re right, two people with my personality is rather grating. Thank Merlin that everything ends on Wednesday or he might just drive me mad before then!”

YOU JUST WON’T ADMIT IT. Harry wrote in the air with his wand.

As the two bickered, Voldemort shook his head exasperated with them while the Elite, who had remained silent during it all, looked amused.

You never gave me an answer. Voldemort prodded.

Cyriacus opened his mouth and shut it, grumbling. I don’t know yet! It’s only been a few days; I’m not used to being able to do anything but ignore my libido.

“The offer stands should you make a decision later tonight. How are you feeling?” Voldemort asked curiously.
“I’m fine, still a bit tired but nothing that time won’t cure. Speaking of which, I’ve been requested to ask why the Elite are still cooped up? The Demons won’t be bothering them and wouldn’t it be a bit suspicious if they aren’t up to their regular old habits?”

“You’re certain about the Demons?”

Cyriacus snorted. “Unless they really want me to turn the Demon Realm into a bloody ruin they’ll stay out of my way and out of my wrath. Hell, I could prance bloody naked around the Palace and no one would dare to lay a finger on me. Let them have their freedom, though I think it’s probably best that we all stay here for the time being. There’s no telling how eager the Light is for some sort of victory, we don’t want them to complicate our plans.”

Voldemort nodded and turned to face the others. “You will have free rein to do as you please here or off the grounds. However you will be required to be back here on the grounds by eight p.m. unless you have permission otherwise.”

“Thank you, my Lord. Prime,” Draco said rising and giving the two a bow before heading off to his room to change, no doubt planning on going outside or to the Alleys.

Voldemort stared at Cyriacus’s hands for a moment. “You are wearing a Glamour again?”

“I can’t have anyone knowing just how powerful I am,” Cyriacus said making his Glamour flicker for a moment.

Harry shook his head and finally managed to remove the hex. “We’ll need to get going; we have people to lie to and friends to exchange gossip with. Cy will explain about the Caster later.”

“I will see you both at a later time then.” Voldemort agreed, watching as the two headed to a corner and Shadow Stalked away.

12 Grimmauld Place, London UK  
Friday the 22nd of August 1997  
11:40 PM

The two stepped out the shade behind several large bushes and made their way to the front door. A minute or two after they knocked, Remus opened the door for them and greeted them both cheerfully.

“Hullo! It’s good to see you up and about again, Cyriacus. You’re father said that you had an awful case of Dragon Pox.”

Cyriacus attempted to smile. “Glad it’s over, I remember when I got it as a child, it wasn’t pleasant then and it isn’t now. How are you Remus? Well I hope?”

“I’m quite well.” Remus said with a smile.

“Where is everyone?” Harry asked looking around.

“The girls are helping Molly with lunch and the boys are in the Drawing room. Some of the Order members are practicing in the Room of Requirement and I’m on my way back up to Sirius’s Office, we’re doing some research on Necromancers for Dumbledore.” Remus explained.

Cyriacus nodded. “Do you think Sirius and you could spare us a minute? Harry and I are planning the prank of the century and we might need a bit of advice from two of Hogwarts finest pranksters.”
“Why don’t you come with then? I’m sure Sirius is ready for a break and Lunch’ll be ready in an hour or so anyways.” Remus agreed as he led the way to Sirius’s office on the second floor.

Once they had exchanged greetings and both teens had locked and warded the door several times, Cyriacus relaxed.

“I have something to confess and well, I wouldn’t have said anything but dad suggested I talk with you. First of all, you have to swear a Wizard’s Oath that you won’t tell anyone in the Order, Ministry or Defense League what I’m about to tell you.”

The two older men exchanged wary looks before studying Cyriacus, after a time they both agreed and swore the Oath.

Harry blinked at him. “Are you crazy?!”

“Dad said that I could trust them and even if I can’t, they won’t be able to say anything now anyways.” Cyriacus said logically.

Sirius glanced at the two. “What are you talking about?”

“To be blunt, things aren’t exactly as they seem. Harry here is a golem that I created to look and act like Harry Potter and I was Harry Potter but now I answer to Cyriacus Severus Snape. My parents are Lily Evans-Potter and Severus Snape, my adopted father was James Patrick Potter.”

Remus stared at him. “What?!”

“I believe you heard me, it’s a long story really and dad said that I could trust you with this and that you were only staying with Dumbledore because of me.”

“Dad? Are you talking about James? But how can you be talking with James?” Sirius asked confused.

Cyriacus took a deep breath. “I’m the Necromancer so I can talk to spirits and Summon beings from beyond this realm. I spoke to dad the other night, just before the Light stormed Voldemort’s fortress in the Fens.”

“If that was you then you’re serving Voldemort?” Remus asked putting things together quickly.

Cyriacus smiled humorlessly. “I didn’t have much of an option in the beginning and now it’s sort of a sink or swim situation. My survival depends on his survival and what not.”

Sirius rubbed his face. “Maybe you should start at the beginning.”

“Everything started on the night of the seventeenth of July…” Cyriacus began.

Forty minutes later the two older men were looking at him with a mixture of disbelief and amusement.

“I suppose that life wasn’t much easier for you as Cyriacus Snape then as Harry Potter. That’s a hell of a story you know, I hardly would have believed it if not for well,” Sirius gestured at the Harry golem which had been briefly turned into its figurine size earlier.

Remus shook his head. “I’m almost surprised that no one’s suspected, the two of you are so similar in many ways.”

“It’s the Blood brotherhood though,” Sirius agreed with a grin. “Now that was a way to throw off
anyone who might have suspected anything. You’re very clever; no doubt you got that from your mum.”

Cyriacus shrugged. “I got it from someone, it doesn’t really matter. What I matters is what you want to do now that you know.”

“Would Voldemort expect us to take the Mark?” Remus asked frowning.

“I don’t know, I didn’t mention it to anyone before I came to you two. If you’re willing to join the Death Eaters I can sort of sponsor you, if you’re willing to support the Death Eaters, I can cast a few protection charms on you and warn off the Inner Circle but if you’re going to side with Dumbledore, there’s nothing I can do for you. As for getting Marked, I doubt it would be wise for either of you since you’re both members of the Order and well, none of us even suspected there might be another spy.”

Sirius leaned back in his chair. “Whoever your spy is, it’s not a member of the Order. It’s definitely a Ministry spy.”

“I don’t think the spy is Inner Circle either or they would have mentioned Severus’s loyalties by now.” Remus added.

Cyriacus shrugged. “It doesn’t matter really, we’ll be more cautious from this point on and eventually we’ll flush the spy out. Do you need more time to decide what you’re going to do?”

The two stared at each other in such a way that they could have conversed volumes in that minute. Finally they both turned away from each other, soft smiles on their faces.

“That won’t be necessary; we’ll be joining the Death Eaters. Will you explain the situation to Voldemort? Sirius and I will do whatever it takes to prove ourselves but it would probably be better to have three Order spies than just your father.” Remus answered calmly.

Cyriacus nodded. “I’ll speak to him later tonight about it. If I may ask, what made you chose the way you chose?”

“James was right; we have been used and abused too many times with the Light.” Sirius answered getting to his feet to pace.

Remus shook his head. “If you already have the Demons on your side and you are a Necromancer, there’s no chance the Light will succeed without you. Not only are we choosing the winning side but in this case, we’re still sticking to our promise. It was a long time ago but we promised your parents to look after you and we will, wherever it leads us.”

“I’m glad then that I spoke with you.” Cyriacus said softly. “It’s good to have someone to stand with me through whatever is coming.”

“Whatever comes, we’ll be there for you and not just because we promised your parents but we care for you Cyriacus.” Sirius said before he reached out and smacked Cyriacus hard on the back of the head.

“Ow! What the hell was that for?” Cyriacus asked rubbing his stinging head.

“That was for your golem making up that crazy story about a Prophecy! Do you know how badly Moony and I felt after we heard about that?” Sirius growled, eyes flaring.

Harry smirked at them. “Who said that it was a lie?”
Remus paled. “W-what are you talking about?”

“Clarisse is never wrong. I am going to die in fact it will be the second time this summer. However I’m a Necromancer, death is easy enough to contrive if you know how and easier to resist if you put certain… precautions into place.”

Smiling at their thunderstruck expressions, Harry and he brought down the layers of wards and unlocked the door. Changing the subject they spoke about pranks and Slytherins for another ten minutes before Ginny came upstairs to tell them that lunch was ready. The four men trekked down to the kitchen smiles on their faces and eyes glinting, prepared to spin the web of lies even further.

The bar
Corruption, Unplottable, Unknown
Saturday the 23rd of August 1997
2:37 AM

Cyriacus stared broodingly at his glass of Firewhisky, wishing it had all the answers to the questions he had been asking himself all night. It was good to be with his friends, there was no doubt about that but all evening that had been acting oddly towards him. He felt as if even after all this time they didn’t know each other as well as he had thought. To any outsiders they might not have noticed and to some extent they even managed to fool Harry but they couldn’t fool him. Something was either wrong or bothered them and it centered on him. After all the initial hugs and backslaps there had been a brief moment of awkwardness which he had blamed on his change in appearance or the fact that they knew something had happened to cause his Incubus nature to become more apparent.

All evening he had been drawing men or women to him, like flames drew moths. It was similar to the magnetic attraction Veelas caused but it especially roused lust and deep hidden desires in anyone who crossed his path. He never lacked for dancing partners or kissing partners or had he desired, anyone willing to give a hand job or blow job. Hell he could have fucked any of them if he wanted and no one would have objected, be it on the floor, against the wall, over a table, in a bathroom stall! Despite what Harry had said before they left he wasn’t itching to get laid exactly. At this point in the evening, even if he had he would have been more than satisfied with all the other things he’d gotten from the never ending swarm of admirers.

In fact it had become a bit distasteful, it was simply too easy. He supposed it also irked him a little because they were attracted to him simply because he was Radiating sex appeal. There was hardly any fun in that and even if someone had been simply attracted to him the fact that he was Radiating would only lead to anything meaningful being turned into sex, sex and more sex. It was frustrating to say the least and added on top of everything else that happened this week and would happen next week… Cyriacus swirled his drink and tossed it back in a single swallow.

“I’m surprised you’re sitting here all alone.” Harry commented as he joined him.

“I’ve had enough of being the center of attention for one evening I think.”

Harry accepted the drink the bartender brought him. “I’m not surprised; you’ve been like that all your life.”

They sat in silence, nursing their drinks.

“Something’s changed them hasn’t it?” Harry asked quietly.

Cyriacus glanced at him. “I wasn’t sure you noticed.”
“I did but I thought it would be best if they thought I hadn’t. It bothers you?”

“Yes. I almost wish they would tell me what is bothering them but you know them, they’ll brush it off so all I can do is wait.”

Harry sipped his drink. “You’ve never been good at that, what you need is a distraction.”

Cyriacus emptied his glass. “And what would you suggest?”

Not what who,” Harry answered, turning to look at him. “Don’t be a fool, give it a try if it’s not what you want then you end it but if you don’t try, you won’t know what you’re missing.”

“I begin to wonder about you,” Cyriacus commented as he slowly got to his feet; still very steady despite how much he’d had to drink.

Harry just smirked. “And where are you off to?”

Cyriacus started to walk away. “To see what the future holds, Harry. Tell the others I said goodnight and that I’ll see them around.”

“I’ll do that!” Harry said raising his glass as Cyriacus melted into the crowd, heading for the exit. “It’s about bloody time.”

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**Voldemort’s Suite**  
**Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton, UK**  
**Saturday the 23rd of August 1997**  
**2:00 AM**

Voldemort grumbled as an alarm rang, letting him know that someone was knocking on his suite door. Pulling on an emerald green silk robe as he climbed out of bed, he crossed his bedroom and sitting room, before yanking open the door. Leaning against the wall opposite his door was Cyriacus, hair still dripping with water clad in a black and silver trimmed robe.

Voldemort’s mouth opened but no words came out as he stared at the younger man, surprised to see him.

“Well? Aren’t you going to invite me inside? That offer still stands doesn’t it?” Cyriacus asked with a teasing smile on his face.

Silently, Voldemort stepped back allowing Cyriacus to enter. Once the younger man passed through the doorway, Voldemort shut the door and locked it.

“I wasn’t expecting you tonight.” Voldemort commented watching Cyriacus who had stopped in the middle of the room and was looking around with interest.

Cyriacus glanced at him. “Then that would make two of us.”

Voldemort walked closer until they were just barely touching. “How was your celebration?”

“Not as pleasant as I was hoping it would be.” Cyriacus commented, raising his hands to set them on Voldemort’s shoulders.

Voldemort looked amused as he leaned in for a kiss. “Then I shall have to rectify that.”
Cyriacus melted into that sinful kiss; it was perfect in every way. As he opened his mouth allowing Voldemort’s tongue in, he sighed in appreciation. Where everything else that evening had instinctually felt wrong this was the total opposite, it was perfect. Pressing closer to Voldemort his hands ran down along the sleek silk, caressing firm muscles until he reached the tied belt. Voldemort broke the kiss, mouth pressing hot kisses along Cyriacus’s neck while Cyriacus tugged at the belt, head tilted back allowing Voldemort better access. Completely lost to the sensation, he barely noticed Voldemort divesting him of his robe, leaving him standing completely naked.

“You’re beautiful,” Voldemort murmured into his ear, tongue tracing along the shell before his mouth latched onto the lobe and sucked, biting it gently.

Cyriacus hissed with pleasure as heat flared throughout his body, he jerked free the knot and slid the silk robe off of his lover’s body. As he leaned forward to mark that pale flesh, the heat in his body began to pool in three very familiar places; his back, chest and shoulders. With a grumble of annoyance he pulled away from his lover, taking a few steps back.

Voldemort blinked at him, “What are you-” He didn’t even finish get to finish his question before the Transformation had begun and completed, occurring in a span of fifteen seconds. Before he knew what he was doing, he pulled the winged man against him, crushing their lips together. Between kisses and bites, he managed to steer them towards the bedroom, kicking the door shut behind them.

A few more steps and they hit the massive bed with its green satin sheets and plush feather pillows. Cyriacus pulled his wings close and rolled onto his hands and knees before bracing all his weight on his legs. Not only was it uncomfortable to be on his back but being taken on his back brought up memories he would rather not recall and also required a certain amount of submission that he was not yet ready to yield to. Voldemort studied Cyriacus who was kneeling in the middle of his bed. After a few moments he crawled forward on his hands and knees to investigate Cyriacus’s Transformed body.

Out of curiosity, Voldemort’s callused hands roamed all over Cyriacus’s body comparing the different texture of scales, prodding Cyriacus gently to turn as he investigated. The roughest and probably thickest scales were located all across his chest, shoulders and down the middle of his back, the scales on his arms, neck, and around the base of his wings were moderately rough. From his hips down to his toes, was a strange mix of skin and scale. A smooth thin layer of scales ran along the sides of his hips down to the middle of his thighs where everything below that became scale. His inner thighs, buttocks and genitalia was entirely skin understandably as it was the one part of his body that had not been the least bit affected by the Transformation.

Voldemort ran a hand along Cyriacus’s left wing, fingers exploring the texture. Along the bones in his wings, the scales were especially thick and rougher than the scales on his body. The scales on his wing membranes felt the most similar to the scales on his legs, they were smooth and yet very strong if his scuffed fingernail was proof. The talons on his wings he left uninvestigated as he’d left the claws on Cyriacus’s hands too, the fact that they looked sharp was enough for him. As he’d silently observed the body beneath his fingers, he’d paid close attention to the areas that seemed extremely sensitive if Cyriacus’s muted gasps were anything to go by.

Curiosity sated, Voldemort gently prodded Cyriacus around so they were facing each other and leaned in for another kiss, arms pulling the younger wizard closer. Cyriacus happily melted into the kiss, spreading his wings open for balance as his arms wrapped around Voldemort’s neck, carefully keeping his hands fisted. Voldemort kissed his way along Cyriacus’ jaw before nibbling and licking at his neck, marking it before biting down hard on the spot where skin and scale met. Moaning appreciatively at the strange but intense sensation, Cyriacus pressed their bodies closer together their erections brushing together.
“Turn around,” Voldemort requested after brushing their lips together. Cyriacus obliged and Voldemort nudged him into position braced on his hands and knees as he muttered a Summoning charm, a vial of clear oil flew out of his nightstand and into his hand. Turning back to face his lover Voldemort blinked in surprise at the change that had occurred in that moment of distraction. What had looked like harmless scales moments before were now upraised and rather painful looking. Noticing his lover’s tenseness, Voldemort concluded that the sudden change was similar to a dog raising its hackles when angry or protective.

“Calm down, I’m not going to hurt you,” Voldemort murmured in a soothing tone before carefully stroking his hand along a wing membrane. Cyriacus slowly began to relax and as he did his scales lowered until they looked almost normal again. Voldemort continued stroking Cyriacus’s wing as he nudged Cyriacus’s legs further apart. Pressing kisses down along his spine, Voldemort gradually worked his hands lower until they rested on Cyriacus’s hips. Kissing his way down, Voldemort rubbed his hands along Cyriacus’s hips before licking directly along the crease between Cyriacus’s buttocks. Squealing with surprise Cyriacus found himself breathing roughly and wiggling in place, Voldemort’s hands holding him still.

*Liked that, did you?* Voldemort hissed amused as he noticed that the scales had gone completely down and back to normal. Now that the other man was relaxed, Voldemort used his hands to separate Cyriacus’s cheeks and traced his tongue along Cyriacus’s entrance, reveling in the gasps and moans coming from the other man. He slowly slid his tongue into Cyriacus’s body as his set his lips right along his entrance and sucked, eliciting a long moan for his efforts. As Cyriacus groaned and cursed colorfully in several different languages, Voldemort fumbled blindly to open the vial of lubricant and coat his cock. After a few minutes of stretching and tongue fucking Cyriacus, Voldemort decided the younger man was not only ready but perilously close to coming.

Breaking off his rimming, Voldemort pressed a kiss on Cyriacus’s neck. “Are you ready?”

“Yes please!” Cyriacus said voice husky with desire.

Voldemort positioned himself carefully hands on Cyriacus’s hips before slowly sliding in, groaning in appreciation as he sheathed himself in that tight heat. Once he was in all the way, he paused, letting the other man adjust before thrusting shallowly. Cyriacus gasped as Voldemort stroked right along his prostrate and pushed himself back, wanting more. Taking that as a sign to continue, Voldemort pulled almost all the way out and then thrust back in hard hitting Cyriacus’s prostate and causing the other man to groan loudly.

“More! Harder!” Cyriacus gasped out, pushing back onto Voldemort’s cock as they picked up a steady rhythm. Soon enough Voldemort was pounding into him, pulling at his cock pushing them both closer and closer to climax. Cyriacus was the first to hit his climax, coming all over Voldemort’s hand before his inner muscles began to clench and spasm. Voldemort managed two more rough thrusts before spilling himself inside of Cyriacus, collapsing onto the younger man.

They lay together, breathing heavily for a few minutes before Voldemort carefully withdrew and cast Cleaning Spells on both of them. Rolling to the right of his lover, Voldemort lay on his back before tugging his young lover to rest half on top of him, a wing draped open over him. Cyriacus squirmed for a moment trying to find a comfortable position as Voldemort charmed the blankets from underneath them, pulling them around them both.

“That was…perfect.” Cyriacus sighed happily, closing his eyes.

Voldemort looked amused. “I am happy you thought so. Of course, I did not doubt it the way you punctured the mattress with your claws.”
“Er sorry about that,” Cyriacus said face heating.

Voldemort kissed Cyriacus’s temple, a hand tangling in his hair. “Think nothing of it; I will just have to be certain to cast some Protection Charms on the bed next time.” Voldemort fingers froze. “You did take something to prevent you from getting pregnant didn’t you?”

“Of course, I’m hardly ready to have someone calling me daddy.” Cyriacus said kissing Voldemort’s chest.

Voldemort relaxed. “I would not be averse to being a father but War is never a good time to have a child.”

“Tempus.” Cyriacus cast, turning his head to see the silvery numbers which read 3:09.

“Sleep,” Voldemort murmured yawning. “The sun will be rising soon enough.”

Cyriacus stretched his wings a little before settling against his lover, “Sleep well.”

“Pleasant dreams,” Voldemort replied arms settled comfortably around Cyriacus.

Hopefully that came out alright, I don’t have tons of experience writing sex. Let me know how that came out.

-SheWolfe7 (5-11-05)
Preparation I

Author's notes: The Necromancer is introduced to Voldemort's forces, a glimpse at Cyriacus's Incubus relatives, a look at the security arrangements for the Summit and the current motivations of the 'Light' and Cyriacus is 'formally' introduced to Voldemort and the Death Eaters.

A/N: Thanks to my Betas Robyn and Allex. Disclaimer in chapter 1. This chapter is part one of two, just so everyone knows.

Parseltongue, foreign words, letters/articles etc.
Emphasized words, headings,

Chapter XII
Preparation (I)

Before anything else, preparation is the key to success.
-Alexander Graham Bell, US (Scottish-born) inventor (1847 -1922)

Voldemort’s Suite
Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton UK
Saturday the 23rd of August 1997
7:12 AM

It was the sudden irritating spark of light that woke Voldemort from his otherwise pleasant slumber. Eyes snapping open blearily he looked around for his lover and found the room empty though he could hear splashing noises from the bathroom. Pulling on a robe he walked over to the bathroom and saw his lover soaking in the whirlpool bath.

“And where are you going in such a rush so early this morning?”

Cyriacus glanced over his human looking shoulder as he lathered shampoo in his hair. “The day has begun and I have things that need to be attended to.”

Voldemort frowned slightly. “Cyriacus most of our activities are conducted well after the sun has set, you have plenty of time to finish whatever it is that you are planning on doing. Is my company so terrible that you are fleeing at the earliest convenience?”

“Don’t be dramatic; your company was more than pleasant as was the sex but our being lovers is a simple matter of convenience for the both of us. And yes, before you interrupt me, perhaps someday you will convince me to become your Consort but for the time being, we are lovers only and no one is to know this. I’m not sure how you train your Death Eaters and I’m not particularly interested but I spend a good two hours at the least keeping my body fit and in top dueling form every day. I find that it’s a smart thing to do and is more than beneficial as well.” Cyriacus explained simply. “As for what I’m planning, it is a delicate matter and as such will require a great deal of my time and concentration. Nothing in life comes cheaply and I’ve a great many things that need to be done if I am to have everything prepared for tomorrow evening.”

“I suppose I shall have a shower,” Voldemort said as he walked over to the shower, turned it on, checked the temperature and then stepped inside after shedding his robe. “Do tell; are you like this
every morning?”

“Like what, fully awake and logical or awake so early in the morning?”

“Both.”

Cyriacus followed him inside. “Mmm, yes I’m an early riser either due to my Incubus heritage or some odd quirk I inherited from Blaze. An average human needs anywhere between eight and nine hours of sleep and most Incubi require about three to four hours of sleep. I of course am like that too for some strange reason, how it’s possible is something that has baffled quite a few of us who know about my heritage but it has its perks. As for being highly aware in the morning, I learned that at Arcanum. They not only reveal the true you but they also completely reshape the way you learn, think, behave and react.”

Voldemort soaped a sponge and started washing himself. “And how do they do that?”

“A closely monitored dosage of various Potions for six months, learning various forms of Mind Magicks, closely monitored diets and physical examinations and simply teaching the full spectrum of Magic.” Cyriacus replied before dunking his head to rinse the shampoo out. “We become what we are meant to be at Arcanum, plain and simple.”

They continued with their morning routine, finally exiting the bathroom around eight thirty. Voldemort had already gone into his closet to choose his apparel for the day while Cyriacus stood clad in a soft cotton towel, debating what to have the House Elves bring from his closet.

“I’ve dithered long enough; I think it would be more than appropriate.” Cyriacus muttered to himself before calling for a House Elf to bring the black and silver chest from his closet.

Voldemort had just walked over to join his towel clad lover who was kneeling in front of a strange looking chest, easily the size of a coffin. “What is in that?”

“My birthright,” Cyriacus answered as he unlocked the chest with a flick of his fingers and opened the lid. The chest was stuffed full of various articles of clothing all made in either blood red, black, silver or a combinations of two the colors, blood red and silver or blood red and black. Reaching into the chest, Cyriacus pulled out black silk boxers and dropping his towel pulled them on before digging around for more clothes. Voldemort watched in silence as his lover dressed; black dragonhide trousers and boots, a silver silk tunic, blood red and silver trimmed robes made of lightweight velvet, a black cloak made of hydraskin, red leather gloves and a silver mask.

Voldemort circled his lover. “I would have thought you would have taken up the proper robes earlier.”

“I was not fit to wear them before now. Only a Necromancer of full adult status is allowed to wear their robes.”

“Your birthday was nearly three weeks ago.”

Cyriacus folded his arms across his chest. “And I was not fully an adult until earlier this week.”

“Virginity actually plays a role in that?”

“Necromancers have always abided by the Old laws, though I doubt many would recognize what these colors mean or this cloak brooch.” Cyriacus commented tapping the large silver wyvern resting above his collarbone that clasped his cloak shut. “Do I look intimidating enough?”
Voldemort nodded wrapping his arms around his lover’s waist. “Yes, you look most intimidating. Will you join me for breakfast in the Dining Hall? We will see then how many remember the Old laws.”

Cyriacus pulled his cloak up to cover his head and activated the charms on his mask which would make his eyes pure black and his voice sound deeper and silkier. “I would be honored.”

“Before we go, I am right in thinking that color is different from normal Necromancers is it not?” Voldemort asked unwinding his arms from Cyriacus’s waist, hands resting on his lover’s hips.

Cyriacus chuckled softly. “Yes it does, you are well read. Only those of the Illusionist’s line are allowed to wear blood red and black, the common Necromancers are restricted to scarlet and silver only.”

Voldemort smoothed his hands down his black and gold trimmed robe. “Have you chosen a title yet?”

“I was given the title of Ruin and I have chosen to keep it as such to those who do not already know what I answer to.”

“Very well Necromancer Ruin, let us go forward and see how many have studied and remember the Old laws.” Voldemort said smiling indulgently.

Cyriacus tilted his head to the side. “Would it not appear strange if we both emerged from your rooms?”

“I have a solution to that,” Voldemort replied steering his lover out of the bedroom and into the sitting room towards a door on the far left wall. “After you were abducted, I spent a day or so working on re-modeling the mansion and eventually I added another story to the building. Those of us who live on the fifth story find it rather irksome to use the stairs at times so I had a small room with a fireplace hooked up to the Floo Network added to my suite of rooms. We, of course, have a Floo Connection between Riddle Mansion and Slytherin’s Citadel and as each Death Eater has an individual password, anyone who gives out the password will have shown their hand. Additionally, the wards are set to do very painful things should the person who gives the password not match the magical signature of the person arriving.”

Cyriacus nodded as he opened the door and stepped into the small six by six room which had no furniture, only a plush rug, the fireplace itself and a portrait of a basilisk. Voldemort walked towards the fireplace, lighting it with a wave of his wand as he pondered the wall.

Cyriacus watched him for several moments. “What are you doing?”

“No one but the Inner Circle knows that you are the Necromancer as I dismissed the majority of the Death Eaters after the battle at Slytherin’s Citadel. As per the Old laws you are a Master Wizard, not unlike your father if only in differing fields of Wizardry.”

“So?”

Voldemort smiled as he related his plan aloud. “It will be expected that I cater to your needs, if only because you are a Master Wizard, but considering your Mastership is in Necromancy I would be more than a fool to treat you disrespectfully. Those who live on this story of the Mansion are my most faithful and skilled, if you were not to receive a private room on this story of the mansion, I would be considered quite boorish.”

Cyriacus caught on right away. “Let me guess, the room on the other side of this wall is
uninhabited?”

“Indeed Necromancer Ruin, I do believe that we have found the perfect disguise for our arrangement.” Voldemort said reaching for a handful of Floo. “I shall go first to the Dining Hall, wait ten minutes and then follow. Do you know where the Hall is?”

Cyriacus shook his head. “No but I can easily trace you, I always know where you are.”

“When you come into the Hall continue directly forward to the dining table at the far end of the room, that is where the Inner Circle, Elite and a few of the more loyal Death Eaters eat.” Voldemort instructed tossing the Floo Powder into the fireplace before passing Cyriacus a small slip of paper. “Riddle Mansion Floo Room! Dies irae!” (Day of Wrath)

Cyriacus unfolded the piece of paper and read his password, attempting to recall why it sounded so familiar. Serpens Princeps. (Dragon Prince)

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**The Gardens**

**Caprice Hall, First Sphere Demon Realm**

Timaeus Ars, First Lord of the House of Ars, was lounging idly on a padded bench in his garden watching the cereus bloom. Hanging high in the sky the moon shone casting silver light all over the garden and house. The fountains were bubbling and trickling in the distance and the wind softly blew the scent of various flowers all around him. His auburn hair hung like curtain in front of his face, obscuring his vivid emerald eyes. For nearly three hundred years the other Demons had called him the Fire Rose, beautiful but oh so untouchable. No Succubus or Incubus had ever called him husband and according to all those in the Demon Realm, he had no offspring. They could never have been more wrong.

Nearly forty years ago he had charmed a pretty human woman with eyes nearly as green as his own and she bore him a child. Timaeus had always found it amusing that his child had been named Lily but then again he had spent the better part of six months answering to Rowan and his lover was named Dahlia so perhaps, there was nothing amusing about it. Lily had been born in the spring and by summer Timaeus had decided she was old enough to bring back to the Demon Realm and had every intention of doing so but then he’d had the vision of his life. It all began with his daughter and ended with her son, his grandson.

Lily would be a powerful witch, not suited at all for the Demonic Chaos Magic and indeed as he later saw, she had little or no aptitude for it except in the direst situations. Amongst the wizards though, her magic would be among the most powerful as she was the scion to an old and long thought dead lineage. The vision had been sporadic as it showed him bits of her life at school and at home, nothing was remarkable until a certain boy with messy raven hair and warm hazel eyes stepped into the picture. Dislike had quickly turned into affection and then love. They had married barely three weeks after their Graduation, by the end of that summer Lily had learned what she was, by fall she had come up with a mad plan and by winter Lily had become pregnant with their first child.

The pregnancy seemed as normal as any other but Timaeus had seen the signs, there was something special about this child something extraordinary. As the clock struck midnight on the 31st of July, the child was delivered squalling and healthy already clearly branded with an Incubus Mark. Weeks of planning had been put into motion to hide the child’s true parentage but Timaeus had already seen the spark of Chaos magic erupt from his grandson, it would not last long. The vision had sped up, glossing over the next few months until that fateful night when his daughter had been killed and his grandson had displayed a power unlike he had ever witnessed before.
Timaeus grinned with delight, it was unfortunate that his daughter had died; any other children born to her would have no doubt been a boon to his House but he still had his grandson. Oh yes, things were perfect! With his mother dead and the boy ignorant of his true parentage that left Timaeus as the boy’s guardian and the things he intended to do with his Heir at his side! Now if only his damned contact would hurry up with his report!

The rosebushes rustled behind him and Timaeus turned, frowning. “It’s about time you got here; I’ve been waiting for nearly an hour!”

“My apologies, I had business to attend to.” The other man replied, tucking his straight black hair behind his ears, silver eyes focusing on Timaeus.

“What could be so important that you would keep delaying our meeting Taranis? My grandson doesn’t suspect anything does he?”

Taranis raised an eyebrow. “I have been telling you that you have been underestimating him Timaeus, don’t doubt his intelligence.”

“Can you not simply answer my question Taranis?”

“He is suspicious yes and he won’t bend to your will as easily as you think just because you are his grandfather. He will fight you with all that he is, I don’t doubt that.”

Timaeus waved his hand dismissively. “It does not matter what he thinks, he is my Heir and I am his Elder, he will do as he is told by his free will or by my Domination.”

“Well you may have some competition for Dominating him, it seems that blood will tell and your grandson has seen beneath the lies his mother and adopted father wove.”

“What! Why didn’t you inform me of this to begin with, Taranis?”

Taranis shook his head. “You have spent so long plotting your ascendance to higher levels of grandeur and power for so long that it has consumed your mind. He is more mortal than Demon and you should have remembered that their power develops earlier than our powers do. It’s over; he will not allow you to direct his life when someone else has already bound his loyalty.”

“Who would have dared to do such a thing? I will have their head! My plans will not be ruined; I refuse to allow someone else to meddle in my affairs!” Timaeus hissed, eyes glowing red.

“Not all things go exactly as they are planned brother. You of all people should remember what father told us, after all it was what led to the downfall of our House.”

Timaeus reached out and slapped the other man. “Do not dare to compare me to our father! Antonius Ars was a Demon who, despite his birth, could have passed as more than a low class third Sphere Demon! I am wiser and more civilized than that brother; do not insult me or yourself for that matter.”

“I speak nothing but truth! You’ve been obsessed with your grandson from the moment of his birth and you have been plotting years before even that event occurred! Do not follow in father’s folly, Timaeus.”

The two fraternal twins glared at each other, each irritated with the other beyond belief but always willing to let things go. Twins were a rare occurrence in the Demon Realm and even if their father had attempted to sacrifice the two in a bout of insanity, the two had always stuck together. Alone they were weak but together they were unstoppable, the infamous Demon Twins of Ars.
Timaeus willed himself to calm down, even if things had not fallen out as he had intended, that did not mean that all things were lost. Being the grandfather to such a powerful personage did have some worth and hopefully some redeeming aspects. “Do you think it’s time that we met him?”

“I have already met him Timaeus; I’ve been schooling him in our ways for nearly a year now.”

“Yes that is true but he does not know who you are or why you came to him that night. I think that the time for secrets is over at last.”

Taranis tilted his head back letting the moonlight bathe his face in silver light. “Why is it that it takes me months to convince you to do anything reasonable, brother?”

“Mother always said that I was a stubborn, self-absorbed fool. I thought by now that you would have been used to it.”

“Perhaps, but mother always said that I was a shamelessly easygoing Demon, far more intelligent and curious than any self respecting Demon had a right to be.”

Timaeus shook his head, very amused. “Then perhaps this is why no sane Demon has tried to court us?”

“Don’t be silly Timaeus, you know as well as I do why no one has tried to become a Consort to one of us. We need no one else but each other and we don’t care about anyone else besides us. A formal Bonding requires something that neither of us would ever be capable of giving another Demon, except perhaps a female set of twins but that has not happened in nearly a thousand years.” Taranis retorted rolling his eyes.

They both fell quiet after that comment, staring first at each other and then at the moon.

“We are not like this because of father are we?” Timaeus asked softly, not daring to look at his twin.

Taranis sighed. “No, we were like this from the moment we were born. I have no doubt that father thought he was doing the right thing when he tried to sacrifice us to Romiél. When we were born there were over a thousand members of House Ars and by the time that father passed on there were barely three hundred of us left and now we only number in the dozens. It is no wonder the other Demons avoid us, they think we are cursed brother.”

“It could be that we are and just unaware of it.”

“Don’t talk like that! We are neither cursed or blessed Timaeus; we simply are what we are, nothing more and nothing less.”

Timaeus shook his head. “And my grandson, have we doomed him as well?”

“No brother, Cyriacus will live longer than any of us. Death fears him more than he fears anything. No, my grandnephew will be just fine but time is short and who knows how much longer our House will survive.”

“Then we will tell him soon...before the moon becomes full again.”

Pause. “Have you seen something brother?”

“No…nothing at all, it is simply a feeling.”
Cyriacus waited until his appointed time and then Flooed down to the main floor of the mansion. Upon arrival he cleaned his clothes off with a wave of his hand and pinpointed Voldemort’s location, ignoring the strange looks he received as he exited the room. Strolling through the halls with a graceful pace he paid close attention to the reactions he received. The vast majority radiated confusion but when he turned down the hallway leading to the Dining Hall he happened to cross paths with a group of four Death Eaters. The two closes to him glanced at him puzzled but the one farthest from him froze, staring.

The Death Eater bowed deeply to Cyriacus before speaking somewhat shakily. “Good fortune Master Reaper.”

“Good tidings and good fortune befall you,” Cyriacus replied formally with a nod of his head before continuing on his way.

With his increased hearing Cyriacus could hear them question their companion in hushed voices when the he was away from them, or so they thought.

“…Master Reaper? I’ve never heard of that title before!” One of the middle Death Eaters asked.

The one who had acknowledged him let out a breath. “It’s for Necromancers.”

“A what?!”

“A Necromancer, I told you and be quiet you don’t want to draw his attention!” The knowledgeable one hissed, no doubt glancing back at Cyriacus.

An awed voice spoke up to the side of the knowledgeable one. “He must have been swayed by our cause; the Dark Lord is going to be even more powerful now than before!”

Cyriacus was smiling behind his mask as he happened to glide through the opened doors of the Dining Hall. Most of the room was filled with Death Eaters eating their breakfasts and conversing about recent events. He could feel curious eyes observing him moments before a Death Eater two tables away abruptly jerked to their feet before walking over.

“Good fortune Master Reaper.” The Death Eater, who was a woman from the pitch of her voice and the cut of her robes, greeted with a bow.

Cyriacus nodded approvingly. “Good tidings and good fortune befall you.”

“I am called Mauve; I serve as the Healer for the Dark Lord’s fifth Death squad named the Ravens.”

“Well met Mauve you will learn my name soon enough. I see you have been well schooled in the Old laws.” Cyriacus said approvingly before continuing on his way. Behind him Mauve practically radiated a mixture of relief and pleasure at the compliment before she returned to her table and her curious acquaintances.

Cyriacus was stopped another four times before reaching the long dining table at the very back of the room. Having heard Mauve greet him the other four Death Eaters had carefully followed her example in conveying their greetings. However it would be most interesting to see how many of the
higher ranking Death Eaters recognized him and would move to greet him. Both the Lestrange brothers rose to their feet, their sons following obediently as they offered him greetings, each almost smiling at the game. After receiving the five Lestranges greetings, both Narcissa and Bellatrix rose to greet him, Lucius and Draco looking at Narcissa with hidden confusion. It amused Cyriacus to no ends that the illustrious Malfoys had forgotten the Old laws and he would be sure to prod and tease at them later on in private. After the former Black sisters he was greeted by the Grudgeon men, Ian Buchanan, the elder and younger Summers, Robert Carlisle and Vladimir Ivanov. Voldemort had been paying close attention and calmly rose to his feet after he was sure that everyone who knew and recognized the robes had come forward with their greetings.

“Good fortune and good Summons Master Reaper.” Voldemort greeted giving Cyriacus a half bow. Cyriacus returned the gesture as he spoke. “Good tidings and good fortune befall you, Dark Lord.”

Finished with formalities, Voldemort took out his wand and with a swish, the table expanded, magically moving all those seated to Voldemort’s right as another set of clean of tableware appeared to the right of Voldemort’s place. “Please be seated and join us for breakfast.”

“I see the wizards here have forgotten the Old laws Dark Lord. I find it highly amusing that such a Magical community as Great Britain, one that so highly boasts of its history and breeding, has forgotten the Old laws.” Cyriacus commented glancing significantly at Lucius who was seated on Voldemort’s left. “Of the six greetings I received this morning only you have offered the correct one. If not for the lack of Masters in my Art, I would be highly offended.”

Voldemort nodded agreeably. “For one of your stature, it is an unforgivable offence and I do apologize for the deplorable lack of manners my followers have shown you today.”

“All things can be taught,” Cyriacus replied as he smoothly walked around the table to take his place. As he sat down the elder Lestrange brothers tossed him highly amused smiles, especially at Lucius’s discomfort.

“If I may be so bold as to introduce you properly to the Dining Hall?”, Voldemort asked formally, careful to follow the Old laws perfectly in public.

Cyriacus gestured for Voldemort to continue at his pleasure as he paused behind his chair, waiting. Voldemort, who was already the main focus of attention, turned his attention to scan the various masked Death Eaters who were curiously awaiting the introduction to the strangely dressed man.

“If I may have your attention?”, Voldemort asked as the room instantly fell silent, all eyes trained on him and the newcomer. “It is my honor to introduce Necromancer Ruin, Heir of the line of Blaze Hawthorne and First Tier Lord of the Guild of Necromancy.”

There was a moment of pure silence after Voldemort finished his announcement which was quickly followed by a wave of surprised babble. Voldemort nodded to Cyriacus who nodded back before taking his seat. Glancing at the selection on the table, Cyriacus filled his plate with eggs, fruit and toast as he waited for the House Elves to bring him his rare steak.

Rodolphus looked amused. “If I may so bold as to ask, Necromancer Ruin, how did you come by your title?”

“I am particularly skilled at the higher level Summonings which are the more deadly and powerful rites. My Master commented that I was ‘walking ruin’ to anyone who had crossed me or earned my ire and thus I became Ruin.” Cyriacus explained in between bites of breakfast.
Rodolphus nodded as he turned to his wife and engaged her in conversation about various curses. Cyriacus ignored everyone as he focused on his breakfast, eating well because he was going to be active much of the day. When a House Elf delivered his steak Cyriacus could feel eyes settle on him as he voraciously attacked the large steak on his plate. Whether it was a quirk from being a quarter Incubus or just because of his alternate form, Cyriacus had found himself craving more meat, vegetables and fruit. He rarely indulged in dessert unless it was ice cream or contained fruit.

Ten minutes later he finished eating and glanced over to Voldemort, ready to begin with his preparations. “If I may have a few moments of your time, Dark Lord?”

Voldemort nodded and rose to his feet. “Of course Necromancer Ruin, if you will join me in the Strategy Room? Lucius do not forget to remind the others, we will be meeting at exactly ten o’clock and not a moment later.”

“Yes, my Lord.” Lucius answered.

Voldemort led the way out of the Dining Hall, Ruin walking exactly a pace behind him to the left. The two walked back down to the Strategy Room, Cyriacus giving Voldemort a brief overview of all the preparations he needed to put into place before Wednesday. They were still talking when the rest of the Inner Circle arrived twenty minutes later.

“...It will take most likely two hours for me to finish the formation and another two hours to etch the necessary runes. More than likely I will have to return to Eagle’s Spire to do the Summoning for the Truth Guardian. Afterwards I imagined that it’s time to put me through my paces if only for the benefit of our spy.”

Voldemort frowned. “Are you sure all of this is necessary?”

“If we want things to fall out believably then, yes it is necessary. I assure you that I know exactly what I’m doing. Besides the Truth Guardian will insure that tomorrow night’s ceremony goes off without issue and the Summoning tomorrow is far more important than the one I’m going to be casting later today.” Cyriacus pointed out.

Severus glanced at Voldemort and then his son and back again. “What are you planning?”

Cyriacus flashed the Inner Circle a slow grin. “You’ll see soon enough.”

“I am going to assume that you have already taken the measures to get whatever supplies you need for your Summoning tomorrow?” Voldemort asked curiously.

“Do not worry about that, I will be letting loose some of my creatures to collect the correct sacrifices for the Summoning. It is easier to let them retrieve what is necessary as they see the truth of all things. Now, if we are in agreement?” Cyriacus asked impatient to be about his business.

Voldemort finally nodded. “Yes.”

Cyriacus got up but froze as Anthony’s phoenix Calli appeared in the air right in front of him carrying Professor Dumont’s Occamy Lune and a large box. Calli let go of Lune who fluttered her wings and came forward with a note in her mouth. Cyriacus took the note and calmly opened it.

Cyriacus-

We’re sorry about ruining your ‘birthday’ but we’re ready to talk about why we were acting so strangely. I hope you can find the time to meet us next Saturday at the Leaky Cauldron around noon. We really need to talk.
Professor Dumont asked us to drop off your supply of Potions for the next term; he’s going to be too busy to send them to you every month. If you run out, you’re going to either have to find your own brewer or do it yourself. We’ll explain more when we talk.

Yours,

AA

Cyriacus set the note aside as he cast an Opening charm on the box, peering inside he saw minimized gallon sized bottles of Heredity Suppressor, which was a sickly green, Numb Inhibitors, which were clear in color and Numb Dischargers, which were the color of ash. About to close the box, he was surprised to see a hand reach in and swipe out a bottle of each color. Twisting around he saw his father standing next to his chair examining the bottles with the practiced eye of a Master Potion brewer.

“Heredity Suppressor and…Veritaserum?”, Severus commented before quickly opening the bottle of Numb Inhibitor and taking a delicate sniff. “No, it’s a Numb Inhibitor and this gray potion? I don’t think I’ve ever seen anything quite like it before. I don’t suppose you would like to explain?”

Cyriacus glared as he snatched back his potions and shut his box. “I don’t think I have anything to explain to any of you. My business is my own.”

Severus smiled slightly, as if he was relishing his next words. “That’s true but I’m sure Constance at least will need to know what Potions you are taking in case you are ever injured.”

“If that is so I will be sure that Mrs. Fawcett receives a copy of my medical records but the rest of you hardly need to know what medications I am under.” Cyriacus replied coolly.

“True but in an emergency we would all need to know how to care for your injuries should a qualified Healer not be present.” Severus said victoriously.

Cyriacus growled, trapped. “Sit down then you gloating bat, this explanation is going to be somewhat winded.”

Severus calmly took his seat and waited along with the others.

“I have a very strange medical condition which for all intents and purposes is like a recurring case of going Numb. Unlike say Depression, my condition is not a constant it comes and goes rather randomly. I take the clear Numb Inhibitor when I’m too close to completely loosing my ability to feel but only if then. I find that being partially Numb can be useful at times so I chance it until it becomes absolutely necessary to take the Inhibitor.” Cyriacus explained as he opened his box of potions, holding up first the clear potion and then the gray. “This gray potion is the reverse of the Inhibitor; it’s a Numb Discharger which speeds up the process of Numbing. I use it in very small dosages to reach certain levels of apathy. It’s rather dangerous to normal wizards and witches though and as I’m the only one with this particular illness, it is brewed for me specifically by my Potions Professor.”

Constance looked perplexed. “Recurring Numbing? I’ve never heard of anything like that. Who were diagnosed it?”

“Healer Emery Griffin, Healer Amaryllis Biondi and Healer Li Wang,” Cyriacus answered.

“You were diagnosed by three of the best Healers in the Wizarding World?!” Constance exclaimed.

Cyriacus raised an eyebrow. “They were former Alumni so it was not exactly hard to arrange.”
Constance shook her head. “How can we tell which dose you are taking?”

“You normally can’t which is why none of you are to administer any Potions no matter how injured I am. I have two bracelets worth of potions to take care of any injuries. I can tell you however that I will be taking the Dischargers for the next two days in preparation for tomorrow night’s critical Summoning ritual.” Cyriacus answered as he got to his feet. “I’ve things to attend to. Father, I will meet you at Snape Manor at three thirty.”

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**Cornelius Fudge’s Office**  
**Department of Administrative Personnel, British MOM, London**  
**Saturday the 23rd of August 1997**  
**11:15 AM**

Maps, Auror registers and registers of Invitees littered the Minister of Magic’s large cherry desk. Seated behind his desk, Cornelius Fudge was ready to scream as Madam Bones, Albus Dumbledore, Kenneth Davidson and Juliana Ramsey discussed the security arrangements for the Summit Wednesday night. They had been discussing, arguing and changing plans since eight am and looked no closer to coming into agreement. Both Madam Bones and Albus Dumbledore had argued for more security personnel in the gardens and on the grounds closer to the Manor while Kenneth Davidson was furious that the International Aurors had been relegated to standing guard at the Manor gates. Juliana Ramsey however was arguing fiercely in favor of bringing Griffins and Chimeras to guard the borders of the estate and the forest. Fudge however, was not in the mood to have his own manor grounds overflowing with hair triggered Aurors who would blast first and ask questions later and large magical creatures that could easily get out of control and wreck his ancestral Manor.

“This is absurd!” Fudge roared. “There will be nearly fifty Aurors or Guards in position in the garden around the Manor house itself with a squad of broom mounted Aurors, nearly sixty Aurors or Guards on the grounds around the lake, forest and seating area with two squads of Aurors! There will be nearly eighty International Aurors at the Manor Gates to check over every carriage that passes through onto the grounds and nearly sixty other guards on patrol around the estate borders! How many more people do you think we need?!”

“But Minister-“ Madam Bones began.

“But nothing, over the course of the month, the wards around my Manor has been reinforced nearly a dozen times by the most powerful wizards in the United Kingdom! There is not a single hairline crack in the wards and the natural defenses are formidable enough, can you not leave it well enough alone?!" Fudge cried out, waving his arms.

Dumbledore cleared his throat. “Cornelius this is a very high profile event, I have no doubt that Voldemort will attempt an attack. Should he succeed this will demoralize our Alliance tremendously, I think it would be best if we were overcautious rather than chancing a severe blow to the Alliance.”

“We can not afford to have all our forces gathered at the Manor, our Ministry spy has reported that other activities have been planned on the evening of the twenty-seventh. If all our forces are at the Manor it will take at least a half hour to dismantle the Anti-Apparation and Floo Wards and by then we will have nothing to battle but clean up at the scene of yet another massacre.” Fudge said reasonably.

The four sitting across from the Minister exchanged looks.

“Minister, don’t you think it would be wise to share the name of your spy? We have already done
“so.” Juliana pointed out.

Fudge shook his head. “I will be more than happy to reveal the name of our source of information after the Summit, his position cannot be jeopardized. Speaking of which, my spy reports that Cyriacus Snape was seen leaving the rooms set aside for the Inner Circle’s offspring. I imagine that young Snape will be following his father’s footsteps as a spy for the Light?”

Dumbledore nodded. “Yes though Mr. Snape had few enough options when he arrived here. Severus has reported that Cyriacus is ready to begin his Pre-Initiation training which means young Cyriacus will most likely receive the Mark by Halloween.”

“And Mr. Potter is agreeable to his friend’s choice?” Kenneth asked staring at Dumbledore.

“Mr. Potter was not exactly…pleased at first but he has accepted the situation.”

Juliana frowned. “And He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named will accept young Snape among his ranks, even though Snape is a known friend to the Boy-Who-Lived?”

“Voldemort will wish to have someone close to Harry and Cyriacus is the only one whom Harry spends his time since his return to Britain. No doubt Voldemort will attempt to use Cyriacus against Harry in some way but we will wait to see how things fall out first before we make any rash decisions.”

Kenneth made a face. “Albus, you are practically throwing that boy to the wolves. Perhaps it would be a better decision to send the boy back to Arcanum, Potter would not take his friend’s subsequent torture and death very well I imagine.”

Dumbledore shook his head. “No, Cyriacus Snape is too valuable to leave unattended. Voldemort will not kill him as young Snape is incredibly talented for his age and he harbors some secret teachings from his days at Arcanum. He must stay here in Britain no matter what storm breaks.”

“You aren’t thinking of turning him into one of your pawns are you?” Julia asked exasperated. “You know as well as I do just how passive any Arcanum students are, they are not the least bit blind and they are leaders not followers.”

“Cyriacus is not a pawn but he is someone who needs to be watched and I’m sure you would agree with me. Arcanum only accepts the best; the most powerful and the most gifted. For Cyriacus Snape to have received an invitation to Arcanum at the age of ten is astounding and for him to have stayed first and then a close second of his class after Harry joined speaks of his worth. Working in tandem Harry and Cyriacus could be the key to winning the war against Voldemort.”

Fudge leaned back in his chair. “And if he’s as powerful as you say, You-Know-Who will be watching him like a hawk paranoid as he is about rivals. The boy will be lucky to escape his Initiation unscathed and if he does somehow garner approval by You-Know-Who the Inner Circle or the lesser Death Eaters will be on him like a pack of wolves.”

“Voldemort will ensure that young Snape has some protection if only so Voldemort may exploit his powers for his own cause.” Juliana reminded them, shaking her head. “We will worry when the time comes but not sooner. I suggest we wait until we receive reports from our spies regarding the activities planned for the evening of the Summit. If Voldemort truly is going to attack elsewhere, we need to have enough available forces to deploy to combat them.”

Fudge nodded. “We will discuss this more on Monday afternoon then.”
The Floo Room  
Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton UK  
Saturday the 23rd of August 1997  
3:45 PM

“Remember your manners.” Severus hissed as Cyriacus lazily brushed soot off his clothes.

“I’ll be fine father. Relax; you’re more nervous than I am.” Cyriacus said pausing as he conjured a mirror and cast Cleaning spells on himself.

Severus grumbled. “You’re infuriatingly vain at times Cyriacus, I can barely believe I am your father at times.”

“It’s all about the first impression,” Cyriacus commented satisfied with his appearance and banishing the mirror. “So? Let’s get going, don’t want to piss off the Dark Lord now do we?”

Severus shook his head rolling his eyes and jerked his head towards the door, leading the way out of the room and into the hallway. Cyriacus followed his father glancing around with interest as if he had never walked the halls before. They crossed the main hallway and continued forward, Severus opening a door on the right and stepping inside holding the door open. As they walked in they noticed the crowd of Death Eaters standing along the walls watching as Draco Malfoy and Blaise Zabini were put through their paces dueling against two common Death Eaters. Voldemort sat to the side, watching the duel with interest. Severus nodded to the Inner Circle as he walked over to Voldemort, stopping two paces away to go down on his knees, raising the hem of Voldemort’s robes to his lips.

“My Lord, I have brought my son for training as you have bid me.” Severus said simply, releasing Voldemort’s robe, head bowed.

Voldemort waved his hand motioning for Severus to move aside. “Come forward young Snape so I may look at you.”

Cyriacus raised an eyebrow but did as he was ordered, staying three paces away from Voldemort. Voldemort studied him with interest, before rising so he could circle around the younger wizard. Cyriacus held his ground not feigning his boredom as he was inspected for flaws.

“You are an arrogant man but very capable from what I have been able to discern.” Voldemort commented as he came to a stop directly in front of Cyriacus.

Cyriacus smiled lazily. “I can be as arrogant as I like as long as I’m more than capable of proving it.”

Voldemort’s eyes narrowed. “You are uncommonly insolent.”

“Yes well I suppose Harry does rub off on a person.” Cyriacus said waving his hand dismissively.

“You would dare to speak his name so casually here of all places?”

Cyriacus crossed his arms. “Harry is a decent wizard, more capable than most and unlike some people; I have his trust and his friendship. He may be your enemy and you may worry about his power but I fear nothing born of this world.”

Voldemort lashed out, pulling Cyriacus up against him by the throat, his crimson eyes burning. “Do not dare to disrespect me Snape! I am the Dark Lord!”

“And you are a Master of Dark Arts only,” Cyriacus choked out around the hand gripping his throat.
“Only?” Voldemort whispered in a frighteningly cold voice.

Cyriacus managed a sneer. “Some bow to the inevitable and others bend the inevitable. Which of the two do you think I am?”

Voldemort dropped him looking irritated. “You are arrogant indeed Cyriacus Alcaeus Snape. I think it time someone put you in your place. Bellatrix! Rodolphus! Teach this whelp some manners.”

“We would be more than happy to My Lord.” Rodolphus said coolly as he and Bellatrix moved towards the now empty dueling platform.

Cyriacus tossed Voldemort a smile. “You hardly know how to challenge a man Voldemort but if you insist I shall be more than happy to show you some true arrogance.”

Everyone froze as Voldemort became utterly still, eyes burning as his wand slipped down into his hand. Cyriacus grinned as he slowly turned his back to Voldemort and glided forward to take his position at the platform.

“You are the most arrogant, insolent child I have had the displeasure to meet!” Voldemort roared raising his wand.

Cyriacus glanced over his shoulder. “And you are the most uptight Dark Lord I’ve had the misfortune to meet. I begin to think that perhaps you are not worthy of my many skills and Harry is ever so much more interesting.”

“You think Potter would make a better Dark Lord than I?!” Voldemort practically screamed.

“I don’t think I know and now I begin to wonder if I’m wasting my time here. You’ve hardly proven yourself worthy of revealing my talents.” Cyriacus said as he calmly drew his wand, unbuckled his robe and vaulted onto the platform.

“We will see about that!” Voldemort growled, now furious that the talented wizard believed him unworthy of being a Dark Lord. “Give him everything but the Killing Curse!”

Lucius Malfoy stepped forward. “Bow and begin!”

“Crucio!”

“Stupefy!”

Cyriacus dodged the two spells easily as he fired off his own. “Conjunctiva! Incisura! Ruina!” (vision impairing curse, slashing hex, smash jinx)

The two Death Eaters did their best dodging or deflecting the first two spells but Cyriacus had purposely cast a wider ranged Smash jinx which caused them to collide into each other.

Rodolphus recovered first casting, “Dirupi ossis!” Bellatrix stumbled up to her knees and cast a Smothering curse at him.

“Sacrum ignis!” Cyriacus roared as a wall of golden flames devoured their spells.

The watching Death Eaters murmured with surprise, the Divine Fire spell was a very powerful defensive spell but nearly impossible to cast. As Voldemort scowled inwardly he smiled at Cyriacus’s showy display of power.

“Exstinguo!”
Cyriacus waved his wand lazily. “Cubus!”

The wall of golden flames rushed forward like a fiery wave boxing the two to the ground and pushing them to unconsciousness as the flames ate away most of the oxygen. Cyriacus waited a minute or two before dispelling the golden flames and saw his two opponents sprawled on the ground.

“Well that was far too easy. Harry gives me a harder time when he’s blindfolded.” Cyriacus said sneering as he turned to face Voldemort.

Voldemort looked thoughtful. “And what would you propose I do to make things more interesting?”

Cyriacus smiled. “I was wondering when you would finally ask that.” Turning he levitated the two unconscious Death Eaters off to the side before closing his eyes as he focused hard on transforming the room. When he opened his eyes he was standing on eight foot high posts, each foot placed on a post which was six inches wide by four inches long. Metal squares cut out a foot around stuck out of the the left and right sides of the posts perfectly spaced out so a person could zig zag up them to reach the top of the posts. On the other two sides of the posts two three inch diameter metal rods connected one post to another, the first rod about two feet down from the top of the post and the other three feet below that one. All the posts were about two feet apart from each other, just barely comfortable standing distance.

“What is the point of this?” Severus asked gesturing at the posts.

Cyriacus chuckled. “It’s a training game we learned at Arcanum, basically the people on the ground shoot spells at the people up here. You can blast the posts I’m standing on but only when I’m standing on them longer than fifteen seconds, in which case the posts flash blue. If I fall off or get hit by a spell then I lose but if I manage not to do either than I win.”

This time Voldemort smiled. “And if you lose you will serve me without question and if you win you are free to go as you please.”

“Exactly,” Cyriacus agreed as he conjured a pair of leather gloves and then cast a protection charm on his head and a mild sticking charm on his boots.

Voldemort gestured for the others to move into position as he raised his wand. “When do we begin?”

“Give me a moment,” Cyriacus commented as he jumped around a few of the nearby posts and tested out the stands to make sure they were sturdy. “Have to make sure they transformed right, I’ve no fondness of being laid up in a hospital bed waiting for my bones to mend.”

Once he was certain that everything was working properly he took out his wand and cast a countdown spell that started at 5 minutes and twenty seconds. Tucking his wand away he started jumping further towards the middle posts and just before he reached the middle the first wave of spells raced towards him. For nearly three solid minutes, Cyriacus jumped, swung and flipped around until finally he slammed onto a stand which rocked underneath him before collapsing.

“What the fuck?!” Cyriacus exclaimed leaning forward and wrapping his arms and legs around the post. A Slashing Hex hit him in the shoulder and Cyriacus growled. “That didn’t count.”

Voldemort shook his head, smiling. “Oh but it did, you never said anything about tampering with the posts, you only said that we couldn’t blast them unless you stood on them too long. It’s a fair win.”

“You are irritating as hell.” Cyriacus growled as he wiggled around the post until he was pressed up against a corner before pushing away from it. He landed catlike on the ground and with a wave of
his hand banished all the posts. Ignoring the others he headed directly to Voldemort walking around the older wizard much in the same way Voldemort had walked around him.

“Snape, what do you think you’re doing?” Lucius asked scowling.

Cyriacus shook his head as he paused in front of Voldemort. “I bet Harry that you would have cheated within the first minute, I’m disappointed. However your restraint either meant that you really wanted to try and teach me a lesson because you think I’m an arrogant little shit or you wanted to see what I was capable of. Either way…”

Voldemort looked at him inquiringly. “Yes?”

“I’m in, I suppose.” Cyriacus smirked. “I always did want to beat Harry at something.”

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Some things I wanted to mention:

**Lucius and Draco at breakfast:** I thought it would be funny to make the illustrious I’m-so-much-better-than-you Malfoy men, who are very proud of their bloodline, be among those who don’t know about much about the Old laws. Obviously everyone noticed there was some significance in Cyriacus parading around in robes that aren’t black but not everyone remembers what certain color combinations mean.

**The Meeting in Fudge’s Office:** Kenneth Davidson is the new Head of the Department of International Magical Cooperation (Crouch Snr’s old job) and Juliana Ramsey is the representative of the Defense League. Also, Fudge may appear smarter here because in this story he listened to Dumbledore at the end of Book 4 and as such had to get his act together. However just because he’s a bit smarter about some things does not mean that his priorities have changed much, his main priorities now are to stay Minister and keep his hide/property safe. Thus him being a dolt about the security arrangements as it fulfills both priority A and priority B.

**Miscellaneous things found on my Yahoo Group:** I’ve been posting ID teasers on my Yahoo Group if any of you are interested in seeing what is forthcoming. Also, in the files section of the Group I have posted layouts of Riddle Mansion, the Gardens and grounds at Fudge Manor, the potions on Cy’s bracelet and various other things.

-SheWolfe7 (5-11-05)
Preparation II

Author's notes: Harry finalizes his will, Cyriacus is revealed as the Necromancer to the First Tier Death Eaters, the Summit plot is revealed to the DEs, Dumbledore catches Harry and Cy doing something they shouldn't and a bloody Summoning.

A/N: Thanks to my Betas Robyn and Allex. Disclaimer in chapter 1. This chapter is part two of two. There is a small Harry/Cyriacus scene in this chapter. It’s not graphic but if you want to avoid it skip the scene ‘The Golden Chamber’ down to the next divider. That paragraph will begin with ‘After combing Diagon Alley…’

Parseltongue, foreign words, letters/articles etc.
Emphasized words, headings,

Chapter XIII
Preparation (II)

There are no secrets to success. It is the result of preparation, hard work, and learning from failure.
- Colin Powell, US General (1937 - )

The Drawing Room
Number 12 Grimmauld Place, London UK
Saturday the 23rd of August 1997
4:15 PM

Harry was sitting at the writing desk, scribbling a long winded note to his Law Wizard Mr. Alaric Brandt. As his death neared he wanted everything to go exactly as he willed it. It would be most disconcerting after all to return amongst the living to find that his body was missing vital parts or hadn’t been healed properly. If anyone dared to interfere with Alaric overseeing his funerary preparations, Harry wanted them to face the threat of Vita Ustum (Life Burn). No one in their sane mind (or so Harry was hoping) would even chance the bad end of the Life Burning Curse which would dramatically shorten the poor victim’s life. If all things went accordingly, once Voldemort plunged the knife into the real Harry Potter’s chest, anyone who tampered with the body after the Life Burning Curse came into effect would find themselves dying very, very quickly and painfully.

Just as Harry finished with his letter, signing his name in script and using the Potter signet ring to seal the envelope shut the door opened and several of the Junior Order members poured inside of the room. Ron and Hermione both led the wave of students inside, all of them almost freezing upon seeing him seated in the room. Harry ignored them as he finished writing the address on the envelope:

Mr. Alaric Brandt
Brandt and Moreau Law Wizards
Marseille, Provence-Alpes Côte D’Azur, France

Ginny walked over towards him. “Hi Harry, what are you doing?”

“I just finished a note to my Law Wizard, nothing important really. Have any of you seen Sirius?”
Harry asked as he tapped the letter with his wand, emblazoning the Potter Family Seal onto the front
and back of the envelope as well as infusing it with a few wandless security charms.

“Mr. Lupin and Mr. Black went to the Ministry, there’s a meeting there about the Summit if I remember correctly.” Terry Boot commented.

Harry frowned. “I don’t suppose Moody is here?”

Hermione shook her head, “Moody’s also at the Summit briefing.”

“Well are there any adults here?” Harry asked impatiently.

“No, they all left after our lesson.” Susan Bones replied, head tilted. “Why are you asking anyways?”

Harry scowled. “I have to go to the Triad Alleys for a bit, I need to send this letter by phoenix and then I need to pick up my robes for the Summit at Sartorial Splendor.”

“Can’t you go tomorrow?” Ginny asked.

“No, my Law Wizard needs to get this letter today and he’ll be leaving his office at five thirty.” Harry responded as he tucked his letter into his pocket. “I shouldn’t be gone too long actually; would you let them know where I went in case any of them get back before me?”

Ron nodded. “Sure.”

Harry headed towards the door. “I’ll be back in twenty minutes at the latest, I’ll see you all then.”

The moment the door closed behind him and his footsteps had faded down the stairs, Hermione turned to Ron.

“Ron! What were you thinking agreeing to that?! We could get in so much trouble letting Harry leave like that,” said Hermione, hands on her hips frowning.

Ron straightened. “Or we could get him to trust us a little more by doing this.”

The others watched at the two Gryffindors began bickering and arguing as they always did. It was everyone’s hope that sooner or later the two would realize that they liked each other and stopped their annoying bickering. Ginny turned to the others and took out a pack of Exploding Snap while a few others took out Gobstones or crossed over to the chess set. They were all so involved in their games and ignoring Ron and Hermione that none of them realized how much time had passed until they heard loud banging and Mrs. Black’s shrieking from downstairs.

Quickly cleaning the room they were about to leave the room when Sirius, Remus, Tonks and Moody entered the room looking exhausted.

“Fudge is an idiot; Voldemort’s not going to let an opportunity like the Summit go without trying something!” Tonks exclaimed.

Moody snorted. “We all know how stupid the Minister is but he could be right. We’ll just have to wait and see what happens when we report on Monday night for another briefing.”

Remus gave the students a tired smile. “Sorry we were gone so long but we did pick up dinner, Mrs. Weasley should have everything set in about ten minutes. Have any of you seen Harry?”

Everyone froze, no one had heard Harry come back at all and he would have had to pass by the Drawing Room to go up to any of the other floors. Instantly all eyes turned to Ron who was
suddenly looking very pale.

“Harry said that he needed to go and send a letter by phoenix to his Law Wizard and that he needed to pick up his robes for the Summit. He said he’d be gone maybe twenty minutes at the latest but he hasn’t come back yet.” Ron whispered eyes on the floor.

Sirius gaped for a moment before shaking his head. “When did he leave?”

Padma Patil looked at her wristwatch. “Harry left around four thirty or so.”

“Four thirty?!” the four adults exclaimed loudly.

Hermione glanced at the clock on the mantle and nearly moaned. “Oh my God, Harry’s been gone for nearly two hours! I told you we shouldn’t have let him go!”

“Calm down, we’ll find him.” Remus said softly before the four turned and stormed out of the room stopping in the kitchen to get reinforcements.

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**The Throne Room**  
Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton, UK  
Saturday the 23rd of August 1997  
7:00 PM

After being put through his paces for the benefit of the Ministry’s spy, Cyriacus had more than gotten a decent work out. The Elite and the Inner Circle had put on a good show of acting very suspicious of Cyriacus’s intentions as Voldemort looked on with hidden amusement as Cyriacus gave his reasons for turning against his ‘friend’. As the others watched, Cyriacus was questioned by Voldemort to see how he would be placed amongst the other Death Eater trainees. Though most attempted to hide it, Cyriacus could tell that they were impressed by his answers as his schooling was questioned. Voldemort was visibly gleeful when Cyriacus dismissively labeled himself a Master of Mind Magicks and proceeded to test his skills on a Death Eater from Voldemort’s prized Chimera Death Squad. After showing off his skills in Legilimency, Occulmency, Imperius Curse, Oblivation and Memory Fabrication/Implantation it seemed as if he had finally passed inspection.

As Cyriacus sprawled in a chair as a House elf fetched him some iced spring water, Voldemort was gloatting to his Inner Circle about all the uses Cyriacus could be put to. While drinking his water, Cyriacus eyed the other Death Eaters watching for any possible troublemakers though it was unlikely anyone would bother him after having seen the display of powerful Mind Magick he had just presented. However being overcautious was always a wise thing. Eventually after Voldemort had finished gloatting he had dismissed everyone to prepare for dinner, Cyriacus returning with the other Elites to their suite of rooms. After taking a shower and telling everyone he’d see them tomorrow, Cyriacus had Shadow Stalked up to Voldemort’s suite to dress in his Necromancer robes. Voldemort had already added a door between Necromancer Ruin’s suite and Voldemort’s Floo room so their appearances were perfect.

Cyriacus bid Voldemort a momentary farewell before Shadow Stalking back to Eagle’s Spire and claiming his four Truth Guardians. They were spectral spirits dressed in midnight blue robes, their pale milk white skin shining luminously. A strip of dark fabric hid the upper parts of their faces, covering their foreheads down to their mouths. The moment they felt Cyriacus enter the room, they quickly surrounded him.

“Master,” They murmured, their hands touching his robes with reverence.
Cyriacus smiled behind his mask. “My servants come with me and seek the unfaithful, scheming liars.”

“Yes Master,” They agreed pressing closer to him as Cyriacus wrapped his Chaos magic around them and pulled them along with him through the corridors of the Chaos Plane. They emerged in the darkened hall just outside of the Dining Hall.

“Now seek those with unfaithful hearts, those who would dare to betray the Dark Lord’s cause. Mark them but do not allow them to know who has been marked, I shall cull should there be need. I will tell them nothing of your powers, only that you are my servants, let them know not what you or I seek in this endeavor.” Cyriacus instructed.

The Truth Guardians nodded and Cyriacus strode through the open doors, ignoring the sudden silence that fell as those within the Hall took in his arrival. He wore an elaborate samite robe which was mainly black save for the sleeves and hem which looked as if they had been soaked in blood. A cloak blood red with a silver wyvern embroidered on the back draped around his shoulders and his face was hidden behind a black metal half mask. Ignoring the sudden silence Cyriacus continued directly to the table at the far end of the room as his servants glided amongst the common Death Eaters.

“Good Evening Dark Lord, I trust your day has been productive?” Cyriacus greeted as he took his seat next to Voldemort.

Voldemort inclined his head. “It has been very productive, Necromancer Ruin. I trust you have settled in your suite of rooms?”

“They are more than suitable for my needs, Dark Lord. I have finished preparing a suitable Summoning Circle as you had desired. I shall be ready to begin my work beginning at sundown tomorrow.”

“Excellent, I look forward to it.” Voldemort replied.

Dinner passed by quickly the conversation varying from recent Ministry actions to the import/export of Dark Artifacts. Cyriacus kept an eye on his servants as they glided around the room, seeking possible spies and marking them. As dinner finished Cyriacus was pleased to see only five marked Death Eaters who seemed to be only wavering from the glow the Truth Guardians had placed around them. Cyriacus would watch them carefully the next few days and if necessary have them eliminated. Under the table, Cyriacus nudged Voldemort with his leg and jerked his head towards the exit.

Voldemort nodded back and stood up, waiting until the room fell silent. “In fifteen minutes I will see all Inner Circle and the First Tier Death Eaters in the Throne room. Nundu and Basilisk are to alert the rest of the First Tier Death Eaters at Slytherin’s Citadel.”

After Voldemort’s announcement the room began to empty as Death Eaters went either went home or to entertain themselves. Cyriacus ignored the others as he swept down to the exit, his servants falling into step around him. After leaving them in the Throne room to observe the new arrivals, Cyriacus headed back to the Main Staircase and towards the garden doors by the Game room. Lights lit up the cultivated garden and as Cyriacus noted he was not the only one out to get a bit of air. Some Death Eaters were conversing in clusters of two or three, others were smoking cigarettes or pipes and a solitary few were strolling idly along the paths. Cyriacus ignored the glances cast in his direction as he withdrew a pack of menthol cigarettes and finding a nice secluded alcove, had a smoke as he waited. Nearly twenty five minutes later, he strode into the Throne room shutting the doors firmly behind him and casting several powerful of his favorite Privacy charms. Once that was...
completed he conferred with his Truth Guardians and after scanning the room carefully walked up to Voldemort.

“Everyone present in this room is completely loyal to you and your cause.” Cyriacus stated.

Voldemort relaxed marginally. “Excellent, I had hoped that it would be so but one can never be too certain. You have warded the room?”

“No one will be able to speak of anything they hear outside of this room and without my express permission.” Cyriacus agreed.

“Very well, you may begin your briefing.” Voldemort agreed, gesturing for Cyriacus to do as he liked.

Cyriacus nodded and turned around to face the crowd behind him. “If you do not already know, I am Necromancer Ruin Heir of the line of Blaze Hawthorne and First Tier Lord of the Guild of Necromancy. As you have just heard, you have been spelled to secrecy and it is spelled specifically to me. Should I find that any of you have somehow found a way to betray any information I am about to brief you on to the Ministry or the Order of the Phoenix, you will meet a fate worse than death. Is that understood?”

“Aye!” The room answered as they waited.

“Very good,” Cyriacus commented as he pushed back his hood and removed his mask.

“You?!” Someone exclaimed towards the front.

Cyriacus chuckled. “Yes, it is I. For those of you who were not present at today’s Trainee training, I am Cyriacus Snape recently a student of the Arcanum Institute of Magic. Before anyone asks, I am both a Master of Mind Magicks and a Master of Necromancy among other things. My past is somewhat colorful, you will understand fully tomorrow evening so I shall be brief. On Wednesday Evening, Harry Potter will be killed at Fudge Manor which will be holding the Alliance Summit. In preparation for that momentous occasion, you have been gathered here to be briefed regarding your roles on that evening. Lord Voldemort, have you chosen the thirteen?”

“Yes, the thirteen who will be joining the Inner Circle and myself on the attack at the Summit are: Basilisk, Chimera, Lethifold, Thestral, Occamy, Ashwinder, Auguery, Acromantula, Grim, Abraxan, Re’em, Manticore and Runespoor.” Voldemort listed.

“If you have been named, I will be expecting you promptly tomorrow evening at five o’clock for an early dinner. After dinner the Eastern Bathing room on the second floor will be closed off, you will thoroughly wash yourselves and dress in the robes provided to you. Tomorrow evening I am performing a very high level Protection and Bonding Summoning and as such, all of you will need to be prepared exactly as I need you to be. I suggest that this evening you all get as much rest as you can, abstain from alcohol, sex and anything that may result in bodily injury. If any of you have already tainted yourselves this evening I suggest you speak to me after I dismiss you to get a Cleansing Solution. Tomorrow evening should I be unfortunate enough to discover any of you having been stupid enough not to get a Cleansing Solution from me, I shall make you a prize sacrifice at the next Summoning that requires a live sacrifice.” Cyriacus said glaring.

Someone from the back of the room asked the question on everyone’s mind. “What exactly would happen if we didn’t take a Cleansing Solution?”

“Whoever is standing within a Protection circle at the time of the Summoning would be perfectly
safe as the Spirit would first attack the sacrifice. However, after the Spirit consumed the sacrifice, it would then turn to me as I will not be within the safety of a Protection circle. Suffice to say should I be at the un-tender mercy of the Spirit I’m Summoning tomorrow evening and survive the necessary ten minute wait until I can safely banish it, I’ll make whoever caused the Summoning to fail suffer beyond mortal comprehension.

“Mortal comprehension?” Someone asked nervously.

Cyriacus smiled in such a way that everyone present shivered. “There are nine levels of Summoning and each require a different offering. Tomorrow I am performing a level eight Summoning which requires the sacrifice to be violently killed to amass the always powerful but very fleeting, Death Energy. There is one level above that and that requires the sacrifice to have their soul devoured by the Summoned Spirit. It works much like a Dementor’s Kiss and often times the Summoned Spirit will Possess the body of the sacrifice. I have read that it is a less than pleasant experience but I will be more than happy to carry it out should it prove necessary.”

“Now before I dismiss you, those who are not going to be joining Lord Voldemort at the attack on the Summit will report here on Tuesday evening at eleven o’clock. You will be acting as a diversion for the Summit attack and as such will be taking a few of my pets along to insure your safety and stealth. Your presence is not required at the Summoning but I suggest that you all come whole of body; my pets tend to get a little…excited when they scent blood and you will not be safe from them until they are bonded to you. Should you be injured on your raid, their priority is to Heal you as best they can and they will protect you until you recover, you will be in charge of them until Friday evening most likely.”

Cyriacus glanced back at Voldemort who shook his head; he had nothing left that needed to be said.

“If those named would step forward?”

The crowd shifted as several groups of people moved together towards the front of the room. Cyriacus moved them around until they stood in columns three squads deep and five feet away from each other. Cyriacus unbuckled his robe, letting it fall to the floor before unbuttoning his black silk shirt and tossing that on the floor too. Everyone was watching him raptly as he turned his left arm palm up finger pointing at the ground in front of the first group, and using his right pointer finger touched the tattoo rune just above his elbow on his bicep. A black mist collected in front of the squads while Cyriacus calmly repeated the gesture another twelve times before taking a step back and waving his hand. Two buckets and four silver trays appeared next to him on the ground. Picking up a bucket he carefully poured the dark crimson blood into two of the pans, before taking the other bucket and filling the remaining two. Once that was done, Cyriacus pulled out a silver dagger from his right boot and cut his arm deeply, letting the blood pour into each of the trays.

Once he deemed that enough of his blood had been added to the calf’s blood, he pressed the dark green ‘gem’ on his left bracelet and waited as a vial of Invitcus Potion drained into his bloodstream, healing the cut. Finally finished with his preparations, and only far too aware of the stares, Cyriacus scooped up his clothes and put them back on as he Incanted several words in Necromancer’s Cant.

The black mist formed into twenty six large spiders, whose bodies were the size of two joined soccer balls. They were fairly hairy spiders with purple eyes and soft dark black fur.

“Drink from your Offering,” Cyriacus murmured, gesturing at the blood filled trays. Twelve of the spiders skittered forward to the trays and drank while the last remaining one, who had a silver S on its back, calmly approached Cyriacus. Bending down Cyriacus petted it once before calmly scooping it up off the floor and turning his neck aside, waiting as the spider positioned itself before sinking fangs into his neck and drawing blood.
A nameless Death Eater with a Chimera mark on their mask stared with fascination as the spider drank. “What are they?”

“Necromancers call them Gatherers; they’re very intelligent and quite good at finding the perfect sacrifices for whatever Summoning is needed. I generally only summon females as they’re the best at web weaving, she’ll spin a web searching for a mind that resonates with the criteria I instruct her to find. Once she locks onto the location of that mind, she and her sister will use the Shadow Stalking ability I’ve temporarily granted them and weave a web into the mind of the sacrifice. Humans are always looking for their missing kinsman, so the spiders control the human who will make a general mess and write a suicide note before ‘disappearing’. Then the spiders will bind the sacrifice with a special kind of silk and bring her to the room I’ve set aside for the sacrifices. After the sacrifice is used, I dispose of the body and no one’s any wiser for it.” Cyriacus explained, as the spider he carried finished drinking.

Everyone was silent; Cyriacus idly stroked the soft fur on the Queen Gatherer in his arms and waited until the other spiders had cleaned the trays of blood. Cyriacus set the Queen down on the ground and murmured a few words as the spiders arranged themselves into groups of two. Carefully placing Protection charms on them, Cyriacus spoke another word and waited as the spiders cautiously fanned out and searched for the group most suited to them. Once they had finished and were waiting patiently, Cyriacus walked over to the first group, which was Basilisk and scooped up the larger of the two spiders.

“Now hold out your arm, this will only hurt for a moment.” Cyriacus instructed, waiting for the Squad Captain to pull up his right sleeve.

The Squad Captain hissed as the spider bit his arm, drawing a bit of blood before releasing him. The spider glowed for a moment and Cyriacus could feel a gentle mental touch as she searched for the information in his mind regarding the type of sacrifice needed for this particular occasion. Once she had the information she needed a gold Basilisk appeared on her back and after exchanging information with her sister, they stepped into his shadow and vanished. Ten minutes passed as Cyriacus continued with the same procedure, the spiders each vanishing to find a suitable place to spin their webs.

Cyriacus was just about to speak when his eyes glazed over and he became distracted, seeing for a moment what his Golem had gotten up to. Cursing softly, Cyriacus scanned the members of the Inner Circle before focusing on the one he thought was Augustus Rookwood.

“Go and ask the Dementor Lord to come here and explain how to use the Cleansing Solution, something has come up which needs my immediate attention.” Cyriacus instructed as he took off the Glamour hiding the large crate of Cleansing Solution which was a few feet away from the Dark Lord’s throne.

Rookwood glanced over to Voldemort, “My Lord?”

“Do as you have been instructed Rookwood and be quick about it! Where are you going Cyriacus?” Voldemort said glancing at Cyriacus.

Ignoring Voldemort’s question Cyriacus mumbled a Switching Spell, exchanging his Necromancer robes for a pair of tight fitting green dragonhide chaps and calf boots, silver briefs and a loose mesh vest which opened all the way to his sternum, made of tiny steel loops. Glancing down at his clothes with approval, he created a bubble of air around his body and upped the temperature to a sweltering 112 degrees Fahrenheit until he was sweating rather heavily and began once again to muss his hair.

Voldemort repeated his question and before Cyriacus could answer; his father’s voice interrupted
him.

“What kind of situation is so urgent that it requires you to go out looking like a whore?” Severus demanded his tone filled with outrage.

Cyriacus merely laughed. “I’m happy I pass muster then, Father. As for your inquiry, Harry’s done something incredibly stupid and now I have to go and repair the situation as best I can. I’m certain that you’ll find yourself summoned to the Order Headquarters as soon as you’re done here so be sure to act surprised and outraged.” Cyriacus saluted Voldemort just before he walked into the shadows and vanished.

The Gold Chamber
Rapture, Leisure Alley, London UK
Saturday the 23rd of August 1997
8:43 PM

Cyriacus entered the room and after cringing at the nauseatingly gaudy décor. Everything was done in either white, new minted gold or rich dark gold. Every metallic surface was gilded to the extreme until the dazzle nearly made Cyriacus want to poke his eyes out. Kicking the door shut with a loud bang, an inebriated Harry and a scantily clad brunette woman twisted around from their entangled position on the bed.

Cyriacus growled as he approached the bed and gently pulled away the prostitute. “Here, take this and go, make sure no one else interrupts us.” Cyriacus ordered as he passed her ten Galleons.

The brunette glanced from one to the other and after winking sashayed out of the room. Cyriacus tossed up several powerful Privacy charms as he dropped down onto the bed to join his golem.

“I don’t suppose you’d like to explain what the hell you’re doing?”

The golem smiled. “I figured this would be a perfect way to distract the Order from your activities and keep me from using our mutual reserve of energy. I know that you’ll need every drop of energy yourself for the Summoning tomorrow evening and to recover on Monday.”

Cyriacus glared as he unbuckled his vest. “That’s true but now we’re going to have to pretend to be lovers if only so they don’t wonder where we both are the next few days. Not to mention when they do catch us later this evening, the lecture they’ll give us will be worse than having to sit through three hours with Professor Binns.”

“It’s not the complete end of the world you realize, Cy.” Harry replied as he too began to strip out of his clothes, tossing them strategically around the bed. Once they were both naked, they slipped under the covers of the bed, Cy frowning darkly.

“You do know how disconcerting this is for me?” Cy commented resisting the urge to jump out of bed and away from the golem as it pinned him to the bed.

Harry quirked an eyebrow at him and ignoring Cy’s remark, began to kiss and bite Cy’s neck. “Even if it is disconcerting, we’ll still need to do it.”

Cyriacus winced at the contact. “Bite the other side, the Gatherer Queen bit me on that side.”

“Sorry.” Harry replied before obligingly marking the other side of Cy’s neck.

Knowing it was pointless to lay there like a statue; Cyriacus decided that if they were going to make
this believable then they would need to take it up a notch. Harry continued nipping and licking his way down Cy’s neck and chest while Cy raked his fingernails over as much of Harry as he could reach from his position. Crushing his lips against Cy’s Harry nibbled and sucked on the ‘younger’ boy’s lip until Cy reluctantly opened his mouth. As their tongues dueled, the flavor of mint and Firewhisky passed between them. Grinding their hips together as they moved back to exchanging bruising love bites and love scratches Cy felt his Incubus side rising to the surface. Any remaining inhibitions melted away as the two writhed against each other, still exchanging bites, kisses and scratches.

After combing Diagon Alley, Tonks and Kingsley were finally able to learn that the shopkeepers had last seen Harry on his way to Leisure Alley, clutching a letter. A stop at the Post Office revealed that the letter Harry had received bore the seal of Arcanum, which was the image of the island Arcanum called home with a silver gate overlaying it. The clerk unfortunately could not tell them the name of the sender only that it looked as if it had been written by a feminine hand.

Another two hours were spent combing through the shops and eventually the nightclubs, burlesque houses and two or three brothels. It seemed that Harry had stopped by at nearly every club, house or brothel in the more secluded area of Leisure Alley. It was approaching nine fifteen when they finally managed to determine that Harry was currently being entertained in a chamber in Rapture. The brothel was one of the better known ones and though it was gaudy the professionals were supposedly the best in the Alley.

Another ten minutes were spent amongst the Order members arguing about whether to wait until he was finished or to interrupt. Eventually Dumbledore, Moody and Hestia Jones won the argument and Sirius, Remus and Tonks ended up trailing the other three as they made their way up the stairs and to the Gold Chamber. By the time they reached the door, practically everyone except Dumbledore and Moody were red in the face as they had heard quite a bit more than they would have liked from the other patrons. The moans coming from behind the door however caused even the two oldest members of the group to blush lightly.

“God damn…the things you can do with your tongue should be fucking illegal!” Harry rasped loudly, causing everyone in the hall to go completely beet red.

Hestia glanced at the door before looking away. “I don’t think they’ll hear if you knock, Albus.”

Dumbledore closed his eyes briefly. “You are right; perhaps it would be best just to go in.”

Taking a deep breath, he opened the door and they entered the room closing the door behind them before freezing at the sight that greeted them. Sprawled in the center of the bed on his back was a disheveled Harry Potter whose hands were entwined in the hair of his lover and lying half on top of him was Cyriacus Snape, who had his teeth latched around Harry’s left nipple. Sirius made a choked noise and abruptly collapsed to the floor with a dull thump that immediately caused the two in the bed to twist around, wands drawn.

“Headmaster?” Harry slurred, surprised.

Cyriacus glanced from Sirius to the other adults and turned red before practically rolling off of Harry and covering his face with his hands in a lame attempt to hide his burning cheeks. Harry glanced from his lover to the older adults at end of the room and back.

“Oh Merlin, oh Merlin, oh Merlin…” Hestia was muttering to herself, staring at the ground.

Tonks meanwhile was staring at the bed with shock while Remus and Kingsley attempted to rouse
the unconscious Sirius Black. Dumbledore was rubbing his temples, silently begging for patience at the unexpected sight they had stumbled upon.

“Cy?” Harry called out tentatively.

Cyriacus grumbled as he cautiously peeked out from between his fingers. “I told you this was a bad idea.”

“Get up Sirius Black, Merlin knows you’ve seen worse things then that!” Remus snarled as he and Kingsley took turns slapping and throwing Eneverate spells at Sirius.

Dumbledore took a deep breath and choked on the heavy, unmistakable scent of sweat and sex that laced the air. “Boys, get dressed, we’ll wait in the hall.”

Tonks and Hestia were quick to follow Dumbledore out, while Kingsley and Remus dragged a still resisting Sirius. Quietly Harry and Cyriacus cast Cleaning Spells on each other before pulling on their clothes. As they reached the door they shared a triumphant look at their acting before allowing themselves to be led out back to Grimmauld Place.

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**Number 12 Grimmauld Place, London UK**
**Saturday the 23rd of August 1997**
**9:25 PM**

It was the sound of Mrs. Black’s shrieking about Half-blood’s that alerted the students to Harry’s arrival. They poured out of the Drawing room, Ron, Hermione and Ginny in the lead and nearly tumbled down the stairs when they saw Harry. Leaning against an equally disheveled Cyriacus Snape, both men were sporting large red love bites along their necks. Harry’s clothes looked wrinkled and looked askew while Cyriacus was covered with Remus’s robe, leaving the werewolf dressed in simple gray slacks and a loose white button up shirt. Sirius was staring at the two in something like shocked disbelief while Tonks was trying to distract Hestia who was muttering something about ‘always knocking before entering a room’. Kingsley and Moody both looked grim and the former told Remus he’d ‘get the bottle’ from the library. Dumbledore looked very tired and slightly uncomfortable.

“Harry? Are you alright?” Ginny asked cautiously.

Both Harry and Cyriacus turned and after seeing over a dozen kids around their age looking at them, flushed.

“I’m fine. I suppose Cy and I will just uh, get cleaned up.” Harry said lamely, far more sober after Moody had hit him with a Sobering Charm.

Cy quickly agreed with Harry. “Yes that’s a great idea! Let’s go up to your bedroom!”

The two younger men had managed three steps towards the stairs when Dumbledore stopped them, laying a hand on one of their shoulders.

“I think it would be best if you two stayed away from each other until we have a discussion about your…activities this evening.” Dumbledore said in a no nonsense tone.

Cy glanced at Harry then Dumbledore. “Um, I’m going to need a change of clothes and Harry’s the only one about my size so I think it would be better if we just cleaned up in Harry’s room.”

Molly Weasely clucked. “I’m sure I can clean up your clothes while you take a shower dear, now
take off Remus’s robe and let me have a look at your clothes.”

“Molly just leave the boy alone.” Sirius said flatly.

Dumbledore moved forward to intercept the mother hen. “You need not concern yourself with the state of Cyriacus’s clothes, Molly.”

“It’s really no trouble, Albus. Off with the robe dear.” Molly told Cyriacus who was now trying to hide behind Harry.

“NO! Really, that’s not why-“ Harry began but by then the Weasley Matriarch had waved her wand and Remus’s robe had vanished, leaving Cyriacus clad in his rather revealing clothing.

Several girls squeaked at Cy’s undeniably well toned body which as they could now see, was definitely covered in bruised love bites and scratches alike. Both Cyriacus and Harry’s faces flamed and Cy dragged Harry to stand in front of him, blocking the younger kids from looking at him. The boys however looked at how closely the two were standing, their expression and their jaws dropped open as the revelation of just how close the two were became obvious. Mrs. Weasley was gaping like a landed fish while Sirius unbuttoned his robes and silently handed them to the very embarrassed younger man. Cyriacus quickly pulled on the robes and buckled them shut, staring at Harry who was still shielding him.

“We’ll be going up to my room now,” Harry said somewhat coldly. “No more protestations about it, we’ll be down in exactly twenty minutes.”

“But-“

Harry turned to glare at Tonks. “We’ll discuss it later, I think between the seven of you, you have embarrassed and invaded our privacy enough for one evening. If you make things difficult, I will be happy to invite Cy to stay over at Potter Manor for a few days until you cool your heads.”

Sirius looked like he was going to protest but Dumbledore calmly cut him off, “Go then and meet us in the kitchen when you are done.”

Severus growled as he was directed to the kitchen by a rather shaken looking Molly Weasley. Muttering about his luck, or lack thereof, Severus entered the kitchen with a dark look and paused as the room became dead silent upon his entrance.

“There had best be a good reason for calling me tonight! The Dark Lord has had me brewing potions all day and I’m exhausted and irritated!” Severus snarled, looking at Dumbledore.

“Perhaps you should sit down Severus; I fear this news may be somewhat unexpected.” Dumbledore replied smoothly.

Charlie glanced at Dumbledore to Severus and to his mother who entered and sealed the room with several Privacy charms before taking her seat. “I don’t suppose you’ll finally tell us why some of you look like someone’s died or that Voldemort’s just won?”

Poppy Pomfrey glanced at Harry then to Dumbledore. “Ms. Granger told me that Harry was missing but he seems to be in fine health so I don’t see what has you all so upset.”

“Potter left the house alone?” Severus drawled glaring at Harry who glared right back.

Dumbledore drew a deep breath. “After combing Diagon and Leisure Alley, we finally found Harry
in a rather…unexpected place.”

Harry shot Dumbledore a dark look. “I hardly think that we need to discuss this with the entire Order, Dumbledore!”

“Then you should have thought about what you were doing going to Rapture with a minor and shagging each other’s brains out!” Sirius shouted.

The room became dead silent before everyone immediately began to speak.

“What was he doing?” Emmaline Vance exclaimed.

Fred and George spoke simultaneously. “Harry and Snape’s son?!”

“Rapture? As in the brothel?” Bill asked looking dumbstruck.

All the reactions however, were overshadowed when a furious red faced Severus Snape jumped to his feet, banged both of his hands on the table and roared. “What the Hell do you think the two of you are doing?! I will not stand for this sort of illicit behavior between my son and a Potter!”

Calmly, Harry glanced over at Severus. “I hardly think you are in any position to tell either of us what we can and can’t do, Professor.”

Dumbledore looked at Harry and Cyriacus. “Harry things are very clear on this matter and I do not think it wise for you to continue this…relationship. It would not be healthy for two Blood sworn brothers to be engaging in such acts.”

“You know very little about Blood Magic then, Headmaster.” Cyriacus said speaking up for the first time since he and Harry arrived in the kitchen.

Moody looked at the two former Arcanum students suspiciously, “And what, pray tell, don’t we know about Blood Magic?”

“There are all sorts of different ways to use Blood and many different bonds,” Harry explained. “When I said that Cy and I were Blood brothers you assumed naturally that the form of bond we swore was the one sworn between platonic males. Cy and I did not bother with attempting to clarify our relationship as it was a moot point and as we wanted to avoid this confrontation. Suffice to say, Professor Snape may protest and be as outraged as he likes and it will not cause either of us to change our ways, what we have done is mostly irreversible.”

Dumbledore looked thoughtful. “And the full term of this particular bond?”

“The Old books call it a Shieldmate’s Oath; the new books call it a Shieldbrother Oath. If you’re curious where the bond itself originates from, I’m told it was named after the way the Spartans fought or so I’ve been told.”

Severus closed his eyes and took a deep breath. “And how long have you sworn your Oath?”

Cy looked his father in the eye. “It’s been just over a year. I wanted to swear it earlier but Harry said to wait until after my fifteenth birthday.”

“Oh Merlin,” Sirius muttered, looking ill.

Remus rubbed his face. “And you chose this particular bond because?”

“I don’t think any of you need to know our reasons, this is embarrassing enough discussing it like
this.” Harry calmly stood up, offering Cy his hand. “However since you do, this makes things easier for us. Cy and I will be taking a short trip away to Potter Manor from Sunday to Wednesday morning. As Cy has already been presented to Voldemort, I think we can afford a bit of time away from everyone. This letter should explain everything; I’ll see you all in a few days.”

The Order watched as the two walked out of the room. Sirius reached over and picked up the envelope and opened it. Two sheets of paper lay inside, the first had ‘READ ME FIRST’, scribbled on it. Taking it out, Sirius opened it and read it aloud.

Harry-

I wish I was writing you for the sake of speaking with you but I’m afraid that’s not the case. Clarisse has had another vision and I’m sorry to tell you that ‘as the leaves turn’ has now become a more definite ‘before the ninth moon’s new face’. It is our hope that you will receive this letter as soon as possible, but as we had no access to Phoenix mail you should receive this letter at the latest on the 22nd of August.

This is a terrible secret to know, especially as you have hidden the truth from all your friends and even Cyriacus. However as we both know, the two of you swore a Shieldmate Oath and if you want him to live past your death, you must carefully begin to unbind your half. As you are a Master, I need not elaborate I’m sure but you will need at least two full days to unbind your half without alerting Cyriacus to what you are doing.

I hope that you finally finish the battle that began before your birth and I assure you now, I will see to it that Cyriacus is seen to. You have my support and that of your fellows, never doubt that.

Fight hard, love truly and die honorably,

Celestin Nigel Randolph
Headmaster of the Arcanum Institute of Magic

Sirius dropped the first letter as he finished and stared at it, hoping the words were wrong. Remus saw his shock and reached over and took out the second letter which had ‘WHEN YOU COMPOSE YOURSELVES’ written on it. Slowly unfolding it Remus scanned through the contents.

“Well?” Severus asked after a few minutes of silence, looking grave.

Remus set the letter down. “In it he writes that arrangements for his burial have been scheduled on the morning of September 3rd and that he has scheduled the reading for his will to be held on September 5th. He writes that his Law Wizard Alaric Brandt will see to all the necessary details and that exactly three hours after his death his body will be under the protection of a Vita Ustum Curse. If any of us are present, we are to please ensure that no one tampers with his body until his Law Wizard arrives.”

Dumbledore closed his eyes. “And so it draws to an end, may the world remember his sacrifice.”

The Grounds
Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton, UK
Sunday the 24th of August 1997
6:25 PM

Cyriacus was silent as he led the wave of bronze robed Death Eaters deep into the forest on the
Mansion grounds. Floating silver orbs of light lit the way as they walked until they reached a large circular clearing which was around a hundred or so feet in diameter. In the middle of the clearing was a large octagon made of solid obsidian which spanned fifty five feet across and was three feet high. On top of the octagon was a foot high circle with a diameter of forty five feet. One foot high and wide steps had been carved into the octagon to make it easier to climb up onto the level of the octagon and then up to the circle.

An aerial view of the obsidian Summoning Circle would reveal five circles the outside circle being the biggest and the inside circle being the smallest. Each circle was exactly five feet away from the next and overlapping each of the larger circles were smaller Protection Circles which had been carved directly onto the obsidian stone. The fifth circle (counting outward) was unmarked as it was barely a foot away from the edge of the raised obsidian circle; the forth and the third circle had eight Protection Circles carved on them, the second circle had four and the innermost circle was a Protection Circle in and of itself. Also the innermost circle was two inches higher off the ground than the rest of the circles.

Looking from above, four right triangles with three Protection Circles in each, created a cross within the four circles. The middle point of that cross being the center Protection Circle and the longest part of the cross being the southern point on the cross. Altogether the Summoning Circle fit exactly twenty one people, not counting the center Protection Circle. Torches in the corners of the octagon lit up the outermost edge of the octagon, eight torch stands lit up the outermost two circles, three located on the shorter ends of the cross while the remaining five were located on the between the edge of the raised circle and the fifth carved circle itself.

Cyriacus glanced back at the Death Eaters behind him. “Fan out around the octagon, two squads on the northern, western and easternmost points and three groups on the southernmost point. The rest of you, stand wherever you like just don’t get in my way.”

Temporarily ignoring the mass of Death Eaters as they moved into position, Cyriacus climbed up the steps until he was standing just on the edge of the fifth circle where he tipped over four bags of large rock salt crystals. A gesture with his hands smoothed out the spilled salt into a perfect circle in between the actual fifth circle and the raised edge of the slab of obsidian itself. Walking around the circle, he checked to make sure it was as geometrically correct as possible before carefully stepping over it and down to the obsidian slab cut in the shape of the octagon. Cyriacus walked to the northern face of the octagon and collected the leather satchel from Macnair before walking to Lucius who was standing at the eastern point and collecting a large velvet sack. Placing a hovering charm on both bags Cyriacus walked towards the southern face, gesturing for the others to step back as he stepped down.

Taking out a knife from the leather satchel floating next to him, Cyriacus turned his left arm palm up and cut down in between his bracelet and his first Pre-Summon Rune. He watched the blood drip for a moment before shaking his head and taking out a gray vial of Numb Discharger. Sticking out his tongue he let two drops hit his tongue before swallowing and waiting a few more minutes. The cut on his arm had already sealed when he put the tip of the knife on his arm and cut again. This time he nodded, satisfied with the current level of apathy. Tugging the belt on his waist, Cyriacus slipped out of his robe and with a flick of his fingers banished his robes to his room.

Voldemort stared for a moment, surprised. “You are going to do this Summoning ritual nude?”

Cyriacus glanced over at Voldemort. “We all are, actually. I, however, am perfectly comfortable with my lack of dress. The rest of you will have to adjust I suppose.” Cyriacus turned away and glanced around at the others. “I know the Dementor Lord briefed you after I left yesterday regarding what was expected of you at this Summoning, have you any questions before we begin?”
Silence.

“Good we will begin with the southermost point, which would be?”

“Abraxan, Necromancer Ruin.” The Squad Captain answered.

Cyriacus nodded, “Disrobe and join me above. Do not, I repeat, do not disturb the circle of salt or I will gut you.”

Another five or so minutes was spent directing them into positions on the circles while he carefully withdrew his tools. When he finished there were several daggers of various lengths and several vials of Royal Incubi blood mixed with phoenix tears and ground unicorn horn shavings, floating in the air around the center Protection Circle. Once he was prepared he waved his hand and a cocooned figure appeared in the center of the circle, a gesture of his hands and the cocoon fell away revealing a slim blonde girl around his age.

Finally ready to begin, Cyriacus faced moved into position south of the center Protection Circle and began his incantation. “I Summon, a Revenant from the Chaos Plane, by offering of a death energy sacrifice. I summon the Revenant Altaros, by the blood of the Illusionist, I summon!”

Wisps of black mist streaked with what seemed to be lightning began to form a few feet to his right. As the mist gathered it seemed to gain substance, forming into a human-like shape which steadily became a man with fierce expression.

“You have some nerve to Summon me here, mortal. We shall see how well learned you are soon enough, what is my task?” Altaros demanded.

Cyriacus didn’t bat an eye at the Revenant’s tone. “I will let the blood of the sacrifice and you will bind each of them,” Cyriacus pointed to the Death Eaters standing in their Protection Circles, “To that one there,” Cyriacus pointed again to the Squad Captain. “The bond you are to form will allow him to act as a Channel with me as an Anchor, can you do this?”

The Revenant smiled, “At last, a challenge worth my time. Yes, Necromancer, I can do as you require.”

“That is good; I should have hated to waste my time.” Cyriacus commented as he reached for a particularly sharp dagger. “Captain Abraxan, would the runes for ‘fair horse’ pass?”

The Squad Captain blinked. “Whatever you desire would be more than suitable, Necromancer Ruin.”

“Mmm,” Cyriacus hummed before waking his sacrifice with a wandless charm and a full body bind to keep her still. Raising his knife he circled around her, before settling on cutting a curved V along her breasts. As her terrified blue eyes widened in pain, Cyriacus glanced at the positions of his tattooed Runes before settling on carving the runes on the middle of her left thigh. With each cut of the knife, a similar red mark appeared exactly on their thigh in the same place on the Death Eaters and Cyriacus. When he finished, Cyriacus released his dagger and reached for a paintbrush and a vial of the mixed blood. Dipping the brush in Cyriacus coated the carved runes with the specially prepared blood. Stepping back, he turned to face the Revenant who nodded and began chanting. A brief flair of pain sizzled on his thigh as the mark burned onto his skin and quickly faded becoming a form of a weak Soul link.

Cyriacus brushed his awareness against it and after confirming it was accurate turned to face the Revenant. “Are you fond of any particular style of death?”
“Blood, lots of blood.” Altaros answered, looking eager.

“Right.” Cyriacus picked up the largest of his daggers and repeatedly sank it into her soft, yielding flesh. Blood poured from the stab wounds, staining his hands and trickling down her body. Watching as the light extinguished from her eyes, Cyriacus waited until the last of her life faded and with it the Revenant howled his freedom, as he was finally able to transition into the Mortal Realm. After disposing of the body, Cyriacus called up the next group and began the Summoning all over again.

After the thirteen sacrifices had been slain, some more messily and slower than others, Cyriacus called up and positioned each of the Squad Captains and began another Summoning. Using a Lethifold carcass, a bucket of Nundu blood and a squalling infant his Gatherers had retrieved as Offerings, Cyriacus began the far more challenging Summoning. As a rule, attempting a level nine Summoning was considered by some to be chancing suicide and what he was doing was…well simply put, he could be classed as either a very cocky bastard or a stark raving lunatic. Cyriacus preferred to believe the former.

“…I summon the Dark Wraith Nusayr, by the blood of the Illusionist, I summon!”

For a moment there was dead silence, it looked as if nothing had occurred and perhaps Cyriacus had misjudged something and the Summoning failed entirely. He wouldn’t be terribly surprised if it had, after all he had never attempted a Multi-level Summoning before. Only the darkest of the Dark souls, supernatural beings or primordial beings ever required a Multi-level Summoning and unsurprisingly, they did not teach them at Arcanum.

“Hmm that was unexpected…according to the books and Blaze I did everything correctly so why didn’t he appear?” Cyriacus muttered to himself carefully looking over his Offerings before leaving to inspect the circle of salt. Everyone had been careful crossing the circle and without robes, no one could have possibly disrupted the circle without being aware of it. Walking around the circle of salt, Cyriacus noted that it was intact and mentally ran over the list of requirements and actions. Every object and item necessary was perfectly in place and not even tainted or tampered with so what was he missing? Something clearly though, had gone horribly wrong.

“Oh shit,” Cyriacus exclaimed sharply, thinking back to what he knew about a failed Dark Wraith Summoning, Cyriacus paled. “Oh fuck.”

“What?” Voldemort questioned.

Cyriacus carefully raised his hands and moved into a defensive position. “Something’s wrong, the Wraith was Summoned but where exactly he is, is another question. He’s bound to the Summoning Circle until my death but as we can’t see him, this doesn’t bode well for us.”

“Are we safe?” Peter Pettigrew squeaked.

“No one’s safe, relatively speaking, Dark Wraiths are primordial beings and their motives are, well anyone’s guess. He’s got a perfect working body up until my death and even then that may not stop him.” Cyriacus answered carefully reaching out with his Necromancer senses. “For now those of you outside the Summoning Circle are as safe as those within the Protection Circles. How long that will last is debatable.”

Lucius Malfoy looked nervous. “Is there any way to correct the error?”

“It’s possible to negotiate terms but as the Wraith is not visible, that means that he’s not open to it.” Cyriacus commented, heart racing. “In ten minutes I’ll be able to banish him, it’s surviving the ten minutes that worries me.”
Before anyone else could speak a cold, voice without inflections spoke. “It should worry you Necromancer, no one’s lived to boast of Summoning the Dark Wraith Nusayr…and no one will.”

Cyriacus whirled around and had to fight down his fear. Standing not five feet away from him was an unearthly beautiful figure; he had hair the color of blood spilled on a moonless night, skin the color of ivory and bright piercing gold eyes. His body would have made every Classical sculptor weep with envy and beg him to be their model, the Wraith had an athletic muscled build, which combined with his striking looks would have had men and women fighting over him. While Cyriacus appreciated the Wraith’s looks, he was far too consumed with what he knew about primordial beings. The more they resembled humans and the more symmetrically accurate they were was an easy way to guess at how powerful they are.

He was many things certainly: Hero or Traitor, Necromancer or Blood Mage or Mind Mage, friend or enemy and to one he was a lover. Seventeen years of life he’d seen, from each and every angle imaginable and now he was faced with one thing and he’d never been more certain of it before in all his life.

Cyriacus Alcaeus Snape, formerly one Harry James Potter, was looking Death in the eyes…and he didn’t stand a bloody chance!

“Um father?” Cyriacus called out taking a deep breath.

Severus looked away from the Wraith. “What?”

“When I die, tell Alaric to give you the second version of my will and Voldemort…best of luck conquering the world.” Cyriacus said solemnly before releasing his breath and launching his first attack.

Um…sorry, I forgot there was a cliffhanger at the end of this chapter. However this is all you’re going to get today as I coded 7 chapters spanning nearly 5 hours. I’ll code the remaining 3 chapters tomorrow. If you’re truly, truly desperate to find out what happens you can always go to Fanfiction.net and read the final three chapters over there as well. I use the same penname at FFnet, AFF, TSS and Foreverfandom.com. Reviews are welcome.

-SheWolfe7 (5-11-05)
The world is round and the place which may seem like the end may also be only the beginning.

-Ivy Baker Priest, in Parade, 1958
Cyriacus could attempt a Shadow Stalk, he was tossed hard to the ground on his stomach, with the Wraith pinning him down.

“Well, well Necromancer, it looks as if I have won this battle.” Nusayr murmured setting the tips of his claws on Cy’s skin and pressing ever so gently, not quite breaking skin yet.

Cyriacus growled as he released all his tedious Glamours and forced a Transformation, needing the extra strength and durability of his Hybrid form. Not only that but it was no longer necessary to be discreet as he had a slim chance of surviving this encounter; he knew very well that the Wraith was just playing with him. “Don’t be too sure of that!” As his wings burst from his back, they knocked the much larger and heavier Wraith off of him and both combatants scrambled back to their feet and into fighting stances.

From outside the circle came surprised gasps and murmurs as everyone stared at Cyriacus. Very few things had changed but the addition of various white scars on the black scaled body; or rather the famous lightning bolt scar was enough to cause an outburst. Voldemort sent a warning flare of pain through the Dark Mark, alerting those present to be silent and cautious. This was quickly becoming a very dangerous situation and it would be best if they waited to see how things fell out, it would not do for their words to distract Cyriacus at a critical moment.

Cyriacus stood with his wings opened, body in a defensive pose. His scales had grown thick and formidable, his claws a little longer and sharper than normal. Nusayr looked amused as he weaved around the Squad Captains standing in their Protection Circles. Cy cursed as the Wraith helped himself to first the Lethifold carcass that he seemed to liquefy and absorb and then the Nundu blood which was quickly swallowed.

Nusayr finished drinking the Nundu blood and smirked as he felt his body become even stronger. “Finally, I was beginning to wonder how much pain you were willing to endure in your weaker form.”

With a growl the two of them were at it again, punching, kicking, blasting each other with bursts of magic and clawing at each other. The noises of bones breaking and blood splattering filled the silent air. Voldemort watched face blank but his eyes burning with a mixture of anger and worry. To his left Severus watched his son fight for his life with a savagery he had never seen before but then again, Cy was in the same position as a cornered animal. It was astonishing seeing the Wraith cut through dragonhide which after Basilisk and Chimera skin was the next most durable skin/hide. With two minutes left until the ten minute wait for Banishment arrived, Cyriacus began to sway before finally falling over, body shaking. Almost as one, Voldemort and Severus held their breaths, hearts beating with fear.

Nusayr watched his prey spasm in the early stages of what would prove to be very painful death throws. “It is over arrogant Necromancer. If you didn’t already know Wraith claws are very poisonous.”

Cy felt heat from the claw wounds on his body as his muscles began to spasm. “Two more minutes…”

Nusayr kicked Cyriacus so he was lying on his right side, one wing folded unnaturally underneath his body and the other spread out for balance. “Necromancers, when shall you learn not to Summon the higher creatures? One would have thought a non-human such as you would be more intelligent than the rest.”

Nusayr spotted the white Incubus Mark on the side of Cyriacus’s body and sneered. “Never mind, you bear the cursed mark of the Revenants that explains well enough your stupidity and arrogance.”
“What…wrong?” Cyriacus asked labored, as his body was alternately burning and freezing.

“You were very close actually but you kept your Glamour spells and hid your true self. Wraiths are creatures of truth and you, weak little Necromancer are a liar.” Nusayr replied as he raised his blood drenched hand and licked Cy’s blood off of it.

Cyriacus closed his eyes and cursed himself and all the bloody books he’d ever read about Wraiths. None of them had said that the Caster had to be free of all magicks. The others watched silently, not daring to speak and draw the attention of the Wraith, both Cyriacus and the Dementor Lord had emphasized heavily that they were not to speak to any Summoned Beings unless the Being spoke first and they received a gesture of approval from Cyriacus.

Nusayr’s eyes closed as he savored the taste of blood. The arrogant Necromancer’s blood was so rich and filled with power, that barely a dozen drops of it was enough to bring him to his fullest power. It wasn’t until he came down from the exhilarating high the blood gave him that he recognized the distinctive after flavor of the blood. Eyes snapping open with shock which quickly turned into horror, Nusayr dropped to his knees looking panicked as Cyriacus had begun to jerk violently, blood foaming on his lips. “Be damned lost son of Asadyl! My body will feed the Chaos vultures should you die, mortal.” Raising his left wrist to his mouth Nusayr bit down until he tasted blood, and then forced a sweaty, trembling Cyriacus to drink it.

The spasms stopped but Cyriacus didn’t open his eyes and Nusayr became even more worried, slapping the mortal’s face. “Wake up mortal…cursed son of Asadyl, your father will have my hide.”

Wavering in a hazy world that was neither here nor there, Cy’s awareness of his body dimmed as he sank into darkness.

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Somniator (Dreamer) Cave  
North Downs, Kent UK  
Sunday the 24th of August 1997  
10:50 PM

It was the eighth time this summer, and the nearly the twentieth time this year alone, that Ollivander had made the taxing journey down to the ancient family sanctuary. Located deep in the heart of the chalk hills of the North Downs, the Ollivander family had long ago built a sanctuary from not only the incursion of various conquerors but also to hide their most ancient and powerful heirlooms and artifacts. Ever since Harry Potter had approached him one of the foremost Wand Crafters in the Wizarding World, wishing to partake in the highly dangerous, archaic Talisman Ritual; Ollivander had continuously made the trek down to the Family sanctuary to have a look at young Potter’s progress.

He had been waiting for a sign of some sort all evening, since he had closed up shop at seven o’clock but so far nothing had occurred. For the first time in several decades his mind was not absorbed in his work as he was replayed the short visit he’d received earlier that morning in his mind for what seemed to be the thousandth time that day…

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Flashback

It was just a few minutes after ten a.m. and business was slow as most young witches and wizards had already come to get their wands. Ollivander was just about to rearrange his shelves, if only to have something to do when he heard the bell ring. Leaving the shelves alone Ollivander walked
forward and stopped when he saw two heavily robed figures. It wasn’t from fear, no, it was simply the fact that the two were sharing one reservoir of magic…a very familiar, recognizable reservoir to be precise.

“How-“

“Not here.” The one on the right hissed. “Let’s go to your back room.”

Ollivander led the way to the back room and once the door was firmly closed, one of the figures cast several powerful Privacy Charms and then as if they were one person, they pushed their hoods back. The figure on the right was Harry Potter but the one on the left was only a man Ollivander had heard of through rumor by other shopkeepers.

“How can you both be sharing one reservoir of magic?” Ollivander asked again, leaning against a worktable.

Cyriacus answered smoothly, “Because Mr. Ollivander, only one of us is an actual living wizard.” And then as if to prove who it was, the Glamours on the young Snape vanished and Ollivander stared at the hands of the Caster.

For a moment Ollivander was completely blindsided and then his eyes focused on Snape and his senses were quick to recognize and connect parents. Despite what some may have thought, Ollivander was not telepathic or even completely human. Most of his family had married and interbred with various magical beings (Vampires, Veela, Werewolves, etc.) and that had resulted in a strange mixture of magical senses. So it was with little effort that he came to a startling conclusion.

“Oh blessed Lady, now there can be no doubt why you are as powerful as you are. You are the Heir of three powerful bloodlines, two by blood and one by adoption.” Ollivander’s eyes lost focus for a moment, as if he was seeing something no one else could see, and perhaps he was.

Cyriacus only nodded. “Do you know why I’ve come?”

Ollivander snapped back to the present. “Yes. Sit I will return.”

In ten minutes, Ollivander had finished mixing the Living Metal, which was almost pure gold in color with just a slight hint of silver. Cyriacus had stripped down to his trousers as Ollivander injected first the Stabilizers and then the Living Metal itself. It was an odd sensation as Cy could feel it almost flowing through his veins but where exactly it pooled was unknown. After nothing happened twenty minutes later and Ollivander had stopped inspecting him and prodding him, Cy picked up the reddish-purple stone and watched it become absorbed by the Living Metal. Once again nothing happened and Ollivander hummed thoughtfully as he wandered around the room and picked up a book. Paging through it he read silently as Cyriacus dressed and when he finished just shrugged.

“You have chosen Alexandrite as your secondary focus stone. It is very rare in the Muggle world as the larger deposits are found within Wizarding territories. Its use conjunction with Starlight Diamonds is…unknown. As you are not screaming in pain, the procedure was once again, successful. It may take some time before it manifests but rest assured…it will occur.” Ollivander stated calmly.

Cyriacus nodded, “Very well, my thanks.” Pale silver eyes met dark forest green and both felt no need to speak as they both understood each other very well with that one look. Harry took out a moke skin pouch and set it on a worktable as he and Cyriacus walked out of the room, pulling up their hoods.
With a sigh, Ollivander rubbed his temples. It was troubling how he hadn’t noticed young Snape’s true parentage sooner, though it was accurate enough to say that the green eyed youth could answer to both Harry James Potter and Cyriacus Alcaeus Snape. Ollivander was not the only one fooled and he could only wonder what the world would make of the green eyed man when or if they ever learned the truth.

Had he not personally experienced being magically ‘fooled’ he would have said that no one could have ever deceived him. The Sorting Hat made in the days of Hogwarts Founders, was also a powerful magical item infused with the essence of a powerful magical spirit. It too had boasted of its ability to judge and see the truth in every mind and heart that it perched upon. With a smile, Ollivander wondered what would happen when the young man met the Sorting Hat for a second time. Would the Sorting Hat recognize young Snape or would Snape’s natural gift for duplicity win out?

Before Ollivander could ponder about the possible outcomes for that meeting, the stone and bronze sundial-like item in the center of the room flared brightly. It had a bronze face overlaying the granite face, but instead of measuring solar and standard time, it showed the waxing and waning of the ten most powerful witches and wizards who bore a wand or Talisman that bore the Ollivander family crest. The arm of the gnomon had a Starlight Diamond tip, giving it an amazingly accurate focus point. Instead of relying on light, it was fed magic directly from the members who carried the Ollivander blood.

The Diamond gave off colored magical shadows, which were the exact same color as the Wizard or Witch’s aura allowing for whichever Wand Crafter to tell apart one Wizard and Witch from another. Unlike what some Witches and Wizards believed, it was rare for magical Auras to be strictly black or white and the colors themselves did not represent the level of ‘good’ or ‘evil’ in a Magical being. No, the colors of Auras told a great deal about the Magical being in question and the amount of ‘glow’ was a small but hardly accurate way to estimate the level of power that Witch or Wizard had available to them.

There were four main categories that they fell into and the first were the Red Auras, who were mainly energetic and highly temperamental. This made them dangerous in a battlefield as they could attempt and succeed at some of the highest spell castings if needed urgently; it was no surprise that they were attuned to the element of Fire. Those attuned to the element Earth, were the Yellow Auras, they were mostly reserved and highly patient. Their abilities made them dangerous as they waited for opportunity to present itself and then strike; they were capable of forming organized groups and producing mass Spells. The next were the Blue Auras attuned to the element of water, they were knowledgeable and enjoyed scrutinizing others and everything around them. Unsurprisingly they were considered formidable all on their own, as they sought answers and power as no other but the final group, the rarest. Black or White Auras were the rarest; they represented very responsive individuals who often instigated things as they were so aware of the world around them. With their swift ability to respond to any and all changes in an environment, they were easily the most dangerous Witches and Wizards as they could manipulate people and objects to suit their needs. Most attuned to Air, they were ever changing and eclipsed the other Auras in terms of sheer power and knowledge.

Very few people knew about the complexities of Auras, save a few Artisans and Seers as Auras were now only mentioned briefly in passing in most modern books. Hogwarts used to teach a short course on Auras but after a several hundred years it had passed out of favor. Ollivander couldn’t be
sure but it was almost safe to assume that Aura knowledge hadn’t been forgotten but slowly
distanced and eventually removed from the public eye. He was fairly certain that only the few
talented Wand makers and those few Aura Seers alive were the only ones left who knew of Auras. It
was a wise move certainly, as the Wizarding World at large both boasted of their diversity and yet,
were highly suspicious of each other. With the constant rise of Dark Lords and the separation of
‘Dark’ and ‘Light’ magicks in the Medieval Age, Black or White Auras would have been viewed
with fear or reverence.

The Wizarding community as a whole had slowly become paranoid over the years and true
knowledge had been replaced by twisted lies. Auras did not measure ‘good’ or ‘evil’, it did not
measure one’s hatred or love of Muggles…no, Auras could only tell you a bit about the individual.
No two Wizards or Witches were the same, even twins. Over the years the true Aura experts had
exchanged theories about what abilities certain types of Auras were capable of and most took great
interest in the Hogwarts Sorting Ceremony.

Ollivander himself was always amused by this ritual, it was not clear if the Founders had originally
attempted to Sort their students based on Auras but if they had, it was a dismal failure. There were
many facets of Human Nature which led to the different colored Auras. Technically there were four
categories; red, yellow, blue and black and white, each of those was attuned to a specific element.
Yet, it was possible for certain Auras to be in the middle of two elements and very rarely, it was
possible to completely change from one element to another.

One example of complete element transition was the elder Snape. Severus had always had a brilliant
mind for Potions, even at the young age of eleven and had the bluest Aura that Ollivander had seen
and it was during the winter holiday in Severus’s Seventh Year that Ollivander had begun to see the
slow transition from Blue to a Citrine colored yellow. The change indicated that he had bypassed the
Green Aura but at the same time did not fully become a full Yellow Aura as well. Ollivander knew
then that crossing Severus Snape would only lead to trouble, it was rare enough for someone to not
quite fully transition if one completely changed elements.

Examples of mid-colored Auras could be viewed if one looked at a few of the current Seventh Year
Hogwarts Students. There was the Muggleborn Hermione Granger, when she had first come to get
her wand she had been a Blue Aura and by the summer before her Third year at Hogwarts, she had
become a Violet Aura. She had both the Blue Aura’s love of knowledge and the Red Aura’s natural
enthusiasm, which combined created a very dangerous, intelligent Witch. Converse of her was the
Green Aura of Draco Malfoy, with the patience of a Yellow Aura and the Blue Aura’s desire of
power and knowledge; he would no doubt be a very dangerous foe. And then there was Neville
Longbottom, the Orange Aura who had already proved himself both patient and an excellent at
performing high level spells during times of urgent need.

Those three young adults were powerful yes, and it was a bit strange to see so many mid-colored
Auras but the best, the most intriguing of them all was young Potter/Snape. It had been several
hundred years since a Gray Aura had been recorded, as Grays were the most balanced individuals in
all senses: body, mind, magic and soul. Young Snape had a gray Aura, which was not terribly
surprising to Ollivander. At the age of eleven, young Potter had a pure White Aura and after
Ollivander learned of Potter’s transfer to Arcanum, he had known instinctively that the young
Wizard would return with a Gray Aura. Young Snape was quite easily the most powerful individual
on the dial, having surpassed Voldemort and Dumbledore months ago when he reached his full
magical maturity. When the Starlight Diamonds had been Focused to the Living Metal, Snape’s Aura
had changed again to reflect that change. Instead of being a solid gray mist, sparks of shimmering
white and gold had somehow become mixed into the Aura.

It had proved to puzzle the Ollivander Family for several days but they had quickly assumed that the
stone itself acting as a Focus for all his power had merely changed his Aura. Ollivander had expected to see such a change again with the second stone added but found himself quite surprised and increasingly puzzled. Young Snape’s Aura had changed again, which meant that the second Focus stone had awakened and altered his Aura. Instead of a gray mist with sparks of white, gold, green and red sparks as Ollivander had expected to see, he saw a gray mist threaded with small clusters of green and red mist. White and gold sparks flared almost blindingly on the surface of the strange tricolored mist, forming a very intimidating image.

Possibilities raced through Ollivander’s mind but each led to the same conclusion: if young Snape had been formidable before, he was practically unstoppable now.

The Summoning Circle
Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton, UK
Sunday the 24th of August 1997
10:55 PM

Voldemort and his Death Eaters looked on with a mixture of caution and curiosity as the Wraith fed Cyriacus his blood and then attempted to rouse the nearly unconscious Necromancer. The Death Squad Captains stood in their Protection Circles, shifting nervously, the moment the Necromancer died, everyone was free game but they were the closest ones to the Wraith. As they watched a steady gray mist seemed to drift from Cyriacus’s still body. The mist collected and intensified before suddenly twisting and mutating as patches of green and red appeared. The mist seemed to stabilize a little more, intensifying in light and texture before the unconscious body shifted with a slight moan as golden liquid began pooling out of his very skin.

Staring they watched as the golden liquid seemed to flow along Cyriacus’s body, weaving itself all along the huge black wings, sheathing the bones as the metal stilled becoming as motionless as the silvery bracelets at Cy’s wrists. Set on either side of the ‘thumbs’ of his wings were two large reddish stones and along each ‘finger’ bone of his wings another red stone was set in the shining gold metal. Once the metal had finished melding itself onto Cyriacus’s wings, the remaining metal pooled down around his wrists, adding another bracelet to each arm and then whatever was not used sank back into his body.

The tricolored mist glowed twice brightly before brilliant sparks of white and gold burned brightly along the surface of the mist. For two minutes they stared as the glowing mist steadily faded away into nothing. Another minute passed as they waited for something, anything and then it happened in a blur. Nusayr blinked at the sudden strong hand wrapped around his throat, squeezing. Glowing violet eyes snapped open and in that moment, Nusayr felt scared for the first time in over a thousand years.

“Worthless blind fool,” A cold baritone came from Cy’s mouth. “One could hardly believe that you are born of Wraith blood, imbecile.”

Nusayr attempted to apologize but it was hard to speak with a tight hand wrapped around his throat. “My…apologies…Eldest Brother Asadyl.”

Cy or rather Asadyl, sat up and with a blast of ebony sparks, sent the Wraith crashing into the salt barrier, shrieking. Rising to his feet, Asadyl calmly reset the broken bones in Cy’s left arm and limped over towards Voldemort, carefully avoiding slipping in the blood that still poured from the cuts on Cy’s body.

Crimson and violet eyes met and bored into each other, each trying to measure the other. After
several minutes of silent staring, Asadyl spoke.

“So you are the one who has marked this son of my lost son. Your Aura speaks of greatness, perhaps you may be worthy of him.”

Voldemort’s face remained inscrutable. “If I may ask, who are you and how is it that you claim relation to Cyriacus?”

Asadyl scowled darkly. “It is a long story, mortal, and one I do not often enjoy reminiscing of. However, it may be beneficial to us both if I were to tell it. Though it would be best if the lost son of my son were able to hear it as well, he will no doubt understand it better than you. When I leave his body, tell him to Summon the Wraith Asadyl on the night of the new Moon and I will tell you all.”

By this time, Nusayr had clambered back to his feet and waited several feet behind Asadyl, looking nervous. Asadyl turned around and circled the other Wraith.

Nusayr bowed his head, “Once again my apologies Eldest Brother.”

“You were foolish Nusayr and nearly did the unforgivable. As punishment I charge you to guard the son of my son and should he come to harm, you will pay the price of not only my disappointment but all of our Brethren.”

“I will not fail, Eldest Brother.” Nusayr promised, looking into the violet eyes of Asadyl.

Asadyl graced the younger Wraith with a menacing look. “You had best not…if you know what is good for you.”

Then violet eyes slowly changed back into dark forest green. Cy swayed a bit unsteadily, still dripping blood. Nusayr easily supported him, before summoning his cloak with a muttered word and wrapping it around the young Necromancer.

“Cyriacus?” Severus asked softly.

Cyriacus blinked several times before slowly edging away from the Wraith’s support. “I feel like shit but I’m sure it’s nothing that a little intensive Healing can’t take care of. If the Wraith will finish the ritual I Summoned him for, the quicker I can get Healed.”

“And what exactly did you want me to do, Necromancer?” Nusayr asked smoothly.

“I want you to bind their,” Cy pointed to the Death Squad Captains, “Lives and deaths to me and take possession of the final remaining Offering to anchor yourself fully into this Realm.”

Nusayr did his part by forming the links and Cy used the copious amounts of blood dripping down his body to create Blood Runes. Once Nusayr was firmly anchored into the Mortal Realm, Cy extinguished the torches and called for his golem.

Harry appeared out of a shadow and after gaping for a minute raced over to Cy’s side. “What the Hell happened to you?”

“Had an incident with Nusayr, didn’t perform the Summoning correctly I guess.” Cy answered stiffly.

“Well that’s one way of putting it.” Harry replied as he carefully steadied Cy.

Voldemort glared when he heard the whispers form his First Tier Death Eaters. “You are dismissed
and should **any** of you breathe a word about what you saw-“

Cy interrupted. “There’s no need to threaten them this whole area’s under a Mindweb. No one but another Master could break through and should they get so far, I’ve got a **lovely** surprise waiting for them.”

Rodolphus glanced at him. “Should we call for Constance?”

“No, the golem and I will manage. I must go elsewhere for the initial stage of Healing. I will be back again perhaps in a few hours but I really must leave now.” Cyriacus answered right before he and the golem turned to melt into a shadow, the Wraith following them.

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**The Hot Springs**  
*Eagle’s Spire, Devon UK*  
**Sunday the 24th of August 1997**  
**11:07 PM**

Harry waved his hand and the torches lit up, it was a large underground room, filled with various hot springs. Slowly he led the way to the largest hot spring and after pouring in various Potions, helped Cy into the hot spring. Nusayr watched the proceedings with some interest but stayed near the edge of the hot spring.

“This will help him?” Nusayr asked after a few minutes.

Harry glanced at the Wraith. “It will help cleanse out the various wounds until I can Heal him with magic.”

Cyriacus hissed as the hot water lanced his wounds. “Just hurry up and get my Potions kit upstairs. I’m almost certain I overdosed on the Universal Anti-Venom Potion and the Bone Mending Potion and I know I overdosed on the Pain and Blood Replenishing Potions.”

“Right, think you can manage on your own for a few minutes?”

“I’ve been worse, as long as you don’t take a year I should be fine until you get back.” Cyriacus growled.

Harry smirked and headed for the shadowy doorway, leaving Cy and Nusayr alone. The silence stretched, with the sounds of slashing the only noise in the large cavernous room.

“You are very powerful…not that I am surprised, Asadyl is eldest Brother for a reason after all.” Nusayr commented when the silence became overwhelming.

Cyriacus grimaced as he submerged himself, his broken wing hurt unbelievably. “I’ve always been powerful, that’s why the mortals both fear and love me.”

Nusayr looked at him thoughtfully. “Power calls to power, you realize. You are surrounded by very powerful mortals.”

“I know that.” Cy answered as he splashed some water onto the cut along his collarbone.

“How badly injured are you?” Nusayr asked curiously.

Cy closed his eyes and reached out with his magic, doing a quick scan of his body. “Three broken ribs, a broken wing in two places, a broken arm in three, a very badly bruised ankle and more
lacerations then I care to count. All in all, you did a spectacular job beating me into the dirt so to speak. I haven’t been this badly injured since I began Transforming but in the end I’m sure it will have been useful for something, if only to let me learn the limitations of this form.”

Nusayr nodded. “Indeed. I admit was surprised by how well your…hide deflects Wraith Magic, we are the more potent of the Chaos Brethren.”

“I know.” Cyriacus replied just as Harry returned with a large black valise filled with various Potions. First Cy had to drink the gag inducing Detoxifying Potion, followed ten minutes later by an extra strength Wound Cleaning Potion. After waiting another five minutes for the Wound Cleaning Potion to go into effect, Harry began the tedious process of using various spells to heal the jagged cuts, straighten broken bones and then heal them. Cyriacus sat still as he was Healed, not even twitching as his bones were straightened and healed. Everything but his wings Healed the first time, Harry had to re-Cast the Bone Healing Charm four times before the wing bones Healed and an injection of Invictus Potion helped greatly.

By the time Harry finished however, Cyriacus was close to falling into a deep sleep as the energy from the Healing was from his own nearly exhausted reservoir of magic. A vial of Stimulant was enough to get Cy out of the bloodied hot spring and into another for a thorough wash. With a bit of focus, the Transformation receded and Cy climbed out of the second hot spring and after wrapping himself into a towel, headed up to the Master suite to change into some temporary clothes. Once he was dressed, he parted ways with Harry, who returned to Arcanum where he was making arrangements with Headmaster Randolph regarding the funeral.

With Nusayr in tow, Cyriacus Shadow Stalked to a small Dining room which the house elves had happily prepared him a huge meal. After he’d stuffed himself Cy tossed back a Numb Inhibitor and a Heredity Suppressor, then Shadow Stalked to his rooms on the fifth floor of Riddle Mansion to change into his Necromancer’s robes then he returned to the Summoning Circle to retrieve his awaiting Revenants. There was a bit of tension between the Revenants and Nusayr but after a few minutes of exchanging words in a language Cyriacus couldn’t hope to fathom, they all relaxed and dutifully trailed behind Cyriacus as they re-entered the Mansion.

They eventually found Voldemort in the Strategy Room and after a brief discussion; Thestral Squad was temporarily evicted from the west wing on the fifth floor to make room for the Revenants and Nusayr. Cyriacus assured everyone that he had already begun work on creating a Necromancer Spire but that it would take at least three months to complete. Once arrangements had been made for the Revenants and Nusayr, the Thestral Squad Captain was called to show them to their rooms while Cy joined the Inner Circle at the table.

“Let’s make this brief,” Cyriacus muttered as he sank down into a chair.

Constance studied him sharply. “You had no problems?”

“Would I be here if I wasn’t well?” Cyriacus asked dryly.

Lucius smiled faintly. “You’re stubborn enough to be, yes.”

“That’s true enough but this meeting is hardly a life or death matter and I assure you, my health is more important than this meeting if I was badly hurt still.” Cyriacus replied, running a hand through his hair. “I’m going to sleep like the dead tonight and end up drinking several Revival Potions tomorrow but I should survive the week, I imagine.”

Severus frowned. “You haven’t taken any Revival Potions yet?”
“With the potions I’ve taken today, it would have been counterproductive, waiting until tomorrow will work just as well.” Cyriacus answered. “Now is there anything that needs to be spoken of now or I’m off to bed.”

Rabastan spoke up immediately. “I imagine that the Revenants and that Wraith will prove some use or you wouldn’t have risked such a dangerous Summoning.”

“They will have their uses yes, they are very dangerous adversaries and they too channel Chaos Magic.” Cyriacus smirked. “And best of all, no one will know what they are or expect them. It will be a veritable slaughter if we so desire it.”

Bellatrix narrowed her pale blue eyes. “You mean if the Dark Lord desires it.”

Tension rose in the room, as the Death Eaters stared from their Dark Lord to the young possible Dark-Lord-In-Training.

“It is all the same difference in the end, his success and failure is mine as well. For the moment we are in accord, moving towards the same goal but afterwards…”

Voldemort stared at him before speaking softly. “Yes?”

Cyriacus stared at Voldemort. “Afterwards…we will see.”

The other Death Eaters tensed as Voldemort rose smoothly from his chair, crimson eyes the color of smoldering coals. “I believe that you and I are long overdue for a discussion. The rest of you are dismissed. You will follow me.” Voldemort replied, never taking his eyes off of Cyriacus.

As the door closed behind the two, the other Death Eaters released their breaths while exchanging pensive looks. Whatever came of the meeting between those two would not be good.

The moment the door closed behind them as they entered Voldemort’s suite of rooms, Cyriacus found himself pinned to the door by Voldemort’s body just before he was roughly kissed. Whether the roughness came from the incident downstairs or his near death nearly two hours ago, was uncertain. Voldemort bit down hard on his lover’s bottom lip before he pulled away, staring into his lover’s dark green gaze.

“You seem to want to argue about this now so let us have out with it already, what will you do once our common goal is met?”

Cyriacus blinked, taken aback by Voldemort’s sudden bluntness. “I don’t see a purpose to the current motives behind this war. Pureblood versus Mudblood and Muggle, it is all meaningless as I already know. I do see that there is definite need for change, the Ministry is corrupt and ineffective and the world is changing and with it we must as well.”

Voldemort leaned forward and lapped at the thin trickling of blood dripping down Cy’s face. “And what would you suggest?”

“I’m not sure yet. There is something…different; I don’t know how to put it. Ever since my full Transformation, I’ve had this lingering sense of inevitability and it’s bloody irritating.”

“Then I suggest we discuss this again after you decide what you would have us do.” Voldemort replied as he trailed wet kisses down Cyriacus’s neck.

Cy shifted as he slowly pushed Voldemort away. “I have something else I want to speak about; I
think I’ve found us two more spies.”

Voldemort sighed as he led the way over to a small cluster of armchairs and loveseats. “Business before pleasure I suppose.”

“I spoke to Sirius Black and Remus Lupin a few days ago, they know as much as the Inner Circle.”

“And why did you decide to approach them?”

“My adopted father suggested it and it proved to be wise. They’re willing to side with us but I don’t think it would be wise to have them marked. They can send information through my father well enough.”

Voldemort looked at him skeptically. “And how would they do that? It’s well known how much Severus hates them and they aren’t often in each other’s company.”

Cyriacus grinned. “Ah but I found out the most interesting news, it seems like Sirius and Remus will be teaching Defense Against the Dark Arts at Hogwarts this year. It will prove easy enough to pass notes to either my father or myself without rousing any suspicion.”

“You checked I assume that they were not playing you false?”

“I looked as much as I dared without being too obvious about it, they’re speaking the truth. I’ve already woven a few very tangled Mindwebs to cover their allegiances and my secrets if Dumbledore or another Order member ever become suspicious.” Cyriacus answered.

Voldemort looked amused. “It seems as if you have already decided to make your set of spies, not that I disapprove but usually, it would be wise to approach me first.”

“But I’m your Prime, I need to be able to think and act independently at times.” Cyriacus replied, mock innocently.

Voldemort shook his head. “I trust your judgment in this matter; don’t make me regret placing my trust in them. Now, is there anything else that needs resolving so we can move on to pleasure?”

Cyriacus grumbled as ran a hand through his hair. “I’m afraid that the golem has further tangled things up. The Order now believes that Harry and I are lovers.”

“No doubt you pushed them to that conclusion, I’m sure.” Voldemort said remembering how Cyriacus was dressed yesterday before he had vanished.

“There was no help for it unfortunately. I explained away the whole Blood Brothership as a special kind of Blood Bond sworn between male lovers, they accepted it easily enough. It may change how things fall out during the Summit but it shouldn’t be too dramatic, though I expect you will have to give me a rougher time of it for the benefit of the Ministry’s spy.” Cyriacus answered with a dark look.

Voldemort nodded. “That would be true…if you didn’t sell out your lover for power and prestige.”

Cyriacus chuckled. “What one side knows the other does not, yes that’s true enough. We’ll let them draw their conclusions then I suppose.”

“Good…now I don’t suppose you want to tell me how thoroughly you convinced the Order that Harry Potter and Cyriacus Snape are lovers?” Voldemort asked softly, eyes shining with a mixture of jealousy and possession.
With a sigh, Cyriacus told the story from the beginning…

Flashback

“It’s not the complete end of the world you realize, Cy.” Harry replied as he too began to strip out of his clothes, tossing them strategically around the bed. Once they were both naked, they slipped under the covers of the bed, Cy frowning darkly.

“You do know how disconcerting this is for me?” Cy commented resisting the urge to jump out of bed and away from the golem as it pinned him to the bed.

Harry quirked an eyebrow at him and ignoring Cy’s remark, began to kiss and bite Cy’s neck. “Even if it is disconcerting, we’ll still need to do it.”

Cyriacus winced at the contact. “Bite the other side, the Gatherer Queen bit me on that side.”

“Sorry.” Harry replied before obligingly marking the other side of Cy’s neck.

Knowing it was pointless to lay there like a statue; Cyriacus decided that if they were going to make this believable then they would need to take it up a notch. Harry continued nipping and licking his way down Cy’s neck and chest while Cy raked his fingernails over as much of Harry as he could reach from his position. Crushing his lips against Cy’s Harry nibbled and sucked on the ‘younger’ boy’s lip until Cy reluctantly opened his mouth. As their tongues dueled, the flavor of mint and Firewhisky passed between them. Grinding their hips together as they moved back to exchanging bruising love bites and love scratches Cy felt his Incubus side rising to the surface. Any remaining inhibitions melted away as the two writhed against each other, still exchanging bites, kisses and scratches. Thought and reasoning returned after the two had both climaxed after grinding against each other.

“Merlin’s balls!” Cyriacus cursed as he scrambled from underneath the golem. “That’s enough I think, they wouldn’t be able to tell the difference anyways.”

Harry looked amused. “Not brave enough to actually have sex with me?”

“That is just too…” Cyriacus made a face, unable and unwilling to finish that thought.

Harry snickered at him. “And what do we do if they decide to have us examined?”

“Tell them to fuck off?” Cyriacus suggested. “For all they know, we’ve been meeting and fucking each other through the mattress with no one the wiser. Just cast a few Healing charms and Cleaning spells and we’re set.”

Harry obliged and then the two waited for the Alarm Spell to be triggered before they moved back into compromising positions.

End of Flashback

“I see.” Voldemort said eyes narrowed as he contemplated what action to take. While he was irked with what had happened, he also knew that it was necessary and more than likely that his young lover would need to do something similar again. Yes, he was possessive, a trait that Cyriacus had already proven to dislike so, what to do?
Cyriacus watched the older wizard think for a few moments, slightly surprised that he hadn’t thrown a jealous fit. Finally Voldemort stood up and walked over to him, holding out a hand. Cyriacus studied the older man before cautiously taking Voldemort’s hand. Voldemort said nothing as he led his lover towards his bedroom, casting a spell to disrobe them before nudging his lover onto the bed.

“What—” Cyriacus began but was cut off when Voldemort kissed him soundly, tongue mapping out this mouth.

Voldemort pulled back slightly, body covering the younger wizard, lips trailing hot kisses to Cyriacus’s left ear. “You will do what you must, you have given me no promises and I have asked for none.” Voldemort bit down on his ear roughly and soothed away the pain with a lap of his tongue. “I will not give up my pursuit though; I want you to be my lover, my Consort.”

“Then…how will we…proceed?” Cyriacus murmured between soft moans as Voldemort, bit and licked at his nipples.

Voldemort ignored his question in favor of tracing his tongue down Cy’s chest and then circling his belly button before slowly dipping his tongue in and out. Cyriacus groaned and arched up, wondering dimly if he should have even bothered taking the Heredity Suppressor earlier.

Pulling back, Voldemort smiled wickedly as his hands ran up smooth inner thighs and leaned forward to kiss his lover. Swallowing his lover’s moan as he arched up into his hands which had switched to teasing him mercilessly, Voldemort kissed his way down to Cy’s collarbone.

“You will do as you need to do,” Voldemort commented as he ground their hips together roughly while one hand pinned Cyriacus’s hands above his head on the bed and the other reaching for the vial of oil under the mass of pillows. “And I will have to work that much harder to make sure you want—need to come back to my bed…and this.”

A Courtroom
Department of International Magical Cooperation, British MOM, London
Monday the 25th of August 1997
6:00 PM

The room was filled with Aurors, Hit Wizards and various employees from various Ministries. Though there was no reason for it, the occupants of the room had sat in distinct ‘sections’. The Order of the Phoenix sat on the far right of the room and sitting next to them was the Defense League with the British Ministry officials sitting to the middle left and the remaining representatives sitting on the far left. Cornelius Fudge, Madam Bones, Albus Dumbledore, Kenneth Davidson and Juliana Ramsey sat at the plain table, upraised on a dais at the center of the room, each surrounded by their respective entourages. Everyone in the stands was chatting amiably as their respective leaders prepared for the long discussion, trading papers and scribbling notes. Finally a quarter hour later, they were ready to start and Madam Bones called for silence which was immediately given.

“If we may have your attention, we are ready to begin the briefing.” Madam Bones said before taking her seat.

Dumbledore cleared his throat. “After much discussion, we have decided tentatively that the security arrangements that you are currently aware of will be kept in place. As planned, the various squads will be brought to the location of the Summit and allowed to look over the grounds to familiarize yourselves. The order in which these squads will be summoned was randomized, as was the decision regarding what duties you were to hold.”
There was a murmur of objection from the Defense League and the Foreign Ministries.

Kenneth raised a hand. “We will explain this decision, if you would please be silent? Thank you. Now, after receiving reports from our spies within the ranks of the Death Eaters, we have learned that there will be a massive attack on the evening of the Summit and as far as we were able to discern, it will not be on the Summit.”

“We have reason to believe,” Fudge added. “That this massive attack will take place at either Diagon Alley or Hogsmeade. We need to be prepared to have our respective members not attending the Summit on standby to be directed to the scene of the attack. As important as this Summit gathering is, it will make the Alliance look very poorly if an attack were to take place on the same night and the majority of our forces were massed at the Summit, protecting us instead of our public.”

That caused an even louder outburst from the Foreign Ministry officials as they demanded more details about the reports from the spies. It took nearly ten minutes to quiet their objections and Juliana calmly read bits and pieces from various spy reports.

“Defense League spy Corbeau’s (Raven), report reads thus. ‘No direct summons from the Vulture, more Alpha meetings of late and all Beta wolves were Summoned on the evening of the 23rd…no contact with Betas resulted in gaining intelligence.’ Defense League spy Lupo’s report reads so: ‘West wing of Vulture’s main roost was sealed off on Sunday and no one was allowed onto the grounds after sunset. Wyvern was seen leading a large contingent of Beta Wolves onto the grounds prior to restriction. Contacts reported Betas returned a quarter hour to midnight, with no Wyvern seen that evening and the 25th as of 1400 hours.’ We have received no reports from Defense League spies Toro and Eagle.” Juliana reported flatly.

Dumbledore shifted through his papers before pulling out his spy reports. “Order of the Phoenix spy Viper reports, ‘Wyvern performed ritual on evening of the 24th…no reports regarding what was done or why. Vulture was seen once on 25th and mentioned in passing that Wyvern would be unavailable until Tuesday evening.’ We have no recent report from Order of the Phoenix spy Chameleon however their last report is worrisome, ‘Junior Alpha training is to end before Christmas Holiday…Vulture is impatient and insists that I be Marked on Halloween. Have been assigned to private tutoring with Vulture beginning on the 28th and will be living with Junior Alphas.’ This is currently troubling news, Voldemort has never shown such personal interest in any witch or wizard other than Harry Potter.”

Davidson, Ramsey, Bones and Fudge all stared at Dumbledore in shock. The burst of dismay and horror from the others in the room surpassed any previous outbursts. The Order of the Phoenix members, especially Moody, Sirius and Remus, looked dumbstruck as Dumbledore had not shared Cyriacus’s report with anyone.

Fudge finally managed to shut his mouth and after swallowing some water demanded, “Is You-Know-Who training Chameleon to be his Heir?!?”

“Anything is possible unfortunately, and we can no longer remove Chameleon without exposing Viper as well.” Dumbledore said rubbing his temples.

Juliana jumped to her feet. “What kind of games are you playing with that poor boy’s life, Dumbledore! Voldemort will either break the boy or discover his loyalties and kill him!”

Dumbledore fixed his gaze on Juliana. “I know that Madame Ramsey but even if we were to pull Chameleon and Viper out, do you honestly believe that Voldemort would not fight his way through Hogwarts to claim either of them? Would you have me endanger the school and my students further? Chameleon will not be as easy to break as you imagine him and Voldemort would not risk
destroying such a valuable servant.”

“That is…cold blooded, Albus.” Madame Bones murmured.

“This is war and we will do things we would rather not, do you believe that this is the course I choose to put my spies through? Lives have been and will be lost, my duty is to lessen the number of deaths and I take my duty seriously.” Dumbledore answered solemnly before turning to Fudge.

“Cornelius we have been turned from the topic at hand, do read your reports so we may finish this meeting before nine.”

Fudge sighed but read his reports, which were just as troubling. “British Ministry of Magic spy Fox reports, ‘Vulture has prepared suite adjacent to his for Wyvern. Summoned by Vulture at noon to deliver missives to Owlery, upon exiting room, noticed Wyvern sitting in study researching Dark Arts rituals.’ There have been no reports from British Ministry spy, Crow. The status of those spies who have not reported are currently unknown but Order spy Viper reports it will be looked into.”

“Merlin! First Voldemort gets a Necromancer on his side, then we learn he’s taken on a possible Heir or Apprentice and now we get glimpse of what Voldemort is possibly planning next?” Kenneth exclaimed.

As the room once more broke out into arguments, exclamations and panic, Dumbledore leaned back in his chair, feeling very old. The reports were troubling to say the least and somehow they would have to restore order, calm fears and brainstorm madly to attempt to stay ahead of Voldemort. It was going to be a long evening and no doubt the Order would confront him about young Cyriacus’s delicate position. Between having earned Voldemort’s interest and soon-to-be loosing Harry Potter, the next coming weeks were going to be very hard for the young man. Somehow Dumbledore had to make time in his already hectic life for Cyriacus Snape…the soon-to-be last hope for the Wizarding world.

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**Harry’s Room**

**Number 12 Grimmauld Place, London UK**

**Wednesday the 27th of August 1997**

**4:00 PM**

Harry muttered darkly under his breath as he stepped out of the shower, wrapping a towel around his waist. So far the switch went unnoticed, the golem would arrive later as Cyriacus with no one but the Dark Lord and the Inner Circle the wiser. It was a little strange going back to his old form but as it was only for a few hours, he could hardly put up much of a fuss. As he walked into the bedroom, he cast a few Drying Spells on his hair and body before walking to his bed and opening the large white box from Sartorial Splendor.

Freeing his clothes from the gold tissue Harry set them out on the bed. Gold silk boxers, gold socks, a gold moke skin belt and a gold silk cravat went on one side of the box and on the other went black wool trousers, a claret red silk shirt and claret red velvet robes. Quickly getting dressed in all but his robes, Harry walked back into the bathroom to quickly comb his shoulder length hair and put it into a braid. Using the mirror, he quickly tied the cravat and then headed back into the bedroom to slip on his claret robes. Once he finished dressing, he put on a pair of dragonhide boots and opened the small square jewelry box on his bed and took out the specially made gold Griffin pendant which hand his name engraved on it. Rolling his eyes he slipped the pendant over his head and let it rest above his heart, where it would be in visible view.

When the Summit had been planned at the end of July, there had been a sort of dress code. Everyone
was to wear formal robes of whatever color their organizations or Ministries chose. Besides that, everyone invited was to wear a pendant of their choice with their name inscribed, making it possible to tell all the guests apart. Harry thought it was hopelessly gaudy, as no doubt some of the politicians or Wizarding Aristocrats would be attempting to wear the most elaborate pendants.

Before exiting his room, Harry paused in front of the mirror and took a look at the image he had decided to project. Dumbledore had chosen sky blue robes with orange phoenixes on the back and sleeves of the robes for all the Order of the Phoenix members, Harry had politely decided against wearing the Order colors, instead choosing to wear the Potter Family colors instead. The claret robes suited his dark coloring well, and the golden Griffin on his back and the two small ones along the golden pearl buttons of his robes didn’t draw too much attention to him. The larger Griffin on the back of his robes, preened and posed but the two smaller ones on each side of his robes calmly sat as if studying whoever happened to glance at them. With his hair pulled back and the Potter Signet ring proudly viewable by all on the middle finger of his right hand, he looked every bit the young Potter Lord.

A quick mental checklist assured him that he was wearing everything he was supposed to wear, including a large assortment of daggers and extra wands. Finally ready, he departed from his room, never to return there again as Harry James Potter.

In the Drawing Room, several Order Members were gathering, preparing to depart for the first of three checkpoints before finally arriving at Fudge Manor. Among them, the younger students and the uninitiated future Order members chatted and whined about missing out on the occasion. Most of the more well known Order members would be in attendance at the Summit including Dumbledore, Moody, Sirius and Remus. Mr. and Mrs. Weasley would also be going; though they wore the Ministry robes of royal blue with a gray sword, likewise Tonks and Shacklebolt also wore Ministry robes. Tiny gold phoenix pins on the front of their robes identified them as also being Order members.

Ron grumbled. “Don’t know why we aren’t Order members yet; think of all the people we’d meet tonight! Anyone who’s anyone will be there tonight.”

“Professor Dumbledore knows best, besides Hestia and Oliver are Order members and they aren’t going. Just being in the Order doesn’t mean that you get to go.” Hermione pointed out logically.

The Snapes arrived, drawing all the attention of the adults and students alike. Severus was dressed in all black and no doubt in one of the voluminous pockets of his robes was his miniaturized Death Eater mask. Next to him was Cyriacus who was dressed in unbuttoned charcoal gray robes with white trousers and a silk shirt underneath.

Severus nodded at Dumbledore. “Still no word on where we are attacking tonight but the Dark Lord has made it clear that Cyriacus is not to be implicated in any way. He will have to remain here with the other students and I must be on my way as I have to take inventory of the Dark Lord’s Potion stock before the attack tonight.”

“Cyriacus is of course; welcome to stay here with the others though I am surprised. I would have believed Voldemort would have had your son move into his primary fortress today.” Dumbledore said with a slight frown.

“Though my private tutorship begins tomorrow, I am not to move into the wing with the rest of the Inner Circle’s offspring until the weekend or so I am told.” Cyriacus answered smoothly.

Severus nodded. “It will be for the weekend and the holiday breaks only, Cyriacus is to start
Hogwarts with the rest of the students. Now, I must go before I am missed.”

“Of course, be safe Severus.” Dumbledore agreed, several other Order members wishing Severus a safe return.

Cyriacus just smiled lazily. “The Vulture’s blind to everything but his plotting so I’m sure you’ll be just fine Father.”

Severus smirked. “That is so but I will be cautious nonetheless.”

“Hestia Jones and Oliver Wood will be in charge of those remaining behind; perhaps Miss Weasley would be kind enough to introduce you to the others?” Dumbledore suggested.

Before Cyriacus could answer, Harry strode into the room and the younger spy was now oblivious to everyone else as he stood staring at his lover. As if they were unaware of everyone else who was staring at them, the two walked towards each other as if they were magnetically drawn.

When they stood only a few inches apart, Cyriacus gave his lover a wicked smile as he leaned forward. “You look ravishing; I’m looking forward to taking off those clothes.”

Harry laughed before pulling the younger man into his arms and kissing him soundly before releasing him. “I’ll look forward to that.”

Professor McGonagall cleared her throat loudly. “Gentlemen, show a little consideration for the rest of us present.”

The two dark haired men raised their eyebrows and rolled their eyes. Harry took Cyriacus’s hand and tugged the other man towards an unoccupied loveseat in the corner of the room. As the two sat and started a hushed conversation, everyone else turned back to their own conversations. Sirius and Remus kept shooting the two worried looks while Dumbledore turned to converse with Moody.

At the opposite end of the room, half of the Seventh Year Gryffindors and Ginny occasionally looked at the two as they had their own conversation.

“I never would have thought Harry would ever date a bloke let alone…” Seamus trailed off, tilting his head towards the two dark haired boys.

Ginny watched as Harry brushed his knuckles along Cyriacus’s cheek before leaning forward and giving the younger boy a tender kiss. “I think that they’re perfect for each other.”

“But Snape’s son?” Ron said with a shudder.

Dean rolled his eyes. “It’s not like Cyriacus is anything like Snape, Ron. He’s an awful lot like Harry though, sometimes it seems like they’re twins who’ve been separated at birth.”

Hermione snorted. “It’s because they’re Blood Brothers! They take on bits of each other’s personality and sometimes even their powers.”

“But I’ve never seen Blood Brothers do that!” Neville whispered, causing the small group to turn and stare at the two kissing former Arcanum students. As they watched the two enthusiastically kiss, Harry finally laughed and gently pushed Cyriacus away.

“Cy stop it, I need to look like a hero of legend not a star struck boy in love.” Harry protested with a laugh.
Cyriacus batted his eyelashes and made a mock innocent expression. “But I was only kissing you for good luck!”

“Right, I believe you.” Harry said shaking his head before raising their clasped hands and kissing Cyriacus’s hand. “Seriously though, the quicker I get this over and done with and smite Voldemort into fiery ruin, the sooner we can run off and celebrate.”

Cy grinned, dark green eyes sparkling. “I’ll take that as a promise, Mr. Potter. You had best live up to it.”

Harry snorted. “If I didn’t know better love, I’d say that you were only with me for the fame, glory and perks of being with the Boy-Who-Lived. I know better though, and I promise, when this is all over and done with, I’ll lay the world at your feet and I’ll take you wherever you want to go.”

Cyriacus grinned and the two shared another kiss and everyone turned back to their conversations.

Dumbledore let out a worried sigh and spoke very softly so only Professor McGonagall, who was standing barely a foot away from him, could hear. “And how will you keep that promise Harry?”

“…love you, forever and always.” Cyriacus said as he buried his face in Harry’s shoulder as they hugged.

Harry smiled sadly as they embraced. “In this world and the next, love.”

Dumbledore took out a pocket watch and checked the time. “It is time to go, everyone. Say your final farewells.”

Harry and Cyriacus exchanged another ravenous kiss, ignoring anyone who might be looking at each other. Dumbledore turned to McGonagall whose stern eyes looked slightly sad as she watched the two shared a kiss that might very well be their last.

“It’s so unfair.” McGonagall whispered softly.

“No one has said the Fates are kind, Minerva.” Dumbledore said patting her on the shoulder as he watched Harry and Cyriacus exchange a final hug and farewell. “War is kind to no one and it does not discriminate. If it is Harry’s time, at least he has said all that needs to be said.”

Fudge Manor, Norfolk UK
Wednesday the 27th of August 1997
4:45 PM

Harry grumbled as he stepped out of the Aethonan drawn carriage, before he had taken two steps he was surrounded by the assortment of guards assigned to him for the evening. As he learned that morning, he himself would be guarded by at least one Auror and one Hitwzard and while outside on the grounds, his guard would be doubled. It was an unexpected move to be sure, one that had been recently added no doubt do to the spy reports the combined Order/Ministry/Defense League had received on Monday. Once he was surrounded, he was steered towards the front doors where a squeaking house elf took his simple black velvet cloak.

Around him he could hear surprised gasps at his choice in dress as he supposed everyone had assumed he too would be dressed in the sky blue and phoenix robes of the Order members. Harry smiled wryly as he was ushered to a long greeting line, in front of him stood a man and woman dressed in silver robes with a black Thestral on them, signifying them as Transylvanians. They
greeted him with some enthusiasm and for a few minutes they chatted about everything and nothing. Minutes passed by and soon enough, Harry was being greeted by a cheerful Cornelius Fudge.

“Harry, you are looking very fine in those robes! I’m sure your father would be most proud were he here to see you.” Fudge greeted shaking Harry’s hand.

Harry smiled politely. “You are too kind, Minister Fudge.”

“Now, now there’s no need to be quite so formal young man, you may call me Cornelius!” Fudge said cheerily before he turned to a willowy woman with brunette hair and weary hazel eyes standing next to him. “Harry, I would like to introduce you to my lovely wife Iphigenia.”

Harry bowed and as was polite, raised her hand and kissed it. “I’m honored to meet you, Mrs. Fudge.”

For a moment that weariness faded away and her eyes locked on him, as if looking and weighing him. “The honor is mine, Mr. Potter. I hope that you enjoy yourself this evening.”

“Of that, I have no doubt, madam.” Harry answered as he nodded to the Fudges and continued on into what looked to be the Dining Room. It was a large open room, filled with numerous tables that seated fifteen. The wall opposite the entrance was completely filled with windows, letting in the late afternoon light. Large pots of cut flowers were arranged in the corners and in small vases on the dining tables. A much larger and longer table stood in the very center of the room, raised up on a five foot dais.

A house elf appeared by Harry’s elbow and led the younger wizard to the table on the dais. Harry groaned as he read the nameplates as he was directed to his place. It seemed that each of the guests had either the option of coming with their spouses or bringing their assistants and suffice to say; barely anyone had brought their spouse. Dinner was going to be a nightmare of political bantering or worse.

*Mr. Cornelius Fudge, British Minister of Magic*

*Ms. Dolores Umbridge, Assistant to Mr. Fudge*

*Mr. Harry Potter, Secondary Representative of the Order of the Phoenix*

*Mr. Percival Weasley, Assistant to Mr. Potter*

*Mr. Albus Dumbledore, Leader of the Order of the Phoenix*

*Mr. Alastor Moody, Assistant to Mr. Dumbledore*

*Mrs. Juliana Ramsey, Representative of the International Coalition*

*Mr. Thomas Ramsey, Head of the International Hitwizard Squad*

As Harry took his seat, he happened to read the nearby nameplates opposite of him at the table, while studying the other guests.


*Mr. Brendan Ryder, Assistant to Mrs. Novak*

*Mlle. Nadia Moreau, Head of the Magical Transportation Department, FR*
Mlle. Veronique LaSalle, Assistant to Mlle. Moreau

Mr. Jacob MacDougall, Head of the Magical Law Enforcement Department, US

Ms. Kristen Reynolds, Assistant to Mr. MacDougall

Mr. Kenneth Davidson, Head of the International Coalition of Aurors, Est. Hmsp.

Mr. Ian Stone, Assistant to Mr. Davidson

Mme. Amelia Bones, Head of the Magical Law Enforcement Department, UK

Mr. Roland Jensen, Assistant to Mme. Bones

Harry froze in horror; oh this was going to be bad! First there was that lewd flirt Ryder and seated
next to him was an unmated quarter Veela (who was already giving him flirtatious looks) and an
unmated quarter Siren (who was already humming, attempting to ensnare him). Stifling a groan,
Harry closed his eyes briefly; someone really, really hated him!

Even if he had taken the Heredity Suppressor earlier in the week, he would still unconsciously
radiate some sex appeal. In fact, it would be even more potent than the last time he had dined in
public as he was no longer a Virgin quarter Incubus. Considering the two women opposite of him
were not wholly human they would be even more sensitive to his Incubus attraction. Whether he was
doing it on purpose or inadvertently, to them they would not be able to tell the difference anyways.
Dinner was going to be hellish and not only just the political tension! He was surrounded by a
bumbling fool (Fudge), a toad (Umbridge), a stuck up, rule abiding bulldog (Percy), and a twinkly
eyed liar (Dumbledore). And then he was seated across from a randy goat (Ryder), a sea-green eyed
Goddess (Moreau) and a sultry voiced Enchantress (LaSalle).

There were days where Harry truly believed that he was indeed born under a cursed star. Had he any
doubts prior to the situation he now found himself in, the last hour would have convinced him
beyond a shadow of a doubt. Harry James Potter had the most unfortunate luck and when Fate
decided to turn his world upside down, it did it with an unmatchable flourish.

Harry wasn’t even aware of the political tension during the two and a half hour dinner. The only
thing he was aware of was the intense gaze of the three across from him. The first course of the
seven courses was a fruit dish made up of diced fruit covered in a light sugar glaze. After being
served, Harry had resolutely decided that the torture proceeding his death would be much easier to
bear than the way the three guests across from him were eating their fruit. Even the prude Percy was
flushing and quickly melting at the noises the quarter Siren was making. The salad, soup and pasta
courses went by smoothly as Harry was engaged in a heated discussion with MacDougall and
Moody about Auror training and tactics.

He should have known that everything would go downhill the moment the lemon sorbet arrived.
Other than the heated looks and the suggestive comments, Harry had relaxed his guard. So the
sudden foot sliding up his trouser leg startled him so badly he nearly jumped out of his chair and did
manage to spill the rest of his sorbet all over his lap.

“Mr. Potter? Are you alright?” The Auror asked, eyes gleaming with a knowing look. Even if no one
else was willing to mention or dissuade the three guests attempting to seduce Harry, the Auror
obviously found it highly amusing.

Harry nearly growled at the thirty something Auror. “No, I’m fine. If you would all excuse me?
Cornelius would you please be so kind as to give me directions to a washroom?”
“Of course Harry, when you exit the Dining Room, turn right and go down to the end of the hall, it’s the door next to the painting of my great-uncle Algernon.”

“Thank you.” Harry said as he calmly rose from his seat and swept out of the room. The Hitwizard insisted on checking to make sure that there were no threats, making Harry wait in the hall outside of the washroom for nearly five minutes. As Harry finally managed to clean up his robes and wash his sorbet stained hands, he could relax at least knowing that with the two guards outside he wouldn’t be jumped on. Before leaving the washroom, he attempted spelling his clothes with a specific Notice-me-not Charm, specially targeting anyone not wholly human. Ryder he could stand but having the two women directly across from him playing footsie was not something he wanted to deal with tonight of all nights.

Returning back to the Dining room, he busied himself by pretending to listen to Umbridge’s barely veiled insults about the polluting of Wizarding blood by supposedly non human creatures. That conversation lasted the entirety of the fish course and Percy spent the entirety of the main course (herb crusted veal roasted and served on a bed of grilled vegetables) lecturing Harry on the merits of being a well educated, law abiding citizen. The Peach-Riesling Sangria couldn’t have come any sooner, in Harry’s opinion. It was a surprisingly tasteful end to a disastrous dinner and the moment he was at liberty to flee the table, Harry was out the doors ready to face his approaching death.

To be continued in Beginnings II…

A few quick notes:

Aura device: It will come back again later in the story so I saved the remaining explanation for later. I figured with the Aura explanation that might be enough facts for one chapter.

The Spy reports: The Spies use a form of code to ensure that if their missives can’t be traced back to them. They decided on this particular code because they compare the Death Eaters to wolf packs, they operate in squads of twelve and when conducting raids and attacks, are always in pairs of two or four, never alone. The Inner Circle have the most power and respect so they would fall under as Alpha wolves with the Betas below them and the rest of the Common Death Eaters being regular members of a wolf pack with no distinction.

The Vulture is Voldemort, the Wyvern is the Necromancer, the roost refers to Riddle Mansion. Alpha’s refer to the Inner Circle Death Eaters, Beta’s refer to the First Tier Death Eaters, Junior Alphas refer to the Inner Circle’s kids. Viper is obviously Severus and Chameleon is Cyriacus.

About the Harry/Cy scene at Grimmauld: No one knows either of them well enough to guess at how they act in private. So I pictured the two of them making a big show out of it, because who would know the difference right? They’re Blood Brothers and share a Bond. So the sappiness was intentional, after all McGonagall sucked it up rather well. (sniggers) Besides, this will make things more ‘tragic’ later on.

About Iphigenia Fudge: I chose this name for a particular reason. In Greek Mythology, Iphigenia is the daughter of Agamemnon who is sacrificed to Artemis either due to her father slighting Artemis or killing one of her creatures. She will have a role in this story so don’t forget her!

About the Dinner: I couldn’t help but torture Harry a little more, especially as this was in public and there wasn’t anything he could do about it without offending his ‘allies’. Though this does set things up for later…Harry never forgets someone who irritates him or crosses him. Expect some form of revenge later down the road.

Anyways, I hoped you enjoyed the latest installment of ID and please do read and review! I love
hearing from you all and I like to know what’s working and what’s not.

-SheWolfe7 (5-12-05)
Author's notes: Harry and Iphigenia talk, the Death Eaters attack, Harry and Voldemort talk about life and choosing a path, the 'Light' turns their back on Harry and Cy has some words with them.

A/N: Thanks to my Betas Robyn and Allex. Disclaimer in chapter 1. The expected 'death' of Harry Potter.

*Parseltongue, foreign words, letters/articles etc.*

**Emphasized words, headings,**

Chapter XV

**Beginnings II**

*Now this is not the end. It is not even the beginning of the end.*

*But it is, perhaps, the end of the beginning.*

-Sir Winston Churchill, Speech in November 1942, British Politician (1874-1965)

The Grounds

Fudge Manor, Norfolk UK

Wednesday the 27th of August 1997

8:45 PM

It wasn’t much better here than at dinner, Harry mused some odd fifteen minutes after escaping from Fudge Manor and the horrid company he’d been forced to keep. As he was forced into polite conversation with his ‘allies’ Harry grumbled mentally and swore to get revenge on Cornelius Oswald Fudge. Though in reality Percival Ignatius Weasley was in fact Fudge’s Junior Assistant, tonight it seemed Fudge had ordered Percy to stick to Harry like glue. This evening was, Harry decided, not going to get any better but at least he’d have some freedom in Death.

While some feared Death, which was inevitable for all, Harry rather enjoyed dying. With each trip he learned bits and pieces about the way in which the world worked. Though he knew rather instinctually that he had gained more knowledge than he remembered with each trip, his death tonight would be his longest yet and he was eager to see what exactly he would glean from it. Being a Necromancer was most rewarding, if only for that particular aspect.

Tonight he would escape one life for another and while it wasn’t the total freedom he was searching for, at least he could be what he was as Cyriacus Snape. Well, as much as what they knew about him anyways, he would always guard his secrets. Idly sipping from a glass of wine, he eyed the security. Aurors and Unspeakables stood in plain view around various points of interest and the more observant could see the Hitwizards shifting from their positions in the shadowed areas of the gardens and grounds. At least two hundred officials from various Ministries which had yet to determine which faction they would side with, had come to sniff each other looking for weaknesses or tentatively forming friendships. Reporters from various newspapers and magazines were fluttering around, taking pictures asking for a few words from the officials.

The Aurors and Hitwizards assigned to him had done their best to keep back the reporters but Harry knew that eventually he would have to speak and doing it now before the rest of the plot unfolded
later would help salvage his reputation a little. As the Aurors were going to rebuff a reporter from the International Zephyr, Harry waved the Auror to stand down.

“Ah and here’s the man of the moment! Mr. Potter, have you a few words for your legion of fans and supporters regarding tonight’s Summit?” A nameless wizard asked, quill at the ready.

Harry managed a polite smile. “The Summit is a very good step forward towards not only preparing for eventual War but also to avoid total devastation of Wizarding property and lives. I am very pleased by the huge turnout for this gathering and I hope that together, we may move forward into a more prosperous and peaceful future.”

Another reporter appeared a brunette whose badge showed that she worked for Witch Weekly. “Any words for your admirers, Mr. Potter?”

“I’m flattered by the attention but,” Harry’s polite smile melted away as it was replaced with a genuine grin. “I must admit that I not only have a significant other, but that we are quite serious. For their safety and mine, I can’t reveal their name but I can tell you that we are very happy together.”

The brunette scribbled quickly as her photographer quickly took a picture of the happily in love, Harry Potter. “Tell me Mr. Potter, after the War will there be a wedding?”

Harry winked. “Of that my dear, you may be assured that there will indeed be a wedding. Once it is safe enough, I have no intentions of hiding my love from the world.”

Another reporter pressed forward from the increasingly growing throng of reporters. “Mr. Potter, there are rumors that your Alumni friends and yourself accompanied Cyriacus Snape to Vitium Court to celebrate Mr. Snape’s sixteenth birthday. Are those rumors true?”

Harry raised an eyebrow. “Nothing is too good for my Blood brother and what better way to celebrate the anniversary of his birth than spending the evening at Vitium Court?”

There were gasps all around as reporters quickly scribbled down Harry’s response and Harry felt his guards disbelief. Vitium Court was a no-man’s land, located on an Unplottable island that was accessible only by Floo. It was in essence like what the Triad Alleys had become, only it was that way by default. When you set foot in Vitium Court, you were in another world and its rules or lack thereof. So his presence would no doubt scandalize some but it would intrigue others, very few things were illegal at Vitium Court with murder and rape being the only illegal acts. It was a strange place but no one who had been could discount that it was anything other than a highly specialized shopping and entertainment district that catered to any and every desire a witch or wizard could dream of.

Before another reporter could ask a question, Ian Buchanan smoothly cut through the small throng of reporters. The tall dark haired Scot was dressed in the plum and silver trimmed Wizengamot robes, which showed no affiliation save their position as Wizengamot members. “Mr. Potter, a word in private if you would?”

“Of course Mr. Buchanan, please lead the way.” Harry said with a nod.

Ian led the way towards the hedge enclosed area of the garden, giving the two more privacy. Harry followed behind, his guards waiting near the entrance into the right side of the hedge enclosed garden, staying well within view. The two took a seat on the bench at the far end of enclosed garden and Harry cast a Wandless charm to muffle their conversation and to prevent anyone from overhearing.
“How are you holding up?” Ian asked once Harry gave him the signal that he could speak.

Harry grumbled. “Well enough but the ‘entertainment’ cannot come soon enough. I’m almost ready to Avada Kedavra myself at the moment.”

Ian looked amused. “At least you survived the dinner.”

“A veritable miracle, I know! Stuck between two of Fudge’s pawns and sitting across three ‘allies’ who would have pounced on me if not for the four feet of table separating us.” Harry snarled.

“Were they really?” Ian asked laughing uproariously. “I didn’t even notice them, I thought you were just being forced to endure the hag’s ‘creature’ speech and Weasley’s ‘lifestyles of honorable Wizarding citizens’ lecture.”

Harry growled. “No need to rub my pain in I assure you, even the Dark Lord’s torture is becoming more and more attractive. Now, I must be on my way, I’ve more guests to mingle with and be flattered by before the main entertainment arrives.”

“So be it,” Ian agreed as the two shook hands and rose to rejoin the other guests.

Iphigenia Fudge née Bristow was not a very happy woman. Of course twenty years of marriage to an imbecile like Cornelius would do that to a woman. She smiled as a representative from the United States, dressed in navy blue robes with a yellow eagle, approached her. They chatted for a few minutes, the woman complimenting Iphigenia on the wonderful meal and the lovely decorations. Iphigenia accepted the praise with a kind smile before moving on mingling with her guests absently, mind focused on other things as she listened specifically for news about her current enigma.

It was rather depressing really how her life had turned out. She had been accepted as an Apprentice to Marguerite Lansing in the fall of her Seventh Year at Hogwarts. Iphigenia had been thrilled at having been accepted as Ms. Lansing’s Apprentice, as the competition to be Ms. Lansing’s Apprentice had been very fierce. It wasn’t until she had gone home for Christmas when she found out that her father had arranged her marriage to his long-time friend Nathaniel Fudge’s, oldest son Cornelius. By joining their only children in marriage, both men would benefit greatly. The Bristows would gain entrance into the elite circle of the Oldest Pureblood families and the Fudges would gain a considerable amount of money from Iphigenia’s dowry.

Upon meeting her future husband, her dreams had been smashed as Cornelius was pursuing a career in the Ministry with aspirations of becoming Minister of Magic. Cornelius however, was thrilled at the opportunity to both replenish his family coffers and having an intelligent, well bred woman to show off at the Ministry gatherings. Iphigenia had protested the arranged marriage for months but it wasn’t until her father threatened to disown Iphigenia that she had bitterly agreed to the wedding.

Plans were made and Iphigenia and Cornelius married on the first of August 1977. Barely a year later in June, their son Reginald was born and born three years after him was their daughter Dionne. Iphigenia spent most of her days on one of the Fudge estates in the country, tending to her gardens and growing plants. Cornelius occasionally summoned her to Ministry gatherings and she took both her children school shopping and escorted them to Beauxbatons Academy in the fall. Reggie was now working as a Junior Minister in the Department of Magical Transportation and Dionne was soon to be starting her Sixth Year at Beauxbatons Academy.

Though the guests came from many different countries, Iphigenia couldn’t help but be bored by them. Normally, Iphigenia would not have paid any attention to the political atmosphere at any of the gatherings she was forced to attend but something about Mr. Potter had intrigued her. So Iphigenia
mingled and listened to bits of rumor and fact about the young man who was unfortunate enough to carry the hopes of the Wizarding World upon his shoulders.

As she parted ways with the Bulgarian Minister of Magic, Iphigenia spotted her current enigma standing by two flowering trees, surrounded by guards. Harry Potter, the only guest not wearing the robes that identified him as either a Foreign Representative, a member of one of the defense Organizations or a Wizengamot member had caused quite the stir in his choice of attire. Iphigenia however, knew the young man to be quite intelligent by not showing his affiliation with any of the Organizations or Ministries gathered tonight. The others guests would try their hardest to make him offers to sway him to their side and the younger man would have his pick at allies, making his task easier by allying himself with the strongest and best.

“Mr. Potter, I do hope you are enjoying yourself this evening.” Iphigenia said in way of greeting.

Potter turned smoothly to face his hostess, motioning for his guards to give them some privacy. “Mrs. Fudge, it has been a pleasure so far.”

Iphigenia smiled slightly and moved closer now that the guards had stepped a respectable six feet away. “An elusive answer, nothing less than I would expect from you though. A personage such as you no doubt is always on his guard and tonight of all nights especially.”

“Inattention can be fatal and I have no intention of dying in vain. If I am to die, it best be for something worthwhile.” Harry answered before turning his attention back to the pond.

Iphigenia thought over his words and then joined him in looking out over the lighted garden. Neither of them spoke for several minutes.

“You have a lovely garden; I imagine this and your children were the only consolations for being married to our honorable Minister of Magic?” Harry asked so softly that Iphigenia barely heard him.

Her hazel eyes widened and she turned to gape at him in surprise. “How can you know that?!”

“I know plenty of things that some would rather I not know and ironically enough, I don’t know the things that many take for granted. However based on what I know about the circumstances that led up to your marriage with Fudge, it was hardly difficult to guess.” Harry said bluntly before turning his face up to look at the star filled sky. “Even heroes can be unhappy with their lot in life and this was not a path I would have chosen freely.”

“But it is the path you walk.” Iphigenia pointed out, asking a silent question.

Harry smiled at her but the smile didn’t reach his eyes and Iphigenia couldn’t help but wonder what he was thinking. “It is the only path that I know. I do not fear to forge a new path but how many walls have been erected around the one I walk? Why waste the time and effort to break through those walls when I see the end of this path so near?”

Iphigenia’s eyes widened and she would have spoken but the younger man had waved and nodded to someone behind her.

“If you will excuse me Mrs. Fudge, it appears that Mr. Zabini would like a word. It was a pleasure speaking with you.” Harry said before giving her a half bow and motioning for his guards to follow as he walked away to join the older man clad in the British MOM’s royal blue robes.

Mulling over the younger man’s words, Iphigenia plucked a crimson flower from the tree to her left. Inhaling the sweet fragrance, she organized the facts and rumors she had heard about Harry Potter and began to assemble them looking for a reason for his recent choices. It may take her minutes or
years but Iphigenia would find discover the real Harry Potter. Smiling she tossed the flower into the still water of the pond as she left to rejoin her guests.

Fifteen minutes to ten o’clock, the guests poured from the gardens through the gate to the actual grounds of the Manor. The small six person tables were scattered on the flat lawn, with a huge table in the center filled with desserts. A large lake and a forest flanked the lawn with small five man squads of Aurors and Hitwizards standing around the perimeter. Guests chatted as they picked out desserts and took seats at the tables, waiting for the night’s entertainment, a half hour fireworks display. Harry was sure to claim the table nearest to the forest, making it easier for his Spitting Lizards to spray their glue like salvia all over the guests.

They had no intention of turning the Summit into a slaughter, though it would be easy enough to do. The purpose of tonight’s attack was to slowly torture and kill Harry Potter and for that to be pulled off successfully, they needed as many witnesses as was possible. Luck was on their side though as a Wizarding Media from more than fifteen countries had also been invited to take photos and write articles about the International gathering. It was unfortunate that the Wizards had nothing similar to television, but Harry had seen a few Wizarding Wireless reporters heavily weighed down with portable broadcasting equipment. Hearing what was going on without being able to see it may be more frightening in the long run.

Five minutes before the fireworks display was to take place, a loud whirring noise sounded over the gathering, the wards had been breached. Pandemonium broke out as half the Aurors attempted to move into defensive positions while the other half broke into groups and converged on the most influential officials present. While the guests either panicked or attempted to make order of the situation, Harry had shed his robe and drawn out a wand and a dagger.

“Mr. Potter! We must get you to safety.” One of the Aurors was saying as he attempted to drag Harry over to the large group protecting the Order/Ministry/Defense League Leaders.

Harry shoved him away. “Go protect someone who actually needs protecting! I know what I’m about and by Merlin’s beard, there’s nothing anyone can do for me this night.”

“But-“ A Hitwizard protested.

“Make yourselves useful! You can’t save a man from his destiny and my life ends tonight, with or without you getting in my way and making a nuisance of yourselves!” Harry roared at them, emerald eyes flashing and expression grim.

It looked as if they were going to protest again but an older Auror just nodded stiffly and told the others to follow him as they took off to add to the protectors guarding the respective Leaders of the Light. It wasn’t long before the Death Eaters poured from the garden gate and along the lakeshore. Some fought but most were easily taken down by the Spitting Lizards who sprayed the clusters of humans with their gooey yellow colored spit. Tables were knocked over as Aurors and guests alike used them as shelter against both spells and spit. Reductor Curses were cast and soon enough, nearly everyone had been brought down by the Spitting Lizards.

Harry had no more time to look around as two squads of Death Eaters poured out of the forest behind him, casting various hexes at him. Dodging and rolling, Harry managed to dive past most as his body ward absorbed the rest. The sounds of dueling were nearly over; the only ones still fighting were Dumbledore, Moody and Harry. The Lizards had vanished the moment everyone but Harry had been subdued, their Summoning expired. All conscious guests watched with some awe as Harry dueled the remaining Death Eaters, slowly but steadily being backed towards the lake.
“Expelliarmus multiplico!” Harry shouted before diving out of the way of a bone smashing curse.

“Crucio!” Five or six voices shouted at once.

Harry allowed the spells to hit him as he twisted about and growled something in Necromancer’s Cant which sent a dozen stilettos flying at the Death Eaters. Those that were injured badly or killed were automatically portkeyed out due to Voldemort’s modification of the Dark Mark. From all around him, Harry could hear the surprise from the guests that Harry had resorted to killing his opponents. Paying the whispers no mind, Harry snapped out a Bone melting Curse, a Fire Engulfing Charm and a Head Severing Hex as he grabbed a chair and smashed it into the Death Eater who had grabbed his robe. As the fight continued on, the spells he used became increasingly Dark or illegal until he threw all caution to the wind. All his spare wands had been snapped or taken and he had little desire to show even a small fraction of the power he was capable of using.

Drawing out two daggers from his boots, Harry nicked himself before twirling them high above his head, “In the name of Saqr, I dedicate the blood of my enemy!” Then launching himself at his attackers, Harry slashed and stabbed wildly as the Death Eaters crowded around him as Voldemort commanded them to capture him. He fought for as long as he could manage, until his proximity wards were shattered and he was hexed and battered. The guests gaped in shock and horror as their Savior was finally brought down by a crowd of thirty or more Death Eaters.

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The Drawing Room
Number 12 Grimmauld Place, London UK
Wednesday the 27th of August 1997
10:01 PM

The students were sprawled all over the room, playing card games, chatting, playing chess and in general keeping themselves busy as they listened to the Wizarding radio. Cyriacus ignored everyone in favor of sitting as close to the radio as possible, completely ignorant of any noise not coming from the radio.

“…their seats as the fireworks display is scheduled to begin in less than ten minutes.” The broadcaster was said before a loud whirring noise sounded with panicked yelling. “The Wards have fallen! Guests and dignitaries alike are scrambling to find cover. Security for the Summit was designed to be impenetrable, as Apparation, Floo and Portkey have been completely cut off from the Minister’s Manor.”

Cyriacus grabbed the radio. “What the HELL did you just say?!”

Everyone around him had stilled as Cyriacus turned up the volume.

“Security guards have converged around Minister Fudge, the Head Representatives of the Defense League and Headmaster Dumbledore! By Merlin’s Staff, there are giant Lizards on the grounds spraying some sort of liquid that seems to prevent the dignitaries from moving! Aaahhhh!” The broadcaster exclaimed. “I’ve been hit! I can’t seem to…vanish it or move!”

There was a loud shout and several screams. “The guards protecting the Leaders have fallen and many of the officials have been incapacitated! The only able bodies appear to be Headmaster Dumbledore, Alastor Moody and young Harry Potter. Speaking of which, the Boy-Who-Lived seems to be completely surrounded by Death Eaters but is doing his best to incapacitate them!”

Cyriacus’s eyes widened. “Harry!” Leaping to his feet he attempted to leave the room but found himself body bound by Oliver Wood.
“You don’t even know where Fudge Manor is Snape, there’s nothing you can do.” Oliver said levitating Cyriacus over to an unoccupied sofa. “Harry’s a fighter, he’ll be fine.”

“…curses! I’ve never heard of half the Dark curses coming from the Boy-Who-Lived…….” More shouts and yells. “His wands have either been snapped or taken….looks like he’s drawing out daggers! Potter’s done something to the daggers, they’re glowing a vivid scarlet! Some are speculating the use of Blood Magic.”

Cries of pain and snarls of anger were heard from the Death Eaters.

“T-the…You-Know-Who has just A-a-apparated onto the p-platform. He’s ordered the Death Eaters to press forward and capture Potter.” The broadcaster stuttered. “The circle of Death Eaters is tightening around him…” More Cruciatux Curses were heard. “The Boy-Who-Lived has been Body Bound and the Death Eaters seem to be bringing him to the fireworks platform…”

Jeers from the Death Eaters could be heard before they began chanting Voldemort’s name.

“Potter has been thrown at You-Know-Who’s feet…” The broadcaster whispered.

Harry felt rough hands pawing his body, searching for hidden weapons which were removed and tossed aside. As he was jerked to his knees and held back by two muscled Death Eaters, Harry jolted into complete awareness. He blinked rapidly trying to see through the blood pouring from a cut on his forehead and into his right eye. It was dead silent except for a stuttering Wizarding Wireless Broadcaster who was attempting to relay the events taking place.

“Finally…at last,” Voldemort purred, his magically enhanced voice sounding out loudly enough for everyone on the grounds to hear. “We meet again, face to face, Harry Potter. For two years you have managed to elude my extensive network of spies, two years of life you have lived in fear of this moment and this meeting.”

Harry sneered. “You think much too highly of yourself, Tom. I was hardly living the last two years in fear of you; I was doing something much more worthwhile. I was finding a way to destroy you.”

Voldemort’s eyes burned with rage as he slammed his fist into Harry’s stomach, causing the younger man to double over. “Such an insolent mouth you have Potter, has no one bothered teaching you to respect your betters? Wait…I forgot, I killed your Mudblood of a mother.”

“Bastard Half-Blood!” Harry shouted, head jerking up to glare at Voldemort.

Voldemort laughed as he spelled off Harry’s shirt and picked up one of Harry’s ‘blessed’ daggers and with two quick swipes cut a large X over Harry’s heart. “Quite the temper you have, Potter. I must say you have certainly changed from the skinny boy I last saw.” A hand caressed Harry’s toned stomach. “Not that I for one, am going to complain. You look much more like your father now except for those eyes of course. Those are the exact shade of your mother’s, such beautiful eyes they’re the exact color of the Killing Curse.”

“Murderer!” Harry snarled, eyes blazing with fury.

“Indeed I am.” Voldemort agreed lazily as he circled around Harry pausing every so often to cut idle designs onto Harry’s flesh like a bored student would doodle on parchment. When he finished his circle, Harry’s body was covered in blood from all the shallow cuts. Voldemort dipped a finger in Harry’s blood and brought it to his lips, savoring the flavor.

“Such power,” Voldemort commented, brushing a hand along Harry’s cheek. “Your blood is filled
with it, mature power. I have a place in my ranks for someone like you, Harry Potter. I will not offer you weak platitudes, I will not tell you pretty lies but I offer you the chance to show the world who **you** are; Harry, not the Boy-Who-Lived, not the Savior of the Wizarding World but you, a man with power.”

Everyone waited for Harry’s response, not daring to breathe. What would their Savior decide? He was just as capable of Dark Magic as He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named; would Harry Potter give into temptation and take the Dark Lord’s offer? Those closest to the platform noticed him shaking, was he terrified or was he fighting the allure of Dark magic?

Loud bitter laughter echoed around the silent room, Cyriacus stopped breathing. That was Harry’s laughter but even the golem hadn’t heard this dark tone from his Creator. That laughter, hopeless bitter laughter continued for a good minute or two before Harry spoke.

“*Ad impossibilia nemo tenetur.*” Harry said before chuckling hysterically.

Ron frowned, “What does that mean?”

Hermione rolled her eyes. “Harry basically just said, ‘Nobody must keep a commitment to do impossible things’. I think he’s mocking what Voldemort just offered him.”

“Morgana’s tits,” Harry coughed out between chuckles of amusement. “The irony of this situation is so fucking hilarious!”

Voldemort’s eyes narrowed. “Just what is so amusing, Potter? I’m offering you the chance to live.”

Harry shook his head and finally sobered. “I’m no one’s fool Voldemort; I know that you are offering me what I am already to the supposed ‘Light’, a pawn and a weapon. If I joined with you my life would be no different than it already is; only I’d get hit with a Cruciaturs Curse if I fail to please you. What you’re offering me is to trade one kind of servitude for another and I would rather have neither.”

“You have changed then, you are not so blind now I see but still, would you die to serve them,” Voldemort gestured to the crowd sprawled out, covered by the thick yellow goop. “The ‘Light’ and its followers have cast you down several times and treated you like a leper when you no longer fit their ideal. Is that the sort of life you wish to live?”

“What is the point of existing, if one cannot be free? Even were I to join with you I would be doing nothing more than exchanging masters and expectations. I am powerful yes, I am knowledgeable but I am not immortal nor have I ever claimed to be. I bleed and die just as easily as everyone else.”

Harry said coldly eyes scanning the faces below him. “The time for choices is long over and I was a fool not to see them for what they were. Cowards all of them, hiding behind a child who happened to be famous for not dying. What glory is there in that I ask? They can revere me for that but I see nothing glorious or striking about that.”

Voldemort chuckled. “Such disdain and yet you will not join with me?”

Harry laughed that horrible, bitter laugh. “What does it matter? Whether I serve the Light or the Dark, I won’t survive a week after the end of the War. Do you think I’m such a fool that I wouldn’t know that? I will only live for as long as I have a use. You would never allow me to live longer than necessary; we both know my power surpasses yours.” Harry shot a glance at Fudge. “And them? They fear my power as much as they fear yours, perhaps even more so since I am still so young. I
have lived my life as their pawn, their ‘Savior’ and their scapegoat. Even were I to escape tonight, I
have no doubts that after I destroyed you, I too would be destroyed ‘for the protection of the
Wizarding World’. It would not matter to them that I became what I am due to them and their
manipulations their desires for a hero. No, my life is forfeit whichever path I tread.”

The crowd below stared, some shocked, some shamed and some…speechless.

“Where do you stand? It is much too late for you to declare neutrality.” Voldemort said twirling the
dagger with expertise as he pondered where he would cut next, though it would not matter. Harry
had gone through the efforts of cursing his daggers with a Blood Magic curse which acted rather like
a poison. He would die eventually but Voldemort would no doubt quicken it and make a spectacle of
it for the eyes of his captive audience.

“As I’ve said, the time for choices is over. I’ve just told everyone basically that they can fuck
themselves and that I’m tired of serving as both Sword and Shield so what are my choices? If I am to
die, so be it but let it be of my choosing, let it be my decision.” Harry straightened and stared directly
at Voldemort. “Carve my flesh with my own daggers, smash my bones into dust, paint this platform
with my blood and feed my corpse to your creatures if it pleases you. Do your worst, make an
example of me if that is your desire, you can do everything and anything to this body, this shell and it
will—Never. Reach. ME.”

Cyriacus struggled furiously against the ropes binding him. “No! Why are you talking like that?! Why are you provoking him?”

“Because,” Susan Bones whispered, face pale as she recalled the conversation she’d accidentally
stumbled upon between her Aunt and the Headmaster last night. “He knows he’s going to die
anyways.”

Hermione gaped at her. “How would you know?”

“I heard my Aunt and Headmaster Dumbledore in the library last night. I caught the end of their
conversation but...” Susan bit her lip, unable to continue speaking.

Cyriacus screamed at her. “What are you talking about?! What do you know about Harry?”

Forest green and cerulean blue met.

“Someone at Arcanum prophesized his death…Harry knew it was going to be this week, that’s why
he took you away. He wanted to spend time with you before...”

Cyriacus stared at her. “No…no, he wouldn’t have done that! We’re in this together, he knows
that!” Reaching within he grasped wildly for the Blood Brother bond and found a weak thread
connecting them. “No.” Cyriacus moaned as he closed his eyes, pretending to be fighting back tears.

“Why?”

They watched, almost unable to tear their eyes away until they each reached their breaking point.
Voldemort was an artist, and he took his craft quite seriously. He was also creative, employing
Harry’s own daggers, wooden stakes, heated iron rods and an assortment of Potions. It was almost
silent on the platform except for the sounds of hammering, gasps of pain from Harry and shifting
from the Death Eaters. From where the captive audience watched sounds of vomiting or dazed
babbling broke the stillness of the night. The cool night air reeked of burned human flesh while
blood pooled on the platform like wet paint.
They watched in horror, in fear, in disgust…and in silent admiration. Harry never screamed, refusing to give Voldemort any kind of satisfaction other than a few moans every so often. Voldemort was scowling darkly as he attempted to inflict more and more pain, becoming more and more creative with his torture, trying to get any kind of noise from the silent form of the Boy-Who-Lived. So they watched a monster of a Dark Wizard torture their Savior in silence, unable to speak and unable to tear their eyes away from the sickening show put on just for them. Voldemort had been torturing Harry for nearly forty minutes, as Harry’s body had instinctively Healed as much as it could the first fifteen minutes before finally running out of excess energy.

Harry was beginning to drift in and out of consciousness from pain, blood loss or his steadily approaching death he was unsure. He was barely coherent when the second phase of their plan began but he managed to do his part.

“They are…coming for…me.” Harry said weakly.

“What are you talking about Potter? No one will come to save you; it’s far too late by now, you’ll die in the next ten minutes or thereabout.” Voldemort said gloating.

“You know…nothing,” Harry said very slowly. “They are coming…you see…for self.”

“What are you-“ Voldemort began but then froze when he heard the sounds of voices carrying over the waves.

“He has promised his soul in exchange for his power, you cannot claim what is ours!” A familiar male voice snarled.

A feminine voice answered. “He was born to the Light and his intentions are honorable, his soul will not belong to you foul demon.”

If he wasn’t already in serious pain, Harry might have laughed. Convincing Nemesis to play a small role in the extravagant story of his death had been no problem but convincing Nusayr had been another thing entirely. After three hours of arguing, Nusayr finally agreed to allow the ‘death’ but only if he was present to ensure that it was done properly. According to his father, the Wraith had been in a foul mood the last two days and was often heard muttering under his breath about Asadyl, failure and Chaos Vultures.

This caused a huge problem; the solution they had eventually come to was simple enough, weave an even bigger web of lies. So it was decided, the Wraith and the Werecat would pretend to be primordial beings from beyond the Mortal Realm come to battle over who got his soul. Those few wizards who knew anything about Muggle religions would put the clues together and ponder about how Muggle religions came about. The important thing however, was that they believed it and considering how many Muggle myths were in fact, either Magical creatures or Wizarding relics, it would no doubt pass without further comment.

Harry glanced at Voldemort speculatively as the specters began to fight one another. “Would you honor an Exchange Oath?”

Voldemort looked intrigued. “It would depend on what you have to offer me.”

“I have many things…” Harry replied drifting in and out of consciousness, almost crossing death but a harsh slap from Voldemort settled him firmly in the Mortal Realm. As he blinked, he was momentarily disconnected from his body as something or someone borrowed his body “I have specific knowledge which should make your attempt to conquer the Wizarding World easier.”
Voldemort looked slightly surprised by his sudden coherence but the strange glaze in Harry’s eyes alerted him to the fact that whatever was speaking was definitely not his lover. “Very well,” Voldemort answered as they incanted the proper words for Oath. “Speak quickly!”

“My death hardly means anything in grand scheme of events; in fact it would have happened regardless. What you are interested in though is that I know for a fact that Merlin’s Prophecy is finally coming into effect...more I cannot say.”

Voldemort smirked, making a mental note to research Merlin’s Prophecy. “What do you desire in exchange?”

“Kill me...after I finish ...Repudiation Oath...specters must not...take...soul.” Harry said slowly, as alert as a dying man can be.

Voldemort nodded and moved the Necromancer’s Dagger he had been given weeks ago.

Harry took a deep breath and using the last of his energy spoke as loudly and as clearly as he could. “I, Harry James Potter, Repudiate all Oaths sworn to brothers and sisters, friends and allies. All bindings I hereby break and all honors I disown with my life’s breath.” Harry’s choked on blood and coughing managed to finish the Oath breaking. “Unforgiven and dishonored...let my powers and Gifts...go to those who...stand firm and...faithful.”

The moment he finished, Voldemort quickly plunged the dagger into Harry’s heart. There was a flicker of light as Harry managed to draw one final breath and then stilled. The specters shrieked as they faded away, their quest in vain as their quarry escaped.

Cyriacus screamed as he felt the last fragile thread between him and Harry break. At the exact moment the knife penetrated Harry’s heart, he howled with pain and grief, sinking into oblivion just as a burst of light flared around him. Around him the others unbound him and attempted to wake him, all of them looking confused and disgusted by Harry's actions.

Voldemort laughed wildly in what most would consider joy but was in reality slight hysteria. It had been a long evening and they could not be certain that all would go according to plan until the golem switched places with the real Cyriacus. Turning he faced his captive audience and sneeringly mocked them.

“So it ends! Your hero dies dishonored at my hand by his request and with his dying breath gave me the information to destroy my enemies! I am feeling very merciful now; I believe that after what you’ve seen and heard, it would be more painful for you to live with the memory.” Voldemort laughed and turned to face his followers. “Let us celebrate my faithful! The fool is dead and the Light will be crushed beneath our boots!”

The Death Eaters laughed and cheered as they all Apparated away; leaving Harry’s cooling body sprawled on the platform, lying in what had been its life’s blood.

Cyriacus’s eyes snapped open and those closest shivered at the nearly black colored eyes, which had a skin crawling emptiness and without a word he shoved them away from him. Jumping to his feet, Cyriacus Apparated away, locking onto the quickly fading glowing residue that had once been Harry Potter. He reappeared on the platform without a whisper of sound, barely two feet away from the cooling body of his ‘lover’. Those at Grimmauld Place could attest to his shock and despair, they could account for his pain and grief and besides the point, Cyriacus was immaculate in the public, he
would show no one his weakness. Shoving away any linger feelings of grief, hot rage poured from him and though his eyes still looked empty, he put on a show for the captive audience.

“You idiot!” Cyriacus bellowed, drawing the attention of those who hadn’t been looking at the platform.

Fudge turned to look and nearly sighed with relief. “Mr. Snape! I hope that you know how to brew the Potion to melt through this…saliva?”

Cyriacus though had eyes only on his blood brother and dropping to his knees next to the body; hit it furiously with his fists ignoring the feel of burned flesh and soft fleshy internal organs. “You moronic self-sacrificing son of a bitch! We were supposed to do this together!”

“How can you stand to touch that traitor?” A nearby Auror hissed.

Cyriacus turned and shot such a venomous look at the Auror that had the man been able, he would have flinched. “What did you just call my Blood Brother you trussed up, arrogant son of a whoring bitch?!”

“I’m sure you were listening, you heard him!” The Wizarding Wireless broadcaster shouted.

Cyriacus sneered as he stepped over Harry’s body and stood on the edge of the platform. “And Harry was right; none of you knew him at all. Don’t speak ill of my Blood Brother you hypocritical, bastards! You don’t know anything about him, nothing at all.”

“We knew enough.” A woman snapped in heavily accented English.

“You don’t know shit! Not a damned thing you hag, none of you could have done what he’d done; none of you would have been willing to sacrifice yourself. Blind pack of vultures, you don’t know anything.” Cyriacus snarled as he drew his wand. “I won’t hesitate like he did the next person who calls him a traitor will be hexed so badly your own mother won’t recognize she birthed you! Say it… I fucking dare you!”

Dumbledore attempted to intervene. “Perhaps none of us understood Harry but at the moment he’s in a far better place while the rest of us are trapped here. Do you know the Potion that will dissolve this liquid?”

“Why should I bother to help any of you? You’re all set on calling him a traitor and I personally don’t mind sitting here and watching you all squirm.” Cyriacus said glaring before turning his attention to cataloguing the injuries on his Blood brother’s body, face becoming slightly green at the remains.

Madam Bones sniffed. “Mr. Snape, I assure you that we will leave Mr. Potter out of discussion if you would please free us of this sticky prison.”

“I concur.” Davidson and Ramsey echoed.

Dumbledore nodded. “Not another word about Mr. Potter.”

Cyriacus brooded for several minutes before sighing as he ran a hand through his hair. “The Potion takes four days to brew but there’s a spell that will do the same but I don’t recall it. Yavghid or something similar I think. The problem however is that it takes a very powerful witch or wizard to cast it.”

“How can you not know the proper incantation?” A Wizengamot member demanded.
Cyriacus shot the woman a glare. “I didn’t need to know it; Harry could cast it perfectly fine for the both of us. Now hmm…it was either Yvghd, Yevgd, or perhaps Yhavghd.” As he spoke the last possible incantation, those closest to the platform suddenly found they were free to move around as the sticky salvia began to dissolve.

“You’ve done it!” Someone shouted.

“How could I have done it? I wasn’t even trying…” Cyriacus muttered before shooting Harry’s body a dark look and cursing in several different languages.

Dumbledore suddenly caught on and his eyes began to twinkle, even if Harry had betrayed them and died, there was still hope in the form of one Cyriacus Snape. “Of course, Mr. Potter swore the Repudiation Oath!”

Iphigenia caught on and stared appraisingly at the rather mysterious younger Snape. “And depending on how many Oaths he had sworn, his powers are divided amongst the survivors.”

“Er…Mr. Snape? Would you mind freeing the rest of us before you finish ranting to your dead Blood brother?” Percy Weasley asked cautiously.

Not even sparing them a glance, Cyriacus waved his wand and freed the rest of them with two separate spellcasts. When they were freed, he headed to his Blood Brother and began the tedious process of putting his body back to its original form. Barely five minutes later, a haphazardly dressed Wizard Apparated a few feet away from where Cyriacus was kneeling next to Harry’s dead body. The newcomer was dressed in a dove gray suit with a white silk undershirt and a sapphire blue vest and over that he wore a simple black dragonhide cloak.

“Well met, Mr. Snape.” The man greeted as he cautiously approached the younger wizard.

Cyriacus turned and looked up. “Good evening, Mr. Brandt. How long do we have?”

Alaric pulled out a scroll of parchment from a pocket and unrolled it. “Time of death was 11:05 PM Wednesday the 27th of August. Vita Ustum will not come into effect until 1:05 AM Thursday the 28th of August. Will that be enough time?”

“It should be, I started with the internal damage and will work my way out.”

“I wasn’t aware that you had trained to be a Mediwizard.”

Cyriacus smiled before turning his attention back to Harry. “I didn’t but with Harry, I learned quite a bit for necessity’s sake. Why don’t you go and tell the others about the Vita Ustum Curse? I wouldn’t want anyone to suffer if they attempted to do something to Harry’s body.”

Alaric smiled coolly. “But of course, it would be simply unfortunate if someone were to inadvertently become the target of the Life Burning Curse.” They shared a smile before Alaric joined the others.

Fudge met him immediately. “Who are you and how did you get here?”

“I am Mr. Alaric Brandt, Law Wizard to the deceased and I am here to inform everyone present that with the death of Mr. Potter, the Vita Ustum Curse has been triggered. Anyone who should desire to desecrate the body of my client will pay a most unfortunate price.” Alaric said coldly.

The word spread quickly around the gathered guests as Cyriacus poured his energy into Healing Harry’s tortured body. By midnight, he was finished with all injuries except the dagger which of
course, could not be removed by anyone. Dumbledore and several others insisted upon attempting to remove it but Alaric and Cyriacus deterred them and took Harry’s body away for safekeeping.

The Dungeons  
Potter Manor, Somerset UK  
Thursday the 28th of August, 1997  
11:30 PM

Dagger in hand, Cyriacus sat up on the cold slab of marble he had been laid upon. Alaric and the golem were sitting a few feet away, drinking Firewhisky and talking as they looked at some papers. Before he could swing his feet over the side and climb down from the elevated table, both men were at his side.

“How are you feeling Cyriacus?” Alaric asked as they helped him off the table.

“Extremely tired and stiff, my energy stores are nearly depleted. It is a good thing perhaps that I am going to be in seclusion until Saturday evening.” Cyriacus answered as he was led to a chair and given a Revival Potion.

The golem bowed. “It was a pleasure to serve you but now I believe my time has come to an end.”

Cyriacus nodded as the two men walked back to the table, the golem changing his features to match the Glamour that Cyriacus had yet to remove. Once he was a perfect replica of the dead Harry Potter, Cyriacus released his Glamour and returned back to natural form. A quick Switching Spell cast on their clothes and a replica dagger was inserted into the golem’s chest and the switch was done.

Alaric rejoined him and handed him a cup of herbal tea, laced with Healing Potion. “I collected all the reports printed today for your examination. Would you like something to eat or should I contact your father to relocate you?”

“It is too soon to eat yet I believe,” Cyriacus answered with a slight grimace at the thought. “Do contact my father; I should like to settle down somewhere familiar so I may regain my energy.”

“Of course, I will be back in ten minutes.” Alaric agreed as he exited the large dungeon like room.

After he finished his tea, Cyriacus carefully set it back on the table and reached for the pile of newspapers and magazines, scanning the headlines.

Disillusioned Boy-Who-Lived killed by You-Know-Who!
By: Alana Perkins
Wizarding Times

Harry Potter: Hero or Traitor?
By: Lowell Davenport
The Daily Prophet

Dark Lord Attacks, 114 killed, 34 injured!
By: Marjorie Cameron
Edinburgh Post

Who is Harry Potter’s Mystery Love?
Cyriacus rolled his eyes at the headlines and set the papers aside, closing his eyes. He was so tired…

The Elite Wing  
Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton UK  
Friday the 29th of August 1997  
12:02 AM

Voldemort arrived just in time to see Severus and Cyriacus arrive by special Portkey. Barking out an order for the other Elites to move, Severus carried his sleeping son into his bedroom, with Voldemort and some of the Elite following. The sleeping wizard looked terrible; he was pale with dark circles under his eyes and his body was thinner as if being dead for a day had caused his body to waste away. As Cyriacus was set in his bed, his dark green eyes opened and he blinked at them in some confusion.

“Have you taken any Nutrition Potions?” Severus asked as he Transfigured Cy’s jeans and T-shirt into black silk pajamas.

“Hmm? No, I took a Revival Potion though and I had some Healing Potion with some tea.” Cyriacus answered with a yawn.

Severus pulled out a sea-green potion and Cyriacus rolled his eyes before taking it and drinking.

“Are you in pain?”

“I’m stiff and exhausted, nothing some sleep and rest won’t cure.”

“Are you hungry? I can send for some broth.”

“No, I just need some sleep.” Cyriacus answered stretching. “Take off my shirt and turn me onto my stomach?”

Severus blinked. “Why would you-“

Voldemort spelled his lover’s shirt off and gently helped him turn over. “He probably needs to Transform.”
“Right, move aside.” Cyriacus answered slightly muffled.

Everyone backed away as Cyriacus Transformed splattering blood on them. He stretched a little and after tucking his wings close to his body, drifted into sleep utterly exhausted.

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**The Kitchen**  
**Number 12 Grimmauld Place, London UK**  
**Monday September 1st 1997**  
**7:30 PM**

“Severus how is Cyriacus coping?” Dumbledore asked politely after addressing how the progress was going to secure Hogsmeade. For the first time in two hundred years, the beginning of the Hogwarts term had been delayed. For the safety of the students, Hogsmeade would need to be better secured and in some cases, the wreckage still needed to be cleaned up.

Severus snorted. “He is no longer taking large doses of Calming Potion or Draught of Peace. If you receive the *Daily Prophet*, I’m sure you needn’t ask me how my son is coping.”

Hestia Jones blushed. “He’s really going to Vitium Court every evening?”

“It hardly matters when he goes, the Dark Lord approves of his little trips.” Severus grumbled, looking sour though he had every right to be. Once his son had fully recovered from his lover’s death, he had gone to Vitium Court to liven up his nights. Cyriacus drank, smoked, danced and fucked his way through whatever grief remained, scandalizing all of the Wizarding World in the process. It seemed as if he was doing it all free of charge as well. Vitium Court seemed to love the additional boost in tourism as the more curious witches and wizards came to see the place that their former Savior and his Blood Brother happily frequented. Cyriacus was feted wherever he went and well placed photographers and reporters got more than enough pictures and interesting observations to fill the gossip pages for weeks if not months.

Madam Pomfrey bit her lip. “Perhaps you should get him some professional help.”

“He doesn’t need professional help unfortunately,” Severus growled darkly. “He is coping as well as he can.”

McGonagall looked horrified. “But this is hardly a healthy way to cope with Harry’s death!”

Severus drew a deep breath. “For a quarter-Incubus who has lost his bond-mate, Cyriacus is doing remarkably well.”

“What?!” Several people shouted at once, completely taken off guard.

Dumbledore closed his eyes. “Why have you not mentioned this earlier Severus?”

“I was not aware of it earlier. Cyriacus made no mention of it until I confronted him on last night.” Severus said looking aggrieved.

Oliver Wood frowned. “So…he’s coping well because he didn’t waste away pining after Harry?”

“No Oliver, you have it all wrong. Incubi are not like Veela who waste away after their Mates die. You see, they never have one single compatible match; they are capable of forming multiple bonds throughout their long lives. What Severus meant by saying that Cyriacus is coping well is that Cyriacus has moved on, he’s looking for a new bond-mate.” Remus said clarifying things.
Severus glared at no one in particular. “If he were looking for a new bond-mate I would hardly begrudge him that, but the fact that he is copulating with every handsome man or beautiful woman he meets is simply uncouth of him! Cyriacus has made it completely clear that he is not interested in forming another bond and to be honest,” Severus sighed and rubbed his pounding temples. “His Incubus blood is so diluted that he may in fact not be capable of forming another bond.”

Remus nodded thoughtfully. “That would make sense, if he weren’t capable of forming another bond, it would no doubt be something that he wouldn’t want to admit to. By saying that he’s not interested in forming a bond, he can reassure himself that it’s what he wants and not admit to the truth.”

Dumbledore sighed. “I imagine that he will require leave to tend to his…urges?”

“Cyriacus has said that he will need at least two evenings a week, one evening specifically to tend to his needs and the other will be spent training with the Dark Lord under the pretense of ‘attending’ to his desires.” Severus said very sourly.

“Voldemort knows that much about your son already?” Madam Bones asked, clearly unhappy.

Severus scowled darkly at Madam Bones. “Cyriacus has become the Dark Lord’s favorite servant and may be Marked before the beginning of term. The Dark Lord has a…keen interest in my son; I am not pleased with this turn of events.”

Several Order members shot Dumbledore unhappy looks but the older wizard paid them no mind.

“I will see to the arrangements to ensure that Cyriacus is allowed off the grounds. It is fortuitous that all the Seventh Year students have separate rooms to begin with so I need not arrange that and have questions asked by other students. Hopefully he will learn to be discreet.”

Severus snorted. “Discreet? My son? Hardly and I blame it all on that arrogant fool Potter.”

Sirius growled as he jumped to his feet. “Don’t you dare speak about my Godson that way!”

“At least not any place where your son might hear,” Fred murmured to George, remembering Cyriacus’s snarled threat.

“Gentleman! Calm down, Mr. Potter has yet to be buried. Speaking of which, have you decided on a spell for Wednesday, Filius?” Dumbledore ordered.

Flitwick looked vaguely unhappy. “I have found a spell that will suit our needs but young Mr. Snape may not take it well that you are planning a séance at his bond-mate’s burial.”

“It cannot be helped; we need to know what was so urgent that Harry risked giving Voldemort vital information. We need to know what Harry had planned and why he was willing to sacrifice himself.” Dumbledore said firmly.

Severus shook his head. “Be it on your head, Albus. If you think I have a temper, it is no comparison to what my son is like when he is angered. I would suggest you have two or four very strong, competent wizards available to restrain him long enough for you to begin the séance.”

TBC in…Chapter 16: Tarnished Glory

A quick note:
The Incubus bond-mate thing: This isn’t going to be a Creature fic, where Harry ends up being forced to bond to Voldemort. Nope, I just used this as a believable explanation for the Order.

-SheWolfe7
Chapter XVI
Tarnished Glory

Let no one think of me that I am humble or weak or passive; let them understand I am of a different kind: dangerous to my enemies, loyal to my friends. To such a life glory belongs.

-Euripides, Medea
So it was with a mixture of curiosity, exhaustion and alertness that the adults waited for the arrival of their guests. Originally Headmaster Randolph had every intention of booking rooms at the colossal Horntail Inn, located in the heart of Leisure Alley but Dumbledore had quickly offered the use of the East Wing of the castle to house the students and teachers from Arcanum. After brooding in silence for several minutes, Headmaster Randolph had agreed and now they had only to wait for the arrival of their guests.

A barrage of staccato cracks alerted the watchers, who turned their attention to the arriving students and teachers. They arrived in what appeared to be groups of twenty or twenty five, one group right after the next. Everyone who arrived was clad in dark silver robes. The sleeves of every robe had intricate silver gates embroidered at the top of the arm and the school’s name written in calligraphy all the way down to the cuff. Across the front of each robe, written in large but readable calligraphy, was the motto of the school: Damnant quod non intellegunt (They condemn what they do not understand). Headmaster Randolph was the last to arrive and when he did he turned to face his students, allowing those standing on the steps behind him to read the motto written on the back of his robes, Quod nocet, saepe docet (That which harms, often teaches).

“Excellent coordination, everyone has arrived unharmed an in the proper positions, I am pleased with your efforts.” Headmaster Randolph complimented with a nod and a smile of approval before turning around to greet his host. “Headmaster Dumbledore, I thank you again for your kind invitation to house my students and staff for the next week. I assure you that my students will be on their best behavior.”

Eyes twinkling, Dumbledore smiled. “Headmaster Randolph, we are most pleased to have you here with us. Please allow me to introduce my staff…”

Once the introductions were complete, Headmaster Randolph glanced over his shoulder. “Form ranks, Prefects to the front!”

Smoothly the students re-arranged themselves forming columns of five, four deep with one or two students standing in front of each group. The teachers had moved to the sides, watching their students. The Hogwarts staff watched with some interest, waiting to offer direction to the students and teachers.

Dumbledore quickly schooled his surprise. “Professor Sprout will take the First years, Professor Flitwick the Second, Professor Sinistra the Third, Professor Vector the Fourth, Madam Hooch the Fifth, Professor McGonagall the Six and Professor Snape the Seventh year students. The remaining Professors and I shall show the Arcanum Professors to their rooms.”

As Sprout and Flitwick led the First and Second years away, Dumbledore noticed something of interest.

“Headmaster Randolph? Do your students each have different mottos based on year?” Dumbledore asked curiously.

Headmaster Randolph smiled. “Indeed they do. We believe in assigning each year a phrase to live by, so to speak. Originally this tradition began in the late thirteenth century but at the time there was only one phrase for the students, in the seventeenth century, the Headmasters decided to choose a phrase for each year. During my schooling and Professorship, the phrases have rarely changed and now, I prefer to leave it as it is.”

Dumbledore watched as the students walked by, the phrases started out innocuously enough but towards the end they became very worldly. He would have to keep a close eye on these guests of his…they would no doubt be very formidable allies or foes.
The Common Room
The Elite Wing, Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton UK
Tuesday the 2nd of September 1997
9:50 PM

The Common Room was filled with noise and laughter as the Elite mingled and played games. A large group of Slytherin boys were talking about Quidditch in the far right corner of the room, opposite them was a group of boys from other Houses, playing Exploding Snap. The girls were reading the latest magazines, talking about fashion or the latest rumors about Harry Potter and Cyriacus Snape. Though it had barely been a week, the media was agog by the different ‘truthful’ stories about one or the other. Cyriacus was, understandably, not amused by all the speculation.

As if the discussion had conjured the young Necromancer, Cyriacus stepped out of the shadows next to the fireplace. He looked a bit better, though he was slowly regaining his strength. Dressed as he was in tight fitting leather trousers and a mesh shirt, his sudden weight loss would no doubt be thought of as having been a result of loosing his Blood brother. Staggering slightly Cyriacus walked over to an armchair and sat down, stretching his legs out in front of him and running a hand through his long hair. Since he was in mourning, he had taken a potion to grow out his hair to a respectable length.

“You’re back early.” Pansy commented, looking him over.

“I’m tired. There’s only so much carousing a person can do before they get very sick of it.” Cyriacus answered as he pushed a neon green gem on his bracelet and let the Sobriety Potion do its magic.

Marcus Flint laughed. “Are you sure that’s really the answer? Based on what the International Zephyr has to say, you’ve been shagging anyone who looks passable, man or woman.”

“Don’t remind me! Everyone wants a bloody piece of me these days and unfortunately, I have to make at least two or three of them believe that I’ve shagged them to the moon.” Cyriacus made a face, he hated the fact that everyone lusted after him and were so eager to paw him! It reminded him of the way the Incubi had behaved towards him until after he’d made the agreement with the Demon King and Queen.

“You don’t really shag them?” Theo asked amused.

“Are you insane? Would I really shag all those people? I don’t know and wouldn’t want to know where most of them have been before me. I’ve only shagged that red head Melissa Bancroft, everyone else just got a lovely bunch of bites and scratches along with me tampering with their memory.” Cyriacus said with some disgust as he hadn’t even wanted to do that much. However as he hadn’t had sex with a woman before it had been imperative that he try it at least once, if only so he’d be able to fabricate the necessary memories later on. It was very unfortunate that good Memory Fabrication/Implantation required more than just the memories or fantasies of the victim; it was so tedious to trim, distort and mold snippets of actual memory to form a coherent artificial memory.
Morag giggled. “Well you are a quarter Incubus, I’m sure if you felt like it you could shag all those people.”

“Please do give me some credit; I’m not as easy a lay as real Incubus or Succubus,” said Cyriacus as he crossed his arms over his chest and snorted.

Before anyone could say something else, the door at the far end of the room opened and a large black and silver ocelot strode into the room. Once the door shut behind it, the ocelot grew larger until it was a black leopard and then changed into the Wraith Nusayr as he unclasped a rune covered black and silver cloak.

“My Lord,” Nusayr greeted with a respectful nod.

Cyriacus nodded in return. “Nusayr, I see you were quick to arrive.”

“You know very well that what is at stake if you come to harm,” Nusayr retorted.

“Actually I don’t,” Cyriacus said amused. “I haven’t the energy to attempt another Wraith Summoning to find out what this Asadyl character has to say. Next month will be soon enough I imagine, if you’ve all managed to bide your time for the last several thousand years, he can wait another month for me to regain my energy.”

Nusayr shrugged. “Asadyl does not like being kept waiting but I imagine that for you, he will not mind the wait.”

“Have I any messages?” Cyriacus asked as he stretched.

“None that I know of,” Nusayr answered taking a seat next to Cyriacus.

“One of your house elves brought you a trunk of clothes from Eagle’s Spire.” Lucinda Moon answered.

Cyriacus closed his eyes and rubbed his temples. “Ah, that would be my trunk of formal dress clothes and robes no doubt.”

Altair looked mildly concerned. “Are you feeling alright?”

“Don’t mother me,” Cyriacus grumbled, opening one eye and glaring. “I’m getting more than enough attention from everyone else in this blasted mansion. First it’s the house elves, who try to get me to eat enough to feed a horse at each meal and drawing my baths and laying out my clothes as if I was a toddler. Then there’s my father who’s always trying to slip Revival or Sleeping Potions in my drinks and members of the Inner Circle making sure I’m sitting down and comfortable. I swear some of the First Tier Death Eaters follow me in the halls just to make sure that I get to wherever I’m going, if I have to walk there anyways. Voldemort is constantly checking up on me and asking if I need anything and if I do, not to hesitate and he will make sure I get whatever I desire as quickly as humanly and magically possible. Then we have this overprotective hen,” Cyriacus gestured to Nusayr, who looked indignant at the remark. “He sleeps at the foot of my bed in his feline form and I swear, stares at me until I fall asleep and when I begin to wake up the next morning I get a Revival Potion shoved down my throat.”

Valerius crossed his arms and shook his head. “You still look terrible and you’re out most nights convincing the rest of the world that you’re debauching yourself to deal with your Blood brother’s death. We can’t help but be worried.”

“Worry all you like, just don’t mother me.” Cyriacus growled as he got to his feet rather unsteadily.
“I’m going to have a bath. Don’t wait for me before heading down to the meeting tonight; I’m going to Shadow Stalk.”

Draco glanced at him. “Okay, we’ll see you later then.”

Cyriacus nodded to everyone and slowly trudged to his bedroom, Nusayr following him, ready to catch him if need be.

It was 10:35 and everyone was in the Strategy Room waiting for Cyriacus who had yet to arrive. Normally, Cyriacus was the first to arrive to the meetings but as he was still recovering, he was not quite back to his normal routine. He would have returned to his normal habits but between Constance and his father, Cyriacus had been ordered rather sharply to relax and recover his strength. Voldemort had made it plain to those within his Inner Circle and the First Tier Death Eaters that Cyriacus was to be watched at all times to ensure he was relaxing so he could recover as quickly as possible.

Just as it was approaching 10:40, Cyriacus finally stepped out of the shadows perpendicular to the table. Nusayr walked with him, one arm wrapped around a grimacing Cyriacus’s waist as the younger man walked very slowly and rather painfully to the plush divan. With a wince, the younger man sat down and made himself comfortable as Nusayr took out a Potion vial from the belt around his waist. Wincing, Cyriacus accepted the vial and drank the contents as Nusayr took a seat next to his feet and ignoring everyone else, began to massage Cyriacus’s legs.

The others stared in some surprise at the odd sight and Voldemort had to bite his lip to keep from saying anything about the handsome Wraith touching his lover.

“Are you not feeling well?” Constance asked worried, half rising from her chair at the table.

Cyriacus waved her to sit back down. “I’ll be fine as soon as the Potion spreads through my bloodstream. There’s nothing you can do for me yet anyways.”

“What is wrong?” Severus demanded, ready to begin brewing anything to help his son recover sooner.

“My body does not have the sufficient amount of energy necessary to instigate the Transformation and is not reacting well. I’m not sure the Cruciatus curse hurts nearly as much as needing to Transform but not having enough energy to. That was the reason for my tardiness.” Cyriacus explained sitting forward so Nusayr could massage his back muscles.

Cyriacus raised an eyebrow. “It takes considerable energy to return from the clutches of Death and back to the Realm of the Living. I had barely two days to recover before I had to use my link to the deceased to draw them back to the Realm of the Living as well. If it had not become unnecessary for the Golem to ‘exist’, I wouldn’t have even managed that as sustaining the Golem required at least an eighth of my energy. Sunday evening’s ritual to restore the deceased was merely adding to the strain on my already overstrained body. Even a hybrid as myself, could not recover from such stress.”

“A hybrid? What are you talking about?” Voldemort questioned curiously.

“Within the embrace of Death, all the secrets of the Realm of the Living are revealed and with each sojourn, I remember bits and pieces of knowledge. My last death was the longest yet and with it, I returned to this Realm with the secrets that have long since plagued me since I returned here to Great Britain.”
Hope and interest flared in the eyes of all present.

“You know what we are?” Pansy asked breathlessly.

Cyriacus smiled rather oddly, not quite bitter and not quite mocking. “Aye, I know what we are.” Turning he faced Voldemort and gave his lover a slight bow. “Congratulations, you’ve managed to create a hybrid species of mostly humanoid magic wielding, transitory semi-reptilians. It’s quite a feat.”

Quite a few jaws dropped open in a most unattractive fashion while others stared either at Voldemort or Cyriacus. Voldemort had knocked over his glass of water, which had shot across the table and spilled onto an unaware Damien Cartier’s lap.

“What?!” Several Elite shouted.

Cyriacus’s lips curved into an amused smile. “You heard me quite clearly. Voldemort has, with the aid of whatever mad Potions Master predated my father, created hybrid humans. Albeit magical ones, there’s no way for any of us to be anything less than magical at this point. Forget all that propaganda of the purity of Pureblood Wizards, no other creatures save the Primordial Beings and the fully Magical Beings will have as much pure, magical blood as us.”

“I don’t…understand.” Rabastan managed to choke out.

“What’s there not to understand? Our very genetic structure was changed in the womb and though we don’t develop our full powers or ability to Transform until the end of adolescence, we all are far more magical than normal Wizards and Witches. From what I understand, we will all live to see perhaps a quarter of a millennia at the least and half a millennia at the most. Every child sired or mothered by any of the Elite will also become hybrids. In a millennia or less it may be possible that our kind will have taken over what remains of the Wizarding World, it depends I suppose on whether we distribute the Anguis Potion to anyone else.”

Severus gaped for a full minute before collecting himself. “You know the recipe to make the Anguis Potion?”

“Is it reversible?” Samantha Fawcett demanded.

Cyriacus chuckled. “I know the recipe yes, and no it’s not reversible. Not unless you want to commit suicide anyway. There is no way to reverse what was done to us without killing us in the process and we’re far too valuable for that fate I imagine. Not to mention that no one has a hope in Hell of trying to kill one of us, let alone all of us.”

Voldemort took a deep breath to calm his fraying nerves. “What does this mean in all seriousness?”

“If we were to construct a social structure for the Hybrids, the others are subservient to Draco, Altair, Antares and Valerius and all of them are subservient to me. From what I understand, we could easily reproduce with Muggles, wizards, most Magical Beings and probably most of the Primordial Beings as well. If we were to distribute the Anguis Potion, I would have to supply the blood to ensure that all future Hybrids were under my reign. The first generation of Hybrids are already sworn to serve you by manner of blood based Dark Arts and the rest would be sworn to me and I in turn am already sworn to you.” Cyriacus explained simply.

Nusayr frowned at the implications but otherwise remained silent; Asadyl was not going to be happy about this…meddling.

As the room broke out into loud arguments or exclamations, Cyriacus merely closed his eyes as he
felt a familiar unpleasant prickling sensation wash over his body. Pain would be imminent soon and he had no desire to show his weakness here. Gritting his teeth and making a silent request to Nusayr, Cyriacus was helped to his feet and the two Shadow Stalked up to the Necromancer’s suite. Knowing how painful the muscle convulsions were, Nusayr was quick to carry Cyriacus over to the bed.

By the time Voldemort and Severus arrived seven minutes later, Cyriacus was gritting his teeth to hold back vocalizing his pain as his eyes watered and his body convulsed. Severus attempted to rush forward but Nusayr blocked him from getting too close.

“There’s nothing any of us may do for him but wait.” Nusayr commented as knocking came from the hallway door. Voldemort opened it to admit a dark haired, aqua eyed Revenant who did not wait for permission to enter as he pushed his way past the Dark Lord. Spotting the Necromancer on the bed and the frustrated looking Wraith, the Revenant rapidly started a conversation in that odd language that none of the wizards knew.

“He is worsening; this would be the sixth onset of this…attack since the ceremony two days ago.” Juraz said frowning darkly.

Nusayr growled. “What would you have us do? Your senses may not be as keen as mine but I have no doubts that you can smell just as well as I. The Necromancer smells nothing like either of us or even these stick wavers. I will not have Asadyl ready to cut off my head for an inept attempt to Heal his son!”

Juraz held up his hands. “I am not suggesting that we attempt to Heal him with magic, Wraith.”

“Then what exactly are you suggesting?”

“It is possible that he has enough mixed blood that he might be capable of using the Blood Healing we use.” Juraz suggested.

“Are you insane? He is more mortal than immortal, wraith blood is poisonous and Revenant blood is acidic to most life forms!” Nusayr exclaimed.

Juraz crossed his arms. “I was there Wraith and I watched the Necromancer battle with you. He took nearly sixteen deep cuts with your claws before the poison overwhelmed his body. If we are careful, it would be more than possible to safely mix him a Blood potion that would not overwhelm his body.”

Nusayr frowned but saw the reason in the Juraz’s statement and reluctantly agreed as he slit a wrist and let his blood collect in a black orb of energy. “I will watch over the kyndrak, be swift.”

“I will.” Juraz agreed as he accepted the orb of blood and quickly left the room.

After what seemed like hours, Cyriacus’s body stilled and he drew short pained breaths. Nusayr ignored the others as he stripped Cyriacus of his clothes and tucked him into the bed before moving around and lighting some scented candles. Once the candles were lit, he returned with a vial of Sleeping Potion which Cyriacus drank without protesting.

Voldemort waited until his lover had drifted off to sleep. “How long has he been like this?”

“Since the ceremony two days ago.”

“And he’s said nothing about it, why?” Severus demanded, staring at the Wraith.
Nusayr crossed his arms. “He is stubborn but most of all, he does not wish to appear more weak than is already believed. The Revenants have decided to attempt a Blood healing, which may help him recover more quickly. We will see however if their research proves to be of use. If that is all, you should go; I will keep watch over him.”

Neither men looked happy but they left Severus through the hall door and Voldemort through the door that led to his Floo room and his suite beyond.

Pacing the confines of his study, Voldemort resisted the urge to destroy the various crystal figurines and marble busts scattered throughout the room. The portrait of Salazar Slytherin, hanging on the wall opposite looked vaguely amused as he watched his descendant pace back and forth, a glass of Ogden’s finest Brandy in one hand. After watching his Heir pace back and forth for nearly ten minutes, Slytherin finally spoke.

“What troubles you so, Marvolo?”

Voldemort paused at hearing his middle name but did not object, his ancestor had insisted on calling him Marvolo as they both detested his plebian shortened first name of Tom and his Muggle father’s last name of Riddle.

“I am…worried about young Snape.” Voldemort said hesitantly, knowing he could trust his ancestor with his secrets yet not wholly willing to speak of them.

“And why are you worried about the young Necromancer?”

Voldemort sat down behind his desk and drank his brandy. “Why am I worried? Cyriacus is not yet recovered and he has been having convulsions from not being able to Transform. He is not the same man he was before the Summit. He is quieter, more thoughtful and what he has learned about the Elite is…unexpected.”

Salazar listened as Voldemort explained about Cyriacus’s discovery about the origins behind the Elite and the strange behavior from the younger wizard since his resurrection.

“…watching him. He seems different now, as if he is not wholly in this world and his eyes reflect that.” Voldemort finished as he poured himself more brandy and emptied it gratefully.

Salazar collected his thoughts before speaking. “You have said yourself that he has not fully recovered and Cyriacus has admitted that he learns more and more with each death. Could it not be that he is too busy absorbing what he learned and finding use for it in this world? He has always shouldered burdens, the weight of this world once was held upon his shoulders and he is young yet, I think you have nothing to worry over.”

Voldemort opened his mouth to speak, shut it and then hesitantly put all his cards on the table. “He has been avoiding me of late…”

“Why would that distress you so much Marvolo?” Salazar asked mind brimming with possible reasons.

“He and I have come to a…understanding. I know he is not well but the way he avoids my touch and simply being alone in my presence troubles me.” Voldemort said with a sigh.

Salazar caught on quickly, mind racing. “You and he are lovers?!”

“Yes.”
Salazar frowned, shaking his head. ‘This was not expected at all but then everything has changed so much from the original vision…’

“Perhaps he is re-adjusting to the situation.” Salazar finally commented, reminding himself to visit his frame at Arcanum after he finished speaking to his Heir. “I imagine that even if he did plan his ‘death’ out, it would be awkward to be intimate with the person who tortured and killed him not a week ago.”

“True enough. I suppose that all of us have had a stressful week. From what some of the portraits have been able to discern, quite a large number of the First tier Death Eaters and even some of the Inner Circle are not quite sure what to think of Cyriacus. I admit to being largely impressed by his control, had I been torturing him for information, he would not have given me any.”

“He may not be Godric’s Heir by blood and seed, but he is very like Royce. Unlike his elder brother, Royce had a great deal of common sense and was a swordsman and wizard of great skill. I have no doubts that young Snape is very much like his forefather Royce and slightly like his many times Great-granduncle Godric.” Salazar said thoughtfully.

“Great-granduncle?” Voldemort questioned, rolling his eyes. “I suppose I should not be surprised. Bloody Gryffindors.”

Salazar smiled and nodded. “Indeed.”

Voldemort frowned as he got to his feet to pace restlessly. “Nagini will arrive soon hopefully, I would like to know what exactly my followers are saying but I can hardly deny her the right to mate. It’s been nearly twenty years since her last brood and even I admit that those that returned with her were of great use.”

“Perhaps you should recruit more snakes if they are so useful to your cause.” Salazar suggested.

“I will look into it when I leave for the Congress in October. It is fortuitous that we are meeting in the abandoned Wizarding quarter on the outskirts Casablanca. Not even that fool Dumbledore or the Defense League would suspect a meeting there after what happened the last time the Dark Congress met there.”

Salazar looked amused. “I should think that the sudden explosion in the Manticore population would have scared away most and everyone fled the moment rumors of a Nundu sighting spread. You are certain that the area has been secured, Marvolo?”

“I have the pledge of both the Vampire High Council and the Werewolf Chieftdom that all former threats have either died out or been removed. Of course, I would not take their word alone but I have had a few select individuals scout the area and it seems safe enough. If it can be arranged, I will take Cyriacus with me as the Necromancer to assure our safety but it is crucial that we come to terms. The Light will not offer them nearly as many freedoms as I can so we will see.”

“You have placed a great deal of trust in the Necromancer.”

Voldemort glanced over his shoulder at his ancestor. “At present he is my Prime, my right hand and his faith I do not question as he cannot betray or slay me. It is my intention that in the future he will stand beside me not as my right hand but as my Consort. Who better to lay my trust in than he?”

Salazar had no response to that revelation and watched as his descendant extinguished the lights and retired to bed.
Cyriacus had just stepped outside of his bathroom wearing nothing but a towel when the door to his bedroom was thrown open. Nusayr, who was in his ocelot form, hissed at the small crowd of Elite standing in the doorway. Cyriacus on the other hand, only looked amused as he walked over to the trunk containing his formal clothes and began to rummage around looking for clothes. When he returned to his suite in the Elite Wing, it had been nearly silent in the Common Room. He imagined that anyone who was still awake had a great deal on their minds now that he had revealed what little he had learned about the nature of being born a Hybrid.

“How did you do it?!” Draco demanded, holding up the Special edition Daily Prophet.

Cyriacus didn’t even spare the Pureblood a glance. “Where do you think the Scholars of Mors are schooled at?”

Nusayr changed into his human form and scowling grabbed the newspaper out of Draco’s hand and read through the front page article.

Boy-Who-Lived to be interred on Isle of Lore!

By: Rita Skeeter
Special Edition, Daily Prophet

Today, Harry Potter is to be laid to rest after being gruesomely killed by He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named during the Summit which took place August 27th at Fudge Manor. Mr. Potter’s Law Wizard Firm, Brandt and Moreau, has closely guarded the location of their client’s place of burial though the burial itself is open to the public.

At 1:30 A.M. the location of Mr. Potter’s place of burial was announced to a small gathering of media from all over the globe. Mr. Potter is to be interred on the Isle of Lore, in the highly vaunted Helios lot at 10:30 a.m.

Sources indicate that the only invitations to the burial were given to:

Mr. Cyriacus Snape, Blood Brother of the deceased

Mr. Sirius Black, Godfather of the deceased

Mr. Remus Lupin, Family acquaintance of the deceased

Surprisingly enough, all current and former students and staff of the Arcanum Institute of Magic were also invited to the burial. Noticeably absent were invitations to Mr. Potter’s former friends, Mr. Ronald Weasley and Ms. Hermione Granger or even Mr. Potter’s mentor and Leader of the Order of the Phoenix, Headmaster Albus Dumbledore…

Blaise Zabini snorted. “Everything comes back to Arcanum; I’m starting to think that I can find all the secrets of the universe at your bloody school.”

“I can show you the exact room if you’re interested.” Cyriacus replied absently as he dropped his towel and got dressed, ignoring the eyes of the surprised crowd by the door.

Valerius was the first to regain the ability to speak. “You’re wearing black and lavender robes to the
Cyriacus glared at the mocking tone. “I’ll have you know that these are a combination of my family colors.”

“But the Snape colors are black and silver.” Terrence Higgs pointed out.

Cyriacus rolled his eyes. “According to the Wizarding public, I’m the son of Severus Honoratius Snape and Celeste Genevieve Levesque. The black is from my father and lavender from my ‘mother’. Erg, I don’t even want to imagine what my Family robes will look like after I come into the Potter Inheritance again.”

“Is that why you started wearing that amethyst ring?” Morag asked pointing at the large amethyst stone set in a platinum band on his left hand.

“Actually, this makes it so that any Identifying Charms recognize me as the son of Severus Snape and Celeste Levesque. I never took the Glamour off but I might as well at this point.” Cyriacus replied as he straightened his robes.

Blaise rolled his eyes, “Let me guess, you’ll start wearing the Potter Signet ring publicly after you come into the inheritance too?”

“But of course, it will be a lover’s token, the last link to the man I loved.” Cyriacus said batting his eyes and striking a tragic pose.

The Elite just shook their heads in faint amusement.

“Well I’ll be on my way then back to Snape Manor. I’ll see most, if not all of you, at the burial later today. Trust me; you won’t want to miss it.” Cyriacus said winking as he tossed a black cloak over his robes clasping it shut before striding off into the shadows.

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**The Isle of Lore, the Celtic Sea**  
**Wednesday September 3rd 1997**  
**9:45 AM**

Cyriacus stepped off the south Apparition Point, idly looking around the isle. It was a well tended, monstrously sized isle covered in emerald green grass and huge flowering ornamental plants. It was a brisk day, the sky was devoid of clouds, the sun was shining and the wind was blowing gently from the north. A turquoise robed Scholar approached him and led the way over the gray cobbled path to the heart of the island. It was truly a marvel, how the Scholars had managed to use the old Earth Magicks to shape the isle and its plants to their will.

As anyone who had read the *Book of Ages* knew, the Scholars had been of a Greek mind when they had first arrived on the isle. The eight largest lots had been named in honor of Greek deities; the outermost eastern plots had been named after Eos, the Goddess of Dawn and were respectively known as Eos-North and Eos-South. Opposite them on the Western part of the isle were Nyx-North and Nyx-South. The inner two plots of the eastern side were named Aither, North and South and opposite were Hesperos, North and South. In the very center of the isle were the final three lots which were accorded to those Witches and Wizards of greatest renown. The center hexagonal lot, Helios was the highest vaunted on the island and rumor had it that the remains of both Merlin and the Hogwarts Founders had been relocated here at the request of their respective descendants. Flanking the Helios lot, were the Aigil and Phoibi lots, which after the Helios lot were the next highly coveted lots on the isle.
The entire isle was covered in elaborate Wards to protect the remains of the deceased and each lot was additionally surrounded by huge visible, shimmering Proximity wards. These Proximity wards allowed no one entrance who did not had not arranged to pay their respects with the Scholars. The four Outermost lots were protected with gold Proximity wards, the Inner four lots were protected with silver wards, the Outermost center lots were protected by pale blue wards and the Helios lot had thick white wards. Interspaced within and outside the wards, were the beautifying foliage and marble statues created by the Scholars. It seemed that they had settled on sticking to a color scheme based on the wards. As Cyriacus followed the Scholar he noted the towering gold hued Witchhazel, the yellow flowering Forsythia and gold hued Hydrangea. Those in turn gave way to silver flowered white branched Dogwood, silver Climbing Roses, pale silver Viburnum and the delicate silver flowered Barberry. Then there were the pale blue Lilacs, the silver leaved blue flowered Potentilla, blue Rose of Sharons and whispy blue Weigela.

It wasn’t until they had just crossed the wards of the Aigil lot, that Cyriacus understood why a Scholar had been waiting for him. There were several hundred people in attendance for the burial and as Cyriacus had been invited, he had a place closest to the actual burial sight. As the crowd parted for them, Cyriacus could hear the whispers following in his wake.

“That’s him, the Blood brother of that defector…”

“…just turned sixteen and he reeks of power, do you not feel it?”

“Look at his eyes, they're so fey. They make me shudder…”

“…Family robes? The Black is from his father but the lavender?”

And then, they finally reached the Helios lot and he spotted the robes of his fellow Alumni and former schoolmates. The most prominent of the Alumni had come and all of them were showing their solidarity by wearing the Arcanum robes. As he was lead to the very front where the burial would take place, he noted that the Arcanum faction all formed half of the circle about thirty feet around the gravesite. He received condolences, handshakes, and hugs from close friends all wearing a tired smile. When he finally was led to the gravesite, he was met by Headmaster Randolph.

“It’s good to see you looking so well, Cyriacus.” Headmaster Randolph greeted as he smiled, setting a hand on Cyriacus’s shoulder.

Cyriacus smiled weakly, playing to the crowd of watchers. “It…has been hard.”

“Vincit qui patitur, remember that Cyriacus.”

“I haven’t forgotten.” Cyriacus said softly before examining the new phrase on the front of the Headmaster’s robe which now read *Semper fidelis*. “You’ve changed the school’s motto?”

Headmaster Randolph glanced around at the crowd standing on the opposite side of the Arcanum faction and then stared at the grave before speaking up a little more loudly. “Only for today, today we will let no one doubt that we stand by our own. *Semper fidelis!*” (Always faithful)

As one the former and current Arcanum students echoed his words, drawing the attention of the crowd of ‘outsiders’.

Cyriacus only nodded slowly, repeating the words. “*Semper fidelis.*”

As the time drew closer and closer to 10:30, more and more Scholars arrived surrounding the gravesite and forming four groups of three cast a large *Monstro* Charm, which would allow even the
people at the very edge of the gathering to see the burial as it took place. Cyriacus was having a quiet
discussion with Professor Dumont about how his experiments with Potions were going. Out of the
corner of his eye, he saw Dumbledore and some Order members moving into positions on the edge
of the gravesite. As he was purposely standing with Professor Dumont at the very edge of the
Arcanum faction, Cyriacus mentally grinned as his plans all fell into place neatly.

The chattering of the crowd dimmed as the wailing notes of the Burial March were magically played
across the whole island. It was a wildly haunting dirge of death, every note vibrated with grief and
emptiness causing everyone who listened to fall silent. Cyriacus set his eyes on the north as he
waited, watching the crowd part as the Prelate-Scholar appeared face hidden behind a silver mask.
Following behind him were Two Cleric-Scholars walking on each side of the floating crystal coffin,
while three Acolyte-Scholars trailed them, one carrying the Potter Family Seal on a gold shield and
the other two carried a flaming blue torch and a vessel of gold oil.

The crystal coffin was set over the grave, hovering as the Scholars moved into position. The Prelate-
Scholar moved to the left of the coffin followed by the Cleric-Scholars who stood behind and to the
side of him. The shield bearer stood directly across from the Prelate-Scholar while the two remaining
Acolyte-Scholars stood at each end of the coffin. With a gesture of his hand, the Burial March was
silenced and unrolling a scroll of parchment from his sleeve, he began.

“We gather here today to honor one who has newly crossed into the Celestial plane. Harold James
Potter, son of James Patrick Potter and Lily Violet Potter née Evans, Lord of the Families: Potter,
McKnight, Argyle, Ciodné and Merryck. First Tier Lord of the Guild of Blood Magicians, First Tier
Lord of the Guild of Lost Magicks, First Tier Lord of the Guild of Mind Magicians and Second Tier
Lord of the Guild of Dark Magicks. Long may his name live!” The Prelate scattered a fistful of
crushed herbs over Harry’s body.

“In the name of the powers that be, let no evil defile his flesh. In the honor of those who stood as
friend, ally and lover, let none speak ill of the deceased. With the blessing of the Scholars of Mors,
may his spirit find eternal peace.” The Prelate scattered a fistful of dried rose petals and lotus flowers
over the body. Then the Acolyte carrying the vessel of oil, poured the fragrant oil all over Harry’s
body and casting a spell, made sure the clothes were completely soaked in the oil.

“In the name of the powers that be, let all impurities be cleansed of this flesh and let nothing remain
but ash.” The Prelate intoned and the Acolyte with the torch prepared to set the body aflame and that
is when Dumbledore and his Order struck, casting glowing green orbs at the ground, from various
positions in the massive crowd. Upon smashing green vapor temporarily immobilized all those it
came into contact with as Dumbledore and his Order moved forward.

The Prelate-Scholar was sputtering with indignation at the travesty taking place and Cyriacus, who
was immune to the vapor, was being held back by Bill and Charlie Weasley and Oliver Wood.

“…Disgrace! Not even a Dark Lord has attempted something so crass!”

Cyriacus’s face was turning red with fury. “Dumbledore you meddling, madman what the hell do
you think you’re doing?!”

Moody cast a Silencing Charm on him as Dumbledore and McGonagall quickly began to make sand
runes on the ground around the coffin. Several minutes later, a wispy Harry Potter was floating
above his body looking unsurprised.

“Ah Dumbledore, why am I not surprised? You never could leave anything alone now could you?”
Harry glanced around at the crowd and the angry voices of the Scholars. “Well it certainly doesn’t
look like you’ll receive the honor of being buried here and good riddance, I shouldn’t like to have
my ashes within two hundred miles of yours.”

Dumbledore ignored Harry’s barbs. “You are obligated to answer my questions so long as they do not pertain to any knowledge you have learned since your death. Why did you allow Voldemort to capture, torture and kill you?”

“You of all people know why, because it was inevitable, it was fate, it was prophesized! Do you think I liked it any better? I’m the one who’s dead at seventeen!”

“Why did you give Voldemort the information about Merlin’s Prophecy?”

Harry snorted “Did you ever perhaps think that I gave it to him, and to everyone listening, as a warning of what was coming? Have you even read the Prophecy? You don’t stand a chance of stopping the Dragon Prince; he’ll bathe the world in blood and bring about a Dark Age before dying. I wanted to warn everyone what is coming and what they are risking if they defy the Dragon Prince, he won’t hesitate to kill those who oppose him. If you thought Voldemort was bad, you have no concept of what is coming next and there’s nothing the Ministry, the Defense League or even you can do to stop him.”

Still being held back, Cyriacus’s eyes widened as suppressed memories began to flood his mind, Merlin’s Prophecy…the Dragon Prince…and Arcanum, the secret within a secret.

Dumbledore frowned. “But the Trelawney Prophecy clearly states…”

“What don’t you understand about, ‘and either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives’. Am I not dead?” (1)

Dumbledore shook his head. “You had so much more power than Voldemort, why did you choose to die?”

“I was a sacrifice Dumbledore, don’t pretend ignorance. We both know that you never expected me to survive the final confrontation with Voldemort and I know that Fudge had no intention of letting me linger if I did. Don’t get your knickers in a twist that I chose a way out that none of your foresaw. Love makes some men fools but not me, never me. With my dying breath, I safeguarded the only person who will truly mourn my passing and with it, I gave him the power to survive what is coming.” Harry answered, looking only at Cyriacus.

“I do not understand! Why have you chosen this path?”

“You’re such a fool; did you really think I wouldn’t find out? Before I died, I knew every dirty secret that you kept about my childhood and the years I was at Hogwarts. Shall I start at the beginning? You warded my Aunt’s house, you even had watchers but did you do anything when I was being starved, beaten and abused? No, you did nothing.” Harry spat out with venom, eyes burning with hatred.

The crowd was staring; riveted at Harry as he made his accusations which could not be lies, not at a séance cast around the deceased’s body.

“No one has asked you why I was transferred to Arcanum and why they allowed it, making it seem as if you in your greatness convinced them to take me. That was not what happened; I know what happened and what you did. You had wards placed on my Aunt’s house redirecting any owl post to a special office where you inspected the mail ‘for my safety’ you told Fudge. When I was eight and a half, I got a Letter that you didn’t dare let anyone know I had received. It’s rare for someone to receive a School Letter before their eleventh year, I myself have only met two people who received
an early Letter and that would be my Blood Brother Cyriacus and you, yourself Headmaster. In all the history of Wizarding Schools, the youngest age anyone ever received a School Letter was nine and that would have been Nicholas Flamel but I, I shattered that record with an astonishing eight and half years of age. You burned that letter the moment you finished reading it and sent a note declining in the name of my guardians.”

Someone in the crowd gasped and soon everyone was murmuring in surprise but Harry hadn’t finished yet, not even close.

“You knew that Voldemort would come back someday and you decided to prepare me for that by leading me unknowingly along on a merry chase. Every adventure I had at that blasted school except Third and Fourth year were manufactured by you and even in Fourth year you had decided to make the best of it by making it as difficult as you could. You knew there was a traitor either at Hogwarts or in the Triwizard committee and you turned a blind eye when it was convenient for you! But you couldn’t even guess why I had been involved, thinking that one of Voldemort’s followers had just arranged for an accident to occur during the Tasks. Everything fell apart when Cedric Diggory and I were Port-keyed away from Hogwarts and that was when you knew you had bungled it. The moment you could arrange it, you talked to Headmaster Randolph and had me shipped to Arcanum barely a week after school let out. That was probably the only intelligent thing you’ve done in the last sixteen years!”

Cyriacus struggled against his captors and using a Wandless spell, sent a painful shock through his captors. They released him, crumbling boneless onto the ground. Drawing his wand, Cyriacus broke the Silencing Spell and turned to face off against Dumbledore.

Dumbledore only shook his head. “I will admit I did rescind your Arcanum letter but I assure you I had no idea of the abuse you suffered with your relatives. Had I known, it would not have continued and you would not have been sent back. As for your comments about the Triwizard Tournament I did my best to find out who put your name in the Goblet of Fire but Barty Crouch Jr. did a very thorough impersonation of Alastor Moody. I do not know where these baseless accusations have come from but I have no doubt it is the work of Lord Voldemort.” Dumbledore reached around the Prelate and casting a spell removing the dagger.

“You imbecile, you don’t know what you’ve-“ Harry began screaming but he was cut off when an elaborate illusion of Nusayr and Nemesis reappeared in their aspect of the primordial soul thieves. Each of them grabbed one of Harry’s arms and began to argue over who got to take Harry’s soul.

“No!” Cyriacus shouted dodging spells from the Order as he attempted to make his way to the coffin. Just as he was conjuring another dagger to replace the one Dumbledore removed, the Immobilizing vapor wore off and the Acolyte with the torch dropped it the moment that Cyriacus drove the dagger into Harry’s chest. The illusions above faded away as Cyriacus shrieked from the inhuman pain as the hungry blue flames roared to life. The Prelate-Scholar quickly cast a Flame-Freezing Charm on Cyriacus as a Cleric pulled him away from the coffin and forced Cyriacus to sit down as he attempted to gauge how badly damaged his left arm was.

Harry snarled at Dumbledore. “You, Albus Dumbledore, are a lying, manipulative old man and I hope that someone will see to it you pay for your foolishness! I swear if I were alive, I’d make you regret the day your mother bore you!” Harry turned away and floated down to where Cyriacus was being tended by the two Clerics and a Mediwitch who had rushed forward from the crowd.

The Prelate-Scholar jerked his mask off as he turned to face Dumbledore and let loose with his wrath. “You Sir are a disrespectful, arrogant fool of a Wizard! How dare you interfere with a burial service? Your presence here on my isle is a disgrace to those buried here! I, Ambrosius LeCouer,
Prelate-Scholar of the Scholars of Mors and Guardian of the Isle of Lore, Banish Albus Wulfric Percival Brian Dumbledore from these hallowed shores and revoke the Right of Burial upon these shores.” The Prelate waved his wand in a zigzag and Dumbledore was ejected from the Isle with some help from the wards. Turning he also Banished Moody, McGonagall, Bill, Charlie and Oliver before joining the cluster of wizards and witches surrounding Cyriacus.

“Where is that greasy git of a father of yours when you bloody need him?” Harry ranted, unable to listen to Cyriacus’s half muffled whimpers of pain. Though Dumbledore had followed the plan to the letter, Cyriacus was not supposed to be injured in the process. The burns, caused by a particularly vicious Purification Flame which was not designed to be used on a living being, had done serious damage.

One of the Clerics turned to the Prelate. “We have done what we can but it is not enough, it would be best if we send him to St. Mungo’s.”

“So be it. Zorrah and Etienne shall take him to St. Mungo’s and I will see to the rest of the ceremony and join you there after all the guests have departed. Stay with him and ensure the Healers do not give him any potions or put on any pastes that contain Poppy seed or balm.” The Prelate instructed, looking firmly at the Cleric and one of the Acolytes.

“We will not forget.” Zorrah replied as Etienne levitated Cyriacus, while she moved forward to clear a path.

“…rry.” Cyriacus gasped out, eyes watering from the pain.

Harry tried to smile reassuringly, remembering that there was indeed a crowd to play to. “Get well Cyriacus, it will be better I promise. I love you, forever and always remember? I’ll keep watch over you.” Harry dropped a cool kiss on Cyriacus’s lips and the astonished Cleric shook his head as he raced to the nearest Apparation Point.

“Why don’t you disable this séance so I can return to my eternal peace?” Harry suggested as he turned to face the Prelate-Scholar.

“Of course,” The Prelate replied and with a flick of his wrist, the sand runes were displaced and Harry vanished. Walking over to the coffin all he saw were ashes and a melted pool of metal. Drawing a deep breath, he put his mask back on and finished the ceremony, conjuring a crystal top to fuse onto the coffin and lowered it into the grave. From the south, a small procession of Clerics floated the elaborate stone Griffin which would forever guard Harry Potter’s remains. The Griffin was placed over the neatly filled hole and awoken with a tap of the Prelate’s wand to its beak. Blinking the Griffin yawned, stretched and then settled down to sleep.

The Prelate then allowed the guests to leave tokens and flowers as he watched on. It was nearly three hours later before the Isle was emptied of all non Scholars and after changing into regular Scholar robes instead of his Ceremonial robes, he departed for St. Mungo’s.

A Private Meeting Room
Gringott’s Bank, Diagon Alley, London UK
Friday September 5th 1997
2:15 PM

Cyriacus was the last to arrive at the reading of the will which was really not all that surprising as the Healers had not wanted him to leave at all but as he would only be gone for two hours at the most had grudgingly agreed. As he entered the room, he noted that all invited and those he had specifically
requested as representatives had come. Sirius and Remus were there by invitation of course, shooting him anxious looks from the far end of the room. Each of his close Arcanum friends were there, also giving him worried looks, sitting across from Remus and Sirius. Alaric was there to read the will sitting at the head of the table, Gulden Hawkeye sulked in his chair, no doubt worried about the pile of paperwork he would have to file as the Gringotts representative and the Ministry representative was Mr. Abide-by-the-laws Percival Weasley, Eloise Winston from the International Zephyr was also present, both as the media representative and the representative of the International Zephyr. Upon Cyriacus taking a seat, Alaric began.

“We are gathered here today to listen to the last will and testament of one Harold James Potter, son of James Patrick Potter and Lily Violet Potter née Evans, Lord of the Families: Potter, McKnight, Argyle, Ciodné and Merryck.” Alaric read taking a deep breath before continuing. “I, Harold James Potter, of sound mind and body leave this document as the legal distribution of my properties and assets. To Messrs. Sirius Black and Remus Lupin, I leave 500,000 Galleons to be dived equally to both and joint ownership of the property Marauder’s Den, located in Sussex. I trust you will enjoy this gift, I’m sure it holds many fond memories for you both. To Mr. Anthony Arrington, I leave my collection of Charms books as I know it will be appreciated and of use. To Mr. Sunan Metharom I leave my collection of Asian swords and daggers enjoy them but remember they are meant to be both used and admired. To Ms. Leah Maitland, I leave six of my finest Aethonans for your use and pleasure, this I know you will enjoy.”

Alaric took a moment to have a drink of water before continuing. “To Mr. Sigurd Frisk, I leave my entire collection of Quidditch Memorabilia sans my Firebolt. I expect you to win the damned Quidditch World Cup after reading all the strategy books, so play hard Sigurd! To Ms. Hotaru Suzuki, I leave a letter of recommendation for Apprenticeship to the great Healer Olivia Stone and six bolts of fabric from my family warehouse. Follow your dream and remember me fondly. To Mr. Ransom Wright, you already have an amazing mind so there’s not much I could have left you that might have done you some good. So I leave you with a small cottage located on the coast of Maine, hopefully it will be a nice place for you to get away from it all or test your experimental spells.”

“To Mr. Cyriacus Snape, the love of my life and my own personal savior, I leave all remaining property, stocks, money et cetera. I know that it may not be as good as having me there with you but this is the best I could have done for the circumstances I found myself in. You’ll notice I have lots of property and money galore, none of which would be terribly interesting for you I know, I know. However, here’s something to even the playing field my love, with my death the Gryffindor heritage has died out but with you as my Heir (do forgive the term) that makes you the next Lord of Gryffindor. Why this matters you might ask? Well as LoG you have quite a bit of weight you can toss around plus you now have a seat on the Board of Governors at Hogwarts. This will make you a hot commodity, and I expect you’ll be drowning in marriage proposals but know this, no one will ever love you as much as I do. You made every day since we met worth living and I will have no worse regret than missing out on all the years we would have had together. My love is yours eternally and I ask but one thing; live, love and be happy, my beloved. I will personally come back and haunt you if you become anything like your father, mainly sarcastic, cruel and loveless. Don’t doubt it, I’ll find a way!”

Alaric paused to take a drink of water. “And finally, to the representative of the esteemed International Zephyr, no matter how my death came about I myself have no doubts that my name will be dragged through the mud. As I am deceased I could care less what the living have to say about me but out of fear for my lover’s welfare, I bequeath a folder of documents to be published in your newspaper on Sunday the 7th of September 1997. I have no doubts that you will accept these documents, as no doubt your newspaper shall be the only one in the entire Wizarding World that will have the true facts. Among these documents are some details about my life after my departure from Great Britain in the summer of 1995, all the way to a week before my death. A large portion of these
documents describe my relationship with Cyriacus Snape who has, prior to the release of these papers, been quite the enigma to the Wizarding World. I have but two stipulations: one, none of these documents can be altered or presented in such a way that the truth is changed or made untrue and second, you will not sell these documents to any other publication, personage or Ministry. Failure to follow these stipulations will unleash the Curse of Eternal Misfortune upon all persons working for or associated with the *International Zephyr*, including family, lovers and even familiars.”

For the sake of the Ministry official and the reporter, Cyriacus managed to force a few tears and Hotaru who was sitting to his left, gave him a hug allowing him time to ‘collect himself’. Luckily or unluckily, he was already tired and exhausted enough from his stay at St. Mungo’s that he needed no charms to look awful. Alaric passed around some papers that needed signing from each invitee and representative. Gulden made himself available to Cyriacus who directed him to have all the funds removed to as many Vaults as it took to combine the massive fortune. Once all the legal documents were signed and the items had been given to their new owners (the reporter gloatingly rushing off to return to the *Zephyr* headquarters), the meeting broke up and Cyriacus tiredly made his way back to his room at St. Mungo’s.

As he arrived back at the Hospital, he was ushered back to his room and his nurse made a fuss and had him back in bed and drinking his afternoon potions as she changed the dressing on his arm. His left arm was slowly beginning to heal at a rapid pace, which had astonished his Healers. Had he been a normal Wizard it was likely he would left with either a useless limb or no limb (due to amputation) after being exposed to a Purification Flame. The Healers estimated that his arm would take almost a month to completely heal and though his arm would be heavily scarred, there was likely to be no lasting muscle, nerve or tendon damage. He was very thankful of his status as a hybrid; he had no desire to be anything like that traitor Wormtail, with his silver arm. Yawning, he felt his eyelids get heavier as the Sleeping Potion began to spread throughout his body. Just before he drifted off, he felt the nurse finish coating his arm and hand with a Numbing paste that also would help his tissue grow and knit, before wrapping his arm in a copious amount of soft gauze dressing. As he heard his door click shut one thought drifted across his mind before consciousness slipped away, it had been one hell of a week and next week did not look much better.

**TBC in Chapter 17: Confessions…**

**Regarding (1)**- This is a direct quote from JKR’s *Order of the Phoenix* (in my case, the hardcover edition) it can be found in Chapter 27, page 841, second paragraph. I do not own this quote!!!

**NEXT CHAPTER (ALWAYS SUBJECT TO CHANGE)**-

Cyriacus and Voldemort talk, Cy and the Elite talk about their lives and what the future holds, Timaeus and Taranis confess to Cy, Dumbledore faces the Order, the Wizarding World learns the truth courtesy of the International Zephyr, Cyriacus gets a new familiar and Nagini returns!

-SheWolfe7 (5/12/04)
Confessions

Author's notes: Fudge and Dumbledore are questioned, An Order meeting, Cy is released from St. Mungo's, Cy and the Elite talk about what to do now, Cy broods about the Prophecy, Timaeus and Taranis confess, Cy and Voldemort talk and Nagini and her brood return.

A/N: Okay, it’s done. I didn’t quite cover everything that I wanted but I never manage to anyways these days. /sigh/ I hope you like it.

_Parseltongue, foreign words, letters/articles etc._

_**Emphasized words, headings,**_

_Telepathy (last time for this story probably)_

Chapter XVI
Confessions

*It is the confession, not the priest, that gives us absolution.*

-Oscar Wilde, Irish dramatist, novelist, & poet (1854 - 1900)

Wizengamot Courtroom Ten
British Ministry of Magic, London UK
Saturday the 6th of September 1997
9:30 AM

The room was full near to bursting with foreign delegates and diplomats from several dozen Ministries from around the world. Mixed in with those delegates were the various representatives from the Defense League and a large number of members of the Order of the Phoenix. The room had been filling for nearly a half hour, Aurors patrolling the hallways and outside the building itself to prevent any kind of interference by the Dark Lord. When the room was filled, five representatives of the forces of the Light entered through a side door and took their seats at the front of the room. Madame Bones, Juliana Ramsey, Kenneth Davidson, Alastor Moody, representative of the Order of the Phoenix and Lionel Abernathy, the temporary British Minister of Magic organized their papers of questions and then began.

“We are gathered here today to question one, Cornelius Oswald Fudge, British Minister of Magic and one, Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, Headmaster of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. They are brought before us respectively on possible charges of aiding and abetting of a known criminal and deliberate misinformation and manipulation of a minor. Auror Shacklebolt, bring in the defendants for questioning.” Kenneth Davidson stated calmly.

Both men were led in, Fudge directly to a chair in the center of the room while Dumbledore waited his turn near the back of the room. An Unspeakable came forward and gave an indignant Fudge a dose of Veritaserum.

Madam Bones was charged with beginning the questioning and began with the necessary preliminary questions. “State your full name, your work title, your age and your living address.”

“I am Cornelius Oswald Fudge, British Minister of Magic, age 45. I live at Fudge Manor located in Norfolk County, Great Britain.”
Kenneth glanced at his sheet of paper. “What is your opinion of Harry Potter?”

“He was a powerful wizard with the potential to become quite the force at the Ministry of Magic.”

“Were you jealous of his power?”

“Yes but I would not trade his life for my own.”

“Did you in any way tamper with the wards placed on Fudge Manor the day or night of the Summit?” Juliana Ramsey asked.

“No, I did not. The wards were as much for my protection as it was for the protection of the guests and dignitaries present.”

Madam Bones nodded before moving on. “Did you have any plans to harm Harry Potter had he lived and defeated Voldemort?”

“I thought perhaps, to offer him a position as a diplomat to another Ministry so that he would not usurp my place as Minister of Magic. I had no intentions of harming him.”

Moody frowned. “Do you know why Harry may have suggested that you would harm him?”

“I do not know, I have never threatened him.”

After another fifteen minutes of pointless questioning Madam Bones gestured for the Unspeakable to give the Minister the antidote. “We are finished with the questioning and have found Cornelius Fudge innocent of any wrongdoing, please give him the antidote.”

The annoyed Minister then took his place with the rest of the leaders of the Light, displacing Abernathy. Dumbledore took his seat and the second round of questioning began.

“State your full name, your work title, your age and your living address.”

“I am Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, I am currently the Headmaster of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, age 153. I reside at Dumbledore Manse in the county of Hertfordshire.”

“In November of 1981, you requested to oversee the mail sent to Harry Potter is this correct?”

“Yes.”

Davidson searched his papers. “In February of 1989, did Harry Potter receive a School Letter from the Arcanum Institute of Magic?”

“Yes.”

Shocked murmurs spread throughout the room, Harry Potter had not been lying! The revelation brought with it another wave of conversation about just how powerful he may have truly been if he had been prepared to have his magic properly trained at the age of eight and a half.

Fudge was able to finally gain order after nearly eight minutes of speculation. “Did you burn the School Letter and in the name of Harry Potter’s guardians, send a negative response?”

“Yes.”

Juliana Ramsey shook her head, how long had this man been manipulating people? “What were your reasons for sending a negative response in the name of Mr. Potter’s guardians?”
“At the time I believed that Voldemort would return someday and found it would be safer if Harry were to remain here where he could easily be collected and moved into a safe house if it had become necessary.”

“You had no other intentions behind your actions other than Mr. Potter’s safety?” Madam Bones asked.

“No.”

Another round of questions were asked regarding his manipulation of Harry Potter and though he admitted to turning a blind eye to some of Harry’s activities (namely his adventures First and Second Year) and in some cases, carefully helping behind the scenes. Though he claimed to not being aware of the events that led to Harry’s other adventures the following two years. Dumbledore also pleaded innocence of any knowledge of abuse Harry may have received while living with his relatives, claiming that the Ministry had been charged with monitoring his Non-Magical threat Wards. Dumbledore they found out had been charged with monitoring Dark Magic Wards and keeping track of any Magical beings and persons who may have wandered too close to Mr. Potter’s location intentionally or by accident.

Davidson sighed, relieved by how the interrogation had turned out. For several minutes the leaders of the Light spoke and conversed, figuring out what punishment was due. Harry was dead and they could not afford to do anything that may inhibit Dumbledore’s magic or time. After a time, Madame Bones pronounced the sentence.

“Give Mr. Dumbledore the antidote. We find him guilty of deliberate misinformation of a minor, which we will fine him 3000 Galleons. We also find him guilty of manipulation of a minor and fine him 5000 Galleons. As Mr. Potter is deceased that money will go to his…Heir, Mr. Cyriacus Snape and the crimes will be listed on Mr. Dumbledore’s record. This Court is now adjourned.”

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The Kitchen
Number 12 Grimmauld Place, London UK
Saturday the 6th of September 1997
8:00 PM

It was the first time the Order been called formally to meet since the meeting called earlier in the week and the room was filled with tension. The séance had not gone as expected and the scathing reprisals from various Ministries and the Defense league regarding Dumbledore’s interference with Harry Potter’s Arcanum Letter had rattled the group. Adding to the shaky nerves of the group was the uproar caused when several foreign Ministries and the Defense League had called for both the Minister and Dumbledore to be tested under Veritaserum earlier that day.

The fact that Dumbledore had admitted to having manipulated and misled Harry Potter, was causing a large amount of words to be exchanged among the Order. The most vocal were the Weasleys, Sirius and Remus and several others who had not been pleased to find that Dumbledore had blindly allowed Harry to go off on the first two of his four adventures. Though most understood his reasoning behind the burning of Harry’s Arcanum Letter, they were all slightly wary of the older wizard. Severus watched with hidden amusement at the discord his son’s words had brought about.

Dumbledore cleared his throat and everyone quieted although quite a few gave the older wizard dark looks. “It has been a stressful week, one filled with unexpected revelations and accusations. At this time I know that most if not all of you are unsure what to think of my actions so I will be brief. Some of the things I did were inexcusable and were I to do it again; I would probably carry on the same
way. It was most important that Harry be allowed to grow properly and hone his skills in preparation for his meeting with Voldemort. Despite the danger, I assure you I was quite aware of what was going on and interfered when necessary. This however is all in the past and we do not have the time to debate about what actions should have been taken, we are engaged in a War with a most dangerous foe. Voldemort currently has the upper hand and despite any misgivings or feelings you may have, we will not be able to stand against him if we do not pool our resources and work towards a common goal.”

Several people nodded and the tension eased as the meeting began, with various members giving reports. When Bill Weasley had finished explaining about what he knew of the number of withdrawals or visits to Vaults made by Dark and potentially Dark families, Severus reported Voldemort’s current plans and training.

“How is your son doing, Severus?” Dumbledore asked, looking thoughtful.

Severus glared. “He is doing well enough now, the Healers and I have managed to not only stabilize his condition but his arm is beginning to Heal rapidly. It is unfortunate though that his left arm is damaged.”

Remus frowned in confusion. “Why is that?”

“It is his wand arm. At the moment, the Healers believe he will be completely Healed of his injury by late September or early October. With his Blood Brother’s death, he’s far more powerful now than before and he has not had enough time to master the additional magic before he was injured. The next month or so will be most…difficult for him.”

Pomfrey blinked. “How badly damaged was his arm? With Potions normally he would be Healed at the latest in a week.”

“The injury however was caused by a magical flame and one that was never intended to be used on a living specimen. As for the damage, his muscles were almost completely burned down to the ulna bone in his arm. The Flexor carpi ulnaris, the Extensor carpi ulnaris, the Flexor carpi radialus and the Entensor carpi radialus longus muscles will need to be completely re-grown and re-attached to the ulna, humerus and radius bones. The Radial and Median nerves, along with the veins and arteries that were destroyed will need to be re-grown where necessary and connected to the other undamaged nerves, veins and arteries in his upper arm. It is not exactly the most pleasant sight to see but it was very fortunate the Prelate cast the Flame Freezing charm when he did another instant longer and Cyriacus would no longer have a forearm or elbow.” Severus listed.

Sirius winced. “You’re saying the flame melted and burned away his muscles?”

“Yes. I’m told they had practically all the Healers on the Spell Damage floor trying to stabilize his condition when he arrived as he was going into shock. It was fortunate that all three of the Burn Healers were present at the time.”

Dumbledore closed his eyes. “Are they allowing him visitors yet?”

“No and they have no intentions to. My son’s status as the lover of Harry Potter has resulted in a large amount of unpleasant attention and it would be rather redundant in any case. Cyriacus spends most of his days asleep or drugged and barely coherent at most times. I have not heard him say more than three words and those consist of, ‘hurts’, ‘ow’ and ‘stop’.” Severus said with a dark look at Dumbledore.

Mrs. Weasley looked concerned. “Do they know when he will be released?”
“The Healers will be discharging him from the hospital on Monday. It was at my son’s request to be released as soon as possible, which is why he spends his days asleep or drugged, as the Healers are currently putting him through an exhausting amount of Advanced Healing. He has been responding well to the Healing though and they have already begun to lower the potency and dosages of his Potions. By Monday his injuries should be half Healed or more.”

Dumbledore looked relieved. “That is excellent news, Severus. What was the Dark Lord’s reaction to your son’s injury?”

“He was livid though he hid it well and has been quite ill-tempered of late. Normally his servants would bear the brunt of his temper but that has fortunately not been the case at this time. It is fortunate that no raids have been conducted; his ill humor has been confined only to furniture and house-elves at the moment.”

Moody frowned. “When was the last time your son wrote a report?”

“The last was before the Summit.”

Madam Bones drummed her fingers on the table. “Do you know what exactly Voldemort is training your son in?”

“I have not asked and will not ask. It is considered the highest honor for the Dark Lord to be willing to personally teach any Death Eater Trainees. I have played my role well enough.” Severus answered shaking his head.

“See if you can find out but be discreet.” Dumbledore advised before turning to question Shacklebolt about the inquiry taking place at Fudge Manor.

A Private Room in the Potion-based Spell Damage Ward
Fourth Floor, St. Mungo’s Hospital, London, UK
Thursday the 11th of September 1997
11:45 AM

Cyriacus nodded as his Healer Caligula Stoke, gave him clipped instructions for the proper care of his injured arm. Standing by the hallway door, his father looked as menacing as ever in his bat-like black robes, scheduling weekly appointments for Cyriacus on every Saturday for the next month and half. Originally, the Healers had believed that his arm would be healed by late September or early October, but on Monday a rather unexpected side effect had reared its head.

A young Healer trainee had been left to un-bandage, clean and treat his arm on Monday when he had first been scheduled to be released from the Hospital. After un-bandaging his arm, the trainee had cast a normally non-painful, non-reactive Cleaning spell on his arm. However, his arm had not taken to the spell very well. One moment Cyriacus had been calmly waiting to have his injury cleaned and re-bandaged but the next, he had pulled the injured limb close to his body had had been howling loud enough for the visitors and patients waiting to be checked in to hear him. It had taken two hospital orderlies to restrain him long enough for the Healers to be able to figure out what had occurred. By the time they had found a way to stop the effects of the spell, any progress he had made in the five days he’d been in the hospital had vanished and his wound was as raw and unpleasant looking as when he had just arrived, freshly burned from the Isle of Lore.

Once they had stabilized his condition and someone had informed his father of the situation, the Healers and his father had spent four hours closeted away attempting to find a solution. Two days of a more potent Potion regime consisting of Healing Potions and Revival Potions, combined with three
different kinds of burn pastes being applied to his arm in rotations every three hours had restored his arm enough for it to be conceivable for him to be discharged. As the Hogwarts term was slated to begin on the following Monday and the train ride to the school on Sunday, the Healers had little choice but to discharge him if his condition was stable. After a few careful tests yesterday, they had found that as long as no magic was directly applied to the injured area, his injuries were not effected.

So now he was waiting as Healer Stoke finished carefully layering a thick creamy puce colored paste on his arm, before wrapping it in what seemed like an endless amount of ultra soft gauze. Once that was done and secured to his satisfaction, the gray haired Healer cast a Cushioning Charm so that bumps would not hurt his bandaged arm and with a flick of his wand, secured a shining black dragonhide gauntlet on his arm. His father had arrived yesterday afternoon with the Hungarian Horntail gauntlet, which had been soaked in special Potions and reinforced to reflect any and all forms of magic that came into contact with it. Cyriacus had been quietly amused as the dragonhide was very similar to his own skin when he was Transformed. The Healers had approved of the gauntlet and so now he was stuck wearing a stylish, if rather snug shoulder length gauntlet for the next month and a half.

“Almost done, one more spell,” The Healer replied as he waved his wand and cast a variation of the Body Binding spell on his arm, immobilizing it so that he couldn’t accidentally agitate his healing injury and also to prevent him from being in more pain than he already was. Once the Healers had gotten a hold of his medical records, they were more than pleased to induce his Numbing condition to lessen the amount of pain he was aware of. So while his arm throbbed and pulsed with pain, he was barely aware of it but what he was aware of was bearable.

The Healer patted him on the arm, smiling. “There all done young man! Now you know which order to use the pastes in and when to change the bandages and your father has already assured me that he will see to it that you get your Potions when you need them. I have already written Madame Pomfrey, the Hogwart School Nurse, to let her know when to expect you and what order the pastes are to be applied. I’m told your friend Ms. Suzuki or Healer Fawcett will be tending to your arm until you leave for school?"

“Yes Healer Stoke,” Cyriacus said flatly, nodding.

“Very well then and if neither of them are free, I’m sure your father can manage as well. He’s had some basic Mediwizardry courses as well. Take care; I shall see you again on Saturday.”

Cyriacus gave the Healer a half bow. “My thanks for your expertise, I shall be careful. Until we meet again.”

Joining his father, the two black clad men descended down to the main floor where they could access the Private Floo room. Cyriacus had, originally, desired to Apparate but that would have meant leaving the hospital and he knew that a crowd of reporters would be waiting outside. Since the International Zephyr released the short autobiographical documents they received from Harry Potter himself, the Hospital security had had to be tightened to prevent the reporters from sneaking past the security and into his rooms. Headmaster Randolph had visited him that past Sunday and read choice snippets of the more intriguing documents.
was, “Conventional Love” which explained to the masses why Harry’s love of Cyriacus Snape was not ‘perverted’ or ‘immoral’ as most had assumed upon learning of the relationship between the Blood Brothers. And the second most read document was a short article stating the division of his property and assets, a large portion of which described just what exactly Cyriacus had inherited in greater detail.

Besides the massive fortune and colossal estates and properties scattered throughout the world, he had inherited three British Wizengamot Seats, one Seat on the International Wizengamot, one Seat on the Board of Hogwarts’ Governors and the esteemed and shocking title of Lord of Gryffindor. The first three had startled all but the last had completely flummoxed the masses though by tea time, he had received mountains of invitations to gatherings, a few political overtures and even two betrothal proposals. If Cyriacus hadn’t been so tired from his injuries, he might have found it amusing. Especially the following day, when a reporter from the *Daily Prophet* had managed to get their hands on his birth certificate and publicly announced to all and sundry, that he was the Heir of the famous Levesque Family. Though his ‘mother’ truly had existed, the gullible fools in the Wizarding World could not know that he did not have any of the famed Seer abilities which all the members of the Levesque Family had been born or cursed with, depending on how you looked at it.

Severus gestured for Cyriacus to go first when they reached the Floo and Cyriacus Flooed directly to Snape Manor. Once his father had safely arrived, the Floo was shut and the two continued to an interior Apparition room, as they were expected at Riddle Mansion. They arrived at the Floo/Apparition room and ignoring the Death Eaters they passed, headed directly to the Throne Room where they were expected. Striding into the cavernous room, Cyriacus was steered directly to the front of the room and prodded into a plush chair. The moment he was seated, Nusayr and the Revenants converged upon him, all of them eager to have a look at the injury and his condition in general so they could make the appropriate changes to their experimental Blood potion. Scowling, Severus pushed through the gathering crowd and expertly removed the gauntlet and began to manually un-bandage the dressing covering his arm.

Cyriacus happened to be looking around at the concerned crowd when his father had revealed his rather ugly, scarred and raw looking arm to the entire room. Some made grimaces and others just stared in shock.

“And it’s better?” Mr. Parkinson asked rather stupidly.

“It’s healing quite slowly and if I hadn’t had that setback earlier this week, it would look much better I’m sure.” Cyriacus swatted one of the Revenants who had attempted to prod his arm. “Don’t even try to do that! You can’t believe how sensitive it is, just having my arm exposed to air for a prolonged period of time is indescribably painful.”

Severus shooed back the crowd a little. “Magic cannot come into contact with the wounds without causing massive amounts of damage. Every time that it needs cleaning before another paste is applied, I have to give Cyriacus a triple strength Pain Potion along with a Numb Discharger and give him a dose of Sedatives powerful enough to make a raging Hippogriff sluggish.”

“And the marvelous thing about this is that I have to deal with this for a month and a half.” Cyriacus growled darkly. “A month and a half of having one useable arm, it’s…infuriating. It’s fortunate that the Incubi aren’t still trying to kidnap me or they’d snap me up faster than a Common Welsh Green making off with some poor Muggle’s sheep. Now if you’re all quite finished gawking at my arm?”

Severus nearly smiled as he re-bandaged his son’s arm, we are rather ‘similar’. Cyriacus gritted his teeth and glared murderously at a point beyond his father’s shoulder. Once his gauntlet had been placed back on and his arm immobilized, Cyriacus declared that he was tired, sick of their gawking
and icily told them that anyone who dared to disturb his rest was going to die a most unpleasant death before storming out of the room. Blinking, the others watched him leave, some bemused and the Elite slightly wary, they after all, had to share a Common room with him.

When the Elite bravely tiptoed into their Common Room, two and a half hours later, they were surprised to hear crashing and vicious cursing coming from Cy’s room. Draco, Valerius and the Lestrange twins, pushed to the front and ignoring all previous threats from Cy, burst into the room fearing for their leader’s safety and/or life. What they saw froze them in place, the room looked as if a tornado had been through it and then a pack of wild animals had been through it after that. The numerous tables, chairs and bookshelves had been overturned and or destroyed. Curtains and rugs had been shredded or burned and pillows ripped open with feathers covering the floor.

Standing in the center of the room was a seething Cyriacus whose Aura flowed around his Transformed body like a glowing shield. He looked no different except for his wings which had grown taller and wider, the golden Living Metal gleaming brightly against the black wings with the Alexandrite shining a dark blood-red. The four men in the doorway shuddered as Cyriacus turned his head, looking at them from over his shoulder, which was more reptilian looking than human as it was heavily covered with thick dragonhide scales. Burning green eyes focused on them freezing them on the spot.

“You’re terrified,” Cyriacus said softly, sounding vaguely amused. “However, I would tend to think that anyone who isn’t afraid of me is a fool and you are anything but…or so you’d like to believe.”

The four older boys stood still, their instinct warring with their intellect. Intellect told them to run away from the dangerously angry and powerful Hybrid while Instinct screamed at them to stay still and if need be, show submission to their leader to avoid being lashed at. Cyriacus approached them; almost seeming to glide forward and the cluster of Elite peeking from behind the four older boys quailed when those burning eyes passed over them. As Cyriacus unfolded his wings from his body, they saw his left arm which had been left completely unaffected by the Transformation.

“How did you do stop from completely transforming?” Ryan Summers asked softly.

Cyriacus focused his gaze on the younger male. “We may not be wholly human but neither are we completely beasts. Any kind of magic would only worsen the wounds and the amount of magic necessary for a Transformation would have been devastating to my injuries. Had the Transformation attempted to change my arm, I would have lost the limb or died.”

Altair swallowed nervously but asked, “Why did you destroy your room?”

“Would you rather I take out my pent up emotions against a living being instead? I no longer allow my emotions to control me but I find that if channeled properly, they can add an extra edge to an attack.” Cyriacus inhaled deeply. “I can smell that I am not the only one finding outlets for their pent up emotions.”

Some of the Elite blushed while others looked sheepish, unaware of just how keen a nose their leader had. Cyriacus slowly calmed down, his Aura fading away with his temper.

“Not that I blame any of you, if I weren’t injured I think I would have drunk myself into oblivion or lost myself in my lover for a few nights. Unfortunately, I cannot indulge in any alcohol or cigarettes under orders from my Healers, and sex is not enjoyable while this Numb. So this,” Cyriacus gestured behind him with his right hand, “is my outlet.”

The Elite shifted uncomfortably, unsure how to take his words.
“What...do you think of all of this?” Draco finally asked after a few minutes.

Cyriacus gestured for them to move out of his way as he walked into the Common Room, his door enlarging to accommodate his wings. “What do I think of this? I still hold the same amount of contempt and anger as I did when I found out about the mess that is my parentage. It is one thing to find out that you are an experiment created by your nemesis, sworn to serve him by bonds unbreakable by all but death and it is another to find that not only are you so cursed but your descendants as well.”

“It sucks.” Anthony Goldstein commented.

Blaise shot the Ravenclaw a dark look. “That doesn’t even begin to describe it and the thing that makes me angriest is that our parents are the ones that chose this for us, even if it was unwittingly.”

“From the very beginning they’ve made all the decisions.” Marcus added with a dark look. “It’s not like I wanted to work at the Ministry.”

“Well at least you don’t directly serve in the esteemed Minister’s department.” Chris Warrington retorted sharply.

Cyriacus chuckled darkly. “At least you weren’t molded and crafted to be a weapon from the very beginning. That was the sole purpose of my existence to the Wizarding World as Harry Potter; I was both Sword and Shield when it suited them and nothing worth acknowledging the other times. Your parents may have dictated your life but they at least looked out for your well being, I was alone with no protectors to speak of.”

“You had a choice once, before you found out about your father.” Sally-Anne Perks pointed out.

“And it was twice as painful to find that underneath it all, I was the one with no choices. You may complain about never having had a choice but I assure you, what you are feeling is not even comparable to what I felt when I realized that I had no choices at all. Before, Voldemort’s death was to be my freedom from all the expectations but now, Voldemort’s death is the death toll before my execution.” Cyriacus explained before looking over at the Lestrange twins. “I told your mother the situation as it stands, Voldemort’s success and failure is my own and in your case it is the combination of how well Voldemort and I work together that will determine how your lives fall out. All our lives depend on succeeding, failure equals death and none of us will settle for that.”

Morag nodded slowly. “So it is. How did you come to accept that?”

“When I realized that I wanted to do more than survive, I want to thrive. Though I don’t agree with all of Voldemort’s ideas and most are now invalid, we have the best chance at changing the world to better suit everyone.” Cyriacus smiled bitterly. “And when I realized that I really don’t have much of a choice about it...no one can escape their destiny when it has been Prophesized.”

Theo blinked. “Does that have to do with Merlin’s Prophecy?”

“It has everything to do with Merlin’s Prophecy.” Cy hissed out, eyes narrowed. “My displeasure at the world will not change the facts however, as much as I may wish it would. The moment I am well enough, I will be having some words with my ancestor.”

Before anyone else could ask him to clarify what he did know about the Prophecy, Constance Fawcett entered the room carrying a large medical bag. Cyriacus glanced at a clock and grimaced as he realized it was time to have his bandage changed.

“Think hard on my words, we may have not had the best...interactions in the past but our future
depends on all of us learning to work together.” Cyriacus warned before he rose and led the Mediwitch into his room.

The Woods
Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton, UK
Thursday the 11th of September 1997
10:47 PM

Cyriacus was walking through the woods around Riddle Mansion, pondering what exactly his purpose in life was. Everything had changed so much in the recent months where the only thing he could trust in was himself. Even then at the rate his body was changing he never knew what exactly to expect next. All recent quandaries aside, he had to decide what exactly he would do now. A true Prophecy now hung around his neck, one that had been made well over a millennia ago.

With a growl, Cy kicked a rotting log from sheer frustration. Why oh why, did everything have to happen to him? Just as he turned around to head back to Riddle Mansion, a blur of movement to his right made him instinctually drop to the ground. His attacker flew over him as he rolled to his feet and kicking out, he caught the second attacker in the knee, sending the other sprawling. Sniffing the air, he smelled three attackers near him and understood why they had pounced on him. They were Vampires.

“I would stop if I were you,” Cy warned. “I’m not exactly as weak as I may appear and Voldemort would not be pleased if I came to harm.”

The third Vampire stepped out of the shadows behind and to his right. “You do not reek of the taint of Dark Magic.”

“This one is not human,” the Vampire who’d dived over him warned the others, having gotten a better whiff of that oh so tantalizing smell that had first attracted them.

Cy graced the Vampires with a cold smile, showing off his sharp teeth. “Can’t say I am but if you wish to fight, I won’t say no, Masters Rouge.”

The one who attempted to tackle him dusted dirt and brush off his clothes. “How did you know we were Rouges?”

“Because the Clan Elders haven’t decided whether they will ally themselves with the so called ‘Light’ or the Dark, which would make you all Rouges. No one crosses a Clan Elder and lives to boast of it.”

The leader, who hadn’t attacked him, narrowed his eyes. “You are well informed.”

“No one’s ever called me uninformed and I make a habit of knowing things I shouldn’t.” Cy replied with a smirk of amusement.

The Vampire he’d kicked looked petulant. “Well it was worth a shot, you can’t believe how lovely you smell.”

“I still think we could have had him.” The other Vampire muttered, looking hopefully at his leader.

The leader only frowned. “Perhaps but it’s quite possible we might not have survived the encounter.” Peering closely at Cy his eyes widened a little. “Ah, you’re Snape’s son and the lover of the famed Harry Potter.”
“Voldemort’s protégé?” The other two Vampires gasped.

Cyriacus only looked amused. “And you were Sired by a Kaspir, the one who missed tackling me by a Lylyth and the one I kicked by a Sariyah.”

The Kaspir descended Vampire snarled and would have thrown Cyriacus up against a tree if not for Nusayr appearing in his leopard form in between them. “How can you know that?!”

“I’ve studied Vampires very thoroughly and I had the honor of being taught by Stephen Dumont, the half-blooded son of the Clan Elder of Rakyn.”

“Dumont is dead!” The Sariyah shouted.

Cyriacus raised an eyebrow. “Dead to his father’s ways perhaps but not dead at all, he still walks amongst the living.”

The Lylyth bristled, blue eyes turning crimson. “What fool would reject being Heir of the most powerful Vampire Clan on this paltry mortal infested planet?”

“500 years of listening and doing everything your father tells you must be grating on the nerves I imagine.” Cyriacus snorted. “I know I would not have been pleased to grow up in my father’s strict household as a child.”

Nusayr growled as he nudged Cy back in the direction of the house. Cyriacus snarled at him and the leopard slowly backed away to a safe distance.

“I do not need to be watched over like a child, Nusayr. I deliberately went to all the effort of sneaking out of the Mansion so I could get a bit of peace from all the hovering. I’m injured but I’m not going to die of it.” Cyriacus said sharply before storming off into the woods.

Bitterness and a slow burning rage burned through him, each crunch of soil and twigs beneath his feet aggravating him further. The Transformation was gradual as his mind began to blank with fury, his shirt shredding without him noticing and his scaly dragonhide keeping his body warm in the cool autumn air. He wasn’t sure how long he walked but he finally stopped by a small pond and picking up stones began to furiously throw them at the still water. Had everything been fated all because of a stupid Prophecy one of his ancestors had given years upon years ago?

Peace shall be broken with the death of the King/strife and death shall sweep the land. Refuge in the spell’s mirror/blinds eyes of foe and allies make hidden. Forgotten to all but few/danger looms on distant horizon.

To arms shall brothers slay brothers/to bed shall daughter and son lay. Ally and foe both blind/the sands of time shall wear/thin shall mirror’s spell become. Salvation only in rebirth/hope lies in one who Death calls Ruin. Son of three, Heir of four/betrayer and betrayed/betrayed and beloved of his foe.

Destruction to those who oppose him, mercy given to none/save those named friend and ally. Black spires will climb spearing the heavens/darkness shall pass into darkness and blood will pave the streets/long may he reign, the Prince of Dragons.

Cyriacus snarled as he recalled the prophecy, had he been born to be the pawn of Fate itself?

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The Parlor
Fudge Mansion, Pennine Hills, Durham UK
Friday the 12th of September 1997
Iphigenia hummed softly under her breath as she read and re-read through the mountain of newspapers and magazine articles all dated from the 28th of August up to today’s date. All of them were about either Harry Potter or Cyriacus Snape. The morning following the disastrous Summit, Iphigenia had sent off subscriptions to nearly all the most important Wizarding newspapers and magazines from around the world. Each day she delved through the stacks of magazines, looking specifically for information regarding Harry Potter and Cyriacus Snape. Suffice to say after last Sunday’s issue of the *International Zephyr* she now had more than enough truthful material about the two mysterious men.

“…dual attack. Numerous lives were lost in the attack on Inverness and Hogsmeade. Though only one life was lost, the attendees of the Summit were subjected to an even more horrifying sight, the torture of the Boy-Who-Lived, by He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. It is not yet clear how You-Know-Who was able to penetrate the extensive multi-layered wards at Fudge Manor…”

“The grieving Cyriacus Snape was finally spotted at Vitium Court last evening, in the popular nightclub Corruption. Noticeably thinner, the handsome youth spent the evening indulging in large amounts of alcohol and cigarettes before retiring to the luxury hotel Paradise, accompanied by the vivacious Melissa Bancroft. Neither was seen again until midday the next morning…”

“The Scholars of Mors are incensed after Headmaster Albus Dumbledore, interrupted the burial of Harry Potter, immobilized the crowd and then casting a séance around the dead hero’s body. After a drawn out questioning, resulting in the Boy-Who-Lived claiming manipulation and misinformation by the Headmaster, his Blood brother Cyriacus Snape was badly burned attempting to stop strange ghostly beings from stealing away the hero’s soul. Prelate-Scholar Ambrosius LeCoeur, banished and revoked any rights of burial for Headmaster Dumbledore, Alastor Moody, Minerva McGonagall, Bill Weasley and Charlie Weasley, a shocking turn of events as many had expected the revered Headmaster to earn a place at the highly vaunted Helios plot…”

“The Purification Flame, was originally created to be used upon diseased bodies or bodies severely saturated in the darkest of Dark Magic. In both cases, however, it was only ever supposed to be applied to the deceased. The fact that Mr. Snape has survived the encounter without the need for amputation speaks highly of the Healers treating him and Mr. Snape’s own magic. It is widely believed that of the amount of power capable of being used and focused, a large portion will always be unusable, due to the body keeping it in reserve for emergency Healing purposes.”

“…disturbance at the Potter burial. The esteemed Albus Dumbledore and members of his Order of the Phoenix cast a séance around the body of Harry Potter. The spirit was unsurprised at the identity of the castor and hurled several accusations to his former mentor. The Wizengamot as well as several foreign Ministries have caused an uproar, demanding that both Dumbledore and Minister Fudge be questioned under Veritaserum. Though the media were not allowed attendance to the ceremony, records indicate that the Minister was deemed innocent of charges of possible aiding andabetting a criminal, whereas the Headmaster was charged with both deliberate misinformation of a minor and manipulation of a minor. The fines leveled will be paid to Mr. Potter’s successor, Mr. Cyriacus Snape…”

“It was...unbelievable when we first met. I was never one to believe in ‘love at first sight’ but after
we got together, I would swear that I knew it was Cyriacus all along…” “Conventional Love.” The International Zephyr, 7 September 1997.

“…in shock. It would haunt my nightmares for months, watching Cedric Diggory’s body hitting the ground, motionless. It’s why I poured all my power and focus into my studies at Arcanum. I may have had an unconventional education but I can’t say that it wasn’t worth it at times…”


“According to records stored at the Ministry of Magic, Cyriacus Snape is the son of Severus Snape and Genevieve Levesque, Heir of both families and now, the current Head of the Potter Family and Lord of Gryffindor. Born on the 22nd of August 1981, to Genevieve Levesque at the Arcanum Institute of Magic, he was raised at the school where his mother taught Divination. It wasn’t until his mother’s death on the 17th of May 1997 that he learned who his father was. Ministry records indicate that his father, Professor Severus Snape, filed the appropriate papers on the 15th of August, legitimizing his son and making him Heir to the Snape property and fortune.”


“Cyriacus Snape, the lover of the Boy-Who-Lived, was finally released from St. Mungo’s yesterday. Originally he was scheduled for release on Monday the 8th. Earlier in the week a spokesperson for St. Mungo’s gave a statement that Mr. Snape suffered a relapse and would not be released until later in the week or possibly early next week. The staff at St. Mungo’s is still tight-lipped about what caused the relapse, though they have stated that it will be a month or longer before the wound heals completely. Attempts to contact the Snapes have been unsuccessful…”


Iphigenia smiled, she now had enough information, truth or rumor, to begin the tedious process of attempting to find the truth. Taking out a Dicto-quill and some parchment she began making out a list of clues and theories.

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The Strategy Room
Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton, UK
Friday the 12th of September 1997
6:55 AM

Cyriacus yawned, lazily stretching on his chaise, tuning out the ranting and raving of the Inner Circle, Elite and Voldemort. Apparently, upon discovering him missing at eleven o’clock last night, they had thrown together a search party and gone looking for him. The Elite had divided up into two groups searching the Triad Alleys and Vitium Court while the rest searched Snape Manor, Riddle Mansion and the grounds. Nusayr had been unable to find him after Cyriacus masked his scent and Aura and Voldemort hadn’t been able to find him as he had blocked their connection and refused to answer his Call. By a stroke of luck Nusayr, Voldemort, Severus and Lucius had stumbled upon the small pond Cyriacus had been reclining next to.

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Flashback

It was nearly dawn when they stumbled upon him. Nusayr led the way followed by Voldemort, Severus and Lucius. Cy was sprawled on his left side over a boulder dozing, his Aura flared around his Transformed body pulsing with his heartbeat. Nusayr froze, disbelieving at the sight and motioned for the others not to go any closer.
“What in the world is wrong with him now?” Severus demanded slightly shocked to see his son glowing like that.

Nusayr shook his head. “He looks as if he is in khanel but most don’t go into khanel until they are at least fifty years old.”

“Khanel?” Lucius questioned, unable to tear his eyes away from the glowing younger man.

“It is a period of time when one grows into their powers, normally it spans half a year or a year. Upon completion of khanel the being normally goes into their first kyvaren, or breeding cycle. From the way he smells he’s long past his first kyvaren, though it’s normally good to note which season that falls into, as everyone has a different season that they’re most fertile.” Nusayr explained sounding very puzzled.

Voldemort frowned. “Are there any other things we should be aware of while he is in khanel?”

“Most beings tend to be extremely temperamental so it’s best not to incite them.” Nusayr cautioned. “And should you accidentally stumble upon them in a bad mood or even worse, cause it, be very calm and passive. They will otherwise attack anyone they think is being deliberately antagonistic towards them. Observe.”

Nusayr cautiously crept closer taking slow steps hands in front of him. “My Lord, I beg your forgiveness for disturbing your rest, but it is time for you to withdraw to the Mansion and rest properly. Is there aught I can get for you?”

One sleepy eye opened. “Help me up and have a pot of tea prepared. Tell the house elves to make it from my personal stores; I desire to have some white tea.”

“Of course,” Nusayr said agreeably as he helped the other up and departed to arrange the tea.

End of Flashback

Cyriacus idly drank his tea, slightly irritated with the noise but still very calm as they didn’t dare to yell at him. Grumble certainly but not raise their voices to him. Once he finished his tea, he set his cup down on the small table Nusayr had set before him and turned to tell everyone to shut up. Just as he was about to speak, he noticed Sverre standing in the shadows towards the back of the room. As he stood up, the others noticed and fell silent.

“Sverre?” Cyriacus called out surprised to see his Familiar, who had told him nearly a month ago that he would be gone for a few months.

Cyriacus, may I have a word with you in private?

“Of course I don’t see why—“ Cyriacus froze, eyes narrowing as he smelled that oh so familiar scent. Before the jackal could move, Cyriacus had moved into an offensive stance. “I suppose I should have wondered why you knew so much about them but I never asked, as you were supposed to have been a Spirit Familiar!”

Nusayr was at his side and immediately understood the jackal was not a jackal. It was an Incubus.

“Well done, I told Taranis that you would be able to sense the difference now.” A new voice said before another man stepped out of the shadows. The stranger had auburn hair and familiar emerald green eyes.
Cyriacus growled softly, watching as Sverre turned into a graceful black haired, silver eyed man. The two Incubi stood next to each other, waiting as he examined them both. The two shared several common features, the shape of their face, the long graceful frame, only the silver haired man was slightly broader in the shoulders and an inch or two shorter than the other man.

“I’m going to assume you are the man who sired my mother.” Cyriacus finally commented eyes narrowed at Timaeus.

The Incubus who had been Sverre cleared his throat. “Perhaps we should properly introduce ourselves? I am Taranis Ars, First Lord of House Ars and this is my twin brother, Timaeus Ars, also the First Lord of House Ars. As you have already guessed, my brother is your grandfather and that makes me your granduncle.”

“Charmed.” Cyriacus drawled coldly. “Dare I even ask why you are here now of all times?”

Timaeus looked amused. “Taranis was right, I would not have had a chance attempting to control you. It is just as well that I saw sense and decided not to try. Why have we decided to finally step forward? I’m sure Taranis was tired of pretending to be your Familiar for one thing, and me, I saw that it was time for you to know us as we truly are and for us to know you as you are. I admit I had not expected you to look like a hybrid Dragon/human.”

“I think we are all rather…surprised about that.” Cyriacus said faintly amused, relaxing slightly. “So you are also cursed with the Sight as well? Mother had it too, I suppose then it was not all from Merlin.”

“No, it certainly wasn’t. I am gifted with the Sight and Taranis here, is a Shapeshifter. Together, we’re quite a terror in the Demon Realm.”

Cyriacus snorted. “I would imagine so you are the Demon Twins of Ars, bringer of blight upon your own House or so they say.”

Taranis stiffened. “How do you know that? I never told you.”

“I own the Royal Incubi basically and I have a copy of every book in their library, I did do some reading while I was recovering from my injury. It’s fascinating actually, there’s a lingering taint in your magic but nothing I recognize from my studies.” Cyriacus commented.

Timaeus was startled. “You can sense that? How?”

Nusayr smoothly joined the conversation. “He is not as mortal as you may have previously believed and I am beginning to realize that he’s not only manifesting Incubus heritage but a combination of others as well. How many I cannot be certain at this time, with the alteration of his blood due to that potion it will be difficult to discover.”

“Who are-“

“I am among the Forgotten Ones, we who were the first born and as for your curse; you may blame your ancestor Imryn for starting the whole mess. I cannot explain more, it is Asadyl’s tale and he will be the one to tell it.” Nusayr said sharply. “I am charged to see to the welfare of your descendant so fear for nothing.”

Before anyone else could speak, a house elf appeared bawling that Dumbledore was at Snape Manor and wished to see Cyriacus if it was possible. Severus started cursing and Cyriacus growled as he slowly shifted back to his human form.
“I haven’t the time to finish this conversation. I will visit House Ars after I finish this other business.” Cyriacus said before Shadow Stalking away.

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**Voldemort’s Suite**  
**Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton UK**  
**Saturday the 13th of September 1997**  
**1:07 AM**

“I didn’t expect to find you awake.” Cyriacus commented as he leaned against the doorway of the study.

Voldemort looked up from the parchment scroll he was reading. “The Dark Congress will meet during the first weekend of October, I am double checking the terms of the meeting. I should not like to learn later that there are unexpected loopholes.”

“I see.” Cyriacus commented.

“Will it be possible to arrange your absence during that time? I believe your presence would keep the others in line.”

Cyriacus smiled. “I will see if I can’t arrange to ‘agitrate’ my injury that week. I’m sure that no one will question it if a few of the Arcanum Healers had me moved to the Asclepius Sanatorium for a short time. I am certain I will have no challenge at Hogwarts.”

Voldemort nodded slowly and studied him. “You are as well as can be expected, I hope?”

“As much as the Healers can hope for,” Cyriacus agreed glancing towards the empty portrait which had Salazar Slytherin inscribed underneath.

They both fell silent for a few minutes before Voldemort decided to take the initiative. “Has anything changed since the last time you were in my rooms?”

Cyriacus raised an eyebrow. “No.”

“Then why are you treating me like a pariah?”

“What makes you think I’m treating you like a pariah?”

Voldemort got out from behind his desk and walked over to him. “You have been avoiding me, you don’t talk to me without someone else in the same room and the way you look at me makes me wonder if you have changed your mind. If you have already decided this is not worth something to you.”

“I’ve had a lot to think about,” Cyriacus commented as Voldemort stopped in front of him, resting a hand on his cheek. “It’s not every day that you discover you aren’t who or what you think you are. When I learned to deal with that I ran into another obstacle. I’m drugged completely to be Numb right now. It’s hard to want to have sex if you can’t enjoy it, I don’t feel much right now and the Healers have said that I need to be kept like this for another week. If I didn’t know the way you think, I might have thought that you’re feeling insecure but that’s ridiculous isn’t it? For now, this works and perhaps someday it will be something else, but I have this feeling that we’re bound together in more ways then we know.”

Voldemort sighed. “Of course, something always happens to you. I begin to see how irritating it is.”
Cyriacus only smiled and leaned forward, brushing their lips together. Vaguely as the kiss intensified, he became aware of a vague sense of pleasure, a mere miniscule of what it was like without being Numb.

Voldemort pulled away, looking thoughtfully at him. “Where do we stand right now?”

“What do you mean?” Cyriacus asked, his right hand idly toying with the silver necklace around his lover’s neck.

Voldemort caught his hand and held it flat against his chest. “How do we stand on the War? We are lovers yes, but where do you stand amongst my followers and where do I stand in your eyes?”

Cyriacus considered his words. “Have you found a copy of Merlin’s Prophecy?”

“Not yet.”

“Then I will be brief. To the best of my knowledge, we will stand together, side by side during this War. If this is the path I was born for, then I wish to have some part in making the plans for raids and such but I suppose, the final choice of what actions need to be taken will be yours. You already have my loyalty by means of Blood magic and you may order me around only as your Prime, I am my own person when it comes to Necromancy. That is not an Art you know of and only I can determine what I am capable of doing.”

Voldemort nodded agreeably. “And our goals now?”

“There is much we do not know and still this feeling persists…something is coming that no one will have Foreseen.” Cyriacus commented gaze becoming unnaturally fey. “Something looms on the horizon and I have a very strong feeling that I will be the Catalyst of it. I am troubled…”

“We will meet it when it comes…” Voldemort said before kissing the Necromancer tenderly, bringing him out of the strange trance he’d fallen into.

Just as they had both begun tugging on each other’s clothes they heard the door in the main room open. They broke away as a chorus of conversation and voices poured into the room.

*Mother I’m hungry!*  
*Where is the forest?*  
*I want to eat a mouse, a nice plump mouse.*  
*How do wizards live like this? It is so cold and hard.*  
*You are sure the owls, hawks and falcons will not eat us mother?*  
*I do not like stairs…*  
*What is that strange smell?*  
*Mother…I’m tired.*  

Finally there was an irritated hiss, nearly a shout. *Be quiet before you wake up my Wizard!*  

Voldemort looked amused. *It is a good thing that I am not asleep then, is it not?*  

Nagini looked up from the small swarm of snakes entering the room. *You are awake; it is good to*
see you again! It has been nearly five months since I saw you last.

You are looking very well, how big was your brood?

62 total, 38 came back with me.

Voldemort smiled. That is excellent news. I look forward to meeting all of them. Shall I have the house elves bring some prey or will you introduce them to the forest?

Nagini glanced at her brood. Tomorrow is soon enough I think.

Very well, I will send for-

Cyriacus interrupted, straightening his robes. I will see it before I return to my chambers to sleep. I will see you tomorrow.

As you will it. Voldemort commented before kissing him quickly. Sleep well.

Cyriacus smiled. And you. Then he walked into the shadows and vanished.

Who was that? Nagini questioned after Cyraicus left.

Voldemort chuckled. My dear that is a long story...

TBC...

I glossed over some stuff yes, hopefully I will be able to catch up to it in the next chapter though. I’m almost certain that next chapter will be the long awaited return trip to Hogwarts.

A few quick notes:

**Pronunciation:** Khanel (Khan-el) Kyvaren (Kyvar-een)

**Asclepius Sanatorium:** Asclepius is the Greek God of Healing. A sanatorium is a long term medical facility for long term illnesses and recovery.

**Nagini:** I based Nagini on a Fer-de-Lance snake. They are highly venomous snakes found in Central and South America. They have heat sensory organs and their tongues are chemically sensitive. They can grow up to 6 feet in length and have around 70 offspring which are born live from the female.

Well, that’s it until the next chapter. Speaking of which…

**NEXT CHAPTER:** Cy’s new familiar, flashbacks for the Dumbledore visit and maybe the visit to House Ars, the Hogwarts express, the Sorting and maybe a few classes.

**COUNTDOWN TO THE ASADYL CONVERSATION:** 2 chapters away!

-SheWolfe7 (5-21-05)
Chapter XVIII
Gossip

No one gossips about other people’s secret virtues.
-Bertrand Russell, English author, mathematician, & philosopher (1872 - 1970)

The Atrium
British Ministry of Magic, London UK
Saturday the 13th of September 1997
11:29 AM

Cyriacus bit back the urge to sneer when he saw Percy Weasley waiting for him in front of the golden gates that led to the Ministry elevators. Waving his hand in front of his body, all the soot vanished and his robes straightened. He was dressed in dove gray slacks and a white silk button up shirt. Over that he wore forest green robes trimmed in gold with a shiny blue-green Sea Serpent hide cloak over his robes. Ignoring the stares and whispers coming from the line of witches and wizards Flooing out of the building for lunch, he walked towards Percy who, he assumed, was his guide to wherever he was to meet with the others.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Snape and welcome to the British Ministry of Magic,” Percy greeted holding his hand out for a handshake. “I am Percival Weasley, Junior Assistant of Minister Fudge.”

Cyriacus gave the other man a curt nod in greeting, ignoring Percy’s attempt to suck up to him. “Mr. Weasley, shall we be on our way?”

“Oh course,” Percy said slightly disappointed by Cyriacus’s curt greeting. “You will need to register your wand with Mr. Munch.”

Cy nodded as he followed Percy over to the stand where a bored looking man set down his copy of the Daily Prophet.

“Your wa- Blimey! You’re Cyriacus Snape!” Munch exclaimed.

Cy flashed the man a cold smile. “I assure you, I know exactly who I am Mr. Munch, now if you’re done gawking at me?”
Munch flushed. “Of course your wand please, Mr. Snape?”

Withdrawing a wand from a pocket in his robe, Cyriacus gave it to the Watchwizard who took it and placed it on a brass Artifact which ‘read’ the wand. The other man passed Cyriacus back his wand, curious why the younger Wizard was wearing gloves but he shook off his curiosity and read the slip of paper aloud.

“Hazel wood, 12 inches with Chimera feather and hair?” Munch read off, slightly incredulous at the core.

“Yes.” Cyriacus agreed with a nod. “Shall we be on our way, Mr. Weasley?”

Percy blinked and then flushed. “Of course, right this way.”

Cyriacus followed Percy past the golden gates and onto an elevator, which took them directly to level one, which housed the Minister’s Office and his staff. They stepped out of the elevator into a plain white stone hallway, filled with pictures of former Ministers of Magic. They walked directly ahead down a short hallway, passing by four offices which read:

- **P. Weasley, Junior Assistant**
- **D. Umbridge, Assistant**
- **L. Abernathy, Head Internal Affairs Advisor**
- **K. Orville, Head Media Advisor**

At the end of the hallway were grand oak double doors with gold filigree designs and a plaque over the door read:

**Office of the Minister of Magic:**

**Cornelius Fudge**

Percy rapped hard on the door twice and threw the doors open in a grandiose, well practiced movement.

“Mr. Cyriacus Snape, at your request Minister Fudge,” Percy announced grandly.

Cy, once again, stifled the desire to sneer at the pompous red-haired wizard. “Minister Fudge, I have arrived as instructed. Where are the others? I have exactly,” Cyriacus took out a silver pocket watch from his robe pocket and checked the time. “An hour and twenty minutes until I need to return home to have my wound cleaned and re-bandaged.”

Fudge rose from behind his desk. “We’ll be meeting in Conference Room One. I took the liberty of arranging for a short luncheon to be served, I hope that will not inconvenience you?”

“My time is short and I’ve already eaten, I suggest that we take care of matters as quickly as possible. It took a considerable amount of…persuasion to convince the Healers to discharge me from the hospital after my relapse. I have no desire to be laid up back at St. Mungo’s simply because I was late in taking my Potions and caring for my injury as I was instructed.” Cyriacus said sharply as Fudge joined them by the door.

Fudge smiled weakly. “Er, of course, let’s be on our way then. Weasley, you can return to your other duties, you won’t be needed for this private conference.”

“Of course,” Percy said still slightly shocked at the way Cyriacus had spoken to the Minister.
Cyriacus allowed Fudge to lead him back down towards the main elevator he had just arrived from and down the hallway to the left. They passed by a large room which was labeled as a Men’s restroom before turning left up another hallway. As they walked, Fudge chattering on about inconsequential things Cyriacus paid close attention to the names and numbers on the doors. They had just passed by the Internal Affairs Archive when Fudge opened a door on the right and waved Cyriacus to go in before him.

Stepping into the room, he glanced around at the plain room. A large mahogany table stood in the middle of the room, surrounded by comfortable peacock blue chairs. There were no windows; the lighting consisted of four silver chandeliers hung over the table and silver torch scones along the sides of the room. A few potted plants were strewn about the room along the walls, adding a bit of color to an otherwise drab room. At the far end of the table sat Kenneth Davidson and Dumbledore, who rose when they spotted their arrival.

“Mr. Snape, it’s good to see you up and about. How are you feeling?” Davidson asked holding out his hand.

Cyriacus shook the older man’s hand and yet again, ignored the slight curious look he received for wearing a glove while the weather was still so warm. “I’m doing as well as can be expected, Mr. Davidson. I trust you are doing well?”

“I’m quite well thank you. Please have a seat; we wouldn’t want to overtire you.” Davidson said waving to a seat at his right.

Cyriacus withdrew his wand and with an idle wave banished his cloak before sitting down. All three eyed his left arm which had been tucked into a nondescript black sling.

“It’s fortunate that my…lessons are being cancelled until I am better or this would not have been possible.” Cyriacus said somewhat coolly.

Fudge joined them, sitting next to Dumbledore. “Very fortunate indeed, my boy. How were your lessons going?”

Cyriacus raised an eyebrow and leaned back in his chair, crossing his legs at the ankle underneath the table. “They were going quite well, Voldemort was quite pleased with my progress. Not that it matters, I’m more than well versed in the majority of the spells I was taught.”

Davidson looked slightly alarmed. “He’s training you in Dark Arts then?”

“Imagine that the majority of the spells would classify as such.” Cyriacus agreed smoothly.

Before anyone else could ask another question, Juliana Ramsey entered the room from the closest door behind Cyriacus. All four rose from their seats as was proper and Juliana walked directly to Cyriacus.

“Mr. Snape, I hope that you recover quickly. Gentlemen, I apologize for my tardiness but I was delayed as I received reports from the missing Defense League spies.” Juliana said to the others after patting Cyriacus’s shoulder.

“Why did they not report with the rest of the spies?” Davidson asked sharply.

Juliana sat next to Cyriacus who had gentlemanly pulled out a chair for her. “Their squad had been
ordered to scout out a mountain fortress in the mountains in Transylvania and they could not get a message to us at the time."

“What could Voldemort possibly want a fortress in Transylvania for?” Fudge asked incredulous.

Cyriacus idly drummed his fingers on the table. “After the attack in Wisbech, he has more of an interest in scattering his forces more…thoroughly. That at least, is what I have heard.”

The four leaders of the Light exchanged looks, they hadn’t been aware of any scattering of Voldemort’s forces.

“Does the Dark Lord confide more in you than say, his Inner Circle?” Dumbledore asked seriously.

Cyriacus pondered his words and carefully answered. “I wouldn’t say that but it’s hardly difficult to deduce the reasoning behind his actions.”

“But why would he be scouting for a fortress in Transylvania? Wouldn’t it make more sense if he chose another fortress in or closer to the United Kingdom?” Ramsey asked shaking her head.

“You all seem to have forgotten that Voldemort has a Necromancer, a highly skilled one based on the destruction and general mayhem I saw at the Summit. A skilled Necromancer could easily create temporary Gateways until a Necromancer’s Spire could be completed. That would, of course, allow Voldemort’s forces an instantaneous method of travel. From what little I know distance or wards do not hinder Gateways, unlike Floo or Portkey travel. In addition, they are almost always highly guarded and invisible to detection by most witches and wizards.” Cyriacus explained simply. “For all we know, the Necromancer could be commanding a Spire to arise out of Hyde Park.”

Davidson frowned. “Is there any way to detect a Spire? And what exactly is a Necromancer’s Spire?”

“A Necromancer’s Spire is usually a tower anywhere between 3 to 8 levels tall, used as focus for a Summoning Ritual and to house the Summoned creatures until such a time as their Summoning expires. They are usually created from granite or, if the Necromancer is especially powerful, obsidian. As for detection, the only times in recorded history someone was alerted of the existence of a Spire was generally before an attack.”

“That is troubling news.” Dumbledore commented absently.

Cyriacus shrugged. “It is what it is. Minister, did you not say that you had ordered a light luncheon?”

Fudge looked embarrassed. “Of course, how silly of me. Tizzy!”

An old female house-elf appeared, wearing a pillowcase with the Ministry Seal. “Yes, Master?”

“Please have the luncheon I asked to be brought here.”

The house-elf bowed and vanished, re-appearing with a dozen house elves carrying silver lidded dishes, silverware and steaming pots of tea and other beverages. They quickly set a cover on the table and set out the food, three house elves converging on Cyriacus asking what they could do for him as it was apparent he would be slightly hindered as he only had one useable arm.

“I have already eaten but I would not be amiss to a cup of tea.” Cyriacus said several times before the house elves reluctantly fetched him a glass of tea. The older wizards and witch had begun filling their plates, chatting about idle things. With a muttered word, the glove on his hand vanished and he began drumming his fingers on the tabletop as he told the house elves how he liked his tea.
Fudge turned to speak to the younger wizard but froze, staring at the other’s hand. Glowing subtly on his right hand were eight Family signet rings; Snape, Levesque, Potter, McKnight, Argyle, Ciodné, Merryck and…Gryffindor. The slight glow around the latter six was a bit more intense, no doubt because the young wizard was the undisputed Patriarch of those Families. Dumbledore nearly choked from the amount of unconscious power young Cyriacus was displaying, there was now little question why the younger man had deigned to wear a glove. Davidson and Ramsey had quieted and were exchanging wary glances as tension filled the air.

Ignoring them, Cyriacus calmly accepted the offered cup of tea with a quiet thanks before taking a cautious sip. He had learned to resist Truth Potions the first month after his arrival at Arcanum but he would be careful, there was no telling just how desperate the supposed Leaders of the Light might be to get information. Swirling the tea around his tongue, he found nothing wrong with it and swallowed. Dumbledore frowned; did Cyriacus really think they would put Veritaserum in his tea?

“You are very…cautious.” Davidson commented warily.

Cyriacus only raised an eyebrow, “Better to be cautious now than dead later. Now, if we’re done with the pleasantries, shall we get on with this discussion? I’ve already told the good Minister that I must be on my way well before two o’clock and I cannot be delayed. I am sure that we are all capable of speaking bluntly and we are short of time today so let us be quick about it.”

They exchanged looks before Juliana decided to push forth the first issue they wanted to discuss.

“From what the other spies have reported, it is quite the…honor to be given private lessons by Voldemort. We are, understandably, curious and anxious to know if Voldemort is perhaps, training you to be his Heir?” Juliana asked carefully.

Cy snorted, if only they knew! “I can honestly say that he is not training me to become his Heir. I believe it is simply a matter of ensuring that I am kept someplace where I may be watched and suitably trained to best serve his cause.”

A few moments passed, as they ate and mulled over how to best approach the other topics they wished to discuss.

“The other spies have reported that you have been received with mixed feelings by Voldemort’s Death Eaters. Have they treated you any differently since the recent articles by the media?” Dumbledore asked, looking grave.

“I haven’t yet had any interaction with the common Death Eaters; I have only encountered the Inner Circle, their offspring and Voldemort himself. They have all treated me no differently; I made a great deal of talk about betraying Harry and now they simply believe I desired his Gifts which I have received in full.” Cyriacus answered, eyes darkening.

“You have been able to keep your true feelings in check around them?” Davidson pried.

Cy’s eyes darkened, shining with a strange light and he snapped back, “Of course! As much as I love Harry, I have no intention of joining him in the afterlife until I mete out the proper retribution on his behalf! It will take some time but I have patience, when I’m through with Voldemort, no one will forget Harry’s sacrifice.”

The rest of the meeting went by quickly and the moment Cyriacus had departed the room and his footsteps had faded, the others let out relieved breaths.
Fudge drummed his fingers on the table in thought. For several minutes the younger wizard had looked furious and...slightly crazed. Potter had been a threat but had not been nearly as formidable as his lover was proving to be. It may prove harder to remove or permanently disable him but Fudge couldn’t just leave a threat like Cyriacus Snape alive after the War. Fortunately, there should be plenty of time to figure out how exactly to deal with the wizard…

Davidson and Ramsey exchanged a look, silently cautioning each other to proceed cautiously with this obviously powerful wizard. Harry Potter had been a force to reckon with and Cyriacus Snape had been Potter’s equal and currently he was wielding the additional strength and Gifts of his lover alongside his own. Yes, it would be best to proceed with caution.

Closing his eyes, Dumbledore wished that things had not fallen out as they had. Harry had been their only hope for defeating Voldemort for so long and though he had been cold and apathetic at best towards them, he had had a clear mind about confronting Voldemort on the battlefield. Cyriacus, though doubly powerful, was a hazard. He was blinded by his emotions and his desire to avenge his lover’s death. Though he was now the Light’s last hope, he would also be its possible destroyer. Dumbledore had seen many Wizarding children grow into adults and though he may seem blind to the darker aspects of human nature, even he could see the fanatical, vengeful light that burned in Cyriacus Snape’s eyes. Cyriacus was willing to pay any price, do the unspeakable and unfathomable to reach his goal and nothing would stop him. It could take mere hours or years but Voldemort’s reign of chaos would come to an end. The question though was what would replace it.

The Gardens
Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton UK
Saturday the 13th of September 1997
2:35 PM

Cyriacus was pacing idly in the extensive gardens behind Riddle Mansion, evaluating his performance a few hours ago. He had been calm and collected, matter of fact when it was necessary and most of all, he had made sure to wield his magic sloppily, letting the spillover caution them. Fortunately, it had been easy to pretend to have such a poor grasp on his magic, as he had quickly learned; it was a bit...difficult and slightly dangerous having one usable limb to channel his magic through. He often accidentally overcharged some of his spells but was quickly learning to adapt.

A change in the wind alerted him to the soft hisses in the bush a few feet away from him. Continuing his pacing, he focused and caught the conversation.

*Why does mother wish us to spy on the hatchling?*

*Mother said that she was worried this one was not being truthful to her Wizard.* Another voice confided.

*There was a puzzled silence. But...the two are mated, are they not?*

*I told Mother as much but still she says this one must be watched.*

Cyriacus rolled his eyes and still pacing hissed back to them. *You would call me a hatchling? You make enough noise to alert a predator of your presence. I think perhaps, that you are the hatchlings, little serpents.*

*You speak!*

Cyriacus laughed. *Your mother is well aware I speak; there have been many rumors of such. Did*
she perchance tell you to be very stealthy?

Sssssss... One of the three snakes commented, dismayed.

I thought as much. Cyriacus said genuinely amused. You may tell your mother that if she is that concerned for her Wizard’s sake, she may question me herself. Though I can assure you, I am no threat to her Wizard so long as he follows our terms of...treaty.

A slender head poked out of the bushes. We will tell her you said as much.

Please do. Cyriacus commented as he turned, heading towards the secret gate that led to the woods. A tall wall protected the Mansion, specifically constructed to obscure the view from those standing on the other side. Walking to a spot covered in ivy, he put his hand on the wall and felt for the imprint of a snake. He felt a sting as the snake bit him.

Password?

Vigilance. The wall shimmered for a moment and Cyriacus quickly walked through it and once on the other side, headed directly for the Summoning Circle. Just as he neared the edge of the wards hiding the Summoning Circle, the hair on the back of his neck began to rise and he became aware of a presence observing him. Turning slowly, he scanned the area, his right hand next to his side and ready to rise and begin casting spells. It was just as he turned his back fully to the wards when something leapt out from behind him and just as his body hit the ground he felt blackness pulling him down.

A Clearing
Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton UK
Saturday the 13th of September 1997
3:02 PM

Kohinoor watched as her Sisters prepared a small area for the Blood Ritual. Nanaea had prepared the forest floor where the kyndrak would be laid upon his arrival. She constructed a soft bed of leaves, moss and sage in the center of the clearing, weaving her own power into it. Fayruz had lit large torches containing fragrant oil along the edge of the clearing, casting a soft glowing light in the heavily shadowed forest. A few Sisters stood observing the preparations for the Blood Ritual and scanning the forest for signs of danger. Though all the Chylla were gifted with some ability at Divination, whether they were Seers, Astrologists, or Prophets, not all of them were equal in power.

The Chylla were the youngest of the five Primordial beings from oldest to youngest were: Wraith, Revenant, Deviant, Savage and Chylla. From the very beginning of humanity, they had existed growing as the humans grew becoming more powerful and dangerous with each passing season. Unlike humans though, they were created and for a long, long time had no way of reproducing. The eldest three Primordial beings were all male, the Savages were a mixture of both male and female and the Chylla were all female. Powerful, intelligent and organized the humans had found them fascinating and god-like.

Stealthy and poisonous Wraiths had eyes of violet or gold, Firstborn of all the Primordial beings and wisest. The second-born Revenants were resilient and cunning, with eyes of turquoise or green, they were the true survivors. Deviants, with their red or orange eyes, were known to be charming and graceful, spending their days plotting. Primal and ferocious were the Savages, with black or silver eyes, well known for being shape shifters and the greatest hunters or huntresses. Finally there were the Chylla, delicate looking females who, instead of sharing similar eye colors, had hair as pure as moonbeams or hair as fair as morning sunshine. Youngest but given the most powerful gift of all, the
ability to see and manipulate the future itself.

“Eldest, the others approach with the kyndrak.” A Sister called out from the trees.

Kohinoor nodded as she quickly examined the area where the Blood Ritual would take place. It would do. Turning she gestured for Nanaea and Fayruz to join her as they waited. A few minutes later six Sisters arrived, bearing the kyndrak on a stretcher.

“Lay him there.” Kohinoor pointed to the bed of leaves, moss and sage.

Once he had been arranged to her satisfaction, she removed two vials from her white robes and helped him drink them. The first vial had a slightly gold tint and would disable all his senses but taste, sound and touch. The second vial would disorient him, make him pliant and lower his mental defenses enough for her to share memories with. Kneeling next to him with Fayruz to her left and Nanaea to her right, Kohinoor gave the rest of the sisters a signal and they began to chant. Kohinoor watched him alertly, waiting for a sign that he was waking. A few minutes later and he began to stir and with another signal the chant became softer.

“Are you awake, kyndrak?”

“Yes.”

Kohinoor nodded as she reached over and began to unbutton his shirt.

“What are you doing?” Cy asked slurred.

“I will begin to wake your true powers, kyndrak. There will be some pain but the change will occur gradually.”

Once she had his shirt open, Kohinoor ran her hands along his torso, searching for what she knew was already there. Shirin would have been the first to reach out to him and ensure he took the necessary path. Yes, there! The first was located just under his sternum, with the other two just above each of his hipbones.

“Kyndrak, what is the password to the Orbs of Stability?” Kohinoor asked fingers circling the skin beneath his sternum.

“Aeternus procella.” (Eternal storm)

Kohinoor repeated the words three times as she traced a circular path with her below his sternum. A prickle of energy was her only warning as the first glowing Orb of Stability emerged from his body. The power it harnessed intrigued her but did not surprise her. Lifting the glowing orb, she began chanting softly as she poured her own power into it, adding the gift of the Chylla to it before gently forcing it back down into his body. Repeating the password for the other two Orbs, she nicked her finger with a knife and let three drops of blood fall on each Orb before gently forcing it back into his body.

She watched his reaction for a few minutes, he was drawing rapid breaths but other than that the conversion had occurred without issue. Accepting the knife from Nanaea, she slit her wrist and fed him the blood while joining minds with him and giving him memories that would slowly be revealed over the next month. After she finished feeding him blood, she stepped away from him so Nanaea and Fayruz could also feed him their blood. The Sisters watching chanted throughout, their power feeding the Blood Ritual. Kohinoor waited as the power built, Nanaea and Fayruz standing next to her. When the kyndrak began to glow with their power, Kohinoor gestured for her Sisters to slow the chant again and they pooled the power once more. Searching the crowd, she spotted Roshni and
Fayruz handed her a sharp curved scimitar before standing next to Roshni, holding her still with Nanaea on her other side. Roshni calmly knelt next to the rasping body of the kyndrak, looking up at Kohinoor who stood on the other side of the kyndrak. Time seemed to still as they all waited for the right moment and then Kohinoor struck, slicing the scimitar across Roshni’s throat, the blood pouring over the chest of the kyndrak. The chant rose in pitch, as words of power spilled from their lips, binding the blood to the Ritual. The body which had lain so still was now arching upward and a scream ripped out of his throat. The Sisters increased their volume, trying to drown out the scream from the kyndrak as Kohinoor tossed the scimitar aside and using her fingers began to draw runes on his chest with the blood. Finished she joined the Sisters in the chant and drew it to a close the power they had been raising channeled into the kyndrak forcing a silent scream before he abruptly stopped breathing.

The Sisters shuffled in place, waiting to see what would happen but Kohinoor only rose to her feet and collected her sacred weapons. Nanaea and Fayruz meanwhile, stood over the body of Roshni and together chanted a short phrase. Blinding light suffused Roshni’s body and when it faded in her place was a white and silver barred Peregrine Falcon. Kohinoor had rinsed her hands clean and as they prepared to leave, spoke briefly with the falcon.

“Your life’s blood was given to assure his destiny and it was he who spared you true death as we had first expected. You will serve him now, your spirit is bound to him and I leave you to guard him. We have worked too long for this day Sister, and to loose him now would be to doom not only us but our brethren too. Be alert.”

The falcon shrieked once in agreement and Kohinoor led the rest of her sisters away, trusting in their Ritual and the kyndrak’s power to ensure their plans fell out accordingly.

The Elite’s Common Room
Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton UK
Saturday the 13th of September 1997
4:52 PM

Constance Fawcett walked into the Elite’s Common room, carrying her large black medical bag. It was time of course for Cyriacus to have his arm cleaned and re-bandaged. A few teens lingered in the Common Room, the rest either downstairs for their training session in the Dueling Hall or out and about making an ‘appearance’ at the Triad Alleys. Unsurprisingly she noticed her own daughter sitting at a desk in the corner going over her summer homework and revising for her NEWTS. Walking over to Cyriacus’s door, she knocked and waited. A moment later a sleepy looking Nusayr opened the door.

“I’m here to change Cyriacus’s bandage.” Constance said simply.

Nusayr yawned. “The Necromancer said he was going for a walk when I saw him last, I must have dozed off.”

Constance was about to speak again when the hallway door opened again and Draco Malfoy walked in with Blaise Zabini, Gregory Goyle and Vincent Crabbe.

“…startled the Hell out of me! I almost hexed it but we all know how fond of snakes the Dark Lord is.” Draco grumbled.

Blaise laughed. “That’s what happens when you don’t pay attention to where you’re walking,
Draco.”

“Did you come from the Gardens? I’m looking for Cyriacus.” Constance asked turning to face the older boys.

Vincent shrugged, “Didn’t see him in the gardens.”

Nusayr frowned. “It is not like the Necromancer to be late. He may not admit it but he is usually in some pain by the time his arm needs re-bandaging.”

“I will ask Severus and the Dark Lord if they have seen him, will you go and see if you can catch his scent in the gardens?”

Nusayr nodded as he quickly clasped the rune covered cloak around him, turning into an ocelot and quickly vanishing through a shadow. Constance herded the remaining Elite and asked them to look around the main floor and basement of the Mansion, becoming more and more worried. She had a very bad feeling about all of this.

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The Gardens
Caprice Hall, First Sphere, the Demon Realm

Taranis rolled his eyes as he found his twin brother lounging on his favorite bench in the gardens. Ever since Cyriacus had visited yesterday, his brother had been in high spirits and even he had to admit he was highly amused by his grandnephew. It had been quite amusing to see Timeaus and Cyriacus verbally sparring with each other yesterday. Of course the highlight of the visit was the fact that Cyriacus had arrived escorted by a sullen looking Prince Aristides. They made no attempts to hide their amusement when Cyriacus calmly dismissed the Demon Prince upon arriving to his destination and they had all settled into a shady corner of the gardens to talk.

“You seem to be inordinately pleased today, brother.” Taranis commented as he sat on the edge of the bench by Timaeus’s feet.

Timeaus smiled. “I am simply amused by my grandson’s antics. I wonder how the Court reacted upon learning of his ancestry?”

“I imagine they are shocked and I’m fairly certain that the King and Queen are just pleased that they didn’t Bond the Prince to Cyriacus. Though from the looks the sullen Prince was sending Cyriacus, it makes one wonder how exactly Cyriacus managed to ‘buy’ the Royal Incubi.” Taranis pondered.

“Ah yes, that’s right you were absent weren’t you when the King and Queen went to visit the lesser Spheres?”

“What of it?”

Timeaus sat up and faced his twin. “I am not entirely certain but I’ve heard rumors of a slight… incident occurring while the King and Queen were away. About two revolutions after they departed they returned in a rush and the following day a Royal edict was declared, stating that Cyriacus was off limits and not to be bothered by any Incubi or Succubi. I have not tried to Scry the past but I imagine that whatever happened was most likely unpleasant.”

Taranis made a thoughtful noise. “Hmm, that begs looking into.”

“Indeed it does,” Timaeus agreed, smiling coolly. “We cannot after all, allow anyone to slight the Heir of House Ars…”
“Yes brother, I believe it’s time we had a little conversation with the Royals, especially the Prince.”
Taranis replied, eyes narrowed.

The Woods
Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton UK
Saturday the 13th of September 1997
6:37 PM

Nusayr was snarling and cursing his stupidity, they had been searching the forest for nearly two hours now with no signs of the Necromancer. It was clear that he had gone to the Summoning Circle and to perform some sort of ritual and had been just outside the wards when something attacked him. However his scent simply…vanished a few feet later, making tracking him difficult. Once again he was traveling with the Dark Lord, Severus and Lucius, leading the way through the woods all senses stretched looking for clues. They had taken the trail that lead into the heart of the woods as they collectively were the most likely to be able to handle any dangers they might happen across. Where they were traveling the trees seemed to grow taller and closer together, blocking out nearly all the sunlight. Shadows blanketed the ground and danger could be lurking in bushes or behind trees for all they knew. It made all the men edgy.

Stepping over a fallen, rotting log Nusayr happened to glance to the side where he noticed a grove of strange silver barked trees and spotted Cyriacus’s cloak snagged on a thorny bush. Turning to look at the others he gestured towards the grove and cautiously led the way over to the grove of trees. As they neared, Lucius and Severus moved a little closer to him, wands out while Voldemort continually glanced behind them looking for movement. Heart beating wildly, Nusayr edged around the thorny bush and spotted Cyriacus sprawled on a bed of leaves, smeared with blood and dirt, shirt unbuttoned. Peering around alertly, he sensed no danger and quickly rushed forward to check on the Necromancer for wounds. An avian scream had him ducking as a huge white and silver barred Peregrine Falcon dived out of the tree cover above them, circling around Cyriacus’s body in a protective fashion.

“Could all this blood have been to summon a Familiar?” Lucius asked as the Falcon continued to circle above Cyriacus, keeping them at bay.

Voldemort frowned, “Possibly but why would he have come out here to the very heart of the woods?”

“Forget about the Familiar, we must return back to the Mansion!” Severus urged. “If we delay any longer, his arm may become worse.”

Nusayr nodded as he carefully approached the Falcon which, strangely enough let him come closer. He picked up the Necromancer. “Can you…Apparate back?”

Voldemort nodded. “Get him to safety first and we’ll Apparate to the Mansion after alerting the others that he’s been found. Constance is waiting in his room.”

Without a word, Nusayr stepped into the shadow of a tree and vanished with his burden. Voldemort hesitated before offering his arm to the Falcon who swooped down and landed on his arm. Turning to signal the others they Apparated in unison reappearing by the Summoning Circle. Lucius calmly lifted his sleeve and held out his arm, waiting as Voldemort reached for the Mark and sent the signal to the others that Cyriacus had been found. Once they finished alerting the others, they Apparated into the Mansion where the Falcon left them and Flooed to Voldemort’s suite and made their way down a flight of stairs to the Elite’s Wing.
Stumbling into the bedroom they saw that Constance was tending to Cyriacus’s arm while Nusayr stripped the younger wizard of his clothes but his black silk boxers and checked him over for injuries.

“How is he?” Severus asked, joining Constance.

Constance looked incredulous. “His arm…”

“What of it?” Severus demanded before looking down. His son’s injury, which he had tended to some odd five or so hours ago, looked remarkably improved! How could it have happened though?

Nusayr kept running his fingers along the skin on Cyriacus’s abdomen and hips, frowning intensely while Voldemort watched with barely masked jealousy. Licking his finger tip, Nusayr dabbed at the blood smeared on Cyriacus’s chest and cautiously inserted the digit into his mouth. He looked thoughtful as he savored the blood but then gaped, shocked.

Voldemort had been watching him closely. “What is it Wraith?”

“The Chylla did…something to him.” Nusayr answered looking puzzled as he ran his fingers around Cyriacus’s navel, lower abdomen and then along his hips muttering in that odd language the Revenants and he often spoke in. There was a sudden flash of light and then a small tattoo of a silver-white furred fox was revealed along his hipbone. “It is as I thought; they have placed their Mark on him.”

Lucius glanced towards the seething Dark Lord before turning his attention back to the Wraith. “Why would the Chylla put their Mark on Cyriacus?”

“It is not my place to say but,” Nusayr glanced at Voldemort. “It is not a Mark of possession; they merely placed their Mark on him so that the others of my kind will know that he has their…sanction. They must have fed him some of their blood as well, if his arm is as greatly improved as you have said. I should speak with the Revenants, if the Chylla have safely fed him their blood; it appears that we might safely feed him our blood as well.”

Severus looked thoughtful. “Then they have used Blood Healing on him?”

“It would appear so and if the Revenants and I both feed him blood, he may recover sooner than you had expected.”

Voldemort nodded and gestured for him to leave as he calmly took a seat in a chair on the other side of the bed. Frowning he wished the next two and a half weeks would pass by swiftly, he wanted answers and the Wraith Nusayr refused to speak of what was happening. The only one who could give him answers was Asadyl and he could not be summoned until October 1st.

King’s Cross Station
Sunday the 14th of September 1997
10:20 AM

The train station was of course, bustling with people rushing about. Cyriacus ignored the interested looks he received as he walked alongside Draco and Blaise towards Platform 9 ¾’s. After he had woken, confused and disorientated around 7pm yesterday night, his father had checked him over, berating his vigilance and then left for Hogwarts as the Professors would be having a meeting prior to the arrival of the students. So Cyriacus had joined Draco, Blaise and several other 7th Year Slytherins in one of the Malfoy’s limousines. Behind them Greg and Vince walked with Pansy and
Theo with a few other Slytherin Elites trailing behind them. Blaise, who normally didn’t like to draw attention to himself found he was fascinated with the powerful wizard and Cyriacus found Blaise’s sarcasm amusing.

As they neared the Platform entrance, Cyriacus discreetly flicked his fingers and cast several spells: a Muggle repelling Charm and an Obscurity Charm. Pausing by the entrance, Cyriacus waved the others to go ahead of him. After six house elves passed through with the trolleys containing their trunks and cages, Cyriacus stepped through the entrance and dismantled the spells behind him. The others waited for him off to the right as they took their trunks and familiar’s cages or baskets off the trolleys. Cyriacus cast a Levitation charm on his trunk, Nusayr’s kennel and Atlanta’s cage. The wraith looked at him balefully from his kennel, none too pleased with just how far he had to go to keep up the image of normality in his animal guise. Atlanta, his white and silver Peregrine Falcon, was a Spirit Familiar and was still slightly miffed that Taranis had stalled her and taken her place in the guise of ‘Sverre’. Though they couldn’t speak telepathically, as was the norm for Spirit Familiars and their Bonded, they could share images and often communicated that way.

As they headed onto the train, Cyriacus caught snippets of conversation mostly about him.

“…see him with those Slytherins? I’ll bet he’ll be a Slytherin too, his father is Head of Slytherin after all.”

“He’s gorgeous; I can certainly see what Harry Potter saw in him.”

“…says he’s worth a fortune now since Potter left his entire fortune to him.”

“I wonder how he’s feeling; his arm is still in that sling see?”

With a sneer, Cyriacus entered the train and followed the others to an empty compartment near the back of the train. Once they were all seated, Cyriacus waved his hand towards the door and cast a variety of Privacy charms as he set Atlanta’s cage above and behind him while opening Nusayr’s kennel. Nusayr immediately shot out and jumped up onto the seat next to him, growling softly.

Blaise looked amused. “You’re still the main topic of conversation.”

“Why am I not impressed?” Cyriacus replied shortly. “The Wizarding public has the most annoying habit of latching onto me, in any shape and form and never letting go. Though I sometimes wonder who has the more tragic figure, orphaned Harry Potter or the heartbroken Cyriacus Snape.”

Pansy laughed. “I think it’s a draw.”

“With my luck it probably is, though ‘Harry’ is dead so he doesn’t have to deal with all the lingering media attention.” Cyriacus answered gesturing irritably.

Draco only shrugged. “It will all blow over soon enough, something will come along that’ll be more shocking or scandalous.”

“Maybe but who knows for certain?” Cy commented darkly.

It was storming heavily when they arrived at Hogsmeade Station. However he had come prepared and after placing a Miniaturizing Spell on Shadow, Cyriacus picked him up and placed him in an inner pocket of his Sea Serpent Cloak. Pulling up the hood, he cast an *Impervious* on his clothes and the other’s to keep them dry before braving the storm. They piled into the nearest empty carriage and upon arriving at the school, rushed inside away from the downpour. It seemed as if only the 7th Years had managed to stay dry, the other students looked drenched. Spotting him the crowd, his
father gestured for him to follow as they stood off to the side to await the drenched 1st Years. Cyriacus was quite pleased to have been deemed old enough to take the carriages to Hogwarts; it probably would not have been very pleasant on the boats. Professor McGonagall joined them a few moments later and his father excused himself to head inside.

“Good evening Mr. Snape, I see you survived the downpour.” McGonagall greeted.

“Professor,” Cyriacus greeted with a polite nod. “It was raining quite heavily, hopefully the First Years made it alright, Draco told me of the tradition of crossing the lake on boats.”

A squirming and muffled mew reminded him of poor Shadow who was still in his cloak pocket. Reaching inside, Cyriacus picked Shadow up by the nape and set him gently on the floor before returning him to his normal size with a tap of his wand. With a disdainful look at the Entrance doors, Shadow curled into a ball by his feet.

“You have an…ocelot as a familiar?” McGonagall asked surprised.

“I actually have two, Shadow here was a belated birthday gift from Harry and Atlanta is a Peregrine Falcon but I imagine the house elves have brought her to the Owlry.”

McGonagall frowned. “But I thought the Headmaster said that your Familiar was a wolf?”

Cyriacus smiled sadly before looking away. “Sverre was a combined Familiar, a representation of the Bond between Harry and I. After Harry passed on, Sverre simply…vanished which I imagine is why Harry chose Shadow here.”

“Then how did you get a Peregrine Falcon?”

“I simply woke up one morning and there she was. I imagine she’s of a Magical descent as she’s pure white with silver markings.”

McGonagall nodded slowly. “I see.”

A few minute later Professor Vector arrived with the First Years in tow, all of them looked miserable. Drawing their wands the two Professors cast Drying Charms on their clothes while the First Years watched with awe. Once that was done McGonagall introduced herself and began her usual speech about the Sorting and the Houses. After she finished the students lined up, with Cyriacus at the end and they entered the Great Hall.

The First Years looked around with awe, some pointing up at the ceiling and Cyriacus shook his head, feeling very old. Some of the students pointed in confusion at Shadow who padded along behind him and sat obediently at his feet once they came to a halt in the front of the room. As was normal, gossip washed over him.

“…Familiar? I’ve never seen that type of animal before.”

“What would it have been like if Potter hadn’t died I wonder? They swore an old Blood Bond, my father told me that made them practically married.”

“Five Galleons says he’ll be put in Slytherin!”

“…Stupid?! Of course he’ll be put in Slytherin! He’s a Snape!”

Unfurling a roll of parchment, Professor McGonagall cleared her throat and the room quieted. The Sorting Hat sung a new song about unity and hope and everyone clapped and exchanged odd looks.
McGonagall began reading off names and Cyriacus amused himself by looking around the Great Hall. It hadn’t changed at all it seemed and yet…there was something about being here again that made him feel a little like having come home. Before he knew it, McGonagall had called his name.

“Snape, Cyriacus!”

Moving forward, Cyriacus sat on the stool, feeling like he might fall off and cautiously put the Sorting Hat on his head. Barely an instant passed by before he had yanked it off and jumped to his feet, voicing his displeasure loudly.

“You were made with a Legilimency Spell woven through your every fiber and thread! If you think I’m going to let you poke around in my head, you’ve got another thing coming!”

“Mr. Snape-“ McGonagall began.

Cyriacus twisted around, still holding the Sorting Hat away from him. “Oh no! Don’t give me any lectures about how it’s tradition and necessary! I’ve had it with everyone questioning me about Harry and I’d rather face a Chimera than let anyone or thing walk around in my head! My memories and experiences are private.”

“Cyriacus, please calm down.” Dumbledore pleaded. “The Sorting Hat cannot tell any of your secrets to anyone.”

“Right and how do you suppose you found out about Harry stocking up on supplies so he could leave the Dursleys the summer before Third Year? Harry didn’t tell anyone what he was planning and he’d worked it out not even two days before he went into the Chamber of Secrets. If you think I’m going to let this…thing look at all the memories in my head just so it can tell me what House I belong in, you’ve finally cracked.” Cyriacus burst out so angry that the dishes and silverware on the tables began to tremble.

McGonagall saw the guilty look in Dumbledore’s eyes before he quickly masked his expression. Severus sighed as he rose out of his chair and walked over.

“If I might make a suggestion? If Cyriacus is so adamant about not sharing all of his memories, then I would suggest that he surface whatever memories he feels are of little hazard above his Occulmency shields and keep the rest beneath them.” Severus suggested, glancing at his son.

Cyriacus grumbled but took a seat and sat for a few minutes as he manufactured enough false memories about his childhood and then placed the Sorting Hat on his head.

**Such a stubborn person you are but you are entitled to your privacy, I suppose. Let us see…**

The Sorting Hat commented thinking over the memories. **You’re definitely very clever, Ravenclaw would suit you quite well but I see that is not where you want to go nor would it be wise of you to be placed there. Slytherin suits you best I would say, if only from what you aren’t willing to show me. Such cunning snakes those Slytherins, Salazar would have liked you, I’m sure you’ll be quite happy in...**

“SLYTHERIN!”

The moment the Hat announced his House, Cyriacus jerked it off and handed it to Professor McGonagall as he walked over and joined his house. The applause was stilted and only the Slytherins seemed to be clapping but Cyriacus paid it no attention as he sat in the seat at the very end of the table to the left of Draco.
“Some temper you have there,” Draco whispered with a smirk.

Cyriacus only smiled. “It got me out of having to show the Hat all my memories now didn’t it?”

“Clever.” Blaise commented from across the table.

As the feast appeared on the table, Cyriacus snagged a Butterbeer and toasted his companions. “To Slytherin cunning, my friends.”

The next morning at breakfast, everyone was treated to a special unexpected spectacle as the morning Post arrived. A multitude of owls, hawks, eagles, phoenixes, a few Occamy and other various winged birds flew into the room, delivering letters and brightly wrapped packages to a cranky looking Cyriacus Snape. Once all the letters and packages had been delivered he calmly rose from his seat and ignoring the eyes observing him calmly spoke.

“Incendio love letters!” Half the letters burst into flame. “Incendio love tokens!” All the packages but three burst into flame. “Incendio marriage and betrothal proposals!” Now all the letters had burnt to ash save two, a plain looking letter and…a Howler.

Everyone looked on curiously as Cyriacus banished the ash with a wave of his wand and then picked up the plain letter first, retaking his seat.

You are to take leave Wednesday and Sunday evening. Apparate to the designated location and meet me in my rooms at 8 pm.

-M.A.

Cyriacus frowned at the odd letter, making a mental note to inquire about the way Voldemort signed his letters. Shaking his head he Transfigured the letter into a piece of chocolate and popped it into his mouth and swallowed. Some may have called him paranoid but he preferred to think of himself as simply being cautious. Turning his attention to the smoking, shaking Howler, he rolled his eyes as he opened it.

“YOU SON OF A BITCH, YOU SLEPT WITH MY FIANCEE!!! YOU VILE, ARROGANT…”

Everyone was murmuring curiously and some of the teachers looked aghast at the foul language spouting from the Howler but Cyriacus looked completely apathetic. Once the Howler had ended with a final, “…SUPERCILIIOUS CATAMITE!” Cyriacus drew his wand and summoned a piece of parchment and a dicto-quill from his schoolbag.

“One has to wonder just how much of an idiot you are;” Cyriacus dictated as he got up to pace. “Perchance if you were an actual man with balls and a libido, also assuming you don’t look like a gorilla; your slut of a fiancée wouldn’t have begged me to give her the most memorable fuck of her life. Now if you actually want to insult someone, I would suggest that you at least insult them properly. I’m presuming however that you are such a dimwit that you can’t put two and two together to get four. Now if you wanted to insult me properly you should have called me ‘a vile arrogant bastard’ because that, at least, is the truth. Though none of your remarks insulted me in the least, what actually insulted me was your sheer stupidity. I don’t think ‘supercilious’ describes me at all, now if you had called me ‘promiscuous’, ‘debauched’ or even ‘dissolute’ I could hardly dispute that. Normally I wouldn’t even dignify such an imbecile as you a response but even I can’t stand listening to the droning of a boorish gorilla that apparently, has yet to learn how to please a woman in the bedroom. What should have actually insulted you was that I, a man who everyone in the bloody
Wizarding World knows was rather intimately involved with another man, managed to give your fiancée a night she won’t be forgetting anytime soon. Write me again and you’ll regret it.”

Finished, Cyriacus waved his wand towards the piece of parchment which folded itself and turned into a Snubby, which was like a Howler only without the shouting and a fair amount of sarcasm and derision. Another flick of his wand and the Snubby floated out of the room heading towards the Owlery and Atlanta who would deliver the green Snubby. Looking crankier he resumed his seat and cautiously opened the first package which he found was an order of books he’d made nearly two weeks ago. The second package was an order of Family robes from Sartorial Splendor which he banished to his room unopened. Cautiously opening the last package he was amazed to see several bouquets of roses in black, dark crimson and white. Who would send him roses? Better yet, who would send him sympathy roses for Harry’s death and a tentative declaration of Courtship intentions? He searched for a card and after reading it looked amused.

*My condolences on your loss,*
*My deepest affections.*

-Marcellus Arvell

Hmm, so that was what M.A. stood for? Cyriacus smiled slightly as he examined the flowers before scooping up the box and walking out of the room. The moment the doors closed behind him, everyone began speaking.

“Just like his father…”

“…wonder who the fiancée was? I mean, he’s shagged a lot of witches after all.”

“Merlin did you hear him? Talk about a cutting tongue.”

“…rather have his tongue doing other things, if you ask me.”

“I’ve read that only four Florists in the entire world stock black roses and the nearest one is in Athens! Whoever sent him those roses must have paid a fortune!”

“He’s the Lord of Gryffindor and probably the most eligible bachelor in Europe if not the whole Wizarding World! Anyone who wants to court him would have to have a lot of money and come from a good family.”

At the Head Table Dumbledore was shaking his head at the wild rumors and gossip being exchanged. Raising his wand, he shot gold and silver sparks into the air. The room quieted.

“I do believe it’s time to get to your classes, students. That will be twenty points from Slytherin for Mr. Snape’s language.”

The Slytherins looked irritated but didn’t comment no doubt from the look on their Head of House’s face, the other Houses would be sure to lose more points than that today. Malfoy smirked towards the Gryffindor Table, the Seventh Years had Potions first and as the class had become Mandatory due to the War, it was bound to be an entertaining morning.

The Seventh Year Potions class waited in the hallway for Professor Snape who had stormed from the Great Hall to speak with Dumbledore. Potions was now a mandatory course due to the war and now there were two sets of classes, those for students who were going to take a NEWTS in Potions and those for the students who weren’t. The Slytherins were all present except for Crabbe, Goyle and Bulstrode who had not earned an E or higher which was a perquisite for being in the NEWTS class.
Almost all the Ravenclaws were present with four Hufflepuffs: Abbott, Bones, Finch-Fletchley and Macmillian and three Gryffindors: Granger, Finnigan and Thomas. Cyriacus was leaning against the wall, looking perfectly bored when Hannah Abbott curiously asked him who sent the roses.

“Marcellus Arvell.” Cyriacus answered smoothly, waiting for a reaction.

Susan Bones gaped at him, dumbstruck. “Marcellus Arvell?! The Welsh Warlock of the Isle of Anglesey? He sent you roses?”

Cyriacus eyes darkened. “Are you saying that I’m below him or something?”

“No! It’s just,” Susan said fearfully. “He’s a very well known Warlock; he’s very powerful and from an old Pureblood family. He’s rather…reclusive so I was just surprised he sent you roses.”

Cyriacus looked thoughtful. “Hmm.”

Before anyone else could speak, Professor Snape exited from his office looking very unhappy and after swinging the door open, stormed into the classroom. All the students except the Slytherins nervously entered the room behind him, taking seats away from the front of the room. Draco and Blaise sat together at one desk in the front of the room and Theo and Pansy took the desk behind them. Cyriacus shrugged as he dropped into a seat at the front desk across the aisle from Blaise and Draco. Lisa Turpin was going to sit with him but Severus shook his head, explaining.

“Sit with Mr. Macmillian, Ms. Turpin. My son will be doing Post-NEWTS potions work in class as Arcanum has a more advanced curriculum compared to what is taught here at Hogwarts.”

Hermione, unsurprisingly, looked intrigued. “How could their curriculum be more advanced Professor Snape?”

Cyriacus smoothly joined the conversation. “I was brewing Polyjuice Potion in my Third Year, Veritaserum in my Fourth, Wolfsbane in my Fifth and Draught of Living Death in my Sixth Year at Arcanum.”

“What were you going to brew in your last Year then?” Morag asked incredulous.

“Professor Dumont said we were to brew Manipulation and Enhancement Potions like Affaire de coeur, Coup de foudre and Savoir-vivre, and we were supposed to learn how to make Philosopher Stones.” Cyriacus answered looking sullen.

Everyone, his father included, gaped at him. “Philosopher Stones?!”

Cyriacus shrugged. “They aren’t hard to make but it’s nearly impossible to make them flawless like Mr. Flamel’s. Professor Dumont came close once but there was a hairline crack and it wouldn’t make any functional Elixir of Life but it still did turn objects to gold.”

Silence.

Severus shook his head and wished the school day was already over. “Turn in your summer assignments on my desk, then turn to page 245 you will be learning how to brew the Anti-Veela Attraction Draft. Cyriacus, you may start on the Wolfsbane Potion.”
out of the week) and during the day before, on and after the Full Moon, Sirius would oversee Duels. As this was the first day though, both classes were combined.

“Good afternoon, students! We’ll be doing a quick review so leave your bags here; we’ll be going to the Dueling Room across the Hall. Professor Black will be assigning groups as you enter the room so pay attention!” Remus instructed.

Everyone got up and formed a line as they waited to enter the room. Sirius broke them up into twelve groups of 4 and Cyriacus found himself grouped with Morag MacDougal, Terry Boot and Hannah Abbott. Across the room he noticed a seething Draco had ended up with Neville, Justin Finch-Fletchley and the quiet Ravenclaw Eileen Crawford.

“Now that everyone’s been grouped, we’ll explain today’s review. Basically each group will duel until all members are incapacitated. Once a group loses, another group will begin dueling the survivors of the last round. Whatever group or member manages to remain unscathed will earn fifty points for their House. No Dark Curses, no Unforgivables and you are only allowed to counter the curses cast upon yourself, not your group members. Our first groups will be group one and group twelve.” Sirius explained cheerfully.

With a small smile, Cyriacus moved to the center of the room with his group and heard the murmurs of interest and slight nerves. He had trained to stand with Harry Potter during the War as even Harry himself had admitted in one of the thirteen articles posted to the International Zephyr two weeks ago. This was going to be no challenge, even if he did have to pretend clumsiness performing magic with his ‘non-dominant’ hand. Drawing his wand, he smirked in such a way that everyone shuddered, especially the few Elite present who knew about his Dueling skill.

“Begin!” Remus shouted.

“Expelliarmus!”

“Protego!”

“Lumnos Solem!”

“Incarcerous! Stupefy!” Cyriacus drawled, having closed his eyes. When he opened them, he found the other group all bound and unconscious. Unfortunately, Boot had gotten in his way and was bound and unconscious as well.

“Er, Professors?” Hannah asked, gesturing at Terry.

“Leave him, group two is next.” Remus said looking amused as Sirius cast a spell, moving Terry out of the marked Dueling floor.

The next group didn’t wait for a signal; they began sending curses and spells immediately as they stepped up into the Dueling area. Neither Remus nor Sirius called foul removing Morag and Hannah who had been stupefied and petrified, respectively. Fortunately, or so everyone else was thinking, that only left Cyriacus.

“Serpensortia!” A very stupid Ravenclaw called out.

Cyriacus looked incredulous before he started laughing and with a wave of his wand cast a complex Transfiguration Spell which made the single python divide into four separate, larger, poisonous snakes. With a grin, he commanded them to bite the foolish group members before casting an Invisibility Spell on them. Panicked, the other group shot the counter-curse around on the ground in front and around them. Cyriacus, having added a Wordless Levitation spell on them, just conjured a
chair and had a seat. After the first fell, the Ravenclaw, Sirius looked amused.

“A Sleeping Draught?”

“Yes.” Cyriacus answered with a nod.

The next group came and left, followed by the next, and the next. The Elite, who actually knew what he was capable of, lasted a bit longer than the others who watched with awe and slight fear at the complex and simple way in which he defeated them. Cyriacus had just finished with the last group when Sirius and Remus both leaped onto the Dueling floor and began sending curses at him. Dodging the sparks of light, Cyriacus shouted one word and the room flashed with a light so bright that Madam Rosmerta who was walking along the main street in Hogsmeade, saw the light and immediately returned to the Three Broomsticks and Flooed Dumbledore about it.

A half hour later, Dumbledore and half the Professors were attempting to open the Dueling Room door, with no luck. Finally another hour later when Bill Weasley had been called from Gringotts, the door swung open revealing a tired, pained looking Cyriacus.

“Er, I guess I put a little more power into the spell than I thought. Heh…um, I think everyone’s temporarily blind.” Cyriacus said tired. “I don’t suppose Madam Pomfrey is here? My arm feels terrible.”

Dumbledore glanced into the room and everyone who was conscious had eyes that had been bleached white. “What spell did you use?”

“I cast the…Fainting Spell actually.”

“And you got results like that!!” Flitwick exclaimed.

Cyriacus smiled sheepishly. “I…uh, I’m left handed. It’s a little…difficult trying to channel magic with my right hand. I’ve overdone a couple of easy spells since I was released from St. Mungo’s.”

Just then, his father came billowing around the corner. “Cyriacus! Come, it’s well overdue time you had your arm tended to.”

“I’m coming, father.” Cyriacus called out. “If you’ll excuse me Headmaster, Professors?”

Dumbledore nodded. “Of course, we’ll tend to the others.”

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Voldemort’s Suite
Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton UK
Wednesday the 17th of September 1997
7:54 PM

I do not understand why you are doing this, my wizard. Nagini commented from her position, coiled on a plush rug in the main room.

Voldemort, who was standing in front of a mirror examining his appearance, just sighed. It is important for me to be able to leave the Mansion and the Citadel without causing a ruckus. Even I need more than this room as a sanctuary and I tire of hiding my relationship with the other Speaker.

Why must you hide? The hatchlings are convinced you are life-mates and no one would dare to comment who you share your nest with. Nagini pointed out.
It is not I who wishes to hide the sharing of my nest. Voldemort replied with a slight frown.

Both of them turned when they heard soft footsteps behind them. Cyriacus, who was dressed in simple black slacks and a silver shirt paused and stared. Voldemort in his persona of Marcellus Arvell had long caramel colored hair, lightly golden skin and dark violet eyes. Blinking, Cyriacus walked around his lover, taking in the slightly lankier appearance and different facial structure. Voldemort was dressed in dark grey slacks and a long sleeved honey-gold silk shirt.

“My, my a very fine look indeed,” Cyriacus purred. “Not that I mind your original look, but this is good too.”

Voldemort looked amused. “I’m happy you approve, shall we be going?”

“And where are we going?” Cyriacus asked curiously.

Voldemort smiled as he leaned down to steal a kiss, when he finally pulled away a moment later he smirked. “Vitium Court of course, where else?”

Cyriacus grinned slowly. “You want us to go together or will we ‘accidentally’ meet someplace?”

“We’ll go together. No one will question it after all; I’ve sent you roses every morning.” Voldemort commented amused.

“No I suppose they won’t question it, they will however gossip about us. There is a considerable age difference between us after all. Twenty years or so?”

“Eighteen in this guise, I’m thirty four well, almost thirty five actually. My ‘birthday’ is in October.” Voldemort retorted with a smile.

Cyriacus grinned. “Dare I guess it’s on the 31st?”

“You would be right.” Voldemort agreed taking Cyriacus’s hand and leading the way to the Floo Room.

“Do I get a prize?” Cyriacus crooned eyes half-lidded.

Voldemort laughed. “Oh, you’ll get a prize but only if you’re very good.”

Cyriacus looked skeptical. “Only if I’m good? I’m far too corrupted for that.”

“I’ll take you as you are then.” Voldemort answered with a sly smile. “Now let’s go and enjoy ourselves first, then we’ll come back where we have a little more privacy and you can have your prize.”

“I’ll take that as a promise then.” Cyriacus murmured.

Voldemort just smiled as he grabbed a handful of Floo powder. “Vitium Court, South Entrance.”

Cyriacus flashed a wicked smile and wrapping his arms around Voldemort, shoved them both into the fireplace, ignoring Voldemort’s exclamation of surprise.

TBC...

Okay, well hopefully that was worth the long, long wait. I’ll do my best to update once a month or more if I can manage it. Thank you for all the wonderful reviews, I am very amazed by how many of
you read this story.

Notes:

Affaire de Coeur- French term for love affair or romantic attachment, Coup de foudre- French term for love at first sight, Savoir-vivre- French term for worldliness, confidence and refinement.

*Kyndrak*- Old Demonic term for ‘Dark One’, the Primordial Beings will refer to Cy with this term.

-SheWolfe7 (6/24/05) edited (8/6/05)
Author's notes: Marcellus and Cy's date, an argument between father and son, Dumbledore's delaying tactic and a Summoning for Q&A.

A/N: I probably would have gotten this finished sooner if Smut!Muse hadn’t gone AWOL half way through the NC-17 scene. So my apologies for the tardiness of this update, I’m really cutting it close to my once a month promise aren’t I? 26 ¾ pages all for you to enjoy!

There is a pic of the Summoning Circle’s current layout in the ID file on my Yahoo Group (link is on my author’s bio). Might clear things up if you’re confused but I did the best I could with the explanations.

Thanks go to Lady Megsie who Beta’ed this chappie on short notice, she completely saved this chappie from my horrible grammar.

*Parseltongue, foreign words, letters/articles etc.*

*Emphasized words, headings,*

*Telepathy (last time for this story probably)*

**Chapter XIX**

**Facts**

*Get your facts first, and then you can distort them as much as you please.*

-Mark Twain, US humorist, novelist, short story author, & wit (1835 - 1910)

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**South Hub**

**Vitium Court, Unplottable Unknown**

**Wednesday the 17th of September 1997**

**8:56 PM**

“You are thoroughly exasperating.” Voldemort commented from his position on the ground. Cyriacus sprawled on top of him, having fallen upon his lover using him as a cushion.

Cyriacus grinned delightedly. “You know that’s part of my charm.”

“So it is. Now do get off me Cyriacus, this is a little too familiar a position for a respectable gentleman such as myself to be caught in on the first date.” Voldemort said raising an eyebrow, adopting his guise as Marcellus Arvell.

Cyriacus rolled off Marcellus and got to his feet, cleaning the dust from his clothes with an idle charm. He then offered Marcellus a hand up and with a smile cast a few Cleaning and Neatening charms on his disgruntled date. It was fortunate so very few people used the South Hub or their arrival would have made a mockery of the game Marcellus was obviously intent on playing for the benefit of the rest of the Wizarding World. Marcellus gazed at him with amused tolerance before offering Cyriacus his left arm which Cyriacus accepted with a smirk and then Marcellus was leading them down to the Court.

Vitium Court was a large shopping and entertainment district that catered to the needs and wants of
the wealthy, middle class and the less than scrupulous. The Court itself was divided up into three quarters: the pristine, lavishly designed _Blanc Havre_ (White Haven) which catered only to the most elite of the wealthy or famous. Flanking it on both sides was the honest, homey atmosphere of _Hearth Haven_. Then there was _Luscinia_, (Nightingale) the decadent, alluring center of pleasure, vice and Dark Artifacts and Books.

Marcellus led them from the South Hub into the streets of the Hearth Haven, which was not as deserted as one might think. There were a few witches and wizards strolling along the streets window shopping, some were reading books while drinking tea or other beverages and a large number were having dinner at the Cockerel. Quite a few people looked up at them in surprise and Cyriacus spotted an undercover reporter following them discreetly. Leaving behind Hearth Haven, they entered _Blanc Havre_ where the few witches and wizards walking about noticed them. An older wizard in his late fifties intercepted them.

“By Merlin is that you, Arvell?” The wizard asked surprised with a thick Scottish accent.

“Hello Graeme, it has been some odd ten years or more since we last spoke hasn’t it? How are Elvira and Jamison?” Marcellus greeted with a smile.

Graeme shook his head and chuckled. “Elvira’s eldest has just begun his first year at Hogwarts and Jamison is still mad about Quidditch, he got work in the Department of Magical Games and Sports five years back and has been as happy as can be imagined.” Graeme glanced at Cyriacus. “And who is this lad?”

Cyriacus bristled but inclined his head. “Cyriacus Snape, a pleasure to meet you.”

“Potter’s lover? Isn’t he a mite bit young for you Marcellus?” Graeme asked bluntly.

Marcellus frowned at his old friend. “I hardly think it your business who I spend my time with, Graeme. Cyriacus, this is Graeme Maitland and old acquaintance of mine.”

“Charmed, I’m sure. Are we not going to be late to dinner?”

“I shall speak with you again soon, Graeme. You’ll forgive us, I hope? We have a reservation at Olympus.”

Graeme waved them on. “Of course, enjoy your dinner Marcellus. Mr. Snape, a pleasure to meet you.”

“Mr. Maitland.”

Marcellus led them on down towards the silver gates that led into _Luscinia_. _Olympus_ was a huge restaurant made of shining white marble. The façade looked like the Pantheon and as they were led inside, Cyriacus noted that it was decorated in the Greek motif. Cretan mosaics of Greek heroes decorated the walls with a few marble statues here and there. The waiting room looked full so it was wise of Marcellus to make a reservation ahead of time. As they approached the podium where the Host waited, Cyriacus could already hear the speculation. Many people had recognized him but no one had as yet recognized Marcellus which wasn’t that surprising considering he was known to be a recluse.

“Good evening and welcome to Olympus, do you have a reservation?” the Host asked formally.

Marcellus smiled politely. “I have a reservation for two under the name Marcellus Arvell.”

The Host’s eyes widened marginally. “Of course Mr. Arvell, your table in the Calypso Room is
prepared. Allow me to show you to your table.”

As they left the waiting room, Cyriacus could already hear the rumors spreading about his dining companion. The newspapers tomorrow would no doubt be interesting.

After a delicious meal under the prying eyes of scandalized witches and wizards along with a gleeful number of undercover reporters, Cyriacus and Marcellus left Olympus. They backtracked to the junction of Hearth Haven and Blanc Havre and took a small side street which led to a sprawling park which was closed off for the first time Cyriacus had ever seen. After a brief conversation with a Watch Wizard, they let them through and Marcellus led the way into the park.

“What have you done?” Cyriacus asked amused.

Marcellus smirked. “I rented the park for the evening.”

Cyriacus blinked. “You can do that?”

“For the right price yes,” Marcellus answered with a grin. “Tomorrow when everyone is talking about us, I want them all to know without a doubt that Marcellus Arvell is courting Cyriacus Snape.”

Cyriacus looked at him curiously. “Is there a plan behind this or is this just an extension of our agreement?”

“It’s a bit of both really,” Marcellus replied as they came across a small clearing in the center of the park. Floating candles were arranged around the clearing and a plush flying carpet awaited them, hovering a foot off the ground. The moment the two had climbed up onto the carpet, a house elf appeared with a bucket of champagne in ice and two crystal wine flutes. Voldemort filled their glasses with the bubbly liquid and handed Cyriacus a glass. Cyriacus looked bemused as he took a seat and nearly fell off the carpet as what sounded like an orchestra began playing. Peering behind them, Cyriacus gaped when he saw exactly that hidden in copse of trees, several feet away.

“You rented out the park at Vitium Court for an evening and paid a Wizarding Orchestra to play as well?” Cyriacus asked completely surprised.

Marcellus grinned charmingly, sprawled on his side on the carpet, head propped up on his elbow. “The Parisian Wizarding Orchestra to be precise and that’s not the only surprise tonight, lie back.”

Cyriacus sprawled next to him and waited his flute of champagne in one hand. Marcellus gave some sort of signal to someone and a few minutes later a Fireworks display began. It really was too much; Cyriacus decided bursting into hysterical laughter.

“Why are you laughing?” Marcellus asked puzzled.

Cyriacus sat up and drained his glass of champagne before leaning closer to Marcellus so that their conversation would be private. Not that anyone could have heard anything over the orchestra which was playing loudly and the fireworks which added more background noise. “If this wasn’t partly for a larger plan, I’d think you were trying too hard but as it does have two purposes, I suppose I should be amused by your closet romantic. Who would think a ruthless Dark Lord could think of something so elaborately correct, let alone very romantic, to display for the eyes of the Wizarding Public?”

Marcellus smiled with pleasure. “Do you like it then?”

“The effort alone would have probably earned you a few…liberties but we already are lovers, you know.” Cyriacus whispered before kissing his lover. Setting their flute glasses aside, they ignored
whatever audience they might have and enjoyed an hour of kissing and caressing under the light of rainbow hued fireworks. It was pleasant to just relax out in public without worrying about anyone discovering their relationship. They both craved a little something stronger and more passionate but for the sake of their game, played the role of new lovers exchanging tender kisses and hesitant caresses. This was merely the prelude to their evening together and they would make it last, fanning their desire and teasing each other in the process.

An hour later, they were just snuggled close together sipping champagne and pointing at the fireworks and laughing softly. As the show came to an end, Marcellus and Cyriacus exchanged their pleasantries with the Orchestra conductor who was very enthusiastic about having played for two of the most well known Wizards in Great Britain. The Fireworks team was also pleased by their praise, knowing that the media attention from tonight’s romancing would only increase their business. After they finished speaking with everyone of importance, they returned back to the South Hub and Flooed to Marcellus’s Welsh estate from which they Flooed back to Voldemort’s rooms at Riddle Mansion.

Once in the privacy of Voldemort’s rooms, they kissed urgently, bodies writhing with need. It had been too long since they’d last shared a bed and Cyriacus’s Incubus nature was demanding to be fed and now! Jerking at each others clothes they stumbled backwards through the main room and to Voldemort’s bed.

Cyriacus fell onto the bed and determinedly began to unbuckle his belt, one handed as his left arm was still covered in the dragonhide gauntlet and rather useless. Glaring as his belt got stuck; he muttered a charm which jerked off his trousers, boxers and socks, leaving them in a neat pile on the floor beside the bed. Voldemort watched him in a mix of amusement at his impatience and possessiveness as he stared at the golden perfection that was his. Shedding the rest of his clothes and removing the elaborate Glamour, he climbed onto his bed and straddled his lover. Cyriacus tugged Voldemort down onto him, latching his mouth on the side of Voldemort’s throat, eliciting an appreciative gasp. Voldemort meanwhile was reaching underneath the pillows for the vial of lubricant he kept when he knew to expect Cyriacus. Normally they would have teased each other a bit longer but Voldemort was beginning to understand his lover’s Incubus needs. Their first coupling was usually one filled with passion and a desperate neediness that sated Cyriacus’s Incubus nature while the second coupling was much slower with prolonged pleasure.

Once Voldemort had the vial in hand, he quickly coated his cock first and then nudged Cyriacus’s legs apart. Spreading his legs wider, Cyriacus moaned appreciatively when he felt two fingers sinking into his opening and stretching him. Had he not been half blinded with need, he might have wondered when Voldemort had begun reading him so well. Voldemort made quick work preparing his younger lover, knowing just how impatient the quarter Incubus got if he had to wait too long. Once he was certain his lover was ready and more than willing, he gently took hold of his hips and slid in with one smooth thrust, filling Cyriacus completely. With a groan of sheer pleasure, Cyriacus pushed back against him drawing Voldemort in as deep as he could and Voldemort, taking that as a sign to continue, pulled out and thrust back in hard.

Soon the only sounds in the room were Cyriacus’s moans mixed in with demands of “Harder” or “Faster”. Voldemort obliged, loosing himself in their mutual pleasure until they both climaxed with a shout. They collapsed onto the bed in a sweaty pile (Voldemort careful not to land on Cy’s injured arm), drawing in ragged breaths. Voldemort pulled out of Cyriacus and was about to cast a Cleaning spell when Cyriacus stopped him.

“You have a perfectly large enough whirlpool bath; let’s get cleaned off in there.” Cyriacus suggested face flushed.
Grabbing his wand, Voldemort lazily waved his arm in the direction of the bathroom and the taps turned on. He moved off of Cyriacus who had turned over to rest on his back, watching him with a strange look on his face.

“Is something wrong?” Voldemort asked after a few minutes of silence as they waited for the bath to fill.

“No, just thinking.” Cyriacus said with a frown before changing the subject. “So how are the plans for the Dark Congress going?”

Voldemort sighed and lazily traced patterns on Cyriacus’s bare leg. “Everything seems to be in order and I have not found any loopholes, which makes me feel a little more at ease. My spies still report that the meeting place is both Manticore and Nundu free which is also relieving.”

“I’m sure.” Cyriacus agreed, sitting up. “Do you think the tub’s full yet?”

“Perhaps, why don’t we go look?” Voldemort suggested.

Cyriacus chuckled as he led the way; giving Voldemort a fine view and making the older wizard look forward to the second round of sex. The tub was full so Cyriacus turned off the taps and slid into the hot water, sighing with pleasure. Voldemort looked amused as he stepped into the tub and automatically reached for a sponge and soap. Cyriacus ducked his head into the water and rubbed at his sticky stomach before joining his lover.

“So who’s invited to the Dark Congress?” Cyriacus asked, allowing Voldemort to wash him as he relaxed. Strange as it may seem, he was only ever truly himself with Voldemort.

Voldemort smiled, pleased that Cyriacus would allow him this intimacy and scrubbed at Cyriacus’s chest and stomach before twisting him around so he could scrub at his back and neck. “The Vampire High Council will of course be there, along with the fifteen Werewolf Chiefs. I believe that the Centaurs have deigned to come but I am not certain how many representatives they will send. The Merpeople will send along their twelve Nereid Queens and the Dementor Lords will of course come, though as you know, the Lord within Great Britain is already aligned with me. The Banshees will send along their Screech and the Sirens their Temptress. I do not know if the neutral parties will attend, namely the Veela, Dwarves, Fae or Goblins.”

“Hmm, odds are that anyone invited will arrive namely because the Light’s hope, Harry Potter has died at your hand. If they do not join you they will be sure to state their position as Neutrals for fear of incurring your wrath otherwise.” Cyriacus added thoughtfully, taking the sponge from Voldemort and absently washing his lover. “From what I recall of my history, the Dark Congress has existed since 1499 BC and meets anywhere between once to eight times a century. It was not originally known as the Dark Congress but since the year 804 AD has been primarily used by Dark Wizards to make alliances with supposed ‘Dark’ Creatures and thus got it’s more modern appellation. From what I recall, the Incubi/Succubi lost interest in human affairs sometime after 202 AD and the Fae simply retreated Underhill about a hundred years after that. Are there even any Giants left?”

“They had a Civil War in the fall of 1995. I believe that is how Hagrid died; he was caught in the crossfire and the Headmistress of Beauxbaton barely escaped with her life. As I recall they were on a mission from Dumbledore or so Severus told me.”

Cyriacus looked pensive. “Dumbledore did not tell me the details only that Hagrid had died on a mission. Oh well, I doubt he would have been of use to us and he would not have taken my ‘betrayal’ very well I imagine.”
They were quiet for a few minutes before Voldemort spoke. “Do you believe you are betraying them?”

“In the beginning I had no true options and now, it is not so much that I betray them but that I am bound to the fate that was Prophesized for me. To attempt to run from one’s destiny once you have set foot on the path is to cause it to bind your life more tightly to the path for which your actions were Foreseen. I may be hopelessly stubborn but even I am not that much of a fool.” Cyriacus said softly.

Voldemort frowned slightly. “This Prophecy, will you not explain it to me?”

Cyriacus sighed, feeling very weary all of the sudden. “It is a complicated thing but I will explain on Sunday, all of it.”

“Very well,” Voldemort said, not wanting to spoil the rest of their evening by asking questions Cyriacus obviously did not want to answer. He would learn it all soon enough. After all, it was only a matter of being patient.

Cyriacus woke rather suddenly, his internal clock telling him that he had gotten all the sleep he needed this night. He was lying on his right side, using Voldemort’s left arm as a pillow to rest his head. Casting a Wordless spell, silvery mist formed the time: 3:55 AM. He would have to leave soon, but there was still enough time to give his lover and himself a pleasant memory. Carefully shifting off his lover and onto his stomach, Cyriacus grinned as he manipulated his Transformation, allowing only his wings to emerge. He had only discovered his ability to manipulate his Transformations earlier in the week after a very frustrating day of classes. Suffice to say, he was in a better mood about his Transformations, now having a little more control over them. Using a spell to contain the blood that would have splattered all over Voldemort and the bed, Cyriacus stretched his wings and then carefully straddled his sleeping lover. Spreading his left wing out across the bed and bracing himself with his right arm, he dropped feather light kisses across Voldemort’s neck and chest.

Voldemort shifted slightly, mumbling something under his breath but didn’t wake. Cy only smiled as he continued exploring his lover. Normally, Cyriacus was content to have Voldemort do as he pleased with his body, the sex was after all, very good. This morning however, he was suddenly seized by an urge to do more than exchange kisses and brief nips at his lover’s body. Voldemort was pleasantly built, a few inches taller than himself but more broad in the shoulders. His muscles were defined but not nearly to the extent of Cyriacus, though part of it was really the result of what was necessary for a less painful Transformation. Wisely he had used a Glamour to steadily show the ‘change’ in his build, letting everyone draw the conclusion that it was a bizarre result of Harry discharging his Oaths. It wasn’t too unbelievable after all; most Wizards and Witches had rapid physical growth in the months before and after reaching their Majority.

Latching onto a brown nipple, he gently teased it with his teeth while soothing it with his tongue. Voldemort’s crimson eyes opened slowly and Cyriacus stared into his eyes as he nipped a little harder at the nub between his teeth. Voldemort hissed and unconsciously arched up into Cyriacus’s ministrations. Cyriacus grinned and released the nipple.

“And here I thought I’d worn you out.” Cyriacus teased, licking a trail down between Voldemort’s pectoral muscles and to his navel.

“A dead man could not sleep through that.” Voldemort commented drawing Cyriacus up for a kiss, pausing to cast a Freshening Charm on both their mouths first. Cyriacus obligingly opened his mouth, letting Voldemort deepen the kiss as his tongue snaked inside. Drawing back after a minute, Cyriacus grinned before going back to his explorations while Voldemort watched, amused by
Cyriacus’s uncharacteristic morning cheer. After dropping a few kisses and a few licks along Voldemort’s abdomen and around his navel, Cyriacus shifted his attention lower. While staring at Voldemort, Cy mouthed the head of his lover’s cock, flicking his tongue against the underside and tip. Voldemort let out a groan and Cyriacus felt his cock twitch in response. He teased his lover a few minutes more in this fashion before pulling back and gently blowing on his cock, causing Voldemort to squirm.

Remembering a conversation he’d had with Anthony a year or more ago, he took Voldemort’s cock into his mouth and slowly moved his head in a circular motion, smiling at the moans that came from Voldemort’s mouth as his cock slid around his mouth. Cyriacus was cautious; using his tongue to buffer his lover’s cock if it came too close to his teeth but slowly shifted his head counterclockwise. After several rotations in both directions, Cyriacus noted his lover was close to climaxing and abruptly removed his mouth. Voldemort opened his eyes at the loss of contact and saw what Cyriacus was planning. He spread his legs a bit more and settled his right hand on Cyriacus’s hip, helping steady his lover while using the other to guide his cock into the younger Wizard, who slowly sank down onto his hard, dripping cock. When Cyriacus was seated, Voldemort brought his other hand to rest on Cy’s hip. The quarter-Incubus grinned at his lover before slowly lifting himself up and then plunged down, flexing his muscles and causing Voldemort to groan, tightening his grip on Cy’s hips.

They picked up a rhythm that suited them both, Voldemort thrusting up to meet Cyriacus’s plunge down. Voldemort was practically mindless at this point and Cyriacus was breathing harshly, cheeks flushed and moving up and down with wild abandon. Feeling his climax approach, Voldemort reached for Cyriacus’s dripping cock. Wrapping his hand around its length, he gently stroked it in up and down motions. Cyriacus shouted his name as he came and Voldemort managed a final thrust and a last thought before his thinking functions shut down, as he came he hoped Cyriacus would wake this cheerful more often.

Cyriacus slumped forward, but opened his wings to keep himself upright. Voldemort tried to sit up but only managed to lean up on both elbows. Cyriacus understood the reason behind his motion and leaned forward, their lips meeting for a slow kiss.

“That was a very pleasant way to greet the morning.” Voldemort commented when they pulled away.

Cyriacus smiled as he lifted himself off of Voldemort and spelled them both clean. “You’re welcome, though I can’t say it was purely altruistic of me. I, too, wanted something to remember before going back to Hogwarts.”

“Well I can only hope we have as much fun next time.” Voldemort replied with a very satisfied smirk. “Were you pleased with your prize then?”

“Very.” Cyriacus agreed before his wings retracted back into his body and he rolled off the older Wizard. He crawled to the edge of the bed pleasantly sore and still strangely cheerful. Voldemort watched silently, knowing that Cyriacus would have to leave soon but still unhappy about it.

“What time is it?”

Cyriacus raised an eyebrow and cast the same spell again for the second time that night. The time now read 4:45 AM.

“I have to get going, I need to be back at Hogwarts before 5 or there’s going to be hell to pay. I’m going to take a quick shower first though.” Cyriacus said stretching before heading into the bathroom. He stepped out ten minutes later, to see Voldemort sitting on the edge of the bed, wearing
a black and silver trimmed night robe, Cyriacus’s clothes from the other night all folded neatly next to him. Cyriacus pulled on his clothes from the night before and allowed Voldemort a very nice, lingering kiss. Reluctantly he released the younger man and Cyriacus gave him another quick peck and a wink.

“I’ll see you again on Sunday, don’t sulk too much.” That said he walked into a shadow and vanished.

It was almost five when Cyriacus arrived at the Apparation point, just outside of Hogwarts. Quietly he made his way to the school and to his surprise, found no one waiting for him in the Entrance Hall. Taking that as a good sign, he increased his pace and headed down into the dungeons and the Slytherin Dormitories. Pausing to give the password (Tragedy) he entered the Common Room and was once again surprised to see only Nusayr in his ocelot form ‘Shadow’ waiting up for him. Cyriacus shook his head and headed down the stairs to his room, Nusayr following him. The moment the door closed and the Privacy Wards activated, he turned to find Nusayr in his human form, leaning against one of the posters of his bed.

“You have slept with him. I almost do not understand why you both sneak around like you do.” Nusayr commented, waiting to see what Cyriacus’s reaction was going to be.

Cyriacus blinked and then raised an eyebrow. “How long have you known?”

“I had suspicions that you were involved for several weeks, but I did not know for certain until last weekend.” Nusayr said with a slight smile. “You came back to your room on Saturday morning covered in his scent and he gave himself away later that day when I was examining you and found the Chylla’s Mark.”

“Well then I suppose we’ll have to be more careful from now on. It’s not that I fear the reaction of his servants, but I do not want to deal with the speculation and I will not risk my…involvement with him being leaked to my enemies.” Cyriacus said warningly.

Nusayr shrugged. “I do not care whom you share your bed with but your mortal father may not react like me.”

“I can handle him when the time comes.” Cy replied taking off his robe and shirt before beginning his morning exercise. Nusayr didn’t comment but thought about the possible repercussions when that relationship was revealed.

At a quarter to 7, he headed down to the Common Room, joining the Slytherins in his Year. The rest of the House had treated him with mixed reactions based on their alignment in the War. Those allied with Voldemort treated him with cautious respect, always polite and courteous while those allied with the Light treated him with a mixture of pity and depending on how many rumors had reached them about his involvement with Voldemort, disgust. The neutrals were polite but distant, content to observe his interactions with both sides. Few people knew of his supposed alliances but the majority of the Slytherins had heard of his allegiances and most didn’t quite know what to think, he was an exemplary actor after all and a powerful Wizard to boot.

Draco glanced up as he approached. “When did you come in last night, or rather this morning? We waited up for you until just a little after midnight.”

Cyriacus shrugged slightly. “It doesn’t matter.”
Pansy looked him over critically. “Well you don’t look short on sleep so I suppose it couldn’t have been that late.”

“Breakfast then?” suggested Greg.

Blaise snickered. “You and Vince always think about food. Let’s go then.”

They made their way up to the main floor and to the Great Hall. Cyriacus noted the lingering looks Dumbledore and his father graced him with but otherwise ignored them as he took a seat at the Slytherin table. He would have perhaps half an hour before the post was delivered and then everyone would have a fair guess how he had spent his evening last night. He knew Dumbledore would not wait very long before asking questions, but he at least would wait until they were out of earshot of the students and he wasn’t very sure about his father’s reaction.

Thus far they had tolerated each other’s presence and got along when they needed to. There was not very much affection or familial devotion between them, though his father had taken the role of being the protector of the Snape Bloodline very seriously. Cyriacus had known that most of the Inner Circle and the Elite had been confused by his father’s sudden nurturing and protective actions towards him but Cyriacus had a good guess that his father’s actions were purely motivated by self-interest. Severus Snape was very much a loner and though he had been blindsided upon learning he had a son, it had saved him a great deal of trouble. His father would not have to marry unless he chose to and best of all, go through the hassle of having children and raising them. Thus it was very much in his father’s interests to keep him alive and whole to continue the bloodline.

Cyriacus was slightly on edge when the post owls arrived and he accepted his copy of the *Daily Prophet* and the *International Zephyr* with some trepidation. He opened the former and to his relief found that he was not on the front page and glancing through the rest, noted nothing of interest save a brief note saying he was spotted at Olympus having dinner with an unknown Wizard. The *Zephyr*, on the other hand, had much better sources and apparently, photographers to boot. For there on the front page was a picture of Cyriacus with Marcellus sprawled on top of him on the flying carpet, kissing under the multicolor light of the fireworks. It was a highly compromising picture to be sure. Based on the old Wizarding Courting rules, they weren’t supposed to have that kind of intimate contact unless it was very likely they were going to get engaged or married within the year. Around him he could already hear the whispers and he noticed the surprised glances thrown his way.

An Unexpected Romance
By: Eloise Winston
*International Zephyr*

Last evening, Vitium Court was host to the surprising Courtship of the newly crowned Lord of Gryffindor Cyriacus Snape, by the reclusive Welsh Warlock Marcellus Arvell. Undercover reporters with the Zephyr reported that the two dined at Olympus, the most luxurious restaurant in the high class district of Blanc Havre. After dinner, the two enjoyed a bottle of champagne, while watching a private fireworks display accompanied by music from the Parisian Wizarding Orchestra. Upon the completion of the evening’s entertainment they were both witnessed leaving Vitium Court together, destination unknown.

This romance was shocking to most, as earlier in the month Mr. Snape’s Blood Bonded lover, Harry Potter was mercilessly tortured and killed by He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. Mr. Arvell is known to be a very reclusive Warlock and his sudden interest in the sixteen year old Lord of Gryffindor is questionable. Without a doubt, Cyriacus Snape and Marcellus Arvell rank in the top five of Great Britain’s Most Powerful Wizards. The possibility of a marriage between these two powerful Wizards may turn the tide in the War, the question of course, being what side they would serve during the
After Voldemort’s first downfall, Severus Snape (the father of Cyriacus Snape) was brought before the Wizengamot as a suspected Death Eater but his claim of having turned spy for the Light was vouched for by Albus Dumbledore. The taint of his involvement with the Dark Lord however has lingered and many have speculated upon the wisdom of allowing a possible Death Eater to teach Wizarding children. The Arvells have been staunch neutrals for the last three hundred years, though the family prior to that had a reputation for specializing in Dark Arts and having a very extensive and old Library dedicated to the subject.

This romance as surprising as it is, is also cause for some scandal both in regards to the blatant unconventional Courting (as seen in the picture) and in regards to the two Wizards themselves. Mr. Snape is not yet out of mourning for his Blood Bonded lover Harry Potter and is also still under the age of consent. Mr. Arvell is nearly nineteen years senior to Mr. Snape and many speculate that the reasons behind his sudden interest maybe be less than honorable and suggest the possibility he is taking advantage of the grief struck teen. Regardless of the social or political repercussions, this romance will be observed closely and commented upon by all.

Cyriacus just finished reading through the article when a hand seized the back collar of his robes and dragged him to his feet. Looking over his shoulder in slight shock, he spotted his enraged father scowling darkly at him.

“What is the meaning of this?!” Severus shouted, so angry he seemed to have forgotten that they were arguing in front of the majority of the school.

Cyriacus stepped away from his father, frowning. “I had dinner with him, that’s all really.”

Severus glared at him. “You left Hogwarts at eight o’clock last night and I checked the Ward Register this morning, you did not arrive back until almost five o’clock this morning! Where were you?”

“I really don’t think we should be having this conversation right here.” Cyriacus hissed, glancing at the silent enraptured audience.

“We will have this conversation wherever I deem it, I am your father! Now answer my question!”

Cyriacus scowled at him. “This is really not the place for this discussion and you are being highly irrational about my personal life!”

“My sixteen year old son is being courted by a man old enough to be his father and you wonder why I’m being irrational?!?” Severus exclaimed angrily.

“I don’t need your protection; you didn’t even know I existed until July! I may have accepted you as my father but I’m not going to let you dictate how I should live my life!” Cyriacus shouted.

Dumbledore had joined them and attempted to intervene. “Gentlemen-“

“You are my Heir and I will not have your social faux pas flaunted in my face by a newspaper! You should not have met with Mr. Arvell without my express permission and you certainly should not have allowed him such liberties, in public or private! As the Snape Heir, you are to make an advantageous alliance and though the Arvells are well connected, I would rather you marry someone your own age!”

“What is the likelihood that either of us would be pleased with each other’s selection of my spouse? I don’t find people my age attractive, I never have and I probably never will! I’m not some innocent
child and I’m more than capable of finding a suitable prospective spouse on my own! It’s not like you’d know anything about it, you never did get married after all and I’m a legitimized bastard for all intents and purposes.”

“Misters Sna-“

_Crack_

Everyone stared in shock and the Elite shifted nervously in their seats. Cyriacus turned his face so he could look at his father fully, his left cheek smarting and his golden skin turning red from the slap. The look in his eye caused both Severus and Dumbledore to take a cautious, instinctive step back and away from him. The air filled with power which poured off Cyriacus, filling the room as his dark green eyes brightened to an unholy green glow.

“You should not have done that.” Cyriacus snarled softly, his body rigid. “I have never taken any sort of physical attack without exacting due retribution from my attacker. You are my father and I will certainly not take any sort of physical punishment from you, despite what you think I may have deserved.”

The anger drained from Severus’s face and when he spoke his voice was devoid of emotion. “I apologize. I let my emotions get the best of me.”

Cyriacus scowled. “See to it that you don’t let your emotions get the best of you like that again. Next time, I won’t restrain myself from attacking you if you strike me.” Turning slowly he stalked from the room, closing the doors of the Great Hall behind him with a soft _snick_. Barely a heartbeat after the doors closed every plate, bowl and platter along with every glass cup or goblet shattered in the wake of his exit as his power discharged with a loud _boom_! The students shrieked and scrambled away from the spray of glass and ceramic, the teachers yelped from surprise and Dumbledore had eyes only for the door Cyriacus had vanished through.

_The Study, Voldemort’s Suite_
_Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton UK_
_Thursday the 18th of September 1997_
_7:35 AM_

Voldemort sat behind his desk, eating breakfast and reading over some reports in the privacy of his room. He had slept after Cyriacus left, waking up at six thirty to take a shower and go over the morning reports. Usually he took his meals in the Dining Hall with his Death Eaters but today he felt the need for privacy and had sent a house elf to bring him breakfast in his rooms. Fortunately, Nagini had taken her brood out to familiarize them with the forest, so he was alone in his suite. He glanced up when he felt an all too familiar shiver from the special Wards around his room and barely a minute later-; Cyriacus strode into his study looking irked.

“What are you doing here?” Voldemort asked surprised but still pleased to see his lover.

Cyriacus growled as he walked over to Voldemort. “My father threw the biggest tantrum in the Great Hall of all places! It was either get out or level Hogwarts around his thick head!”

Voldemort let out an oomph of surprise as Cyriacus dropped onto his lap and latched his mouth onto the side of his neck. He ran his left hand through Cy’s hair while wrapping his right arm around Cy’s back, drawing him closer. “Not that I’m complaining mind you, but won’t your absence cause some…concern?”
“I Apparated to Cannaid Clegr(1) before I came here and left Dumbledore’s Tracking Charm on a House elf. Let them talk, I don’t give a damn.” Cyriacus muttered before kissing Voldemort on the lips.

Salazar walked back into his portrait and gaped in surprise at the couple. Shaking his head, he cleared his throat. The two wizards broke apart, Cyriacus nearly tumbling out of the chair.

“Ahem, if you two are going to carry on in that manner, please spare me and go to Marvolo’s bedroom. Despite what some historians may have to say about me, I am not a voyeur.” Salazar said dryly.

Cyriacus carefully got to his feet and taking Voldemort’s hand dragged the older wizard from the room, muttering about portraits. Voldemort only snickered and activated another Ward to keep anyone or anything from entering his rooms.

A few minutes after dinner, Cyriacus calmly walked into the Great Hall, ignoring the sudden hush in the room as heads turned in his direction. Draco didn’t comment as Cyriacus took his seat next to the blond and absently filled his plate using Wandless magic, eyes distant. He had just taken a bite of his Beef Wellington when he heard someone clear their throat behind him. Dabbing his lips with his napkin, Cyriacus turned and was unsurprised to see the Headmaster standing behind him.

“Mr. Snape, if you will join me in my office after dinner?”

“Of course,” Cyriacus agreed easily and watched as Dumbledore walked back to the Head table.

Draco glanced at him. “I don’t suppose you’d care to tell us where you’ve been all day?”

“Seeing my lover and making some…arrangements.” Cyriacus replied smoothly, turning back to his meal.

“That’d be Arvell?” Theo asked nonchalantly.

Cy shrugged, “Perhaps.”

Just as dinner ended he saw his father speaking to a Third Year before storming from the room. A few minutes later the Third Year girl came up to him.

“Your father wants to talk to you in his office after you finish meeting with Professor Dumbledore.”

Cy sneered, “Is he too important to ask me himself? I’ve half a mind to leave him waiting.”

The girl hesitated for a moment but steeling herself continued. “You weren’t here all day at school and your father’s been in a horrible mood, even with us Slytherins. I don’t know where you went or why but everyone’s been on edge since you left this morning.”

Cy rested his right hand on his hip. “What are you trying to say?”

“Just see what he has to say, I don’t want to have classes with him if he’s like this and the rest of us shouldn’t suffer just because the two of you had a nasty argument.”

“I’ll do as I please.” Cyriacus growled before smoothly gliding around the Third Year and out of the Great Hall. He scowled at everyone he crossed paths with and everyone scurried out of his way, looking away from him. Eventually he made it to the stone Gargoyle that guarded the Headmaster’s office and glared at it. Cyriacus felt a draft behind him and saw Dumbledore step out of a passage a
few feet away from him.

“Earwax,” The old wizard smiled slightly as the Gargoyle moved aside and gestured for Cyriacus to precede him. Grudgingly, Cyriacus stepped up onto the moving staircase, resisting the urge to turn around so his back wouldn’t be left defenseless. Reaching the landing, he stepped off and moved towards the office door, turning so that he was facing Dumbledore.

The Headmaster didn’t comment about his behavior and instead opened the door and held it open as Cyriacus entered. Following the other wizard inside, he pretended to study the layout of the room and the objects contained within. He spent a few minutes glancing at the portraits of the Headmasters before turning his attention to studying the various instruments scattered around the room. The books were of little interest to him, he’d seen a better collection at Arcanum after all and the perch near the windows was unoccupied. During his examination of the room, Dumbledore had taken his seat behind his desk and waited patiently until Cyriacus finished his inspection before gesturing the younger Wizard to have a seat.

“I would offer you refreshments but as we just came from dinner, no doubt you would prefer I get to the point?” Dumbledore said rather bluntly.

Cyriacus smiled slightly. “I’m not the mood for games today, no.”

“Very well then, I have heard rumors of course that Marcellus Arvell was the one sending you those bouquets of exquisite roses every morning since the beginning of school. My only question is why you are involved with him.”

“I don’t really have a choice. When Voldemort heard of Arvell’s sudden interest he commanded that I convince Arvell to join his side in the War, using whatever means necessary, even if it meant that I would have to marry the man. He is not bad company, is rather pleasing to look upon and has an extraordinarily brilliant mind but I cannot infer as to whether he would be willing to side with Voldemort.”

Dumbledore looked thoughtful for a few minutes before speaking. “Did he say specifically why he wanted Arvell?”

“No.”

“This is troublesome news indeed. I hesitate to ask but I must know, did you spend the rest of the evening with Mr. Arvell?”

Cyriacus shrugged. “I spent a portion of my evening with him, but it was not as scandalous as the papers may have made it sound. We spent a great deal of time playing chess and discussing mutual points of interest. I Flooed to a discreet brothel in Paris and had my needs seen to once I had taken my leave of Marcellus.”

“Cyriacus, I apologize most profusely for having put you in this position, if I had known-“

Cyriacus interrupted, “All that matters now is acting above question and becoming Voldemort’s right hand. Any unpleasant tasks along the way will be dealt with but the only thing that matters is the ultimate goal: destroying Voldemort utterly. Harry’s sacrifice will not be in vain, I refuse it.”

“Of course,” Dumbledore agreed, inwardly frowning at the lengths the younger Wizard was willing to go.

“If that is all?”
Dumbledore held up his hand. “A final question before you go, where did you go today?”

Cyriacus crossed his arms and met Dumbledore’s eyes. “I know you have a Tracking Charm on me so you know very well where I went for the majority of the day. At the time, my only options were to level the building around my father or work off the excess energy and I figured I might as well kill two birds with one stone. Arvell, fortunately, is not as much of a Traditionalist as I had first thought and he was more than willing to take what I was offering. I believe it has considerably improved my odds of completing my first assigned task before the end of this year.”

Dumbledore opened his mouth to speak and paused, deciding there was no use discouraging the younger Wizard from doing what he thought was necessary. He shook his head and forged on, “And what did you do at the Ministry?”

“I filed my papers to declare emancipation. Harry pointed out in his papers that the Heir Apparent to the title of Lord of Gryffindor, if there is no living Lord of Gryffindor, may apply for emancipation if they have reached the age of fourteen and have proven themselves capable of all the responsibilities that come with it. There is little doubt that I will be granted emancipation as I am already highly qualified and merely a year away from reaching my majority anyway.”

Dumbledore frowned, pondering the repercussions. “Is that wise?”

“It does not matter if it is or not, there is no way to avoid receiving the Mark and Voldemort has been most eager to see what artifacts and secrets the Gryffindor properties may hold. We all have our roles to play in this War and I will do whatever is necessary to reach my goals.”

“I see,” Dumbledore sighed. “You may go now, unless there is something else I may help you with?”

“No thank you, will it be suitable if I submit my report to you on Tuesday?”

“That will be fine.”

Cyriacus got to his feet gracefully. “Farewell then, Headmaster.”

“Good evening, Mr. Snape.”

Ten minutes later, Cyriacus knocked at his father’s office door and then entered. He took a seat in front of his father’s desk and waited.

“I overreacted this morning and I have already apologized for my actions. I do not suppose you’d like to tell me what actually occurred?” Severus said with a frown as he warded the room.

Cyriacus glanced up at his father. “We want Arvell and so I am doing what I can to ensure that we have him, if that means sharing his bed so be it. If it means an engagement or marriage, I will do what I can to delay either but neither position is irreversible. Your actions earlier forced me to play the role of the ‘misunderstood, angsty teenager’ which led to me having to spend several more hours with Marcellus.”

“Dare I ask how far you went to win his…affections?”

“I do what is necessary though I would appreciate it if you would tone down your reactions to my plans so I need not be pushed to do anything prematurely.” Cyriacus snapped out darkly before leaving the room, evading answering the question.
Dumbledore’s Office  
Hogwarts, Scotland UK  
Saturday the 20th of September 1997  
9:08 PM

Dumbledore waited for his fourteen guests to arrive, his office having been re-arranged to situate a table that sat sixteen. The House Elves had kindly provided sandwiches and soup along with tea and various drinks. Most of his guests would be in their twenties though there were three in their thirties. Dumbledore could only hope that his selection would be varied enough. They trickled in over the next half hour, some looking harried having come straight from work and others looked relaxed if uneasy. His suggestion tonight and their reaction would show how his interactions with the Order would go from this point forward.

Oliver Wood, Viktor Krum and Karl Broadmoor were clustered at one end of the table talking and gesturing wildly about Quidditch strategies and latest opponents. Kingsley Shacklebolt, Nymphadora Tonks and Amelia Chambers sat at the other end of the table talking about the on-goings in the Ministry. Raphael King, Natalie Hooper, Tyler Edgecome and Hestia Jones were talking about how things were going at St. Mungo’s. Bill Weasley and Fleur Delacour were talking about Gringotts while Charlie and Karen Mourning were exchanging stories about the animals they worked with. Dumbledore smiled as Severus joined them, scowling no doubt from his night of grading papers.

“Please, have a seat Severus and then we will begin.” Dumbledore said jovially.

Snape sat and glared. “Can you be quick about this? Why are we all here?”

“We are here to talk about your son and Voldemort.”

Shacklebolt and Chambers sat up at the mention of the terrorizing Dark Lord.

The intensity of Severus’s glare increased and he waited a few moments to ensure he had complete control of his emotions before speaking. “What of them?”

“I imagine that your son has mentioned his new task?”

“He has spoken of it.”

Bill glanced at the seething Potions Master and then the solemn Headmaster. “Sir, what has Cyriacus been assigned to do for the Dark Lord?”

Dumbledore sighed. “He has been instructed to insure Marcellus Arvell’s loyalty to Voldemort by any means necessary.”

“Whoring my son or selling him in marriage if needed.” Severus growled very unhappy.

Several guests gaped at the information while Shacklebolt frowned. “Why would they want Arvell? He’s powerful certainly but nothing spectacular.”

“That would be the question that we can’t answer and I’m most curious to know if Cyriacus’s mission is general knowledge to the rest of the Death Eaters?”

“I have not heard so much as a whisper about Cyriacus’s task within the fortress so I believe that this mission is strictly on a need to know basis.”

Raphael King cleared his throat and everyone looked to him expectantly. “Why are we gathered here? I imagine that there is a reason for telling such a select number of us about the situation and I
imagine that you have planned a course of action requiring our abilities.”

“You would be correct. We need a delaying tactic should Voldemort press Cyriacus into an engagement or marriage to Arvell. What I require of one of you is simply this: to act out a Courtship adhering strictly to the traditional rules. As Cyriacus is pretending to be a double agent, Voldemort cannot allow Cyriacus to act in any way that may cause suspicion.”

Silence.

Karen Mourning was the first to speak, her violet eyes wide with surprise. “Albus, I’m nearly forty years old! Why would he be attracted to someone my age as opposed to Tonks or Hestia?”

Severus closed his eyes and made a sound like a choked laugh. “You didn’t actually believe him did you? Potter was only a year older than him and he is most definitely not allowing Arvell Courtship because of the Welsh Warlock’s age! You’ve seen his reactions to the offers he has been receiving, why would you think he would accept one of them?”

“Because he must, that is why.” Dumbledore turned to look at the others. “It is much to ask of you I know, but this is a very urgent matter. We will allow Cyriacus his choice among you if you are willing to do this much for the Order.”

Shacklebolt shook his head. “I don’t think it would be wise for him to be seen being Courted by anyone who works within the Ministry, especially as Voldemort is likely to see this for what it is, a delaying tactic.”

“I can’t do it, I’ll be in San Francisco by November and you’ll want someone to be seen Courting him longer than that.” Broadmoor commented with some relief.

Hestia shook her head. “I can’t do it, I’d never manage it. Not after that time we walked in on them at Rapture.”

Viktor frowned. “How are we to compete with Arvell? None of us have the funds for such a grand Courting.”

“Sometimes, it is the little things that matter the most.” Dumbledore said with a smile. “While Arvell will make grand gestures, whomever Cyriacus chooses will play the opposite, keeping things simple and comfortable. It will be a good contrast but most importantly it leaves more room for a long Courtship. Arvell will eventually stumble as he attempts to outdo each of his outings. I take it the nine of you have no objections to this?”

Reluctantly they had no more objections to voice and Dumbledore beamed, “Excellent! Now I will expect the nine of you here in my office next Tuesday evening at eight. I will be informing Cyriacus of our plans then.”

Dismissed, the guests took their leave, talking softly leaving only Severus and Dumbledore.

“I do not think he will take this well.” Severus commented.

“He may not but it is necessary and he will see it as such, eventually.” Dumbledore replied, thinking ahead and planning. Fortunately the more stubborn minded had been weeded out, leaving those more likely to fall prey to the younger Wizard’s charm and power. If he was careful orchestrating things, he could easily turn the fake Courtship into a real one, provided he could find a way to lower Cyriacus’s defenses.

Severus bid the older man a good night and quickly left the room, not the least bit happy with the
situation but especially wary as he had seen that oh so familiar plotting light come into Dumbledore’s
gaze. He would have to warn both the Dark Lord and his son what Dumbledore was planning.

The Summoning Circle
Riddle Mansion Grounds, Little Hangleton, UK
Sunday the 21st of September 1997
8:15 PM

Voldemort watched silently as Cyriacus cast a series of complex spells which literally re-melted the
surface of the Summoning Circle and altered it to specifically suit this evening’s Summoning. His
Inner Circle surrounded the Summoning Circle, observing the proceedings as they talked softly
amongst their companions. Cyriacus was bare-chested only wearing flimsy silver gauze trousers,
which Voldemort found highly distracting as he had trouble focusing his attention on anything but
the revealing material. Voldemort took a deep breath inhaling the earthy yet citrus perfumed air.
Glaring at the huge silver torches burning a mixture of Cypress, Hyssop and Bergamot oil,
Voldemort resisted the urge to cancel the Summoning and drag his lover off to his bedroom.

Sprawled across the warm obsidian steps, Nusayr alertly watched the proceedings and scanned the
surrounding territory for signs of danger. Since the afternoon his charge was abducted by the Chylla,
he had practically become Cyriacus’ s shadow (earning the name for his feline form) rarely leaving
him to wander about alone. Normally Cyriacus might have chafed under such keen observation but
as he had no recollections of what exactly had occurred while he was with the Chylla, he kept silent
and bore with Nusayr’s guarding.

Twenty minutes later, Cyriacus had finished magically carving the last of the Summoning Runes
onto the surface of the obsidian Summoning Circle. He stalked around, double checking the spacing
and carving of the runes before giving a satisfied nod and walking towards the southernmost side
of the octagon. Asaph, a black haired Revenant with skin the color of dark honey, handed him a small
knapsack. Cyriacus accepted the bag and moved back to the Summoning Circle. Opening the bag,
he took out a black pouch and cast the counter spell for a Shrinking Charm before upending the bag,
spilling out fine white rock salt. A wave of his hand sent the rock salt spreading around the middle of
the outermost circle, creating the first magical barrier needed to pierce the veil between the Mortal
Realm and the Celestial Plane. As normal, he walked around the salt circle, checking for consistency
and evenness before moving towards the center.

Unlike the prior surface of the Summoning Circle, this particular variation had four circles, not
including the center circle which the Necromancer usually stood within. The circles each contained a
particular number of Protection Circles where recipients of Summoned Beings or Creatures, stood to
receive their gifts or protection. The outermost circle contained thirteen Protection Circles, with the
other circles containing nine, five and three respectively. The North, West and Eastern sides of the
Summoning Circle had triangles of power, each triangle surrounding three Protection circles, two
from the outermost at the bottom of the triangle and one from the second outermost circle at the tip of
the triangle. Instead of a triangle, the Southern side had a pentagon of power, with three Protection
Circles at the bottom of the pentagon, one each on both sides of the pentagon and one at the tip. The
remaining Protection Circles were laid out in straight lines between the Triangles and Pentagon of
power, focusing the channeled energy directly to the very center of the Summoning Circle. This
particular layout of the Summoning Circle was primarily used as a channeling device to boost the
longevity of the Summoned Spirits, allowing them to remain within the Mortal Realm for as long as
needed.

Cyriacus took his place within the innermost circle which was a Protection Circle in and of itself
while also being the focal point for channeling and harnessing power. In every circumstance the
center Protection Circle was the safest to be in, as it was both the last and center Circle of whatever number of Summoning Circles were used and it was doubly warded as the Necromancer always drew a Circle of Warding around him or herself before beginning a Summoning. Drawing out the next items from the knapsack, he levitated three small crystals the size of a chess piece to the Protection Circles along the second circle (counting from the center out). Once they were settled, he cast the counter spell and they reverted to their normal size becoming six foot tall crystals nearly two feet wide at the base. All of the crystals were already engraved with Necromantic Runes though one of them was completely covered in runes as compared to the other two. Removing a stick of white chalk, he drew a circle around where he was standing and then put it away, banishing the knapsack. Turning to face the northernmost point on the octagon, he levitated a pail of blood and shifted his right hand, inking his claws with the blood and drawing on his abdomen. As soon as everyone present had been given a Blood rune which would allow them to speak with the Summoned Spirits, Cyriacus spoke for the first time since they had entered the wards surrounding the Summoning Circle.

“It is time; you may approach the edge of the upraised Circle. Those with pails of blood may stand at the edge of the Salt Circle but do not cross or damage it.”

Everyone moved closer, ascending the three steps leading up to the Summoning Circle. Voldemort easily stepped up onto the actual Summoning Circle, careful to stay a good distance away from the Salt Circle, setting the pail of blood at his feet. Taking a quick look around Voldemort noted that Cyriacus had only entrusted the pails of blood to the Revenants, Nusayr and himself. During the time while everyone had been moving into place around or on the Summoning Circle, Cyriacus had filled three goblets with his blood and levitated them over to the sides of each crystal. Taking a final glance around the Circle he nodded to himself and gave the first order.

“Pour the blood on my side of the Salt Circle without disrupting it and then take a step away from the Salt Circle.” Cyriacus instructed.

Voldemort and the others did as they were told and once they had stepped back, Cyriacus began speaking in the Necromancer’s Cant, waving his one good hand around in slow methodical motions. The blood began moving, filling up the engraved runes with blood. Watching closely, Cyriacus observed making sure every rune was filled with blood before beginning the Summoning and drawing the necessary runes in the air as he uttered the Summoning prose.

“I Summon Spirits of the Celestial Plain by the Offering of my Blood, I Summon the Spirits by the crystal spire! By the Blood of the Illusionist, I Summon!”

Like the last time, the crystals flared with light and ghostly shapes stepped out of them. Two of them were very familiar, the blond Merlin and the raven haired Blaze but the dark haired woman with blue almond shaped eyes, dressed in elaborate green and gold robes confused almost everyone. Cyriacus however had a steely look in his dark green gaze and immediately stepped out of his Protection Circle.

“Who wove the Mind Web?” Cyriacus demanded glaring. “I know it wasn’t Morgan, she’s a good Healer but she never mastered Mind Magicks.”

Some of the Wizards gaped but Voldemort didn’t bat an eye, he had recognized her.

Morgan nearly grinned and spoke, her voice laced with a slight French accent. “I am quite surprised at your audacity, you will make a lovely change in this world I can feel it!”

“You’ve said that about nearly every Dark Lord or Lady that’s risen since Merlin’s passing, you fickle woman.” Blaze retorted, rolling his eyes.
Cyriacus growled. “Answer my damned question already before I go over to Arcanum and drag you out of your bloody tower you meddling witch!”

“*Fantastique, un cracheur de feu!***” Morgan replied laughing merrily.

Merlin interrupted before Cy could lose his temper too badly. “Do not mind her. She has been overjoyed at the prospect of leaving the school in your capable hands. Even she has tired of living in isolation at Arcanum all these years.”

Lucius glanced at them skeptically. “Are you saying that Morgan Le Fey is the mysterious person who has been directing the actions of the Arcanum Alumni for over a thousand years?”

“Yes.” Cyriacus growled. “Someone wove a very complex Mind Web on me of all people, hiding all sorts of information and knowledge someone obviously didn’t want me to remember until the time was right! Now I want some bloody explanations.”

*“Mais oui,”* Morgan agreed eyes dancing merrily. “I will be only too pleased to answer any questions you may have about Arcanum. You must forgive my giddiness, I have been searching for *le successeur* for so long and then I find the perfect *candidat!* I am very happy. As for who wove that complex Mind Web on you darling, that was me. You see, when I left the Wizarding World I was only a Healer but I’ve picked up quite a few new talents along the way.”

Cyriacus frowned. “I see.”

Blaze picked up his goblet of blood. “I imagine if you’ve Summoned the three of us, you have learned of your Ancestor’s Prophecy and no doubt want our interpretation of it?”

“Yes.”

Merlin leaned casually against his crystal. “It was my last Prophecy, given a few months before I passed on and it was the most troublesome of the thirty odd Prophecies I’d given in my lifespan. At the time, I never imagined that a descendant of mine would be the one I had spoken of, the Prince of Dragons that is. I recall gaping in astonishment when I realized what had happened. Tryphena was the brightest and kindest of my four daughters and though she was a squib she was content with her life, marrying the son of one of Arthur’s knights. Had you been of Meredith’s line, I may not have been as surprised, though she had magic, she abjured it for love of her swain a quiet older man by the name of Cuthbert.”

Cyriacus cleared his throat and Merlin smiled sheepishly.

“You’ll have to forgive my ramblings. Vivian did say I was fond of pondering aloud the twists of Fate. In any case, the Prophecy, yes I remember it as clearly now as when I first gave it.” Merlin straightened up and repeated it for the benefit of those who had not read it.

“Peace shall be broken with the death of the King/strife and death shall sweep the land. Refuge in the spell’s mirror/blinds eyes of foe and allies make hidden. Forgotten to all but few/danger looms on distant horizon.” Merlin paused. “This has already come true; it was after Arthur’s death when the first persecution of our kind began. The preservation of our kind though, came in the form of the Anti-Muggle Charms.”

“To arms shall brothers slay brothers/to bed shall daughter and son lay. Ally and foe both blind/the sands of time shall wear/thin shall mirror’s spell become. Salvation only in rebirth/hope lies in one who Death calls Ruin. Son of three, Heir of four/betrayed and betrayer/love and beloved of his foe. Blaze and I had an inkling it might be you when Lily decided to fulfill the Debt between our families
but I was not completely certain until you finished your Necromancy training.”

Blaze grinned. “In record time too, it took me three and a half years to become a Master Necromancer. You took to it quite well.”

Merlin cleared his throat and Blaze quieted, allowing his former student to continue. “Destruction to those who oppose him, mercy given to none/save those named friend and ally. Black spires will climb spearing the heavens/darkness shall pass into darkness and blood will pave the streets/long may he reign, the Prince of Dragons.”

There was a moment of silence as the Inner Circle, the Primordial Beings and Voldemort mulled over the Prophecy. Cyriacus glared at Merlin for drawing out the situation longer than necessary but allowed him to have his moment. Cyriacus snorted when he heard a relieved, “Picked the right side!” mumbled from someone in the back of the crowd. Voldemort was practically grinning; he was assured a victory as Cyriacus was on his side! Nusayr meanwhile exchanged dark, frustrated looks with the Revenants; this didn’t bode well at all for their Brethren.

*ducks flying objects* Sorry to end it there but this chapter is getting ridiculously long and well, there’s quite a bit of debate for them still and grumbling so I’ll stop here and you’ll see the rest of it next chapter. Expect the next chapter probably around uh, late August probably.

Notes: I used a bit of French at the end there, translations below.

(1) Cannaid Clegr - Welsh for ‘white rock’ that’s the name of the Arvell Castle. If I ordered the words wrong, my apologies, I do not speak Welsh and used an online dictionary.

“Fantastique, un cracheur de feu!” = ‘Wonderful, a fire eater!’ Morgan says this in reference to his personality.

Mais oui = ‘But yes’

Le successeur = ‘the Successor’ She means it like she says it. She’s been looking not for just a successor but the successor, the one she believes will run Arcanum to the best of their ability and along her guidelines.

Candidat = Candidate

Review? Please? If only to yell at me for ending things like this and the long, horrible wait ahead of you until next chapter.

-SheWolfe7 (7/30/05) edited (8/6/05)
Author's notes: Merlin Prophecy discussion, more about Arcanum and the Asadyl Conversation.

A/N: Another long chapter and it was posted much earlier than I had thought possible so I hope you all enjoy it. :) Thanks to my reviewers, you guys made this possible!

*Parseltongue, foreign words, letters/articles etc.*

Emphasized words, headings,

((d)) dream ((di))

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**Chapter XX**

Fortune

*Fortune can, for her pleasure, fools advance,*

And toss them on the wheels of Chance.

-Juvenal

Roman Poet and satirist (55AD- 127AD)

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**The Summoning Circle**

**Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton UK**

**Sunday the 21st of September 1997**

**10:17 PM**

Cyriacus shuffled in place, exasperated. “Any day Merlin, preferably I’d like your take on this Prophecy before the turn of the century.”

“Can’t even let an old spirit have his moment can you? So impatient my Heir,” Merlin complained before obligingly moving on. “I have already explained the first verse but I imagine if you want more details you can conduct your own research on the subject.”

Blaze nodded. “It’s the first two lines of the second verse which has proven to be more difficult to define. The Wizarding World often times is at war with itself which may explain the ‘brothers slay brothers’. Though some of the bloodlines have become a little…imbred, no wizard or witch would be foolish enough to have intercourse with their own siblings!”

“I suggested perhaps it was an accident but after studying your family tree, I can assure you are not the result of inbreeding. It is puzzling but the rest of the second verse is very clear. Your Master Necromancer’s title is Ruin and you are the son of three: Lily, Severus and James. However we haven’t been able to discover how exactly you are the ‘Heir of Four’. You are only the Gryffindor Heir through the Potters, which you are Heir of through Magical Adoption so that rules out being the Heir of all the Hogwarts Founders. As you already know, you are both an Heir of Hawthorne through your biological father and an Heir of Merlin through your mother. That would explain being the Heir of Three but the Fourth is currently a mystery.”

Cyriacus frowned. “Could it be that I am the Heir to House Ars? I am the only child borne of the blood and seed of the Lords of House Ars.”

“It is a good possibility, though one must wonder about the distinction of being the Heir of House
Ars.” Morgan agreed, thoughtfully. “Blaze, Merlin and Gryffindor were all very famous, very powerful men and all their bloodlines are still recognized today even after several centuries.”

“Perhaps, it is your link to the Incubus Throne?” Voldemort suggested. “You said that you had confirmed that Merlin was born through the mating of an Incubus King and a mortal woman, did you not?”

Cyriacus thought it over. “That’s true I suppose, but I do not stand in direct line to inherit. At best, I am a distant sixth or seventh-in-line to the Throne after the King, the Prince and the King’s nephews.”

“Fate works in mysterious ways, do not rule out the possibility.” Merlin advised, seriously.

Blaze nodded and continued dissecting the rest of the second verse. “The ‘betrayed and betrayer’ is rather apparent to all so we need not delve into detail. ‘Love and beloved of his foe’ is a very curious line; does it refer to the past or the present foe?”

Morgan smiled slyly, her gaze meeting Cy’s. “Has this portion come true already? Or does it loom in the future?”

“My love life is my own business but I can assure you, I neither love nor am beloved of anyone at the moment.” Cy said dismissively, knowing that was true as far as he was aware but all things change with time.

“The rest is…self-explanatory and you yourself have already begun the task for which you were born. It begins now, you realize? Every action you take, every decision you make now will affect the world itself, for better or worse. It is a dangerous burden but one which you were born to bear and wield. Your experiences, good and bad, have prepared you for this path and I for one am much relieved that it was you who this Prophecy has bound for this task.” Blaze said softly, dark eyes filled with a nameless emotion.

Merlin studied him for a minute. “You have changed much in the past few years and you have begun the long journey to becoming that which you were born to be. I admit to having tried my best to avert this Prophecy coming into effect but I begin to see that it was unavoidable. The Wizarding World has become a thing which destroys itself, as our numbers dwindle and our ability to tap into magic grows weaker with each generation. It is like a wound that has festered too long and you are the lance which would destroy the infection that threatens to destroy our world forever. We cannot hide ourselves longer than we have and perhaps it is time to re-take our place in this world.”

Merlin and Blaze both raised their goblets to him and drained them.

“My advice I will offer always, you have merely to ask. Before I go, I have one last piece of advice for you tonight. Whatever you decide, do not fight the path that was chosen for you; embrace it or it will crush you and remember that any action is better than inaction. Until we meet again Prince of Dragons, take care.” Merlin said with a bow before vanishing, his Summoning Crystal growing dim.

Blaze smiled as he slowly approached and brushed his fingers across Cyriacus’s forehead. “You have done well and as the last and truly the greatest of my Heirs, I leave to you the knowledge of the greatest tome our family has kept throughout the years. May it guide you on your path.”

Cy shivered as he felt the dead Necromancer’s consciousness brush against his own, leaving him the location of the Hawthorne Vault. Only Morgan remained and she looked to have quite a bit to say before she too departed.
“They are wise men Prince of Dragons; you would do well to heed their advice.” Morgan said rather seriously.

“I will heed them.” Cyriacus agreed and after studying her asked, “Will you not tell me more about Arcanum?”

“Merlin’s Last Prophecy was lost or so the Wizarding World believes. You yourself came across it in a book in the Arcanum Library, one that I myself had written years upon years ago. What no one knows -now except those present is that it was I who hid the Prophecy after Merlin’s death.” Morgan said to the surprise of many. “I have always been of the mind that in order to achieve true balance in our world, we would need periods of Darkness as well as Light. Yet I knew it would prove too much a temptation to leave this Prophecy where it had been given. Every would-be Dark Lord would have used it to justify their cause and so I stole the tablet containing the Prophecy and left the Wizarding World. It was centuries later, when I arrived on the shores of the Isle that I realized what I could do to prepare for the arrival of the true Prince of Dragons. It was then that I built Arcanum, both to hide the Prophecy and to create a place to train those who would serve in true faith, this Prince of Dragons.”

Cyriacus’s eyes widened. “Of course…the Inner Sanctum, the place where all were forbidden to enter except the graduating students.”

Morgan smiled, pleased. “You always were a brilliant student once you learned to focus properly. Yes, that is where I hid the Prophecy and that is where each graduating class swore their allegiance to the school and to the Prince. You have wondered perhaps at why your friends acted so oddly around you in August? It is because I told them, all the Alumni, that you were the Prince of Dragons and that you were the one who I would leave the school to.”

“Ah that explains it all so well,” Cyriacus murmured to himself, thinking of their strange behavior which made him connect a few dots. “You told them not to talk to me until I knew it all myself, didn’t you?”

“Yes,” Morgan said nodding. “I know you well; I have watched you for years and oversaw your training personally in various disguises. They never would have been able to fabricate a reason for acting oddly towards you that would have passed your inspection. So I told them to keep away unless there was an emergency and continuing putting you off until I gave them leave to contact you again.”

Cyriacus wrinkled his brow in thought. “So I was right! That training regime I was put through was different than everyone else’s!”

Morgan laughed with delight. “Yes mon cher, it certainly was! Had you not been accursed with such ill health when you arrived at Arcanum, you might have noticed that the Potion regime you were given was very different from what the others received. I ordered for you to be given the best Potions for enhancing reflexes, speeding thought and saving and recalling memory. Once you had begun to adjust to the Potions, I had them begin another regime that would allow you to attain the growth you should have had had you not spent your tender years with those horrible Muggles! Did you not wonder why I gave you a Gold Pass in the Hall of Memory? Mon cher, the only others I allow a Gold pass are the Professors!”

“Well, it’s not as though I would have known to comment about it.” Cyriacus grumbled. “You did weave a complicated Memory Web on me.”

“I’m proud to say you were quite the challenge, as you grew older your mind began to develop its own defenses, no doubt due to Voldemort.” Morgan said glancing over at said Dark Lord.
Voldemort bristled at the way she uttered his name.

Cyriacus smiled slightly, “And other things.”

“On ne t’appelle sûrement pas Ruin pour rien.” (Surely they don’t call you Ruin for nothing.) Morgan said with amusement.

Lucius chuckled softly. “We’re beginning to understand that.”

Morgan shot the blond a bright smile before turning her attention back to her successor. “I will be happy to answer any remaining questions you have at another time. I may look as youthful as your father but I fear I do not feel as energetic as I used to. À bientôt, mon successeur.” (Take care, my successor)

“Good night, Mademoiselle Le Fey.” Cyriacus murmured as her Summoning Crystal dimmed. Quickly drawing the final runes to release the Summoning, Cyriacus flicked his wrist once and broke the enchantments he’d erected on the Summoning Circle. Transforming as he walked away from the Summoning Circle, the torches went out, forcing the Inner Circle to start casting Lumos spells. By the time he joined the others on the ground, he stood in all his half-human, half-dragon glory.

Voldemort studied him for a few seconds before speaking. “That was…enlightening.”

“I’m sure it was.” Cyriacus agreed, stretching his wings out behind him, causing the nearby Inner Circle members to move out of his way. Nusayr just dodged his wing and stayed close by him, on alert for danger.

“I believe we have things to discuss then.” Voldemort said motioning for Cyriacus to walk alongside of him.

Severus cleared his throat, “If I may speak, my Lord?”

“Yes, Severus?”

“It is urgent I speak with Cyriacus and yourself about Dumbledore’s latest plan.” Severus replied, looking unhappy.

Voldemort frowned, not liking what his enemy could be planning. “You may join us then, the rest of you are dismissed and I need not warn you about your discretion regarding the Prophecy and other information you just heard.”

Several murmured farewells before drifting off to the mansion or stepping out of the wards surrounding the Circle, Disapparating. Voldemort led the way back to the mansion with Cyriacus walking alongside him, casting a powerful Glamour before stepping beyond the safety of the wards. Severus and Nusayr followed behind them at a respectful distance as Necromancer Ruin and Lord Voldemort spoke quietly of various Dark Artifacts. Once they were ensconced in Voldemort’s Suite he waved them to take seats before summoning a house elf.

“May I offer some beverages or something to eat?” Voldemort queried, glancing at his guests and secretly hoping to get Severus and Nusayr out of his rooms in an hour or less so he could be alone with his lover.

Nusayr and Severus both shook their heads. Cyriacus sighed, and rubbed at his pounding temple with his right hand. “I’ll have something light, a soup maybe? With plain water please.”

“Are you feeling well?” Nusayr asked with concern.
“I’ll be fine; I’m just a little tired.” Cyriacus replied releasing his Glamour and sprawling on his stomach on a couch.

Nusayr graced him with a look that plainly said he didn’t believe him before stealing a pillow from the couch and dropping it onto the ground before perching on it. He chose to stay close to Cyriacus to prevent him from falling off the couch if he was hit by a spasm attack.

Voldemort reined in the spark of jealousy at the Wraith sitting so close to his lover and snapped at the house elf to fetch soup, water and a tea service. When the house elf returned a few minutes later, Cy folded a wing and rolled onto his side accepting the tray of food and began eating. Severus almost reprimanded him for beginning to eat before the Dark Lord had served himself a cup of tea but Voldemort shot him a look that told him not to say anything. After a few minutes, Voldemort pointedly asked Severus to explain Dumbledore’s latest plan. Voldemort looked distinctly unhappy by the time Severus finished explaining and curtly dismissed the older man, saying that Cyriacus and he would have to discuss it and debate whether it was worth risking Arvell’s possible fury at having a competitor. Once Severus had departed, Nusayr was told none too gently to wait in the Necromancer’s room while the two discussed things. Nusayr looked only too pleased to escape what would no doubt be a loud argument. The moment Voldemort felt the tell tale shiver as his wards closed behind the door Nusayr had just stepped through, he jumped to his feet in a rage.

“I absolutely cannot believe the gall of that old man!” Voldemort roared smacking a crystal dragon figurine clear off a side table, sending it crashing into the marble wall where it shattered spectacularly.

Cyriacus glanced up from his soup. “This move is not unexpected though it is inconvenient at best. It will not be a real Courtship and I have no intention on playing the role of the infatuated teenager with whoever is lucky enough to be forced into Courting me. We have the perfect excuse for implementing the next stage of the attack now that Dumbledore has given us this opportunity and Marcellus can make things very difficult for Dumbledore’s vaunted Order of the Phoenix.”

Voldemort wanted to rage and rant more but seeing the weariness in his lover’s dark green gaze, he restrained himself and promised to take out his frustration on the Alliance forces in the next battle. “Eat your soup, you look…fatigued.”

“At least you didn’t say pale.” Cyriacus commented with a chuckle. “I don’t think my scales turn colors like a human’s skin changes.”

Once Cyriacus had finished his soup, Voldemort banished the tray and led his lover to the bedroom. Cyriacus was about to protest at being too tired to want to do anything but sleep. After stripping his lover of his clothes, Voldemort merely told him to get to bed and have a few hours of sleep before wandering off to read a stack of reports to decide where to plan his next attacks. Transforming back to his human form, Cyriacus sank down onto the soft comfortable bed, drawing the covers over his tired body and drifting off into sleep.

((d))

He was feeling…resigned as he kneeled on the ground. There were a few people moving behind him and speaking softly but he ignored them. He watched the flames dance in the huge fire in front of him, also ignoring the horrible death gurgles coming from across the fire. To his sides, he could see two others both male also kneeling by him, though they were about two feet to the side and a foot behind him. They too looked resigned and watched the fire dance.

A woman with pale silver hair strode in front of the fire and he looked up into her face, meeting her lilac gaze. Another woman with pale gold hair set a silver basin in front of him and then he knew it
was time. Closing his eyes he took a deep breath and then there was a flash of pain across his throat and then…nothingness.

((d))

Cyriacus woke with a start raising a shaking hand to his throat, his body bathed in sweat and his heart racing. Disoriented, he blinked owlishly around the room and as he calmed down from his nightmare, realized he was in Voldemort’s bedroom. Drawing a deep breath, he held it for a minute and then released it slowly before casting a Tempus spell. Grumbling with displeasure at having only gotten forty minutes or so of sleep, as it was just a minute past midnight, Cyriacus was about to get out of bed when the door opened and Voldemort crept in, pausing upon seeing his lover awake.

“Why are you-“

Cyriacus ran a hand through his hair, “Just…a dream.”

Voldemort frowned slightly. “Do you normally have dreams that wake you up from a deep sleep?”

“No normally, but ever since those…Chylla did something to me, I’ve been having all sorts of strange dreams and Nusayr won’t tell me a damned thing about them!” Cyriacus replied with a scowl. “He just mumbles about it not being his place to explain. I’m almost ready to throttle him.”

Voldemort smiled slightly as he walked into his closet and began to change for bed, pulling on crimson silk pajamas. “It is a good thing the new moon is only a week and a half away then, isn’t it?”

“Yes,” Cyriacus said watching as Voldemort climbed into bed and fluffed the pillows on his side of the bed before sprawling against them, smiling contently. It was only now that Cyriacus realized that they both only acted truly like themselves in private like this. Both of them had too many eyes watching and seeking their slightest weaknesses to be comfortable acting in any way other than what was required for their public personas. Discarding his idea of leaving early, Cyriacus hesitantly moved closer to Voldemort who looked surprised at his action but met him halfway. Resting his head on Voldemort’s chest, Cy listened to his steady heartbeat as he closed his eyes. Voldemort idly traced designs on his lover’s back but soon drifted off to sleep as well.

((d))

He was so damned tired and his back was aching as though a herd of Hippogriffs had been personally offended by his lower back and had proceeded to stomp on it. Nusayr, Salil, Baraz and Iah were constantly hovering over him, ready to fetch anything he needed as if they themselves were human sized house elves. Cyriacus was sick of their behavior and the bad thing was that he would have to put up with not only them but also everyone else in the bloody palace until his sons were born! Constance and his father required at least one check up a day, as it was practically unheard of for a male to bear two children from a natural male pregnancy. Though they were annoying, the one who proved to aggravate him the most these days was-

“Anwylyd, are you certain you should be walking in the gardens?” Voldemort asked crimson eyes filled with concern.

Cyriacus grit his teeth and rested the urge to smack his husband. “I’m pregnant I do not have a disease of any sort that prevents me from moving around.”

Voldemort winced, “I did not mean to imply that you shouldn’t be up and about-“

“Yes, yes you’re only concerned about my health and our sons, I know.” Cyriacus grumbled.
“You’ve said it enough the past six months.”

“I only want you all to be safe.” Voldemort murmured, hesitantly wrapping his arms around his husband, his hands caressing the rounded belly.

Cyriacus lurched up out of bed, eyes wide. Jerking the covers down he looked at his smooth, muscled abdomen and shook his head. Why the hell was he having these dreams all the sudden? Voldemort had woken and blearily gazed at him.

“Another nightmare?” Voldemort asked yawning.

“…I’m not so sure it was a nightmare.” Cyriacus answered and then clapped a hand over his mouth. Why was he saying this?! It was not some twisted dream of the future! Shaken he scrambled to get out of bed looking around for his clothes.

Perplexed, Voldemort got out of bed. “Cyriacus what is wrong?”

“Nothing,” Cyriacus said a bit sharply as he jerked his clothes on rather haphazardly. “I’ll see you on Thursday and Saturday this week, right?”

“Yes,” Voldemort agreed with a frown.

Cyriacus kissed him and then uncharacteristically blurted out, “Don’t worry I…it’s nothing yet. I’m just…startled.”

Voldemort looked frustrated. “What did you-“

“Someday, I’ll tell you someday but not tonight. I’ll see you again soon enough.” Cyriacus commented giving Voldemort another heated kiss before pulling away and vanishing through a shadow.

Shaking his head, Voldemort could only wonder what had rattled Cyriacus’s nerves so badly.

Hogwarts
Tuesday the 22nd of September 1997
10:15 AM

Cyriacus stormed into Transfiguration fifteen minutes late, in a foul mood having spent the morning in Dumbledore’s office arguing heatedly over the details regarding the ridiculous mock Courtship. By the time they had ironed out the details, even Dumbledore looked weary and Cyriacus had been worked up to a dark mood. Nusayr, in his ocelot form of Shadow, nervously padded along behind him quite worried about what might happen if some unfortunate fool happened to aggravate the already annoyed Necromancer.

Heads shot up and around as the door closed behind him with a bang and McGonagall looked distinctly displeased at the interruption of her lecture. “Mr. Snape so good of you to join us, take your seat so we may continue.”

Cyriacus resisted the sudden urge to growl at the Professor as he took a seat between Draco and Blaise. Shadow jumped up onto the desk and after glancing at Cyriacus lay down. Once he had a scroll of parchment out and his quill at the ready, McGonagall continued her lecture about Conjuring Spells. Cyriacus took notes without really listening to what she was saying, far more focused on
thinking about all the strange things taking place in his life at the moment. There were those strange
dreams courtesy of whatever the Chylla did to him, his arm was still healing and causing him to feel
oddly when he was not wearing the Gauntlet, the new moon was approaching and the Dark
Congress would begin not even two days after.

Draco kicked him under the table and Cyriacus glared at the blond boy who was looking at
McGonagall who was waiting.

“Pardon?”

“I asked if you would demonstrate Mr. Snape?” McGonagall repeated.

Not quite sure what he was supposed to do, Cyriacus drew his wand from the holster tucked into his
sling and frowning slightly conjured a Pensieve. McGonagall gaped at him in shock while the other
students stared.

“What?” Cyriacus asked sharply.

“Mr. Snape, today’s lecture was on Conjuring common non-magical items. It’s practically unheard of
for someone to be able to Conjure a Pensieve of all things!” McGonagall exclaimed rather shakily.

Cyriacus blinked and then shrugged. “I learned that in my Sixth Year, it’s really quite simple with
enough practice.”

McGonagall shook her head, really not wanting to know anymore about what exactly Arcanum
students were capable of. “Twenty points to Slytherin.” Cyriacus watched her walk away and begin
helping the other students with their spells.

Cyriacus had just stepped out of the Hospital wing after having his arm cleaned, tended to and re-
bandaged. He was on his way back to the Dungeons when Remus and Sirius happened to encounter
him by a staircase.

“Cyriacus, may we talk to you privately?” Remus asked with a kind smile.

Cyriacus shrugged, “Alright.”

Sirius grinned. “Follow us; we’ll talk in our rooms then. How are you doing?”

“Well enough I suppose. It’s been an aggravating day.”

“Has it? The day is barely half over.” Remus commented as they descended from the Fourth Floor to
the Third, taking a right and heading to the eastern part of the Castle.

Sirius frowned. “Does it have anything to do with your meeting with Headmaster Dumbledore this
morning?”

“A great deal, unfortunately.” Cyriacus growled as they entered a remote part of the castle. Remus
frowned and changed the topic to schoolwork as they headed down a hallway with windows
overlooking the forest. Eventually they stopped in front of a portrait of a grinning wizard on the back
of a preening hippogriff.

“Back so soon?” The wizard asked absently petting the hippogriff.

Remus smiled. “Gerard, this is Cyriacus Snape he’ll be visiting us once in a while.”
“Ah, you’d be the Potions Master’s son I assume? You look remarkably alike, minus the nose of course.” Gerard commented with a grin.

“A blessing, I assure you,” Cyriacus said with amusement.

Sirius snickered as he gave the password to Gerard. “Musketeers.”

Cyriacus gave them a curious look but Remus only ushered him inside, obviously not wanting to talk about it until they were in a secure location. Stepping through, Cyriacus looked around the room with interest. He was standing in a small living room, which had two couches and two armchairs along with a bookcase and a desk in the corner by the window. Opposite the window was a medium sized fireplace with doors on both sides. The room was tastefully decorated in a royal blue with splashes of honey gold and pearl white.

Turning, Cyriacus glanced into their eyes and planted a warning in the Mind Webs he had woven into their minds to hide their loyalties from Dumbledore. Remus nodded slightly and Sirius moved off to call a house elf. Ten minutes later they each had a cup of tea and were comfortably seated, Cyriacus sitting across from the older wizards.

“You said earlier that you were having a bad day and that it had something to do with Dumbledore.” Remus prodded.

Cyriacus frowned and knowing they were most likely under observation answered as he was expected to, with a slight sneer. “Dumbledore has ordered me in the name of serving the Light, to pretend a Courtship with Viktor Krum. Neither of us, I may mention, are pleased about this arrangement either.”

Sirius gaped for a moment before closing his mouth. “Why would you have to pretend a Courtship with Krum?”

“Because I’m allowing Marcellus Arvell to Court me on Voldemort’s orders and Dumbledore hopes that my being Courted by an agent of the Alliance will delay the likelihood of having to become engaged or married to Arvell.”

“Why does Voldemort want Arvell?”

“I don’t know!” Cyriacus exclaimed annoyed. “All I was told was that I was to win Arvell’s allegiance to Voldemort by any means necessary.”

Remus’s eyes widened. “You’ve already been assigned your first task by Voldemort and Dumbledore hasn’t told the Order?”

“What do you mean he hasn’t told you? I would have thought-“

Sirius’s silver eyes darkened. “Why is he suddenly keeping secrets? Everyone in the Order should know that you’ve already been assigned your first task!”

“Unless he’s worried there is another spy?” Remus suggested.

Cyriacus snorted. “As far as I know, my father is the only Order spy along with myself. I can’t say how many spies are in the Ministry or the Defense League but should information be leaked to Voldemort, you can surely look in that direction too.”

“Have you told Dumbledore?”
“He’s already aware of it; I’ve mentioned it more than once and so has my father.” Cyriacus said, giving the two the information necessary to start creating doubt in Dumbledore amongst the rest of the Order.

Remus frowned. “We’ll have to talk to Dumbledore about this later.”

“So,” Sirius said slowly changing the subject. “How has your training been?”

“Easy so far and the Dark Lord is pleased.” Cyriacus commented. “I have little doubt I will earn the Dark Mark by Samhain and a place amongst the Inner Circle before I graduate.”

“And… Marcellus?”

Cyriacus sighed. “I won’t say it’s been easy but anything I can do to get closer to Voldemort and earn his trust, I will do. Nothing else matters now that Harry is gone.”

“I see.” Sirius said seemingly looking blank but his eyes held amusement.

Remus smiled at him. “It gets easier with time.”

“I hope.” Cyriacus said finishing his tea. “If that is all, I really should be on my way, I have a Charms essay to look over before class and my free period ends in about forty minutes.”

“Of course, if you ever want to talk, feel free to stop by.” Sirius said rising.

Cyriacus smiled weakly at them, planting more information about when they could meet to really discuss things and then took his leave.

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**Voldemort’s Suite**

*Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton UK*  
**Thursday the 25th of September 1997**  
**8:10 PM**

Cy knocked on Voldemort’s door, keeping up appearances for his lessons and nodding at Lucius who happened to be walking by. The doors swung open, the snakes hissing a greeting to him as he walked through. Immediately, he saw Voldemort seated in the common room, looking over a pile of papers. Cy took a seat across from him and waited until Voldemort acknowledged his presence.

“Who is going to be Marcellus’s rival?” Voldemort asked as he set aside a report about possible locations for a fortress in Transylvania.

“Viktor Krum apparently,” Cyriacus answered smoothly. “Dumbledore believes that as a famous Quidditch Player and Heir to a wealthy and influential family, he’d have better luck than one of the older Weasley sons. Either way, I am infinitely grateful as Krum himself didn’t look very pleased at all with the situation.”

Voldemort looked interested now. “Displeased enough to perhaps want to switch sides?”

Cy smiled slightly. “Perhaps, we’ll wait to see what happens once the *Zephyr* leaks Merlin’s Prophecy now won’t we?”

“So we will,” Voldemort agreed with a laugh. “Your connections have proven infinitely helpful over the past few months.”
Cy nodded and leaned forward to take a look at the reports littered over the coffee table. Voldemort obligingly shoved a stack he had already looked at towards him as he himself picked up another report and began reading. They spent an hour reading through reports, commenting every so often about interesting occurrences. Finished at last, Voldemort began explaining where he was planning to attack next and when as Cy listened adding bits of advice here and there along with offering to Summon creatures to help.

“…leak it back to them. We’ve discovered three of their spies so far and you have woven exemplary Mind Webs on them so no one has questioned them yet. Your Revenants proved most useful; I had them follow the suspected Death Squads we believe the Ministry spy is from and they’ve found him.” Voldemort said smiling, his crimson eyes bright.

Cy looked surprised. “Did they? That is excellent news indeed, so he was in a First Tier Death Squad as I suspected?”

“He is a member of Cockatrice.”

“What did you do with him?”

Voldemort shrugged. “Nothing yet, we will use him to feed misinformation to the Light for as long as it pleases me. When his purpose is at an end, then I will make an example of him.”

“I see.” Cyriacus replied, neither agreeing nor disagreeing with Voldemort’s plan for the spy. “We aren’t going to do this all night are we?”

“No, we aren’t.” Voldemort commented, neatening the stack of papers on the coffee table. “In fact, we’re done now.”

Cyriacus grinned. “Excellent. Shall we?”

“Lead the way,” Voldemort replied, watching as Cy got to his feet and strolled towards the bedroom, unbuttoning his robes along the way.

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**The Grounds**  
**Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton UK**  
**Wednesday the 1st of October 1997**  
**7:30 PM**

Cyriacus led the way to the Summoning Circle, surrounded on all sides by the Revenants and Nusayr. Behind them Voldemort, the Inner Circle, the Elite and Sirius and Remus followed. Thanks to his contacts and a few house elves, Hogwarts was practically closed after Dragon Pox and Vanishing Sickness spread infecting half the staff and a quarter of the student population. Parents had been pouring into the school, removing ill children or taking their healthy children out temporarily until the epidemic ran its course. A good number of the infected Elite and Cyriacus, who had been suffering a ‘relapse’, were removed to the Asclepius Sanatorium for treatment. As it was an Arcanum owned and operated facility, it was not hard to arrange private rooms and make quiet escapes to their true destination, Riddle Mansion.

Tonight was the night he had waited so long for; tonight he would get his answers. Crossing the wards, he waved his hand and the torches around the base of the Summoning Circle burst to light, burning a bright green. Making his way directly to the Summoning Circle, he paused by the steps, waiting as the Revenants moved into position around the Summoning Circle. The Inner Circle and Elite spread out flanking the base, he could smell Voldemort, Sirius and Remus taking up positions...
behind him. Glancing around, he saw his servants were in place and gave the satin belt around his waist a tug and shrugged out of the Summoning robe. Ignoring Sirius and Remus’s gasp, he walked up the steps in front of him, Transforming along the way and releasing his Glamours as he went.

Walking around the center of the Circle, he waved his hand and two bags of rock salt appeared and emptied themselves on the ground, forming a perfect circle. He shot Nusayr a glance and the Wraith opened a Shadow Doorway directly above the center circle. Several items floated out, a bound and gagged teenage girl, a box containing a Phoenix egg and a covered bucket of Sea Serpent blood. Cyriacus gave his servants their signal and once again they poured buckets of blood onto the surface of the Summoning Circle. Finally ready to begin, he activated his final enchantments and then began the Summoning, using a Yew wand to draw the Necromantic Runes in the air.

“...I Summon the Dark Wraith Asadyl, by the blood of the Illusionist, I Summon!”

There was a flare of light in the center circle and then the light began to take shape. Cy closed his eyes when the light became too blinding and when it faded he opened his eyes to meet the gaze of a tall, handsome man with violet eyes and waist length black hair. The look in those eyes made him hold his breath and he could feel a presence pushing at his mind, demanding entrance. He staggered back a step as the pressure increased but held his own, barely.

“You are late. I had expected to have this conversation the night of the last new moon.” Asadyl said displeased before studying him carefully. “Was Nusayr inattentive? How did you manage to receive such a severe injury?”

Nusayr quickly threw himself on Asadyl’s mercy. “My apologies, Eldest Brother but I was not available to protect your lost son. The circumstances were out of my control.”

“I assigned you the most important task of any of our Brethren and you managed to fail! Do you know what would have happened if he had died?!” Asadyl roared, his voice so cold Cyriacus shivered despite the fact he wasn’t the least bit cold physically.

Cyriacus joined the conversation. “You can berate him later. I want the answers I was promised and now!”

Asadyl turned to look him over and his eyes widened when he saw the Chylla’s Mark. “They’ve already given you their blessing? Then there is little doubt why you are so impatient, child.”

“Don’t call me a child.” Cyriacus growled, glaring at the Wraith.

“You will always be a child and compared to how long I have lived you will still be a child when your great-grandchildren are born.” Asadyl said amused. “A moment then, and I will give you what you so desire to learn.”

Cyriacus watched dispassionately as Asadyl drank the blood and absorbed the energy and potential of the unborn phoenix. The Wraith circled the bound girl, curious about why she was given to him as an Offering.

“She carries a spark of life within her, Eldest Brother, so that you may have not one but two links to this world.” Nusayr said meekly as he noticed the other getting annoyed.

Asadyl spared Cyriacus a surprised glance. “That was most...intuitive of you.”

“I am a Master at my Craft.”

With a slight smile, the Wraith leisurely walked around the terrified teenager, his fingertips slowly
changing into deadly, poisonous claws. Cyriacus watched silently as Asadyl pulled the teen to her feet, tracing runes onto her skin with his claws. Blood welled up, contrasting dramatically against her pale white skin. Murmuring something in what Cy had learned was Old Demonic, Asadyl cast powerful spells draining the life force from the girl and that small spark of life within her. Once he finished with his runes and had nearly drained her life force, Asadyl wrapped a clawed hand on the front of her throat and squeezed slightly. Cyriacus could feel the magic pooling and knew instinctively that this Wraith was far more powerful than Nusayr and would be ruthless if crossed. As he spoke the final word binding his spirit to this plane, Asadyl snuffed out the girl and her unborn child’s life by ripping her throat out. Hot blood sprayed over his arm, dripping onto his left leg and staining his clothes.

Throughout it all, Cyriacus watched dispassionately. He himself had done worse things after all and that had been when he was completely human. Behind them he heard some voices murmuring softly along with a few people getting ill, no doubt Elites having witnessed their first murder. He could understand their reaction. He had nearly ruined his first high level Summoning, throwing up over the chalk runes after having killed his first Offering. Asadyl turned to face him and the power in those violet eyes pinned him in place. Sirius shuddered as he watched the Wraith calmly bring his blood stained hand to his lips and lick the blood away. Remus set a steadying hand on his shoulder, his inner wolf fascinated at the sight while his human self was disgusted, yet unable to look away.

Cyriacus struggled to break eye contact and nearly stumbled when he managed it. Now on the defensive, his body shifted to face the threat. His scales which had looked impressive earlier now looked downright lethal as they rose up, becoming thicker and rougher. The Living Metal began to glow subtly around his wrists, ears and wings while the gems flashed with harnessed power waiting to be unleashed.

Asadyl smiled at him and stepped out of the center circle. “Put on some clothes, child. I have no interest in seeing my lost son naked while we converse, though your body is impressive enough to flaunt, should you choose.”

Cyriacus raised an eyebrow but didn’t comment as he conjured a swath of insulated cloth and belted it around his waist and legs. The wind picked up, sending leaves swirling and scattering while the heavy, dark clouds promised rain.

“Are you not cold? The air smells of rain, autumn’s end and winter’s birth.” Asadyl commented, approaching him.

“The weather causes me little concern in this form.” Cyriacus answered, moving to keep a good distance between them.

Asadyl paused, frowning slightly. “You need not be frightened of me, child. I cannot hurt you without damning my Brethren again and once in a lifetime is more than enough.”

“Brethren?” Cyriacus asked curiously.

“Perhaps, I should have let Nusayr explain some things to you. I fear we will be here all night at this rate. To begin with, there are five of my kind and you have already met three. Eldest born are the Wraith, followed by the Revenant, Deviant, Savage and Chylla. The Savage is made up of both males and females, the Chylla are all female and the eldest three all male. I am Eldest over all of the Primordial Beings as we call ourselves though our children may remember us as the Forgotten Ones. We were the first, born long before the mortals became…civilized. We were wanderers and enjoyed traveling the world, seeing the mortal civilizations take shape and some of us learned to enjoy what mortal life offered. In a sense, this may have led to our downfall.”
Juraz interrupted. “Imryn was a fool but the cause of our downfall rests on both your heads.”

Nusayr glared at the Revenant. “It was Imryn that stole Asadyl’s son!”

“And it was Asadyl whom insulted Imryn by taking the mortal Miela to his bed when she had been promised to Imryn by her father!” Altaros retorted.

Cyriacus interrupted. “Save the argument for later, I want to hear what is relevant to me.”

Asadyl sighed. “In any case Imryn, who is Eldest of the Revenants, and I had a slight… misunderstanding. He stole my son and I in turn, wanted my son back. It started a rather unpleasant and untimely war between the Wraiths and the Revenants as we were also fighting a war with the first practitioners of Order magic. We were foolish I admit, and it was our lack of unity at the time that brought about our own banishment into the Shadow Plane. It was the Chylla that Foresaw the salvation of our kind and united us so that we might work towards bringing our salvation into being.”

“Stop,” Cyriacus said rubbing at his suddenly pounding temple. “Do not tell me that the Chylla Prophesized that I would be your salvation! I have had enough of Prophecies to last me a bloody lifetime!”

“What do you speak of? There is only one Prophecy.” Asadyl said glaring at Nusayr who rushed to explain.

“These magic wielders have Prophesized that your son would do them a service as well, Eldest Brother.”

“But it is impossible for there to be a bearer of two Prophecies! It is unheard of!” Asadyl said angrily. “Our Prophecy would take precedence then as it was made long before the other!”

Asaph hesitated before joining the conversation. “The kyndrak has already begun to fulfill their Prophecy though.”

“The fact that he is standing here with the Mark of the Chylla proves that he is fulfilling our Prophecy as well!” Asadyl pointed out.

Juraz shook his head. “He cannot bear both Prophecies or he will be driven mad by the weight of his tasks! One of them must be invalid.”

“Perhaps his son will carry the weight of latter Prophecy?” Shapur suggested. “He, would be their King of Dragons, and the son the Prince?”

“But he is the son of three and the Heir of four!”

A new voice joined the conversation, causing the wizards to whirl in shock. “He carries our Blessing and one life has already been sacrificed in his name to awaken his dormant powers. He is our Dark One.”

A flurry of voices began talking at once and Cyriacus lost his temper after barely a minute of listening to their panicked talking or arguments.

“Silence!” He roared, his power flaring around him and gaining the attention of the Primordial Beings and Wizards alike.

The newcomer, a woman who looked oddly familiar, stepped forward. “I am Kohinoor, Eldest of the Chylla. You have been dreaming have you not, pieces of the past and the future that has yet to be?”
Cyriacus stilled; those were real? He looked at her more closely and realized why she looked so familiar. She had been the one in those dreams, the one who had killed those men. “You did the Blood Rituals, what were they for?”

“Blood is the most changeable and yet unchangeable part of each living being. It can be altered with magic, defiled by disease and collected to perform the Darkest and Lightest of Magicks. Those dreams of ritual slayings, they were a Blood Ritual the likes of which none of your kind could have attempted or completed without the collective Foresight of two dozen Prophets, Seers and Diviners.” The woman explained as she calmly stepped onto the base of the Summoning Circle. “In essence, those Rituals were meant to create a being the likes which would have in equal amount all the powers of our Brethren. My sisters and I have spent thousands of years directing mortal lives, working towards our goal of your birth. In time, as your powers awaken and the last of the rituals are carried out, you will become the kyndrak, the Dark One, the first and only being born as the Heir of Five Primordial Beings and Lord over all groups.”

Cyriacus barely heard the rest of her explanation, completely frozen as he realized that he had been born from a Blood Ritual! It didn’t matter that it had taken a thousand or more years for it to come to fruition, in fact that it took that long only meant that they had passed up everyone before him, waiting for the perfect specimen…waiting for him. He was aware of his breathing becoming erratic and then the world tilted wildly around him and he sank into blackness.

Voldemort blinked as he watched his lover crumple to the ground, mind racing with possibilities and concern. All the others stilled their conversation and arguments turning as Asadyl rolled the unconscious man onto his back and attempted to wake him. Three slaps later with sheets of rain hammering down on him, Cy had woken up and had his hand around his ancestor’s throat and with a roll he pinned the man onto his back.

“You are a fool,” slam “who curses their own descendants” slam, slam “to correct your own fucked up idiocy!” Cyriacus roared, using his grip on his ancestor’s throat to slam the Wraith against the hard obsidian beneath them.

Nusayr and the Revenants looked horrified, what was he thinking?! “My Lord, get off him before he hurts you!”

“Hurt me, hurt me? How can I be hurt more than I already am? I’m a fucking, twice cursed Blood child by all the damnation that exists in the magical world! How much more fucking cursed or hurt can you get than that?!” Cyriacus shrieked, his power lashing out at the nearby torches and turning them into molten silver.

Kohinoor blinked and turned to face Nusayr. “Why did you not mention he was in khanel?”

Juraz winced as Asadyl bucked the younger man off him and threw him into the Salt Circle’s shield. “Would it have mattered?”

“Do you think this is the path I would have chosen for a scion of my blood? To damn them as a Blood Child, born by the sacrifice of nine of by Brethren?” Asadyl snapped out, dodging the flurry of claw swipes aimed at him. “I have had thousands of years knowing and waiting for your birth only to know that you must curse yourself with another six sacrifices before our aims are achieved. My own life will be among those do you realize and you will have to bear the weight of murdering Kin as well.”

Cyriacus didn’t even hear him snarling about his own lot in life as he knocked Asadyl off his feet and clawed at his chest. “Did anyone ask me if I wanted this fucked up life?! Well you know what,
anyone who fucking wants it can have it! I’ve given my mind, my life, my blood and I’ve all but sold my soul to pursuing the knowledge necessary to defeat my enemies! How much more can you ask of me?”

Voldemort shook his head and stifled a laugh as the two proceeded to take their frustration out on each other, all while ranting about how unfair their lot in life was. The Primordial Beings present, stared in a mixture of shock and bemusement as their so-called Leaders threw reason into the wind and settled on solving their issues with claws and brute force.

Fifteen minutes later soaked to the skin and sporting more than a few bruises Cyriacus felt all reason melt away when he caught a whiff of Asadyl’s blood. His eyes shifted changing into a bright green that glowed eerily in the darkened night. Asadyl backed away from him, recognizing the look in his eye but was too slow as Cyriacus had already been prepared to spring. They slammed onto the slick ground, sliding a foot away and then Cyriacus pounced. Asadyl let out a muffled squawk of surprise when he felt fangs tearing at the junction of neck and shoulder. Cyriacus growled as the hot blood poured over his tongue and down his throat, burning.

Kohinoor watched, her lilac eyes wide with surprise. “The Bloodlust…he’s manifesting the Savage traits earlier than expected.”

Fayruz joined them, standing next to Nusayr. “Perhaps it is because of his beast form?”

“I guided the mortal’s very hand; he should not be manifesting any dragonic desires for blood.” Nanaea said defensively.

Nusayr blinked, realizing. “He has claimed at times that he becomes irrational, desiring blood and raw flesh. However you directed the Potion maker to create the Anguis Potion, it does not affect him the way it should.”

“There is little wonder why, he is already Heir of Savage, Revenant and Deviant.” Asaph pointed out.

After a few minutes, Asadyl managed to push Cyriacus off him and scrambled to his feet, glaring at the watching Primordial Beings. “Why did no one tell me how far he has progressed?”

“You did not give us enough time to speak, Eldest Brother.” Kohinoor replied smoothly. “Step away from the kyndrak and heal your wounds, perhaps that will be enough to instill reason upon him again.”

Asadyl deftly moved away from Cyriacus who attempted to tackle him, no doubt intent on feasting on his blood. Once the Wraith’s wounds were healed and the rain had washed away most of the blood, Cyriacus blinked dazedly several times and came to his senses.

Cyriacus panted heavily trying to calm his racing heartbeat and turned his face up, letting the rain wash away the smeared blood. “What have I become? What have you made me?”

“You carry the best traits of three of our kind, which makes you superior to most of our kind.” Kohinoor commented shivering slightly as the rain had soaked through her clothes. “Let us take shelter within and we will explain more about what you are and where your purpose lies.”

Nodding tiredly, he focused his energy he drew the final runes to end the Summoning with small bursts of pure power and then broke the enchantments he had erected around the Summoning Circle. Thunder roared above them and the rain pounded down harder as the barrier holding back most of the rain was released. He slipped on a puddle of rainwater at the edge of the Circle and Asadyl
scrambled to grab hold of him before he fell. Nusayr and Juraz rushed over from their place on the base and helped steady the Necromancer as he stepped down. As they made their way to solid ground, Cyriacus Transformed back to his human form. The moment they reached solid ground, his father and Voldemort wrapped him in cloaks and steered him back towards the mansion.

Lucius and several others had gone ahead to clear the way and when they arrived in the larger of the two Drawing rooms, the fireplaces were blazing and the house-elves had hot drinks waiting to be poured. Constance pushed through the throng, carrying a pile of soft cotton towels and her medical bag. Cyriacus was pushed into a chair, his clothes peeled off and was indiscriminately towed down in front of everyone before having a Revival and Pepper-up Potion shoved into his hand. Cyriacus drank the Potions without speaking as someone spelled some clothes on to him before wrapping him up into a blanket. Abruptly he was seized by a severe tremor, all the muscles in his body twitching uncontrollably for a few seconds before he started coughing into his hand, feeling something wet and slick slide against his skin.

“Likely has Pneumonia,” Constance said unhappily to his left.

“Here, have some tea.” Severus said tilting his head up.

Cyriacus blinked at his father, his chin splattered in blood and his hand filled with it. Distantly he could hear the uproar caused at the sight of him coughing up blood but the sudden pain in his midsection turned into a blinding heat and he hunched over, as he screamed from the pain of it. It felt like his insides were splintering and it was so hard to breathe! Someone was calling his name and he suddenly found himself horizontal as they ripped open his shirt, looking for his injury. Pushing past the pain, he struggled to free his arm from the hands pinning him down and began clawing just inches below his diaphragm, recognizing what that splintering pain was.

“Hold him down!” Voldemort snapped and the hands came back pinning his arm down.

Cyriacus snarled at them and with a blast of power, sent everyone within eight feet of him flying several feet up into the air before crashing down. Arm free at last he brought his wrist to his mouth and using his tongue pushed seven of the Invictus 'gems' and pushed four 'gems' on the second bracelet. He Transformed his hand and carefully tore an opening in his flesh where he had been clawing at before. Blood pooled up from the wounds and he dug deeper fighting against his body’s survival magic, which kept trying to heal the wounds. Growling with frustration at the whole situation he snapped the thread that fed his survival magic before gritting his teeth and prying deeper into his body. Kohinoor watched him in confusion but when she saw him draw out a bloodied golf ball sized object from his body, understood immediately what had happened.

Grabbing Nusayr she shook him. “Did you give him your blood?”

“Ye-“

“Fool!” She bellowed before shoving him aside and rushing to the kyndrak who had conjured a wad of cloth and pressed it to his cut trying to stem the blood. She knelt next to him and offered her aid. Gritting his teeth he nodded and they both began to run their fingers/claws over his body, searching for the slightest indication of where the final two Orbs were.

“What is she doing?” Voldemort asked Asadyl who watched with growing realization.

Asadyl ran a hand through his hair. “The Orbs of Stability have…solidified; we do not exchange blood in such large quantities as he drank unless we are exchanging powers. His body recognized the blood and attempted to change his magic but the Orbs interfered and need to be removed.”
“Why not simply cast a Summoning Spell?” Lucius offered, drawing his wand to do so after receiving a nod from Voldemort.

Cyriacus, who was sweating profusely and struggling to find the next place to make an incision realized too late what they were planning and screamed, back arching as the spell rebound off the two remaining Orbs and shoved them further into his body. Kohinoor glared at them and drawing a blade from a belt around her waist made a cut along his side. Fayruz quickly joined her, drawing a spacer from her belt and using it to keep the wound open as they each withdrew forceps and began searching for an Orb. Blood gushed from their cut and soaked the material beneath him as they worked, digging carefully into his body and around his organs. They finally found one of the Orbs and carefully withdrew it from his body before quickly cleaning the area they had worked on and staunching the blood flow. Cyriacus had closed his eyes digging carefully through his flesh by his right hipbone with his claws and slowly curled his clawtip around the last Orb, drawing it from his body. Letting out a harsh breath he instantly lost consciousness for the second time that night.

Moments after Cyriacus lost consciousness, Constance and Severus rushed to get his condition stable again, Healing the internal damage and surface wounds with magic or Potions. Kohinoor, Asadyl and the rest of the Primordial Beings were gathered off to the side looking over the Orbs of Stability and attempting to properly return them to their normal immaterial state. Voldemort kept his attention divided between the two groups while the majority of the others watched Severus and Constance. When all that remained were a few bruises, Severus and Constance finished cleaning blood off Cyriacus and the hastily Transfigured bed.

Twenty minutes later Cyriacus woke up to whispering and feeling rather naked even though he wasn’t, sat up and wincing wrapped his good arm around his midsection.

“Stay still,” Constance ordered softly.

Cyriacus shot her a glare and quickly scanned the room looking for the Orbs. “Give them back.”

Kohinoor shrugged and collecting the Orbs brought them back to him. Taking the largest Orb he began muttering darkly in Necromancer’s Cant before tapping the Orb once, infusing his power into it. Shaking slightly, the Orb flared and returned to its immaterial state as pure energy. Raising his eyebrow at the surprised looks on the faces of the Primordial Beings, he gently took hold of the Orb and pushed it back into his body. Repeating those actions to return the other two Orbs to their normal state, he replaced them back into his body and then re-applied his Glamours, anchoring the charms to the main Orb of Stability.

“So that’s how you do it!” Remus exclaimed with a smile. “I wondered why Moody never noticed anything.”

Cyriacus shrugged. “No one will notice any spells I anchor into my Orbs of Stability; they are a kind of overflow/purification center for my magical core.”

“Is that how you avoid the Dark Magic taint?” Severus asked curiously.

“I managed to erase the Magical bond that bound Voldemort and I through my scar in the process of creating the Orbs which purified all the magic in my Core. They play a partial role in averting tainting my Magic further,” Cyriacus commented, preparing to get out of the makeshift bed.

Voldemort frowned, “And the other part?”

“To know subconsciously with every spell I cast that I neither desire nor take joy from the spells I
cast, they are merely a tool and nothing more. So long as I take no enjoyment of it, I shall remain untouched by the taint.”

Lucius looked incredulous. “It can’t be that simple!”

“It’s not. It truly takes someone who only sees it as a tool and nothing more. Emotion is a tool to focus magic, and should not become anything more.” Cyriacus replied slowly getting to his feet and once he was certain he could stand closed his eyes and re-attached the thread that fed his body’s survival magic. He added a few temporary threads to it and felt the magic wash through his body, removing the remaining aches and bruises from his body. Opening his eyes, he felt normal again if a little tired.

Stretching lazily, he ran a hand through his tousled hair. “Well I’m off to bed.”

“Don’t you want to know what else they have to tell us?” Voldemort asked surprised.

“I’m tired as Hell and the only thing I can focus on is how comfortable my bed is. Whatever they have to say has waited a couple thousand years so surely it’ll wait a few more hours.” Cyriacus grumbled, shooting his lover an irritated look.

Bellatrix took a step towards him. “But-“

Cyriacus turned to glare at her and in the time it took for her heart to beat twice, he was Transformed, wings spread open behind him and his eyes glowing brightly in the well-lit room. “Look, I’ve had a particularly shitty day and I don’t expect you to understand half of what I was bitching about earlier. However, a word to the wise, unless you’d like to bear the brunt of what pent up frustration and anger remain within me, don’t get in my fucking way bitch!”

Before she or the others could even react, Cyriacus had turned his attention to the crowd blocking his exit and opening his mouth he snarled at them. Some moved aside immediately at the inhuman sound coming from his throat, bumping into others in their haste but a good number remained rooted in place by shock. His power flared making him look as if he was surrounded by a low hanging thundercloud. It took a few loose tendrils of power lashing at them to move the remaining obstacles in his path. Storming from the room like a dark, malevolent God the remaining wizards could only stare after him, nerves frayed by the show of raw power and tightly leashed animalistic fury.

Slamming the door of his fifth floor suite behind him, Cyriacus was barely aware of throwing up Privacy Charms before howling with a mixture of rage and confusion. A Blood Child, he was a twice cursed Blood Child! He couldn’t be sure how the Anguis Potion was created but he knew blood had to have played a role in its brewing. Between Asadyl and Kohinoor, he now knew that nine lives had been sacrificed to assure his misbegotten existence and one other had been killed to wake his dormant powers. In a past life he must have either killed a lot of people or been one ruthless, cold-hearted son of a bitch to end up a Blood Child forced to carry the weight of two Prophecies on his shoulders.

“Fucked, I’m so fucked!” Cyriacus shouted, throwing the nearest lamp and then clawing the books out of the shelf next to it. “By the Powers that Be, I’m utterly fucked.”

Everything became a blur as he completely wrecked everything in his room, breaking or shredding everything in reach. All the while, his mind raced with the horrible knowledge that he had been cursed not once but twice and was likely to be driven to insanity within a few years under the weight of two Prophecies as well. Too much, it was all too fucking much! Finally wearied at last, both physically and mentally, he collapsed onto the remnants of his feather strewn bed and spent the rest
of the night tossing and turning.

Poor Cy I feel bad for him, I really do. Well that’s your ID fix for maybe the month, we’ll see what I can manage. To answer a quick question about how long ID is going to be, there will be anywhere from 4-8 more chapters. The story will be continued in the next fic in the Destiny Arc, Precarious Destiny.

Anwylyd- Welsh for ‘beloved’

Review please!

-SheWolfe7 (8/14/05)
Every man has his own destiny: the only imperative is to follow it, to accept it, no matter where it leads him.
-Henry Miller, The Wisdom of the Heart
US author (1891-1980)

There were no rain clouds here; the sky was unveiled in all its star spangled glory high above him, even where he was sitting watching the heavens. Sprawled on the heated floor of a completed Summoning Circle, he sat slightly propped up against a mound of pillows. His only company was Atlanta who perched on the edge of the tower, observing him. In his right hand he cradled both a large glass of Firewhisky and a lit cigarette, alternating between them. Having woken up just a few minutes before one a.m. he found he couldn’t stay a moment longer in Riddle Mansion. The walls seemingly pressed in on him, threatening to keep him imprisoned so long that when he was freed no one would recall he had existed. So he fled to the only place he could expect to go without anyone following him and for the first time in months, drowned himself in liquor and cigarettes.

For the first time since he set foot in the Wizarding World, his mind was calm and uncluttered. All that was relevant in this world was the sky above him, the packet of cigarettes tucked next to him, the case of Firewhisky and the soft pillows cushioning him. He had pushed away the rampant revelations, had shrugged off the hysteria that threatened to overcome him and had wandered into that wonderful state where nothing mattered and nothing affected him. Magic pulsed around him and did not distract him, even lying here on top of a burgeoning Necromancer’s Spire. The currents of Necromantic energy lapped at him, teasingly and he was as ignorant of its presence as a Muggle was ignorant of a Magical Creature standing a foot in front of it.
It was several hours later just as dawn was breaking the horizon, splashing the world with brilliant color, that something finally disturbed him. The night had been cool, the wind carrying the scent of winter but the sudden drop in temperature had him instantly alert, waking from his alcohol induced doze. Slowly reaching out with his magic to identify the sudden threat, he relaxed recognizing the gliding grace and rattling breath of his uninvited guests.

“So…this is where you have retreated to young Necromancer. The Serpent Lord’s household is in some disarray this morning, caused by your absence no doubt.” The Dementor Lord drawled with some amusement, his breath rattling.

Cyriacus slowly got to his feet and swaying slightly, glanced at the gray clad Dementor Lord- and the two regular Dementors flanking him. “How did you find me? No one should have been able to find me here of all places.”

One of the other Dementors drew a shuddering breath and when they spoke, it came out as a dry rasp. “Wizards blind.”

“And you are, excuse me- were not just ordinary Wizards, of course.” Cyriacus agreed putting out his cigarette. “That explains how you saw the Spire but not how you knew I would be here.”

The Dementor Lord glided forward and brushed his fingers along Cyriacus’s cheek. “As powerful as you are, whatever you have learned in the past few hours has broken even your ability to keep your emotions fully suppressed. To one such as us, you are tantalizing but now you are simply irresistible…”

Cyriacus didn’t resist as his face was tilted up and the Dementor Lord’s grip shifted, the clammy hand moving to cup the back of his head. Cold breath fanned across his face, as the hooded face loomed closer and closer to him. Something twisted inside of him and before he knew what he was doing, he had moved closer. An arm wrapped around his back, a cold hand settling on his hip, keeping him pinned in place. Something cold latched onto his lips and suddenly the whole world…shifted. As his eyes closed under the onslaught, his body surged with archaic power. Distantly he was aware of sharp stinging bites on his shoulders and arms, and the digging claw-like fingertips piercing the back of his neck and along the side of his hip. It was all too much, the bites, the sensation, the power! The icy thrust of a tongue breached his mouth and he was pulled into oblivion.

A dark blond haired man the Dementor Lord, slowly pulled away from the unconscious Necromancer utterly surprised. An olive skinned man with pitch black hair stood directly in front of him to his right and a fair haired man on the other side of the unconscious Necromancer. All of them looked shocked at their new appearance and the Dementor Lord picked up the Necromancer and laid him on the mound of pillows.

“What is he?” Gideon asked running his pale hands over his warm, toned body.

The dark haired Dementor shook his head. “I have never seen anyone quite like this one and you Ascyltus?”

Ascyltus Gildas, the Dementor Lord, turned to look at his companions. “I cannot say I have, in all my time, and I am among the oldest of our kind.”

“Are we truly Lichs then, brothers?” Gideon asked flexing his muscles with a look of awe on his face.

“It may appear to be so but I have my doubts,” The Dementor lord replied as he kneeled down to
examine the young Necromancer. “He is alive, merely exhausted I would imagine.”

Fihr, the dark haired Dementor, glanced around the top of the Spire. “Quite accomplished this one is, at his age creating a single obsidian Summoning Circle would be quite a feat but to be able to create his first Necromancer’s Spire out of obsidian? Amazing!”

“True enough,” Gideon agreed.

“What magic do you harness within you, young Necromancer? To transmute the effect of a Dementor’s Kiss…” The Dementor Lord muttered softly as Cyriacus began to stir. Sleepy dark green eyes opened and immediately focused on the not-stranger in front of him. “How…?”

“That is a question that even we do not know the answer to but perhaps if you could explain the recent upheavals, we might find an answer.”

Feeling remarkably…normal, his mind no longer plagued with heavy thoughts and the ominous feeling of impending doom had lifted and Cyriacus soon began speaking. The Dementors listened, exclaiming here or there and when he finished, they had all lapsed into a thoughtful silence.

“What they did,” The Dementor Lord replied slowly. “Is not something I would have thought possible, though I freely admit as they are seemingly not as mortal as we are, there are reasons it may have worked. All these changes though, they have altered you, made you more than what is possible for a normal human and most definitely something that cannot be repeated again. There is little doubt why the younger Wraith has been shadowing your every movement, if you had died then all the years of work would have been for nothing.”

Fihr nodded and suggested, “Your power is different than any I have seen so far, similar to the Primordials but different also. The combination is very distinct; it attracts us like moths to flame as you saw earlier. Perhaps there is a form of magnetism? Your power draws us as our power entices you.”

“A Dementor’s Kiss is not so simple though,” Gideon pointed out. “There would have to be a reasonable explanation for that as well.”

Cyriacus looked around for his glass of Firewhisky and finding it broken grumbled as he snagged a fresh bottle and helped himself. “A Dementor’s Kiss is a form of Dark Magic; it siphons the very core and essence of the victim, leaving them a mindless shell. In a way, it is a curse to some effect. It traps the victim’s power and essence within the Dementor until the combined energy has been processed and used to fuel the Transcendence. I am a Blood Child, one destined for at least two Bloodbaths could it be that the weight of the Dementor’s Siphoning Curse is less than that of a Blood-born Curse?”

The Dementors looked thoughtful and finally after a few minutes Ascyltus nodded.

“That might be true. Deimos of Sparta, one of the greatest Necromancers said that ‘no curse was as heavy or as damning as that of the Blood Child’.”

Gideon shivered. “Even the Kin Slaying Curse bears no comparison to it…”

It took a few minutes for the words to sink in but when they did, Cyriacus threw his head back and laughed wildly. “Oh…the Fates are cruel bitches! That I should experience the most damning curses and come off none the worse for them because of what I am! The irony of it all…”
The Dementors watched him laugh; sinking into the mound of pillows as the hysteria and the slight breakdown he had shrugged off earlier clawed its way out. Twenty minutes later he had regained control of himself and smoothly got to his feet. The two normal Dementors had returned to their natural form as Dementors, neither seemed pleased with that development. The Dementor Lord however, was still human-like and watching him curiously.

There was something about his eyes, the Dementor Lord decided, he has made his choice and he will stand by it. Now at last we will see what he is and what he has decided to become…

“So I’m damned and the weight of being a Blood Child negates the Magical Curses experienced by normal Wizards and Witches. Best make use of it wouldn’t you agree?” Cyriacus said conversationally as he banished the pillows and empty bottles.

“What are you going to do?” The Dementor Lord asked cautiously.

Cyriacus drew a rune in the air with his fingers and eight Gatherers appeared, the spiders waiting for orders. Crouching he brushed his mind against theirs and after forming pairs they vanished into a shadow, their goals set. When Cyriacus got to his feet and turned to face the Dementor Lord, his face set and eyes glowing with power.

“What am I going to do? Why regain my health and vitality of course, if I have nothing to fear in the ways of Magical Curses, what prevents me from spilling mortal blood to meet my own ends?” That said, he stepped into a shadow and vanished, on his way to make his preparations for the Summoning.

The Strategy Room
Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton UK
Thursday the 2nd of October 1997
7:20 PM

Voldemort calmly walked into the room, absently acknowledging his Death Eaters as he took his seat. A note from Cyriacus had arrived during lunch basically telling them he was fine and that he would arrive later at 7:30 to finish the discussion from yesterday. A casual glance around the room revealed anxious looking Elites who were all clustered around the end of the table near Cyriacus’s chaise, Nusayr and the rest of the Primordial Beings were restlessly walking around the room and the Inner Circle members were seated at the table, talking amongst their companions. A few minutes later, the door swung open.

Cyriacus stepped into the room, which fell silent, all eyes riveted on him. Voldemort and several others got to their feet, ready to rush over to him; but then he moved and they realized he wasn’t covered in blood, (at least not copious amounts of it) but it was his clothing! Voldemort had never seen anything like it before but he had heard of it, an ancient material made by a small clan of Blood Mages that lived somewhere in the heart of the Black Forest.

The robes rippled around him, giving the impression of flowing blood as the robes were elaborately dyed in various reds. He wore his hair tied back in a simple black braid, flecks of blood were splashed on his face and stained his fingers but he was uncaring. A strange dark blond haired man walked directly behind and to his side, followed by two Dementors.

The moment the door shut behind the strange group, Voldemort’s nose twitched as he caught the most unforgettable scent. “You’ve been practicing Blood Magic; you reek of its taint.”

Cyriacus slowly raised his left arm from his side and cast a spell untying the laces of his gauntlet.
Once the ties were loose, he grasped the fingers and yanked, pulling the gauntlet off. He handed the black dragonhide gauntlet to the blond and grasping his sleeve, pulled it up revealing a completely healed arm covered in very light ripple-like scars.

“How did you—“ Severus began but his son cut him off quickly.

“Trust me, you don’t want to know.” Cyriacus said eyes shining with an emotion everyone was hard pressed to name.

Constance frowned. “Is it completely healed?”

“As much as it can be,” Cyriacus replied, slipping his arm back into the gauntlet and using another spell to re-tie the laces.

Asadyl watched his Heir closely. “It was a Rite of Saqr was it not?”

“Yes.” Cyriacus replied flexing his fingers and arm. “As a Blood Child I have little to fear from other Curses.”

Kohinoor smiled slightly. “For you already bear the darkest Curse, yes.”

“Such is the way of my life, or so I am learning.” Cyriacus said crossing his arms over his chest, smiling sardonically.

“Why are you still wearing that glove?” Pansy asked pointing.

Cy frowned pensively. “Because my arm is only healed so much as it will ever be and there are side effects from the Purification Flame. I get the most annoying pins-and-needle sensation in my arm if I am exposed to areas that have an abnormally high concentration of magic. I’m hoping that enough exposure in small amounts will allow me to become accustomed to the feeling or better yet, tone down the sensation but at the moment, I will take precautions to stay safe.”

Asadyl gaped at him. “You were exposed to one of those Purification Flames and did not incinerate on contact?”

“Considering how badly burned I was for less than two minutes in contact with it, I’d say I was lucky.”

“Even then kyndrak, to be able to heal such damage!” Kohinoor breathed, awed. “All these years of waiting have paid off handsomely, you are perfection incarnate.”

Cyriacus raised an eyebrow, his face expressing skepticism. “I wouldn’t go that far. I have an unbelievable amount of power I’ll admit but even my body can’t harness it without severe strain. I’d be easy cannon fodder on the field after four or so Summonings, I imagine.” He paused, looking distant. “It’s why Necromancers rarely ally themselves with Dark Lords, without proper protections, that is. Very little, at the end of the day, is worth dying for.”

Voldemort glanced at him and shivered at the look in his glazed eyes. “Yet you were willing to kill me and be slain in the wake of my death.”

“And do you know how I would have killed you?” Cyriacus asked softly, his voice as soft as silk. “The Necromancer’s formally call it, Elsinore’s Sacrifice but the most common name is Bait. It’s a highly dangerous Summoning as the slightest error or lingering results in death. Sowing nothing more than a salt circle, I would pierce the veil between the Mortal Realm and the Nether Plane and create a Blood Orb to attract one of the Ravagers. The moment the Blood Orb is completed, I would
then remove the main Orb of Stability from within me and force it into the Blood Orb and cast it at my enemy. The moment the two converge, forming a Vengeance Orb, the Ravagers would come pouring through the veil. I would then break the Salt Circle to prevent becoming eaten, and they would destroy the unfortunate being the Orb affixes itself within.”

Severus grimaced. “I imagine that isn’t a pleasant way to die?”

“It’s among the worst,” Cyriacus answered, lips curving in disgust. “Ravagers commonly eat energy; they’ll rip apart your Core and even your soul when it attempts to flee from its dying body. They’ll also settle for flesh and bone as well. Given a chance they’ll slaughter you in unspeakable ways…”

The blond behind him frowned. “I am unfamiliar with that technique.”

“It was created in the late 1200’s, well after your botched Transcendence.” Cy replied smoothly as he took his seat at his chaise.

Bellatrix glanced at the two men. “Who is he and what is he doing here?”

Cy gestured at the Dementor Lord. “You are already familiar with him and I imagine you’ll understand in the next ten minutes or so.”

A younger Elite glanced at him curiously. “Why were you practicing Blood Magic?”

“I assure you, I did not get back my health and vitality by natural means. Blood is the center of all things magical or otherwise. I have spilled much of it to get to where I am now, and I am under no illusions that I will not continue to do so.” Cy replied with a dark laugh.

“That is the way of our kind,” The Dementor Lord commented. “For knowledge, power, gain and our own aims, we have shed the blood of others and we will continue to do so. It is an unavoidable part of being a Necromancer; one has to be willing to sacrifice others and even oneself.”

Shifting on the chaise, Cyriacus waved his hand regally. “It is a path paved by blood and no doubt in its own way, a kind of damnation. Yet we are that which we were meant to be so in the end there is little use complaining about the inevitable.”

“You didn’t seem that accepting last night.” Draco commented.

“I wasn’t, I admit it, but in the grand scheme of things what choice do I have but to accept it? I have two Prophecies hanging around my neck like an Albatross and if I wish to stay sane I’d best get over it and figure out what my next move it.”

Cyriacus glanced over to Asadyl and Kohinoor. “And if I want to be able to do that, I need to hear why exactly you chose to do what you did and just what I can expect to happen to me.”

The Chylla and the Wraith exchanged looks and Asadyl nodded slightly and turning to look at his Heir began his story.

“As Altaros told you, the fault lies with Imryn and I, and it all began over Miela. What I need to explain first is this; the Primordial Beings have existed longer than even the normal mortals that populate the world now. For a long time, several hundred years, we had no way of reproducing amongst ourselves but to our amazement, these fragile mortals could easily be impregnated or impregnate our kind. Balance was found and so we discovered that mixing our blood created beings that were neither of Primordial or mortal descent but something stranger and unforeseen.”

Nusayr interrupted. “Not all of them still exist now, it has been several thousand years after all, but quite a few of the intermixed hybrids still prosper. The most prominent of those that still exist are the
“In any event, our kind began breeding with the mortals and the half-breed offspring were highly sought by the Primordials as they often were able to breed true with others of our kind. Miela was one such example; she was the daughter of a mortal woman and a Deviant. To be brief, she had been promised to Imryn, who was the Revenant’s Eldest but was physically drawn to me. In the end I took her and she became pregnant with my child, the first child sired by a Wraith and highly prized. Trouble was afoot at the time, the first practitioners of Order Magic were causing some mischief amongst our kind and every child born or were on the way were much needed. Two months after my son Nazyh was born, I was called away to a meeting and Imryn stole my son. Several months were wasted attempting to reach an agreement for my son’s return but neither of us could agree to anything and then war broke out between the Wraiths and Deviants. Barely a year after that, we began warring in earnest with the Order Practitioners and our lack of unity brought about our banishment from this world.”

Kohinoor smoothly took up the next portion of the explanation. “Fortunately the Chylla are Gifted with skills in Divination and Foresaw this event before our banishment took place. It took two weeks but eventually, my Sisters and I were able to rally the Primordials once again and explained to them the Prophecy and our hope for salvation. After much discussion we came into agreement and decided on a very dangerous Blood Ritual. In order to achieve our aims, we took the blood of the three Eldest members of each group and infused the combined blood into Imryn’s youngest child Saphra. Then using a Dark Ritual that combined aspects of Chaos Magic and what you now call Lost Arts, we slew the three Eldest of the Deviants, Savages and Revenants. Twisting the power from their deaths and combining it with magic, we were able to force it into Asadyl’s missing son Nazyh. This was done as precaution, preferably we wanted to mingle the blood of the descendants of those two bloodlines but should one somehow become defunct, we would still have one bloodline to use to ensure our Prophecy came true.”

“In any case, we were forced into the Chaos Plane by the Order practitioners and the Chylla amusingly enough were allowed to roam as they pleased. That worked in our favor but was hardly fair.” Asadyl commented with some annoyance. “So we waited, biding our time.”

“We on the other hand, did not have as easy a time as Asadyl makes it sound. Keeping track of the descendants of Nazyh and Saphra proved to be a difficult task as well as manipulating their bloodline as often as we could to ensure purity. Years passed by with very few candidates being born who we thought might be the Prophesized one and our frustration grew as the bloodlines thinned and some were destroyed. Eventually, it came to be that your mother’s bloodline was all that remained of Saphra’s descendants and only two bloodlines remained descended of Nazyh’s offspring. We believed it was a sign when both your parents ended up going to Hogwarts and soon enough, several of us had powerful Visions regarding your impending birth and the circumstances leading to them. Your father joining Voldemort only added to our plans, especially as Voldemort had become very enthralled at the idea of creating a Potion to create abnormally powerful children. In this, we saw to it that your birth became a surety. Nanaea, the second Eldest of the Chylla, collaborated with Voldemort’s current Potions Master and together created the Anguis Potion.”

Kohinoor’s explanation was cut off as the blond man gasped and became surrounded in a black mist. His breath came in short pants and then bone chillingly familiar rattles. When the mist faded, they saw the Dementor Lord standing in place of the blond man.

Everyone gaped and Voldemort glanced over at his lover. “How did he-“

“I’ll show you later perhaps.” Cyriacus answered rather impatiently. “Continue.”
Kohinoor blinked and then shook her head before continuing. “The Potion was difficult to craft, especially as we had to ensure that you would be the superior of all the other children who would be sired. We used infusions of Primordial Blood as well as a combination of other magical ingredients and distilling processes and after nearly fourteen months of careful brewing, it was ready.”

Severus frowned thoughtfully. “Would the infusion of Primordial Blood have anything to do with the number of complications at birth? I believe it safe to guess that you purposely destroyed the recipe of the Anguis Potion? When I took up the position of Potions Master after my predecessor was killed and Nanaea had ‘vanished’, I never did find any records of it. Though I imagine you also kept me away from the brewing process for exactly that reason as well?”

“Yes, only those who had some diluted Primordial Blood in their bloodlines would have given birth to a completely healthy child. To be honest, we had not expected so many children to be born and born whole. It is a pleasing result though; it simply means there will be more guards for the kyndrak.” Kohinoor smiled smugly and finished answering his questions. “You are correct; the recipe was destroyed to prevent any other attempts at tampering with the Potion. Mind you, it would not have worked without the exact infusion of Primordial Blood we used but you could have caused a great deal of problems had you attempted to modify it.”

Antares looked confused. “Why would he need guards for? He’s more powerful than all of us put together.”

Cyriacus interrupted, eyes dark. “But also more vulnerable as I recover my strength after using too much magic. You knew that would happen didn’t you? That’s exactly why Nusayr was charged to guard me, shadowing my every move. If I die, then all you’ve worked for goes to naught, I’m the last scion of Sapphra’s line.”

“What is most important is that you are the one who carries this Prophecy and your death now, is the death of our hopes to get out of that blasted prison!” Asadyl said gruffly.

If it was possible, Cyriacus’s eyes got even darker. “Yes, I’m just the pawn, the procurer of your freedom…nothing else matters beyond that point does it?”

Voldemort shivered at the way his lover was speaking, it was devoid of emotion yet at the same time so…cold.

“That is not what this is all about kyndrak; you are not a mere tool. You are more than that. When the time comes you will be the Dark One, Lord of the Primordials. It is a title of high honor, one with unimaginable power and it was created solely for you. My Sisters and I may have orchestrated events, but your coming was seen long before we began our task.” Kohinoor said firmly, attempting to steer him away from seeing himself as being born to be used. He had not been born to be used after all; he had been born to rule and born to save the rest of their kind from their prison.

Cyriacus didn’t comment, thinking her words over before cautiously asking, “And the Prophecy?”

“It is simple enough. It is through your diluted Wraith blood that allows you to pierce the veil between this realm and the other planes. When the Blood Ritual is completed and you become the Lord of Primordials in truth, there will be little stopping you from opening as many of these portals as you choose. As the ruler of each sect of the Primordials you may call them from their prison at your leisure. It was seen to take many, many years to free all our Brethren but it can be done and you will be the only one who may do this.”

“You think by completing the Blood Ritual, I will have enough power to sustain keeping a Rift open between the Mortal and Chaos Plane?! Are you crazy?” Cy exclaimed, jumping to his feet.
Asadyl frowned, “You’re power now is a mere trifle compared to what it will be a year from now.”

Cyriacus glared at his ancestor and with aggravation snarled, “I am not concerned about power! Power is not an issue in this matter, what I am concerned about is how likely it is that I will be able to live through the experience! Summoning Nusayr nearly killed me and the only reason I’m well enough today is because I slaughtered six mortals, in the prime of their life and in their top physical condition, and used the magic released from their deaths to rejuvenate my own body!”

“And that is partly why we risked creating a Blood Child. No Chaos Curse is near as damning as the taint of being a Blood Child. We created you to have a choice in making a more rapid recovery.” Kohinoor said flatly.

Voldemort inwardly winced at the sudden flare of power in his lover’s eyes; this was not going to end well. Clenching his fists, Cyriacus grit his teeth and attempted to stay calm even as his power began pooling around him, waiting to be unleashed. The Dementor Lord glided forward, stopping directly in front of the furious Necromancer. Everyone cringed, waiting for the explosion that was surely inevitable. Cyriacus slowly got to his feet and grabbing hold of the front of the Dementor Lord’s robes, jerked him forward. Voldemort gaped when he saw his lover smash his lips down onto the clammy, darkened lips of the Dementor Lord.

Ignoring everyone else in favor of the kiss, Cyriacus forcefully pressed himself against the Dementor Lord and made the first move, his tongue snaking into that cold mouth. Ah there it was! Cyriacus closed his eyes as held on more tightly as he felt that oh so familiar chill sweep through his body, taking away all the mixed emotions leaving him in a state of blissful calm and clarity. Those watching the kiss were horrified and slack-jawed at the unexpected action, wondering what could have possibly possessed Cyriacus to commit suicide. Staring in horrified rapture, they watched as the Dementor Lord slowly transformed from his skeletal, color leeched state to a healthy human glow. After what seemed like an eternity, the two slowly pulled away from each other, the Dementor Lord drawing quick breaths while Cyriacus looked stoic and calm.

Severus was the first to regain the ability to speak and with a growl demanded, “By Merlin’s staff, what the hell was that?!”

“A side effect,” Cyriacus answered coolly. “This is only a small fraction of the oddities I am capable of thanks to so much meddling throughout the years. I only discovered this ability earlier this morning and to be blunt, it works much better than the blasted Potions I’ve been taking to maintain my Numbing condition. This is more effective and in addition, is of more use as well. It seems we both give and take some kind of energy from each other and the Dementors are temporarily boosted to full Lich status for a short time. It will be invaluable during the War.”

The Dementor Lord nodded. “This ability of yours will almost guarantee you instant loyalty by the other Dementor Lords. If you are willing to use this power to create as many Lichs as you desire and if you can find a way to make it last longer, you will become even more formidable.”

Cyriacus shrugged. “We will see, it requires more testing and there is plenty of time for that still.”

Asadyl changed the subject. “Nusayr has told me that you will be attending a gathering of some importance with some of the mixed hybrids we mentioned earlier?”

“We will be leaving tomorrow afternoon,” Voldemort agreed.

“Then there is one last thing you need to be aware of before you go, my Heir. The mixed hybrids owe their allegiance to the Primordials as we are their forefathers and as the soon-to-be Lord of the Primordials, they will owe their allegiance to you as well.”
Cyriacus raised an eyebrow. “Will they even remember that promise and better yet, do they even
remember you exist?”

“To them we are the Forgotten Ones and they very well know they are descended of our blood.
They will know and they cannot refuse to obey you, they are our children and they have always
heeded us in matters of the utmost importance.” Kohinoor added.

“I imagine they will require some proof that the time has come for their allegiance to be called upon?
They will not take me at my word without proof of some sort.”

Asadyl smiled, his violet eyes shining with dark humor. “Worry not, it is only a matter of time before
they realize what exactly you are but the signs are already apparent to those observant enough.”

“Very well,” Cyriacus commented. “At the most, it will make them bide their time and wait to
choose a side to serve. That will suit our purposes for the time being.” He glanced at Voldemort.
“How goes the preparations?”

Voldemort smoothly answered, “Everything is prepared and my spies report that no further
unexpected activity has taken place in Casablanca. We depart tomorrow afternoon by Portkey to a
secured location in Morocco.”

“Have you selected our attendants?”

“We are allowed eight additional attendants, four each. Accompanying me will be Lucius,
Rodulphus, Bellatrix and Rabastan. Who or what you choose to take with you, I leave to your
discretion.”

Asadyl frowned. “Nusayr and at least one other Primordial will accompany you, I insist. If only
based on your Savage tendencies last night, there is little doubt you will need at least two that you
may Feed from.”

“I will take Nusayr as he has little choice in the matter. If Asaph and the Dementor Lord agree, I
should like them to attend me as well.”

The Revenant agreed quickly, as did the Dementor Lord who had a slight smile on his face.

Voldemort frowned slightly at his choice but didn’t comment, not here anyway. “And your fourth?”

“I will see if I can get in touch with an acquaintance of mine. If he is unavailable on short notice I
will find someone else. I have little doubt he will drop everything for me if I request it though,”
Cyriacus smiled lazily. “There is very little he would not do for me if I ask it of him.”

“I see.” Voldemort said suppressing his jealousy at this unknown man his lover spoke of so fondly.

Cyriacus got to his feet and prepared to leave the room, Kohinoor stopped him. “Don’t you want to
know what powers to expect from the Blood Ritual?”

Cyriacus graced her with a look so daunting that it had even the Primordials backing away from him
nervously. When he spoke, his voice was soft as silk and dripping with malevolence. “I think my
dear that I have heard enough from you for one evening. What I am is not something even you could
explain, all your plotting has created something unexpected and powerful. What powers I have, no
doubt, are mutated and I will learn of them myself over time. Your assistance regarding this matter is
no longer needed or wanted. Might I suggest keeping your distance for the time being? My temper is
so short these days and I find I have found a particularly amusing way to express my…misfortune. I
should not want to kill you prematurely after all; your death has a use to me and I shall be ever so
displeased if I were to waste it.”

Kohinoor didn’t dare move as Cyriacus bent closer to her, his eyes flat and lifeless. His lips pressed close to her ear and a tongue traced her earlobe. “Meddling bitch! I am not a tool to be used or manipulated lightly, think of this as a small sample of my…gratitude.” Cyriacus stepped back swiftly and with a snarl, lashed her four times with shimmering bands of his focused energy. Cyriacus watched her crumble boneless on the ground, blood soaking her once pristine white robes. Around him, he could smell the sudden tension and fear.

Flashing a feral smile at his audience he hissed, “And that is why no one should be stupid enough to think to manipulate me and pay no price. I always get my due.”

The Dementors were, once again, irresistibly drawn to him and Cyriacus didn’t even flinch when he felt them pulling up the sleeves of his robes their teeth sinking into his flesh. Ascyltus had pulled rank and for the first time in his Lich form, greedily kissed the Necromancer. Power flowed between them, filling hidden reserves within them until they were so full that pain raced through their bodies. The pain and the pleasure consumed them and it took the force of Gideon and Fihr tugging them apart to make them aware of the world around them. Gideon steadied the dazed Necromancer while Fihr gaped at his friend and leader. Ascyltus now looked far younger than he had a few moments before and if it was possible, even more human-like than before.

“Well,” Cyriacus commented slightly amused. “There’s a definite attraction of some sort.”

Ascyltus smiled in such a way that Voldemort had to restrain himself from doing something he might regret later. “There is plenty of time to investigate further.”

Shaking his head slightly, Cyriacus headed to the door. “I’ll be out of touch the rest of the night and be back sometime around ten tomorrow morning. Don’t Call unless it’s an emergency.”

Apartment 632
Seattle, Washing USA
Thursday the 2nd of October 1997
1:01 PM

Cyriacus adjusted his sunglasses as he stepped into the empty hall. Dressed in a coal colored Armani suit with a stylish overcoat, he fit right in at the upscale apartment complex. Striding through the hall as if he owned it, he headed to the end of the hallway. Stopping in front of the last door on the right hand side of the hall, he fiddled with his coat then knocked on the door four times. The door swung in a moment later and Cy quickly entered, closing the door behind him.

“You’re the last person I expected to see today.” A man drawled the slightest hint of an Irish brogue in his tenor voice.

Turning, Cy spotted the speaker leaning casually against the wall next to a grandfather clock. The other man had short glossy hair the color of dark chocolate. His skin was pale as though he spent little time out in the sun and his eyes were the color of a winter storm. Tall and broad shouldered, he was blessed with an average appearance which no doubt made his work easier. He looked exactly like he was posing as, a wealthy businessman. Cyriacus however, knew differently.

Cyriacus adopted an innocent expression. “Kieran my dear friend, you act as though you don’t wish to see me every now and then. How’s business?”

“So long as mortals feel greed, envy and hatred, business will always be good.”
“Didn’t I tell you the business here would be better?”

Kieran shrugged. “So you did, what brings you all the way out here?”

Cyriacus raised an eyebrow. “You may not attend the regular gatherings but I know very well you would have heard about the…sudden change in my allegiances.”

“As though you were loyal to anyone but yourself Cyriacus!” Kieran snorted derisively.

“Ah but they didn’t know that now did they?” Cy replied with a wicked smile.

Kieran shook his head, chuckling. Gesturing for Cyriacus to follow him, he led the younger Wizard through a large open living room they entered a well furnished office. Cyriacus took a seat in front of a mahogany desk while his friend poured them some brandy. They spent an hour chatting companionably, catching up about events that had taken place since they last spoke in June.

“So, what brings you to my door this afternoon?” Kieran asked, curious why his friend was here looking slightly frazzled.

“Kieran, I need your help.” Cy said bluntly.

Kieran threw his head back and laughed. “From what you just told me you don’t need just my help and expertise, you need the aid of at least three other Masters of my particular trade.”

“That’s true I can’t deny that, but I trust you implicitly which is more than I can say about some of the other Masters. Name your price and if it’s within my power, it’s yours.”

Kieran studied him silently and Cy sat patiently waiting. After about ten minutes Kieran nodded slowly. “Alright, I’ll do it.”

Cy let out a relieved breath. “Great, what do you want in exchange?”

Kieran’s lips twitched. “I’ll waive my payment until after the world’s conquered.”

Cy burst out laughing. “That’s fine.”

“So when do I start... boss?”

“Immediately, think you can be packed up by midnight?”

Kieran smirked. “No problem at all.”

“I’ll meet you back here at eleven o’clock then, I have another visit to pay.” Cyriacus said smoothly getting to his feet and vanishing into a shadow next to a bookcase.

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**The North Tower**
**Arcanum Institute of Magic, Unplottable, Unknown**
**Friday the 4th of October 1997**
**3:10 AM**

The hallways were empty; Cyriacus noted absently standing in the shadows at the foot of the North Tower. Casting a quick Containment Spell followed by a few Banishing Spells on his clothes, he quickly Transformed. It took barely two heartbeats now and the pain was barely even noticeable as long as he remembered to take off his shirt. Another quick Cleaning Charm took care of the blood.
splatters and dismantling the Containment Spell, he lazily stretched his huge wings as he stepped out of the shadows. Exquisitely crafted Dragons guarded the entrance to the stairs leading to Morgan’s Tower, both were slumbering their heads pillowed on their arms.

“Wake guardian and taste of my blood and magic,” Cyriacus said formally, voice pitched so his words wouldn’t disturb the portraits hanging along the hallway but loud enough to draw the attention of the statues.

Yawning, the Dragons woke and looked at him curiously, obviously never having seen anything like him before. Holding out both his hands, Cyriacus allowed the Dragon on the right to bite his hand drawing blood and tasting it while the other Dragon examined the small flicker of power he had allowed to pool at the tips of his fingers. Once both were satisfied that he was someone who was allowed entrance into the rooms above, they both backed away, revealing a large stone arch and a torch-lit staircase.

“My thanks,” Cyriacus rumbled, folding his wings on his back so he could duck through the entrance. The statues re-took their place once he was inside the Tower and Cyriacus shook his head and began the laborious climb to the Tower rooms above. Normally he would have spared himself the 1,437 step climb but tonight he was in a strange mood. Exchanging energy with the Dementors not only freed him from the annoying emotional restraints from his Numbing condition but it seemed to give him a great deal of mental clarity and dare he say it? A sense of inner peace and well being that had noticeably been absent for as long as he remembered. It was dangerous though, it could become far too easy to become addicted to the peace of mind those Kisses gave him and he would resort back to his normal ‘fix’.

Perhaps it wasn’t so strange that he had been drawn here today, his life after all, had changed the moment he had set foot in this building. Morgan hadn’t been lying about his condition when he had arrived, he had hardly been aware of anything around him when Dumbledore and the others had handed him the Portkey. He had been hopelessly lost, his psyche threatening to shatter from the stress and trauma of the Third Task. In addition, his Numbing Condition had suddenly emerged and was slowly destroying his ability to feel anything, emotionally or physically. Just thinking about those first days made his throat tighten with emotion, he had been so raw and so fragile when he had arrived. It was here that they had discovered how far his relatives had gone, it was here that they had allowed the mask of the Boy-Who-Lived to be ripped away and had allowed him to be willing to show how weak and human he truly was. And it was here that they had made him whole in body, mind and spirit.

It hadn’t been easy and the stress alone probably would have broken him completely if they hadn’t had him dosed to the hilt with all sorts of Mind Controlling and Mind Altering drugs. They put him under a suicide watch when they started him on the first of his Potion regimes not because he would have killed himself, but because the only way to recover from Numbing was to do damage to oneself in an attempt to become aware of the pain. Too many who had not been under close observation had died, totally unaware of their lifeblood seeping away.

The Potions regime had fixed his Numbing, temporarily as they later learned, but it could do nothing to destroy the guilt of Cedric’s death. When they realized that none of their Potions could possibly delude his mind long enough for him to escape the nightmares and none of the best Mind Healers could reason with him, they had given him the only abolution he would accept, a la Dursley. They hadn’t wanted to do it but in the end when his own Survival Magic gave way, they played along with his delusion, allowing him to believe that somehow he was bleeding away the poison that had been consuming him for so long.

It was after he recovered from that horrible lashing that he became malleable and more than willing
to be changed, to learn to be strong on his own and to allow the careless words of the Wizarding World to wash over him. As he had said before, it was a long time coming but so overdue! Stabilized at last and as recovered from his ordeal as much as could be expected, he threw himself into his studies striving to become, not the pawn, but the player. So he learned to harden himself physically, emotionally and morally as well. He shed blood, killed when necessary and pushed himself as far as his body and mind would go. Though he had made friends and allies, he had learned to depend solely on himself and to be willing to sacrifice even the closest friend in the heat of battle. He had become the hero the Wizarding World had desired for so long, albeit a very cold-hearted and brutally mercenary one.

Cyriacus shook his head and pushed away the memories, now was not the time to reflect, he had a few small matters to discuss and then he needed to get a few hours of sleep. Stopping in front of an ornately carved oak door, he knocked twice and waited. The door opened and he entered the room. Silently, they passed through her richly appointed living room and into what appeared to be a large, meditation room. Potted plants added color to the otherwise drab space, scented candles were lit all along the room and a fountain trickled soothingly along the left wall. The right wall was completely covered in large windows and no doubt framed a wonderful view of the grounds.

Morgan, dressed in gold nightdress with a royal blue night robe over it, took a seat on a plush cushion in the center of the room and waving her hand, conjured another directly opposite her about a foot way. Cyriacus carefully sprawled on the cushion, folding his wings and settling them more comfortably on his back. Morgan studied him curiously, sensing the strange mixture of emotions emanating from him.

“It is, of course, good to see you mon cher but I must wonder what brings you to my rooms so early in the morning?” Morgan said at last as it seemed Cyriacus was not quite ready to speak.

Cyriacus sighed. “It’s been a…rough couple of days I suppose you could say. So much has happened and I have learned more about what I am than perhaps I would have liked. For me, everything that is of true importance happened here and I begin to think that I long for the days where, although I was in danger I was relatively safe to live my life as I desired. I never thought going back to Great Britain in July would change so many things but…maybe I shouldn’t be so surprised being what I am.”

“And what are you, Prince of Dragons? What troubles you so?” Morgan asked softly, sincerely interested.

“The question isn’t so much what I am, but what am I not? I was so angry when I learned of it all, so furious I could have shredded everything in the room! And instead of dealing with my feelings, I took the easy way out and let his Kiss wash everything away. How did I become so weak, Morgan? So weak I can’t bear to deal with my own feelings or even channel them into something useful?”

Morgan closed her eyes and wished that she had intervened earlier, had brought him here when he was younger, before those Muggles had irrevocably broken something inside him. She was honest enough to know she bore some of the blame; she had fused the broken pieces of him back together and in the process had created new flaws he had yet to deal with. “You cannot be invincible; it is not possible even for someone of your power and character! Why you insist upon thinking yourself so weak is beyond my ken. The things you have learned the last three months are enough to have broken lesser men and yet you still persevere, you adapt to the situation and choose to accept it and live your life regardless. For someone with such a brilliant mind, I have to wonder if you ever took our talks seriously Cyriacus!”

“You know what I was like when I came here and I think you know better than most the way I dealt
with my feelings. You told me once that you would always be here, willing to do what was necessary if I felt as if I would break.” Cyriacus said softly. “And I don’t feel as though I am just going to break Morgan, I feel as if I will shatter into a million pieces and no one will be able to put me back together.”

“Why can’t I fix you?” Morgan said at last, drawing a harsh breath. “We made you stronger, smarter, quicker, cautious and sly, all because you desired to become something better than you were, something that was you and not just the expectations of so many. It took us months of careful planning, months of meticulous Potion regimes and highly dangerous Magical Rituals but we were able to make you into what you desired to be. You became stronger and faster, with reflexes and thought processing higher than most humans and yet, nothing we could do could change that one little flaw!”

Cyriacus smiled bitterly. “It’s not a flaw…not as I have learned. It is nothing more than what I am, what they made me.”

“W-what?” Morgan asked shocked.

“I’m a Blood Child…a tool born to fix the error of my ancestors, and a tool born to fulfill yet another Prophecy. I…I can’t deal with this any longer, Morgan! It’s going to destroy me, I will go crazy unless you pull yourself together and do as you promised! Don’t…don’t make me beg for it.” Cyriacus said flatly, cheeks flushing with humiliation.

Morgan stared at him for a very long time and sighing, got to her feet. “Very well…let us go to another room.”

Cyriacus followed her out, Transforming back to his normal form. They Flooed down to an unused dungeon room and once again, Arcanum’s infamous banshee ghost made his presence known. This was the only time he allowed himself to truly feel and not just suppress his feelings, he gave himself the luxury of being able to voice his pain in more ways than stifled whimpers and soft moans. The pain of the lash cutting into his flesh, blood dripping down his back mingled with sweat. This was his release from everything, his failure, his weakness, his selfishness and his fear. Blood dripped from him and the oppressive weight of everything that bore so heavily on his mind and spirit was lifted, forgotten if only for a few precious hours. It was a reminder of what he was; he was no Saint, no invincible Immortal being, just a broken very twisted individual who would spill blood as readily as he shed his own, to bleed away his own guilt and failures.

Lashing was the only acceptable absolution he would ever have, and how amusing he found it that Morgan was the only one who could stomach giving him what he so desperately needed. Arcanum trained strong Wizards and Witches, who were ruthless while pursuing their goals and yet of those who taught here, only Morgan could cross the line, and cause deliberate harm to an ally. Of course, Voldemort had tortured him the night of the Summit and though Cyriacus had not asked for the release all that bloodletting gave him, he had appreciated it and found himself rather disgusted with himself. That had been purely for show not for release and yet he had enjoyed it, that had made him feel extremely twisted resulting in his lover’s belief that his action had caused the reason for Cyriacus’s sudden strange shift in attitude. Now this was a secret he was more than willing to keep from his lover, his father and the rest. This was his absolution and none of them needed to know of it. They would view it as not only a very strange, twisted desire on his part but also see it as a weakness, and he would not be exploited for the strange methods in which he found release and kept his sanity.

She had always been able to give him what he needed, no matter what he had needed from her and no matter how much it cost her. Cyriacus gasped as he felt his Survival Magic finally yield and then
Morgan picked up a furious pace, lashing him wildly as though furious with him for what he required of her. And maybe she had a right to be angry, maybe this wasn’t normal for most people but this was what he needed to stay sane. This was what he needed to remind him that he was human, that he was mortal, in whatever ways were left to him. It wasn’t a personal flaw; it was what simply what he was…this was the price of being born a Blood Child.

The Kitchen
Number 12 Grimmauld Place, London UK
Thursday the 2nd of October 1997
11:32 PM

Dumbledore watched as the room filled with Order members. They trickled in twos and threes, chatting softly or heatedly, some sparing him concerned looks and others glaring at him. It had been weeks since his trial and earning back the trust of some Order members still proved difficult. Sighing, he waited patiently pondering how things had suddenly gotten out of control. He had made mistakes in the process of doing the ‘right’ thing and he was willing to admit he had done some extreme things, had done things that Harry had the right to hate him for. Where did everything begin to go wrong, had it started when Lily and James had gone into hiding? Had an irreversible chain of events been set into motion that fateful Halloween night?

Minerva tapped him on the shoulder, alerting him to the fact that everyone had arrived and were ready to begin the meeting. Dumbledore gestured for Amelia Bones to begin her report and she explained the new training regime all the Aurors and Unspeakables were being put through. Moody and Shacklebolt added to her report, explaining how the training was going and the state of the new recruits. Other Ministry employees explained about recent events between the Defense League and the Ministry. The St. Mungo’s staff spoke of new shipments of Potions and recent medical discoveries as well as how many wounded the hospital would likely to be able to treat. Bill and Fleur speculated about the sudden strange behavior of the Goblins, who appeared to be both nervous and snappish the last week as rumors of a Goblin gathering had been whispered about.

Dumbledore pondered that and then noticed Severus making impatient gestures to give his own reports. “Yes Severus?”

“I know exactly why the Goblins are as tense as Weasley and Delacour have noted. The Dark Congress has been called this weekend, somewhere in India I believe but I am not certain.”

Silence.

“Are you sure Severus?”

Severus snorted derisively. “Do not mock my skills Albus; the Dark Lord and the Necromancer were discussing it at tonight’s gathering. By Monday next, the balance of power will have been decided and at this particular time, I have little doubt most if not all will side with the Dark Lord.”

“What makes you think that?” Amelia demanded.

“As far as they can tell, we have no weapon now that the Dark Lord has killed Potter. Everyone knows that he as been winning most of the recent skirmishes and he has managed to acquire a most formidable ally in the Necromancer.” Severus paused deliberately and then followed Voldemort’s order and dropped the proverbial bombshell. “I have recently learned a few more details about the…Necromancer and they are all quite troubling.”

Dumbledore took a deep breath. “Go on, Severus.”
“I have learned through a great deal of trouble on my part that the Necromancer claims to be the Heir of Blaze Hawthorne, the Illusionist himself. It is also whispered that he or she, is not only a First Tier Lord of the Guild of Necromancy but the Guild’s Lord. We are dealing with no newly robed Master and based on the creatures I have witnessed keeping guard of his or her person, the Necromancer is not someone to be crossed.” Severus said simply, inwardly amused at the expressions on the faces of his ‘colleagues’.

“The Heir of Blaze Hawthorne, by Merlin’s staff, the power in that particular bloodline! I was not even aware that it still existed, but without a doubt it is among the oldest lines of the Great Wizarding Houses of Britain.” Dumbledore commented, dazed.

Moody shook his head soberly. “This…is not good news.”

The room was quiet and for once, no one had anything to say.

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The Dining Hall
Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton UK
Friday the 3rd of October 1997
8:07 AM

Those present at breakfast the next day were treated to an intriguing spectacle. The Dining Hall was filled near to bursting as everyone ate breakfast before either leaving for work or for a mission. It was surprising to all when the Necromancer strode into the hall, followed closely by a grim-faced man who was heavily armed. It was rare for the Necromancer to take meals in the Dining Hall and the fact that he was followed by a person who was quite obviously not a Death Eater was shocking. No one who did not bear the Dark Mark should have been able to enter the Mansion. Ignoring the sudden hush, the Necromancer calmly made his way to the Dark Lord’s table.

“Necromancer Ruin,” Voldemort greeted with a nod.

“Dark Lord,” The Necromancer said with a nod.

Voldemort glanced at the stranger who obviously was Cyriacus’s fourth attendant. “Your attendant I imagine?”

“Yes, you may call him Scourge.”

Lucius who was sitting on Voldemort’s right, sputtered. “Did you just say Scourge?”

Kieran smirked slowly. “I see my reputation precedes me.”

“The Scourge of Dalhoor is now a bodyguard?” Rookwood exclaimed shaking his had with disbelief.

“Reputations can be made or broken by choices and I assure you, Scourge here has made a most… beneficial choice.” Cyriacus said rather sharply.

Voldemort looked amused as he enlarged the table. “Join us.”

They took a seat at the table and ordered their meal using a menu guide. Conversation was light and covered various topics. Cy and Kieran ignored everyone else in favor of having a quiet conversation about weapons.

As the room began to empty, Voldemort glanced over at his lover. “We will meet in the Strategy
Room at noon and depart an hour after.”

Cyriacus nodded. “We’ll be ready.”

Kieran looked around the messy Common room, observing the noisy teenagers and instantly dismissing them as a threat to his charge. Even blindfolded and drunk Cyriacus could take all of them with both hands tied behind his back and under the influence of a Befuddlement Charm. They stepped out of the shadows in the corner of the room and ignored the shocked gasps.

“You’re back.” Draco commented simply.

Cyriacus raised an eyebrow. “Well I do live here too, sometimes.”

Valerius snorted. “We can’t all be so fortunate as to have earned a suite on the Fifth Floor.”

“It’s not that great,” Cyriacus replied shrugging. “No windows and I’m in the room next to Voldemort’s suite.”

“Ah.” Pansy said knowingly.

Altair looked him over curiously. “Shouldn’t you be packing?”

“There’s only one trunk I need to bring with me and that has all my Necromancer robes and regalia in it. I’m going incognito, if you’ll recall.”

“What brings you here then?” Flint asked, glancing up from sharpening a pair of very sharp daggers.

Cyriacus looked mildly irritated. “I go where I please but for your information, I’m waiting to see how long it takes Nusayr to track me down and glue himself to my side.”

Blaise snickered, “You have more guards than anyone I’ve met.”

“Tell me about it.” Cyriacus lamented, dropping down into a leather armchair, while Kieran took a place behind him, close but with enough room to draw any of several different kinds of weapons at his discretion.

Draco glanced from Cyriacus to Kieran and back. “Is he really the Scourge of Dalhoor?”

Kieran snorted. “Why is everyone so disbelieving? It’s true I’m an Assassin mostly and that I’ve killed my share of important people but I’ve been offered the most opportune job a person like me could hope for.”

“But a bodyguard? That seems so…out of place.”

“Not really, especially as it’s Cy here.” Kieran said affectionately ruffling Cy’s hair, ignoring the grumbling of the younger Wizard. “Trouble follows him around like the plague so I’m bound to have a good time trying to keep him alive and in one piece.”

Cyriacus batted away Kieran’s hands which were now idly toying with his raven hair. “I’m so pleased to provide you with such a marvelous challenge.”

Kieran chuckled. “Pretentious prick.”

“Muggle weapon toting hitman.”
“Masochistic Necromancer.”

“Ancient bloodsucking corpse.”

Kieran moved so fast that one minute they had only been aware of him standing behind Cyriacus’s chair and in the next; he was straddling the younger Wizard, mouth pressed against the side of Cyriacus’s throat. “Was that an offer? You smell mouthwatering…”

Cyriacus laughed. “I’m afraid you’ll have to get in line, old friend.”

“Who else have you been allowing to Feed from you?” Kieran asked slightly jealous.

“I’m afraid that not only are there a few who have Fed off me but that I also occasionally Feed off of others as well.” Cyriacus murmured, eyes glowing slightly as he nuzzled the side of Kieran’s throat.

Just as he was about to sink his fangs into Kieran’s neck, a familiar voice spoke up behind him. “I would not do that if I were you, my Lord. You require Primordial blood until the rest of the Blood ritual is complete.”

“And you will give yourself to me then?” Cyriacus asked voice rough with sudden need, his stomach tightened with revulsion at what he desired but it couldn’t be helped after all.

Nusayr’s gold eyes shined with a mixture of devotion and obedience. “I live to serve you, in whatever ways you require me.”

Cyriacus smiled and nodded slightly as Kieran traced his tongue over the perfect spot on his neck. Pain flared briefly from Kieran’s Bite and Cyriacus happily sunk his own fangs into Nusayr’s offered wrist. As the hot blood poured over his tongue and down this throat, that raw hunger inside of him faded away. For the time being, he felt as content as a person in his position could be. He had everything he needed and he could not expect or ask for more.

**TBC…**

That’s it for this chapter; do let me know what you think of things as they stand. Next chappie is Dark Congress, expect intimidation and possibly hot smuttiness depending on if I can get Smut!Muse to stick around long enough.

Over 800 reviews! Thank you so much! This definitely isn’t possible without your wonderful words of encouragement!

-SheWolfe7 (9-13-05)
Power

Author's notes: Debriefing, Etiquette 101, the Dark Congress, Enlightenment and the showdown.

A/N: Happy Halloween! Yes, it’s late! I’m horribly sorry about the delay! Also, I ended up not being able to write smut so I’m sorry but I’ll give you all a raincheck on that ok? This chapter is LONG so hopefully that makes up for something. If you’re a member of my Yahoo Group, I have a full list of Dark Congress Attendees at the Group if you’re curious.

Un-Betaed, cause I’m trying to make the deadline. 27 full pages.

Parseltongue, foreign words, letters/articles etc.

Emphasized words, headings,

((d)) dream ((d))

Chapter XXII

Power

To reign is worth ambition though in hell:
Better to reign in hell than serve in Heav’n.
-John Milton, Paradise Lost

The Strategy Room
Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton UK
Friday the 3rd of October 1997
12:02 PM

Cyriacus kept his eyes closed, ignoring the presence of the Inner Circle as they drifted into the room for the last briefing before Voldemort departed for the Dark Congress. Around him his minders hovered as close as he had let them, eyes scanning the room for threats as people entered the room. Nusayr and Kieran shot disapproving glares at each other while Asaph looked on cautiously; ready to intercede if they broke out into violence. Maguire knelt in front of him, meticulously at work using brushes to add a thin layer of Vitale Ink onto his Necromantic tattoos.

The Dementor Lord was still in his Lich form, eyes studying the young Necromancer thoughtfully. He had recognized him, not only as a descendant of Blaze Hawthorne but the Heir, weeks ago when they had crossed paths in Diagon Alley. Their later meetings had been brief but he was honest enough to admit to some strange pull that drew him constantly to the Necromancer’s side. It had become stronger over the weeks, until it had resulted into that oh-so-wonderful Kiss two days ago. In his Lich form he was so aware of the Necromancer that he knew exactly where he was, even if they were separated by large distances as they had been last night. The pull was irresistible drawing him again and again and even more so if the Necromancer was highly emotional. He was pleased that he had managed to hold this form for so long and curious about how to maintain it longer or even better, permanently.

Asadyl entered the room and immediately walked directly to Nusayr. “You will not fail your task again Nusayr or the price will be very unpleasant.”

Nusayr nodded. “I am well aware of that Eldest Brother; I will serve to the best of my abilities.”
“There will be less pressure after my Heir has Summoned Salil, Baraz and Iah from their prison. Until then though, you must be vigilant.” Asadyl instructed, also giving Asaph a warning look.

Asaph frowned but curtly replied, “Salil will have my head if I fail as well, you need not threaten me.”

Kieran snorted, drawing the attention of the Primordials. Asadyl studied him curiously before coming to a conclusion, “Ah, a Vampire!”

Behind them, members of the Inner Circle hushed, watching on curiously.

“I am.” Kieran replied slowly.

Asadyl tilted his head, “You have the look of Shadrak about you.”

“He looks more like Jerah’s get.” Asaph contradicted.

Kieran looked irritated. “I’m of Sariyah’s line.”

Nusayr peered more closely at him. “You certainly don’t look it! Sariyah had lighter hair and her eyes were a bit more almond shaped.”

Cyriacus opened an eye, “Can you try to keep quiet? I’m trying to do something but with all your chattering I’ll be lucky if I can even meditate let alone attempt to access my Core Threads.”

Chastened, they fell silent and with a grumble, Cyriacus returned to meditating. Maguire continued his task infusing the tattoos with the power of the Vitale Ink and adding a thin outline around the tattoos with a specially brewed Containment Ink. Cyriacus worked diligently straightening his Core Threads and connecting a few extra Threads of Power to the tattoos, which would later cause his Pre-Summons to manifest faster and remain in existence on this Plane longer. Each stroke of the brush sent a frisson of power through his skin, seeking a Thread to attach itself to in order to become a proper focus.

As a temporary measure, the Vitale Ink would prove to be most beneficial, at least until Professor Dumont finished the essence de vie (essence of life) at which point his Summons would remain on this Plane of existence until killed or Dismissed. Had he found a sufficiently powerful guard force earlier he would have taken that step sooner but, at the time, he didn’t dare alert Dumbledore to the true power he was capable of wielding.

“You’ll need to remove the gauntlet so I can finish the tattoos on your arm.” Maguire said giving him a slight nudge to gain his attention.

As he opened his eyes the straps of his gauntlet came undone. Pulling it down in small increments, he became accustomed to the annoying prickles being in the Manor caused. Once the gauntlet was completely off, he set it down on his lap and turned his arm palm up so Maguire could finish.

Voldemort stalked into the room and paused, eyes fastened onto Maguire and Cyriacus. Dark green eyes caught crimson and for a moment, they were both oblivious to everyone else in the room. The moment was shattered as Maguire started applying gauze squares dipped in a strange violet solution over the tattoos. Cy started and then grit his teeth at the sudden burning sensation which was followed by a most distracting tingling as the threads of power interlaced. Maguire patted him companionably as he continued to apply the gauze squares, knowing the worst was yet to come. Once all his tattoos had been covered by the gauze, Maguire gestured for Cy to get up.

Cyriacus grumbled, “Against the wall again?”
“Unless you’d rather have someone pinning you down?”, Maguire asked crossing his arms.

“Fine,” Cyriacus replied obligingly moving to stand against a bare stretch of wall.

Drawing his wand, Maguire waved his wand in an arc muttering a long spell in a foreign language that almost sounded like Italian. Spellproof shackles appeared around Cyriacus’s wrists, ankles, over his hips and neck. Heavy Spellproof chains kept him pressed against the wall, allowing for little movement.

“Ready?”

“As ever, just do it already.” Cyriacus snapped a bit impatiently.

Maguire shrugged and flicking his wand incanted a Branding Spell. The pain wasn’t as bad as he had first expected, in fact it was fairly tame…at least until the spell moved up from the tattoos on his chest and to his left arm. Agony didn’t even begin to describe what he was feeling and he could honestly say he hadn’t felt anything this indescribably painful since he’d gotten burned by the Purification Flame. It was maddening and he was willing to do just about anything to stop the pain. Jerking his arm, he fought to free himself from the chains and shackles to no avail, having little choice but to endure until the spell was finished.

At last Maguire saw his work was done, each of the tattoos turning crimson with an outlining of silver. Cyriacus’s eyes were glazed over and he was breathing harshly, his body covered in sweat. Maguire moved forward before banishing the shackles and chains, keeping Cy on his feet as he began to slump over. Nusayr and Ascytus moved forward as well, taking hold of the tired Necromancer and leading him back to his seat. Maguire Transfigured the chair into a padded stool and then reached into his pocket, withdrawing to items. The first was a Potions vial which he uncapped and gave to Cyriacus who drank it without protest and the second was a miniaturized jug of scented oil, which he set at Cyriacus’s feet.

“Apply this twice a day, over your whole body from the waist up to your neck for the next two weeks. It should help with the lingering pain and it’ll completely anchor the Inks into the tattoos. Unless it’s an emergency, don’t use the tattoos to Summon anything for two days, or it’s going to hurt like you wouldn’t believe.” Maguire instructed, glancing quickly at his watch. “I’ve got to get going, I have an appointment in less than fifteen minutes and I have to get my tools ready. You’ll be okay on your own?”

Cyriacus nodded. “I’ll be fine.”

“I’d suggest having someone apply the oil immediately before you go haring off to Morocco. I’m also going to suggest that when you start releasing the containment spells on your magic, do it slowly as not to overwhelm your body with too much power too soon. It’s expected you’ll be oozing with dark Necromantic energy I know, but take it easy for a couple of days. Save the big show of force for the last day of the Dark Congress, and then intimidate them to hell.”

“I’ll take your suggestions under advisement. Thank you for canceling your first appointment to do this for me.”

“It’s no problem and you know it,” Maguire winked. “After all, I live to serve Prince of Dragons.” That said the other man bowed and then activated his Portkey, leaving the others in the room, stunned.

Cyriacus shrugged at the puzzled looks thrown his way. “Arcanum Alumni serve in positions high and low in the Wizarding World. Nusayr, if you’d be so kind?” Cyriacus asked gesturing at the jug
of oil, which he had restored to its original size.

Voldemort bristled not wanting anyone but him putting their hands, let alone rubbing oil, over most Cyriacus’s body. Yet, there was nothing he could do about it, not now and not here.

Nusayr obligingly moved forward but the Dementor Lord calmly beat him to the jug of oil, removing the glass stopper and handed the jug to Cyriacus. The Necromancer graced the Lich with an inquiring look which was answered by a slightly amused, slightly possessive smile. Irritated, Nusayr glanced at the Lich and then his charge, waiting for an order. Off to the side, Kieran gazed at the strange little tug of war taking place but made no move to interfere. Crimson eyes narrowed at the scene and Voldemort quelled the urge to take matters into his own hands. After several moments of silence with the tension in the room gathering, Cyriacus shrugged and gestured for Asyltus to hold out his hands so he could pour some oil onto his palms.

Asyltus smirked as he slowly rubbed his hands together, moving to stand behind Cyriacus. Hissing slightly as Asyltus rubbed his oiled hands along his scarred arm, Cy tensed and slowly relaxed as the Lich gently massaged his arm obviously aware of how sensitive it was.

Shaking his head as the pain began to dull; Cyriacus turned his attention to the table-full of people. “Well shouldn’t we begin?”

“Of course,” Voldemort said curtly as he began the meeting.

Mulpiber, Maitland and Rookwood were assigned the task of overseeing the raids that would take place while Voldemort, Lucius and the Lestranges were gone. Parkinson, Nott, Zabini and Cartier were given the task of meeting with supporters and or spies to collect information, money or interview possible Death Eaters. Severus was assigned the task of feeding more misinformation and lies to the Order regarding the students recovering at the Asclepius Sanatorium and the Dark Congress.

During the long conversation listing duties and timeframes, Asyltus leisurely massaged oil over Cy’s arms and torso, his hands moving with slow deliberation. Voldemort watched with a disapproving scowl that was mirrored on Severus’s face.

Asadyl, meanwhile, gazed them speculatively. The Lich had a great deal of power certainly, but was it enough to be worthy of sharing his Heir’s bed? Was he worthy of siring children with his Heir? There were many unknown factors that could result from that pairing and to be truthful, he’d rather his Heir mate amongst the Primordials.

Kieran looked amused at the display; no one could mistake the possessive caresses or the glint of desire in the Lich’s eyes. The question now was whether or not Cyriacus would actually take the Lich to his bed. Kieran hoped not, it would be such a waste.

Nusayr stood against the wall, body tensed with annoyance as he cast the smirking Dementor Lord suspicious looks. Whatever he was planning, Nusayr would stop him. There was no way he’d allow the Lich to harm or influence his charge. Not only was it a matter of self-preservation but it was also a matter of honor. He’d been trained to become one of the kyndrak’s bodyguards and he would rather be damned to spend eternity alone in that cursed prison than fail his duty.

Barely listening to the conversation taking place around him, Cyriacus focused his attention on manipulating the Threads of Power flowing from his Core. One of the most elementary lessons any Arcanum student learned was how to access their Core and shield it from being measured by others. It required a bit of skill and it became one of the first skills Cyriacus had learned to use fully. Over the years, as he slowly grew into his power, he had woven complex barriers, sectioning off portions
of the magical energy he could access to hide the full measure of his power, leaving him an advantage.

Even though Dumbledore had asked him to reveal his Aura weeks ago, when he had just arrived from Arcanum, he had only shown a small fraction of what he was capable of at that time. With all the recent revelations about his parentage and ancestry, along with the Chylla’s Blood Rituals, his power was still slowly increasing and new Gifts had blossomed. He now made an effort to observe his Core at least once a week, allowing him to observe the changes and take the appropriate actions to section off and hide their presence from others.

Shielding his power and sectioning it away from the main reserve where he drew his energy would always be easier than making the effort to evenly disperse the additional power. He would have to be careful releasing the smaller reserves of power allowing the additional energy to slowly stretch the Threads of Power that raced throughout his body. It wasn’t possible to simply break the barriers down and let the magic flow out aimlessly, as the ensuing overflow of energy would usually snap the delicate Threads of Power, or so he had heard. Cyriacus had never done it before and had no intention of starting now. Though it was a time consuming process, it was necessary and fortunately, he had a few hours to make all the necessary changes. The most drastic changes he would make before they left, saving the smaller alterations for later when they would no doubt be picked up by the others.

The conversation and division of tasks slowly tapered off and everyone soon turned their attention to Cyriacus. Even the less Magically gifted or sensitive to Magic could feel the slow alterations the Necromancer was making to his Core. A gentle glow of power began to radiate from him and those sitting closer to him could feel their hair begin to stand up. Ascyltus had long ago stilled his actions his blue gaze fastened on the Necromancer, wondering how much power he had held back, perhaps even from himself.

Riveted, Voldemort watched as the power around his lover grew, the energy causing a subtle shift in the air around the Necromancer. It made Cyriacus seem far darker and older. Shivering slightly, Voldemort recognized the ‘flavor’ of his energy; it was insidiously lethal. If he had to exemplify it, he would compare it to quicksand. Sometimes you could recognize the danger and avoid it, other times you walked directly into it and could struggle all you desired but would never survive the experience.

The power flowed teasingly over his skin, causing both a physical response and a magical yearning to take possession of the owner of that suddenly very desirable power. For an instant, he didn’t care that there were others in the room; he didn’t care what he was risking if he decided to mark the Necromancer as his in front of all these witnesses. Before he had even pushed his chair back, alarm bells began ringing in his mind and he abruptly shook off the dark enticement that had grabbed hold of him.

A chill shot through his body as he realized how dangerous Cyriacus truly was, even to him. That power was temptation itself, a power unlike any he’d sensed before and infused with the grace that came only with age and practice. As much as he desired Cyriacus, if he allowed that power to grab hold of him he would become a slave to it, desiring only to bask in it and loosing sight of all his ambitions and the goals he had spent decades working towards.

Cyriacus smiled slowly, temporarily satisfied with the adjustments he had just made and opened his eyes. Gazing directly at his lover he graced him with an inquiring look. “Is the meeting finished then?”

Voldemort blinked and slowly nodded. “Yes.”
“Then we should be on our way,” Cyriacus replied getting to his feet. Asaph, who had been given the task of holding Cy’s clothes, moved forward and quickly helped the Necromancer into his shirt. Once Cy had it buttoned shut, Asaph held out Cy’s oversized cloak which billowed around his frame.

Voldemort observed silently and then turned dismissed the meeting with a gesture of his hand. The room began to empty. Asadyl was the last person out of the room and he paused in the doorway, gazing at his Heir with a slightly confused, slightly annoyed expression. Nusayr caught his eyes and they exchanged a look which spoke volumes. Asadyl nodded curtly and then left, on his way to question Kohinoor about the Blood Ritual and how the one thing they had attempted to prevent had somehow happened anyway.

Malfoy House
Casablanca, Morocco
Friday the 3rd of October 1997
1:40 PM

Cyriacus didn’t spare the room they arrived in a glance, acknowledging that it was decorated exactly as befitted the tastes of the Malfoy family. Lucius personally showed them to their rooms and the only thing Cyriacus noted was that his room was across the hall from Voldemort’s and decorated in pale blue and gold. Once everyone had been shown their rooms Cyriacus invited his bodyguards to join him in his room for a briefing about what would be expected of them. Voldemort looked irritated and Cyriacus happened to catch a glimpse of it. Amused, he asked Lucius if it would be possible to borrow a larger room so everyone could attend. Lucius obliged, relieved. The last thing they needed to make the situation any more difficult was an annoyed Dark Lord.

Filing into a room with an impressive view of the ocean, the others took seats and looked inquiringly at the Necromancer. Preferring to stand, he got directly to the point.

“Pay no mind to the change in my behavior from this point on. Necromancy is in my blood and I have long denied certain…aspects of my powers. It was inevitable that I would cease suppressing some less than subtle abilities and with their release, I will be changed no doubt. However, that is neither here nor there, the important thing is that we all play our roles accordingly.” Cy said simply before continuing.

“A great deal is expected of a Necromancer’s Carapace which is the formalized guard force that each Necromancer no matter their rank will have at their side. As there are so few of us, it is considered a high honor to be asked to serve as a Carapace guard. It is also a foregone conclusion that all members of a Carapace are highly competent in combat, Magical or physical. I’m going to explain a few basic rules regarding what is expected of a Carapace guard and how to act appropriately.”

Lucius raised an eyebrow in question, “Is there any reason why we are present for this?”

“I am preparing you for what eventually will be expected of everyone and I assure you, when we return back to Britain I will be instructing the others in proper conduct as well. A Necromancer of my ability would settle for no less than being treated exactly as they are due and I know for a fact that though some may have studied some of the Old Laws, very few have actually practiced them. Knowing in theory and having practiced the theory are two very separate issues. Now, if I may continue?”

Voldemort gestured for him to go on and Cy continued with his explanations.

“The very first and foremost rule, is the one that must be followed at all times and it is very simple.
You are never to look into my eyes in public, and until you become better accustomed to that particular rule, I would suggest avoiding looking at my face at all.”

Asaph blinked. “Why is that?”

Cyriacus smiled slightly. “It is considered ill luck to look into the eyes of one who can manipulate Death itself. Very wise advice.”

“Indeed,” Nusayr commented, cringing inwardly.

“Second, a Carapace guard should never speak without prompting unless it is an emergency and should never reply to another person without their Necromancer’s express approval. This prevents the Carapace from becoming distracted by idle talk and in effect, shows the less intelligent, whom the power lies with. Should you need to address me, you will either call me ‘Lord Ruin’ or ‘Eminence’, whichever suits the situation best. Should the situation call for immediate action against a threat, you do not need my approval to take action. However it is best to keep any attackers alive unless it is completely clear that they had every intention of causing my death, which will prevent any cries of victimization.”

Bellatrix gazed at him curiously. “Lord Ruin?”

“I am the Guild Lord of the Guild of Necromancy that was no fabrication.” Cyriacus replied succinctly.

Nusayr snorted, “As if you could be anything less with Asadyl’s blood in your veins.”

“How do we react in a fight? Do we surround you and then remove the threat or do some of us lay down cover fire while the others take you out of the combat zone?” Kieran asked changing the topic.

Cyriacus smirked. “A good question old friend, in a fight you would be expected to shield me long enough to give me time to Summon reinforcements. I’d give you directions about what to actions to take when that situation rears its head. I have enough power to Summon anything I so desire and in enough numbers to fell even a small army. The factor that I will need to calculate for each different scenario is how much physical strain I can feasibly endure without becoming a liability in such a fight.”

Kieran gazed at him thoughtfully. “Have you been put in your paces recently?”

“Not recently, no. There hasn’t been a situation that has called for a test of my power and skill. Mind you, considering how the War is beginning to come together, a perfect opportunity will arise soon enough.”

“I'll look forward to it then.” Kieran said with a slow smile.

Voldemort glanced from one to the other and recognized the admiration of one warrior to another. It was enough to make him wonder how exactly those two had met and better yet, how they had become and stayed such good friends...if that was all they really were that is. Narrowing his crimson eyes, Voldemort vowed that they would never become anything more than just friends or Master and minion, he would not allow it. Cyriacus was his and had been from the moment of his conception and all the meddling and power plays by the Primordials would not change that.

“...is generally composed of two to twelve guards, be they mortal or Summoned. Of those who will be attending the Dark Congress, about half of them will likely know the general behavior of a Necromancer and its Carapace. They will be expecting with such a small number of guards that I am extremely powerful and unafraid for my safety, or that you four are exceptionally skilled. Of my dear
friend Scourge, I know well of his powers and know that it would be madness to classify him as inept. The rest of you, we will soon see.”

Nusayr seethed at the insult that he was incapable of guarding the kyndrak adequately but held his peace. It was true enough that he had not proved himself against regular mortals or shown the full scope of his powers.

Cyriacus paused and turned his attention over to an antique timepiece on a nearby wall. “I will leave you to think over my words as I still have quite a bit of work ahead of me, in regards to releasing my dormant powers. I had the house elves slip a box into each of your rooms; it contains the garments you will be expected to wear in your service. We are scheduled to leave at nine o’clock so I will expect to see you four at eight o’clock in my rooms. It will be expected that I share a small amount of my power with all of you, I am guessing though that only two of you will require a permanent link?”

Nusayr and Kieran nodded and then glared when they caught sight of each other agreeing to his question. Asaph was relieved that this task was not his, may Salil have joy of it.

As cyltus frowned. “I would not be adverse to a permanent link.”

“Until we discover how we are exchanging power, a permanent link would be foolishness.” Cyriacus pointed out logically. “Besides, you would better serve me as a warrior rather than a guard. You do wish to please me?”

As cyltus smiled slowly. “I will please you however you desire it.”

“Then we understand each other.” Cyriacus said with nod as he began walking for the door. “Do not disturb me; I will need absolute silence to release what I deem necessary for this particular jaunt. Lucius, if you could arrange for a House elf to bring dinner directly to my room as unobtrusively as possible, it will save me a considerable amount of time.”

“I will have it arranged.”

“My thanks; I will see you all later this evening.”

Cyriacus flicked his wrist and the door leading to the hallway swung open, allowing the members of his temporary Carapace entrance. The four entered the room, Asaph acting as a buffer between Nusayr and Kieran with As cyltus bringing up the rear. All of them were wearing the garments he’d left them and looking quite fine in the body hugging Blood Mage armor he’d special ordered a year or more ago. Consisting of a bodysuit made of highly reflective Spellproof material, a set of bronze colored Blood Armor worn over the bodysuit and a belted black tabard. Smiling with satisfaction, Cyriacus motioned them to join him in the center of the small sitting area.

“Intimidating indeed, I am pleased to see Guild Lord Serkan’s work was more than worth the astronomical price I paid for it. For 5,000 galleons, I’d suggest maintaining it regularly, though it does have a five century guarantee.” Cyriacus commented.

Kieran looked him over. “Is that what you’re wearing to the Dark Congress?”

“Alas, it is what is expected of me.” Cy replied rolling his eyes. He was dressed simply in low cut black dragonhide trousers and thigh high boots, with a platinum snake wrapped around his hips, acting like a belt even though it wasn’t necessary. The snake, which was animated, flicked its tongue in the air, looking around the room interestedly with its ruby eyes. In one hand was a brush, which he had been running through his now waist length hair.
Nusayr looked confused. “Why is your garb so...revealing now?”

“Because in an uncertain situation, it’s best for a Necromancer to have quick access to their Pre-Summon runes. In addition, I have two bags of salt tucked into the top of my boots, and several sticks of chalk and charcoal hidden under my Blood purifier snake. I have things very well planned out.” Cyriacus explained rather amused. “Now we have only to create the link, stand around me in a loose circle and place one hand on my chest or back depending on where you are standing, I will handle the rest.”

The Kitchen
12 Grimmauld Place, London UK
Friday the 3rd of October 1997
8:30 PM

It was yet another meeting, the room was packed full with anxious members all waiting for more news about the Dark Congress and the reports from the contacts in India who were attempting to find the exact location the meeting was taking place. By the time Severus entered, everyone was chatting in groups, exchanging information and such while Dumbledore and Madam Bones were busy discussing what they would tell the Ministry and the Defense League. Moody was the first to notice him and immediately demanded to know what he had to say. Dumbledore turned and quickly quieted the crowd with a few words as everyone turned expectantly towards Severus.

“The students at the Asclepius Sanatorium are recovering well from what little news I received from my inquiries of the staff. Unfortunately Cyriacus will not be released until mid-afternoon Monday but the doctors have managed to accelerate the healing process. They have determined that it will take perhaps another week before the bandages can be removed and another week before he can attempt to use magic again.”

Remus smiled. “That’s excellent news, Severus.”

“Indeed.” Severus agreed with a nod. “Cyriacus has been most anxious about regaining use of his dominant arm and based on the control he has had on his magic with his right arm, I think it very good news for the rest of the residents at the school.”

Sirius snickered. “Hah! He’s got a lot of power but not enough control for sure! It’s a good thing he’s not a prankster or who knows what mischief he’d get into.”

Severus sneered. “My son is above such behavior thankfully!”

Dumbledore sighed. “Gentlemen, enough bickering as amusing at it is. Now Severus, have you anymore news regarding the Dark Congress?”

“Rumors only unfortunately, I have heard that the Dark Congress is either being held in one of the towns nearby Bombay or that it is taking place in Chunnai. The Majority of the other Inner Circle Death Eaters believe it is at the latter though.”

“You have no definite news?”

“No and we are not expected to receive any news from the Dark Lord or the Necromancer until Sunday.”

“I see,” Dumbledore commented thoughtfully. “I will have to get into contact with some of our agents there then and have them begin to investigate said locations.”
Dimitar Rakyn, the Clan Elder of the Rakyn Vampires, was ill at ease. He had been woken early in the afternoon by a ripple of power that had seemed both familiar yet terrifying. This power had continued to pulsate throughout the afternoon, the ripples spreading across the city and waking the lesser and weaker Vampires in his entourage. Few things were capable of waking a Vampire from their recuperative rest and the fact that this power had was troubling. Someone of power had arrived this afternoon and it was likely they would be quite a force to reckon with. The Assembly Hall was nearly full and everyone was talking, it seemed as if he was not the only one who had noticed the strange power this afternoon.

“It seemed so…familiar.” Qadir Shadrak commented to the Clan Elder of Nahyd.

A pair of Veela representatives were walking by the Vampire’s seating area and he briefly caught a few words of their conversation.

“…strange powers.”

“It felt…ominous.”

Glancing around the Assembly Hall, he could see various representatives gesturing wildly as they spoke and opening his senses, he studied the room. Apprehension and confusion wafted in the air and the arrival of the next representative began to quiet the others present. The Dark Lord stepped off the arrival platform, clad in simple black robes and surrounded by four silver masked Death Eaters. Though his power was formidable, it was not the power that had drawn the attention of practically the entire Magical community present in Casablanca.

Voldemort looked slightly amused by his reception and bowed. “Forgive my tardiness; there was a slight delay at my residence. We have only to wait for one more representative and then we shall begin in earnest.”

The Dark Lord nodded again and then led his party to the assigned area for his delegation. Once they were seated the remaining representatives took count of their numbers, looking for any missing members. Rakyn’s attention turned toward the area reserved for the Dementor Lords, there appeared to be a missing representative, one of great importance.

“…Ascyltus?”

“He…allied…Dark Lord?”

Voldemort cleared his throat and all attention re-directed to him. “If you are looking for the Dementor Lord Ascyltus, he will be arriving presently with the final member of my own party. They should be here any moment now.”

Rakyn raised his eyebrows and looked inquiringly at Sariyah who was seated to his right. She shrugged in response and focused her attention to the arrival platform. The rest of the room quieted down to the occasional murmur and cough as they waited. A soft blue glow began to collect around the platform, alerting everyone that someone was in transit to the Assembly Hall. A flash of light distracted him and when he could see again, he stared.
On the platform was a group of five people, four were identically clad in bronze and black. Their very bodies shielded the others from getting a glimpse of the fifth person who stood in the middle.

A deep, clear voice spoke. “Stand down, there are no threats here.”

The guards relaxed and stepped away from the speaker, the man in the middle. Once Rakyn got a clear glimpse of the middle figure, his jaw dropped open in shock. The mysterious figure was indeed a man, but not just any man but the long rumored Necromancer that had recently joined forces with the Dark Lord a few months ago. He had long waist length black hair, a tall heavily muscled body and wore only a pair of low hanging dragonhide trousers and an elegantly formed half-mask of silver. Everyone in the room was frozen in shock finally able to place the power they had felt to a person and it was the oldest members of the Dark Congress that recognized the Necromancer for what he was. Oh yes, this man would indeed be a force to be reckoned with.

It was the Fae Queen of the Black Hawk Elves who broke the silence. “You are the Heir of Blaze Hawthorne.”

“Indeed I am, Majesty.” The Necromancer replied smoothly, giving her a half bow. “I am Necromancer Ruin, Heir of Blaze Hawthorne and the Guild Lord of the Guild of Necromancy.”

A collective shiver ran throughout the bodies of those present and a murmur of shocked voices filled the room.

“The Guild Lord…”

“…obliterated, presumed dead.”

“Rarest of all the Old Arts…”

“…power necessary to become and hold the title…”

“Formidable enemy or peerless ally…”

Voldemort slowly stood. “Lord Ruin, if you would be seated we may begin.”

“Of course Dark Lord,” Necromancer Ruin glanced over his shoulder at the guard standing at his back. “Ascyltus, you are dismissed for the time being as you too are a representative of the gathered parties.”

A blond man bowed formally, “It is my pleasure to serve, Eminence.”

They parted ways, the Necromancer leading his guards to where the Dark Lord was sitting and the blond man took his place among the Dementors who were all speaking at once, asking questions. Voldemort waited until the Necromancer had seated himself and then began.

“I have called the Dark Congress for the purpose of discussing the current state of the Wizarding War. As you all know, my forces are mainly complied of Wizards and Witches, Dementor Lord Ascyltus’s conclave and several rogue groups of Vampires and Werewolves. It is my desire to expand the number of allies I currently have and so, we are gathered this eve.”

A Goblin representative from the Diamond House stood to speak. “Will the Guild of Necromancy also serve the Dark Lord’s cause?”

Necromancer Ruin smiled slowly. “They will serve or they will die, I will have no dissension in my Guild.”
Shadrak murmured softly, “That one is where the danger lies friends.”

Xenia, one of the Centaur representatives, spoke. “Many will die in this War, it is written in the stars.”

“Death is inevitable for all living beings.” Necromancer Ruin said plainly.

“The Demons have already chosen, we will join with the Dark Lord.” King Miltiades proclaimed, scanning the room once before sitting back down.

The announcement from the Incubus King caused a minor upheaval, rarely did they ever interfere in the affairs of Wizards or mortals, for them to have chosen a side spoke of hidden ambitions. Rakyn frowned at the conversations taking place in his own section and turned to see the Dark Lord’s reaction, he too looked surprised which meant that he had been unaware of the decision until it was announced. The Necromancer, however, looked very pleased with himself if the small smile on his face was anything to go by.

Rakyn stood and addressed a question to the Dark Lord’s delegation but looked firmly at the Necromancer. “What does your War have anything to do with our respective groups? Many a Wizarding War has come and passed with nothing gained, even with our aid.”

The Necromancer glanced at Voldemort who waved him to stay seated as he got to his feet and answered.

“A wise question and the answer is even simpler. By joining my cause, you will all side with the winning side of this War, I have no doubts that I will win this War and it will be under my rule that everything will change. I am giving you the chance to participate in the rebuilding of the Wizarding World, which would allow your respective groups to get the legislation and honor due your kind.” Voldemort replied smoothly.

The Chieftain of the Werewolf Pack Rho, snorted derisively. “You spout nothing but deluded hopes; it is the way of the Dark Lords to believe they will succeed.”

Voldemort glanced at the Necromancer and calmly retook his seat. With a smile, the Necromancer gracefully got to his feet.

“That may have been so in the past Chieftain, but it will be fact in this instance. You ask how the Dark Lord knows we will win this War and I will answer. We will win this War because it has been Prophesized out of the mouth of Merlin himself, our victory is assured.”

Ripples of disbelief and skepticism filled the room but the Necromancer’s power flared once and all fell silent before the terrible might of that power.

“You do not believe me and I admit that in your position, our assurances would seem like a fantastical tale. We are biding our time though we could press our advantage if we so chose but our plans are far greater than you realize. The time for revolution has come; to embrace the coming War is to survive it, to remain neutral is to be swept into the destruction of the old Age. Choices must be made and sacrifices given to insure that a new and better Age is created out of the disorder and disunity of the old. Long have you waited but the time has come where action will decide the survival of your respective groups.”

Hesiod, the only male Siren representative, furiously demanded. “Is that a threat, Necromancer?”

The Necromancer laughed and the temperature in the room seemed to drop suddenly. “I need make no threats, Siren. What will come is Prophesized; the blood that will be spilled will sow the seeds of
a new Age, one where the Magical need not hide from the non-magical and one where our unity will change the world itself!”

Voldemort smoothly got to his feet. “We will leave you now to think over our words, we will see you tomorrow evening.”

Rakyn watched the Dark Lord make his way to the back of the Hall where the Departure platform was located. The Necromancer made his way to the center of the Hall and waited patiently until the Dark Lord had gone. A murmur of surprise drew his attention to the Dementor’s section, where the strange mortal-looking Ascytus slowly morphed back into a chilling Dementor. Ignoring the clambering questions of his fellows, the Dementor Lord made his way directly to the Necromancer, pausing several feet in front of him.

“The Dark Lord is a most powerful Wizard but it is the range of my talents that shall prove victor at the end of this War. Ascytus and I have decided to show you all a small taste of what those talents are.” The Necromancer stated firmly.

Rakyn was riveted, everyone had fallen silent and stood watching. The Necromancer and the Dementor Lord closed the gap between them and to the astonishment of their audience Kissed.

Rakyn shivered as he felt some strange power building and flowing between the two. It changed the Dementor Lord back into the mortal-looking form he had worn when they had first arrived and it seemed to make the Necromancer even more menacing. Slowly the two parted, the Necromancer smiling with satisfaction.

“Remember and think of your choices,” The Necromancer murmured before leading the rest of his guards towards the Departure Platform.

Ascytus watched them leave, eyes bright with power and life. Once the Necromancer had gone, he turned to face his own section and spoke. “You asked why I would serve a Necromancer and you have your answer, brothers. Who among our kind could possibly turn away from that irresistible power? None of you would in my position and though they would like your aid, they would do just as well with the service of my Conclave. I will not dissuade them from making an offer to the rest of you but I will argue most heatedly the amount of power he would share with you. He is mine.”

“Power plays within power plays,” Sariyah murmured and Rakyn nodded in agreement.

Ascytus turned his back on his section and strode confidently toward the Departure Platform, leaving the rest of the Assembly to spend hours debating and tentatively choosing sides. For Rakyn, it was a long night and little did he know how complicated it promised to get.

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**Cy’s Room**
**Malfoy House, Casablanca, Morocco**
**Friday the 3rd of October 1997**
**11:40 PM**

Voldemort had waited long enough; it was time to have a few words with his lover about the current situation and the presence of certain involved parties. It was all he could do to reign in his temper when he saw that smirking Lich running his oiled hands all over his lover! And then seeing the outfit, or lack thereof, that Cy had chosen to wear to the Dark Congress! Could it have been any more tempting? Well, the only thing more appealing would have been Cyriacus naked, but Voldemort certainly wouldn’t have wanted to share that with anyone.

Fate and precision plotting had led to the *Anguis* Potion and something greater than both had led to
the complicated Magical links and bonds that had spawned their symbiosis. In his mind, those bonds and links had lead to their relationship, both on a personal and work-related level. Simply put, Cyriacus was his. By Fate, by precision plotting (both his and the Primordials) and by something that he wasn’t even sure he could name, but it was something undeniable…something primal. He wasn’t sure when exactly he had reached this conclusion, or when it had become so important to him but it had become a near obsession now.

Every touch in passing intentional or accidental that was not his caused the most irrational surge of jealousy and those Kisses with the Dementors! Voldemort fumed every time he saw it and knowing that it would take far more than a simple Kiss for them to keep their form drove him wild with rage. He was willing to put up with a great deal but if it took Cyriacus and the Dementors fucking regularly, that was the one thing he would not put up with silently.

Pushing open the door of Cyriacus’s room, Voldemort strode in and froze. The room looked like every other room in Malfoy House; it was richly furnished in pale blue and rich gold. That wasn’t what had stopped him in his tracks though; it was the fact that he could hear moans coming from the bedroom. Narrowing his crimson eyes and drawing his wand, Voldemort headed for the door and jerked it open violently. His fury and jealousy rose to an all new high as he stared at the image on the bed.

Cyriacus was almost naked clad only in his boxers with Nusayr half draped across his chest and Kieran sprawled between his legs, happily Feeding from a Bite on his inner thigh. With his fangs buried in Nusayr’s neck, Cyriacus was making contented noises as he both Fed and was Fed from. Voldemort almost couldn’t tell them apart, considering they all had dark hair and long, muscled builds but he prided himself on knowing his lover’s body as well as he knew his own. Leaning against the open doorframe, he stared and though he was not happy at the sight that greeted him, he also found to his dismay that he was horribly aroused by the sight.

Shaking his head, Voldemort turned his eyes away from what was taking place on the bed and firmly reminded himself that business always came first before pleasure. While he waited he went over the points he wanted to discuss today but it became increasingly harder to focus with the noises coming from the bed. Cyriacus must have finished first because Voldemort could pick out his moans and Nusayr’s mumbling. Deciding to rush things along, Voldemort waved his wand and all the lights in the room flared to life as he made his way to the side of the bed.

“If you would be so kind as to finish your meal Scourge? Cyriacus and I have a few points to discuss, in private.” Voldemort commented, eyes flicking over to Nusayr who looked thoroughly shagged out.

Kieran sighed and quickly finished Feeding. Voldemort quickly had the two out of the bedroom and into the hall, closing the door behind them and casting a multitude of Privacy Charms around the room. Striding back to the bedroom, he paused staring at Cyriacus who looked as though he had just finished being fucked quite thoroughly. His skin was flushed, his eyes were glowing with satisfaction and he appeared in no hurry to move from his position sprawled in the center of the bed.

Voldemort leaned against one of the bedposts and looked directly at his lover. “We need to talk.”

“About what?” Cyriacus asked, voice rough.

“The Dementor Lord, the Primordials and those experiments to sustain the Lich form.” Voldemort said flatly.

Cyriacus shrugged, eyes closed.
Voldemort glared before pacing restlessly as he ranted. “I do not trust the Dementor Lord! Ever since you discovered that…ability of yours, he has done nothing but dog your footsteps like an overeager puppy! He is becoming too biddable and far too possessive of your time!”

“He craves the freedom of the Lich form as a dying man craves water, which is not unexpected. As for his shadowing my every step, we are in a constant state of magnetism some could say. Even when he masters the full Lich form, we are still attracted to one another. The power exchange, whatever it is that occurs when we Kiss, it is almost addicting, maddening so. I don’t expect you to understand as you are not suffering from it yourself.” Cyriacus blandly retorted. “He is ambitious I’ll admit freely and he, like all those who attempt the Transcendence, craves power and prestige but I am not so much a fool that I am unaware of the extents he may be willing to go to reach his goals. Have no fear about Ascyltus and I, we are dancing a delicate dance but both of us know the rules and in this particular dance, I lead.”

“And what of the Primordials? Based on what they have told us, they have orchestrated every detail that has led to your birth all based on their own Prophecy. What do you propose to do about them and the supposed tasks that you have yet to fulfill?”

Cyriacus opened his eyes and stared at the canopy above him, admiring the delicate golden seashells overlaid across a blue background. “It is my destiny, as much as I rather it wasn’t. All this means for me is that I have to be more delicate in planning important events but I do not believe either of the Prophecies will come into conflict at the present moment. Until I gather more information, specifically the exact wording of the Prophecy, I will withhold judgment about what actions I might take. Nothing is set in stone and even though I am now burdened with two Prophecies, I still have choices albeit not as many as I would like.”

“Are you changing that much?” Voldemort asked finally coming to a stop.

“What do you mean?”

“You are accepting this far more calmly and logically than I would have thought you capable of. You have always had a temper and you can be most unreasonable at times so forgive me for questioning this sudden…acceptance of your so-called destiny.”

Cyriacus stared directly at Voldemort. “Maybe I have changed but it was inevitable you realize? Life is a complicated game and the stakes have increased dramatically over the last three months. I play to win and if changing what I am will help me succeed, so much the better.”

Voldemort looked at him closely, noticing the strange shadows in his lover’s eyes. “That maybe true but that’s not all of it is it?”

“No it’s not, but I think we understand each other do we not? I have grown weary of overextending myself in these pointless arguments and struggling against things that would happen regardless how much I fight them. I can’t change what I was meant to be, merely how I deal with it. In many ways, I was still acting like a child and considering the recent and forthcoming events, there is no time to act the child. If I want to survive what is coming, I had best get over things I can’t change and focus on the things that I can.” Cyriacus paused and his eyes grew distant. “War is coming I can feel it in my bones and even more importantly, I feel a great tide of possibility coming as well. I was not lying when I addressed the Dark Congress, the time for revolution has come and only those who choose to act will survive the downfall of the old Age.”

Voldemort was silent, watching the slow change in those dark green eyes. He was not even sure his young lover noticed when his was stolen over by that Otherness that occasionally possessed him, changing his eyes to a pale green as luminous as limestone.
“I am at the center of these changes, some I instigate by my actions and others are simply affected because of my very presence in this world. Standing as I am at the crossroad of change and the very barrier between Life and Death, there is little wonder why I have begun to adapt to what must come. Any weakness on my part will affect too many things, could destroy so many delicate things in this world. The reasons behind the circumstances of my birth are many and the pure complexity and depth of my powers and Gifts are beyond even my comprehension at this time but all these things are necessary. It may have yet to cross your mind or the mind of the Primordials but what you have all desired from me, has changed even what my original purpose was. A heavy price must be paid for my existence and I will not be the only one to pay it, Dark Lord. Pray to whatever Gods may answer, that you are strong enough for what is coming.”

Then, as suddenly as the change had appeared, the Otherness bled away and Cyriacus was once again, himself. Albeit slightly confused and strangely drained of power. Voldemort, as was his wont, decided to leave the conversation alone after receiving more information than even he wanted to deal with at the moment. With business concluded, he moved onto far more pleasurable pursuits.

Slowly he stripped out of his clothes and joined his lover on the bed. He had been confused, angry, jealous, thoroughly puzzled and taken aback more than once throughout the day. Having admitted to his own weakness and having heard in part how Cyriacus was dealing with the complexity of the current situation, he decided that they both needed and deserved a distraction.

So instead of the rough, possessive sex he had planned earlier he changed his mind and decided on slow, needy sex instead. He took his time, exploring, kissing and licking his lover’s body as he fanned the flame of their mutual desire into a burning inferno. Voldemort wanted this to be theirs, a pure memory of simple comfort to keep them on track through the rough days that were coming.

It was nearly dawn when he allowed them to reach the release that he had spent hours building up. Voldemort had collapsed on top of Cyriacus, their hearts hammering in their chests and both of them drawing in short panting breaths as their bodies cooled from the exertion of the past hours. It had been pure bliss, well worth the hours of agonizing arousal and slow teasing. Looking into the green eyes of his lover, he saw nothing more than sleepy satisfaction and as Cyriacus drifted into sleep, he lay awake pondering the words that he could not get out of his mind.

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Malfoy House
Casablanca, Morocco
Saturday the 4th of October 1997
11:15 AM

Lucius blinked again, certain he had misheard Cyriacus’ s request. “Pardon?”

“I asked you if you had a dungeon or someplace similar where I could spill some blood without causing stains.” Cyriacus replied slightly amused.

Voldemort glanced up from the book he was reading. “You need to cast a Summoning?”

“No but what I’m doing will be a bit…messy. Do you have a room or not? If not, I’ll have to go to one of my properties in France.”

“I have a room that will do, I suppose. What exactly do you need it for?”

Cyriacus smiled slightly. “I need to catch up on some history.”

Bellatrix looked wary. “How long will it take you?”
“The rest of the night I imagine but that is just as well, Voldemort will not require my presence tonight.”

“What do you mean by that?” Voldemort questioned.

Cyriacus glanced at his lover and then shrugged. “My presence intrigues some and disturbs the rest. It would be best if I didn’t join you this evening, give them a little breathing room so to speak. Tomorrow is soon enough for giving some of them the greatest shocks of their lives. Not to mention it would be better for us all in the long run, if I begin the process of finding the information necessary to achieve our goals.”

Rabastan looked at him for a moment. “Where will you get your answers?”

“In Death’s cold embrace, of course, where else does a Necromancer get the most truthful and accurate information available about events that have or are occurring on this plane of existence.” Cyriacus replied matter-of-factly.

Lucius frowned. “But it took you nearly two weeks to recover the last time you died.”

“I was very short on energy the last time I died, that is not the case this time. In fact, I have twice as many reserves available for use now than I had last time. There is no risk in this and I will only need a few hours to recover. Scourge knows the signs if there should be trouble while I am gone and he knows how to draw me back to the Living as well.”

“If you believe this course of action is necessary then do so. I would like to be informed immediately should you come across anything vital.”

“As you wish,” Cyriacus agreed, turning to glance at Lucius.

The blond sighed and gestured for Cyriacus to follow him. As Cyriacus had guessed, the room was located below the ground and had no windows but he would need none. His Carapace followed them diligently alert to any threats. Cyriacus glanced at the room and deemed it suitable for his needs and waited until Lucius left to lock the doors and cast a variety of Spells around the room.

Despite how it may have appeared to those who had been present at the Summit, the Necromancer’s Feint, was not as easy or as simple as it may have appeared. Death, though conquerable for those who carried the Necromancer’s Gift, was a rather delicate condition. A Necromancer’s Anchoring Dagger served two purposes, the first, was to sever the Necromancer’s connection to the Realm of the Living. Severing the connection was generally done with a direct stab through the heart, liver or spleen. The second purpose of the Anchoring Dagger was exactly as its name implied, it anchored the Necromancer’s spirit so that it could find its way back to the body it inhabited. It was important therefore, that such Anchoring Daggers were created correctly in physical form and in the layers of magical spells that allowed it to act as both a Severing and Anchoring device.

Every Necromancer carried with them at least two Anchoring Daggers at any given time, as one could never be certain when a quick jaunt through Death might be necessary. Such Daggers however, were generally only used for short term intelligence gathering. Other Necromantic Artifacts had been created to be used for longer durations, the next level Artifact lasting for a month and the highest level, lasting centuries if the proper techniques were used during its construction and installation. Though Cyriacus was not planning on taking longer than twelve hours to gain the necessary information he could, at the least, expend the effort to reinforce and focus his ‘death’. Doing so would narrow down the amount of time he spent traveling in the Mid-Plane and hopefully, land him closer to his destination.
Giving the room another inspection, Cyriacus quickly began Incanting as he thinned the barrier between the Mortal Realm and the Mid-Plane, which was also known as the Plane of Enlightenment. Finished he inspected his work, reaching out with his magic to ‘feel’ how thin he’d worn the barrier. Satisfied that he’d made his journey as easy as it could be, considering it was temporary and not permanent, he shed his shirt tossing it aside and reached for one of this Anchoring Daggers sheathed in his boot.

“What are we to do exactly?” Nusayr asked as Cyraicus moved to take a position in the middle of the room.

Cyriacus stopped abruptly. “You are here to keep anyone or thing on the other side of the door from interrupting or disturbing me. Scourge knows how to bring me back from the Mid-Plane if things get difficult but I am not to be interrupted unless there is an emergency. Before you ask, an emergency consists of a sudden unexpected natural disaster, the house being overun by our enemies or unhappy Dark Congress Attendees. Wake me for anything else and I won’t be very pleased with any of you. I expect this will take me at least twelve hours or less so feel free to take breaks to use the bathroom or eat. I warded the room from anyone but us entering from the outside, you can leave as you choose and vice versa. As long as at least two of you are here at any given time, I’ll be fine and perfectly safe. Ascyltus, you of course, are excused to attend the Dark Congress. Are there anymore questions?”

No one spoke.

“Good, I’ll see you all again in a few hours.” Cyriacus commented before raising the dagger and plunging it home into his heart.

**Plane of Enlightenment (a.k.a. the Mid-Plane)**

For several moments, Cyriacus was aware of the most annoying spiraling sensation. It was like those annoying dreams you have where you fall, only in this case you fell spiraling into inky darkness. As the moments passed the darkness gave way to light and next he knew, he had landed on his feet in one out of several thousands of corridors of the Archive. The Plane of Enlightenment was exactly that, it contained all the knowledge of the Earth and its inhabitants and was seemingly housed in a gigantic building the size of which, he could never remember upon returning to the Living. What he always remembered was that it was huge and organized into specific areas and each corridor was patrolled.

Orientating himself, Cyriacus calmly glanced around for the inevitable map and registry desk. The deceased could learn as much or as little as they liked but for the few who were temporary visitors, had to register what information they desired to retain upon returning to the living. As Cyriacus had learned as a student at Arcanum, you had to be specific when you filled out one of the registry forms or else you might ‘forget’ the less critical information about the topic you were investigating. As he had guessed, this area of the building was not as busy as say the huge multi-floored wing dedicated solely to all the known lineages of human, Wizards and Magical Creatures, the Corridor reserved for Styles of Magic; or Merlin help him, Sport teams!

Taking a seat at one of the registry desks, Cyriacus sighed and reached for a form and a pen. He really hated filling out these stupid things! With a frown, he began scribbling out his information, background and schooling before flipping to the next section which asked about his goals as a Living Entity on a Temporary, Official Visit and then carefully filled out a long essay portion about what exactly he wished to retain information about. Finally finished filling out the form, he carefully checked over the form for blanks.
and then took his duplicate forms before feeding the originals into the Relay device. He had learned painfully what happened if you didn’t take your duplicate copy and the Relay decided to eat it. Once a golden Sticker appeared from the machine next to the Relay, Cyriacus sighed with relief and collected his Sticker, affixing it to his forehead.

Finally ready to begin his research after having wasted probably a good two hours filling out papers, Cyriacus picked up a map and headed down the Corridor. He passed by the guards on patrol and paused, gaping at them for a few minutes. One was dressed like a Storm Trooper from Star Wars and another was dressed like Darth Vader. The other two confused him, as they seemingly were dressed in black suits, with sunglasses.

Seeing his confusion, one of the guards shook his head in exasperation. “We’re agents like in Men in Black, where the heck have you been? Living under a rock or something?”

Cyriacus blinked. “I’m a Wizard and I lived at Arcanum until the end of this Summer.”

“Oh,” The Darth Vader guard replied. “You should watch it, it’s a good movie.” Pause. “You do know who I am right?”

“Yes of course,” Cyriacus retorted with a roll of the eyes. “I may not be up to date on the current popular movies but even I’ve seen Star Wars!”

The Storm Trooper nodded. “Good, if you hadn’t then we’d have had to abandon our posts and drag you to the Popular Movie Corridor.”

“Right.”

“Stay out of trouble.” One of the Agents replied, glancing at him over his sunglasses.

Cyriacus rolled his eyes. “This isn’t my first visit you know.”

The Darth Vader guard just shrugged. “May the Force be with you.”

“You too,” Cyriacus replied, continuing on his way. Once he had turned the corner and was halfway down the hallway he shook his head. “Utterly weird those guards! Last time I was here they were still dressed up like those aliens from Independence Day and those American pilots!”

Rolling his eyes he checked the map and then saw his destination which was aptly labeled:

The Downfall of the Primordials

The Foyer
Malfoy House, Casablanca, Morocco
Sunday the 5th of October 1997
9:00 PM

It was the first time today that they had seen Cyriacus and each of them studied him as they approached. Leaning against the wall, he was dressed in crimson velvet trousers with a silver colored snakeskin boots. Unlike the previous day, he wore his hair pulled back into a loose braid, held in place with a silver and ruby studded Wyvern clip. Cyriacus looked away from the window he’d been leaning against and caught his comrades looking at him curiously.

“You are well?” Voldemort asked simply.
Cyriacus looked amused. “Would I be here if I wasn’t? I have a tendency to get so ill or injured that I wouldn’t even be on my feet. However, I am perfectly fine.”

“Did you find the information you were seeking?” Lucius asked.

“Yes,”

Voldemort waited patiently for a minute before prompting him, “Well?”

Cyriacus shrugged. “I will explain later, there is too much to tell now and more to think over. We should leave soon however, unless we are going for a late entrance?”

Fifteen minutes later, they entered the Assembly Hall and ignoring the slight hush walked over to their section and took their seats. Cyriacus glanced around the room, his face hidden behind a full faced silver mask. Ascyltus had given him a report about how the second day of the Dark Congress had gone, telling him who seemed to be wavering and who seemed to be undecided as of yet. Tonight, he planned on giving everyone their options and letting them decide their own fate. Those who joined him would serve and have a hand in the re-building of the Wizarding World, those who chose inaction would be left to face their destruction and should anyone be stupid enough to side with his enemies Cyriacus would show them just what a Necromancer is capable of unleashing.

Voldemort glanced at Cyriacus, silently asking a question. Cyriacus shrugged in response and continued to glance around the room.

Slowly getting to his feet, Voldemort addressed the rest of the room. “You have had two evenings to think over my offer. Any remaining questions that I have refused to answer before will be answered as well as the presentation of vital information that may help you make your decision.”

The room was silent when he sat and Cyriacus got to his feet, waving his Carapace to stay sitting as he walked down to the center of the room. Once he was in position, Cyriacus took a small crystal out of a pocket in his trousers and set it on the ground. Moving back he dismantled the Shrinking Charm and watched as the crystal was restored to its normal size. It was a foot thick and at least ten feet tall.

“You wanted proof of our fantastical tale and so I have brought it to you, watch closely.” Cyriacus murmured to the room at large.

Casting a simple Cutting Hex on his index finger, Cyriacus began drawing on the crystal using his blood to form the necessary runes to activate it. Absently, he was aware of an increase of noise coming from the Vampire and Werewolf section and smiled inwardly. They were reacting to the smell of his blood, no doubt. The Crystal suddenly flared brilliantly, as fiery white words began appearing above the crystal pillar.

Cyriacus smiled beneath his mask. “I present, to your unbelieving eyes, a copy of the Lost Prophecy of Merlin.”

Rakyn stared, first at the Necromancer and second at the blazing words hanging above the crystal pillar. He glanced at the other Vampire delegates and noted that he was not alone in his shock. Just who or what exactly was this Necromancer? How did he get a hold of a copy of the Lost Prophecy of Merlin? And his blood, why was it so familiar?

Shadrak was the first to realize what was going on and despite being utterly dumbstruck he jumped to his feet and pointed at the Necromancer. “You are a Primordial!”

All the noise in the Assembly Hall immediately stopped, every eye turning to the Necromancer.
“And how did you come to that conclusion, Shadrak?”

Shadrak gaped like a fish. “How did you know my name?”

“I have my ways; I am a Necromancer after all.” The Necromancer replied with amusement and proceeded to single out and name every Vampire delegate present. He then moved on and did the same to the next section of delegates until he had named every single delegate present.

The entire room was unsettled; it should not have been possible for the Necromancer to know every name and title of those present! Even some of those who had been attending for centuries did not know every little detail about the other delegates. Yet this Necromancer seemingly knew all the names and titles for each of them!

“I admit I did not quite expect any of you recognize me for what I am…in part. Though Asadyl did say that the more astute of you would realize that I am exactly what I say I am.” The Necromancer commented, almost more to himself than to the others present.

The Chieftain of the Werewolf Pack Epsilon shook his head in disbelief. “Asadyl and the other Primordials have gone…they are no longer apart of this world.”

The Necromancer laughed. “It may have been better if they had truly been gone and stayed gone but that is not the case.”

“Y-you can’t be a Primordial!” The Chieftain of the Werewolf Pack Xi blurted, stuttering.

“And why is that?”

“You don’t smell exactly the same, there’s a tint of Dragon in your blood and some human as well.” The Chieftain retorted a bit more confident.

The Necromancer chuckled. “Such noses you Werewolves have! I suppose then, that this small deception is over.” Reaching up, he grasped the edges of his mask and took it off.

Rakyn was the first to recognize him for who he truly was, he had made it his business to know this face based on some rumors that had reached him. If his son was truly alive then this man would know where his son was and why he had faked his own death.

Standing he stared into those dark green eyes and murmured, “Cyriacus Snape…we meet at last.”

Well I debated and dithered and whined about how no Smut!Muse made things horribly hard to work on this chapter. It was only through the pure tenacity of ID!Muse and several friends who got me on track and working to get this chapter finished on time.

The reviews, of course, were wonderful as well. Thanks to everyone who reviewed and I’m happy all you newbies are enjoying the story!

NEXT CHAPTER: Ultimatums for the Dark Congress Attendees, A date with Krum, Asadyl and Kohinoor’s chat featuring the Lost Chylla, and plans for a bloody Samhain Revel courtesy of our favorite Dark Lord.

Read and Review, please!

-SheWolfe7 (10/31/05)
Chapter XXIII
Action

Take time to deliberate, but when the time for action has arrived, stop thinking and go in.
-Napoleon Bonaparte, French general & politician (1769 - 1821)
interfere in his life. I will let him know that you would like a word with him but, I cannot force him to meet with you…at least, not unless I am getting something in return for my efforts.”

Sariyah got to her feet. “It is a punishable offense to hide the whereabouts of a missing Heir to a Vampire Clan.”

“And you would propose to bring such charges upon me?” Cyriacus tilted his head back and started laughing. “You are a fool indeed, if you think you could even attempt to make threats to me of all people.”

Rakyn’s face flushed with fury and he would have spoken harshly but Shadrak had grabbed hold of him and leaning over whispered in his ear at length. Cyriacus watched them, still very amused. Eventually Rakyn sat back down and Shadrak turned to address him.

“You have not explained what you are or how you came to have Primordial blood and you have yet to explain the relevance of the Lost Prophecy of Merlin or how it impacts your War.” Shadrak pointed out reasonably.

Cyriacus smiled as he studied Shadrak approvingly; here was someone with a firm head on their shoulders and enough sense to be cautious of him. “I would be more than happy to explain both since you asked so nicely.”

Cyriacus then went ahead and explained the situation as it stood beginning with the Asadyl and Imryn’s War, the downfall of the Primordials minus the Chylla and their subsequent banishment. Once that was explained, he spoke at length of the Chylla’s time consuming effort to fulfill their own Prophecy and how that had led to his current arrangement with Voldemort and their goals to take the Wizarding World. It took nearly two and a half hours to explain the history behind the current situation and another hour of answering questions.

“And so this is the how things stand, I am burdened with the weight of two Prophecies and assigned a rather laborious amount of tasks.” Cyriacus finished with a sigh.

Rakyn was still attempting to understand the repercussions of Cyriacus’s birth and running a hand over his temples muttered, “We don’t really have a choice do we?”

“About serving me and fulfilling the oaths you swore to your respective Parents? No, I wouldn’t say you have much of a choice, you’re about as fucked over as I am really.” Cyriacus said wryly, astonishing a good number of those present.

Voldemort merely shook his head, bemused at his lover’s eloquent words. Even Nusayr’s lips twitched but he was happy nonetheless, that his charge had retained his sense of humor at the least.

“I, however, would be an idiot to simply throw you all in the front lines as soldiers and since I’m not an idiot, I’ll make a deal with all of you. Simply put, I’ll give you until next July to make up your mind about whether you will serve me and in what capacity. I’m willing to take: Soldiers, Healers, Scholars, Artisans, Craftsmen, Entertainers, Fabricators, Seers, Architects, Financers and Spies. I’ll assign you to serve in whatever capacity you choose and you do your best for me, I’m not asking for more than what any of you or yours is capable of doing.”

Several of those who were Oath bound to serve were mollified that Cyriacus was intelligent and would not force any of them to do something they obviously were not suited for. This swayed several into making their decisions.

“If you choose not to serve me, that’s fine too but don’t expect to survive the War. I won’t kill you if
that’s what you’re thinking but I wasn’t joking when I said this is the War that will change everything. You choose not to act and you’ll be swept away, your kind will become obsolete in the new Age and you’ll die out most likely. Finally, if you’re suicidal enough to join forces with my enemies, I’ll not only crush your respective group but I’ll make sure that not only will your deaths be excruciating but that even written history will remark about your idiocy.” Cyriacus finished, coolly.

Shivers spread throughout the room, as that ever so frightening power washed over them, giving them a taste of the terrible fury that would be unleashed if any were bold enough to betray him. This too, swayed the most wavering into finalizing their decisions.

Two hours before dawn, Cyriacus left the Assembly Hall with a written document which pledged the allegiance of all the Vampires, the Werewolves, the Dementors, the Incubui and Succubi, the Banshees, the Veela and the Dwarves. Three Fae Monarchies and seven Goblin Houses had also pledged their allegiance, while the remaining groups had chosen to take the time to deliberate about their choices.

Satisfied that he had made as much progress as he had, Cyriacus told the leaders of the newly formed Magical Covenant that he would keep in touch with them and they would have their first official meeting in late December or early January. Re-joining his lover, the Wizards made their departure, very pleased at having increased their forces nearly tenfold.

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**Asadyl’s Room**  
**Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton UK**  
**Monday the 6th of October 1997**  
**5:18 AM**

Asadyl paced in front of the windows of his room, which had a view of the front drive which led down to the walled and gated entrance that sealed off the non-magical world. Though he had never been on the other side of the gates, he had been told that from outside the walls the view was of a decrepit manor. The illusion was heavily layered with wards to cause any mischievous or adventurous humans who might have attempted to cross the walls or gate, to suddenly remember something they had forgotten to do and scurry back to their homes. It was ingenious, he had to admit but then Asadyl realized just how much things had changed.

Before their banishment, the Primordials had never had to hide what they were from anyone; in fact they had been highly respected by the humans of their time. That however, was not the case in this era and he found it most annoying that the offspring of the Primordials had resorted to hiding their presence in the world as the humans had eventually attacked and then hopelessly outnumbered them. Asadyl had read many books about the history of the Wizards and the other offspring of the Primordials and knew that the forced hiding had bred a most glaring hatred towards the foolish, non-magical humans. History had shown the instances of repeated attempts to conquer any portion of the ever-growing non-magical world and the subsequent defeats.

After hours of reading history books and several more spent talking to the other Primordials present, Asadyl had come to a sudden conclusion. He was no Chylla but considering how many thousands of years had passed and how Imryn and his own bloodline had dwindled to only these Wizard-born descendants, maybe it should not have shocked them that another Prophecy had been made about his Heir. It was true that Cyriacus could trace his ancestry back to Imryn and himself but none of them had taken into consideration the fact that the dilution of the original Primordial bloodline, combined with the passage of time, might have caused Cyriacus to be more susceptible to the Prophecies that befell his Wizard-born ancestors.
Kohinoor and he had spoken at great length about that topic for hours and came to the conclusion that it was highly possible that had happened. Though it had been unheard of for such a thing to happen, if the Prophecies were as different as both were, yet also hinted at the possibility of the effects of fulfilling one would advance the other, it might not be as horrifying or impossible as it had first seemed. That conclusion had dramatically calmed the fraying nerves of all the Primordials present, Kohinoor and he especially.

Unfortunately, the moment they had resolved one issue, another had reared its head and this one proved to be even more troubling than the previous issue. They had honestly tried their best, they had done as much as they could but somehow they had failed. Or perhaps, Razul had anticipated what they would do and had made the necessary precautions to prevent their meddling. In any case, it was obviously now a very pointless issue to argue about. The fact was that Razul had succeeded, they had failed and now they had to guess how exactly Razul’s unexpected sacrifice would effect Cyriacus. And when and what they would tell him, clearly the changes had already begun and if they waited too long and Cyraicus found out about it on his own…

Yes, it would be in Kohinoor and his best interest to confess all before Cyriacus realized that something wasn’t quite right about those gifts the Chylla had awoken in him. Asadyl shuddered. They had known in the beginning that the vessel for their freedom would be more powerful than even the Eldest of each group of Primordials but none of them could have imagined the sheer power Cyriacus had at his disposal. It was clear that Cyriacus was exactly what they needed to free the others and would be a good leader, capable and wise. But he was also quick to temper and far too swift to mete out punishments for perceived wrongs.

Asadyl suddenly became aware of Cyriacus’s power drifting around him like morning mist dangling above grass, allowing Asadyl to know Cyriacus’s exact location. Steadily his awareness of Cyriacus grew as he made his way through the building, no doubt intending to sleep in the rooms assigned to the Necromancer. As the presence came closer to his own location, Asadyl held his breath, hoping that his Heir would not seek him out until he was ready. Closing his eyes and releasing his breath as he felt Cyriacus step into his room across the hall, Asadyl’s awareness of him abruptly vanished thanks to the heavy, complicated Wards protecting his Heir’s room. Staring out onto the grounds which were slowly beginning to become more visible as dawn approached, Asadyl began thinking of ways to gently break the news to Cyriacus. It was best to confess their error as soon as possible, if they waited too long and he believed them to be keeping secrets about what they had intended him to be, Cyriacus’s punishment would be harsh and merciless.

Voldemort’s Suite
Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton UK
Monday the 6th of October 1997
5:30 AM

Cyriacus was unsurprised to see his lover still awake, sitting behind his desk and looking through a pile of reports about the attacks that had taken place over the weekend. Having showered and changed into his forest green silk pajamas, he looked out of place standing in the doorway to Voldemort’s Study. Nagini lifted her head up, sitting off to the side of Voldemort’s desk.

Greetings mate of my Wizard, Nagini greeted as she lazily stretched.

Cyriacus smiled, Greetings Nagini, where are the hatchlings?

Most have gone to other places and those that remain are sleeping as you should be youngling.
Cyriacus was a bit surprised at being nagged by a snake, even if it was his lover’s familiar. The sun rises soon, but I have little need for more than a few hours of rest. I thought it best that I lend my help to your Wizard.

Nagnini flicked her tongue at him. He is your Mate and my Wizard youngling, do not confuse the two.

Voldemort glanced up from the report he was reading and interrupted whatever Cyriacus might have responded with. Your help is most appreciated, fy draig. (my dragon)

Shrugging, Cyriacus walked over and picked up a report before glancing around for a chair. Voldemort watched him wondering whether he would conjure a chair or sit on his desk. Cyriacus however, surprised him entirely. Pulling back his chair, Cyriacus climbed onto his lap, sitting down sideways throwing his legs over the side of the chair. He wrapped an arm across Voldemort’s shoulders to stay balanced and rested his head half on the chair and half on Voldemort’s shoulder. Catching a glimpse of Voldemort’s surprised face; he smirked and then leaned forward and kissed Voldemort gently. Voldemort stared at him as he grinned and then turned his attention to the report in his hand. Shaking his head, Voldemort decided that Cyriacus’s seating choice was more than fine with him. Wrapping his free arm around his lover’s waist, he drew the younger Wizard closer to him and then returned to reading through Rookwood’s report.

Nagini watched them as she settled down to sleep and was satisfied that all was right between her Wizard and his mate. Despite the strange lengths her Wizard went through Courting the younger male, he was strong and was exactly what her Wizard needed in a mate. Together they would build a fine nest and have several strong and healthy hatchlings. Letting out a contented hiss, she slipped away into sleep.

Voldemort and Cyriacus continued reading and analyzing the reports, speaking in soft murmurs. Everything had gone smoothly while they were absent and Severus’s report had detailed the futile search efforts of the Light. It was nearly seven o’clock when they finished and Voldemort was unhappy about his lover’s soon departure. He had grown a bit too used to sharing a bed with Cyriacus as they had spent most of their sleeping hours in Morocco, together. Even though they had only made love twice while they were gone, Voldemort had suddenly begun to enjoy innocently sleeping together.

Yawning, they both headed into the common room stretching their stiff muscles. About to kiss Cyriacus goodnight, he was surprised again when his younger lover just headed into the bedroom with another yawn. Voldemort watched him pull down the covers and climb into his bed before turning to fluff some pillows. Smiling, he went into his closet to change and then joined his lover in the bed.

When he was settled against the mound of pillows behind him and the covers pulled up around his body, Cyriacus moved closer and threw an arm and a leg across his body and once again, used his shoulder as a pillow. Voldemort chuckled softly, shifting so they were both comfortable.

Pressing a soft kiss onto his shoulder Cyriacus mumbled a sleepy, “’Night.”

“Sweet dreams, fy draig.” Voldemort murmured closing his eyes as he inhaled the herbal fragrance clinging to Cyriacus’s skin and hair.

Charms Classroom
Hogwarts, Scotland UK
Monday the 6th of October 1997
Cyriacus pushed open the door of the classroom and smiled at Professor Flitwick as everyone turned. “I’m sorry I’m late Professor, I just got back.”

Professor Flitwick beamed. “That’s perfectly alright, happy to see you back at school Mr. Snape. Take your seat please and I’ll continue with the lecture.”

Nodding, Cyriacus took his seat in between Draco and Blaise, ignoring the lingering look Hermione shot him. Nusayr, in his guise as Shadow the Ocelot, had already claimed a spot on top of the desk. The Professors had, by now, gotten used to the presence of Harry’s ‘final’ gift to him and ignored the presence of his bodyguard. Once he was seated and had taken out a parchment and a quill, Flitwick continued lecturing about Conjuring Charms. It was a boring period for Cyriacus, as he had already mastered all three stages of Conjuring. Quick to perform the necessary spells during practice, Flitwick awarded Slytherin twenty points and continued inspecting the spells of his fellow classmates.

Draco cast a Conjuring Charm and a silver tea servicing try appeared on their desk and Flitwick awarded Slytherin another ten points. While banishing it, Draco calmly asked how he was feeling. “Much better actually, Healer Biondi has assured me that my arm should be fully useable in two weeks. Thankfully I only have to wear the sling and bandages for another week.” Cyriacus said with a relieved smile, knowing very well that he was being watched.

Draco nodded and shot the eavesdropping Gryffindors a sneer. “It is troublesome, I understand. Thankfully that buffoon of a half-giant isn’t teaching Care of Magical Creatures anymore.”

Out of the corner of his eye, Cyriacus saw Ron flush with anger but Hermione grabbed his arm and kept him from jumping up and cursing them, or trying in any sense. The rest of the class period passed by quickly and once it was over, Cyriacus led his fellow Slytherins out of the room, well aware that the Gryffindors were walking behind them. As it was the last class of the day, everyone would be heading to their Common Rooms or to the Great Hall for snacks, as dinner was not held until seven o’clock.

Changing the subject, Cyriacus asked his fellow Slytherins what they were planning on doing over Christmas break two months hence. Several mentioned going to visit relatives or going on holiday out of the country. Cyriacus smiled and answered that he too, would be traveling out of the country most likely without his father. That turned the topic of conversation back to the status of Cyriacus’s Emancipation. Cyriacus told them rather bluntly that it would be going through by the end of the week or Fudge would regret it.

Ron, who had finally had enough when they reached the hall in front of the Great Hall, glared and sharply demanded, “And what are you going to do if he doesn’t grant you Emancipation?”

Cyriacus calmly stopped and turned around. “I don’t expect you to know, but I’m sure Granger knows very well the kind of power I have as the Lord of Gryffindor. Despite that however, I happen to have three Seats on the British Wizengamot and two Seats on the International Wizengamot. Fudge has grown unpopular and everyone knows that if Dumbledore wasn’t telling him what to do, he’d have been thrown out of office years ago! If he’s foolish enough to deny me Emancipation to become the Lord of Gryffindor in fact instead of the Heir Apparent, I’m going to make it my personal quest to have his political career destroyed!”

“You don’t deserve to be Lord of Gryffindor! Everyone prattles on so much about how you loved Harry so much and how you two were practically married because of that Blood Bond!” Ron
shouted face flushing with rage as he stalked closer, unheeding of the crowd his shouting was creating. “You’re nothing but a leech Snape! Harry left you everything he had because he loved you and you love him so much that you’re letting Marcellus Arvell Court you and fuck you, not a month after he died while you’re still in Mourning!”

“Don’t talk about things you don’t know anything about, Weasley! Harry was my life and without him, I am nothing!” Cyriacus snarled, stepping closer until they were only a foot apart. Shadow attempted to step between them, snarling at Ron but Cyriacus calmly nudged him out of the way with his foot and graced him with a dark look, he could handle Ron.

Dean and Seamus had stepped forward and grabbed hold of Ron, attempting to hold him back, while Hermione attempted to reason with him and stop causing a scene. Ron, however, was beyond reasoning. With a shove, he was free of their hold and right back in Cyriacus’s face.

Sneering he venomously spat out, “You’re nothing more than a whore Snape! You’ll spread your legs for anyone with enough money, even if they’re as old as your own father! Are you fucking him too?”

Cyriacus saw red at that comment; no one would call him a whore or imply he was engaged in an incestuous relationship with his father! Ignoring the fact that he could have cast curses and hexes that even Dumbledore wouldn’t have recognized or countered, Cyriacus swung his fist at Ron’s face. Ron dodged back, raising his knee and slamming it into Cyriacus’s stomach. Taking the hit, Cyriacus grabbed hold of Ron’s shirt and pulled him down, smashing Ron’s face into his knee and then kicking Ron away from him. Ron fell down and grabbed Cyriacus’s foot as he was about to kick Ron in the stomach. Pulling on Cyriacus’s leg the heavier man fell down and Ron was on him, slamming his fists into his stomach and face. When Ron attempted to slam on top of him and pin him, Cyriacus raised his legs and using Ron’s momentum sent him flying over Cyriacus and into the wall of bodies watching the fight.

By this time, they had drawn a huge crowd and Ron had more than enough bodies to cushion his fall. Distantly, over the exclamations, betting and comments of the crowd, Cyriacus could hear Professors yelling for the crowd to let them pass. Giving it no more thought as Ron came charging back as he scrambled to his feet, Cyriacus waited until the last moment before countering Ron’s rush with a kick to the face. Ron fell down and just as Cyriacus was about to kick him, someone had cast an Impediment Curse at him, slowing him down but not stopping him.

“Mr. Snape! Mr. Weasley! Stop fighting this instant or I will see you both expelled!” Professor McGonagall roared over the noise.

Cyriacus reluctantly came to a stop, shooting Ron a glare before turning to face the Transfiguration Professor. “Weasley with his big mouth started the whole thing!”

“I do not care who started it, Mr. Snape but fighting will not be tolerated! Your father will be most displeased with you!” McGonagall retorted angrily.

“Not as displeased as he will be with Weasley, Professor McGonagall. Considering the red haired menace suggested I was having intimate relations with my father, I don’t think Professor Snape will be that displeased with me.”

McGonagall gaped in shock before turning her glare on Ron. “Is that true Mr. Weasley?”

Ron sat up and spat out blood, “It doesn’t matter what I said Harry’s beloved Cyriacus is still a whore!”
Cyriacus turned on Ron and bellowed loud enough for his voice to echo through most of the nearby hallways and half of the first floor. “I AM NOT A WHORE, YOU DISPICABLE, LOUD-MOUTHED, SON OF A BITCH!”

As Cyriacus attempted to lunge at Ron, a familiar hand had grabbed the back of his robes and jerked him away from Ron. Looking over his shoulder, he saw his father looking balefully at him before turning a positively venomous look at Ron.

“Enough,” Severus practically whispered, his voice frigid. “Mr. Weasley, a hundred points from Gryffindor for provoking a fight, fighting with an injured student, and slandering a Professor and a fellow student. Also, two month’s detention with Filch!”

Cyriacus smirked but his father shook him, his ebony eyes glowing with rage.

“Fifty points from Slytherin for allowing a Gryffindor to bait you and for being foolish enough to get into a physical fight after just being released from the Asclepius Sanatorium!” Severus snarled. “If Weasley had hit your arm, it might have been permanently damaged, you imbecile!”

Draco was about to protest, as Cyriacus’s arm wasn’t injured at all, but a furious glare from his Godfather quickly silenced him.

Severus glared at the rest of the crowd. “Go about your business but get out of my way! My son and I need to have a few words.”

The hallway began clearing out and Cyriacus grumbled to himself as he was dragged down to the dungeons and specifically, to his father’s Office. Shadow followed, sprinting every few feet to keep up with them. Cyriacus grumbled as his father began his usual ranting and raving about his behavior and lack of subtlety and wondered just how badly the day was going to go, little did he know what fate had in store for him.

By the time he had climbed into bed later that night, he was cursing Dumbledore and his role as the Light’s junior spy. As if things hadn’t been complicated enough before Dumbledore had set a date for his first ‘date’ with Krum. With a muttered curse he stared at the canopy of his bed and wondered how he was going to make it through the next couple of months.

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Cyriacus’s Room  
The Slytherin Dormitory, Hogwarts, Scotland  
Tuesday the 7th of October 1997  
3:45 AM

((d))

Cyriacus found himself standing in a room covered in shadows. A single silver framed mirror stood in the middle of the room and he found himself drawn to it. As he took his first step he became aware of something sticking to his skin. Staring, at his reflection he realized his body was completely covered in it and his hair was completely soaked in the metallic fluid. Blood…there was so much blood. Instinctually he knew that this was the blood of those who had died to give him life, nine lives sacrificed to ensure his forsaken, unnatural birth.

Restraining the mixture of horror and disgust welling up inside of him, he stepped closer to the mirror and examined himself. A distant glance had revealed nothing other than the fact that every inch of his bare body was covered in blood. However a closer examination showed that though the first statement was true, there did appear to be a slight design hidden in the blood. A slightly thicker
outline showed an intricate network of runes of an unknown origin covering his body. The runes were arranged in spirals and circles, triangles and pentagons, overlapping and yet not. Some of the patterns looked familiar, Fortifying designs he would guess, along with a plethora of designs that looked similar to the Transferring designs used in Blood Magic and Necromancy.

Of the several thousand runes overlaid across his body, the most important were located on his torso. The area above his heart was heavily covered and overlapped by more designs and runes than even he could hope to decrypt. Several runic designs beginning from his hipbone moving inward to the center of his body gave him a minute of pause before he realized what they were. It was their Marks! Now that he recognized them for what they were, he could picture the figures each set of runes created. The Chylla’s Fox head, a hawk head, a cobra, with its hood flared, a regal horse head and a jackal head.

With a roar of fury, he swung his fist, smashing the mirror into bits and watching as the pieces fell onto the ground. The darkness that surrounded him seemed to become darker and he could sense a presence, similar to the Primordials yet, in its own way, distinctly different.

“Such a life you live, kyndrak! It is enough to cause even one so Gifted as I in the Sight to quiver in fear at the Journey ahead of you.” An amused male voice commented from the sanctity of the shadows.

Cyriacus glared into the darkness surrounding him. “Who are you?”

“In the eyes of my Brethren, I am nothing more than a madman, a mistake, if you would. As though any of our kind come into being so easily, without purpose.” The voice replied with deep annoyance at the idiocy of his fellows. “However who I am, is of little importance, only that what I have intended has come to pass as I saw it would. By the time you will dream of this, I will have long since died and bestowed to you a terrible, yet awesome Gift.”

“Great, as though I needed more of those!” Cyriacus grumbled irritably.

The voice laughed merrily. “Though I sympathize about your predicament, I believe that unlike most of the Gifts the others may have unknowingly given to you, mine will be of use and more than worth the trouble it will give you.”

“How will it cause me trouble?”

“It is the nature of the Gift to show you things that many would consider to be…unseemly or distasteful. It will show you treachery, it will show you failure and it will show you death.”

Cyriacus didn’t bat an eye at the ominous words. “I am Death incarnate, for good or ill, long sought or long dreaded, whatever your Gift is I will not fear it.”

“I did not say you would, merely that it would cause you some trouble for a time. It will take several weeks, if not several months, before you master it fully and learn to control when you See things and how they effect you.”

“Is that all you have to say about your Gift?”

“It is all that needs to be said, you are not a fool and once you begin to use my Gift, you will learn all that you would have needed to know. For my Gift does not only allow one to see the past, present and future, it fully immerses the viewer in the Vision. This allows the viewer to experience the Vision as if they themselves were there in truth and it also allows for the viewer to sense the intentions of those displayed in the Vision. I have found it very useful in preventing potentially
dangerous or hostile situations.”

Cyriacus frowned, thoughtfully. “That is very different than what most Seers experience.”

The voice chuckled slightly. “There is no other Gift like it and now it is yours only, I have specifically altered my Sacrifice so that it will remain a Blood-bound Gift. You will never pass it onto another born of your seed and so, you need never fear someone using it against you.”

“It sounds…useable, most certainly.” Cyriacus commented. “Does this mean that the dreams I have been having are because of this Gift?”

“In part but most are due to the unexpected channeling of Chylla’s energy into you. In time the random dreaming will pass and you will begin to See things that effect your purpose. Within a month of this dream, my Gift will have fully woken and taken root within you.”

Cyriacus paused. “You…are not the same as the others.”

“No, I am not the same but I am similar enough to pass.”

“Why are you different?”

A faint hint of amusement, “Because it was my purpose to be different. Unlike the others, I had no delusions of grandeur and no lust for any earthly possessions or affairs. I lived for my Visions alone and they have labeled me as a man consumed by his Gift and that maybe so, but I at least, was not consumed by what destroyed them. You will not make the same mistake…that was the only thing they did right.”

Cyriacus was instantly suspicious. “What do you mean ‘the only thing they did right’?”

“You will understand, eventually. My time here is at an end, we will not speak here as this is the only memory I arranged for you to have of me at all. If you desire to converse again, you will need to find the Wyverns Lair but that will not be for some months yet. Keep it in mind though, kyndrak. May my Gift prove useful.”

“Wait! What is your name?”

“Razul.”

((d))

Cyriacus jerked awake with a start, sitting up and unconsciously turning on the lights in his bedroom. He had barely a few seconds to orientate himself before he felt his stomach twist. Clapping a hand over his mouth he jumped out of his bed and threw open the door of his room, running to the 7th Year Communal Bath at the end of the hall. He was vomiting violently by the time Nusayr and several of his sleep disheveled Year mates joined him in the large marble Bathroom. Though aware of their presence, he ignored them and wondered weakly when he would stop being ill.

Draco yawned and stretched, his silver silk pajamas sliding over his body. “So…what’s all the fuss about this early in the morning?”

“No idea,” Blaise commented, standing in his sapphire blue boxers. “All I heard was a loud crash and then someone vomiting their guts up.”

Greg frowned when he checked the time on his watch. “Not even four.”
“Bloody hell,” Vince replied irritated.

Nusayr was hovering directly behind Cyriacus, who was still vomiting. “Shall I send for a Healer? Should I wake your mortal father? Would you like me to get something for you? Run a bath? Fetch something for you to eat?”

Cyriacus gagged at the implication of eating anything and spent another five minutes after emptying his stomach dry heaving. Finished at last, he absently cast a few Cleaning and Freshening Charms on his person before flushing the toilet and staggering weakly to his feet. A part of him was extremely embarrassed at having been caught so weak in front of his future…minions? Cohorts? Followers? Well, whatever they were.

“You look horrible,” Draco blurted, gazing at him with worry.

Theodore Nott, who had remained silent up until this moment, had his eyes focused on Cyriacus’s midsection. “Er…we shouldn’t be able to see those tattoos right?”

Blinking, Cyriacus glanced at his lower body and cursed when he saw that Glamour disguising the Chylla’s Mark had somehow been destroyed. With a grumble, he also noted the new additions, some clearer than others but Five Marks were now arranged in a direct horizontal line from his right hipbone to his left.

Nusayr reached out and gently touched each Mark, lost in thought. The first was the silver-white fox of the Chylla with its wise, all knowing ice blue eyes. Next was the brown and gold streaked feathers of the Revenants hawk, proud and fierce like the Revenants themselves. A sand colored cobra represented the Wraith, its hood open and body posed to strike at any enemies, poisonous as the Wraiths and just as deadly. The Deviant’s regal horse head was next, colored oxblood red with a black mane and eerie orange eyes. The final Mark was the Savage’s black jackal, its face screwed up into a snarl showing sharp teeth, its silver eyes glowing.

Blaise gaped, “Fuck.”

Yes, that summed things up nicely. Cyriacus thought as he weakly slumped over, now experiencing the worst migraine known to humanity.

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The Strategy Room
Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton UK
Friday the 10th of October 1997
9:45 PM

The room was fuller than usual as Voldemort had called all his Inner Circle, all his First Tier Death Squad Captains and the few Elite who could attend without arousing suspicion. Kohinoor and Asadyl were also there, though they were waiting to speak with Cyriacus as opposed to being interested in Voldemort’s affairs. Voldemort had been the first to arrive this time and was waiting impatiently, Samhain was one of the most important occasions of the year and it required a great deal of plotting. This year he wanted to do something even more daring than usual, but for that to happen, he would need Cyriacus’s help and the use of his Summoned creatures.

“My Lord?”

Voldemort turned and looked at the Captain of Manticore who had addressed him, “Yes?”

“As you requested Captains Abraxan, Kelpie, Salamander, Dragon and I have taken roll. All First
Tier Death Squad Captains are present.” The Captain replied, bowing.

“Thank you, Captain Manticore. Please return to your seat, we will begin as soon as everyone has arrived.”

“Of course, My Lord.”

Lucius cleared his throat, “All the Inner Circle have arrived, including Severus.”

“Excellent, but where is Cyriacus?” Voldemort questioned.

“Severus said that he had come directly from Diagon Alley,” Lucius responded.

Voldemort frowned. “I see. He is the only one yet to arrive then.”

Severus joined them. “My Lord, may I have a word with you? It is about Cyriacus.”

“Of course,” Voldemort pushed his chair back from the table and gestured for Severus to follow. They exited the Strategy room and turned to the right, heading for the smaller Drawing Room. Once they were inside and Voldemort had activated the Privacy Wards, he glanced inquiringly at his Potions Master.

Severus frowned. “Before I left to pick up a special order from the Apothecary in Diagon Alley, Draco approached me and told me that my son has been violently ill in the mornings and quite dizzy during the rest of the day. Apparently, his illness began on Tuesday and he swore the rest of the boys in his Year to keep quiet or face the penalty.”

“Why would he be so ill? Better yet, why has he not been to see a Healer yet?” Voldemort wondered aloud.

Severus’s eyes darkened and he grit his teeth. “My son is not incautious but even the best contraceptives do not work as fully unless both parties are taking such measures. I have not questioned Cyriacus about his relations with Marcellus Arvell or the courtesans he slakes his Incubus desires with, but his symptoms and secrecy would imply that he is with child.”

Voldemort gaped, “I…suppose that is a good possibility.”

“I am not pleased by this situation My Lord! If the child is truly of Arvell’s get then this will highly complicate an already hugely complicated situation! I do not believe my son is so gauche as to bottom for a courtesan but I have little doubt that he would do so for an older male, especially one he is attempting to seduce!” Severus grumbled furiously.

“I will speak to him of it,” Voldemort assured Severus. “It was not my intention for this to occur Severus, you have my utmost apologies.”

Severus crossed his arms. “What will you do if he is with child?”

“It would inconvenience my plans but a child born of the Arvell and Snape lines would be very powerful in their own right. We will see, Severus.” Voldemort said distractedly, mind racing.

“Of course, my Lord.” Severus agreed curtly, leaving at the obvious dismissal.

The moment Severus left the room, Voldemort began pacing. They both had been taking contraceptives but with Cyriacus being what he was, who could say if they were effective at all? What if Severus was right? If Cyriacus was pregnant, it was his without a doubt and though the
timing was not right, Voldemort would not terminate his first born child. But the child would add so much additional stress to an already fragile relationship as well. How did things get so complicated?!

Voldemort closed his eyes and took a deep breath, now was not the time to panic he had to stay calm and get through this meeting first. Cyriacus’s illness would be addressed later tonight, after the meeting. As he dismantled the Privacy Ward and replaced his public persona, he could not help but wonder what a child fathered by the two of them would look like.

It was nearly another fifteen minutes after Voldemort and Severus had their private conversation before Cyriacus arrived. Surrounded by his Carapace (minus the Dementor Lord), Voldemort caught only the glimpse of bronze satin and a sable cloak. As was his wont, he led his Carapace to the end of the table and modified his blood colored divan into a black and gold sofa that easily could seat all of his guards. Taking a seat in the middle of the sofa, Cyriacus lazily pushed back the hood of his cloak and coolly looked over those gathered.

“I apologize for my tardiness, something unexpected waylaid me.” Cyriacus replied smoothly.

Voldemort observed him for a minute before dismissing his apology. “It is of little importance but now that we have all gathered, let us begin. Samhain is in twenty one days and this particular year, I should like to show the Light a small extent of the full power we have at our disposal.”

“Will you bring in the Covenant forces, my Lord?” Bellatrix questioned.

Cyriacus quickly vetoed that idea. “My Covenant forces will not be used in this particular battle, it would be best to wait until the usual holiday attack in December or the annual summer battle. I will not waste the element of surprise so early in the War.”

Bellatrix raised an eyebrow. “Your Covenant forces?”

“Despite the fact that I have to serve Voldemort, the only reason the Covenant was formed was because of a Debt that was owed to the Primordials. You have no means of calling in that Debt through anyone else but me, and as I stand to become the future Primordial Lord, I will reiterate a point I made long ago. Voldemort needs me far more than I need him, and I would suggest you remember that this time.” Cyriacus retorted sharply.

Voldemort quickly stopped their argument from accelerating further. “I had no intentions of using the Covenant at this time; I was more interested in using some Summoned Creatures to be perfectly honest. Something horrific to suit the occasion.”

Cyriacus glanced at his lover. “That would be easier to arrange but I will limit you to Level Nine Summonings only. I should be able to manage at least six, possibly seven Summonings of that rank before overstraining my resources. We could do this two ways, I could Summon them all the evening before the battle or I could Summon more by taking a few days to rest between Summonings. It depends, on what you would rather do.”

“How many Summons do you think you can manage if you space them out?”

“Four Summonings a day with two days to rest between them, so I’d say…twenty eight Summonings total.” Cyriacus replied slowly as he did the calculations.

Narcissa gaped at him, “You can’t be serious? That is…a great deal of Necromantic power, even for someone born of the Hawthorne line.”

Cyriacus looked amused. “I am what I was born to be, isn’t that so Asadyl?”
The Eldest Wraith twitched at the knowing stare Cyriacus sent his way. It appeared that he already knew far more than he should have which meant that Razul had planned his Sacrifice very thoroughly indeed.

“Will this be your test then?” Kieran asked Cyriacus curiously.

“No, this is not my battle.” Turning, Cyriacus caught Voldemort’s gaze again. “I will Summon you the necessary Creatures and give control to whomever you see fit but I will not personally engage in this battle. The time is not right yet.”

Voldemort frowned, “Will it ever be? You have managed to avoid being seen fighting in all the recent skirmishes since summer, are you not worried what they will believe you have been doing all this time?”

“No, the Light is most ignorant in the ways of Necromancers; they would hardly know what would be considered ‘normal’ behavior. I am recovered fully from my recent injuries that is true, but I have not recruited a full Carapace yet and until I am completely satisfied by my personal Guard, I will not be risking my neck in a full out battle.”

Rodolphus glanced at him warily. “Are you suggesting that even one of the highest ranking Death Squads would serve inadequately?”

Cyriacus glanced around the table. “I am a Necromancer and the sort of things I consider to be a threat to my so-called existence, would easily be something that can and will kill faster than most mortals can react to. Scourge is a Vampire; Nusayr is a Primordial as is Asaph. You have seen me battle a Primordial, and if I can barely survive it what makes you think you will survive anything that has their level of strength or higher?”

Silence.

Voldemort frowned. “The Light is expecting you to be Marked soon, are they not?”

“That is true,” Cyriacus replied with a scowl. “I suppose then, that I shall have to make an appearance as Cyriacus Snape and I have barely enough time to get my Battle Robes finished in time.”

Lucius looked intrigued. “You are having them exclusively made? By whom, if you do not mind my asking.”

“By someone who’s paid in blood, not exactly normal currency but the armor is exquisitely made if one is willing to pay the price. No one you have heard of as anything other than a legend,” Cyriacus smiled slightly, green eyes dark with remembrance. “He who is cloaked in blood and walks in shadow…Mephistopheles, the pride of the House of Käaten.”

Kieran flinched, “The House of Käaten was purged in 1207! The entire Household was put to the Flame.”

Cyriacus snickered, “You cannot kill Käaten’s Red Sun with Flame, Scourge. The fact that Mephistopheles survived is merely proof of the idiocy of the Vampire High Council.”

“How did you meet him then?!”, Kieran demanded.

“Rather like how you and I met, actually. Only he came upon me by accident rather than being sent by the Arcanum Headmaster.” Cyriacus rolled his eyes. “And he wanted a bit more than a few words in return for his help….”
FLASHBACK

Harry scrambled to the left, just barely getting out of the way of his savior. It was one thing to get abducted by a pair of drooling, lusty Incubi but getting rescued by a very powerful Vampire, who now wanted a bit more than a ‘thank you’ for his efforts, was a bit…stressful at the end of a long day.

“You are quick.” The Vampire complimented, his golden gaze sparkling with a mixture of excitement and admiration.

Harry glanced around the dimly lit cave desperately. “Um, not that I’m not grateful and all for you helping me out of a bad situation but…I don’t really think I’m up to giving you a Blood Price in payment for rescuing me and all.”

The Vampire smiled, showing off sharp fangs. “Unless you have something better to barter with boy, I suggest you stop struggling. I promise not to kill or Turn you, I just want my due.”

“That’s reassuring,” Harry mumbled before clearing his throat and speaking up a little louder, “I don’t suppose you’ll take an I.O.U.?”

“If you wish to incur a Debt to me, it’ll be double later for what you could pay with now.” The Vampire said smirking.

“Damned if you do, damned if you don’t.” Harry sighed, “Very well, double the amount next time but that means two separate Feedings and I want it all written out before hand so you don’t try anything sneaky.”

The Vampire actually laughed, “You are far too amusing to kill, boy. What is your name?”

“Harry…Harry Potter. And you?”

“Mephistopheles…of the House of Käaten.”

END OF FLASHBACK

Cyriacus slowly got to his feet and looking over his shoulder at Kieran said, “You’ll have to find someone else to Feed off of for a few days, Mephistopheles has a greater appetite than you do. Makes sense really, he’s 4,760 which is seventeen hundred years older than you since you’re 3,060 and you’re thirteen hundred years older than Stephen as he’s only 1,760.”

“Where are you going?” Voldemort asked curiously.

“I have things to attend to, if I’m to Summon you the necessary Creatures and participate in the battle, I’m going to have to begin tonight. Between the Summonings and paying off the Debt for my Battle Robes, it will be a busy couple of weeks. You can brief me about the finalized plans later; I haven’t the time for it tonight.” Cyriacus said a bit irritably.

“Very well,” Voldemort agreed, yielding on the issue.

Cyriacus headed for the door, surrounded by his Carapace but he paused and glanced back at Voldemort. “Dumbledore has arranged my first Courting with Krum on Sunday afternoon, it will
interfere with your plans for Arvell but I’m sure something can be worked out. I will return on Tuesday evening to give you a full report about the Courting and Arvell’s reaction.”

Voldemort’s eyes narrowed and a mixture of jealousy and worry flared throughout his body. “You will owl me after your Courting but we will discuss it on Tuesday.”

“As you wish,” Cyriacus agreed with a nod before exiting the room.

The Summoning Circle
Riddle Mansion Grounds, Little Hangleton UK
Saturday the 11th of October 1997
10:30 PM

Cyriacus frowned from his position on the ground. The October air was cold and damp but he was contently sprawled out on the obsidian Summoning Circle, his body soaking up the heat from the perpetually warm magical structure. Around him, Kieran and Nusayr stood guard, staying close enough to keep an eye on him, yet far enough away to be able to intercept any dangers. Drumming his fingers on the rune carved structure, he idly wondered how much longer Asadyl and Kohinoor planned on keeping him waiting.

Thanks to Razul’s Gift, his every sleeping hour was spent lost in a myriad of Visions and he woke every morning having to vomit. If he was particularly lucky, he’d spend about an hour with a migraine which thankfully went away on its own, if he was not as lucky, he’d spend the rest of the day having dizzy spells that came and went. Cyriacus could only hope that he would somehow adapt to things soon because the prospect of spending a month in this condition was not enticing in the least! He’d caught the strange looks the other boys in his Year had graced him with and he’d had to swear them into silence. His illness, though explainable, was not something he wanted to flaunt! The last thing he needed was his father or Constance Fawcett doctoring him and treating him like a helpless four year old.

“Nusayr, go and fetch them if you would, I have an appointment with Mephistopheles in two hours and I do not have the time to waste waiting for them!” Cyriacus ordered.

Nusayr frowned, “Very well.” He walked towards the edge of the Circle but stopped as he felt a Doorway opening.

Asadyl stepped out of a torch shadow, releasing his hold on Kohinoor’s arm. “Our apologies kyndrak.”

“Start talking already, I haven’t all night.” Cyriacus commented, twisting around so he was lying belly down on the ground, his arms and head pillowed on a plush cushion.

Kohinoor sighed. “You have begun to manifest Razul’s Gift, have you not? I can sense the taint of his Gift already.”

Cyriacus narrowed his eyes. “Why do I get the feeling that Razul is the Black Sheep of the Chylla?”

“He was no such thing!” Kohinoor snapped. “He allowed his Gift to consume him until he was nothing more than a madman, obsessed with his Visions!”

Cyriacus closed his eyes. “To his own face you called him the ‘Lost Chylla’ but you all referred to him as the Brykri (Exile) because he dared to use his Gift for something more than material gain or social prestige. His blind devotion to his Visions shamed you all and yet, it inspired the collaboration
that led to my birth. You despise the fact that without his example, the Chylla would not have thought to synchronize the use of your Gifts to Divine and forge a single path to your goals.”

Asadyl paused, “We are not here to discuss our interaction with Razul or his standing amongst the Primordials we are here to discuss what his interference in the Blood Ritual may have done.”

Kohinoor glared at Cyriacus but his indifference simply irritated her. Asadyl however, shot her a sharp look and with a sigh she reined her temper.

“It was as we were closing the Blood Ritual that he acted, the blood of the Sacrifices had been stored into a large basin which drained into a large gold urn. As I was closing the ceremony, Razul appeared and using the force of his will alone, held those gathered frozen as he slew himself. When we were released by his death, it was too late his blood had already mingled with the blood of the other sacrifices. Asadyl and I attempted to modify the Blood Ritual to negate passing on his Gifts or Power but it appears that we are too late.” Kohinoor explained flatly.

“His Gift was strongest by far than any of the surviving Chylla, it was possible that he could have Foreseen our intentions and modified his Sacrifice accordingly.”

Cyriacus opened his eyes and focused his pale green gaze on them. “Or, it could be that what he was negated any of your attempts to alter the ritual. He was not a Primordial but similar enough to pass.”

Kohinoor’s eyes narrowed. “How do you know this?”

“Because he told me and because if I will it, I can do more than just See what once was but to experience it fully as though I could read the secrets of those I See. All is laid bare before my Sight and should I choose it, I can experience it more fully than that if I wish it.” Cyriacus replied lazily as he closed his eyes. When he opened them, they were dark green. “But that is neither here nor there and considering how much you envied and feared his Gift, perhaps it is best we not speak of it again.”

Asadyl was wary; his Heir had accepted this latest revelation far too smoothly. “You are not… angry?”

“Why should I be? This Gift is useful if unorthodox and he did nothing more than what you have already done to me. I am irked that you went through the effort of hiding what you did but…it does not matter. What I wish for and what I receive are two very different things and nothing can change what is dealt to me.” Cyriacus answered, getting to his feet. “However, I would suggest that if you both have any more secrets that may be of importance in regards to the Blood Ritual, you confess them now. I will not be as indifferent to your follies at a later date.”

“There is nothing else.” Kohinoor replied cautiously.

“Then we are done with this discussion,” Cyriacus replied turning away from them and walking away. He extinguished the torches as he went and waited for Nusayr and Kieran to reach his side.

“But, do not think for one moment that I trust either of you. The amount of blood and years of constant monitoring prove that much was invested for my birth and despite your claims to the contrary, I know that you should desire more than simple freedom from your prison. We will have another discussion about that someday…” Cyriacus reached out and set his hands on his guards and effortlessly drew them with him into the shadowed doorway of the Chaos Plane.

Asadyl watched him leave and shivered. So many lives had been Sacrificed and so much blood spilled to bring forth one who would be strong enough to open a Rift between the Planes. Yet he had
to wonder, had they made him too strong?

“I can feel the roots of Razul’s Gift stretching through him, entrenching itself into the very wellspring of his power…”

“And?”

Kohinoor sighed and tilted her face up, staring at the stars and the moon. “It mingles…one taint to another. One day, when he has reached the end of khanel, when he comes fully into his Adulthood, they will have blended together. They will become a miasma so potent that merely being in his presence will slowly destroy his enemies and bind his servants and allies even more tightly to him.”

“Tell me Kohinoor, you have devoted so many years to this, have we erred?”

“We have made many mistakes; we each carry the guilt our downfall even the Chylla. Yet, one must ask what is worth the survival of our kind. Is Sacrificing the blood our strongest worth creating one who can lead us not only to freedom but to our own salvation?”

Asadyl sighed. “Our future is worth any price and you know this, yet I cannot help but wonder… if we have chosen wrongly. He is too strong, too…unbalanced.”

“He is the one we sought there is no mistake but, perhaps, we made our greatest mistake in attempting to make him flawless. We were the first yet look how we fell and these mortals as flawed as they are, they still live, they still rule. Perhaps, we did not learn as much as we had thought.”

“And now?”

“Now it is too late to change things, he is born and he is nearly ready to do what he was created for. The price of his existence will be a burden to him throughout his life but he is innocent in regards to the circumstances that led to his birth. It was our choices that lead to his birth and it will be you and I who pay the most heavily for it. The lot of a Blood Child is to be cursed, but it is even worse to have created one knowingly. And what we have done and the lengths which we have gone to…there is nothing like it and I doubt there shall be anything like it again.” Kohinoor replied slowly.

Asadyl took a deep breath. “Our folly will not be his; we have made sure of that. Of all those who have gone before and all those will go after, I alone will happily give my life’s blood and my very essence to make him whole. I had my chance and I failed not only my Brethren but all of the Primordials. Cyriacus will not make the same mistake and if it takes my life to make him Lord of the Primordials, it is a small price to pay for the years of imprisonment and frustration of our kind.”

The Headmaster’s Office
Hogwarts, Scotland UK
Sunday the 12th of October 1997
3:05 PM

Cyriacus calmly entered the room dressed in black trousers, an ivory silk shirt and a red velvet duster with black pearl buttons. He’d braided his long hair and wore no extra accessories other than his dragonhide gloves and his sling, which normally wouldn’t be categorized as an such, but since he had specially ordered an assortment of ‘fashionable’ medical wear, (like the Wizarding Gucci leather sling he was wearing currently) you really couldn’t call it anything but an accessory.

The room hushed as everyone turned to stare at him, some completely surprised at his elegance and others gaping at the mix of Muggle and Wizarding clothes and designs. His father, he noted, was one
of the latter and Krum, one of the former. Though well dressed, comparing Viktor and Cyriacus was like comparing a sparrow to a phoenix. Cyriacus was actually rather disappointed; one would think a famous Seeker like Krum would be able to dress a little more fashionably. Image was everything after all and the first impression made all the difference in the world.

Krum shook his head. “I really do not think this will work…”

“I’d have to agree with you,” Cyriacus said nodding.

Dumbledore smiled. “Nonsense! I am certain things will work out just fine.”

Cyriacus looked at him skeptically. “Whatever. Now, what’s in the game plan today?”

“We will browse the shops in Diagon Alley, join my family and your father for tea and then take a walk through the gardens in Leisure Alley.” Krum answered moodily.

“That’s all?” Cyriacus asked taken aback.

Dumbledore beamed, “Simplicity at its finest, my boy.”

Severus snorted.

“Right, shall we go?” Cyriacus asked his date, rolling his eyes at Dumbledore’s foolishness.

Krum nodded and walked over to the fireplace, handing Cyriacus the jar containing Floo Powder. Cyriacus sighed and took a handful, tossing it into the fireplace turning the orange flames into harmless green flames.

“I truly hate getting soot all over my clothes!” Cyriacus grumbled before stepping into the Fire and calling out his destination. “Diagon Alley!”

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**The Dining Hall**  
**Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton UK**  
**Sunday the 12th of October 1997**  
**7:20 PM**

Voldemort looked up as the Post arrived, various owls flew through the room, dropping off copies of the evening Daily Prophet and other publications. A large Peregrine Falcon landed in front of him and offered him a plain pale blue envelope. Accepting the letter, he pushed the remains of his roast in her direction as he opened the envelope.

Voldemort-

You have requested I write about my Courting today and I have one word to describe it: fiasco! From the moment we arrived in Diagon Alley, things began going downhill. I shall be brief for fear I will spend forty pages detailing the Courtship from Hell!

*Statistics from our shop browsing:*

*Number of reporters: 45*  
*Number of undercover reporters: 21*  
*Number of photographers: 19*

*Number of comments about Krum’s drab clothing: 46*
Number of comments about my classy clothes: 54
Number of publications I’m probably going to be featured in: 67
Number of publications I’ll probably be on the front page of: 29
Number of best dressed lists I’ll probably be on: 32
Number of worst dressed lists Krum’ll be on: 42

Number of times approached by lovestruck fool: 62
Number of times propositioned by said fool: 36
Number of love tokens received from said fool: 21
Number of free gifts received from shopkeepers: 320
Number of gifts from Krum: 0

Number of pranks attempted: 88
Number of successful pranks on myself: 0
Number of successful pranks on Krum: 15
Number of gag gifts received from various people: 45
Largest size of the crowd following us: 82

Time spent browsing: 2 hours and 15 minutes

Statistics from our tea:

Number of times Krum answered my comments or questions with a stare: 109
Number of times Krum answered my comments or questions with a monosyllable answer: 73
Number of awkward silences: 32
Number of dark, inviting and/or disgusted looks given to me by Krum’s family: 14, 8, 4
Number of veiled threats/insults exchanged by our parents: 58
Number of times father snorted derisively: 52
Number of times father glared: 42
Number of times Krum’s father referred to me as ‘Potter’s boy’: 64
Number of times I had to kick Krum’s siblings: 7
Number of times I wanted to castrate Krum’s siblings: 13
Number of times Krum’s sister batted her eyes at me: 27
Number of times Krum’s mother offered to pour tea and select pastries for me: 33

Time spent at the tea shop: 2 hours and 42 minutes

Statistics from our walk in the gardens:

Number of times various people giggled, pointed or made suggestive comments: 240
Number of times Krum let go of my hand: 16
Number of times I let go of Krum: 8
Number of times people bumped into me: 84
Number of times people bumped into Krum: 92
Number of glares I gave to various people: 120
Number of glares Krum gave to various people: 160

Time spent walking in the gardens: 1 hour and 52 minutes

Aaaaargh!!!!!!! Dating Viktor Krum absolutely sucks! The man has no class at all and no
conversation abilities for that matter too!

I can’t wait for our date on Wednesday, ‘Marcellus’!

Yours faithfully (no pun intended),

Cyriacus Snape

Many lovely surprises still ahead, hope you liked the chapter! For those of you who are getting lost with all the OCs, I have begun work on a Character Appendix for the Destiny Arc but it’s very, very slow going. My hope is to have it done by January but I’ll be uploading it as I finish each new section. It will be found at the Group in the ID files section soon.

NEXT CHAPTER: A boys’ and gals’ night out, Arcanum style! Samhain Celebrations- Murder & Mayhem 101. A ‘DE’s only’ announcement about our favorite Dark Lord and our moody hero’s true relationship! And yes, for those of you who have been begging and asking for it, smutty Cy/Ascyltus lovin’!

Read, review, inspire me!

-SheWolfe7 (11/15/05)
Chapter XXIV
Mistakes

Every great mistake has a halfway moment,
a split second when it can be recalled and perhaps remedied.
-Pearl Buck, US novelist in China (1892-1973)

The Dueling Hall
Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton UK
Sunday the 26th of October 1997
10:00 AM

Voldemort stood in the back of the room, watching as Cyriacus drilled the other Elite in preparation for their ‘Initiation’ on Friday. It had been decided that along with Cyriacus the other Elite would also be ‘Initiated’ and Cyriacus would be placed as their Squad Captain. Taking his role seriously, Cyriacus had begun sneaking his fellow Dragons out of Hogwarts on the weekend so they could improve their spellwork. Their training sessions had begun to draw more and more Death Eaters of various Tiers. Voldemort was beyond impressed with his lover’s dueling skill; it easily overshadowed even the most experienced Wizards and Witches present. Moving with remarkable grace and agility, Cyriacus would be a dangerous threat on the battlefield.

Finishing his demonstration, Cyriacus stalked off the dueling platform and took a seat on the sidelines. Nusayr, disguised as one of Cyriacus’s trainers, handed him a goblet which he drank readily enough, watching the others as they practiced the new dueling style he had finished showing them. Voldemort’s eyes narrowed when he saw Nusayr rest a hand on Cyriacus’s leg, whispering in his ear. The younger man sighed but nodded and once everyone had finished practicing, called an end to the practice session. Stepping away from the wall, Voldemort made his way over to his lover who was discreetly being helped by Nusayr into a standing position.

The closer he got, the more he noticed Cy’s ghost-like pallor and the glaze of pain in his dark green eyes. Voldemort paused, all jealousy fading as worry crept over his face. Every time he attempted to speak with Cyriacus in private, the younger Wizard had managed to either put him off or was
escorted away by Nusayr or Scourge to rest. Voldemort, not wanting to stress Cyriacus who was already looking and working himself to near collapse, decided it would be better to wait until after the very strategic Samhain Attack was finished before pressing for more details about Cyriacus’s illness. Cyriacus was led past him, managing a nod before he was swept along. Voldemort watched them leave, wondering and worrying.

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**North Hub**

**Vitium Court, Unplottable Unknown**

**Thursday the 30th of October 1997**

**10:00 PM**

“Are you sure this is a good idea, my lord?” Nusayr asked nervously.

Cyriacus glanced at Nusayr coolly. “No one said you had to come along, Nusayr. Kieran is more than an adequate guard for this place.”

Kieran and Nusayr glared at each other and all of Nusayr’s protests immediately died. Cyriacus smirked and led his guards through the bright lights of the *Luscinia* (Nightingale) Haven. Loud music poured out of doors, laughter and jokes were exchanged by the groups of Wizards and Witches wandering from one establishment to another.

Cyriacus was surprised to find that he had missed the atmosphere. Though no one outside of Arcanum knew, occasionally the students did get leave to enjoy the delights of the outside world. By using a combination of Human Transfiguration and undetectable Potions or Glamours, they had all enjoyed the brightly lit streets of *Luscinia* and enjoyed all the decadent and deviant delights offered.

Dodging a pair of very drunk Witches, Cyriacus grinned as he headed to tonight’s meeting place. Tomorrow he’d be fighting and killing to fulfill something out of his control but tonight was his to spend as he pleased and getting drunk off his ass with his friends sounded just about right. With a grin that put Nusayr on edge and made Kieran smirk, Cyriacus threw open the door of Deadly Sins and glided into *Luscinia*’s most notorious strip club/brothel.

Loud music barraged them as they entered the dimly lit foyer. Glass doors separated the entertainment rooms from the foyer hallway and simple black lettering named each room. Cy looked in each room as he passed by. The first room was decorated to look like some sultan’s harem room, gauze clad strippers danced and writhed amongst the pillow seated guests. The door across the hall was decorated to look like a forest and inside, several Half-Veelas danced and swayed, entrancing their all male audience. Another room contained Metamorphmagi, who entertained their guests by changing forms as they had sex live on stage. This room, Cyriacus knew, was very popular.

“They changed the layout from when I was here last.” Kieran commented.

Cyriacus paused, caught off guard. “And when were you here last?”

“Oh, then you wouldn’t have seen the new room yet which is where we’re going.” Cyriacus said with a slow smile as he led them down the hallway and to the last door on the right.

Kieran frowned at the title on the door as he followed Cyriacus into the room, *Fontaine da vie* (Fountain of Life). Nusayr hadn’t even glanced at the title of the room as he quickly followed his charge into the room. Kieran’s eyes narrowed, he didn’t like this one bit.
The room was decorated in black and scarlet, the tables and chairs all made of dark cherry wood. Lit by candles, the room was filled with guests who all turned to see the newcomers. A plain stage stood at the back of the room, two white pillars set in the middle front part of the stage.

“Cyriacus!” A familiar voice called out, rising from a table near the front of the room.

Whispers started as more and more people recognized him. Cyriacus didn’t pay it any attention as he joined his friends at their table.

“Anthony, good to see you!” Cyriacus greeted, exchanging a friendly backslap with his friend.

Anthony smirked. “Bout time you decided to stop acting like a married man! Arvell and Krum may have been Courting you but even a bachelor is entitled to a bit of fun on his own every now and then.”

Hotaru rolled her eyes. “Leave Cy alone, Anthony! Unlike certain men we know, he’s moving forward with his life.”

“Good to see you too, Hotaru.” Cy grinned, kissing her on the cheek.

Leah mock scowled, hands on her hips. “You haven’t seen me since August and I don’t even get so much as a hello?”

Laughing Cyriacus leaned forward and kissed her on the lips, playfully. “Hullo Leah, you’d never believe who I ran into a few weeks ago!”

“Granddad I heard, Castor mentioned it he saw you that night.” Leah said a bit soberly.

Cyriacus shook his head and patted her shoulder. “You’re better off without an old Traditionalist like him, Hellion.”

“I guess.” Leah said and then perked up. “So, Arvell eh? You’ll have to tell us all about him.”

“Maybe later,” Cyriacus said dryly as he turned to exchange greetings with Sigurd and Ransom. “How’s life?”

Ransom shrugged and took a drink from his shot glass. “Busy but that’s nothing new. You?”

“Same old, same old with a few new things thrown in,” Cyriacus agreed.

Sigurd snorted. “You were always good at making understatements. I have been busy, more practice and more games but thankfully we have moved to our Wintering field in Greece.”

“Yeah, Quidditch in this weather would be horrible.”

Anthony glanced at Kieran and Nusayr curiously. “Who’re they?”

“Watchdogs, you can call golden eyes Eagle and the other Char.” Cyriacus said taking a seat at the middle of the table so Nusayr and Kieran could sit on both sides of him. “Where’s Sunan at?”

“He can’t make it, a big dealer wants to sell to him and he’s got to check the authenticity of the goods. Supposedly it’s Sui Dynasty and you know Sunan, can’t resist anything that old.” Hotaru explained pouring Cyriacus a shot glass filled with Douceur de Vivre. (Sweetness of life)

Cyriacus snorted as he accepted the drink. “That is like him, oh well; I’ll catch up with him sooner or later.”
“I imagine you two would pass up my offer of a drink?” Anthony asked, glancing at the two.

Kieran and Nusayr both nodded and then glared at each other before looking around the room.

“The show didn’t begin without me did it?” Cyriacus asked jokingly as he took out a pack of cigarettes and offered them to the others. Sigurd and Anthony accepted a cigarette while the others passed up his offer.

Leah laughed, “As if they could begin without the guest of honor!”

Cyriacus lit his cigarette and took a long drag. “Far too many people are put out with me at the moment so don’t be surprised I asked about Castor and Pollux.”

Ransom rolled his eyes. “They love you.”

“More like they love the revenue this particular little show brings them,” Cyriacus clarified with a slight smile.

Nusayr didn’t like the sound of this at all. “What precisely, is so fascinating about this show?”

“You’ll see soon enough Eagle,” Anthony replied with a smirk and a wink. “May I have last dibs?”

Cy winked, “Surely you may!”

Anthony smirked as he leaned back his chair. “You are the best friend a guy could ask for!”

They chatted for a few minutes, exchanging anecdotes about work or mutual friends and debating about current events. After twenty minutes, the room was filled and Kieran couldn’t help shifting nervously. He hadn’t noticed right away but the majority of those in the room were Vampires. He even recognized a few as guards and attendants of the Vampire Council members. The soft noise of chimes alerted the room that the show would be beginning in ten minutes. Cyriacus finished his drink and put out his cigarette before excusing himself from the room.

Entering the hall, he opened the door into the brothel and nodded a curt greeting to the smiling Castor and headed down a narrow hallway. Opening a door on his right, he found himself in the backstage of the room he had just left. Stripping out of his clothes, he slipped on a black g-string and then struggled to pull on a thin leather bodysuit. Once he was dressed, he slipped on the soft velvet blindfold and waited for Pollux.

A door opened and soft footsteps approached, Cyriacus was calm, he recognized the footsteps of the intruder. A hand traced the muscles on his abdomen and then a husky voice whispered in his ear.

“You’ve barely changed at all, if anything you look better than when I saw you last.” Pollux murmured, hands trailing up his chest and shoulders. “Taller, broader and more muscled if that’s possible…”

Cyriacus smiled. “So nice to know I please you.”

“Oh you’ve always pleased me…and Castor too for that matter.” Pollux replied brushing a soft kiss on Cy’s neck before stepping back and away. He rummaged around, opening some drawers until he found what he wanted. A soft padded collar was locked shut around his neck and then padded shackles were locked onto his wrists and ankles. Pollux hummed tunelessly as he looped chains through the collar and shackles.

Turning Cy this way and that, Pollux nodded to himself pleased with Cy’s look. “Are you ready for
your eager audience?”

“As ever, I aim to please.” Cyriacus murmured, softly.

Pollux smirked as he toyed with the key to the collars and shackles. “Who gets the final honor?”

“Anthony asked ever so nicely and since he’s never had the pleasure…”

“I see,” Pollux said chuckling as he cast a quick Chilling Charm before Banishing the key.

Cyriacus squeaked as he felt the cold key pressing against his cock. “Fuck!”

“Gladly,” Pollux said with a grin as he quickly pecked him on the lips before taking hold of the chains and leading him away.

Pollux led him across the narrow room and through a door, onto the stage. The noise level had dropped dramatically; the only sounds were soft murmurs of conversation and the clinking of glasses. Stopping in the middle of the stage, Pollux arranged Cyriacus between two pillars near the front of the stage, attaching the chains to the rings.

“My dear guests tonight I have arranged for you to sate your eternal thirst on the glorious blood of Zoticus (1)!” Pollux proclaimed loudly.

Thundering applause and cheers reverberated around the room, the audience excited at the chance to feast on the blood of the famed Zoticus. Those who had been to a previous set with Zoticus began chanting.

“The Bite! The Bite! The Bite!”

Pollux clapped his hands to get the attention of the audience. “Alas, Zoticus has already chosen one among you to receive the honor of a Bite!”

Unhappy murmuring filled the room, along with an eager tension.

Zoticus, for that was who Cy was at this particular time, smirked. “Make it memorable and perhaps the next Bite will be yours.”

Chuckles and whoops filled the room and Zoticus grinned.

Pollux winked as he drew a sharp dagger from the belt on his waist. “Enough talk, raise your glasses in the air and let the Feast begin!”

The room as whole raised their glasses up and peered at the bottom of their glasses, looking for a number and letter. Sigurd quietly explained to Kieran and Nusayr the purpose of the numbers and what they were used for in this skit.

Pollux grinned. “Zoticus, our first number please!”

Zoticus licked his lips. “17D.”

A short blond man whooped. “That’s me!”

One of the security guards checked his glass to make sure it was the right person.

“What say you, 17D?”
“Right thigh!”

“Zoticus, next number please!”

“23B.”

This time a black haired woman squealed with joy as a guard checked her glass before escorting her politely to the stage.

Pollux handed her the dagger. “Alright, right thigh but first we need to find out what the design is.”

The audience started shouting out ideas while Pollux listened, trying to find the best. Laughingly, he clapped his hands again.

“A golden snitch, I like it. Zoticus is all yours, sweet lady.”

The woman made quick work, cutting off the leather covering Zoticus’s right thigh and tossing the leather into the audience. Smirking, the woman sank to her knees and began work, deftly carving a gold snitch onto Zoticus’s exposed thigh. Standing perfectly still, Zoticus waited patiently for the woman to finish, mentally grumbling about the few perfectionists that occasionally managed to get onstage. Grinning triumphantly, the woman handed Pollux the dagger and then began to lick the streams of blood trickling from her design. Once she had cleaned up the spilled blood, she began to lave the design with her tongue, swallowing every drop of that oh so addicting blood. By the time the design had healed, the woman was giggling drunk on the power of his blood.

The next hour and a half passed on as various lucky patrons got to carve all sorts of designs on Zoticus’s body and then lave up the blood spilt. Most were very careful not to cut too deeply and Pollux had only had to give Zoticus three doses of Blood-Replenishing Potion. By the time the last patron had finished, Zoticus had been stripped of the leather bodysuit standing only in his g-string.

Pollux was grinning, the price of admission alone was enough to cover the club/brothel’s bills for the next six months easily! “Now the time you’ve all been waiting for, the Bite!”

Letting out a whoop, Anthony got out of his chair and easily sprang up onto the stage. “About damn time!” Grinning, he began pawing at the blindfold, looking for the key and then he began checking the shackles and the collar itself. The audience was shocked, this was the first time Pollux had hidden the key in the g-string! Leering at the audience, Anthony stuck his hand down the front of the g-string and pawed around before victoriously pulling out a key. Quickly unlocking the shackles and then the collar, he shoved Cyriacus up against one of the pillars, grabbing his hands and holding them above his head with one arm.

Licking and kissing Cy’s neck, Anthony murmured softly. “I’ve wanted this for so long…”

Cyriacus shuddered slightly his other senses heightened to recompense for the blindfold. He gasped, feeling the prickle of sharp fangs and then he was swept away by a wash of pain and pleasure. The audience was watching raptly as the two writhed against each other, grinding their hips together. Cyriacus moaned as a hand snaked down between their bodies and wrapped around his cock, roughly stroking him. Clawing at Anthony’s back, he started muttering incoherently as he thrust his hips into the hand grasping him.

Anthony was drowning, the power of the blood and the fact that he was finally, finally allowed to work off the mutual lust between them was overloading his brain. All he was aware of was the taste of Cyriacus’s blood and how each thrust of his hips against Cyriacus, felt like heaven to his enflamed senses.
Pollux watched them and could taste the lust in the air as coins were thrown into the collection bowls on the tables. This was the hottest thing ever and if he could convince Cyriacus to come and do this regularly, Deadly Sins would reign over Luscinia!

Cyriacus stiffened and slumped against the pillar, his cum spilling all over Anthony’s hand. Anthony on the other hand, growled before releasing the Bite, his eyes closed in bliss and he thrust one final time against Cy’s hip and then froze. The two of them were oblivious to the rest of the room, even though the noise had quadrupled. Slumping together, they slowly slid down the pillar limp and exhausted. Anthony from drinking too much blood and Cy from loosing so much blood and having the most lovely Bite-induced orgasm.

“Thank you for your patronage, I hope you all enjoyed tonight’s show!” Pollux shouted, to be heard over the racket.

Once Cyriacus had cleaned up, got dressed and collected his share of the entertainment fee, they left Deadly Sins. Nusayr and Kieran both glared at Anthony who was practically glued to Cyriacus. Their next stop was Corruption and the club was packed. The line to get in was long but as Cyriacus was the darling of Vitium Court, they easily gained entrance. Music blared throughout the room and people danced, drank and generally, did whatever the fuck they wanted. Couples danced, kissed, and a few too far gone fucked in the shadows of the dance floor.

Anthony and Cyriacus immediately headed to the dance floor where they proceeded to grind against each other and kiss each other senseless. Hotaru and Leah both shook their heads and headed off to get some drinks while Ransom and Sigurd also joined the mass of dancing, writhing bodies. Nusayr and Kieran glared at each other and kept any eye on things from the outskirts of the dance floor. Throughout the night, they would take turns telling off Cyriacus’s more…persistent admirers.

Knowing he was being photographed, Cyriacus did his best to enjoy himself and was caught in several highly compromising situations. Fortunately, Anthony was more than willing to go along with him. The inevitable tide of disapproval would wash over both of them but as they got to work off that mutual lust, neither cared as much as they should have.

It was well after dawn when they group of friends broke up for the night. Hotaru was disheveled but happy and Leah was telling crude jokes, complete and utterly drunk off her ass. Ransom and Sigurd were grinning, rather happy with the night’s entertainment and Anthony was clinging rather childishly to Cyriacus, not willing to let go of the younger Wizard.

“We should do this more often!” Hotaru exclaimed, smiling brightly.

“Damn right!” shouted Ransom.

Anthony pouted cutely, face flushed from too much drink and blood. “But I don’t wanna let you go Cy! Come home with me instead, I’m sure my dads won’t mind.”

“If I didn’t have to go to school and get yelled at by my dad, get interrogated by Dumbledore and then skive off school early to go to my briefing about tonight’s ‘festivities’ I’d consider it.”Cy explained as Nusayr grabbed him when he began swaying dangerously.

“You’re no fun!” Anthony replied as he staggered off to Floo home.

Cyriacus shook his head and promptly regretted it as his vision blurred. “Whoa…”

“Take it easy,” Kieran murmured.
“Well anyway, see you around Cyriacus!” Leah said as she and Hotaru departed.

Sigurd grinned. “Excellent night out, we should do it again!”

“See you soon.” Ransom called out.

“Bye.” Cyriacus replied, waving as he was led to an alley.

The Strategy Room
Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton UK
Friday the 31st of October 1997
7:25 PM

The Debriefing had already begun by the time Cyriacus entered the Strategy Room. Voldemort paused in the middle of his explanation, turning to meet his lover’s blank eyes. Heads turned and whispers began as people spotted Cyriacus. The Wizarding Media had had a field day and practically all the magazines and newspapers had printed a story about Cyriacus’s Pre-Halloween celebration. Voldemort had been in a foul mood all day and Severus, unsurprisingly, was in a horrible temper.

Cyriacus was calm as he strode to take his place at the table. “My apologies, it took longer than I believed to make the proper arrangements for the transport of the Ouroboros Squad and the transport of my Summonings. Fortunately a permanent Necromancer’s Gateway has been established from the Summoning Circle located on the grounds here and the first completed Necromancer’s Spire located in Devonshire.”

“How many days have passed since the Spire has been completed?”, Voldemort inquired, eyes narrowed suspiciously. It would not do for his lover to overwork himself in so delicate a condition, even if he had not admitted to being pregnant yet. Voldemort shoved down the possessive overprotective feelings their bond was constantly flooding him with, there would be enough time to chastise his lover for his foolishness after their business was taken care of. And then Voldemort would have his young lover and his child to himself.

Cyriacus raised his eyebrows. “It has been barely six hours; I had to sacrifice a few personages to get the Spire completed in time to begin transporting the Summonings.”

“I see,” Voldemort replied slowly, once again fighting the urge to carry the younger Wizard off to some inescapable tower and lock him within until after their child was born. Sparing his lover a concerned glance, he turned his attention back to giving the rest of the Debriefing.

Cyriacus listened intently to the plans and was relieved to find that he had Summoned creatures that would work well with the overall plan. Tonight, Voldemort would make his presence felt. All fifty five First and Second Tier Death Squads, along with the six Death Eater Trainee Squads and the Inner Circle would all be engaged in the attack.

Ten Squads would remain within Britain to attack Ministry or Wizarding owned businesses, another ten would remain to attack the large Samhain gatherings spread throughout the countryside. Five Squads were assigned to attack Hogsmeade and another five would attack gatherings in Scotland. Ten Squads were assigned to attack various targets in France, Eight Squads assigned to attack Ireland and another Ten assigned to attack targets in Spain. The final three squads, the Inner Circle and Voldemort himself, would target first Azkaban and then the Ministry of Magic itself. All Squads had been given instructions to make quick hit and run attacks, their goal was to cause as much damage as possible and to move to as many targeted areas as possible before two o’clock. None of the attacks would begin until ten o’clock, giving Cyriacus enough time to bond his Summoned
creatures to specific Death Squads.

Voldemort turned his attention back to Cyriacus, who was seemingly lost in thought. “Cyriacus, how many Summonings have you made?”

“Thirty one,” Cyriacus replied, shaking his head a little. “There are eight dozen Chimeras, four dozen Gaganas, six dozen Hydras, four dozen Raichos, four dozen Simurghs and four dozen Spitting Lizards.”

The room was utterly silent as everyone stared at him in obvious shock. Even the Primordials were silent, unable to comprehend how much power he had in order to have been able to do so many mass Summonings.

Voldemort was the first to recover. “And how would you suggest assigning your Creatures to squads?”

“To make things simple, I would suggest assigning one of each creature to the fifty-five formalized Death Squads. The remaining thirty creatures can be assigned to various Inner Circle members or yourself, Ouroboros will take none.”

Lucius looked curious. “And Ouroboros will fight alone?”

Cyriacus smiled coolly. “I never said that. Ouroboros will have the services of six recently summoned Primordials, along with Scourge, Nusayr and Asaph. I have spoken with Asadyl and he has graciously agreed to guard the Dark Lord from any serious threats.”

Voldemort nodded. “Well planned.”

“I live to serve,” Cyriacus replied sarcastically as he got to his feet. “Captains, be so good as to rouse the Second Tier Captains and bring them along with yourselves to the Summoning Circle. Voldemort, establish which of your Inner Circle will be bonded to my pets. Ouroboros, follow me, we should have enough time to have a quick final lesson before the scheduled battles begin.”

Cyriacus finished bonding his pets to their respective ‘Masters’ for the night, it was slightly exhausting work and he excused himself the minute he was done. He returned to his rooms on the fifth floor and swiftly changed into the gray Battle Robes Mephistopheles had created for him. The material was soft and maneuverable; the gray robe was a patchwork of muted camouflaging grays which would allow him to blend into shadows. Spellwoven with various Protection and Detection Charms and Spellproof to all but the Mephistopheles and himself, the robes were exquisitely made, clinging tightly to his body and covering him from the chin down. Underneath the robes, he wore a thin spidersilk undershirt and trousers made of the same material as his robes. Hungarian Horntail scaled boots and gauntlets protected his legs and arms.

Resting for a few minutes, he idly looked at his body guards to see how they were adapting. Kieran, Nusayr and Asaph were ready, all clad in the strange silver-black battle gear the Primordials favored. Most of the recently freed Primordials were slightly on edge. Salil, Baraz and Iah, his newly appointed bodyguards who like Nusayr, had been trained to serve him, fidgeted. They checked and double checked their weapons, pestering Nusayr for details about how best to protect him. Sargon, a giant of a Savage with piercing black eyes, was utterly calm and unlike the others, very assured of his abilities. The slim and silent Mordecai was equally assured in his skills but then, all the Wraiths he’d met so far were like that.

“Stop worrying,” Cyriacus said at last, tired of the worried babble of his new bodyguards. “The
battle we will walk into is of no consequence, there is no one capable of harming me and even if I am injured, I am a Necromancer. If I am fatally wounded, I will but kill myself and arise anew, whole of body and healthier than when I fell.”

Iah, a tall tanned man with glorious golden hair and vivid quicksilver eyes, frowned. “But my Lord, your survival is of the utmost importance!”

“My survival is assured and has been insured by more blood than I care to think about,” Cyriacus replied sharply. “You are the Fourths of your kind; have you so little faith in your own skills?”

“No!” Baraz protested, his fiery orange eyes narrowed. “We have spent thousands of years training to serve and protect you.”

Cyriacus snorted and closed his eyes, reaching down and pressing a ‘gem’ on his bracelet to release a Migraine Potion into his blood stream. “Then there is nothing to worry about! My abilities are higher than most of my kind, I will have no problems during this battle that can be attributed to my enemies. However I cannot say the same of Razul’s Twice Cursed Gift!”

Nusayr shot his fellow bodyguards a glare to keep silent. “Calm down my Lord, you will master the Gift sooner or later.”

“One hopes,” Cyriacus snarled, rubbing his temples. “Though useful, his Gift is most debilitating. It seems all I have done recently is lay abed drinking Primordial Blood to sustain my health or slay countless of healthy mortals and use their life energy to sustain my own.”

Scourge smiled slightly. “At least you don’t have to go to classes, you said that their Seventh Year is an Arcanum student’s Fifth didn’t you?”

“Yes, most pointless.” Cyriacus replied, relaxing as the Migraine Potion went to work.

“The classes are rather interesting,” Asaph commented. He would know, as he had been masquerading as Cyriacus on the days when the Necromancer was too ill to leave his room.

Salil frowned. “Are you certain you are well enough to join the battle, my Lord?”

“It would matter little if I wasn’t, my presence is needed and so, I must fight.” Cyriacus said wearily. “My health should hold out for the rest of the evening. Just be prepared to remove me to safety should I falter sooner than expected.”

Nusayr nodded. “It will be done.”

Cyriacus dodged a Reductor Curse and with a twist and spin, shot a spell at the Auror’s barricade, smashing the Aurors hiding behind it into the stone wall. Everything was chaos, as spells and curses were shot seemingly from every direction. They had stormed the prison, less than ten minutes ago and were now engaging the Aurors. Voldemort had led two squads made up entirely of his Inner Circle into the Prison to free any supporters or Death Eaters present. That left the Ouroboros and a squad of Inner Circle and lots of creatures to handle the onslaught of Aurors coming from within the prison and those Apparating in.

They were holding them off well enough, his pets easily taking care of the Wizards and Witches holding off on destroying the building until given the order. A Blasting Hex hit him between the shoulder blades, sending him skidding forward a few feet. Twisting, Cyriacus responded with a simple Bad Luck Hex and then turned his attention to looking over his subordinates. The others had taken to battle fairly well, some handling things better than others. Kieran, Asaph, Sargon and
Mordecai kept an eye on them while he himself was being guarded by Nusayr, Salil, Baraz and Iah. The Primordials had relished being able to fight once again and had taken it upon themselves to do as much damage as they could.

Voldemort and the others emerged from the Prison and the signal was given to begin destroying the building. Cyriacus smirked and gave the Ouroboros the signal to retreat before whistling an Order at the Raichos. As they began to Disapparate, the shrill screams of the Raichos blasted into the stone prison and the building began to crumble in on itself.

Cyriacus was unsurprised to find a plethora of Defense League Wizards and Hit Wizards awaiting them as they arrived in the Ministry Atrium. The Spitting Lizards instantly went to work, spraying their sticky saliva over as many as they could while the huge winged Garganas dived and clawed at them.

“Ouroboros, left flank G2 formation!” Cyriacus shouted turning his squad to face the oncoming rush of Order members. Forming two rows, one row fell down to their knees wand at the ready while the other stood directly behind them, wands out. Cyriacus drew an extra wand, though he didn’t need one, and quickly cast a powerful Shield before giving the order to begin shooting.

A barrage of Blasting and Cutting Hexes felled the number of Order Members. Cyriacus smirked as they were five feet away from his shield and then cast a Shatter Hex on his shield. A loud explosion was heard and shards of power flared outward, cutting down the remaining Order members.

“Open range!” Cyriacus called out, scattering his Squad which then began to attack wherever was necessary.

The attack was going smoothly fifteen minutes later when Cyriacus felt the first inklings of the warning pain that alerted him to a Vision. Cursing he reached towards his bond to Nusayr and urgently called the Wraith to his side.

“White Ouroboros!” Cyriacus called out, looking for Draco somewhere in the crowd of allies and enemies.

Draco heard his name being shouted and quickly finished off the duel he was engaged in and rushed over to his side. “Your orders Jade Ouroboros?”

Cyriacus pulled the other boy closer to him. “I’m giving you control of the squad, I must leave now. Scourge, Asaph, Sargon and Mordecai will remain and help you as needed.”

“Are you injured?” Draco asked worried as he looked over him.

“Not quite but I’m going to be useless in about ten minutes and need to get out of the fighting. Can you handle this or should I call one of the others over?”

Draco stiffened. “I can handle the situation, Prime.”

“Very well then, carry on. If things get too hard, retreat no one will question it.” Cyriacus instructed, gasping with pain. “I’ll be waiting in the Throne Room.”

“As you command, Prime.” Draco replied turning around to join the others.

Nusayr had already gathered the rest of Cyriacus’s bodyguards and together the four of them broke through the line of enemies and vanished through a shadowed doorway. They emerged in the darkened Throne Room, which began to brighten at their presence. Quickly, Nusayr picked up the weakening Necromancer and set him on a freshly conjured divan. Nusayr quickly began stripping
Cyriacus of his Battle Robes, while the others began removing their own clothing in preparation to Feed the kyndrak. Cyriacus stiffened, his eyes widening as they began to lighten until they were the pale green of limestone.

VISION

Cyriacus found himself standing in the shadows of a very familiar garden. Looking around the courtyard of Eagle’s Spire, he spotted himself strolling the cobbled paths lost in thought. As he joined his Vision-self, he could distantly hear the sounds of celebration taking place within and as he caught up with the Vison-self he could hear his thoughts as clearly as though he were speaking them instead of thinking them.

‘…stupid gathering, as though we truly needed a party to celebrate the success of the Easter attacks. I’m running out of time, I can feel it and I’m no closer to finding a way to fulfill both Prophecies as I am to winning this War! Gods of my cursed ancestors, I need a bloody drink!’

The soft rustle of clothing had both of them spinning around and his Vision-self calmed as he spotted Voldemort walking over to join him.

“Why am I not surprised to find you out here, fy draig (my dragon)? Within your Great Hall we are having one of the most lavish celebrations of our recent victory and yet here you are, wandering your garden in the dark like a melancholy ghost waiting for their lost lover to return.” Voldemort commented, slowly embracing the Vision-self.

“What is there to celebrate, Anwylyd (beloved)? More time passes but I am no closer to finding a way to survive both Prophecies and I have no intention of giving into madness.” His Vision-self replied depressed.

Voldemort sighed, ‘Why do you insist on working yourself to an early death, my love? Your every waking moment is consumed by finding an answer and it weighs so heavily on you that even I can not make you forget if only for a few hours.’

“The answer will come but in the meantime all your searching is doing is deteriorating your health and we would not want a repeat of what happened after the Christmas Attack, now would we?”

Cyriacus frowned slightly, what pray tell had happened after the Christmas Attack?

His Vision-self frowned slightly but leaned into the embrace. “It was necessary to test my skills Voldemort, even if I did spend the rest of the holidays regaining strength from a Resurrection.”

“You could have died.” Voldemort replied, holding the younger Wizard tighter in his arms.

“My death is never permanent, and neither is yours.” His Vision-self murmured, kissing the older wizard gently. ‘Thanks to this bond which ties us closer than any bond I’ve seen, we are destined to stand together through life, death and eternity itself.’

Voldemort deepened the kiss. ‘Now you are mine forever, beloved. No one can stand between us again and no one will ever fulfill your deepest desires but me. You are my lover, my Consort and later, the bearer of my children.’

When Voldemort pulled away, he murmured softly. “You are never alone; together we are stronger than either of us is apart. We will find a way, I will not loose you to insanity or worse but you must be patient. My sources are close to finding the location of the Wyvern’s Lair and soon we will see
what Razul has left for you. One as cunning as he, would have left something if his Sight is as great as yours.’

‘I hope you’re right…for both our sakes.’ His Vision-self thought.

END VISION

Cyriacus gasped as the Vision left him, pain pulsed throughout his body until it seemed as if every cell in his body was on fire. Biting back a scream of pain, he felt another tingling pain lance through his body before he was dragged away by yet another Vision.

VISION

Stumbling, Cyriacus tripped over a set of trash cans in an alley. Cursing as he dusted himself off, he headed out of the alley and found himself next to the Honeydukes in Hogsmeade. Looking around, he guessed that he was Seeing the current battle taking place there. As with Azkaban the streets were teeming with dueling Wizards and Witches, buildings were burning or crumbling and the Dark Mark sat proudly in the sky. As he moved closer to the moving crowd of bodies, he clutched at his head as the thoughts and intents of those present began to overwhelm him.

Falling to his knees, he attempted to desperately shut out the voices and find the reason why he was Seeing this. He wasn’t sure how much time had passed but after some time the voices began to dim until they were nothing more than a whisper of sound. Slowly, he managed to stagger to his feet and look around. So far both sides were evenly matched and it seemed that it was his Summoned Creatures which might prove to turn the tide in this particular battle. Moving slowly, he wove his way through the crowd, listening to the soft murmur of sound and finding nothing out of the ordinary.

The Death Eaters fought in Voldemort’s name, some still stupidly misguided by the supposed superiority the Purebloods spouted and others to change the way of the Wizarding World. Others fought for family, for loved ones who had been lost to the Ministry’s stupidity and some fought for power, for the prestige long promised them by Voldemort.

The thoughts of their enemies were unsurprising to him at least. Many fought believing they served the Light and would die to preserve the ‘good’ of the Wizarding world. Others fought because it was their duty; and a few aspired to be great heroes and to be lauded by Historians as someone as great as Dumbledore or even the poorly understood Harry Potter.

It was the latter fools that made Cyriacus’s stomach twist with disgust. This was War, plain and simple. People would die, lives would be destroyed and the innocence of many would be lost to the cold brutality that was, at its basest, a prime example of Darwin’s Theory of Natural Selection. The War would weed out the weak and leave only the strongest, most cunning to thrive in the aftermath.

Moving through the main street, walking past the injured and dying, seeing buildings devoured by flames, Cyriacus found he was numb. He had helped sow this destruction and he would continue to destroy all those that stood in his way. Power did not tempt him, greed did not touch him but it was survival that would see him through even the darkest most heinous crimes and actions.

Blood Child that he was, he was something not of this world. From his very conception, he had thrived on the spilled blood of others and so he was damned to live, feeding on the blood of his
enemies, the blood of the innocent and even the blood of his own kin. He was Death incarnate and his very presence cast an ominous shadow on these weak and paltry mortals. He had been born to live to see the end of eternity, sired by the offspring of Immortals and acknowledged as a Lord above all others by beings more powerful and terrible than Muggles could dream of.

And he had asked for none of it, and had desired nothing more precious than his freedom and the ability to make decisions that would impact no one but himself. He hadn’t wanted to be the catalyst of change; he hadn’t wanted to be the Blood Child of a ritual that had spanned thousands of years. Most of all, he didn’t want to be the one whom everyone looked to for salvation. How does one save others when you yourself are damned beyond what is fathomable to a mortal mind?

Despair washed over him, until he was drowning in the bleakness. Why had he been brought to See this? It was not as though he hadn’t acknowledged the fate dealt to him, was not as though he did not know his time was running out and that insanity loomed on the horizon if he failed to fulfill both Prophecies. Turning around, he walked down the main street of Hogsmeade, aimlessly wandering until he spotted something that seemed too out of place.

Looking through a window at the Post Office, he saw an unmasked Death Eater madly scribbling a note and attempting to find an available owl to attach his missive to. Cyriacus studied the face intently as he caught the whisper of thoughts coming from the Death Eater.

‘...get it to the Minister! By Merlin it was Snape’s son all along, Cyriacus Snape is Voldemort’s Necromancer!’

Cyriacus’s eyes widened, how did the fool find out?!

Before he could wonder if it was possible to wake from a Vision, a perfectly wonderfully timed *Incendio* smashed into the side of the building. The owls fled and Fudge’s vaunted Spy cursed vehemently and scrambled out of the burning building. The last thing he was aware of was the shout of the Squad Captains as they broke off the attack.

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END OF VISION

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This time when Cyriacus came out of the Vision, he didn’t dare to open his eyes. His body ached with pain and he could smell blood dripping out of his nose. A wet cloth was placed on his forehead and another cloth wiped up the blood on his face. He groaned and someone helped him into a sitting position.

“Slowly my Lord slowly,” Nusayr murmured softly as he pressed a cold compress over Cyriacus’s closed eyes.

Cyriacus groaned again and blindly began pressing the ‘gems’ on his bracelet. “How long have I been out?”

“I’d say almost two hours,” Voldemort commented his voice filled with tightly reined in anger.

“Damn,” Cyriacus cursed as he took a deep breath and then reached for Nusayr. His Wraith guardian was already ready and helped guide Cyriacus’s mouth to his wrist. Cyriacus felt his fangs sliding down and once they finished moving, he sank them into Nusayr’s wrist and began sucking up the blood.

Voldemort watched with a mixture of anger, worry and jealousy as his lover drank the blood that he most likely needed as much as the sex that Voldemort was more than willing to provide the quarter
Incubus. The ache in his body began to dull with each swallow of blood and after a few minutes, he was as recovered as he ever got. Moving with slow deliberation, he pushed aside the compress and stared. It seemed as though the attacks had finished, considering how many Death Eaters were staring avidly at the divan he was sitting on.

“How are you feeling?” Constance asked as she stepped around Iah, who glared at her darkly.

Cyriacus managed a wry smile as he motioned for Baraz and Salil to help him up. “I’ll live.”

Constance frowned at him. “Have you been to see a Healer yet?”

“There’s nothing a Healer can do for me at the moment.” Cyriacus replied sharply, taking a few tentative steps away from the divan. Salil and Baraz steadied him, their hands on his arms. “My illness will pass on its own, given enough time.”

Voldemort finally had enough of staying silent and being patient. “I don’t suppose it will take say… eight or nine months?”

Cyriacus turned around so fast that Salil had to catch him when he lost his balance. “What do you think you’re implying?”

“I think you know very well what I’m implying!” Voldemort snapped even more irritated seeing the strong arms of the light brown haired Revenant wrapped around his lover’s waist. “Do you think that child is yours only? It’s mine too!”

The silence that statement brought was deafening. Cyriacus felt all the remaining weariness in his body melt away as rage flowed through his body, rejuvenating it in a way nothing else had. Severus felt as though he’d been hit with the Killing Curse he was so utterly shocked! His son and Voldemort? Oh dear Merlin!

Cyriacus growled as he stepped away from Salil and Baraz’s helping hands. “What did you think you’re saying?! I thought we agreed not to say anything about our… arrangement!”

“Do you think I’m just going to remain silent about our relationship? You are pregnant and that child is mine, stop trying to deny it!”

“I’m not pregnant you idiotic man!”

Voldemort’s eyes narrowed. “How can you be anything but pregnant with the symptoms you have? You wake up every morning throwing up, you’re always tired or dizzy and your bodyguards have been keeping me away from you every time I attempt to speak with you!”

Cyriacus clenched his jaw and without looking pointed at Asadyl and Kohinoor who were leaning against a nearby pillar on the right. “Are you suffering from memory loss? You know those two did far more than arrange my birth, I’m about as human as a real dragon! If you had put the symptoms and clues about my illness together you would have realized that I’m not pregnant but that my body is attempting to adapt to a new Gift.”

Voldemort was silent as he put the clues together, Cyriacus meanwhile glared at him

“I haven’t spoken to you because I had more than enough things to deal with and I knew that it’d be better to save whatever discussion you wanted to have until after the Attack. Business comes before Pleasure as you often like to inform me, so don’t get angry with me about keeping quiet about my illness! As a Necromancer I’m vulnerable enough because of what I can do, I’m hardly going to admit to a crowd of concerned Death Eaters why I’m as sick as a dog all the sudden. It’s no one’s
business how I deal with my emerging Blood Gifts.”

“You could have at least told me!”

Cyriacus growled, “You wonder why I haven’t agreed to be your Consort? It’s because the bond between us has more control over you than you have over it. Do you honestly believe I haven’t felt it either? I’m not constantly jealous like you but since we began our arrangement, I’ve only had sex with two others and both times were to keep my cover.”

Voldemort’s eyes widened with surprise. “Two others? I know about that Bancroft woman but the other?”

“Does it really matter who it was?”

“Who was it?”

Cyriacus sighed, knowing there was no way of getting out of admitting who the other person was and the inevitable argument that would follow. “I’m sure you’ve seen the pictures of us last night, everyone has by now.”

“Arrington?” whispered Voldemort, eyes narrowed. “You and Arrington?”

“Well what else was I supposed to do? Consider my position if you will! Krum’s Courtship attempt went down the drain and if you’ll remember Arvell hasn’t spoken to me since Krum and I went on our first and last Courting date together. I made a bit of a reputation for being a bit…reckless; of course I would have reacted as I did if this whole thing weren’t an orchestrated farce!”

Voldemort scowled. “I have a role to play as much as you do and it wouldn’t be done for me to continue pursuing you immediately after finding out I have a rival!”

Once again the others watching were frozen in shock, Voldemort had just admitted to being Marcellus Arvell who was well known for being Cyriacus Snape’s first and most ardent suitor.

Severus, who was standing next to Lucius, was even more baffled now than he was a few moments ago. The man who he had pledged his loyalty to was not only fucking his newly found son, but courting him as Marcellus Arvell?! Then there was the pregnancy scare and the elder Snape’s face paled, if Cyriacus had been pregnant that would have made it Voldemort’s child!

Cyriacus snorted. “If you haven’t noticed, our Courtship was hardly conventional or traditional for that matter. You can’t be upset with me for simply continuing the ruse that I’ve been forced to live out. It’s rather ironic how being Cyriacus Snape was supposed to save me from living a life of lies. It’s not much easier than life as Harry Potter, which I thought was chaotic enough!”

Severus nearly moaned at the shocked murmurs that raced through the crowd of Death Eaters. What in Merlin’s name was wrong with those two, blurting out the most highly kept secrets due to a…a lover’s spat!

“What would you have rather done then? Neither side is prepared to move forward to all out War yet!”

“It would matter little what I had wanted to do, very few decisions in my life are mine to make without having to carefully plot how my choice affects the cursed Prophecies hanging over my head!”

Lucius frowned as he watched Cyriacus and Voldemort argue in front of the entirety of the gathered
Death Eaters. Though he hadn’t known about their relationship before this sudden, angry revelation, he supposed this explained many of the strange looks the two had been exchanging the last two weeks. This, however, was not the place to be arguing about the obvious impediments in their relationship. A glance at his nearby comrades showed that they too realized this was not the place for such a discussion. However since no one was willing to interrupt, and have the wrath of two very angry Wizards directed at them, the two would likely continue arguing until they ran out of things to rant about.

A movement by the door caused Cyriacus to stop in middle of his rather loud rant, twisting around a ripple of power lashed out from his hands, warding the room and preventing anyone from leaving. Discarding his argument with Voldemort in favor of taking care of some loose ends, Cyriacus’s eyes darkened and a slight shimmer of energy began to seep from his skin. Stalking forward with the grace of a predator, Cyriacus turned his attention to the suddenly paling mass of Death Eaters.

“Morgan always told me I had a bit of a temper and when my Incubus heritage began to emerge, it got worse.” Cyriacus said conversationally as he began to unbutton and shed the rest of his clothing. “Eventually I learned to control it; after all I got tired of having to cast Reparo to fix the empty classroom that always got the brunt of my temper. Yet I find these days, I have so little control over my emotions now so I have to take new steps to find safe outlets for my anger. Some of you already know what I am and those that don’t are about to find out…”

Voldemort’s eyes widened with comprehension. “I do not think this is the time to-“

Cyriacus smiled in such a way that even Voldemort fell silent. “They will find out sooner or later so it might as well be now.” With a few Wordless spells, Cyriacus stood in nothing more than his boxers. Grinning viciously he Transformed and stood in all his Hybrid glory, quite amused by the reactions of the Second Tier Death Eaters. With his wings fully opened and his heavily muscled arms crossed over his chest, he looked like a dangerous nightmare brought to life.

“I am the Prince of Dragons, better known to most of you as Cyriacus Snape and to a special few, I am also known as Necromancer Ruin. To one of you, I am going to be the last thing you are going to see before Death takes you into its cold embrace.”

And then in a motion that was blinding to most he waded into the crowd, picked up his prey and threw it across the room effortlessly. Sneering, Cyriacus jerked the mask off his prey and smiled down into the familiar face he had seen in his last Vision.

“Why look at what I caught, the spy that’s been telling the Ministry all kinds of secrets! You’re going to regret what you’ve done Mr. Davies. Betraying the Dark Lord’s secrets will earn an instant death sentence but betraying my secrets will lead to a fate worse than death.”

Roger Davies spat out, “You’re nothing more than a monster, Snape!”

Cyriacus laughed darkly. “I’m an abomination Davies; if you’re going to insult me at least have the courtesy to get it right.”

Grabbing the front of his robes Cyriacus slammed the older man into the wall behind them and then chained him to the wall with a few spells. Moving back a step, Cyriacus turned and looked at the crowd watching him.

“Let him be an example of what happens to those that would betray us! Death is not the worst fate!”

Turning back to his prisoner, Cyriacus stripped Davies out of his robes and shirt and with a smirk began carving runes all over Davies body using his talons. Focused intently on his task, he was
unaware of the rest of the room watching him. Ascyltus entered the room in a cloud of chilling gray mist, attracted by the powerful stirrings of Necromantic energy. The crowd parted to let the Dementor Lord through and Cyriacus glanced up from his work as that ever so familiar chill washed over him.

“What are you doing?” Ascyltus asked in Necromancer’s Cant, his breath rattling.

Cyriacus smirked slightly at the Dementor. “Making an example of him, I don’t suppose you’d like to help?”

Ascylius bowed, “I would be honored.”

“Excellent!” Cyriacus murmured savagely and then quickly explained what he was planning.

Ascylius was surprised at the younger Necromancer’s ingenuity but was more than pleased to help; this was the perfect chance to capitalize on the current discord between the Dark Lord and the Necromancer. After giving his approval, Cyriacus quickly turned back to his work finishing the last of the minute ring of runes that formed a circle directly above Davies heart.

Finished at last with his preparations, Cyriacus shared a look with the Dementor Lord and then began chanting in a complicated Essence Transferring Spell while writing a chain of runes, connecting the array of runes together. Working in a counter clockwise pattern drawing the runes towards the circle of runes over Davies heart, a bright blue energy began to form from Davies body channeling inward towards his heart.

Cyriacus smiled with anticipation as he came closer and closer to finishing the spell. Meanwhile, the Dementor Lord had pushed back his hood and moved into position, ready to give Davies the Kiss the moment Cyriacus plunged his hand into that trembling body and ripped out its heart. The air around them was potent in energy and both pounced at exactly the same time.

As Cyriacus said the final words of the Spell, he lashed forward with his hand burying it below the sternum and thrusting upward until his hand reached the heart. Ignoring Davies scream and the blood dripping down his arm, he grasped the soft organ in his hand and pulled, ripping it free.

Ascylius had moved at the same moment the Necromancer had finished his Spell, latching his mouth over Davies’s and began sucking out his soul. Drawing out the fool’s soul as quickly as he could, he finished just as Cyriacus had jerked the heart free, pulling his arm out of the limp, corpse. The organ was dripping blood and glowed with the channeled life energy of its former host.

Another hurried chant to catch as much of the remaining energy as possible and Cyriacus was slowly restored to glowing health. If one hadn’t seen his earlier condition after waking from his Visions, no one would have guessed he had been ill at all.

Discarding the organ at the feet of the body it had originally come from Cyriacus smirked and looked up at the Dementor Lord. The attraction which was ever steady between them had flared to unbelievable proportions and before either was aware of it, they were kissing hungrily drawing out and sharing the power they had both just claimed for themselves. Feverishly they pressed their lips together, tongues moving against each other’s lips until their mouths opened and they twined their tongues together. Cyriacus could almost taste the residual energy of Davies’s soul in Ascyltus’s mouth and the Dementor Lord, who was steadily turning into a Lich, could taste blood and the slightest hint of wine.

Completely oblivious to the horrified crowd around them, Ascyltus trapped the Necromancer between the wall and his body, pressing the younger man against the wall. Once again they
exchanged energy through their Kiss, both producing something within that was invaluable to the other. Moments passed and then they finally broke apart, bodies flaring with strange energy, causing chills to pass over the helplessly enthralled crowd.

Voldemort had seen enough. “What in Salazar’s name do you two think you’re doing?!”

Cyriacus couldn’t move and he wasn’t sure if it was the fact that he was leaning against the wall, or that Ascyltus was holding him upright that kept him on his feet. For a few moments he was completely lost to the wondrous sensation of being extremely fit in body, mind and spirit. It had been weeks since he had physically felt completely healthy and well over a month since his mind was unburdened. The feeling though did not last long, but the memory would stay with him for a time and hopefully it would be enough to combat the sheer weight of what was coming.

Voldemort had jerked the Lich out of his way and shook Cyriacus sharply, calling out his name. Glowing, reptilian eyes snapped open. Voldemort’s eyes widened and he took two instinctive steps back. Those eyes…the power that waited to be unleashed! He shivered slightly and was thankful that Cyriacus seemed to be fully aware of the world around him.

“Are you well?”

Cyriacus blinked slowly, “I’ve never felt better.” And it was true, he felt as though for the first time in years he was truly alive and aware of the world.

Ascyltus moved into his line of vision and he was aware that there was still something missing, something he still needed from the Lich. They shared a look that spoke volumes and the Lich smiled slightly before leaving the room as swiftly and silently as he had arrived, not even disturbing the wards.

Voldemort touched his arm briefly and jerked back, shocked at the amount of power that was coursing through Cyriacus’s body. “We need to talk.”

“What do you mean?” Draco asked, staring at him with a mixture of fear and awe.

Cyriacus smiled coldly as he slowly scanned the crowd of black robed figures. “What does it mean?” he said softly at first, his voice growing louder as he spoke. “I’ll kill who needs to be killed, torture whoever needs to be tortured and generally crush anyone who gets in my way. I’ll even finish the rest of the Blood Ritual and thrice damn my already cursed self some more! I’m beginning not to
care who gets hurt and who has to die. Everyone’s officially expendable in my frame of mind and the next person that irritates me, or even contemplates betraying my secrets, is going to be the star sacrifice during my next Summoning.”

Satisfied by the fear he could smell in the air, Cyriacus smoothly wrapped his wings around his body and began walking towards the door. The Death Eaters shied out of his way, scrambling over each other in their haste not to touch him or garner his interest. The glowing wards surrounding the room shivered and then melted away as Cyriacus shoved open the massive double doors. Pausing in the doorway he looked over his shoulder at Voldemort.

“Leave the body; I’ll deal with it when I get back. No one will speak of what they’ve seen tonight; I have already taken care of that with a Mind Web.”

Voldemort nodded and Cyriacus walked away the doors slamming shut behind him. Stepping into the main hallway of Riddle Mansion, he looked to the right of the door and saw Ascyltus casually waiting for him. Smiling, Cyriacus joined the Lich and took hold of his hand and pulled them through the shadows into the Chaos Plane.

As they moved through the Chaos Plane, Cyriacus Transformed back to his human form. They stepped out of the shadows of a huge four poster bed in his room at Eagle’s Spire. Words were not exchanged as they gave into the attraction that had drawn them to each other over and over the past month. Pushing the younger man down on the bed, Ascyltus joined him licking and nipping at Cyriacus’s chest while his hands pulled away the one remaining article of clothing on the Necromancer’s body. Hissing softly, Cyriacus pulled the taller man down for a deep kiss and thrust his hips upwards.

Ascyltus growled softly as their erections rubbed together and broke the kiss, turning his head and latching onto Cyriacus’s neck. Moving his head to give the Lich more access, Cyriacus moaned softly his hands clawing at Ascyltus’s strong back.

“Just fuck me already,” Cyriacus grumbled as Ascyltus kissed and licked his way down his chest.

Ascyltus looked up at him, eyes bright. “All in good time, I have not had the pleasure of enjoying the pleasures of the flesh and I intend to fully…enjoy…myself.” Each pause had been accentuated by swift, firm licks on Cyriacus’s straining erection.

Cyriacus closed his eyes, unconsciously holding his breath. “Why…do I always get a tease?”

“You have such a high threshold for pain,” Ascyltus commented, pausing to mouth the head of Cyriacus’s cock. “Surely you can withstand a bit of foreplay?”

“I’m a quarter Incubus,” Cyriacus answered, teeth gritted. “First time’s a fuck and then you can do whatever the hell you like second, third or fourth time around.”

Ascyltus laughed, “It’s a wonder the Serpent Lord has kept you in his bed all this time! Someone like you surely lived to have dozens of liaisons but no single lover.”

“Are you complaining?”

“No,” Ascyltus breathed; blowing softly on his saliva covered cock. “I will give you what you need now but then, I will get my due.”

Cyriacus nodded. “Sounds splendid, fuck me already!”

Ascyltus sighed dramatically. “Ah the patience of youth…and those with Incubi blood!” Smirking at
his glaring lover, Ascyltus re-applied his attention back to Cyriacus’s neglected cock. While he kept the younger man pleasantly occupied, he softly murmured several charms on himself. Cyriacus had his eyes closed as he lazily shifted beneath the Lich’s talented mouth. Without warning, the warm mouth that had been bringing him closer and closer to the edge abruptly vanished. Opening his eyes, he stared in surprise as Ascyltus carefully lowered himself on top of his rigid shaft.

“Fuck!” Cyriacus exclaimed, nearly spilling himself as his cock was engulfed.

Ascyltus smirked down at him and then began to raise and lower himself, gently at first and then faster and deeper with each stroke. Cyriacus attempted to match his rhythm, feeling his inner Incubus take over. Grabbing the Lich’s shoulders, he rolled them until he was on top and then slid the Lich’s legs higher up around his chest and began to thrust almost viciously. Ascyltus had barely a moment to be surprised before a thrust against his prostate had him moaning.

The two quickly adapted to the faster, harder rhythm and it wasn’t long before Cyriacus stilled, spilling himself inside the Lich. With a muttered curse, Ascyltus promptly followed suit, his inner muscles clenching around the softening shaft. He spared the Necromancer a slightly irritated look at having slightly ruined his plans. Cyriacus however, was too sated to notice the sudden devilish smirk the Lich graced him with. The Necromancer had said he could do anything after the first time…

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**Diagon Alley, London UK**
**Saturday the 1st of November 1997**
**5:01 PM**

It was as the last streaks of light faded and darkness began to cover the land that it appeared. Amid the startled shouts and screams of cleaning crews, a horrible sight appeared in the middle of Diagon Alley. Nearby patrolling Aurors rushed to the scene of so much drama and stopped dead in their tracks.

The body of Roger Davies, Undersecretary to the Head of the Auror Department was tied to standard, bearing the crest of the Slytherin Arms. His left arm bore the Dark Mark and had faded to a dull gray. It was obvious to all that he had died in great pain. Covered in runes, with a puncture wound in his chest cavity there was little doubt how he had died...a Ritual Blood Sacrifice.

Yet the most chilling thing was yet to happen. As true night fell, the standard began to shudder, causing the body to sway in a sickening parody of living motion. Wands drawn, the Aurors had stared wondering what to do. Suddenly there was a loud explosion as the tip of the elaborate steel standard shot into the air. There was a thundering explosion and crimson sparks shot into the sky above Diagon Alley, forming eerie words.

By tomorrow, every newspaper and magazine in the Wizarding World would be speculating about it.

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**The Parlor**
**Fudge Mansion, Pennine Hills, Durham UK**
**Sunday the 2nd of November 1997**
**8:10 AM**

Iphigenia carefully cut out the front page article of the Daily Prophet and carefully added it to her scrapbook. She had been searching through every piece of paper media for the slightest clues about Harry Potter and Cyriacus Snape but now she had the one piece of evidence that she had spent months looking for. The mystery that had begun the night of the long remembered Summit Attack...
had now been solved ironically enough, the day after the Samhain Attack.

Now it was only a matter of writing a simple invitation and then all her plans could finally be set in motion. Smoothing the wrinkles off her newest scrapbook page, Iphigenia smiled and stared at the flickering words that would lead to her own ambitions finally being fulfilled.

TO THE DENIZENS OF THE WIZARDING WORLD,
I OFFER MY SINCEREST GREETINGS!

WAR IS UPON US AND THE ROOTS OF A NEW AGE HAVE BEEN SOWN.
WHO WILL LIVE TO SEE THAT AGE IS ANOTHER MATTER ENTIRELY.

TO SERVE THE DARK LORD IS TO WALK THE PATH OF REVOLUTION
AND JOURNEY TO ITS END. IT IS NOT A PATH FOR THE WEAK WILLED NOR THE
FOOLISH IDEALIST.

BELOW IS MERELY A SMALL EXAMPLE OF WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THOSE WHO
WOULD BETRAY THE SECRETS OF
THE DARK LORD, VOLDEMORT AND THE NECROMANCER, RUIN.

THERE ARE WORSE FATES THAN DEATH, REMEMBER THAT.

WE WILL MEET AGAIN SOON,
THE PRINCE OF DRAGONS

TBC in Chapter Twenty-five…

(1) Zoticus- Greek for ‘Full of Life’

(2) Those Beasties mentioned above:

A Gagana- is a bird of Russian myth with an iron beak and talons.
A Raicho- is a Japanese Thunder-bird
A Simurgh is a winged creature shaped like a bird, it is a Persian Legend.

All these beasties were found on Encyclopedia Mythica (an excellent source for all things Mythological).

Well there it is one chapter done and possibly another two or three to go and then the rest of the story will be continued in Precarious Destiny. I won’t make my end of the Year deadline so my new deadline is my birthday, January 31st. If you’re a member of my Group, expect some new polls soon about story updating and PD in particular.

As it will likely be after Christmas before I post again (ahem, unless I get lots of inspiration /hint/ reviews /hint/), I’d like to wish you all a Happy Holiday. I hope everyone has a wonderful and safe Holiday season!

Read and Review please!

-SheWolfe7 (12/11/05)
Resolution I

Author's notes: Morgan's past, including a revelation about what a Blood Child truly is and the Blood Ritual that creates them. Cy makes trouble for the Light, Voldemort reflects, Kohinoor plots, Cy ponders about his goals and the Christmas Attack begins.

A/N: Yes I know, it’s horribly, horribly late and I could apologize until my face turns blue but at least it’s done now right? 26 full pages to enjoy, this is part one of three.

Parseltongue, foreign words, letters/articles etc.
Emphasized words, headings,
((d)) dream ((d))

Chapter XXV
Resolution I

Always bear in mind that your own resolution to succeed is more important than any one thing.
- Abraham Lincoln, 16th President of the US (1809-1865)

Morgan’s Tower
Arcanum Institute of Magic, Unknown Unplottable
Saturday the 1st of November 1997
11:04 PM

The night air reeked of a coming storm and the grounds were silent and empty of life, save her presence. Morgan walked with determination through the woods, ignoring the approaching storm in favor of reaching her destination. Wand light was almost unnecessary as she had trod this particular hidden path through these woods, more times than she cared to remember. The Isle of Shadows was hers fully, every plant and animal that grew and lived here was hers to command and so, she had no fear to walk in the darkness of her woods on her Isle.

Soon, she would pass this Isle to her Successor and let him make of it what he desired. Cyriacus would be the Master of the Isle soon; her life would come to an end and Death would finally draw her into its cold embrace. First though, there were preparations to make, wards and secrets to share with her Successor and Morgan could only hope that he could withstand the inevitable shock of Arcanum’s greatest secret.

Time had passed and with each year’s end, the truth of her life became more and more distorted and inaccurate. Arcanum was more than just a secret within a secret, it was a safe harbor against the machinations of the world and ironically enough, was a means to manipulate and control the world too. She had intended to do many things with Arcanum, had intended in her own way to be the one whom the world would remember as the contributor of a new and wondrous Age. The years passed and her plans expanded in scope and grandeur until it seemed almost as though the roots of Arcanum had spread across the Wizarding World, ready to choke the life out of it upon a moment’s whim. It was when this had occurred that Morgan realized that she had become that which she swore she would never be…her grandmother.

Morgan snorted at the thought. The historians had recorded many things but missed many of the key
turning points of that age and her grandmother’s manipulations stayed forgotten in the mists of the past. At that time, Morgan could not have guessed what the purpose was behind every web of lies her grandmother had spun but in the end each had served their purpose as was intended. Every birth had been orchestrated, every War planned and plotted before the first blow was struck and all of it had led to this time, this place and this being that would be the end of one world and the beginning of the next. Throughout it all her grandmother had plotted and planned, apathetic to the lives she disrupted and destroyed, so intent was she to reach her goal.

And that perhaps was why she fled; everything she had known had been turned to ashes all to fulfill her grandmother’s plots. Her brother dead, her son on a rampage to destroy what little remained of their world and Merlin on his deathbed muttering of a dark and terrible Prophecy. So she had packed her things, stole the crystal spire Merlin’s Last Prophecy had been inscribed upon, taken her most faithful companions and fled the shores of Britain. It was on her journey that she had decided to make fulfilling Merlin’s last Prophecy her goal and perhaps it was the worst decision she could have made. Grandmother had known, perhaps even before she was born, what would happen when Arcanum first opened its doors.

When Morgan had learned of the full extent of her grandmother’s plots and her own inadvertent role in fulfilling those goals, she had been furious and sick with dread. She had been so certain that Cyriacus was the one Merlin’s Prophecy spoke of and then he had come to her to be Purged of the one thing he could never be absolved of; and in the process had spilled the vast extent of her grandmother’s secrets.

It had taken her a great deal of time but eventually she had found a contact and arranged to meet her grandmother. It had not been long before her grandmother had found her again but strangely, when she chose to show herself she only shared Visions of what was to be, allowing Morgan the choice in how to handle the situation. Tonight was the first time she had ever asked for a meeting but Morgan could put it off no longer. She had had over a month to fume and curse her grandmother’s plotting and now, it was time for her questions to be answered.

Their meeting place was a small clearing, in the northwest corner of the Isle. Surrounded by thick trees and located near a small stream, no one could eavesdrop on them easily there. For this particular meeting, Morgan desired no less than utter secrecy.

When she arrived, she found her grandmother waiting, her fair hair standing out even on this overcast night.

“A Blood Child grandmother, what were you thinking?” Morgan demanded sharply, once she was close enough to the older woman.

“He is the kyndrak Morgan; he can be no less than what he was meant to be. Not all of the Primordials are born from the blood of others but for him, it was destined.”

“I have never heard of a twice cursed Blood Child and I am unashamed to say that I would be utterly terrified to come into contact with one! What do you think you are doing to him?”

Grandmother turned around, focusing her gaze on Morgan. “I cannot unmake him, no more than you can undo the changes you have wrought here, child. The most I can do for him now is to insure that he is prepared for the full extent of his destiny. I am ready to pay the price of my crime but all that I have done, it will not be in vain.”

“All these years you have worked for this one moment grandmother, and in a single instance it can be destroyed. You planned and plotted for his birth, manipulated every event that lead to it and you will surely break him before the turn of this year, I have seen it with my own eyes!”
“What are you speaking of?”

“How am I not surprised that you do not see it? This grand fate you have assured him is his, topped with the recent discoveries of his loyalties and his parentage, will snap his mind! He has come to me on four separate occasions, begging me to purge him of the overwhelming guilt that all Blood Children are born with. I have done what I can for him but I have my doubts it is enough. He is a creature sired by the blood of innocents and he will always crave the torture and bloodshed of a Purging. For him to be able to live with the circumstances of his birth, he will ensure that he regularly suffers as much as those who died to give him life. The sickening thing is that he does not comprehend why he craves it, in his mind he believes that it a form of penance for the lives he takes but buried deeply in his subconscious is the desire to justify his very existence! And that is why creating a Blood Child is an offense punishable by death!” Morgan hissed, eyes flashing with anger.

Calm lilac eyes stared into stormy blue.

“It is no burden worse than that which he already bears; he will bend perhaps but never break, not again.” Grandmother smiled slightly. “You have already seen to that, and I thank you for it.”

Morgan froze at those words and then shouted, “I did not piece him back together for your grand plots to shatter him to pieces again!”

“When will you understand that the things that you have done are just a small part of the grand order I have worked so long for? All things are fated and despite what you think, you can no more escape your fate than he.”

“Is that all that we are to you? Your very flesh and blood are nothing more than game pieces? You birth us, guide us and destroy us just to see your goals fulfilled, how do you live with the knowledge that you can and will destroy the lives of millions just to see your schemes fulfilled?!”

Above them the storm finally broke, rain pounding down from the heavens. Grandmother was as motionless as a statue and just as cold.

“I merely do what I must to ensure that the Primordials are returned to their rightful place. You will never understand the life that I have lived, the burden I have carried nor the blood that has been spilt to pave the path of his coming but I assure you child, it was not easy.”

Morgan was unable to tear her eyes away, unable to move as her grandmother’s mask broke.

“No price was too great, no lives too precious, and my task was essentially…a path to sure damnation. I could not afford to be weak, it was not possible to have a second thought, the path of his coming was emblazoned with signs that I could not blind myself to. So much has been sacrificed for his birth Morgan, more than even what you have imagined in your wildest nightmares and still, it is not enough! He is the incarnation of the most primal being this world has known and he…is…flawed!”

“What…what are you talking about?” Morgan whispered horrified by the fear she could see in those cool, lilac eyes.

“He is the Kyndrak, the Dark One of legend and the Lord of so many. The power he wields is death to his enemies and a terrible addiction to his allies. It was so very wrong to attempt to make him flawless Morgan, so very foolish of us. What made each of the Primordials strong, combined together makes the greatest flaws in one being and the Blood Ritual has twisted something horribly. Now he is like a babe at his mother’s breast, hungry for the milk that gives him life, that fluid which grants him growth and contentment. His thirst can be sated for a few hours but that hunger will
always remain and he Feeds on nothing but the best, the most exquisite and pure blood available in this World. Do you understand what we have done? Can you even imagine?"

Morgan couldn’t speak…couldn’t even vocalize the conclusion she had reached.

Grandmother smiled bitterly. “I can see in your eyes that you realize what we have done. We have made literal his designation, he will be a Blood Child for as long as he shall live and that will be well beyond a scope of time that either of us can imagine. Without blood he is nothing and without him, the world we strive to create is nothing and the price for both is blood, the blood of Primordials and his. And no one outside the Chylla know…yet.”

Lilac eyes closed and when they opened, they were cold as Morgan had always known them to be. “This ‘scheme’ as you call it is the destiny that I could not escape Morgan. Be thankful that yours was not as difficult, nor as damming. What I have told you is the first flaw of many and this one the least disastrous of what has begun to emerge. In aspiring to create perfection, we have created nothing but a misshapen shadow of what we had originally intended to bring forth into this world. What feelings of guilt I bear for that which I have sacrificed or destroyed to bring him into being is a mere shadow of the guilt I bear for what I have done. I have allowed the Kyndrak to be born into this world and housed in such a flawed vessel. That crime alone is almost as terrible as having created what will be a thrice cursed Blood Child.”

Morgan sighed. “I’m not proud of some of the things I’ve had to do in my life to get to where I am. We’re not as different as I wish we were grandmother, and I think that’s what bothers me most. Yet…there are lines that even I wouldn’t cross, not for power, not for fame, not even for this Prophecy I’ve worked so hard to help fulfill. The price of bringing a thrice cursed Blood Child into the world is unfathomable and a steeper price than I’m willing to pay to meet my goals.”

“And that is what separates us, Morgan. Your manipulations are only to improve the Wizarding World and mine…mine will change the world itself.”

Morgan watched silently as her grandmother collected herself and strode off regally. She had wanted answers but all she received were more questions and a terrible secret that she did not want to contemplate at length. She didn’t know what bothered her more, the fact that she now knew a great deal more about her grandmother’s plots or the fact that in her own way, she wasn’t that much different. Shaking her head she turned her face up to the sky letting the drops of rain wash down her face, hiding her tears.

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The Assembly Rotunda
Headquarters of the Ratification of Equalizing Legislation Internationally Coordinated, Cyn Raeva, Tempest Island, Atlantic Ocean
Monday the 3rd of November 1997
8:58 AM

Cyriacus was highly irritated which, considering his mood of late, spoke volumes. This was truly the last place he wanted to be but even he could not afford to miss this particular meeting. His dragonhide boots thumped along the polished marble floor as he made his way to the Assembly Rotunda, passing by gossiping portraits of former members of the organization. Winding his way through the maze-like building Cyriacus inwardly grumbled about the foolishness of the RELIC organization which was in charge of International Magical Cooperation, despite the confusing name the organization went by. It had been around for nearly eight hundred years and it had been located on the remote island of Tempest for a little over two hundred years.
Cyn Raeva, the largest Wizarding City on Tempest Island, had been founded in 1728 and four decades later had been chosen as the new location for the RELIC headquarters. Selected because of the populace’s neutral standings in Wizarding beliefs, it was an ideal choice. As the years passed by, Tempest Island and Cyn Raeva in particular, soon boasted some of the largest populations of Wizarding folk. Current statistics showed that Cyn Raeva was the third highest populated Magical area, only the sprawling American megalopolis of Lumen-Umbra and the Machiavellian borough of Dalhoor had more people.

Turning the corner, Cyriacus spotted a set of huge double doors guarded by two bored looking Wizards. As he approached, the older of the two stopped him.

“Halt, no one is authorized to enter these doors by order of Chairman Wright.”

Cyriacus frowned as he pulled back the hood of his cloak. “I do believe Chairman Wright will be expecting me. I am Cyriacus Snape, Lord of more titles than I want to list at the moment and here representing the British House of McKnight.”

The Wizard stiffened, “I’ll need to see some identification before allowing you to pass, Sir.”

“Honestly,” Cyriacus grumbled as he quickly unbuckled the gauntlet on his right arm before yanking it off and obligingly holding out his hand. The Watch-Wizard quickly nicked Cy’s index finger and then smeared his blood on a piece of Blood-Right Parchment. Mumbling a Healing spell, which was unnecessary except to prevent suspicion, Cyriacus tugged the gauntlet back on and buckled it with a spell. Meanwhile the parchment had begun to glow as it formally listed all the wonderful titles he now called his own.

_Cyriacus Severus Alcaeus Snape_

_b. Saturday the 22nd of August 1981_

_Father: Severus Honoratius Snape, Patriarch of the Snape Family_
_Mother: Celeste Genevieve Levesque, Matriarch of the Levesque Family (deceased)_
_Siblings: n/a_

_Patriarch of the Families:_

_Thorne_
_Potter_
_McKnight_
_Merryck_
_Argyle_
_Frost_
_Ciodné_
_Levesque_
_Gryffindor_

_Heir Apparent to the Families:_

_Snape_
_Ruskin_
_St. Germaine_

The Watch-Wizard nodded as he cast an _Incendio_ on the slip of paper. “Go straight through the doors and take a staircase up to the next floor, you’ll want to enter through the set of double doors labeled A2, the British Wizengamot Seats are to the right on the back row, three box suites in.”
“Thank you gentlemen,” Cyriacus said coolly as he walked past them, pushing the doors open.

Cyriacus calmly walked through the long tunnel, faintly able to hear Dumbledore’s speech about unity in the face of Voldemort’s terrorizing of the Wizarding World. After about fifty feet, he passed through the final arch of the tunnel, stepping into one of the most interesting rooms he’d seen. As the name implied, the Rotunda was a circular room, with a diameter of 160 feet. On this level, which was located underground, there was another smaller walled off circle, the walls of which contained beautiful Romanesque mosaics depicting famous Wizards and Witches. Cyriacus marveled at the huge marble columns which not only supported the supposedly massive domed ceiling but also acted as stairs to the upper level which contained the Meeting Chambers. Climbing the stairs set directly in front of the portico, Cyriacus gaped as he set his feet on the upper level.

He was familiar with a few Lost Arts but whatever Art had been applied during the building process was like nothing he’d learned of! The entire structure was made of white marble which had been polished to an eye blinding sheen; the walls of the Rotunda were decorated with huge stabilizing arches that pulsed with magic so potent, he could almost taste it. Tilting his head back, he stared up at the massive dome ceiling which had been decorated with intricate, flowering vines. Only the most observant would realize that hidden in the delicate designs were the names of the Wizarding Families that made up the International Wizengamot and the inherited RELIC positions.

Shaking his head with awe, Cyriacus turned to take in the rest of the room. Directly in front of him was yet another wall, this time decorated with mosaics of magical creatures. More columns spiraled up to support the ceiling, these left untouched by the hands of artisans, yet stunning in their perfect form. After a few minutes of examining the ornate decorations around him, Cyriacus started forward and on impulse walked to his right spotting a set of double doors. Glancing above the doors, he noted it was labeled A2 and taking a deep breath to prepare himself, he pushed the doors open and walked inside.

“…cannot allow Voldemort to win! Our world is in a perilous condition as it is but should Voldemort and his minions take this quest to purge the Wizarding World; all that we have known will be destroyed! Can you stand aside and do nothing in the face of the destruction of our society?”

Cyriacus came to a halt, holding the doors open as he took in his surroundings; the interior room had high walls, but was not enclosed on the top. Watch Wizards guarded every point leading to the stairs which lead below to the Portico entrance, which left little reason to guard the upper level of the Rotunda. No one would be able to pass by without detection and likely, wouldn’t bother to begin with. Why eavesdrop on this when they could just steal the transcript later? Despite what the Watch-Wizards thought, he had not been late at all for the meeting which had begun at seven o’clock. Cyriacus had explored the old RELIC building, room to room until he had prepared a mental map that had more details than the official copy Kieran had found him.

The room itself was rather plain, considering the ornate designs outside but he supposed, considering what took place here, it was probably for the best. The room looked much like what he had expected, there were rows of boxed suites arranged around the room in a stadium layout. The ones along the walls were at the top and sunk lower as they neared the center of the Rotunda itself. Some suites were populated by members of a single country while others were divided up into sections and shared by the representatives of smaller countries.

Looking at the center of the Rotunda, Cy spotted Dumbledore standing on the raised dais in the center of the inner circle of the Rotunda. Resisting the urge to snort at the tired, foolish Wizard, Cyriacus made his way to find his seat releasing his hold on the doors which closed behind him with a loud bang. Heads turned to look and soon whispers spread across the room once he had been identified.
“Hmph, a child here to do a man’s job!”

“…Scandalous liaisons…”

“Father has no control over his actions. Unsurprising really, there are rumors his father is a follower of You-Know-Who.”

“…Ought to be at school in classes than here trying to find a solution to save the Wizarding World…”

Chairman Wright, an old Wizard in his late seventies stood up from his place at one of the crescent tables located in the center of the room. “Mr. Snape, you have shown an admirable desire to help your fellow Wizards in these troubled times but I must say, your presence here is most…unexpected. As a minor, you will not have the ability to cast a vote when and should it be asked.”

“I assure you Chairman; I have every right to cast my vote when it will be asked for. You see, I’ve been granted emancipation as is my due as the Lord of Gryffindor, Minister Fudge signed the paperwork a good number of weeks ago. Despite how the media has portrayed me, I’m no one’s fool or lackey for that matter. If you choose to believe otherwise that is, of course, your prerogative.”

Cyriacus replied sharply, his tone dripping with disdain.

The whispers stopped for two heartbeats before beginning anew. Cyriacus ignored everyone in favor of removing his cloak and taking his seat among the other members of the British Wizengamot. Behind him, he could hear stifled noises of surprise at his choice in attire. Unlike the robes he had worn in August, he had chosen something quite distinctive on this occasion, dismissing the plum colored Wizengamot robes he was supposed to wear. He wore plain black velvet robes, under which he wore dragonhide boots, black velvet trousers and a black silk shirt. His hair was neatly pulled back in a braid, his arms from the shoulder down were covered by his dragonhide gauntlets and he wore one piece of jewelry. Hanging around his neck was a long platinum chain which, to any idle observer, looked rather plain as was intended. The chain was meant to look like a simple statement of wealth and status, its real power lay in the miniscule runes etched into the interlocking loops.

On the back of his robe was a large tower shield, divided into seven distinct sections each dispiciting the chosen animal of the Seven Families he was now Patriarch over. In gold thread was the Potter’s playful Griffin, the Frost’s wise Owl, the Argyle’s eerie Thestral, Gryffindor’s proud Lion, Merryck’s regal swan, Levesque’s all-knowing Grim, Thorne’s ever hungry Crow, McKnight’s ferocious Dragon and Ciodné’s moody Augurey. On the sleeves of his robes, inscribed in elegant silver calligraphy were the names of the Families he was Heir to: Snape, Ruskin and St. Germaine.

Cyriacus sat down gracefully, acting as though he wasn’t the center of attention in the entire room. Absently straightening the chain around his neck, his every touch infused the runes alerting the other Arcanum Alumni present that it was time to begin the first phase of his plan to sow disorder amongst the Light. A cool, sarcastic smile crossed his lips. From this point forward, there would be no turning back and he would have to tread carefully but he would succeed, there was no other option.

Room 27
Aphrodisiac, Vitium Court, Unplottable Unknown
Friday the 7th of November 1997
10:42 PM

Pushing the door open, the man slipped inside the room and after checking to make sure his hostess was present, shut the door and erected a number of Privacy Charms around the room. Striding past
the decadent room, which was filled with all manner of inviting furniture, rugs and decorations, he sat across from his hostess and pushed back the hood of his cloak.

“I hope you realize, madam that contacting me was a foolish gesture. I could kill you easily and no one would be the wiser for it.” Cyriacus replied, getting right to the point.

His hostess chuckled and removed her hood, revealing herself as none other than Iphigenia Fudge nee Bristow. “Of that, I am well aware Mr. Snape and I suppose there’s nothing I can do to stop you if that’s your wish. However, if you were so inclined, you would have already killed me, correct?”

Cyriacus smiled slightly, his eyes boring into her. “Indeed but I admit your note intrigued me, I’ve gone to much effort to hide my identity change from the world at large. But enough about that; let us get to the point of the matter. Dear lady, what do you have to offer me in exchange for your life?”

Iphigenia smiled wickedly, her face coming alive with emotion. “What would you say if I could hand you documents destroying Cornelius’s political career and even a few…transcripts that would demonize the untouchable Dumbledore?”

“Dear lady, I do believe we might be able to come to an agreement but first, I’ll have to take care of the pesky fool that’s waiting for you downstairs in the lobby. Shall we come to terms when I return?”

“As you wish,”

Cyriacus smirked, his eyes burning with amusement. “Very well, that would best be done in a more secure place. Expect my Portkey to arrive Tuesday morning.”

Iphigenia nodded, watching as Cyriacus rose from his seat in a single fluid motion. “How long shall I wait before leaving?”

“Give me an hour that should be enough to weave a Mind Web convoluted enough to suit our needs.” Cyriacus bowed with exaggerated grace, “Until we meet again, dear lady. Be cautious, your husband is a jackal when it suits him.”

“Don’t worry about me, he has never seen past my mask.” Iphigenia commented amused. “He’s not smart enough to look beyond what I appear to be.”

Cyriacus snorted. “How unsurprising,” That said, he spent a few moments re-arranging his appearance while Iphigenia watched with keen interest. Twenty minutes later his hair was disheveled, his face flushed as though he was drunk and lips begging for attention. Dressed in a pair of leather trousers that looked as though they had been sown onto his legs and paired with a tantalizing flesh colored spidersilk vest spun so thinly it hide nothing, Cyriacus looked like sex on legs.

“Well now I know why it’s so hard to get copies of Witch Weekly after one of your wild nights at Vitium Court,” Iphigenia said chuckling.

Cyriacus winked, “Nil magis amat cupiditas, quam quod non licet. The most true lesson I have ever learned, dear lady.” (Lust wants whatever it can’t have.)

Iphigenia laughed, collapsing against the side of her chair, tears running down her cheeks. “Ah, you are such a charming man! Alas, you are not fifteen years older!”

“Have no fears dear lady, a woman of your brilliance shall find a man worthy of you someday! Let us work together now and rid you of that vile buffoon first.” Cyriacus said charmingly as he waved goodbye to her before striding out of the room, stalking out like a tomcat on the prowl.
Iphigenia chuckled, shaking her head. “Poor fool doesn’t have a chance,” she commented, referring to the young Auror who had been coerced into following her everywhere she went.

**Voldemort’s Suite**  
**Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton, UK**  
**Saturday the 15th of November 1997**  
**9:32 PM**

It had been two weeks, Voldemort mused standing in front of the fireplace in his sitting room, staring into the flames. Nagini was sleeping and Voldemort was thankful, as his Familiar had spent the last two weeks after his confrontation with Cyriacus, ranting at length about how ill suited the pair had been. Originally he had not intended to break things off with the younger Wizard but after the fiasco during lunch he had been too angry and too…hurt.

FLASHBACK

Cyriacus had just finished his meal when a seething Voldemort stalked into the room and headed directly towards him. Taking a last drink, Cyriacus calmly tossed his napkin onto his empty plate and turned to face his lover, casting several wordless Privacy Charms around the immediate area. His Carapace had always known about Voldemort after all, so the fact that they would overhear the argument was irrelevant.

“You turned them all into Lichs!” Voldemort shouted, pointing at Cyriacus as though there could be any doubt he was responsible for doing it.

Cyriacus frowned, “I thought it would help us resolve our…issues.”

Voldemort’s eyes narrowed. “If you think I’m going to feel less jealous if you turn all the Dementors into Lichs by having sex with them, you’re wrong!”

“What are you talking about?” Cyriacus exclaimed, slightly surprised.

“Ascyltus was ever so kind about informing me, how he became a Lich. How could you have sex with that…skeletal monstrosity?”

Cyriacus attempted to rein in his temper. “First of all, he was a Lich when I fucked him and second of all, fucking him did not turn him permanently into a Lich! It was the exchange of blood that did it! You make me sound like I’m some kind of whore because I’ve slept with a few people. We have an arrangement and when we started it, you’ll remember that neither of us agreed to be monogamous!”

Voldemort scowled, “That’s true enough but sleeping with him did nothing to aid your pretense of being a good little spy for the Light.”

“Some things are unavoidable and what happened last night was one such occasion. Power calls to power Voldemort and I was helpless to resist the attraction. I have never claimed to be something I’m not and if you’ll recall, I never claimed to be anything less than mortal.”

“I have offered to give you everything within my power to grant, have offered you a position others would kill for…”

Cyriacus waited a moment before speaking. “And I said I was not interested…not ready.”
“It is rather clear at this point that you are not interested as you put it,” Voldemort said with a bitter smile. “Which is just as well, I think it best if we end our arrangement for the time being. Things have gotten far too complicated and the last thing I want to deal with are the inevitable duels that will result in attempts to gain my favor…my affections.”

“So be it then,” Cyriacus agreed, willing away the pain those words caused him.

Voldemort turned to go and paused, “How would it have helped? The Lichs I mean…”

“Now that they are properly restored as Lichs, that irrational, irresistible attraction is gone. What I feel for them now is rather what you feel for your Death Eaters; they are merely a means to an end.” Cyriacus commented coolly.

END OF FLASHBACK

Voldemort sighed and wondered how things had become so difficult. Turning he looked at the stack of newspapers and magazines scattered across an end table. Walking over, he picked up the top most media and reluctantly smiled. There on the front page of the International Zephyr was a picture of the upheaval that had occurred at the emergency meeting at the RELIC Headquarters some two weeks ago. What was supposed to have been a meeting to deliberate about how to take action to ‘save’ the Wizarding World against his campaign approving archaic bigotry had turned into a joke.

Cyriacus had played his role as devil’s advocate to perfection, stirring up trouble like no one else could. It had reduced the civilized, orderly meeting to chaotic discord erupting in near fisticuffs and several outright duels as the most ardent and hot-headed attempted to prove their point against the ‘Wizarding World’s most influential, thrill seeking rogue’ as Witch Weekly put it. Almost overnight, Cyriacus’s image as ‘Potter’s boy-toy’ had been replaced with a veneer of respectability laid over the foundation of his scandalous thrill seeking and jaded nonchalant nature.

If the media hadn’t been swarming him before, they definitely had taken it up to a new level after the RELIC debacle. Shocking titillating pictures, which could barely be accepted for publication in anything less than media reserved for ‘mature’ audiences, cropped up in every publication. Whether pictures of Cyriacus were on the front cover or hidden away on the social pages, the Wizarding World was quickly losing its traditional stance on certain subjects. Speaking candidly of the Wizarding World’s ‘lack of progressive thinking’ and ‘stubborn insistence that age equaled wisdom’, Cyriacus’s scathing words led to an explosion of new products quickly being patented and released. Young, talented Wizards and Witches everywhere rejoiced as influential positions in the RELIC organization and Ministries of Magic were assigned to younger, equally talented candidates, within days of Cyriacus’s sharp remarks.

And somehow, with all these recent changes, little progress had been made regarding the War and efforts to strengthen security. Cyriacus, brilliant minded as he was, made sure the Wizarding Media was so enthralled with his ‘revolutionary thinking’ as the St. Louis Oracle put it, that they forgot all about other matters. Voldemort didn’t know whether to be proud of the progress he was making in disorganizing their enemies or to be jealous of how quickly he was able to sway the public. It was a shame Cyriacus’s much lauded thinking was reserved solely for his public persona, Voldemort would have appreciated him keeping the Death Eaters in better line.

Ever since the revelation and the consequent end of their relationship, all his Death Eaters had been acting oddly. In his presence, they were as they always had been, respectful and wary of him but Nagini and her offspring had begun reporting strange behavior. It was hardly noticeable, the snakes had told him, but whenever Cyriacus entered a room, heads turned and everyone took notice of the
Necromancer. A dark look was enough to send any Death Eater scurrying away in fear and the rare smile or smirk caused the air to fill with arousal. This, Voldemort had not believed until he had seen it for himself during dinner and he was once again reminded of the enticing power that his former lover displayed subconsciously.

Considering the current state of their work relationship, which had mutated into Cyriacus telling him what he intended on doing and then doing it regardless of what Voldemort advised or ordered, the Dark Lord was worried about protecting his minions from becoming ensnared by the Necromancer. All too aware of how keen a mind Cyriacus had and how far he was willing to go to fulfill his goals, Voldemort was leery of the potential shift of power between the two. Now had Cyriacus agreed to be his Consort, he would not have opposed the shift in power as their goals would have been one but now that things had degenerated to icy politeness, Voldemort would be damned if he lost the slightest amount of power over his minions!

And the thing that galled him the most was that Cyriacus was counted among those minions- or at least he had, before the damned Primordials began waking any remaining dormant powers Cyriacus possessed. Now Cyriacus could and had ignored his orders. The most annoying and frustrating result of this development was that the sudden immunity to obeying his orders had also extended to the rest of his Hybrids, something which he noted, pleased a few to no ends.

Though they were currently ahead of the combined forces of the Ministry, Order and Defense League, his forces overall had been thrown into chaos by the sudden dissolution of his relationship with Cyriacus. Voldemort supposed that he had never quite been aware of how their relationship kept the overall forces working smoothly. Cyriacus continued to supply his Death Squads with creatures and Summons, as well as resurrecting those who had been tied to him as they fell on the battlefield but other than that he couldn’t be bothered to do anything else! His training sessions in the Dueling Hall had taught not only the Ouroboros Squad some new tricks, but most of the Death Squad Captains as well and provided a much necessary boost in morale.

Things were falling apart but what bothered him most of all was that he missed Cyriacus. Missed sharing ideas over reports, missed listening to the younger Wizard complain about the curriculum at Hogwarts and most of all, missed the hours spent in bed making love to his insatiable lover. He was as much at fault as Cyriacus, despite the sudden coziness neither had ever spoken about their relationship and he had not spoken up about desiring a more permanent and exclusive relationship. Waiting so long to confront Cyriacus and then allowing his emotions to overtake his reasoning was also a large error on his part. Yes, he was possessive and yes, he wasn’t particularly thrilled with that smirking Dementor Lord getting to touch and share what he considered his, but he had known weeks in advance that some experimentation would be required before restoring the Dementors into permanent, powerfully useful Lichs.

As he pondered the possibility of apologizing and beginning anew with Cyriacus, Voldemort yawned and decided he would take action in the morning. It was as he drifted into sleep that the spell that manipulated his side of the Bond twining between Cyriacus and himself, was adjusted again. He woke the next morning in a foul temper and more irritated with Cyriacus than the previous days.

In a room down the hall, a satisfied watcher emptied a glass Scrying Bowl, content that things were going as planned. Now, all that needed to be done was to observe the reaction said manipulation caused the other afflicted member of said Bond. This inadvertent flaw would be corrected and then the kyndrak would be one step closer to achieving true perfection.

Of course, she wouldn’t have been able to do this all herself but then she had found that jealous fool and used his own desire to become the kyndrak’s lover to suit her purposes. It was only a matter of
time before she corrected this error and she had the patience to wait until the perfect moment came before taking further action to remove the Bond. So immersed in her plans, she was startled when she heard a footstep behind her. Turning, she paled when she saw the person standing behind her.

His face was pale and his lips were pinched with tension. “Kohinoor…what have you done?”

She had not planned on her actions being discovered until after the matter had been taken care of, or preferably, not at all. For the first time in years, Kohinoor was speechless and in Asadyl’s case, he felt sick with dread.

It wasn’t a matter of if- oh no, it would be a matter of when Cyriacus found out, and Asadyl feared this might be the one action that would prod him into finishing the Blood Ritual ahead of schedule. That is if he didn’t slay Kohinoor out of hand from pure rage at her meddling. Closing his eyes, Asadyl wished futilely that he could go back in time and change certain events, preventing this whole catastrophe from even starting.

A door clicked shut behind them, causing both the Primordials to turn and stare at the newcomer. Dark blue eyes met violet and then shifted slightly to meet lilac eyes.

“Oh dear,” the newcomer said slowly, “It seems we’ve been found out.”

Asadyl snapped at the bored tone the other used. “He will kill you both…if you are lucky!”

“He can’t, he needs me,” the newcomer replied with the most irritating, superior smirk.

“If you think he’ll care about how much he needs you in the face of this blatant manipulation of his private life, you’re a fool! He’s stopped fighting what he is and it won’t be long before he submits completely to his darker nature. He’ll tear the both of you apart and enjoy your screams! He does not tolerate betrayal or manipulation…that is what it is to be the Dark One.” Asadyl whispered harshly, wondering when everyone had become so blind.

Kohinoor shrugged. “He is what we created him to be.”

Asadyl frowned and stalked to the door, pausing to say a few final words. “If you think that Kohinoor, you are truly a fool. He is what we hoped he might be but he’s something far more dangerous now and there is no backing out of what we have done. Death looms ever nearer and we both will be consumed to pay the price for what darkness we have wrought and entombed into flesh. I would have thought it would be most obvious to you but, I suppose, the years have taken their toll on your mind. For that, I am sorry Kohinoor, if I could go back and change what I did then, I would.”

The door closed behind him with a sharp snap and Kohinoor shivered slightly at the sound. It was almost exactly like the sound of a person’s neck snapping and she couldn’t help but wonder if this was some twisted omen of events that had yet to come into being.

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Argyle Tower, West Lower Valley, Dalhoor
Sunday the 23rd of November 1997
6:23 AM

Cyriacus carefully stirred the cauldron as he carefully added a strange, glowing powder. Watching alertly, he stopped adding the powder as the thick liquid in the cauldron began to darken to a rich ruby. Turning the heat down, he placed a cover on the cauldron and left it to simmer for the next day. He pulled on his dragonhide gloves as he walked over to the next workstation. Carefully removing
the cauldron from the fire, he poured it into a large dispenser which emptied the liquid into several large twenty milliliter vials and capped them. He arranged the vials into circular rings which fit twenty five vials and then moved them into the second cooling cabinet. Pausing to toss a few cleaning charms to neaten the workstations and to clean the cauldrons at the sinks, he took out the rings he had stored the previous night and headed for the door.

Stepping into the main hallway in the secondary dungeon level, he stalked down the hall and took the stairs down to the last dungeon level. The air was cooler here and the torches burned dimly. Striding down the hall he opened the last door on the right and walked inside. Flicking his wrist, the torches in the room leapt to life casting a bright glow in the dark room. Twenty covered vats were spread around the large rectangular room. The vats towered over him, requiring him to cast a Levitation Charm on himself in order to pour the necessary five vials into the cylindrical dispensers on the covers of the vat. After emptying all the vials into the dispensers, he carefully began pulling the short levers on the side of the vats which would slowly release the liquid into the vats over the next day.

He had just extinguished the torches and was about to activate the wards on the door when he felt a familiar presence step out of a Shadow Doorway. Nusayr, dressed in the black and silver clothes the Primordials favored, gave him a quick half-bow.

“Your subordinates have arrived.”

“Show them into the training room and tell them to start their usual morning exercises; I will join them after a quick shower.” Cyriacus instructed before walking into a shadow and re-appearing in his bedroom.

Quickly stripping out of his Potions robes, he got into the shower and scrubbed himself clean. After the sudden end to his relationship with Voldemort, Cyriacus had thrown all his allotted nights away from Hogwarts into sowing more discord in the Wizarding World coupled with pursuing forbidden or lost magical arts at the Archive. Alternating days with Asaph, who was the best at mimicking his moody personality, Cyriacus was able to divide his priorities evenly. The fact that Asaph was more than willing to enjoy the decadent pleasures of Vitium Court, made it easier for both of them.

As Kieran had said many weeks ago, he was truly unproven as a Necromancer and he would need to learn his limits soon, preferably before the activities of the War increased. His visions had hinted that he had explored his limits around Christmas and he was more than willing to take the burden of taking charge of overseeing the Christmas Attack. It wasn’t more than a week after he had begun his daily sojourns into the Archive that a plan had begun to formulate in his mind after an extensive study session on the nature of Necromancers.

Recalling that Blaze had given him the location of the Hawthorne Vault, located somewhere in what was now the Peak District National Park, Cyriacus had spent a frustrating week searching for the entrance into his ancestral Vault. Blaze had been unable to give him an exact location merely a few mental images which, so far, had proven to be difficult to pinpoint. So many years had passed and the slope the Hawthorne Vault was hidden in could have been one of many hills or Tors. It was by sheer luck that he had found the entrance, which had been hidden between Chrome Hill and Parkhouse Hill which, incidentally, was known as Dragon’s Back by the locals. A dragon and a wyvern were somewhat similar, minus a set of front legs, and the Hawthornes had been adamant about stamping everything they owned with a wyvern. At the end of the day, he really should have been unsurprised by the choice in location.

Despite how frustrated he’d been while trying to find the exact location, what he’d found in the Vault was beyond priceless. Ancient Magical Artifacts, books written by the first Necromancers of
the Hawthorne lineage, crystals unlike anything he’d seen before and two huge trunks filled with
Necromancer regalia and tools. He had abandoned his sojourns to the Archive in favor of learning
more about his family’s Blood Gift and had been most pleased with the discoveries he’d made. By
this time, the plan which had been formulating in his mind was beginning to come together, piece by
piece until he’d developed a full proof plan.

Fifteen minutes later, Cyriacus had finished his shower and changed into his usual training clothes,
body hugging dragonhide trousers, a loose spidersilk shirt and Spellwoven dragonhide boots and
gauntlets. Stepping into a shadow in his closet, he quickly re-appeared in the training room where his
fellow Elite were going through their stretches.

At least once a week, he gathered the rest of the Elite for half a day of physical and magical training.
Working them through various exercises, he worked them relentlessly until they began to collapse.
After they dropped from exhaustion, he passed out a highly condensed Rejuvenation Potion and then
put them through their paces by teaching them new spells and sparring ruthlessly against them. Once
he was satisfied with their progress for the day, he allowed them to shower and change into fresh
clothes before eating an early or late dinner, depending on when they met.

Currently, he had set aside their physical training in favor of preparing them for their first
Transformations, which could happen anywhere between now to early January. Fortunately after a
two day jaunt into the Plane of Enlightenment, he had returned to the world of the living with the
knowledge and ability to see and modify Blood Runes. This new ability allowed him to arrange
when and where the other Elite would have their First Transformations. After a long drawn out
ceremony, he had altered all their Blood Runes to only allow them to have their first Transformations
in his presence and specifically in a location that was high in either Necromantic energy or Blood
Sacrifice energy. Both conditions would limit their Transformations to areas that were essentially
‘safe’ from active Light supporters.

Stepping into the training room, he spotted his Commanders clumsily sparring against each other in
their Hybrid forms. Frowning with displeasure, he quickly moved to intercede before they did
themselves any harm. The Lestrange twins had the most practice as they had Transformed for the
first time on the second weekend in November while Draco and Valerius had Transformed a week
after. Despite what his Commanders thought, neither of them had enough skill to be doing anything
other than learning to adjust to having wings, small though they were.

“Enough!” Cyriacus snapped, once he was within ten feet of them.

They stopped, surprised to see him appear so quickly seemingly from nowhere.

“No sparring in your Hybrid forms until your wings get bigger and more durable, fools! You seem to
have forgotten the fact that your wings are just developing, breaking bones in your wings if you land
badly would be beyond stupid. I didn’t start attempting to learn to fight in my Hybrid form until eight
months after I had begun Transforming and six months since I started taking the *Invictus* Potion.”
Cyriacus explained sharply. “Please use your brains next time before acting foolishly, we were bred
to lead after all. I want to see how each of you has progressed since last week and then I’ll show you
a new set of exercises. Summers, we’ll start with you.”

Seven hours later, the Elite were gathering in the large Dining Room to eat a late lunch. Cyriacus
watched benignly as his subordinates devoured their meals as though they hadn’t eaten in days
instead of hours. It was understandable though, the Transformation required a large amount of
energy and they would find themselves eating more and more to power the Transformation in the
coming months. The best he could do for them was teaching them how to build up their muscles in
preparation for the Transformation and eventually teach them how best to use their wings in a
combat situation.

It was as dessert ended that conversation began as everyone had sated their hunger. Cyriacus had just finished his slice of strawberry cheesecake when Draco turned and asked him what he was planning on doing since he had taken responsibility for the Christmas Attack. Immediately the others hushed turning their attention to Cyriacus, looking startled.

“I’m not going to ask how you know that and I’m sure I don’t need to tell you to keep that information to yourself,” Cyriacus paused until Draco nodded agreeably. “As for what I’m planning, that is a secret. Suffice to say; what I will be doing is going to be something no one’s dared to do before. I will only be taking a few to act as backup support; I will do everything else on my own. It’s only a matter of time now; I have everything plotted out perfectly.”

Blaise snorted, “Of course, you always have a plan Cy!”

“This foray will be quite the sight and I expect it will be captured and displayed to certain parties via the much lauded Live Action Recording Sentinel (LARS), which my sources say will be released to world-wide governmental use by the first of December. I’ve arranged with a contact to have twenty Crystal Display Units (CDU) delivered here the first weekend in December so you lot should be able to watch the Attack as it occurs as soon as I gain the codes to access the LARS of the location I’ll be leading the Attack from.” Cyriacus continued, smirking. “It’s going to be a spectacular show, trust me; you want to make sure you’re available to see it at one of the CDUs. I’ll see if I can pull some strings and get an extra set to put into the Common Room but no promises.”

Valerius shook his head, his chestnut colored bangs dangling and obscuring his chartreuse eyes. “If our parents had had your connections twenty years ago, the world would be ours already.”

“All good things come to those who wait,” Cyriacus replied softly, his dark green eyes glittering with humor. “I’m ready to show the Wizarding World what I’m made of and it’s going to be a glorious show!”

The Strategy Room
Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton UK
Saturday the 6th of December 1997
9:50 PM

As was his wont, Cyriacus arrived nearly twenty minutes after the meeting began, irritating Voldemort and several members of the Inner Circle to no ends. Severus Snape was among those ranks and just like the others present, had little control over the Necromancer’s habits. Striding into the room in the middle of a discussion about the recent increase in recruiting members to their cause, Cyriacus was followed by the members of his Carapace. Asadyl and Kohinoor stood at the edge of the room, watching and waiting to see what would come of this meeting, both edgy.

Voldemort looked at his former lover with annoyance. “It’s about time you arrived, we have business to discuss and unlike some we do not have all hours of the day to while away.”

“And I believe that I have made it more than clear that I require no aid from your Death Eaters. The Christmas Attack is solely my responsibility and will test the limits of my abilities. All details regarding where the Attack is to take place and when, is currently a secret that no one has been privileged enough to know outside of myself. You will see what I’m planning along with the rest of the Wizarding World.” Cyriacus snapped sharply.

Lucius glanced at the two Wizards, noting the disdain and frustration both had with each other and
wisely interfered before they could progress to another shouting match, picking apart each other’s flaws. “Your plans require no needed distraction?”

Cyriacus shook his head, “No. Where I am staging the attack is a place no one in their sane mind would dream of attacking. My sources have gathered all the intelligence I will need and I’ve planned for every possible scenario. I assure you, this is not a foolhardy barely planned Attack, I’ve spent weeks gathering information and arranging to counter every possible move they may make in response. It’s only a matter of time.”

“Antares tells me that we will be able to watch the Attack as it takes place?”

“Yes, I’ve already installed the Crystal Display Units that have been Portkeyed to the Mansion. I took the liberty of putting five CDUs in the Throne Room, Duelling Hall, Dining Hall and with your permission,” Cyriacus said looking at Voldemort, “I will install the last five here in this room. I’m sure I do not need to explain how they work, the Wizarding Media has been chattering endlessly about the brilliance of the CDU for weeks now.”

Voldemort nodded, “Install the final five here if you wish it.”

Cyriacus glanced at a nearby clock. “There are two pieces of information I would share with you before I take my leave. The first is that I’ve found a reliable source who has given me incriminating papers on our dear Minister of Magic and that fool Dumbledore. I do not expect that things will go awry, but if something should go wrong during the Attack and I am disabled, I have already arranged for the information to be leaked by the Daily Prophet on New Year’s Day. Regardless of my condition, the news will do severe damage to the British Ministry so I would warn those present with political ambitions to begin formulating your speeches. Fudge will be booted from office by the second of January or I’m not the Lord of Gryffindor.”

Before anyone could ask him who his contact was, Cyriacus continued speaking.

“I will be out of reach from the nineteenth of this month until well after New Year’s in preparation for the Attack and no doubt, recovery from the Attack. No one will be able to contact me directly and only my Carapace will know where I have gone. Should an emergency arise while I am gone the only way I can be reached will be by Owl and expect at least a four hour delay.” Cyriacus nodded curtly to everyone before twisting around and leaving in a rush.

The Parapet
Argyle Tower, West Lower Valley, Dalhoor
Monday the 22nd of December 1997
5:25 PM

Pacing restlessly, Cyriacus slowly circled around the top of Argyle Tower as he absently stared into the distance. From his vantage point a good eighty feet in the air, Cyriacus could see all of Dalhoor laid out in front of him. Known to the rest of the Wizarding World as an asylum to Dark Wizards, Dalhoor was a cesspool of trouble waiting to happen.

For centuries the infamous Tartessan Market located in the East Lower Valley, was known as the only Market in the entire Wizarding World which carried every imaginable, and sometimes fabled, artifacts, books and ingredients. It was one of Arcanum’s main suppliers and Cyriacus, like all the customers who frequented the mythical marketplace, found items that he had only heard of as legends. In a day’s idle wandering he had managed to stumble upon Kraken tentacles, the private journals of Deimos of Sparta, newly hatched Amphisbaenas, Secundus Albrici’s Veritas, and a scroll in Phoenician that supposedly contained the forbidden powers associated with the God Resef.
He’d gone home that day several thousand Galleons poorer but he couldn’t deny that it’d been worth it. The private journals had proven to be legitimate as far as he could tell and his Raichos seemed to like the fresh Kraken tentacles.

Dalhoor was a nice enough place, if you were powerful enough to hold your own and intelligent enough to keep your experimentation confined to your property. There was nothing more troublesome than monstrous ‘pets’ slaughtering their creators and running amok. Or the power hungry Dark Wizard down the street who happened to botch the Blood Moon Potion and was now a dangerous Werewolf-Vampire Hybrid. And then there was the Blood Mage from the Northern Basin who had somehow managed to get her hands on a Necromancer’s Primer and well…let’s just say there was a great deal of death and destruction until someone wisely contacted him to banish the Ravagers. Aside from experiments going badly and ‘pets’ getting free, Dalhoor was a pleasant enough place to live in. There was no crime to speak of, probably because it’d start a civil war the likes of which hadn’t been seen since 1369 and the denizens of Dalhoor knew better…now anyway.

Shaking his head, Cyriacus stared out at the colored lights hanging over the Caelestis Gardens to the north-west. The festivities would only be starting there, as Wizards and Witches would gather to dance or drink the night away, whichever suited them best. It was a lovely place certainly but the jovial atmosphere did become grating after a while. With a grimace, his eyes passed over the eerie midnight blue lights that hung over the Demon’s Pawn, an aptly named cluster of buildings that housed all sorts of creatures for sale, human or otherwise.

Cyriacus had only set foot there once and had never gone back. The air reeked of blood, fear and hopelessness as people and creatures were bartered over and sold into servitude if they were lucky. He may be a murderer when a Summoning called for it or a killer in the heat of battle but Cyriacus would sooner die than do any of the sordid things that took place in the Demon’s Pawn. Even before Aristides had taken his virginity Cyriacus would never have used rape to break his enemies, let alone ‘test’ out his prospective human slaves. Rape was not something he would participate in and if his subordinates valued their skin, they would use other methods to break their prisoners.

The creak of wood and iron snapped him out of his thoughtful daze. Drawing a deep breath, Cyriacus stiffened slightly as he identified his unexpected and unwanted companion. If he had been avoiding spending time alone with Voldemort, Cyriacus practically vanished when he sensed Ascyltus within twenty feet of him. Reluctantly Cyriacus had to give the Lich credit for his perseverance and tenacity. The Lich still continued to pursue him, even though Cyriacus had made it abundantly clear that he was no longer interested in fucking the Lich.

As enjoyable as it had been that night, Cyriacus had known the next morning that it was a mistake, one that he had no interest in repeating. Since that damnable magnetism between them had ended, Cyriacus considered Ascyltus to be nothing more than a valuable comrade opposed to an interesting and worthwhile partner or even an occasional fuck. Now that things were over between Voldemort and him, Cyriacus had taken to using a carefully measured dosage of Heredity Suppressor and Numb Dischargers to quell his Incubus craving for sex. It probably wasn’t the best course of action to take but he wasn’t in the mood to deal with feeding his Incubus desires and juggle all the tasks associated with being Cyriacus Snape.

Of course, it probably didn’t help any that his damned visions constantly disturbed his sleep which, over time, would cause a domino effect that he already knew was going to eventually lead to a complete magical backlash on his body. Even his ‘superior’ body could only take so much stress and he knew that the Christmas Attack would constitute at least a week possibly two of recovery…hopefully. What he was attempting was something even his ancestors hadn’t tried but the theory, it seemed feasible and his initial tests had gone well. He was going to be testing more than just his skills as a Necromancer but Cyriacus felt confident in his abilities and in his ancestor Bashir’s Avatar
Projection Charm. With a few modifications and a written record of his initial tests, it was as ironed out as any new charm or spell could be before being tested entirely. If this succeeded, Cyriacus would not only have created a new technique but he would hopefully manage to negate the stress put on his body when using large amounts of power.

“I never took you as someone who would act so childishly.” Ascyltus commented as he joined Cyriacus, standing so closely Cyriacus shifted to his left to regain his personal space.

Cyriacus frowned as he looked directly into the Lich’s dark blue gaze. “Perhaps if you could take a hint, you’d have noticed that I don’t particularly have any interest in you now that the magnetism between us has ended.”

The Lich looked irritated. “Surely that was not the only reason you were interested in me?”

“I hate to so disillusion you but considering who I am or is it, what I am, I can have anyone I desire should I so much as crook my finger. You are handsome I’ll admit but you aren’t any different from the fools throwing themselves at me on a daily basis. Don’t confuse what my traitorous body desires as what I know to be something I believe worth investing my time in. I may have fucked you three times the morning following the Samhain Attack but I can’t say that I don’t know a quarter-Incubus who wouldn’t have fucked anyone after a night like that. Blood and Power are amazing aphrodisiacs to someone with Incubus or Succubus blood,” Cyriacus commented, gracing the Lich with a suspicious look. “It’s the most open secret about the Incubus and Succubus…”

Ascyltus didn’t even bat an eye at the implication, staring steadily at Cyriacus. “Do you see treachery and manipulation everywhere?”

“I know more than I appear to,” Cyriacus murmured softly, his eyes darkening almost to the point where they were black. Slowly he paced forward, closing the gap between them with graceful, fluid movements that hinted at a predator stalking prey.

It took all of Ascyltus’s willpower to stay completely still as Cyriacus pressed his body against his. Warm breath fanned his neck and ear, causing his eyes to close but the voice that spoke was filled with malevolence.

“It doesn’t matter when and it doesn’t matter where, if you betray me in any way I will know and it will be your death.” Cyriacus hissed softly before abruptly stepping away.

Ascyltus drew in a ragged breath, his heart pulsing unnaturally fast. When he opened his eyes Cyriacus had paced to the edge of the parapet, eyes scanning the lights of Dalhoor. For a few minutes neither spoke, Cyriacus seemingly ignoring his presence. Slowly Ascyltus moved to the tower door that had led him to the roof but paused when Cyriacus spoke.

“Look upon the lights of Dalhoor and tell me if you can Lich, why such a place still exists? No government dictates what is and isn’t allowed here, no Aurors keep the peace yet this city flourishes.”

Ascyltus waited knowing that though the Necromancer’s comments had been phrased like a question, this was a lecture with not so hidden purposes.

Cyriacus turned to face him and for a moment Ascyltus truly saw him for what he was. A shiver wracked his body as he froze under the weight of that dark, all-knowing gaze.

“Outsiders think Dalhoor is governed by a council of powerful Dark Wizards but they couldn’t be more wrong. This den of mercenaries, Dark Creatures and Dark Wizards acknowledges two things:
survival and power. To have escaped their old lives, they must have had the power to destroy those who would stop them or allied themselves with someone who could and to come to Dalhoor to begin anew; they would need to be willing to do anything to survive. So I ask you again, why is it that a city filled with so many, willing to do anything to survive, manage not to destroy itself? Because we are all here for one purpose, to either gain power or to serve someone who has power! Dalhoor needs no peacekeepers because we are always watching each other and so long as our depravities are confined to our properties or the areas of the city Warded to contain said ‘experiments’, no one cares!”

The wind shifted suddenly and the sickeningly sweet smell of Pyre herbs doused them. Cyriacus’s attention diverted as he turned to see the glowing blue bonfire situated on a rocky cliff face which had come to be known as the Necropolis.

“Dalhoor will be the first city to yield to me and unlike the others that will fall in due time, they will know what I am about. They will understand what it means to serve me and fight alongside me. Here, I need not hide what I am and what I strive to do. No one in Dalhoor will oppose me… disrespect me… betray me because if they do, they will know that they will be punished. Power such as I possess does not make me blind to the jockeying of my servants and comrades, if anything it makes my eyes see clearer.”

Ascyltus didn’t speak as he left without another word. He had been warned but the question was, did Cyriacus know or did he suspect?

A Tunnel
The Guerrero Museum of Antiquities, Lumen-Umbra, Unplottable
Wednesday the 24th of December 1997
11:28 PM

Stretching slowly in the dim, cavernous underground tunnel, Cyriacus bided his time, waiting for the signal. Timing was absolutely crucial in order to pull this attack off properly. Miles underground the American Wizarding Megalopolis of Lumen-Umbra, Cyriacus’s location was secure, no one could possibly catch wind of his plans until it would be too late. His contacts had retrieved a mountain of information about the city and Cyriacus had memorized everything to the minutest of details. When the LARS came, he would know every possible escape route when they gave pursuit. All he waited for now was the signal.

Lumen-Umbra was the largest Wizarding City in the world, consisting of twelve specific districts divided into one hundred and twenty eight equal precincts. Nearly half the city had been was zoned as a residential area which consisted of four districts the Regalis, Praefectus, Patricius and Plebeius. As one of the wealthiest Wizarding Cities, Lumen-Umbra boasted some of the most elite residential areas with mansions and houses that ranged from anywhere from thirty-five thousand Galleons to upwards around fifty million Galleons at the highest range. With a City this wealthy only the most talented or influential could afford to live in Lumen-Umbra and surprisingly, the social hierarchy was rather easy going. Unlike some of the older European or Asian Cities there were no social barriers between the residents of Plebius or the residents of Regalis. Everyone got along and aspired to reach finer conditions of living.

There were three districts that fell into the Commercial Zoning of the city. Mercaturua was an eight precinct long district that consisted of stores that sold all manner of legal goods. The Artifex district was filled with Professionals of all walks ranging from elite architects to novelists. Lastly there was the Eruditio district which consisted of libraries, museums, schools and all places dedicated to learning. Two districts were dedicated to light and heavy industry, where the more hazardous of the
Professional livelihoods were made. These districts were heavily Warded to protect the rest of the city from any dangers that came from raising a Bestiary or being a Metal Smith.

The final two districts were both slightly foreboding in nature. Sacellum was a pristine district reserved strictly for cemeteries and memorials to commemorate the dead and Tenebrae was a dodgy district where goods and services of the less than scrupulous and slightly illegal took place. As Cyriacus had told his contacts, Tenebrae was a filtered version of Dalhoor only it was placed under a little more scrutiny by the Lumen-Umbra Aurors. No matter what leanings a City had, there was always a district that catered to the Dark Arts, it was the way of the world and the sooner people realized it, the sooner the War would be won.

Over the last month, Cyriacus had been in contact with the Dementors who had joined the Covenant. Immediately after discovering how to turn them into Lichs, Cyriacus had done so and once he had begun making his plans, called the strongest to set up the huge wards he was planning on sealing the city with. Lumen-Umbra was a completely rectangular city with a sixteen by eight precinct design. All the Lichs had been formed into groups of five, with eight groups on the longer sides and four groups on the shorter sides of the city limits. Four groups consisting of the strongest Lichs would act as Anchors and were placed strategically in the center of the capital buildings of Lumen and Umbra proper. The Lichs would be busy keeping the Wards in place and Cyriacus had taken to Summoning a variety of monsters from various Planes of existence to protect them.

It was absolutely vital that no aid could be deployed from outside the city until he managed to claim the Hawthorne Heirlooms now being displayed in the Guerrero Museum. As an additional distraction, he had managed to sneak in three groups of his Summons into the city, one would set free the Bestiary animals, another would re-animate and control the actions of the newly departed in Sacellum and the last would attack any and all governmental buildings in the Vulgo district. While they attacked Cyriacus would infiltrate the Museum and retrieve his family heirlooms, the Stormsinger’s Mask and the Book of Omens. After that, he would need to make contact with Asadyl who would wait in Tenebrae to take the heirlooms out of Lumen-Umbra through a Shadow Doorway.

Once the heirlooms were safely on their way out of the city, Cyriacus would signal the Lichs to release the Wards and meet up with the four Lich groups back in the main underground tunnel. He would have to expend a large amount of energy forging a complete Shadow Corridor directly back to Argyle Tower and likely would have to find an alternate route out of the city once the Lichs passed through the Doorway. Under other circumstances they would leave on their own but as they would be channeling the power to anchor the Wards, they would be little more than fodder if discovered. By that time, the tunnels would be crawling with LARs and Aurors so his best chance would be to return to the surface and make his way across the Vulgo district north and leave through the Regalis district.

He had done as much training as he could in the past weeks but whether it would prove to be enough was another thing entirely. The wyvern pendant around his neck pulsed, alerting him that the Wards had been raised and anchored. Drawing a deep breath, Cyriacus counted slowly to a hundred, giving his Summons enough time to act as a distraction.

As he passed thirty, he Transformed and by fifty he had finished the minor Transfiguration he’d done on his feet to give him a more reptilian advantage. At eighty five he had bent as low to the ground as he could to gain as much momentum as he possible and at the one hundred count Cyriacus sprang upward.

Flapping his wings to carry him up through the cavernous shaft he sped towards the opening, blasting the stone shaft cover with a simple hex. Landing, he paused to orientate himself and then
shot forward triggering a multitude of alarms which could not be disabled no matter how many hours he’d spent researching.

The Christmas Attack had begun.

**TBC in Chapter XXVI: Resolution II…**

Whew! It’s finally done and hopefully well worth the wait!

1) Tartessos is a mythical kingdom in Grecian legend that was famed for being fabulously wealthy. Supposedly it was rich in precious metals and everyone lived like a king. Thus my Tartessan Market is fabulously well known for carrying anything you’d ever need or think to need.

2) Demios of Sparta, is one of the most well known Necromancers in Wizarding Memory.

Amphisbaenas, according to Encyclopedea Mythica are “a Greek serpent with two heads and eyes that glow like candles. It has a head at each end of its body.”

Secundus Albrici’s *Veritas* is a Dark Arts Primer which focuses on means of gaining truth from one’s enemy. Think of it as a walk through for useful torture techniques, illegal Potions, Spells and Rituals for gaining absolute truth.

Resef is a Phoenician God of lightning and pestilence and is definitely not the type of person you’d want to anger.

Final note, I have a layout of both the RELIC Rotunda and the Lumen Umbra districts. I have someone coding them so if you’re puzzled, you’ll eventually find the pics at my Group in the Files section.

Please Read and Review!

-SheWolfe7 (3-10-06)
Resolution II

Author's notes: A look at the leaders of the Light and their thoughts on the coming War, Cy’s plans unfold, Merlin's Lost Prophecy is found and Voldemort learns the truth and plots revenge!

A/N: I’d apologize but I think everyone can sympathize with me. RL is a pain when it wants to be and it took me hostage for quite a few months. Not sure when the next update will be so I spared you all the agony of a cliffhanger. I hope this was well worth the wait and if it wasn’t, I apologize. Overall, I think some parts came out better than others and I will do my best to make the last chapter memorable.

_Parseltongue, foreign words, letters/articles etc._
_Emphasized words, headings,_

Chapter XXVI
Resolution II

*Character is the ability to carry out a good resolution long after the excitement of the moment has passed._

-Cavett Robert, Founder of the National Speakers Association

General Offices
International Coalition of Defense, British Headquarters, London UK
Wednesday the 24th of December 1997
5:30 AM

The room was fully manned, despite it being Christmas Eve. The International Coalition of Defense, or the Defense League as it was better known as, was taking no chances. As the end of the year drew closer, they had more time to reflect about the events that had passed and consider what may occur in the future. For many this year had been one horror after another and the future looked that much grimmer. In Juliana Ramsey’s case, she could only brood over a cup of coffee and wonder what Voldemort was planning to do.

It would be a few more months before the Wizarding World War was fully consumed by War. Then Death would spread like a dark shadow across the Wizarding World taking lives as ruthlessly as a Blood Mage collecting souls for a Dark offering. She was no fool; it was only a matter of time before things truly got worse. The Samhain Attack had only been a small taste of what was bound to happen next and that Attack had nearly crippled the Ministry.

Voldemort’s first War had been terrible yes and people had lived in fear of their lives and had not known whom to trust or where to look to for guidance but that was a mere shadow of the fear that was steadily creeping across the Wizarding World. Alone Voldemort and his Death Eaters were a fearsome, frightening enemy but with the addition of the supposed Heir of Blaze Hawthorne, who was rumored to be the Guild Lord of the long thought dead Guild of Necromancy, and the elusive, unknown Prince of Dragons, it was a miracle that the majority of the Ministries of Magic world-wide had managed to remain in control.

Declarations of Martial Law were to be expected in the following months and Juliana feared would
come after the Christmas Attack. What concerned the Defense League and even the RELIC Organization, was who the standing Military Leaders would side with. Kenneth, Janice, her husband Thomas and she had spent several idle hours discussing the possibilities.

Many countries in Central and Western Europe, with their high populations of Vampires, would likely turn to the Dark Lord. The Middle East would likely be a split between joining the Light and joining the Dark Lord. Most of the African countries would likely stay neutral, the only ones who probably wouldn’t would be those located along the Mediterranean and Red Seas. Asia was hard to guess and the most they could hope for was neutrality, they were in the possession of too many dangerous artifacts and Lost Arts.

South America would be neutral without a doubt, there weren’t enough Wizards and they weren’t organized enough to be of much help. North America would be a powerful ally; the United States was committed to the Light and Canada was almost a surety. Mexico would not have much to offer in the way of manpower but they had an abundance of magical lore which may prove very useful. Australia had never committed itself to any War and would likely act as a safe refuge during the war for civilians.

Kenneth walked into the room, carrying a stack of reports while Janice followed behind him, levitating a tray of beverages.

“I don’t suppose there are any reports from our spies among the Death Eaters?” Juliana asked hopefully.

Kenneth shook his head. “Not so much as a scribble and I’m getting a bad feeling about this. They’ve never gone longer than a month without sending word. After what happened to Davies they are in even more danger than before, that Prince of Dragons is a horror.”

Janice set down the tray on her desk and slouched down in her chair. “And we don’t even know who the hell he is or what he looks like. Just that he’s a goddamned scary son of a bitch!”

Juliana and Kenneth exchanged a look, Janice rarely swore so something bad must have happened to cause her to act like this.

“Did something happen, Janice?”

Silence…then, “Donald told me he’s been restored to active duty.”

“Oh,” Kenneth said eyes wide with comprehension.

Janice was the youngest member of the executive branch of the Defense League and her husband Donald had been one of the highest ranked Hit Wizards. If they had restored him to active duty, it was likely he would be given orders soon and the only missions of his caliber would involve killing anyone with a rank higher than the Common Death Eaters. Only the Inner Circle, the Necromancer, the mysterious Prince of Dragons and possibly even Voldemort himself were the few who fell into that category. Only three of ten Hit Wizards deployed on such missions returned alive and of those three only one would be successful. It was little reason why Janice was so upset.

“Do you have any idea who he might be targeting?” Juliana asked gently.

Janice shook her head, “No, I don’t know but…this isn’t like the first War! Donald used to tell me stories and this is nothing like what happened then.”

Kenneth looked solemn. “The most we can do is hope that this War is short and the bloodshed not too heavy. All of them are only mortal after all.”
It would be some three hours later before Kenneth would learn differently.

Office of the Executor of Aurors
Lumen-Umbra Security Plaza, Vulgo District, Lumen-Umbra
Wednesday the 24th of December 1997
11:31 PM

Gabriel Quigley was a man who bore a heavy burden. Since his appointment as the youngest Executor of the Lumen-Umbra Aurors last spring, he had earned a few locks of silver in his dark blonde hair. As the Executor of the Aurors of the largest Wizarding City in the World, Gabriel was feeling the pressure. With each day that passed, War loomed on the horizon like a thundercloud and he couldn’t afford to make mistakes.

Luckily, his cousin Andrew had introduced him to a Spellcrafter of the highest authority, the Boston-born Ransom Wright. It had been by pure luck that Gabriel had met Ransom. The Master Spellcrafter had Flooed into Lumen-Umbra for the annual Spellcrafter Conference held every third weekend in June. Aunt Jennifer had called and told him rather sternly to keep an eye on Andrew and Gabriel, never one to garner the ire of the Quigley women, had quickly called up Andrew and offered to show him around Lumen-Umbra. Andrew had been more than happy to accept his offer and asked if it would be alright for his friend Ransom to join them, Gabriel had agreed and the rest was history as they say.

Gabriel had been quite surprised when he had met Andrew and Ransom at the Floo Hub. Andrew was exactly as he remembered: a grinning brunette with almost scary amounts of energy. Andrew had, as Aunt Jennifer had said many a time, the energy of a roomful of ten-year olds with a sugar high, trapped indoors because of the weather. Standing next to him had been a very young Wizard with short, honey colored hair and eyes as blue as the ocean on a clear day. Gabriel took them to their hotel and after waiting for them to settle in; they had immediately gone out for dinner.

The conversation had been very varied and quite entertaining, ranging from Quidditch to the latest Spellcrafting theories. Ransom had impressed him greatly with his intelligence and his ability to somehow, rein in a smitten Andrew. Gabriel almost applauded his efforts, quite astounded to know that it was possible to rein in the bundle of energy, known as Andrew Jamison Quigley.

He had been rather disappointed when the two Spellcrafters had left. He seldom had such good company or the time to enjoy it as things had become more chaotic in the weeks after their departure. Then, in November, following the RELIC debacle as the media had dubbed it, Gabriel had been forced into a meeting with other high authority officials. Apparently, insulted by the notion that the American Ministry of Magic was still too traditional, the Minister had declared that it was time to be more progressive.

The RELIC organization had already passed the order for a new type of Security Sentinels to be distributed world-wide, along with the security monitoring device that worked alongside it. Lumen-Umbra would was the first Wizarding City to receive the LARS unit and the CDU. It was at the first briefing explaining the use of the LARS unit and the CDU that Gabriel met Ransom for the second time. Unsurprisingly, the Master Spellcrafter was one of five Wizarding geniuses that had worked on Project: Free Will, as it was called.

So far the new security measures had proved to be among the greatest leaps in Magical Innovation in the last Century. The pressure had eased slightly and Gabriel was looking forward to his first date with Ransom, after the turn of the New Year. Though he had been given orders to be on high alert, there was nothing to worry about. Lumen-Umbra was the most heavily defended Wizarding City on
the planet, not even a madman would try to break through their defenses!

The door burst open, Auror Monroe standing in the threshold with a panicked expression. “Sir! Patrolling LARS units in the Sacellum and Heavy Industry districts are under attack by horrible creatures! Also, there has been a Ward-Breech from the Guerrero Museum of Antiquities.”

And just like that, Gabriel felt his stomach fill with dread and all thoughts of Christmas or first dates flew from his mind. “Sound the alarm, get the Flight Squads prepped and have someone Floo the Mayor. I’ll put on my Battle Robes and meet everyone in the Surveillance room in ten minutes.”

While Monroe tore out of the room bellowing orders, Gabriel cursed. Why the Hell had he just challenged the power of ‘worse’?

Central Utilities Room
The Guerrero Museum of Antiquities, Lumen-Umbra, Unplottable
Wednesday the 24th of December 1997
11:32 PM

Darting through the hallways, had anyone been present to see him they would have only seen a shadowy blur moving through the museum. Subtlety was not required here which, in retrospect, was probably a good thing, Cyriacus decided as he spotted the large vault-like doors he would need to bypass to ascend to the stairwell. Concentrating slightly, he shifted the scales covering his body into a very thick, very durable scale. Drawing magic to his right foot, he launched himself at the door delivering a magically enhanced spinning kick directly at the center of the door. For a moment nothing happened then there was a screech as the vault door unsealed and fell into the room beyond.

Wasting no time, Cyriacus quickly shot through the open doorway and after dropping into a crouch, shot upward through the rectangular stairwell. Counting the number of levels he passed, he finally stopped once he reached the fifth level. Focusing his attention to the claws on his hands, he extended them a few inches more as well as making them sharper. Moving on, he cut his way through the glass doors leading into the Medieval Mysteries Exhibit.

Unlike his previous rush through the museum, he used extreme caution when he entered the room, looking for signs of the LARS he knew would have been deployed and nearly reached his position by now. Shifting to the side of the doorway, Cyriacus melted into the shadows as he carefully Shadow Stalked from shadow to shadow, closer to his target.

With some trepidation he passed through the initial exhibit which displayed catapults and ballistae, suits of armor, stone statues that could be animated to protect castle courtyards and barbicans and numerous kinds of traps, some which were directed towards use against Muggles and others which were very clearly for use against other Wizards and Witches. It was just as he was passing by a cluster of very solemn faced stone guardians that something sprang at him. Tackled by the heavy weight, Cyriacus twisted as they fell and managed to shift them so he was on top as they rolled on the ground.

Once they came to a halt, he sprang backward having already learned in the short grapple that his attacker was a LARS. As a delighted grin crossed his face, the tarnished silver mask he wore on his face pressed against the edge of his mouth. Looking into the crystalline eyes of the LARS gargoyle Cyriacus gleefully recited the deactivation code phrase and watched with amusement as the once bright eyes, which had been recording and broadcasting his movements to the CDUs keyed to Lumen-Umbra’s security station, dulled and flickered out.

Laughing softly, he continued on his way. It was so nice to have friends in high and low places.
The Kitchen
Number 12 Grimmauld Place, London, UK
Thursday the 25th of December 1997
5:35 AM

War was an ugly terrible thing, Dumbledore knew from experience. In his lifetime, he had seen three horrible Wars. The first was Gatti’s War in 1880’s, then there was Grindelwald’s War in the 1940’s and Voldemort’s First War in the 1970’s and now Voldemort’s Second War. Each following War had been even more great and terrible as the one preceding it. Every War meant more bloodshed, more death and more misery.

As terrifying as Voldemort’s First War had been, Dumbledore feared and rightly so that his Second War would be even more terrible. Voldemort had shown the Wizarding World the terrifying and monstrous powers of a trained Necromancer, along with making an example of the Death Eater Spy Davies. The mysterious Prince of Dragons had used Blood Magic to a most nightmarish degree. Roger Davies parents would never have peace of mind, not knowing that their son’s body had been desecrated. And with the heart still missing, there was no telling what nefarious purpose it might have been used for.

The Wizarding World was rightly afraid, this War promised to showcase Arts long thought dead and forgotten. Barely any Wizarding Schools taught the Dark Arts or the Dark Professions. As far as Dumbledore had been able to find out, only four schools taught Dark Arts or Professions: the Arcanum Institute of Magic, the Durmstrang Institute, the Neo Semita Academia and the Akar-Ylssr Seminary. Of those three, only Arcanum taught Necromancy. This meant that the Heir of Blaze Hawthorne either graduated from Arcanum or was taught by an Alumnus.

Unfortunately, Arcanum had a reputation for being isolationists. They did not care what occurred outside their borders and did not answer to any Ministry or Organization. Arcanum horded their secrets with an unbelievable fanaticism and no one but newly accepted students had ever entered the school. All those who taught at Arcanum were Alumni and very few who accepted teaching positions were seen again. There could be no doubt however, that Arcanum produced the most powerful and talented Wizards and Witches.

Dumbledore found himself in quite the predicament. How could he gain any information on the Heir of Blaze Hawthorne if he could not gain the cooperation of the Arcanum Headmaster? Cyriacus had already been questioned and he had disappointingly stated that those selected to be trained in Magical Professions were sworn to secrecy. Thus no student knew what classes their fellows were taking, unless they were the standard shared courses. The only piece of knowledge Cyriacus had been able to offer was the fact that Voldemort’s pet Necromancer had to be somewhere around his father’s age, as it took years to gain the necessary amount of skill and experience. Until he could establish a cordial, working relationship with Arcanum’s Headmaster figuring out who the Heir of Blaze Hawthorne was, would be a mystery that he could not begin to solve.

It was the mysterious Prince of Dragons that had the collective Light Alliance most worried. While the Necromancer was a definite threat, he or she at least, was a known threat. The faceless malevolence of the unknown Blood Magician calling himself the Prince of Dragons had all the high-ranking officials worried. The search for the Prince of Dragons had the greatest number of personnel from the Light Alliance working to narrow down the suspects.

Letters were sent to the four known schools to teach Blood Magic and the replies were very different. Arcanum had, as expected, politely told them to mind their own business, they taught the Arts and it was up to the students to decide what to do with them. Durmstrang’s new Headmistress
had been much more forthcoming, sending a list of students who had taken and completed the Blood Magic curriculum, unfortunately it was a list of three. The Headmaster of the Neo Semita Academia had curtly, and with much exasperation, informed them that they had stopped teaching Blood Magic two hundred years ago. All letters sent to Akar-Ylssr went undelivered, though Dumbledore privately thought it would have mattered little if they had been received. If Arcanum was an isolationist school, Akar-Ylssr was a traditionalist school to the core. Though it had not been confirmed, it was rumored that they never taught any but those who had direct ancestors who had attended the school.

As Dumbledore had already surmised, until they could gather more clues, the hunt for the elusive Prince of Dragons was likely not to get very far.

Aside from the hunt for the Heir of Blaze Hawthorne, and the mysterious Prince of Dragons, most of the recent gatherings had focused on the very likely possibility of a crushing Attack slated for either Christmas Day, New Year’s Eve or possibly, both dates. Tensions were extremely high, as no spies from any Alliance groups had reported any definite plans for either date. Severus, the only Inner Circle spy, had little more to report than the other spies. There was an Attack scheduled but no one knew when, where or who would be involved.

The entire Wizarding World was waiting anxiously, each not sure where or when the attack would come. Aurors and Hit Wizards stood watch, waiting for news and the Order had assembled, passing the hours in idle chit chat.

Dumbledore sat at the end of the table, looking over the papers scattered in front of him, attempting to narrow down the possible uses of Davie’s missing heart. Around him, the other Order members waited, some more tense than others. At the opposite end of the table, Sirius and Remus sat close together, talking softly as they looked over a piece of parchment. Bill, Charlie, Tonks and Shacklebolt were sitting at the middle of the table, exchanging tips on Dueling while several older members stood off to the side, exchanging war stories. Molly Weasley walked in, having returned from checking on the Junior Order, as Ms. Granger had called them.

Sighing, Dumbledore finished writing down another possible use of a human heart and was just about to grab a new scroll, when the fireplace flared to life. Amelia Bones appeared in the fireplace, looking extremely worried, lips pinched.

“Dumbledore, we’ve received communications from the Defense League! Lumen-Umbra reports an attack by Summoned creatures in two of its districts at exactly 11:30 p.m. GMT -0600 and there was a Ward-Breech at the Guerrero Museum about 2 minutes after. I received the security clearance codes to access the Lumen-Umbra Surveillance Grid.”

Dumbledore quickly found an unused scroll. “I’m ready.”

“Rho, Tau, Alpha and Eta.”

“Thank you. What are we to do?”

Amelia shook her head. “The Ministry has been told to wait for a formal request for aid by the American Ministry of Magic. You, however, can do as you want. Be warned, however, that the wards around Lumen-Umbra extend fifteen miles outside of the city limits.”

“Understood, we will talk again soon.” Dumbledore replied as he got up, heading into the basement with the rest of the Order at his heels.
The room was filled with people as Inner Circle members; their offspring and the occasional Primordial sat and stared at the multi-paned glowing images being projected through the CDUs. At midnight, Scourge had appeared, bearing a message from Cyriacus stating the time the Christmas Attack would occur. The Vampire, however, had been under strict orders not to say where the Attack would take place until two minutes prior to the launch of the Attack to prevent any information being leaked. Voldemort found his former lover’s caution to be absurd, especially since the Necromancer had taken it upon himself to take the remaining Defense league spies under his custody several weeks before.

A low murmur filled the room, as everyone stared at the images being sent.

Lucius shook his head, face awed. “Severus…I don’t know whether I’m impressed at his audacity or shocked by it!”

“If he survives the War pulling ambitious stunts like this, I’d settle on being impressed.” Severus muttered darkly.

Valerius laughed. “Cyriacus is bloody crazy alright! That’s Lumen-Umbra he’s Attacking, is he insane or what?!”

“Cyriacus does what no one else can,” Blaise commented, lips twitching with amusement. “And he makes it look easy.”

“Always daring,” Voldemort murmured eyes fixed on the column of images coming from LARS units at the Guerrero Museum.

Office of the Executor of Aurors
Lumen-Umbra Security Plaza, Vulgo District, Lumen-Umbra
Wednesday the 24th of December 1997
11:40 PM

The Surveillance Room was utter chaos as Gabriel discovered upon walking into the huge, thirty by forty foot room. Technicians raced too and fro, filtering the images to the best quality or directing LARS units to the troubled districts. Around them, Aurors were standing, staring at the images the CDUs were displaying and discussing the best possible maneuvers to deploy. Apprehension and fear were prevalent in the room, people were worried and as Gabriel studied the column of images coming from the districts under attack, he understood why.

Huge, unearthly monsters rampaged, sowing destruction and chaos. Those unnatural creatures were not of this world, which he knew from the short briefing following the Samhain Attack across Europe. Those were Summoned Creatures that only Voldemort’s pet Necromancer could have brought into being in their world. Since Samhain it had not been abnormal to see such creatures take to the field but what worried Gabriel was the sheer number active tonight. The largest number of Summoned creatures seen had been during the Samhain Attack and without a doubt, the numbers seen tonight could only herald that Lumen-Umbra was the selected target.

“Officers, report!”
Technician Michaela Daniels hurriedly approached. “Sir, we are receiving reports of heavy damage where the abominations are attacking! So far sixteen Auror patrolmen and eight LARS units have been confirmed casualties to the fighting. The LARS units sent to investigate the disturbance at the Guerrero Museum have sent back clear images. There is at least one intruder in the building and they had access to the deactivation codes of our LARS units. At the moment Spellcrafter Miyazawa is attempting to load a new deactivation code.”

“Sir! We have received word from the Ministry that the reinforcements that were deployed are unable to enter the city! Apparently a large Ward was raised over the City which prevents Apparition and Portkey use. The Floo Network has been completely blocked. Until the Wards are broken, no reinforcements can enter nor can civilians be evacuated out of the city.” Auror Lombardi reported.

“Damn!” Gabriel cursed, thinking quickly. “Lombardi, I want twenty Auror Squadrons deployed immediately to all sites under attack! I also want eight Hit Wizard Squadrons deployed to cover the entrances and roof of the Guerrero Museum as soon as possible. Where the hell is Abrams? I need a message aired immediately on the Wizarding Wireless alerting all citizens to take shelter immediately and stay indoors until told otherwise!”

Auror Rousse volunteered to brave the streets to alert the Wireless broadcasters and Gabriel wondered morbidly, if anyone would see the petite woman alive after this night.

Ten minutes later, just as the Auror Squadrons were just about ready to leave the building by broom, explosions rocked the building. It seems the War had come directly to their doorstep.

Medieval Magical Artifact Exhibit, 5th Floor
The Guerrero Museum of Antiquities, Lumen-Umbra, Unplottable
Wednesday the 24th of December 1997
11:45 PM

Cyriacus moved as quickly and stealthily as possible through the exhibit, deactivating any LARS units that got within ten feet of him. Having successfully passed through the two rooms devoted to Magical Weaponry and Defenses, he was now entering the first of four rooms dedicated to mysterious Magical Artifacts. Passing by strange crystal covered chests and bizarre totems made of warped metals, Cyriacus spotted one of the items he had come for.

It sat regally on a beautiful pedestal made of shining black marble. The Stormsinger’s Mask was a headdress made entirely out of intricately detailed silver and gemstones. When worn, the mask completely covered the wearer’s face. The mask itself was human in appearance, looking like an amazing mold of a human face. What set it apart from regular masks of that era was the exotic face framing blue-green Occamy feathers and the elaborate strands of obsidian, sapphire and emerald beads that created an opulent mane of decorative hair that completely covered the head of the wearer. It had been found by Muggle Crusaders in the late 1200’s and was confiscated upon being brought to England.

None of the Wizarding Scholars who had studied it had ever discovered what it was used for or who it had belonged to originally. Cyriacus was not surprised in the least. Necromancer Masks of this like had been long abandoned as a hazard. They were not only dangerous to wear while performing Summoning Rituals, but were too distinct and had led to the death of several Necromancers by covens of Light Wizards.

Under normal circumstances, Cyriacus would probably have gone through legitimate channels to have the mask returned to him but that would reveal his heritage, a fact that would have to remain
secret until full War broke out. Also, if the mask hadn’t had such enticing enchantments, he would have likely crafted his own but it was one of a kind. Extending a little extra additional effort to reclaim it would hardly lead to his doom and Cyriacus did relish a challenge now and then. Before approaching, Cyriacus checked for enemies and when he decided it was safe, approached the pedestal.

“Awaken to me, Stormsinger and revel in the tempest we will call down upon this world.” Cyriacus murmured before carefully lifting the headdress up with one hand while opening the Moke skin bag at his waist with the other. He Wordlessly activated the Protection Charms on the Mask before stowing it into the bag and pulling the drawstring neck shut.

The first part of his mission complete, Cyriacus checked again for enemies before darting into the nearby shadow and stealthily continuing on his way through the exhibit.

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The Inner Sanctum
Arcanum Institute of Magic, Unknown, Unplottable
Thursday the 25th of December 1997
11:50 AM

The cavernous room was as silent as a mausoleum despite the fact that it was filled with over a thousand Wizards and Witches.

For all Arcanum Alumni, this room was the one where they had been given Choice and purpose. It was here that they saw the truth and it was here that they pledged their lives to fulfilling that truth. This room was a place of hope for the future.

Dug miles beneath the surface of the Isle of Shadows, it was the safe haven of all Arcanum Alumni. It was carved out of the gray and blue speckled stone that lay beneath the Isle’s surface. The room was square each side a hundred and twenty feet long. Round pillars along the sides of the room held up the roof which towered some forty feet above them. It was a well lit room, crystal chandeliers hanging from silver hooks embedded into the pillars. A large pillar stood in the center of the room, chandeliers hanging from its massive summit and at its base was an upraised circular dais.

For this gathering, beautiful black and silver banners hung from the pillars all displaying the Arcanum seal which was an outline of the Isle of Shadows with a set of gates overlaying it. House elves walked around the room, carrying trays of drinks and snacks. The guests, all Alumni, sat in armchairs which had been arranged in orderly rows facing the central pillar. No one spoke, only the soft sounds of idle shifting and the clinks of tea cups and glasses sounded in the room.

All eyes stared at the floating image surrounding the central pillar, allowing them to see Cyriacus’s every move. It was a modified Monstro Charm, allowing the viewer to see a third person view some twelve feet around the person who had been bespelled. It was one of Arcanum’s greatest spells and it was with Morgan’s permission that Ransom Wright had used it as a base when he and his allies had constructed the Live Action Recording Sentinels and the Crystal Display Units.

Morgan, dressed in a flowing white gown, paced restlessly along the pillar dais. She was the most informed about Cyriacus’s plans and thus, was the most concerned about what he was doing. In a way, this Attack was not only audacious; it was near suicide in some ways. While she did not quite grasp all the mechanics behind his ancestor’s Avatar Projection Charm, what she did understand caused her a great deal of worry.

Cyriacus was brilliant without a doubt and powerful, that was undisputable. Recently however, she had to wonder what exactly he was thinking. It was true that he was untried as a Necromancer but to
attack Lumen-Umbra merely to reclaim two Heirlooms? She had no aptitude for Necromancy but she understood the theory behind that particular branch of magic and could not fathom what exactly he needed those items for.

No one knew what the Stormsinger’s Mask was capable of. All the fools who had tried it on had died in various excruciating ways, leading many scholars to believe the mask was Blood Cursed, allowing only users of a certain bloodline to wield it. As for the Book of Omens, it was a bizarre tome filled with Prophetic riddles written over two thousand years ago. Even the best scholars and cryptologists hadn’t been able to understand the riddles and had long ago given up studying it. How could either item be useful?

“My Lady?”

Morgan nearly jumped from surprise, she had been so engrossed in her thoughts that Celestin had been able to sneak up on her. “Yes?”

“We’ve received word from Matilda; they have arrived safely and are waiting for their signal. Our Monitor Charms also indicate that the golem impersonating Arianne Rousse has received a killing blow. Xerxes Kyritsis and his team report that their mission is a success. Anyone attempting to Floo to the nearest Wizarding towns by Lumen-Umbra will be randomly re-directed to a different location as planned. So far all attempts to break through the barrier they erected at the Floo Access Terminal have failed.”

Morgan nodded. “That is excellent news. Have you any word from our Golem operatives in Lumen-Umbra?”

“They are ready and awaiting orders.”

“And our spies among the enemy?”

Celestin looked amused. “They report chaos, my Lady. As we expected, the American Ministry is in an utter panic and aid from allied Ministries are arriving in droves. Our spies’ report that the Defense League has yet to arrive but the Order of the Phoenix was seen in transit at one of the International Floo Hubs. Ransom Wright reports that as of five minutes ago over twenty five CDUs given to Ministries or affiliated defensive organizations outside the Unites States have been given Lumen-Umbra’s access codes.”

“Very well, all is going according to plan. Keep me alerted.”

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The Roof
The Guerrero Museum of Antiquities, Lumen-Umbra, Unplottable
Thursday the 25th of December 1997
12:02 AM

Stephen Marlowe, along with his two partners, Alison Durham and Edward Irving had the unfortunate honor of being the Hit Wizard team assigned to engage the intruder, should he decide to make his escape from the roof. Privately, the three had agreed that it was the most likely possibility as the intruder had been making their way up through the building. It would waste too much time to travel back below to make his escape when he was only a mere three stories away from ascending to the roof. Duty bound, the three took up positions facing the roof entrance and waited.

The minutes had ticked by, agonizingly slow but they could not afford to lose their focus. As the first unit to engage the enemy, it was up to them to do as much initial damage as possible so their
comrades could successfully capture the intruder. Stephen glanced at his subordinates, Alison was hidden in the shadows of a chimneystack and Edward was wearing an Invisibility cloak, crouched parallel to Alison’s position to the right. As the team leader, he was perched on top of the roof entrance and would be the closest to danger if the intruder decided to make his escape from the roof.

Senses straining, Stephen faintly heard the rough pounding of footsteps coming up the stairs and quickly signaled his subordinates to prepare. Barely a minute passed before the doors burst open, flying outward and a black blur raced out. Colored flares of light lit the air as curses and hexes flew through the air, hitting the blur. The intruder stumbled and then tumbled into a heap on the ground. The three Hit Wizards cautiously approached the fallen target, wands at the ready should another spell be needed.

Stephen’s heart pounded as he moved closer and closer to the threat. Seeing the unmoving body, he relaxed slightly and moved his hand to his throat and activated his Communication Pendant.

“Target has been disabled.” Stephen reported, his voice flat.

There was a moment of silence. Then a voice replied. “Acknowledged, bring the target to HQ. Beware of enemies; there have been reports of at least twenty monstrosities in the area.”

“Acknowledged.”

Glancing up, Stephen was about to give his subordinates their orders to secure the intruder when he saw that Edward’s pendant was glowing red, signaling a report from one of their comrades stationed on the surrounding buildings. Before Edward could activate his Com, a kick sent Stephen flying ten feet into the air and over the side of the building. Alison and Edward saw the threat but were quickly struck down before they could attack.

Cyriacus smirked and stepped around the lifeless bodies. They got exactly what they deserved for letting down their guard. Bending down, he calmly unraveled the Illusion he had wrapped around the LARS unit he had wrested control of. A quick tug freed his cloak from his decoy and an idle flick of his wing deflected an oncoming Curse. Tossing the cloak over his body, Cyriacus cast a complex series of Invisibility and Disguising charms before heading to the edge of the roof. Pausing to take a look around his surroundings he mockingly waved goodbye to the frustrated Hit Wizards who could not see him and then dived off.

Waiting a few seconds, he snapped his wings open and flew in the direction of Tenebrae. Reaching out with his senses, he issued new orders to his creatures having them begin to attack new locations so that he might make his delivery and escape, unscathed. As he flew, he alertly kept watch around him, absently noting what areas had already been attacked.

It took him some fifteen minutes to cross the outskirts of Tenebrae. Quickly dropping his Invisibility Charm, he wove a new Illusion around himself and once on foot, made his way to the meeting place. They were meeting in the back garden of a local apothecary who had ties to Arcanum. From his position, it would take another ten minutes to make it to his destination.

When he arrived, he was unsurprised to see Asadyl waiting in the shadows near the back door of the Apothecary. Quickly scanning the garden, Cyriacus quickly made his way over.

Asadyl turned, “It’s about time you made it. You’re fifteen minutes behind schedule.”

“I had to dodge three patrols once I arrived.” Cy quickly unstrapped the belt around his waist and handed it to his ancestor. “Take this back to Scourge, he will know where to take it for safekeeping.”
Cyriacus shook his head and began opening a Shadow Doorway. “There’s no time tonight. Just go, we’ll talk of it later.”

“It’s about Ascyltus.”

“Don’t worry about it.”

“But-“

Cyriacus glared as the Doorway stabilized. “I already know. Now get going!”

Asadyl blinked. “How do you-“

“Razul’s Gift,” Cy snapped sharply. “Hurry up and go, I don’t have the time to waste holding this Doorway open!”

Without another word, Asadyl left. Cyriacus waited another minute before closing the Doorway and taking his leave. He waited until he was once again on the borders of Tenebrae and Sacellum before dropping all his Illusions.

Standing in all his dark glory, both as a Necromancer and in his Transformed state, Cyriacus drew his hands together and allowed his magic to pool into an orb. Once it was the size of a soccer ball, he released it in the air and with a flick of his hand, sent it flying in the air heading to the top of the Wards lying over the besieged city. It impacted with a thunderous boom, sending rainbow waves of color along the Wards as they began to disintegrate.

Not wasting time, Cyriacus headed for the nearest sewer entrance and quickly jumped inside, sealing the entrance from within. With nothing more than a mental map of the sewer system, Cyriacus began running through the dank tunnels.

The Strategy Room
Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton UK
Thursday the 25th of December 1997
6:30 AM

Asadyl stepped out of the shadows across from Voldemort.

“Things are proceeding as planned?” The Dark Lord asked, eyeing him.

“He was a bit delayed but things are still following the plan.” Asadyl assured him as he stepped into the light. Scourge walked over to him and Asadyl silently unbuckled the belt at his waist and gave it to him.

Scourge nodded once in acknowledgement before turning to Voldemort. “I will take my leave now. My instructions are to take the items to the location prepared for it. If things continue as planned, the Master will return in two weeks to give you a full report. Should you require speech with him sooner, you may Owl me with a time and meeting place and I shall return.”

Before Voldemort could ask anything more, Scourge had already walked out of the room.
The City Limits  
Lumen-Umbra, Unplottable  
Thursday the 25th of December 1997  
12:30 PM

The Order of the Phoenix had arrived bare minutes before the Wards fell. They, like many others they would later learn, had been sent to various Floo destinations all across the United States, before they had finally made it to a location close enough to Lumen-Umbra that they could Apparate to the City limits. While communication was difficult between the reinforcements and the city officials, the Head of the Defense Department had arrived and began to instill order on the reinforcements.

When the Wards fell barely ten minutes after they arrived, everyone was relieved to find that the Communication Pendants were once again, working correctly. After a few minutes of consultation, the Head of Defense began issuing orders and sending help where it would be most needed. Once everyone had their orders the groups moved out, the Head of Defense leading his own special squadron of Hit Wizards to track down the mysterious intruder.

The Inner Sanctum  
Arcanum Institute of Magic, Unknown, Unplottable  
Thursday the 25th of December 1997  
12:35 PM

“My Lady, the Wards have fallen.”

Morgan nodded slowly. “Send word to Matilda; tell them to drop it at the location we agreed upon.”

“As you wish,”

The Strategy Room  
Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton UK  
Thursday the 25th of December 1997  
6:37 AM

“I would like to have a word with you…in private.” Asadyl asked, mind racing with possibilities. If he really knew what the Lich had been doing, then he would need this one on his side. Kohinoor had overstepped her limits and if they could not reason with the kyndrak, all was lost.

Voldemort appraised him silently before nodding and leading the other out of the room. They walked down the hall and to the smaller drawing room. Once the door was closed, Voldemort cast several Privacy Charms and then turned to face the Wraith.

“What did you want to talk about?”

Asadyl looked at him directly and then began his story.

A Tunnel  
Vulgo District, Lumen-Umbra, Unplottable  
Thursday the 25th of December 1997  
1:00 AM
Cyriacus spared his allies a quick nod of acknowledgement before he began the tedious process of opening and forming a single Doorway and subsequent Hallway directly back to Argyle Tower. Aware of how short on time he was, he expended a great deal more energy than necessary in the first five minutes to quicken how long the process would take over all. Even with that extra boost, it still took almost fifteen minutes before the Doorway and Hallway were completely stabilized.

“Go,” Cy breathed harshly as he held the Doorway open.

The Lichs quickly began entering the Doorway and Cyriacus simply grit his teeth as he gave them enough time to pass through.

“Sir! The Dark Arts Detector is reporting a large power source directly under Knoss Street.”

Head of Defense, Peter Lowell frowned. “He’s in the underground tunnels. I want all the tunnel exits guarded and tell everyone that I am authorizing them to use the Unforgivables.”

“Yes Sir!”

Amelia Bone’s Office
The Ministry of Magic, London, UK
Thursday the 25th of December 1997
7:08 AM

“Bumbling moron,” Amelia muttered under her breath. Just what kind of moron did they have as a Minister?! Lumen-Umbra, the biggest Wizarding City on the planet, was under attack and he had decided not to send aid! The United States was their ally after all and what in the world was he thinking?!

Her office door burst open, Rufus Scrimgeour stood in the doorway. “Madam Bones, there’s been a security breech at Hogsmeade!”

“Assemble six squads of Aurors, I’ll contact Kimble immediately and we’ll reconvene in the Atrium in ten minutes! Get a move on! I’ll Floo McGonagall at Hogwarts and have her alert the rest of the staff.”

As Amelia moved to her fireplace, she wondered what was going on tonight.

The Inner Sanctum
Arcanum Institute of Magic, Unknown, Unplottable
Thursday the 25th of December 1997
1:10 PM

“Matilda reports that the drop off was successful. She and the others have split up as planned and will re-group in Dalhoor in precisely half an hour before proceeding here.”

Morgan sighed with relief. “Very good all things are going according to plan, one can only hope that the rest of the plans initiated today go as smoothly.”

Celestin smiled. “Have no fears, Lady. Cyriacus was always a brilliant strategist.”

“That may be true Celestin but he is not the only one with plots afoot. We may only hope that his are...
the only ones scheduled to be unleashed this day.” Morgan commented softly, remembering that conversation she had had with her Grandmother.

A Tunnel
Vulgo District, Lumen-Umbra, Unplottable
Thursday the 25th of December 1997
1:27 AM

Cyriacus closed the Doorway the moment he felt the Lichs reach their destination. Now that his accomplices had made it out safely, all that was left was to make his own escape. Taking a few moments to recover, he reached out with his Necromantic senses to count how many of his original Summons remained. Much like he had expected, their numbers had dwindled once the Wards had fallen and the outside help had begun to secure the targeted locations.

With a smile, Cyriacus closed his eyes and reached within himself. Slowly he removed a barrier that held back a substantial amount of his magic, allowing the sudden rush of energy to infuse his body with new strength. He had not used too much of his magic during the initial portion of the Attack but he would need as much energy as possible to summon a variety of his Pre-Summon creatures to aid in his escape. For this particular stage, his best choices were to Summon Werecats and Kirin. The former had excellent eyesight and were quite vicious in the use of their formidable claws and fangs while the latter were reptilian fire spitting lizards.

Having made his decision, Cy began Summoning while he plotted out the best way to make his escape. The Regalis District was far to the northwest, his main destination anyway. Ransom had kept him up to date about what detectors the American Ministry of Magic might be deploying so he knew without a doubt that they would be waiting for him at every available Tunnel exit. That meant he couldn’t afford to waste time fighting his way through the patrols that would be waiting for him. So once his Summons were orientated, he quickly gave them their orders and began to backtrack to his original point of entry.

The Tunnels that ran under Lumen-Umbra were extensive and very deep below the city itself. As he recalled, they had been dug mainly as a way to allow mass evacuation. Later on, new ways of travel had been created and the Tunnels had been forgotten by all but the Ministry employed city architects. One of his fellow Alumni had supplied him with the maps, just as others had supplied him with other bits of valuable information. Put altogether, Cyriacus knew the city better than any other aside from maybe the Mayor or whoever was in charge of security.

Cyriacus came to an immediate stop some thirty minutes later. He was certain that he was now deep below the Artifex District. Reaching out again, he checked on his new Summons and once he was certain they were all in place, gave them the order to attack. Giving them a five minute head start, Cyriacus turned his attention to the tunnel wall to his right. Splaying his hands out in front of him, he began to draw out his Chaos Magic. It was time to show his enemies just what they would be facing when full War broke out in a few months.

Hogsmeade, Scotland
Thursday the 25th of December 1997
7:30 AM

By the time Amelia Bones arrived on site at Hogsmeade, she was relieved to see that whatever had occurred was not going to cause anyone any immediate danger. To her utter frustration it had taken twenty minutes to gather her Aurors and Kimble’s Hit Wizards. It was fortunate indeed that whatever
had triggered the security breech at Hogsmeade was not a visible threat. McGonagall was present with four other Professors and was likewise waiting with the Auror Captain in charge of Hogsmeade’s defenses.

“Auror Ellsworth, please make your report.”

Ellsworth, a tall grim faced man with shaggy dark hair, saluted her smartly and then began speaking. “I had the men out patrolling as usual when the alarm sounded. As ordered, my assistant immediately Flooed the Auror Headquarters to report the security breech. In the meantime, I contacted those out on patrol to begin scouting for the source of the security breech. About twenty minutes ago we found what we think caused the security breech. Madam…you must see this with your own eyes, I can hardly believe it myself.”

Amelia, knowing that Ellsworth was the epitome of ‘calm and collected’ nodded quickly and followed him as he led the way. They walked down the main street of Hogsmeade and right between the border line where the shops ended and the residential homes began, was…a crystal formation. The closer they approached, the sooner Amelia realized that this was not just any ordinary formation of crystal. It was a Prophecy Crystal.

When they got within twenty feet of it, she stopped in her tracks. Powerful magic drifted in lazy ripples from the Prophecy Crystal. The Prophecy was not only active, it had been given by someone truly Gifted in the art of Prophecy. Moving forward cautiously, Amelia crept forward examining the stone. The closer she got, the more she felt the power of the Stone and as she confirmed that this was no ordinary Prophecy Crystal.

The words carved on the ten foot crystal were glowing. Behind her, McGonagall gasped softly as her eyes fell upon the words written in blazing crimson script.

*Peace shall be broken with the death of the King*

*Strife and death shall sweep the land.*

*Refuge in the spell’s mirror*

*Blinds eyes of foe and allies make hidden.*

*Forgotten to all but few*

*Danger looms on distant horizon.*

*To arms shall brothers slay brothers*

*To bed shall daughter and son lay.*

*Ally and foe both blind*

*The sands of time shall wear*

*Thin shall mirror’s spell become.*

*Salvation only in rebirth*

*Hope lies in one who Death calls Ruin.*

*Son of three, Heir of four*

*Betrayed and betrayer*

*Love and beloved of his foe.*

*Destruction to those who oppose him,*

*Mercy given to none*

*Save those named friend and ally.*

*Black spires will climb spearing the heavens*

*Darkness shall pass into darkness and blood will pave the streets*

*Long may he reign,*
“Oh my…” Amelia breathed, horrified.

Ellsworth laughed, his tenor voice edged with hysteria. “You haven’t seen anything yet, Ma’am. Wait until you see the back of the crystal.”

With trepidation, Amelia steeled her nerves as she slowly edged around the front of the crystal. On the back, near the base of the crystal was an inscription written by the Seer who had given the Prophecy. Her breath caught as she read the short inscription (1):

\[ \textit{Bona fide.} \]

\[ \textit{By the hand of Merlin,} \]
\[ \textit{Known as the Lightbringer.} \]
\[ \textit{On this, the longest night of the year.} \]
\[ \textit{Suum cuique.} \]
\[ \textit{Vivat crescat floreat.} \]

Shock did not even begin to describe what she was feeling.

Everyone knew that only one Prophecy had ever been given on the night of the Summer Solstice. Merlin’s Last Prophecy. And it was that Prophecy which had been only one to ever disappear.

What was lost now was found.

And the news it bore was ominous.

\underline{Valencia Court}
\underline{Artifex District, Lumen-Umbra, Unplottable}
\underline{Thursday the 25th of December 1997}
\underline{2:07 AM}

The ground shook violently. A mixture of molten rock, cobblestone and dirt flew through the air, pelting the surrounding buildings with a disastrous hail of destruction.

A black blur shot out of the ten foot wide tunnel.

Landing on a nearby pile of rubble, Cyriacus quickly looked around and finding no enemies quickly strode over to the nearest building and began climbing.

\underline{Justice Boulevard}
\underline{Vulgo District, Lumen-Umbra, Unplottable}
\underline{Thursday the 25th of December 1997}
\underline{2:10 AM}

Gabriel Quigley and Peter Lowell were both having one of the worst nights of their lives. This Attack, which had already destroyed more than five city blocks of Lumen-Umbra and damaged at least twenty other city blocks, was an unbelievable coup for the enemy. Until this night, both men
and the vast majority of the Wizarding World would have said such an Attack would be impossible on a city as large and as heavily protected.

But someone had done the unthinkable.

The two Wizards, both in charge of security, one in charge of the besieged city and the other the one who had overseen the new security arrangements, were angry. Partly at themselves and partly at the one who had so easily broken through defenses that over two dozen experts had claimed were insurmountable.

They had failed to protect the city.

They had failed to protect its inhabitants.

And somewhere in Lumen-Umbra, the person responsible for all the damage, all the bloodshed, was still undetected.

And both men would not rest until that person was brought to justice.

Already they were on the move to the Artifex District, where a large disturbance had been reported. No abominations had been sighted which could only mean that those that had emerged from the underground Tunnels had been nothing more than a distraction. Whoever was behind this Attack was attempting to make their escape unnoticed and was not above sowing even more destruction in order to leave. Lives had no meaning to this corrupt Dark Wizard.

Dead or Alive they would capture this menace to the Wizarding World. They could not afford to do any less.

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**Artifex District, Lumen-Umbra, Unplottable**  
**Thursday the 25th of December 1997**  
**2:14 AM**

Things were going smoothly…too smoothly in fact. Some might call him paranoid but in between swooping from building to building, he had the damnedest feeling that something was going to go horribly wrong. His instincts, however, were never wrong.

So he wasn’t terribly surprised when the Artifex District LARS units caught up to him. It also didn’t surprise him that they did not fall to the ground when he said the deactivation phrase. Cyriacus wasn’t worried, he had been prepared for this eventuality and with little ado simply blasted the LARS units with compressed orbs of Chaos Magic.

Of course, the downside to using said orbs was the rather thunderous BOOM that occurred when they struck the LARS units. And, Cyriacus mused to himself, the flying shrapnel which consisted of bits of clay, crystal and a nasty array of broken Charms which fluttered through the air in a wispy multi-colored cloud. He was careful to erect the strongest Shielding Charm he knew to avoid the latter after seeing what it was doing to the surroundings. There was something disturbing about seeing a stray cat turned inside out and well…it still being alive and moving. It was like something you’d see in a Muggle horror story and nothing that Cyriacus had ever done or wanted to do.

Once he had destroyed the last LARS and disposed of the odd…creations the stray charms had inadvertently brought to life, Cyriacus wisely left the area. So far he had managed to cross half a city block before being intercepted and he had another one to go before he would officially be out of the district. Then it was another three and a half blocks before he got to his destination in Regalis and his
ticket out of the city. If all things went according to plan, that is.

Maybe he was being paranoid but he could have sworn that his body was beginning to tire. His reaction time was just the slightest bit off based on the bleeding gash on his right cheek. But there was no other choice but to continue and so he jumped off the roof of a four story building and began to jog down the narrow alley. He would stay low to the ground until he was certain he was far enough away from any possible interceptors before taking to the air again. Although he had mastered flying two weeks ago, he had learned to his dismay that he was not proficient enough to avoid spells shot into the air.

The Strategy Room
Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton UK
Thursday the 25th of December 1997
8:20 AM

Voldemort was furious, though he hid it well.

That creature had no right to interfere in their lives! Such audacity was unthinkable! Did she not value what remained of her life? Voldemort did not trust the Primordials, with good reason, but even he had to agree with Asadyl in this matter. It was suicide to play such games with Cyriacus, he was merciless to his enemies and the graver the error or offense to him, the harsher the punishment.

Even during their relationship, Voldemort had not dared to deny his lover whatever he wanted, within reason. He understood best what lay beneath the exterior of his lover and even he would not dare to awaken that sleeping monster. The spies he had given to Cyriacus weeks ago had simply vanished without a trace and Voldemort had no interest to learn where they had gone. All had served their purpose and paid for their treachery.

On the other hand, Voldemort disagreed with Asadyl on the matter of that treacherous Chylla, Kohinoor. He didn’t care what Cyriacus did to her and in fact, he would be more than happy to assist his lover should he desire the help. She had already done her part, Cyriacus was born after all and now her interference was most unwelcome.

Cyriacus was his and had been from the moment of his birth. Voldemort would not share him with anyone and if he could not convince Cyriacus of her treachery, he may never get the younger Wizard back! While under the influence of her skillful manipulation, he had said things that had no doubt infuriated and distanced his lover. It was fortunate that Asadyl had managed to free him of her influence and better still that the Wraith had told him what had gone so horribly wrong between the two of them.

Voldemort did not just want Cyriacus back, he needed the younger Wizard. The weeks without Cyriacus at his side had shown him just how empty and tedious the path he had chosen was without having someone at his side. Victory would be his, but it would be hollow without Cyriacus next to him.

Impatient, all he could do was simmer in his own rage and plot ways to get his lover back.

To Be Continued in Chapter XXVII: Resolution III…

Notes:

(1)- Translated roughly the inscription reads:
In good faith,

By the hand of Merlin,
Known as the Lightbringer.

On this the longest night of the year. (the summer solstice so June 21st)

To each what they deserve. (This statement refers to whatever choice is made by the people who are alive when this Prophecy becomes active.)

May it live, grow and flourish. (The traditional ending statement given on all Prophecies.)

**FINAL CHAPTER:** A plethora of Flashbacks- Wherein we learn when Ascyltus and Kohinoor teamed up, what Cy knows of Ascyltus’s betrayal and why Cy chose to leave Volde in the dark. Along with Action- Quigley and Lowell meet their enemy, Cy’s plans go astray and the Wizarding World learns an unsettling truth!

At this point, only the reviews and my own determination are keeping my Muses under control. If I get enough reviews, I might even manage to do a flashback of the smut I rainchecked out on a few chapters back. Cy/Voldie in exotic Morocco…who doesn’t want to see that?

Thank you for reading, please remember to review!

-SheWolfe7 (Sept 1, 2006)
Resolution III

Author's notes: Kohinoor's plans revealed, Cyriacus's last stand and our heroes finally talk.

A/N: Alright, this is it folks! We have finally, **finally** reached the end of the first part of the Destiny Arc! It’s been a long road for me and I’m happy that so many of you have read and enjoyed this story. This chapter does have a short NC-17 smut scene which has been cut from the FFN version. You will find links on my bio to alternate sites where you can read this chapter uncut.

Thanks go to my good friend Akoya who helped me beta this chapter. She has also agreed to beta the re-vamped version of ID. Please give her a round of applause for her daring, as of this chapter, ID is 611 pages TNR font 12.

*Parseltongue, foreign words, letters/articles etc.*

*Emphasized words, headings,*

Irreversible Destiny
By: SheWolfe7

Chapter XXVII
Resolution III

*Tenderness and kindness are not signs of weakness and despair,*
*but manifestations of strength and resolution.*

-Kahil Gibran, Lebanese artist and poet in the US (1883-1931)

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**The Dungeons**

**Verity House, East Upper Valley, Dalhoor**

**Thursday the 25th of December 1997**

11:20 AM

Kohinoor walked through the dimly lit hallways, seeking the room where the others were waiting.

Today was the turning point; she had seen it centuries ago and had worked diligently to ensure it happened. Fulfilling the Prophecy was the whole point of her existence and sadly, had been from the beginning even when she had denied it. The Chylla had lived to see this Prophecy brought to life and when it was over, their time on this world would pass as was meant to be.

Asadyl had asked once if they had erred and she had told him that they all bore the guilt of their downfall, even the Chylla. Yet she had never corrected him about who held the most blame.

It was a shameful secret but it was the most ancient the Chylla carried. They had seen what would be, but had been too arrogant and too selfish to avert it. When they would not heed the warnings, Razul had appeared and reminded them of their purpose. And again they had been too full of themselves to care and because of them the others had been imprisoned and punished, something which could have been avoided if the Chylla hadn’t acted so foolishly.
Kohinoor wondered if Cyriacus knew of the Chylla’s greatest secret. It would not have surprised her if he did; no it wouldn’t surprise her at all.

And Morgan? Her granddaughter had been a key to ‘forging the path’ as the Chylla had dubbed the centuries of games and manipulations they had played to bring about Cyriacus’s birth. Despite what Morgan might have thought, it was not just the lives of her children that had been sacrificed, Kohinoor and the other Chylla had sacrificed themselves too. Some had died; sacrificing their very essence to renewing the fragile bonds that would allow them to draw and harness the spirit of the kyndrak in mortal flesh and all of them had manipulated and destroyed the lives of thousands to achieve their goals.

Kohinoor was certain that Morgan would be struck speechless if she ever learned the true span of her sins. While creating what would be a thrice cursed Blood Child would be among the most heinous, it was at least only a crime she had committed once. Murder, torture, slavery, abuse, treason, those were all crimes she had committed again and again, time after time. How many lives had been destroyed to further their goal? How many spirits were crushed or oppressed? And how many of her own children had she sacrificed to forge the path? The answer was one she did not want to contemplate but it was one that she was haunted by regardless.

The blood that covered her hands should have sickened her but Kohinoor was more worried about the kyndrak. None of them had been certain that the taint of their crimes would reach him but they had. She had expected him to be strong it was unavoidable considering the number of the helpless victims that had been sacrificed to the blood altar they had built for him. Yet the first time she had meet him in the flesh, she had never been so terrified by the weight of negative energy he harnessed as a result of the lingering taint of the sins the Chylla had committed in manufacturing his birth.

Asadyl had said that Cyriacus was beginning to accept what he was and Kohinoor feared that things were proceeding out of control. It was too soon for the full potential of his powers to awaken but she had felt the changes and she had acted recklessly.

As Morgan had been a key, so was the Wizard known as Voldemort only the role he played was far more important. It was more than mere destiny that had led him on his path to change the Wizarding World and it was no coincidence that he was so deeply and intricately Bound to Cyriacus. It had taken her thousands of years to find Razul’s legacy but what she had found had only reassured her that the future was secured and from there, things became simpler.

Everything had begun with Asadyl, Imryn and Razul so it had been little surprise that everything would end with their descendants.

It had been ironic to learn that said descendants had been drawn together inexplicably with very little guidance on the part of the Chylla. A little over a thousand years ago, the most powerful of the remaining descendants of Nazyh and Sapphra had found their way to Britain where Razul’s descendants had long ago settled. Imyrn’s line lived on in the descendants of Merlin, Asadyl’s line in the descendants of the Necromancer Blaze Hawthorne and Razul’s legacy lay in the descendants of Salazar Slytherin. And with the most powerful lines in one area, it had become easier to manipulate the bloodlines to insure purity later on when the time was right.

The end result had been clear. After careful evaluation of the situation and what their Foresight indicated, it was decided that Tom Marvolo Riddle was the best choice to not only be the mate of the kyndrak but to counterbalance the sleeping power the future Lord of Primordials would later wield. To assure the future, Kohinoor had carefully overseen his development and had one of her many descendants further his interest in the Dark Arts. Taliesin Arvell had become the young Wizard’s almost-uncle and had taken care of him once he had received his Hogwarts letter. It was a hidden
connection but one that had proved to be wise considering Dumbledore’s later attempts to meddle.

Decades later Voldemort had been in the perfect position of power to initiate the next step in the Chylla’s plans: insure the birth of the kyndrak, the connection between the two chosen mates and creating future bodyguards for both. From the moment Lily became pregnant, it became even more imperative that the remaining events fall out as Seen. At that point, half the remaining Chylla and their descendants had returned to Britain to personally oversee that the rest of the events leading to the fulfillment of the Prophecy came true.

Grimly, Kohinoor pushed open the doors to the room where the best of her descendants had gathered, awaiting orders. After today nothing would be the same and it was pivotal that everything proceed as planned. A mistake today would mean failure and failure was unacceptable.

There were days when Mehrdad wondered why things had turned out the way they had. If one believed his mother, what happened was destiny, inescapable and unchangeable. In addition to his mother’s plots, his father had sworn the loyalty of the Red Dragon Elves to one Cyriacus Snape, in the name of the Covenant owed to the fallen Primordials. Yet he had to wonder what fate awaited him in the service of the Primordial’s kyndrak and the wizard’s Prince of Dragons.

“I wonder what his goal is,” Justus pondered aloud from his seat at the table.

Mehrdad raised his white-blond eyebrows in inquiry. “He’s said it often enough I believe, he’s going to win and he’s not going to let anyone or anything get in his way.”

Justus laughed merrily, his copper hair falling into his dark green eyes. “That’s true but that wasn’t what I meant when I asked. He’s plotted well ahead to get so far but I wonder how he intends to leave Lumen-Umbra?”

“There is always more to that one than what most perceive,” Ulrich commented from his position leaning against the wall. “It’s what will lead to their downfall, you realize?”

Mehrdad shrugged, “I suppose that we’ll see for ourselves soon enough, it’s not as though we have a choice.”

The three men fell silent, engrossed with the bitter thoughts of choices or in their cases, the lack thereof. Like Cyriacus, they too had been born to serve a purpose, one that had been chosen for them long before their births. Their lives were bound to his unwillingly and the best they could do was accept it and move on. Just as he had.

Mehrdad turned slightly, his sensitive hearing alerting him to the arrival of his mother. A few minutes later the doors at the end of the room swung open and she strode in gracefully. Kohinoor was a beautiful woman, eternally youthful and gifted with Foresight that outclassed any Gift a mortal could possibly possess. She was also the most ruthless woman he had ever met and the most domineering. Her life was dedicated to the kyndrak and she paid every price imaginable to bring him into existence and pave the path of his ascendance.

“How goes his progress?” Kohinoor asked as she approached them.

Justus shrugged, “It goes as well as can be imagined, grandmother.”

Kohinoor frowned slightly as she watched the images. “There is still time yet. Are the three of you prepared?”

“Would it matter if we weren’t? It’s not as though we have a choice, mother.” Ulrich commented
“Your attitude needs improvement,” Kohinoor snapped. “Today there can be no errors Ulrich! If you are unprepared be forthcoming about it! If any of you make a mistake today, there is no telling what might result! I chose the three of you because you are the most gifted and skilled to handle this particular scenario, if you are unwilling to do your part, say so. It is not as though there aren’t others who would eagerly take your place.”

Mehrdad grabbed Ulrich’s arm and shook his head once, this was not the time to be rebellious.

Justus glanced at the two and once he saw that Ulrich had settled, got to his feet. “We are ready.”

“Fayruz is waiting at the stairs with a Portkey, she will guide you to Voldemort. I will be waiting at the Altar. Do not tarry.”

Mehrdad nodded once. “We will not fail.”

Artifex District, Lumen-Umbra, Unplottable
Thursday the 25th of December 1997
3:22 AM

Cyriacus cursed softly as he dodged quickly into the shadows to avoid yet another patrol of Hit Wizards. It was apparent they knew he was in the Artifex District, the only unknown factor was whether they were tracking him or simply following the disturbance he had made escaping from the sewer tunnels.

Under normal circumstances, he would have been willing to confront them but his body was beginning to tire from the constant strain of unleashing so much sealed power. It was clear he needed to exercise his powers more if such minor Summonings had tired him so easily. That and make adjustments to the various and sundry potions and runework he had poured so much of his time and energy into. If the enhancements had worked as well as he had originally theorized, he would have been barely breathing heavily. Figuring out where he went wrong would be a hellish couple of days but the improvements would be invaluable for later incidents.

Carefully checking to make sure there were no more enemies nearby, Cyriacus sprinted for the next alley. While he traveled from alley to alley, he wryly pondered what led him to this. It was true that he had wanted the Stormsinger’s Mask and the Book of Omens but he could have easily taken them when the Medieval Magical Artifact Exhibit moved to the Parisian Museum of Magical Artifacts in late January. There had been many factors behind his choosing Lumen-Umbra as his testing grounds. But largely, he had allowed himself to be goaded by that immoral Chylla Queen bee, Kohinoor.

FLASHBACK

Cyriacus had had enough! He was a grown adult, with more than enough power to destroy any enemy that might cross his path. He was sick and tired of having the watchful eyes of a Chylla follow him.

Ignoring the fact that he was in the middle of Vitium Court, he twisted around, grabbed hold of the spy and demanded she take him to Kohinoor. Wisely, she had agreed and led him to Dalhoor. Somehow, Cyriacus wasn’t the least be surprised…at least until she had led him to the front door of Verity House.
It all made such twisted sense that Cyriacus was surprised he hadn’t seen it coming. While Arcanum had cast its shadow over the Wizarding World, the members of the Verity House had done the exact opposite. Where the Arcanum Alumni had used manipulation from the shadows, they had gone about their domination of the Wizarding World openly. Comprised of over forty individual Pureblood Families, the Verity House was not so much a household as it was a gathering of the most ancient Pureblood Families in the world.

Verity House was impregnable and spoken about in awed tones. To be a member was to be a Royal amongst commoners, even the oh-so illustrious Malfoys would have been seen as common riff raff. The Families that made up the Verity House dominated the Wizarding World socially and financially. Their power was absolute and their connections rivaled Arcanum in some matters. Yet the two grand powers had never once fought, as far as he recalled, which had always struck him as very strange.

Before he could ponder matters in greater depth, he had been guided through the exquisitely decorated hallways and led to a study. The room could have passed as a library, as the walls were filled with books that towered two stories high. Yet the centerpiece of the room was a large desk set near the back wall. Barely five minutes had passed before Kohinoor had entered the room, as infuriatingly blasé as normal. It was a sign that he attributed with Seers of great power and one that irked him to no ends. Namely because it reminded him so much of Dumbledore when he had been younger, always being vague and acting omniscient. It grated on his nerves even to this day.

“What may I do for you today, kyndrak?”

Cyriacus glared at her. “Firstly, you can tell your underlings to stop following me around everywhere! How you expect me to do what is necessary for my survival with them dogging my footsteps, I can’t understand. Secondly, I know that you’ve been doing something of questionable nature and I know it has to do with that power hungry Lich Asyltus. I don’t like it when others play games with me, and I like it even less when people meddle in my affairs. You will either tell me what you’ve been doing or I’ll use my Gift to find out…and then I’ll unleash my displeasure upon you and yours twice fold!”

Kohinoor simply looked at him. “Your threats mean little to me; I’ve ordered worse things done to others than anything that you might dream up. I offered you the truth of what you were months ago and you dismissed it like the child that you are. Perhaps you are finally ready to see?”

“You think you know me, wretch?!” Cyriacus growled as he stalked over to her. “Just because you saw to my unnatural birth doesn’t mean that you know who I am! How dare you treat me like some ignorant child! I don’t need you anymore than I need Voldemort, despite what either of you may think, and I won’t be a pawn in either of your games!”

“Until you prove your strength, your claims of maturity mean nothing. You will never overcome the obstacles that await you if you do not stop acting so foolishly!”

Cyriacus snarled at her. “No one can challenge my power and I’ll prove it to you! I’ll attack Lumen-Umbra and I’ll bring the city to its knees!”

END OF FLASHBACK

Unfortunately, he could not blame his short temper on allowing himself to be goaded into proving his mettle. It had played a part certainly but it had not been the key factor which, as he now knew, could be blamed solely on that meddlesome Chylla. Kohinoor had accused him of acting brashly well; he
could say the same of her! She was the one who had panicked over him beginning to accept what he was and chose to begin an all or nothing campaign to get the Bond between Voldemort and himself permanently anchored.

FLASHBACK OF A VISION

Cyriacus found himself in a very familiar room. He watched silently as Kohinoor paced back and forth while several other Chylla waited patiently.

“He is already in khanel and is quickly beginning to manifest brother traits of the Deviants, Revenants, Savages and even Razul’s Gift. I worry his power is manifesting far too quickly.” Kohinoor commented at last, stopping in front of the others.

Fayruz frowned. “What would you suggest? Once khanel has begun, there is no way to slow the process.”

“That is true but we can help him anchor his power.”

“You’re referring to the Bond? Are you certain that is a wise idea? The two do not even have a stable relationship yet.” Nanaea pointed out, incredulous.

Kohinoor waved her hand. “If the development of his powers were not in such a dangerous stage I would not even suggest such a thing but as matters stand, if we do not do anything, I fear how things will turn out.”

“Who will be our pawn then?”

“I have watched closely and the Lich As cyl tus would be our best choice. He desires the kynd r ak’s power and he would be more than willing to help ruin their budding relationship. Jealousy and loneliness will make them realize that they need each other, if only for comfort.”

Cyriacus gaped at them, just barely catching Kohinoor’s last thoughts on the matter before he was ripped away back to reality.

‘I will make this work! They cannot afford to be weak and the darkness within the kynd r ak needs to stay dormant for a few months more. The time is not yet right…”

END OF FLASHBACK OF VISION

Cyriacus shook his head; he needed to stay focused on the present. After he made his escape, he could ponder all he wanted about Kohinoor’s goals and the situation with Voldemort. Stopping at the mouth of the alley, he spotted the towering mansions that dotted the Regalis District. Freedom was close.

“Use the detectors! He can’t have gotten far!” Peter snarled at the Hit Wizard carrying the portable communication device.

Gabriel paced restlessly nearby, wand in his hand with his eyes scanning the shadows back and forth restlessly. They had set up a temporary base of operations at the intersection of Artifex block N-4 and Regalis block N-3. Squads of Hit Wizards had been sent out to comb the Artifex Blocks near the
disturbance with Dark Detectors and communication pendants.

“Sir! We’ve locked onto the aura of the intruder; it has just crossed into Regalis block P-3!” One of the Hit Wizards shouted.

Peter’s eyes flamed. “Good! I want all available forces outside the city stationed around the Regalis blocks P-3, P-2 and P-1 to push inward; we’ll catch him in one of the Viridarium blocks. Any forces within the city that are not engaged or have subdued any hostiles are to flank the Viridarium blocks immediately! Captain Phillips you will stay behind and arrange the flanking, make sure to equally distribute the forces among the latter 7 districts and the rest of you mount your brooms, we’re going to follow the bastard by air now that we have a lock on their position! We must not let the intruder escape justice!”

The Strategy Room
Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton UK
Thursday the 25th of December 1997
8:25 AM

Heads turned away from the glowing images being displayed over the table top. Asadyl, having recognized the familiar aura of the one approaching, got to his feet. Voldemort looked up, curious at the sudden tension in the room.

Moments later the door opened and a gold haired Chylla entered, three strangers following her. The tallest, was an ethereal looking Elf who had pale white-blond hair and dark hazel-green eyes. To his right was a broad shouldered man with shoulder length copper ringlets and piercing gold eyes and the final stranger was a heavily muscled man with a broad shoulders, short cropped brown hair and dark blue eyes.

“Fayruz…what are you doing here?” Asadyl asked examining the newcomers behind her with suspicion.

“I have come to deliver a message to the heir of the brykri.” Fayruz answered with a Mona Lisa smile.

Asadyl wasn’t the only Primordial present who hissed with surprise at the revelation. “The what?”

Without sparing the others a glance, Fayruz moved fluidly through the room and presented to Voldemort a scroll of parchment sealed with black wax. Voldemort looked skeptically at the scroll before accepting it wordlessly. After eyeing the image pressed in the wax, he broke open the seal and began reading.

Across the table, Lucius watched the flicker of emotion on Voldemort’s face. First there was surprise, followed by caution and then rage which quickly turned into concern. Five minutes passed and then Voldemort got to his feet, face carefully blank.

“I have matters to attend to. Lucius, I leave you in charge of the others. Take no action without my written command. I will send a note later today.”

Asadyl, who looked at Voldemort with not a little shock and some disgust, frowned darkly. Fayruz had already gone so there was no one to question and the three strangers had followed Voldemort out without speaking a word to anyone. Just what was Kohinoor plotting now? Was this just another
Regalis District, Lumen-Umbra, Unplottable
Thursday the 25th of December 1997
3:35 AM

Cyriacus twitched as he felt a familiar buzz against his ear. Ducking into the shadows against an ivy-covered wall, he reached up and brushed his finger against the earpiece.

“What?”

“They’ve locked onto your aura and are closing in from all sides. Estimated time of interception at your present speed is five minutes.”

Cyriacus scowled, “Sooner than I expected but I can handle it. Keep me informed.”

“Will do.”

“So they think they can catch me, huh?” Cyriacus murmured softly as he shed his cloak. “They’ll have to be sharper than that to get me.”

He had five minutes to get to where he needed to go and if they had already locked onto his aura, there was no need to be discreet. Besides that, today’s battle would be pointless unless he tested the full capability of his powers. If they wanted a fight, he would give them a fight the likes which they’d never seen. With a feral grin, he reached down and unclasped the two tiny vials hidden behind his belt buckle. As he downed the noxious concoction, he removed the power limiting ring from his navel.

Pure energy poured through his body and his aura flared fiercely around him. Now it was time to show them what he was made of.

“Shit!”

Peter turned to look at the Hit Wizard carrying the Dark Detector. “What’s wrong?”

“Sir, the aura of the intruder just spiked to an unbelievable height. His presence vanished momentarily, it appears as though he Apparated directly to the Viridarium block N-2.”

Gabriel frowned, “He’s going to make his stand there.”

“Relay orders to the other intercepting groups, I want twelve support groups surrounding the border of the block to prevent his escape and then I want another twelve support groups to form a perimeter two hundred feet within the block itself. I want all Hit Wizard squadrons to the front line; we can’t let the intruder escape. I want him alive.”

“Right away Sir!”

Lumen-Umbra was a disaster zone.

The communication channels were filled with myriad voices, reporting devastating destruction, heavy attacks or the number of dead and wounded found at sites devastated by the monstrous creatures set loose within Lumen-Umbra. The Order of the Phoenix had been one of many support
groups assigned to destroy the creatures attacking the Vulgo district. It had been a horrifying battle, one they had barely managed to win and the casualties had been high.

In the attack they had lost Hestia Jones, Molly Weasley, Raphael King and Natalie Hooper. Karl Broadmoor and Amelia Chambers were badly injured and had been taken to the hospital by fellow Healer in training, Tyler Edgecombe. Karen Mourning had not been seen since they had arrived and the oldest Weasley brothers were being dug out from a building which had collapsed. Moody, Shacklebolt and Tonks were bandaging each other’s wounds and taking Pepper-Up Potions.

Dumbledore had never felt so exhausted in his life and while this battle had been won, they had suffered heavy losses. When the orders came for all available support groups to move to intercept the mastermind behind the assault, Dumbledore had to leave behind a quarter of the Order to recover from their injuries. Fortunately for them, they had only to cross one block and were given orders to proceed forward to act as perimeter guard.

Even though he could not see the mysterious fiend who had plotted this grand attack, Dumbledore could feel their aura. It was powerful, that was undoubtedly true but what was even more intimidating was the sheer stain of Dark magic in it. Whoever this figure was, they had literally bathed their hands in the blood of innocents over and over again.

Could this be the mysterious Prince of Dragons? Or was it the terrifying Necromancer Ruin?

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The Drawing Room  
Number 12 Grimmauld Place, London  
Thursday the 25th of December 1997  
8:50 AM

The room was silent as everyone listened to the reports regarding the attack on Lumen-Umbra. It was unfathomable to hear that the greatest Wizarding city on the planet, had been brought so low.

Hermione tried to comfort Ginny who was sobbing at the loss of her mother. Ron, who sat with the other boys in his year, kept repeating “It can’t be true,” over and over again in disbelief. The Weasley’s Grandfather clock did not lie. The hand with their mother’s name was pointing to ‘death’, while the hands for Bill, Charlie, the Twins and their father were all pointing at ‘mortal peril’.

Oliver Wood had been left behind to keep an eye on things and he did not know what to do. What do you tell someone who has lost their mother? How do you keep up the spirits of the others who don’t have any clue how their loved ones are doing? Why had Dumbledore left him here in charge of them? He had never felt so helpless in his life and never so inadequate.

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The Ritual Room  
Verity House, East Upper Valley, Dalhoor  
Thursday the 25th of December 1997  
12:00 PM

Voldemort coolly followed his temporary hosts through the maze-like hallways of Verity House. It had been the first time he had been invited to the mysterious mansion but, he mused, it would likely not be his last. Like most family seats, Verity House was filled with priceless rugs, paintings, statues
and miscellaneous object d’art. The marble floors shone and not a speck of dust resided within the cavernous hallways.

It was eerily silent, which was odd for a house of this side but likely the inhabitants had been asked to vacate the residence for the time being. Kohinoor would be monitoring Cyriacus’s actions and would not want any outside distractions. Voldemort scowled darkly, if what was written in this letter was true, he too was nothing more than an elaborate pawn in her game.

Mehrdad opened a hidden doorway and they continued on their way, following the winding staircase down deep beneath the ground. The air became cooler and moist, light provided by glass lamps filled with Bluebell Flames. After what seemed like an eternity, they arrived in front of a set of stone double doors. Voldemort eyed the macabre carvings that decorated the massive doors; fiendish specters in elaborate hooded robes performed various Dark rituals. Ulrich and Justus each grabbed a door handle, which were shaped to look like a spinal cord, and pulled the doors open.

“This is where we leave you, we will wait here.” Mehrdad said simply.

Voldemort nodded once and calmly strode through the doors. The room beyond was dark but unlike the hallways, it was not silent. It sounded like water dropping on a still pool but the scent in the air was…metallic. Warily, he passed through a narrow hallway and to his surprise, arrived on a landing overlooking a large Ritual chamber. He couldn’t make out the room very well from his vantage but the moment he set his foot on the top step, torches began to light up from various positions around the room.

He gaped at the sight in front of him.

The chamber itself was not as large as he might have expected, but what it lacked in size, it made up for in appearance. Along the far wall was what appeared to be a narrow rectangular pool filled with a red liquid he guessed to be blood. Spiraling down from the ceiling were glass tubes which dripped drops of blood and a strange black liquid into the narrow pool below.

If that wasn’t a startling enough sight, a strange crystal formation jutted out of the floor in the center of the room. It was multicolored and pulsed gently with ancient magic. Curious, he walked down the short flight of stairs and moved closer to examine the strange sight. As he neared it, he realized that the crystals all bore runes of a type he had never seen. He walked around it several times, examining the various jutting formations, taking in their appearance and the placement of the runes on each. It was puzzling, he had never seen anything like it and he was not new to the subject.

All crystals had the potential to be used as focal points in casting ritual magicks or holding and storing power and spells. There were even a rare few that could reflect, absorb and transmute spells that came into contact with them. It was a complex division of magic, one rarely taught in magical schools. He himself had only learned about the subject by apprenticing under a Master of the subject. From observing Cyriacus, he had learned a few new methods crystals could be used for but he had never seen anything like this.

“They are beautiful aren’t they?”

Voldemort stiffened and turned around, glaring at the serene woman standing behind him. “What purpose do they serve?”

“We used these crystals as a template to etch the Blood Runes onto the kyndrak’s shell. In essence, the runes that cover these crystals allow him to access and use his power. He has learned to see and modify Blood Runes on others but he cannot do the same to himself unless he comes here to this place and, even then, he is a special exception. Alterations can be made to better enhance his powers
and the flow of his magic but he cannot erase any abilities we have given him.” Kohinoor explained.

“And the blood?”

Kohinoor smiled mysteriously. “You will see what that is for later. Suffice to say, it is essential to his existence, although unnecessary as of yet.”

Voldemort considered her words carefully. “Why have you asked me to come here?”

“You were chosen to serve a very important role. Through the Bond I created between the two of you, you will serve to anchor his excess power. When the Bond is completed, it will allow the two of you to share power and, in your case, it will awaken Razul’s second greatest Gift: the ability to siphon magic from any plane of existence and store it within your Core or another vessel.”

“But that…is impossible!” Voldemort exclaimed, shocked.

Kohinoor’s eyes shone with amusement. “It is not impossible for those with Primordial blood.”

Voldemort was silent for a minute, putting the pieces of the puzzle together. The Primordials had been the first beings able to use magic and through their mating with humans, the first Magical beings were born. Through the interbreeding between those magical beings and breeding with humans, wizards and witches had been born. All the Primordials save the Chylla had been banished to another plane of existence and the Chylla had banded together to fulfill a Prophecy to free their imprisoned brethren.

Somehow they had managed to track and manage the bloodlines of the key descendants of Imryn, Asadyl and Razul. When they saw that the time was getting closer to the birth of the kyndrak, they had implemented the next stage of the plan, which was to arrange for a suitable mate. The closer the time came to Cyriacus’s birth, the more effort was expended to create future bodyguards and all of them would have Primordial blood.

Cyriacus was at present a twice cursed Blood Child and before the Primordials were freed, he would be thrice cursed. When Asadyl and Kohinoor both died, he would become the Lord of the Primordials. But something…didn’t make sense. Kohinoor had said multiple times that he ‘would become the kyndrak’ and that the position had been created exclusively for him.

“What…does it mean to be the kyndrak? It is more than just a title isn’t it?” Voldemort asked finally.

Kohinoor smiled, she had been waiting to someone to ask this question. “I do not recall how we came to be but Asadyl, who is eldest among us, recalls the presence of a being that was similar to us but…different. We believe this being was our…creator; a father perhaps would be a better term. It did not communicate with us but we could feel it observing us and a number of years before we met with our downfall, its presence vanished completely. Many years passed before we felt the presence return, this time in a mortal shell. It did not know us and now, I think perhaps, it had gotten bored of such a tedious existence. When it died, its spirit left behind the shell of flesh and bone and passed on into what is now the Celestial plane.”

Voldemort gaped, “It gave up immortality?!”

“It is the only explanation we have for what happened. In any event, I remembered it and determined that perhaps if we could channel its spirit into a vessel that was a blend of all the Primordials, we could awaken its memories of what its old existence was. I believe I have accomplished what I sought to do. The body Cyriacus was born in is the closest re-creation of the presence that Asadyl recalls and the powers he is manifesting are very like those of the ancient being.”
For the first time in a number of months, Voldemort was utterly speechless. All of this, everything that had happened was beyond his imagination and until he had seen it with his own eyes he would never have thought it possible. Were the Chylla geniuses or the greatest fools to live? The audacity to have done what they did was utterly shocking. If the story was true, what would happen if Cyriacus remembered his old existence? More importantly, would Cyriacus still be himself or would he be consumed by his past life?

Viridarium, Regalis District, Lumen-Umbra, Unplottable
Thursday the 25th of December 1997
4:04 AM

Cyriacus waited calmly, eyes closed in indifference as he was surrounded. Oh, they were trying to be subtle but they hadn’t a hope in hell of sneaking up on him in this form. Biding his time, he amused himself with coating the vegetation growing within the block in a very fine dusting of his magic. It was a difficult task but if achieved correctly, would be very beneficial.

He stood in the center of a large botanical garden. In front of him was a white stone garden arch, around which crimson roses crawled along its surface. To the ignorant, it looked like nothing more than the focal point of what was known to be the largest wizarding botanical garden. This section of the two Viridarium blocks was for contemplation and relaxation whereas the other section was for games and exercise. Of course, there was a reason for this and it lay in that faux garden arch.

Another ten minutes passed in silence and finally he grew impatient. Honestly, did they think he’d simply surrender without putting up a fight? What fools had begun to populate the upper echelons of the American Ministry anyway?

“I tire of these games, if you will not make the first move, I shall be happy to do so.” Cyriacus said rather suddenly, as he bit his left index finger and smeared blood on three of the runes tattooed to his chest.

“Stop him you idiots!” Someone shouted and suddenly a barrage of various spells was sent in his direction.

Cyriacus smirked as he coolly launched himself into the air. Drawing his legs to his chest, he wrapped his wings around his body and spun in the air, neatly deflecting the incoming attacks. Wordlessly, he cast a powerful Light Spell, blinding his attackers while he made last minute adjustments to stabilize the Doorway. As the Light dispersed above him, a glowing vortex appeared below him, a glowing black hole from which first one of the Ravagers emerged. They had the build of a cheetah, possessed glowing orange eyes, black furred bodies and teeth like serrated knives.

Chuckling, Cyriacus perched on the stone arch and cruelly waited until some of his attackers regained their sight. Frightened shouts and screams pierced the air, causing some to foolishly send Stunners in his previous direction.

“Sic ‘em, boys!” Cyriacus commanded.

And just like that the supposedly master less creatures sped forward with frightening speed into the mass of Hit Wizards and wrecked devastation. Now the air was filled with the sounds of screams and Cyriacus calmly dropped down to the ground, a double bladed staff appearing in his hands as more Doorways appeared out of the sky. With this many adversaries, he had an abundant amount of
offerings just waiting to be taken. As he fought off two Hit Wizards he poured more of his magic into the very air, stabilizing the Doorways.

He did not need to waste his time focusing his will to call forth specific Summons. With an open Doorway, the scent of blood and death, they would come freely of their own will. And with every death, he would come one step closer to awakening the dormant magic in the faux garden arch.

“By the Lightbringer…” Gabriel gaped as he saw the swarm of fiendish creatures rush forward, killing indiscriminately.

Around him, squadron leaders attempted to rally their squads while they began to make preparations to fend off the coming horde. Deafening screams and shouts filled the air and the sense of fear became stronger as more creatures appeared out of shimmering holes dangling impossibly in the air.

There was no time to think. It was all he could do to hold his ground, his body moving and spells rolling off his tongue as he dodged and shuffled through the battlefield. He was never any more thankful that all his Hit Wizards and Aurors had been instructed to carry short-range weapons. In a battle like this, there was no way to avoid close physical contact with the enemy.

A thrust with his sword combined with an Incendio did wonders for most of the creatures, mind you, it wasn’t a completely painless endeavor. He was thrown, smashed, tripped, clawed and bitten before he had managed to wade more than ten feet into the war zone, heading to that winged monstrosity that was, without a doubt, the Necromancer Ruin.

“Maintain your formations!” Peter shouted as he decapitated a Spitting Lizard. “Someone relay for reinforcements and tell the outer group to put up a ward to keep the monstrosities inside this block! And where the hell are the damned squadrons with the explosives?”

“Sir, the creatures have broken through our lines on the west and the north-east! Receiving reports that the perimeter group is engaged with some unknown elemental creatures.” One of the Hit Wizard’s shouted as he helped the Head of Defense run through a strange centipede like creature.

A thunderous boom sent debris, body parts and blood flying in the air. Blinded by the cloud of dust, Peter was sent flying through the air as a spiked tail lashed into his side. The unexpected and jarring pain ripped a scream out of this throat and he lost his breath as he landed in an ice cold water garden. His body smashed into the bottom of the three foot deep pond and he inhaled water before flailing to the surface, coughing.

While he attempted to get his bearings, he realized grimly that he had dropped his broad sword.

Had he the time to catch a glimpse of Necromancer Ruin with his own eyes, Dumbledore would have done so. Alas, he was too busy trying to stave off a strange creature which shot poisoned needles with its tail. The creature had a hide thick enough to absorb most spells and most of those stung with its poisoned needles died within minutes. It was not a pleasant sight but then, this night had redefined the word horror.

This was, unfortunately, not the sort of battle for a wizard of his age. He could only be thankful that they still outnumbered the creatures or he would truly be in mortal peril. Teaming up with Moody, two Canadian Aurors and a trio of American Aurors, they managed to finally kill one of the needle shooting creatures. Unfortunately there were at least another dozen running rampant through the perimeter.
Cyriacus’s Room  
Argyle Tower, West Lower Valley, Dalhoor  
Thursday the 25th of December 1997  
12:40 PM

Nusayr prowled nervously back and forth in front of the obsidian arch set in the middle of Cyriacus’s sitting room. Checking the time, he growled. Cyriacus was late! Making his escape shouldn’t have taken this long and he was helpless, there was nothing he could do. Around the room, the others waited just as nervously. If something went wrong with the Avatar Projection Charm, Kohinoor would have their heads on pikes and he didn’t even want to contemplate what Asadyl would do to them.

Iah walked out of the bedroom, looking drained. “How much time is left?”

“He has another twenty minutes.” Baraz answered slowly.

Nusayr took a deep breath. “He’ll make it. Iah, sit down before you collapse! Salil, go and bring Asaph, we’ll need another donor since Mordecai is already taking his turn. I’ll check the arch to make sure it’s working.”

The others did as they were told, their nervousness momentarily forgotten. Nusayr calmly stood in front of the arch and shuddered as he heard the faint murmurs of his dead wives and children. Closing his eyes, he stepped away from the arch. It was working fine, now they only had to wait.

The Ritual Room  
Verity House, East Upper Valley, Dalhoor  
Thursday the 25th of December 1997  
12:44 PM

Voldemort was dizzy and weak. He was never, ever going to listen to a damn thing that Chylla ever said again!

Yes, he wanted Cyriacus back and yes he was willing to do a great many things in order to get his lover back. Donating blood had seemed like a small price to pay, especially as he intuited that the blood pool was very important. However, he had not expected Kohinoor to take four pints of blood in one session! Even with a Blood Replenishing potion, he still felt weak and it had been nearly an hour.

At the far side of the room, Kohinoor and Nanaea were busy arguing in hushed tones. They had been arguing for the past fifteen minutes and Voldemort was getting rather irritated. Observing them, he caught the words ‘Razul’, ‘alteration’ and ‘memories’. Having come to some sort of agreement, the two women walked over to the fountain and emptied the bottles containing his blood into the pool.

Viridarium, Regalis District, Lumen-Umbra, Unplottable  
Thursday the 25th of December 1997
Amelia Bones was on a mission and nothing, not even that pathetic excuse for a Minister was going to stop her. All attempts at relaying the horrifying discovery she had made at Hogsmeade had failed dismally, there was simply too much magic in the air and all the communication channels were distorted and garbled with too many people trying to make reports. So she had done the only thing available to her, she had Apparated to Lumen-Umbra and undertook the dangerous journey that was traveling on foot through the besieged city. It had taken her thirty minutes to convince the guard force erecting a containment barrier to let her through and she had entered what surely was hell on earth. A wasteland of death awaited her, guarded by ferocious monsters and at the center of it all, the messiah of a new age.

There was no hope to win this battle, let alone the war. Not with an enemy like this, one who Merlin had prophesized would change the very world itself.

Amelia Bones was no one’s fool and she knew very well that the war that was coming was unavoidable. It had festered for centuries and now the time had finally come to end the vicious cycle. In the beginning it had only been a war between the magical and the non-magical but with each century that went by the war had spread within their own ranks. Different magical beings began to war with each other just as the non-magical humans began to form their own nations.

War had raged without end for thousands of years, with the non-magical humans wiping out whole groups of magical beings. For the Wizards this had gotten worse after the death of the legendary King Arthur. It was at this time that an agreement was reached by all magical beings; all would erase signs of their presence from the non-magical and each group would ignore the presence of other magical beings unless a conflicting issue arose. From that point, the non-magical humans had remembered magical beings and creatures only as whimsical tales out of ancient legend.

Now it seemed that the time had finally come to break the ancient treaty. Merlin could not have referred to anything else as he had used the term ‘mirror’s spell’ which was the first of the Anti-Muggle spells that had been developed. Many had thought that a day would come soon where it would no longer be possible to hide. The Muggles had made many advancements and it was quite possible they could inadvertently create a device that would allow them to see past Anti-Muggle spells. It was from this fear that the original debates about blood purity had developed centuries ago and it was the base on which many wars had been fought in the Wizarding World.

If Merlin had seen the end of the treaty over fifteen hundred years ago and predicted the result of what came after, to Amelia, there was no point in fighting the inevitable. Necromancer Ruin and the Prince of Dragons were not two people as many had assumed and after seeing Merlin’s Lost Prophecy, she knew very well what he was capable of doing. This was what had brought her here, it was time to tell the others what she had learned and maybe…some of them would be wise enough to leave well enough alone.

Gabriel was fighting the most important battle of his life against the creature that had brought so much destruction and loss of life to the city he had sworn to protect. Neither had exchanged words as no words had to be said. They would fight until one of them couldn’t stand at which point Gabriel would take the other into custody or he would be killed.

It was a dangerous dance as they exchanged blows. The other was particularly gifted in the use of the staff and he had long ago given up attempting to hex the other. For one, his opponent was gifted in wordless magic and secondly, the strange scale on the Necromancer’s body repelled magic.
Gabriel blocked a thrust at his stomach and was surprised to have his legs swept out from under him as his opponent twisted around and knocked him over with his tail. Landing on his back he rolled to the side and avoided another stab at his chest. Clambering to his feet, he was surprised to see his enemy frozen in place, a spearhead sticking out of his left shoulder and a knife held to his throat.

“Drop your staff or I’ll kill you.” Peter growled, pressing the edge of the knife into Cyriacus’s neck.

A flash of light erupted behind them and Cyriacus knew that it was time to end the game. Amused, he dropped his staff and quickly smeared blood on the Sealing rune on his chest. Immediately shrieks and howls of outrage poured across the battlefield and he watched with satisfaction as his creatures were pulled back through the open Doorways.

Most Necromancers wouldn’t have tried something as daring as performing a Summoning like this without a salt circle but Cyriacus had cunningly dusted the entire block with magic from his secondary Orb of Stability. This had made every person who had come into contact with his magic a target for the Ravagers. And when blood had been spilled on the remaining magic dusted on the vegetation, he had opened the other Doorways. None of the creatures who had come pouring out of the Doorways had even attempted to attack him, they all knew what he was and that he could easily banish them so they had turned their attention to the helpless fodder around them.

A flick of thoughts and the remaining magic that had formed his Orb of Stability was drawn back together and easily sent back through the single Doorway remaining, the Ravagers following behind it eagerly. That one golf ball sized Orb had more power than all the wizards and witches on the battlefield combined and was a prize they would not forswear. The moment the last Ravager vanished, the Doorway closed.

Taking advantage of the momentary surprise of his two most immediate threats, he materialized a throwing dagger in one hand and a sword in the other. With precise aim, he nailed Gabriel in the thigh and thrust the sword through his stomach, impaling his would-be murderer.

“Well it was fun meeting you both but it’s time I made my departure.” Cyriacus smoothly commented and calmly cut all threads that held his Avatar form in the clay golem he had used to infiltrate Lumen-Umbra.

It was with much amusement that he stepped out of the clay body he had worn, idly watching it melt into a heap on the ground. Revealing what would later be confirmed as the missing heart of Roger Davies and various major organs of other missing spies who had infiltrated the ranks of Voldemort’s forces.

Around them, the survivors had crept forward, awed to see the enemy up close.

Gabriel stared at the glowing form standing next to the kneeling form that was the American Head of Defense. “What are you?!”

Cyriacus, who wore the guise he had given himself the night he had first been summoned by Voldemort, grinned. “As you have no doubt guessed, I am Necromancer Ruin, Guild Lord of the Guild of Necromancy and Heir of Blaze Hawthorne. You might also know me by my other appellation the—”

“Prince of Dragons,” Amelia spoke up, having finally arrived too late to have stopped the needless bloodshed.

“Amelia?” Dumbledore asked surprised.
Cyriacus tipped his head back and laughed. “Ah, so you found the gift I arranged to be dropped off at Hogsmeade! I’m very pleased to hear it, Madam Bones.”

“What is he talking about?” Several different people asked, among them Gabriel Quigley, Alastor Moody and a bloodstained Peter Lowell.

Amelia took a deep breath. “We received notice of a security breech in Hogsmeade. I lead a force of Hit Wizards and Aurors to the site and was led to a Prophecy Crystal. It was positively identified by several Unspeakables as Merlin’s Lost Prophecy. I read it and came here to warn you.”

“Warn us about what?” Dumbledore asked, his eyes never leaving Cyriacus’s glowing form.

“She came to warn you about me, probably.” Cyriacus said interrupting the little inquisition.

“Yes,” Amelia answered, unnerved.

Cyriacus laughed as he walked away from them. “Too late for that m’dear! I’ve already crushed Lumen-Umbra and showed you the futility of getting in the way of my plans. Tonight was only the barest hint of what I can do with my powers and I’ll let you in on a little secret…my powers have only just begun to develop.”

“No…” Gabriel gaped.

“I’ll let you all familiarize yourselves with Merlin’s Lost Prophecy; I have business to attend to. Merry Christmas and have a good New Year!” Cyriacus replied laughing as he strode through the faux arch and vanished.

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Cyriacus’s Room
Argyle Tower, West Lower Valley, Dalhoor
Thursday the 25th of December 1997
12:57 PM

Nusayr sighed with relief as he watched Cyriacus walk through the obsidian arch. Without a word, the Primordials gathered followed as Cyriacus walked through the open door and into the bedroom. Mordecai sat on the bed, straddling Cyriacus’s body as he fed his blood to the barely living form underneath him.

“Get off,” Cyriacus ordered.

Mordecai obediently got off and stood to the side of the bed. The Primordials watched as Cyriacus walked over to his body. To Cyriacus’s frustration, he was unable to connect his Avatar form back into his real body. Checking the clock set on his nightstand, he began to worry. He had less than two minutes to get back into his body before the spells sustaining it wore off and his body died. Once the spells wore off, he would have, at best, another ten minutes to get back into his body before brain damage kicked in from lack of oxygen. Panicking, he used a little too much force attempting to get back into his body, as his body began to cough up blood. Cyriacus forced himself to calm down and pray that he hadn’t given himself too much internal damage.

He really didn’t want to die! It would save him a lot of aggravation but honestly, as much as he bitched, he really did like being alive! There was still so much for him to do, killing Kohinoor, getting back together with Voldemort, watching Fudge get kicked out of office and getting revenge
He was not afraid of death. He was a Necromancer after all and he knew all the mysteries behind death and existence on other planes. Truthfully, he was not sure why some people feared death; it was only an altered state of being after all. Death was not a loss of being, if anything, it was the one place where a spirit could become whole.

Of course, he was not quite dead yet. Drifting in the barren outlands of the Celestial plane he was floating in limbo, the precarious stage between life and death. Cyriacus absently hoped this would be his first and only visit to the desolate place. There was something disturbing about this place, something that caused unease to bloom from within his very soul. It was not a pleasant feeling.

Time passed at a snail’s pace, or so it seemed, for all he knew years could have passed since he’d appeared here. There was no guarantee after all, that he would pass on like a normal spirit even if his body had died. The Avatar Projection Charm was born from a rather unorthodox application of Necromantic ingenuity, delicate runic work and sheer belief. It began with creating a suitable golem, a task which tested both his ability in Potion making, blood magic rituals and runic craftsmanship. Once the golem was completed, the next stage was casting the Avatar Projection Charm itself. It was the magical equivalent of a machine-less life support and instant spirit ejection of the highest order.

In most situations when a Necromancer’s Feint was used, the spirit of the Necromancer was entrapped into the Anchoring item used to sever the connection. Although with other preparations, it was possible to use the spirit form to travel to other planes but there was a limit to what could be done or could be learned in spirit form. Cyriacus had spent weeks creating the perfect charm which would allow him to retain full use of the power available to him and use them in an artificial shell.

That had been the master stroke of the Avatar Projection Charm. There was an extreme difference between a spirit and an Avatar. A spirit had no access to magic outside of their body but the Avatar did. And the charm was completely worthless to other wizards and witches unless they possessed the same Blood Gifts as he himself and the available power to fuel such a dangerous and complex spell.

Morgan had told him flatly that he was crazy to attempt such a risky spell but to Cyriacus, it had been the only acceptable solution. If he could get the Avatar Projection Charm to work successfully, it would completely eliminate the vulnerability of a Necromancer during an open battle. While things hadn’t gone as well as he had hoped, he had noted several things that could be improved upon for the next attempt. The only issue now was that he was stuck here.

He had all the time in the world at the moment and knowing how valuable he was to the Chylla’s grand scheme, it was only a matter of time before they figured out a way to bring him back. As much as the idea of depending on them irked him, he admitted with some resignation that they were good at what they did and were skilled in their Gifts. So the only option available to him was to wait.

The Ritual Room
Verity House, East Upper Valley, Dalhoor
Thursday the 25th of December 1997
2:15 PM

Voldemort sat on a chair next to the makeshift bed that contained his former lover, reading through
the scrolls that detailed the theory behind the Avatar Projection Charm.

Well over an hour ago, Nusayr and the rest of the Carapace had come bursting into the Ritual Room, acting like headless chickens and carrying Cyriacus’s, then lifeless shell. Kohinoor had lit into them with a fury that Voldemort hadn’t imagined the normally calm and collected Chylla was capable of. While the Carapace explained what Cyriacus had done, Nanaea had simply removed a strange looking black worm from a jar and tucked it into Cyriacus’s ear. Moments later, the younger man’s body had begun breathing and the initial panic had died.

The room was filled with movement as Primordials from various sub-groups gathered in clusters, exchanging ideas about where Cyriacus’s Avatar had gone and how to get it back. Although concerned, Voldemort was not as worried. Having read through the scrolls, he knew that everything had been done correctly and with Cyriacus’s body working, it was only a matter of time before his spirit form found the connection back to his body.

Aside from concern, Voldemort was furious at the sheer stupidity of his former lover. What the hell had he been thinking trying something so dangerous with no one else around to offer advice or speculation? This idiotic maneuver was undeniable truth that Cyriacus did have some Gryffindor tendencies remaining. When the other was fully recovered Voldemort would be more than pleased to punish the younger wizard for being so fool hardy. Then, maybe he would take him out on another date as Marcellus Arvell. They always had such good times and it was relaxing being able to go out in public with Cyriacus. Of course, the sex afterwards was always something to look forward to.

Grinning lasciviously Voldemort fondly recalled the last date they had together. As the media knew they were dating, going out in public tended to ruin their fun but as Krum had been added into the equation, it was important that Marcellus be aggressive in his pursuit. So for this occasion, Voldemort had made good use of his connections as Marcellus Arvell.

To Cyriacus’s surprise, Voldemort had rented out the large pavilion in the center of the park in Leisure Alley. It was decorated with fairy lights, and a multitude of vases filled with roses in every shade of the rainbow. They had a candle lit dinner under the moonlight with Celestina Warbeck singing love songs.

After they finished dessert, Voldemort had brought him closer to the pavilion and to his surprise Cyriacus saw that instead of Warbeck’s usual chorus of Banshees, Voldemort had hired a famous choral group made up of Athenian Sirens. As they started singing, Voldemort led him in a dance. It may not have been as flashy as their first date but it was a great deal more romantic.

When their date ended, they had returned to Cannaid Clegr momentarily so Cyriacus could leave Dumbledore’s Tracking Charm on one of the House-elves. Instead of returning back to Riddle Mansion, Cyriacus had suggested they go to Eagle’s Spire instead. Voldemort had not regretted that choice.

FLASHBACK

They had arrived, not in the bedroom as Voldemort had expected, but in the hot springs underneath the castle. It was a cavernous room with high ceilings and comfortably warm. He could see several different pools in the large room and wondered which Cyriacus would select. Turning to look at his lover, Voldemort was slightly surprised to see Cyriacus had already stripped out of his clothes and had sunk into the heated depths of the largest spring in the room.

“Well, aren’t you going to join me?” Cyriacus purred, splashing the warm water across his neck and
shoulders.

Voldemort didn’t need any more coaxing. He could have broken the record for stripping out of his clothes and joining the younger man in the water. It was deliciously hot and he could feel the eager tension in his muscles relaxing. Moving closer, Voldemort pulled Cyriacus into his embrace and claimed the lips he had eyed all evening. Cyriacus tasted remarkably good, like the strawberries and chocolate they had had for dessert. Deepening the kiss, Voldemort drew their slick bodies tightly together and pushed Cyriacus up against the uneven wall of the pool.

Cyriacus groaned as the uneven rock pressed into his back and Voldemort pulled away to see green lust filled eyes. Chuckling softly, he bent his head down and nipped at Cyriacus’s throat. The skin was soft and had a faint metallic taste, from the water of the hot spring, he guessed. Tilting his head to the side, Cyriacus moaned and buried one of his hands into Voldemort’s silky hair. Hands tracing idle patterns on his lover’s back, Voldemort kissed his way lower and bit and suckled one of Cyriacus’s nipples.

Groaning with impatience, Cyriacus dropped his hands to Voldemort’s hips and pulled until their groins were pressed tight and then rocked their hips together. Not about to be rushed, Voldemort released the nub from his lips and latched onto the other, biting down harder in reprimand. Cyriacus jerked against him, hissing at the sharp pain followed by the pleasurable lap of a tongue soothing away the sting.

“I want you to fuck me!” Cyriacus complained, mouth tugging at Voldemort’s ear.

“In a minute,” Voldemort retorted, knowing how impatient his lover was normally. As he sank deeper into the water, he used his tongue to trace the toned stomach of his lover while his hands nudged Cyriacus’s legs apart.

Moving obligingly, Cyriacus was about to protest again when Voldemort took a deep breath and then sunk below the water. Gasping as his cock was enveloped in his lover’s mouth, Cyriacus flailed behind him, grabbing the edge of the pool to keep his balance. Voldemort wasted no time, taking Cyriacus deep into his mouth and sucking hard while he thrust his fingers inside of Cyriacus, massaging his prostate in maddening circles. Writing in pleasure, Cyriacus shouted as he came and would have sunk into the water, if Voldemort hadn’t wrapped his arm around him as he surfaced.

Turning the younger man around, Voldemort didn’t waste any time and thrust inside his lover with one smooth stroke. Cyriacus groaned as fissions of pain and pleasure assaulted his senses. Normally he didn’t like it rough like this but when he was needy like this, pain meant nothing to him. Voldemort had enough control to wait a few moments for the other to relaxing before he started up a brutal pace. Crushed between the uneven rock wall in front of him and the unrelenting slick form of his lover behind, Cyriacus could do nothing but squirm in pleasure.

Voldemort had an iron grip on Cyriacus’s hips as he thrust in and out twisting his hips in a circle, enjoying the moans for more whenever he massaged that one spot that made his lover turn into a gibbering wreck. This was the power that he loved to have over Cyriacus. He loved to hear the other cry out in pleasure demanding more and, rarely, begging for his touch. It was an addiction he would never give up and it was as sweet as phoenix song to his ears.

This was the passion that existed between them and he would keep the fire of their desire burning brightly and someday, he would be the only one Cyriacus would need or want. That was the day he was looking forward to most of all. It was not enough to be the only one his lover allowed to fuck him, Voldemort wanted to be the only one to give his lover pleasure and release. He wanted to be the only one Cyriacus had eyes for, just as Cyriacus was the only he looked at…
“-mort? Voldemort!”

Jerked out of memories, Voldemort looked up into Nusayr’s annoyed eyes. “What do you want?”

“You need to move out of the way, Kohinoor says we need to move him.” Nusayr replied, glancing over at the eldest of the Chylla, who was over by the blood pool.

Voldemort followed the other’s gaze. “She’s going to put him in that is it wise?”

Nusayr shrugged, “I’m only doing as I was told. That blood is the blood collected from all the rituals they did so it has a very tangible connection to him, they hope it’ll help him find his way back.”

Voldemort simply got up and moved out of the way as Nusayr and the hulking Sargon lifted Cyriacus’s body up. They rested him by the edge of the pool, stripping his clothes off before carefully lowering him into the pool of blood, careful to keep his head above the red liquid.

Minutes turned into hours and it was nearly dusk when Cyriacus’s eyes suddenly opened and he began gagging. Nusayr helped him sit up and Cyriacus turned his head over the rim of the pool and spat out the worm Nanaea had put into him earlier. Kohinoor had been called over and was shooting numerous questions at her prized specimen. Cyriacus snarled and snapped responses at her as he was helped out. Once he was seated on the edge of the pool, he realized that he was completely naked and that he was covered in blood. Apparently the latter was the last straw.

Cyriacus staggered shakily to his feet, called Kohinoor a number of unflattering things in several different languages and abruptly collapsed as his body weakened body sought recovery in sleep. Amused, Voldemort took control of the situation, directing Nusayr and the rest of the Carapace to dress Cyriacus in one of the nightshirts Kohinoor had provided and calmly herded them out of Verity House.

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**Voldemort’s Suite**  
**Riddle Mansion, Little Hangleton, UK**  
**Saturday the 27th of December 1997**  
**3:09 AM**

Cyriacus woke up in a very familiar bed, curled up against a familiar body. As he attempted to regain his bearings, he wondered how he had ended up here. The last thing he remembered was yelling at Kohinoor and then everything had gone black. Raising his hands high enough to rub his eyes seemed like a monumental effort and he had no sooner begun rubbing his eyes when he felt the heavy stare of crimson orbs.

“You’re awake finally,” Voldemort commented, his voice filled with a combination of relief and irritation.

Cyriacus blinked at him sleepily. “How did I get here?”

“I had Nusayr bring you back here after you collapsed in the Ritual room at Verity House.”

“That…wasn’t what I was asking. Why am I here in your bed?”
Voldemort contemplated him for a minute and then replied, “Because this is where I want you to be. Kohinoor she-“

“Drove us apart yes, I know.”

“What?”

Cyriacus smiled slightly. “I Saw it with my Gift and I know her motives too. She wanted us to strengthen the Bond…she’s afraid that my powers are growing too fast.”

Voldemort frowned. “How long have you known?”

“A few weeks.”

“And you didn’t say anything?”

Cyriacus looked into the angry eyes of his former lover. “I had something to prove to myself and it wouldn’t have mattered. Kohinoor didn’t stop her meddling until Asadyl caught Asclytus and her red handed.”

“That lich was involved?!”

“Very much so,” Cyriacus answered, slightly amused.

Voldemort growled audibly. “I’m going to torture that lich within and inch of death and then I’m going to heal him and start all over again!”

“That won’t be necessary, I have plans for him and he’ll suffer more for them than he would under your torture.” Cyriacus answered, eyes shining with vindictiveness.

“Very well,” Voldemort yielded gracefully, still irritated but knew that Cyriacus was merciless when provoked.

They lay together in silence for a few minutes.

Tenderly, Voldemort caressed Cyriacus’s face. “I want you back. I’ve missed having you with me…”

“I missed you too,” Cyriacus admitted.

Voldemort kissed him softly. “This time, I want you to be mine only. No more sleeping around for the sake of proving your loyalties.”

Cyriacus smiled slightly as he inhaled the familiar scent of coriander and cardamom, the scent he associated with his lover. “I can promise you that this time. I’m tired of playing those games and someday…you might finally convince me to be your Consort.”

“Then I look forward to that day,” Voldemort smiled and kissed Cyriacus again. “Go back to sleep you’re still very weak, we’ll talk again when you wake.”

“Alright,” Cyriacus agreed, yawning. “I want to know everything that’s happened while I was unconscious.”

Voldemort chuckled. “Fy draig…I will tell you everything later. I learned during our separation that the hardest thing was to live without you at my side. Have you not realized it yet? I would set the world at your feet if you asked it of me. I love you like I have never loved anyone or anything, being
with you makes my life complete.”

“That’s good to hear because I feel the same way.” Cyriacus murmured, closing his eyes. “Maybe I was a fool for completing the Christmas Attack on my own but I had to see how strong I was. Although I accomplished my mission, it would have been smoother had we worked together.”

“Sleep,” Voldemort urged, running his hand through Cyriacus’s hair. “We will talk later about our foolishness.”

“Our?”

Voldemort sighed, “Yes, as much as I hate to admit it.”

Cyriacus snickered as he drifted off to sleep. Perhaps their separation had been for the best, now they were both willing to admit their mistakes.

To Be Continued in Precarious Destiny…

Final notes:

Viridarium- In this story, it refers to a large garden
Brykri- It’s what the Primordials called Razul, it means ‘Exile’
khanel- the time when a Primordial’s powers begin to mature
kyndrak- A Primordial word that means ‘Dark One’. As you now know, it is a reference to the being that created them.
Fy draig- Voldemort’s pet name for Cyriacus, it’s Welsh for ‘my dragon’

In spirit of the season and desire to try new things, I am offering to write oneshots for the 1100th reviewer from FFN, the 150th reviewer from HPfandom and AFFnet and the 100th reviewer from Foreverfandom. Requested oneshot can be from one of my established fanfics or something new entirely. Gen or slash and I’m willing to try writing new pairings outside of LV/HP, beyond that I leave the rest up to the lucky reviewers.

I don’t know when I’ll begin posting Precarious Destiny but I am planning a re-vamping of ID. Please let me know about any scenes there were left out you would like to see added in or any scenes that you think could use more depth or detail and I’ll see what I can do.

Thanks for sticking with me and please remember to review,

-SheWolfe7 (Nov 30, 2006)

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!