Endless Wonders

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/10685394.

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Endless Wonders

by Eye_Greater_Than_Three
Summary

A collection of random snippets. Some of these snippets included sneak peaks off up coming stories, and some are original versions of different stories.

See each chapter for warnings.

Everything is centered around Harry Potter characters.
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### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

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**Continuations**

- **The Locket: To Have and To Hold** by Me
- **Hero: Truth and Lies** by Me
- **Wish: Wish Upon a Star** by Me
- **Crush: The Mysterious Redhead** by Me
- **Tattoo: The Change in the Tattoo** by Me
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- **Those Words: Rewrite the Stars** by Lady Lombax
- **Perchance to Dream: Perchance to Dream** by Me
- **I'll Be Waiting: Before I Loved You** by Me

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**Future Installments**

- **Graveyard** - The resting place of old stories, like the original versions of different fanfiction
- **Written in Fire** - A Song of Ice and Fire / Game of Thrones
- **Pointed Up at the Stars** - Harry Potter
- **Matters of the Heart** - Criminal Minds
- **A Different Tale** - Grimm
- **Into the Pathless Woods** - Pokemon
- **Into the Dark** - Twilight

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**Chapter End Notes**

This collection of drabbles and ficlets is a bunch of ideas I’ve had for awhile, requests, challenge responses, and previews. *Endless Wonders* will have 105 parts. When I finish this, I plan to start another collection. I don’t want these collections to be too long.
Harry Potter glanced around. He *definitely* wasn’t at Grimmauld Place anymore. Wherever he was was some kind of cave judging by the looks and sounds of things, and feel of the damp air. Looking around he found himself on an island in the middle of a large body of water.

“Water, need water,” he heard someone saying.

He frowned and grabbed his wand while stuffing the stupid locket into his pocket. He made a mental note to destroy the locket later. He made his way as quietly as he possible could to the source of the voice. He found a young man, maybe seventeen or eighteen years old, laying on the ground. Glancing at the young man, he found it strange how much he looked like Sirius.

“Where’s a cup?” Harry asked.

The young man turned his head to look at him before repeating, “Water, need water.”

Sighing, Harry glanced around looking for a cup. Not finding one he transfigured a stone into a cup as best he could. Casting the water spell the cup filled itself up. Placing it to the stranger’s lips he helped the man drink it.

Taking a closer look at the young man, Harry realized he did look like his godfather. This man was much younger than Sirius, but stood about half a head shorter. He had the same ebony black hair color and smoky grey eyes.

“Who are you?” he asked.

“Reg-Regulus Black,” the man slowly answered. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath before snapping them back open and jumping up. “What are you doing here?” he demanded. “How did you get here?”
“I was cleaning,” Harry replied.

Grey eyes narrowed, silently demanding Harry explain.

“I was cleaning my godfather’s house,” he began, “the batty old house elf wouldn’t do a thing. When I grabbed this locket,” he said pulling it out his pocket, not noticing Regulus’ eyes widened, “I ended up here.”

“W-who’s your godfather?” the young man asked.

Harry eyed the man before shaking his head, “I can’t say.”

“Is it Sirius Black?” Regulus asked.

Emerald eyes widened.

“I never thought he’d return,” he said. “What’s your name?”

“You mean you don’t know?” the fifteen year-old asked as he brushed his bangs over his scar.

Regulus frowned and shook his head. Taking a few steps forward, he cleared the boy’s bangs to take a look at the scar. He ran his pointer finger over it. He recognized the feeling of the scar, it was a horcrux. Glancing down into the emerald, he knew the boy had no clue.

“No one’s ever touched it before,” Harry said. “I’m Harry Potter.”

“I thought the only Potter left was James,” Regulus stated.

“He was my dad. He’s dead, so is my mum,” Harry told the Regulus. For some reason, Harry just knew that he was telling the truth about not knowing about him.

“How’d he die?” he couldn’t bring himself to distrust the boy. His body language said he spoke the truth, or at least the trust he believed it to be. Regulus also noticed several of Lily Evans’ features in him, like her eyes, her nose, her cheekbones, her lips.

“Voldemort.”

Reaching out, Regulus grabbed a hold of Harry and pulled him close. Harry wrapped his arms around the old man. Leaning towards each other, their lips met. Unknown to either of them, they disappeared from the cave and reappeared in drawing room of Grimmauld Place.

“REGULUS!” shouted Sirius Black in disbelief at the sight of his brother kissing his godson.

The pair broke apart and glanced around them.

Chapter End Notes

There is a longer version available featuring a female!Harry Potter: To Have and To Hold.
The first time Harry Potter had noticed Reid Garwin was when he and a friend of his, Tyler Simms, cheated a few guys out of money playing pool. It was his first night working at Nicky’s, so Harry chose not to interfere. Nellie had advised him against getting involved with the pool hassling with something about “other Sons” and “take care of it”.

Harry couldn’t help but notice the curve of Reid’s back or his long arms as he leaned over the pool table, lining up his shot. Harry stood off to the side watching as Reid tried to make the impossible shot. The blond hit the white ball and sunk both the seven ball and the eight ball, winning the game for him and Tyler. Then the fight started up and quickly as it started it ended when two other guys - Caleb Davners and Pogue Parry - interfered.

The next few times Harry saw Reid around the bar were when the blond was hitting on anything that walked his way. Usually the blond didn’t get what he wanted - or at least what Harry amused he wanted. It wasn’t until after New Years’ when Reid hit on him with a gleam in his eyes, something Harry had never seen when the blond hit on women.

“I’ve seen you watching me,” the blond began, smug smirk in place and arrogance laced into his words while his eyes shined with hope, “and I’ve gotten say that you’ve got great taste.”

Harry’s emerald eyes narrowed as the seventeen year-old senior continued to talk.

“Can I get you anything?” Harry asked, interrupting the blond after a few minutes.

The blond froze, his hazel eyes widening a little. He glanced over in the direction of his friend, Tyler. Harry watched the two of them have a silent conversation from a distance. In the end, Reid threw one last look at Harry something dancing in his hazel eyes before returning to his friend.
Harry watched him leave in confusion. Something was up with the blond.

After that night, Reid and Tyler didn’t return to the bar on nights he was working.

The next time Harry saw Reid was at the big Spencer versus St. Adams’ swim meet in April. Harry had attended with Hermione to cheer on Hermione’s younger sister, Perdita who was a sophomore on the Spencer swim team.

Reid had won all of his events: the hundred yard butterfly and the hundred yard individual medley. He had even helped set a new record for both the two-hundred yard and the four-hundred yard medley relay with his friends Tyler, Pogue and Caleb.

After the meet, Harry was hanging around waiting for Perdita and Hermione in the parking lot when he heard shouted words and fighting. Without a second thought, Harry left his car and walked off in the direction the noise was coming from.

When Harry found the scene, he was enraged. Two of the St. Adams’ swimmers held Reid as three others took turns beating him up.

“You should just do the world a favor and die, Fag,” spat one of the swimmers as he punched Reid’s jaw.

At the sound of the word ‘fag’, something snapped inside of Harry. With the help of his magic he had four of the guys beaten up within ten minutes. He watched the five of them run off with slightly glee before turning his attention to Reid, who was struggling to stand up.

Harry walked over and helped the blond stand up. He was surprised when Reid didn’t push him away, but didn’t dwell on it too long.

“Are you alright?” he asked gently as he helped Reid walk to the parking lot.

The blond mumbled something that Harry didn’t catch.

“Reid!” three people shouted as Harry heard running come towards them. He glanced over to see Reid’s three friends, Hermione and Perdita come running towards them.

The three males slowed down as they approached and got a good look at Reid. Each quickly wore a mask of anger.

“What happened?” demanded Caleb.

“A few St. Adams’ guys were beating him up,” Harry replied.

“Matthews,” hissed Tyler as he took his best friend’s other side.

Caleb, Tyler and Pogue quickly took Reid from Harry, but not before the blond gave Harry a kiss, and loaded him into Tyler’s Hummer.

A week and a half later, a smirking Reid Garwin stood across from Harry with a wad of cash from his nightly pool hassling. “Wanna catch a movie or something?” he asked.

Harry didn’t even bother to comment that the blond didn’t seem the movie date type as he nodded.
Chapter End Notes

Upgraded oneshot featuring a female!Harry Potter is available: Truth and Lies
003. Wish

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Orion Black/Harry Potter
Warnings: alternate universe; slash; time travel; mentions of future mpreg; mentions of violence and murder; and out of character!Black

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

**Fandom:** Harry Potter  
**Pairing:** Orion Black/Harry Potter  
**Warnings:** alternate universe; slash; time travel; mentions of future mpreg; mentions of violence and murder; and out of character!Blacks  
**Prompt:** (Theme) Saving Sirius

003. Wish

Harry Potter curled up on with Buckbeak in the master room as he hid from everyone in Number Twelve Grimmauld Place. Tears leaked from his emerald eyes as he thought about the recent loss of his godfather. He still couldn’t believe that Sirius was gone. He choked back a sob as he tried to force himself to refrain from crying.

He turned his emerald eyes to the window and gazed out at the stars. He quickly caught sight of a shooting star and recalled his Aunt Petunia’s word to Dudley when they were kids. “*If you wish on a shooting star, it’ll come true.*” It was one of the few mentions of magic Dudley got as they were growing.

“I wish I could save Sirius,” Harry muttered to the star. His emerald eyes shined with tears until the star was out of sight and Harry was overcome with the sudden need to fall asleep.

...

Harry awoke what felt like minutes later by the pressure of something pressed against his throat. He opened his eyes to find himself staring at four wands. The owners of those wands were a middle aged a couple and a teenaged wizard and a teenaged witch. Each wore a carefully placed mask of indifference, but Harry could see the curiosity burning in the teenage witch’s and wizard’s eyes.

“Where are you from?” demanded the middle aged wizard, his grey eyes narrowed at Harry as he carefully watched the teenager.
Harry frowned at the question, clearly confused.

The middle aged witch glared at her husband before turning her kind blue eyes back to Harry. “We know you’re not from our time,” she said softly. “What year are you from?”

Harry’s emerald eyes widened. Had he traveled through time? But how what that possible? Hermione said time travel was impossible without the use of a time-turner. “I’m from July 1996,” he replied. “Where I am?” he asked.


Harry’s eyes widened. He was over fifty years in the past.

“What’s your name?” barked the middle age wizard.

Both of the teenagers perked up at the question.

“Harry Potter,” he replied.

“That’s a muggle name,” stated the teenaged witch.

Harry was about to open his mouth to reply that he was a half-blood when he remembered he was in the Black house and according to Sirius his family believed in blood purity.

“Behave Lucretia,” the middle aged witch scolded her daughter. “Do you know what your pureblood name is?” she asked, turning her attention back to Harry.

Harry frowned and shook his head.

“That we will,” the middle age wizard agreed with a nod.

The middle age witch smiled at Harry. “I’m Melania Black,” she said. “These is Arcturus Black the Third and our children Lucretia and Orion the Third.”

Harry’s emerald eyes widened. If he remembered correctly Orion Black the Third was Sirius’ father.

“Walburga,” he began, catching the four Blacks’ attention, “is your wife then, right?”

Orion scowled while Lucretia let out a small laugh, Mrs. Black smiled and Mr. Black’s eyes narrowed.

“No, that would never happen,” Mr. Black said. “Walburga’s our cousin - my children’s second cousin.”
“Where did you get an idea like that?” asked Lucretia, laughter laced in her voice. She behaved un-Black, according to Sirius’ description of his relatives.

“Sirius,” Harry replied, his emerald eyes beginning to tear.

“Who would that be?” Orion asked, tried not to snap at the mysterious time traveler. He would never Walburga as his wife, especially now after seeing Harry. He was going to have this Harry as his future spouse.

“My godfather,” Harry replied. “I think he was your son.”

“‘Was’?” repeated Melanie. “What happened - happens - to my grandson?”

“He was killed in June,” Harry replied. “It was my fault. He died trying to save me.”

Mr. Black lowered his wand as he watched the time traveling teenager begin to cry.

Mrs. Black gasped at the fate of her future grandson and pulled Harry into a hug.

“How did he die?” demanded Orion, his eyes narrowed. He didn’t like the fate of his son.

“He was murdered by Bellatrix Lestrange,” Harry replied as leaned into Mrs. Black hug. Her hugs felt nice, better than Mrs. Weasley’s had ever felt. “She was his cousin.”

“My daughter would do that?” Lucretia asked, disbelief in her voice and her eyes widened in fear.

Harry shook his head. “She’s Cygnus and Druella’s eldest daughter. You never had any children, according to Sirius you and Ignatius were murdered in 1961 around the time Regulus was born.”

Mr. Black made a note to insure Druella Rosier would not marry into the Black family. He would not have her children murdering his future heir.

“D-did Sirius say how I died?” Lucretia asked, her eyes still wide. She was supposed to die in sixteen years at the age of thirty. At least she didn’t have to worry about telling her dad she was dating Ignatius Prewett.

“I think in a Death Eater attack on Diagon Alley,” Harry answered, his eyes narrowed as he tried to recall everything his godfather had told him about his messed-up family. The more time Harry spent with these four Blacks’ the more he found his godfather’s words to be false about his family. The Blacks’ were treating him nicely.

“What’s a Death Eater?” asked Mr. Black. Whatever it was, he was going to see to there never being any of them.

“What this Regulus you mentioned?” Mrs. Black asked, her eyes shining with hope. “Is he another grandson?”

Harry nodded at Mrs. Black. “He was Sirius’ younger brother,” he answered. Orion paid more attention and leaned in closer. “He died in 1979 while serving Voldemort.”

Orion’s eyes narrowed. His youngest son died at the age of eighteen and his oldest son was killed by his cousin at the age of thirty-seven. He had a lot to change.

“Who’s this Voldemort?” demanded Mr. Black.

“The Dark Lord,” Harry replied. “He raises to power in the fifties, I think. His followers are the
Death Eaters.” He pulled himself further into Mrs. Black’s arms. The feeling of her holding made him feel oddly safe, a feeling he wasn’t used to feeling.

Mr. Black’s eyes narrowed. He had a lot of planning to do. He would see to it that this Voldemort, Dark Lord or not, ever rose to power and his Death Eater were nothing more than an idea.

“Voldemort’s real name is Tom Riddle,” Harry added.

Lucretia’s eyes widened at the name, while her brother started to foam with rage.

“Tom Riddle as in the Slytherin?” she asked. Riddle was in the running for Head Boy this next year.

“He’s the Heir of Slytherin,” Harry corrected her.

“I thought he was lying about that,” Lucretia said.

“We’ll talk about this later,” Mrs. Black ordered. “It’s been a long morning and we need to take care of Harry here.”

Orion nodded on the door of his father’s study and waited for his father’s reply of ‘Enter’, which came a few seconds later. The Black Heir opened the door and slid inside. He took the few steps over to the front of his father’s desk. Mr. Black looked up from his parchment and motioned for his son to take a seat while he finished writing.

A few minutes later, Mr. Black put his quill down and turned his attention to his son.

“I want to bond with Harry,” Orion declared, getting straight to the point. His smoky grey eyes stared into his father’s.

Mr. Black nodded. He had expected this much. “He’ll be an excellent edition to the family,” he said.

Orion smirked. It was all the blessing he was going to get from his father.

“I’ll need more than two grandchildren,” Mr. Black said. “From what I’ve gathered Sirius was born sometime prior to 1960 and Regulus in 1961. You know your mother would like at least four.”

Orion nodded. He liked the thought of having more than two children with Harry and he knew his mother wanted numerous grandchildren since she had been unable to have more than two children.

Harry stared at Orion, unsure of what to do or say. The Black Heir remained in his place as he stared at Harry, waiting for an answer.

Biting his lip, Harry thought of Sirius and the future he knew. By agreeing to marry Orion there was a chance Sirius would never exist, but Harry shook his head. Sirius would exist, it just wouldn’t be
his godfather Sirius, it would be his son Sirius. He would do this. He would marry Orion Black and save Sirius, from both Bellatrix Lestrange and his terrible childhood.

“Yes,” Harry whispered.

Orion smiled at him, his smoky grey eyes sparkling with happiness. He quickly pulled Harry into a kiss.

Chapter End Notes

Upgraded full-length featuring a female! Harry Potter is available: Wish Upon a Star
Ned Banks stole another glance at raven haired man at the pool table. The blonde recognized the other man from around Rockland University. Turning his eyes back to his friends, he met a pair of amused grins from them.

“What?!” snapped Ned.

Brandon made a kissing face while Cassie laughed and hit her boyfriend on the arm.

“Just go talk to him already,” Cassie said with an encouraging smile.

Ned took another glance over his shoulder and met a set of familiar emerald green eyes. He quickly turned back to his friends with a pink blush painting his cheeks. Brandon and Cassie shot him grins again before turning their on each other, trying to force him to confront his dark haired crush.

Ned took a few deep breaths before turning back around. He frowned and tried to control the surge of jealousy rushing through his body. Some bleach blonde and her three bottle blonde friends were flirting with his crush. The four were barely dressed and all touching the green eyed man.

He glared at them before turning his attention back to his drink. His thoughts wondered to his not-so-secret crush. Ned knew the dark haired man was Britain and he was a double Pre-Med and Psychology major with a Biology minor. He spent long hours volunteering at Rockland Memorial Teaching Hospital. He was friendly to everyone, but had only three close friends. From what Ned learned his name was Harrison, but he found the name too formal for his mystery crush.

With a shake of his head, Ned tried to clear his thoughts. He stole another glance for his shoulder and
found the dark haired was no longer by the pool tables. Taking a quick glance around, Ned found his crush had disappeared. Grabbing a hold of his glass he quickly finished the rest of his bitter beer. He stood up, throwing a few dollars on the table and walked out of the bar.

Stepping out into the cold February weather, Ned increased his pace as he walked towards his car. As he neared his silver SUV, he noticed a figure leaning against the driver’s side. With a frown he continued walking towards his car. He could tell the figure was male, but not much since the street was dimly lit.

“I was wondering when you’d come out,” the man said as he pushed off of Ned’s car and turned to face the blonde.

Ned felt his cheek reddened and he found himself unable to reply.

His crush chuckled and took a steps towards Ned. “Edmund Charles Banks,” he said with a smirk. “You’re an undeclared major with a three point seventy-five GPA and strong interest in supernatural studies - especially those of ghosts and the afterlife. A close friend of Professor Eli James. You’re a local, still living at home with your mother and you work part-time for Melinda Gordon at her antique shop. You’re one of the school radio DJs. You’re favorite color’s green - because of my eyes.” His smirk widened and Ned felt his cheeks reddened. He had no clue how he knew all this stuff. “You’re a loyal friend.”

Ned nervously shifted from foot to foot as his crush glided forward until they were inches apart. He could feel the other male’s breath on his cheek.

The Pre-Med’s smirk turned into a smile as he leaned forward and whispered into Ned’s ear, “I’ve also heard you’re an excellent kisser.”

Ned felt a pair of lips met his and his eyes slid close as returned the kiss. His raised his arms and wrapped them around the other male, pulling him closer. They broke apart a few minutes. Ned rested his forehead against his crush’s and stared into his emerald green eyes.

“Call me Harry, all my friends do,” he said. He smirked before adding, “Though I hope we’ll be more than friends.” He pulled out of Ned’s embraced and walked over to the passenger side of Ned’s SUV with his smirk still in place.

Ned’s eyes widened as he pressed the button to unlock his car before hurrying over to the driver’s side.

Chapter End Notes

Upgraded oneshot featuring female!Harry Potter: The Mysterious Redhead
005. Tattoo

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Jack Hodgins/Harry Potter
Warnings: alternate universe; slash; mentions of femslash; mentions of het; mentions of alcohol and drinking; and out of character

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Fandoms: Bones and Harry Potter
Pairing: Jack Hodgins/Harry Potter
Warnings: alternate universe; slash; mentions of femslash; mentions of het; mentions of alcohol and drinking; and out of character
Prompt: (Item) A new tattoo

005. Tattoo

Jack Hodgins hissed in pain when a random person ran into his arm. He glared at the kid, who quickly ran off. He shook his head and turned back to Zack and Dr. Brennan. The three of them were on their way into the bar to meet the rest of their team after solving a case.

“Dr. Hodgins, are you alright?” asked Zack Addy, as the trio entered the bar.

“I’m fine,” Hodgins replied, trying to dismiss his friend’s concern. When the kid ran into his arm, it had hurt a lot, but that was only because of his new tattoo. He had had the one of Angela removed when he began dating Hadrian Potter-Black. The first time they slept together, it had been rather awkward after Hadrian had seen the tattoo and Hodgins had been forced to explain it was his ex-girlfriend. And, just recently, Hodgins had a new of Hyacinthus tattooed there.

As the three scientists joined their friends, Hodgins noticed that Angela was there with Roxie, her girlfriend. The pair stole a glance at him before moving a little closer together. Hodgins merely ignored them. He was over Angela now, he was crazy about Hadrian in fact, but he still had yet to tell his friends about them. He was pretty sure that Zack didn’t even know about Hadrian, even those his boyfriend practically lived in the mansion.

The group of seven friends and co-workers - plus Roxie - talked and drank at a table while Hodgins sent Hadrian a text with the address of the bar. Maybe it was time the team met him. Before he had a chance to returned his cell phone to his pocket, Hodgins hissed as a drunk twenty-something bumped into him and sent both of them to the ground and his cell phone out of his hand. That really hurt.

Hodgins growled at the drunken young adult as his laughing friends pulled him up and continued to guided him out of the bar. Zach and Booth helped Hodgins to his feet as the groups attention centered around their fallen friend.
“Dr. Hodgins, are you alright?” asked Camille Saroyan.

“I’m fine,” Hodgins declared as he shook Booth’s and Zach’s hands off of him.

“That’s the second time,” Zack stated, “that Hodgins has reacted when someone came into contact with his arm.”

“That arm?” asked Angela Montenegro, pointing at the arm the drunk young male ran into. She looked a little uncomfortable. She knew it was the arm with Hodgins’ tattoo - the tattoo she still thought was of her.

“Yes,” replied Temperance Brennan. “Perhaps we should check to make sure everything’s alright.”

“It’s fine!” exclaimed Hodgins, quickly - a little too quickly judging by the look Lance Sweets was throwing at him. Hodgins refused to groan. He really hated that kid at times - and this was one of them.

“Nonsense,” declared Special Agent Seeley Booth with a smirk. “Let’s check.”

Hodgins scowled at the FBI agent. He was getting back at the scientist for earlier.

Zack, Booth and Brennan all then continued to remove Hodgins’ jacket from his arm and roll up the sleeve of his long-sleeved shirt.

“Why do you have a Griffin tattoo?” asked Zack.

Angela made a noise, but Hodgins didn’t pay any attention to her.

Someone approaching the group chuckled.

Hodgins glanced over and he smiled. Hadrian Potter-Black was approaching the group with a drink in-hand. Hadrian smiled at his boyfriend, his jade eyes sparkling with laughter.

The multimillionaire scientist shook his friends off as he moved to greet his lover. He pulled Hadrian into a kiss in front of the group, effectively introducing them to his someone special. The pair pulled apart a handful of seconds later and Hodgins laced his fingers with Hadrian’s before pulling the younger man towards to table.

“Guys, this is Hadrian Potter-Black,” Hodgins said as Hadrian leaned against him and nodded to his lover’s friends.

Chapter End Notes

There is a oneshot featuring a female!Harry available: The Change in the Tattoo
Chapter Summary

Pairing: Blaise Zabini/Harry Potter  
Warnings: alternate universe; slash; homophobia; and bashing of Ron Weasley, Ginny Weasley, and Hermione Granger

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Fandom: Harry Potter  
Pairing: Blaise Zabini/Harry Potter  
Warnings: alternate universe; slash; homophobia; and bashing of Ron Weasley, Ginny Weasley, and Hermione Granger  
Prompt: (Word) Revenge

006. His

Blaise Zabini glared at the redhead hussy as she touched *his* Harry. Weasel and the Mudblood sat opposite them as they tried, and failed, to talk to Harry. Blaise smirked as Harry slid away from Ginny Weasley. Her face turned pink at something Harry said before he turned away from her.

He turned his dark eyes to Weasel and the Mudblood as they continued to fail in talking to Harry. The Golden Trio, or whatever they were, was no more. They hadn’t been friends since Harry’s name came out of the Goblet. Most of Gryffindor turned on Harry, not believing him when he said he hadn’t put his name in the Goblet. Their words and beliefs had hurt Harry deeply and that was unforgivable - no one was allowed to hurt Harry Potter.

He glanced back and forth between the Weaselette and Harry’s former best friends. He couldn’t decide who need to pay first. No one was allowed to touched Harry except for Blaise because Harry was *his*. They made a deal. Blaise smirked at the thought. The deal was rather simple. He had to help Harry with the Tasks and remain loyal and Harry would be his. Blaise also vowed to protect what was his. Of course the help Harry needed with the Tasks would come from Blaise’s older half-brother, Damien, who was willing to help for a price.

That decided it, Blaise smirked. The Weaselette would pay first. It would be rather easy. His dark eyes turned back to Harry and met emerald ones. Harry smiled at him softly before turning to talk with Longbottom, Bell and McLaggen - Harry’s new Gryffindor friends.

Blaise glanced at his friends and nodded to them before standing up and walking over to Harry’s side. He didn’t have to glance over his shoulder to know Tracy Davis, Daphne Greengrass and Theodore Nott had followed him. Longbottom, Bell and McLaggen all greeted him with a nod while
Harry smiled up at him.

“What do you want, Zabini?” demanded Weasel, his face turning red.

Blaise chuckled a little. Was it really that easy to annoy the Weasel? If it was then Blaise understood Malfoy’s amusement in it.

“We’re over here to eat with his boyfriend, Weasley,” replied Tracey Davis, her hazel eyes narrowed at him.

“Zabini’s a poof!?” the Weaselette said, her face forming a look of disgust.

Harry turned his attention to the youngest Weasley and narrowed his eyes at her. Blaise smirked. Any sort of relationship she could possibly had with Harry was now ruined. While Blaise was possessive, he did want Harry to have friends - he just happened to prefer pureblood, or Wizarding raised, friends for Harry. The Weasel and Weaselette were now official out with their reaction, even if they didn’t know they were reacting to Harry as well.

“I always thought there was something weird about McLaggen,” the Weasel announced, eyeing the fifth year boy.

The Mudblood and the Weaselette nodded in agreement.

“Harry, you really should sit over here,” the Mudblood said in a demanding tone and her eyes narrowed.

“Yeah, you should sit by me,” the Weaselette said, sounding like she was trying to purr, as she tapped the seat next to her - the seat Harry had moved away from. “You don’t want to catch anything,” she added in disgust as she eyed Blaise.

Harry’s emerald eyes were ablaze with passion and narrowed.

“Let it go, Harry, it’s not worth it,” Katie Bell said softly to Harry. She wasn’t really sure why she was trying to reason with Harry. The younger Weasleys and Granger deserved everything Harry - and Blaise - were about to give them.

“You better watch it, you three,” growled Fred Weasley as he passed and glared at his younger siblings. Blaise raised an eyebrow and watched the older Weasley twin walk down the table towards George and Lee Jordan, whom were in a close embrace. Maybe the Weasley twins would be willing to help a Slytherin out - or at least a Slytherin with Harry in mind.

“Harry, don’t listen to Bell,” Ginny demanded, her face reddening. “She’s trying to confuse you. She’s only after your fame and money. I know it!”

Katie turned and glared at the third year girl.

“Because she’s like you?” Harry asked, facing the Weaselette with a raised eyebrow.

Ginny’s face flushed, the color clashing with her hair. “N-no, of course not, Harry,” she denied. “I love you! I don’t care about your fame, your fortune, or your titles. I care about you, Harry.”

Harry shook his head. “I know you’re lying,” he stated. “Katie’s my friend and Cormac’s girlfriend.”

“You mean Longbottom’s the poof!?” exclaimed the Weasel, turning redder. His eyes turned to Neville, filled with disgust and loathing. “I thought your love for plants was weird, but it makes
sense now. No normal man would spend so much time gardening.”

Daphne Greengrass laughed a little, crossing her arms. “Nev’s as gay as you are,” she informed the Weasel.

“I’m not a poof!” Weasel declared, his voice loud. By now everyone in the Great Hall was paying attention to the Gryffindor table. “They’re freaks, and unnatural, and shouldn’t exist. They should be killed!”

Up at the professors’ table, Blaise noticed the Headmaster, Professors Snape, McGonagall and Sprout getting up. McGonagall’s lips were barely visible while Snape’s face looked like he ate something sour, Sprout was glaring, and Dumbledore had a cold look in his blue eyes. Maybe the rumors about Headmaster Dumbledore were true, then.

Acting quickly, Blaise bent over and pressed his lips to his boyfriend’s. Harry’s let out a squeak of shock before responding.

“Mr. Weasley, Ms. Weasley, and Ms. Granger, we’ll be seeing you in my office, now,” announced the headmaster as he walked passed.

Chapter End Notes

This is scheduled for an upgrade, which will be part of If Wishes Were Upgrades.
Harry Potter watched closely as his best friend showed him the Summoning Charm yet again. He was detracted. He couldn’t concentrate on anything Hermione was trying to show him. Taking a deep breath, Harry tried to clear his mind and focus on Hermione - amazing, kind, his best friend Hermione Granger. With the First Task looming over his head, one would assume Harry would have mastered the Summoning Charm by now. After all, he was up against a dragon.

“Harry, are you even paying attention?” demanded Hermione, her brown eyes narrowed and arms crossed as she stared at her best friend.

He glanced at her narrowed eyes, which were filled with fear, annoyance and something Harry couldn’t place.

Hermione sighed and dropped her arms. “You really need to learn this, Harry,” she told him gently.

He nodded, half paying attention.

“Let’s take a break,” Hermione announced as she stretched and walked around the unused classroom.

Harry’s emerald eyes followed her every move.

A few minutes later they resumed working on the Summoning Charm. Hermione remained patient while she watched Harry try to practice the charm.
As Harry stood in the Champions’ tent, watching the others and trying not to panic, his shot over to the direction of the door. He could have sworn he heard Hermione. He walked over and listened a little closer.

“Harry?” whispered Hermione.

“Hermione?” he replied, his voice quiet and eyes darting over to the other champions.

“Good, it is you,” she said, sounding a little relieved.

Harry hummed something, unsure of how to reply.

“Just remember,” began Hermione as she explained how to do a Summoning Charm. again. “Will you be alright?” she asked, her voice breaking a little.

“I’ll try,” Harry promised.

A second later, Hermione had launched herself into his arms. Harry did his best to hold her and try to comfort her. He glanced over at the other champions, only Viktor Krum had caught sight of Hermione.

Harry quickly turned his attention back to his best friend - his only friend. His arms tightened around her a little and he pulled her closer. Hermione clung to him harder.

“You have to be okay,” she babbled, crying a little. “You have to make it out of the task alright, so you can take me to the Yule Ball.” She glanced up at him, her brown eyes full of tears.

Harry raised one of his hands from his waist and brushed a few tears away. Without a second thought, he leaned in towards his friend and pressed his lips against hers. Hermione froze for a second before kissing Harry back.

The pair leapt apart when they heard the long voice of Rita Skeeter enter the tent. Harry glanced over at the reporter and pulled Hermione into a corner. He didn’t want that lady anywhere near him or Hermione. He didn’t trust her and he didn’t even want to give her another chance to write something about him.

“What you doing in here?” demanded Viktor Krum, his Bulgarian accent thick and his eyes narrowed. “This a place for champions - and their friends - which you are neither of.”

Rita smiled at Krum, probably trying to be flirtatious, but looked rather silly. “I’ll just come back later than,” she tried to purr as she ran a hand over Krum’s crossed arms before exiting the tent.

Harry slowly loosened his arms around Hermione and wrapped them around her waist. She leaned into his embrace and laid her head on his chest.

“I’ll see you later,” she promised a few minutes later as she slipped out of the tent when the headmasters and Tournament officials entered the tent.
After the First Task Harry was joined by Hermione in the champions’ tent as Madam Pomfrey. As soon as she entered, she had made a beeline straight for Harry’s side. She took his hand as soon as she joined him on the bed and smiled.

“You were amazing,” Hermione muttered as she leaned against his shoulder.

Harry unlaced their fingers and wrapped his arm around her waist. They shared a small smile and sat in silence as they watched Madam Pomfrey tended to her other patients.

“You said something about the Yule Ball,” Harry commented quietly to Hermione as Madam Pomfrey thrust a potion towards him.

Hermione blushed a little and eyed Harry nervously. She had said that early, but she didn’t except Harry to remember it. She nodded, trying to decide what to say.

“What is the Yule Ball?” he asked. It sounded like something he could take Hermione, but he didn’t know what it was.

“Harry! You were amazing!” declared Ginny Weasley as she zoomed to Harry’s side. She smiled at him, trying to act half shy half flirty.

“Nicely done, mate,” Ron Weasley said awkwardly as he half smiled at his...form...current best mate. He knew that it was only a matter of time before Harry forgave him and they were back to being best friends. His eyes turned to Hermione. She would play an important role in making sure Harry forgave him. After all, Hermione was the future Mrs. Ronald Weasley. As he watched the bushy haired female, he felt a surge of jealousy rush through him. Why was she friendly with Harry? How long had this been going on? His eyes narrowed as he watched the pair. Something was up and it had to end now.

Harry glanced at the pair of siblings before turning his attention back to Hermione. He wasn’t really sure where his friendship with Ron stood. He still wanted to be friends with the redhead, but in order for that to happen Ron needed to grow up. He also had to figure out where Ron felt about Hermione. He had a feeling Ron felt something towards Hermione.

As the four of them continued to wait in silence, Ginny smiled at Harry, Harry and Hermione sat in their own world and Ron glared at his two closest friends.

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Harry glanced up from his Defense essay as Hermione sat down next to him. They shared a smile as Hermione took out of her Runes textbook and started reading. The pair allowed themselves to fall into a comfortable silence as they continued to do their homework. A few weeks had passed since the First Task and they still had yet to figure out where their friendship stood. They each wanted more than friendship, but they hadn’t had a chance to talk about it. With Ron around, they hardly had anytime to just the two of them.

After a few minutes, Hermione glanced up from her textbook and over at Harry. She smiled softly at her best friend and blushed a little. She really wanted to figure out what their relationship was. She would admit to fancying Harry.
“The other day,” Harry began, “you mentioned something a Yule Ball?”

Hermione glanced over at him, and noticed his blush. “Yeah,” she nodded. “It’s the ball on Christmas Day. As a Champion, you have to open it with your d-date.”

Harry looked up from his homework and turned to face his best friend. “Hermione, will you go with me?” he asked. Taking a deep breath, he quickly added, “As my date?”

Blushing, Hermione nodded.

Harry smiled and reached out with his hand for hers. He laced their fingers together and glanced shyly back up at her.

Chapter End Notes

There is a oneshot version available: Fancy That
008. The Yule Ball

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Harry Potter/Cho Chang
Warnings: alternate universe; het; original characters; and teenage girls

**Fandom:** Harry Potter  
**Pairing:** Harry Potter/Cho Chang  
**Warnings:** alternate universe; het; original characters; and teenage girls  
**Prompt:** (Setting) Yule Ball

Blushing, Cho Chang nodded. She smiled at the young man, who smiled back. She had a date for the Yule Ball! A date with a Champion! Cho giggled a little when she thought about it. She was pleased to see the young man’s cheeks turn pink.

“I gotta get to class, but I'll see later,” Cho promised as she turned and ran off in the direction of the History of Magic class. She had to tell her friends! No one would believe it. She let out a little squeal as she raced up the stairs.

She entered her History of Magic class a little late, but Professor Binns didn't even notice. Taking a place next to her friends, Cho grinned at them. Marietta Edgecombe and Haley Cooper stared at her.

“What's got you so happy?” Haley asked, her green eyes narrowed.

“I've got a date for the Ball,” Cho announced, pleased with the news. She was going to be thrilled for days. This was probably the best thing to ever happen to her. She had to write her parents. Her mum would be proud.

“Shut up!” Haley exclaimed, her eyes wide. “Who asked you?”

Marietta smiled at her friend, but said nothing. Cho tried to ignore her friend’s dismissal, but it hurt a little. Boys usually paid more attention to Marietta than her. Sure, Cho knew was pretty and she was on the Quidditch team, but everyone knew she was tomboy. Not many boys wanted to date a tomboy.

“Tell me!” begged Haley, her eyes wide and pleading.

“I'll tell you later,” Cho promised, smiling at Haley.

The day of classes quickly passed by and Cho was still thrilled about her date, even though she had yet to tell her friends. As they sat down to dinner, Haley claimed to spot next to Cho.

“Tell me!” begged Haley, her eyes wide and pleading.

“Harry Potter,” Cho admitted, her cheeks turning pink. She had had a crush on him when she was
younger, but when Cho turned thirteen she decided to move on. Harry Potter would never be interested in a girl like her, he would want someone like Marietta. Marietta was pretty, from a rich Pureblood family, and she a girly girl.

“No way!” Haley gasped, her eyes widening. She squealed before hugging her friend. People turned to look at them.

Cho blushed when she caught Harry Potter's green eye. She sent him a smile before returning her friend's hug.

“This is the best news ever!” Haley declared as she pulled herself out of the hug.

“What is?” asked Marietta as she sat down across from them with her friends.

“Cho's date for the Ball,” Haley replied, smiling.

“Who asked Chang?” snorted Marietta's friend, Lynn Craig.

While Cho might be popular, Marietta had more friends than she did. Marietta's friends hung around Cho because she knew the guys on the Quidditch team and guys liked talking sports with Cho. While guys talked to Cho, they dated Marietta and her friends.

Haley opened her mouth, but Cho shook her head, silently telling her friend not to say anything. She didn't want Marietta and her friends to know. They would find someway to be mean about it, like they had Cedric last year.

“A guy in Gryffindor,” Haley replied. “No one too special.”

Lynn fake smiled at Cho. “Marcus asked me,” she bragged. She quickly fell into a discussion with her friends about Marcus, her boyfriend of two months now.

Haley and Cho shared a smile before eating dinner.

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Cho Chang spun around, giggling. She had never felt so beautiful before! She stopped and stared at herself in the mirror, admiring her new dress robes. When Cho had told her mum who asked her to the Ball, her mum had sent new dress robes. Originally, Cho had brought her dress robes from her cousin's wedding. A lovely white set, but, according to Cho's mum, they made her look washed out and pale. For the Ball, Cho needed something amazing. Hence the new dress robes.

The new dress robes were a light gold color with a darker gold pattern. The design was a traditional Chinese robe with long sleeves and a slit on the left side that ran up to Cho's knee. In addition, Cho's mum had set a pair of matching dark gold heels, a pair of pink earrings and a book on makeup charms. For Christmas, Cho's father had sent her an heirloom hair ornament. It was a golden comb with a white lily. It had belonged to Cho's great-great-great grandma and was passed down when the daughter became of age.

“You look amazing, Cho,” declared Haley Cooper. She looked lovely in her own lilac dress robes.

Cho smiled at her best friend. “Where's Dave meeting you?” she asked.
Haley rolled her green eyes. “Hell if I know,” she said. “Let's get you to your date though.” She offered Cho her arm and escorted her best friend from the bathroom.

Entering their dorm room, the pair was greeted by chaos. Clothes were thrown everywhere, parchment littered the floor, and their roommates were finishing themselves.

“Cho!” greeted Lynn Craig with a fake smile, catching sight of the Ravenclaw seeker. Her fake smile fell when she studied Cho's dress robes. “Where did you get those?” she demanded, her face turning a little red. It clashed with her strawberry blonde hair.

“Her mom,” replied Haley. “Aren't they lovely?”

The other girls in the dorm turned to look at Cho.

“Amazing,” replied one of the girls.

“Who designed them?” asked Marietta Edgecombe, studying the robes.


“Never heard of him,” Marietta said, dismissively, turning back around to the mirror. “Have fun with no one special date.”

Edgar Abigail was a brand new designer, it wasn't surprising that most people didn't know who he was. He was the son of Cho's mum's best friend and Cho's childhood babysitter.

Cho and Haley quickly exited the dorm room and made their way through the school towards the Great Hall. Standing among the people in the entrance hall was Harry Potter dressed in light green robes with his hair styled. Next to him were Viktor Krum and Cedric Diggory. Cho let go of her friends arm and approached her date. She smiled at Harry when he caught sight of her. He took a step forward and held his hand out.

Slowly, Cho laced her fingers with his hand and allowed him to pull her to his side.

“You look beautiful,” Harry said, his eyes lingering on her hair ornament. “It's lovely.”

“Family heirloom,” Cho explained, raising her hand to the ornament. She smiled, again.


Cho Change watched as the entrance hall emptied and the students filed into the Great Hall. She leaned against Harry as she caught sight of her best friend and their dormmates. Haley Cooper was with her date, Dave Humphreys, and smiled encouragingly before entering the Great Hall. Haley was the only person Cho had told about her date. As far as their dormmates knew she was going with a guy in Gryffindor, but that was it.

When the last of the students entered, Professor McGonagall rounded up the Champions and their dates. Fleur Delacour was with Roger Davies, Cedric Diggory was with Padma Patil, and Viktor Krum had Hermione Granger on his arm. Professor McGonagall organized the Champions with Fleur in the lead and Viktor, Cedric, and Harry behind.

When the doors opened and the Champions walked through, Cho felt her cheeks heat up. Harry
smiled at Cho and she hugged his arm tighter as she heard people whispering. As she walked through the beautifully decorated hall, Cho glanced over the sea of students. She didn't see her best friend, but she caught sight of a few of dormmates. Marietta Edgecombe's face was red and Lynn Craig stood next to her with a matching face.

Harry followed the other Champions and led Cho to a table where the others sat down. He pulled her chair out for her before sitting down himself. Slowly people began ordering food and conversation filled the Great Hall.

“I like your hair piece,” Padma Patil told Cho from the other side of Harry.


Padma's eyes widened. “The yuri?” she asked.

Cho nodded. The hair comb was infamous among Pureblood families of Asia descent.

Padma smiled, eyeing the hair ornament.

“How did Cedric ask you?” Cho asked, changing subject. Next to her, Harry perked up a little and next to Padma, Cedric smiled.

Padma glanced at Cedric and they exchanged a smile. “He spent me a singing letter,” she replied.

Cho smiled at her housemate. She was happy to see Cedric with someone. Glancing over at Harry, her smile widened. She reached over and laced her fingers with his.

“How long have you been together?” Padma asked, watching their interactions.

“Not very long,” Harry replied, blushing and squeezing Cho's hand.

Dinner continued with small talk between the two couples and a few comments from Hermione and Krum. Before Cho knew it, it was time to start dancing.

Looking into Harry's eyes, Cho danced and smiled at her date. She was surprised when the first dance ended and they continued dancing. She half expected Harry to step on her foot, but he had to do so.

A number of dances later, Cho led Harry off of the dance floor and over to the butterbeer before taking a seat at the table where Haley was seated. As soon as Cho sat down, Haley slid over.

“I'm Haley, Cho's best friend,” she introduced herself as she held her hand out to Harry.

“Harry,” he said, shaking her hand.

Haley smiled at Harry. Turning to Cho, she asked, “Having fun?”

Cho nodded, taking a slip of her cool butterbeer.

Cho and Haley talked for a few minutes before Haley stood up and drug Dave back onto the dance floor.

“You're close,” Harry commented.

“Yeah,” Cho admitted, nodding her head. “We don't really get along with our dormmates.” She sighed, “Teenage girl drama.”
Harry looked a little confused, but nodded.

Cho smiled and laughed a little. “It helps to be a girl to really get it,” she explained. “Haley's been my best friend since the first week of our first year. She helped me feel better about being homesick and the other girls making fun of me.” Cho smiled sadly at the thought of her first year. She was ready to pack up and go, and the girls in her dorm hadn't helped any with that. “She's even the one who got me to tryout for the Quidditch team my second year.”

Harry smiled at her and reached over to squeeze her hand. “Hermione's my best friend these days,” he said with a shrug. “Things have been distant with Ron since the start of the tournament.”

Cho nodded. She had noticed that Harry was spending more time with his bushy haired best friend. She felt a little silly for being jealous because it sounded like Hermione was just his best friend, and not some secret crush or something. “Can we dance some more?” she asked, changing subjects.

Harry smiled and got up, holding his hand for her. Cho took before dragging him back onto the dance floor.
Padma Patil crossed her arms as she watched the dancing couples before turning to look at her date, Ron Weasley. When her twin, Parvati, had told her that Ron Weasley needed a date for the Yule Ball, she was a little excited. She was positive it would be an amazing evening.

It wasn't.

Leaning farther back in her chair, she spotted her twin happily dancing with Harry. Didn't Parvati remember that she had a crush on Harry?

Glancing at her date, Padma knew she wouldn't be doing anything tonight. Ron was too busy glaring at Krum and Granger to pay any attention to her. Padma wasn't trying to be selfish or anything, but she wanted someone to pay attention to her. As the middle child, she was regularly overlooked at home. As a Ravenclaw of average intelligence, she wasn't spared extra attention by her housemates or professors. As Parvati's twin sister, she was ignored in favor of her identical twin sister.

She just wanted someone to pay special attention to her.

Padma turned her attention back to the dance floor were she noticed her twin sister was dancing with a Durmstrang student. Looking around the Great Hall, Padma spotted Harry getting a round of butterbeers with Krum and Granger.

With drinks in hand, the three came towards her and Ron.

Granger took the empty seat next to Ron with Krum seating next to her as he glared at the redhead. Padma's heart skipped a beat when Harry sat down next to her.

“This is a little awkward,” Harry said with a chuckle, taking a sip of his butterbeer. He held a butterbeer out to Padma, which she took.
She sipped her butterbeer as she listened to Granger with Ron and Krum, and Harry talk to her. She turned to glance at Harry when he stopped talking.

She knew that look.

He was bored with her. Everyone got that look after she didn't talk with them.

“D-d-dance with-th m-me?” she asked, shyly.

Harry sat his butterbeer down and got up before holding his hand out to Padma. Blushing, the Ravenclaw took his hand. He led her onto the dance floor and placed a hand on her waist. Blushing and not looking her pair in the eye, Padma smiled as she danced with Harry.

A few hours later, the Weird Sisters were done playing and the remaining students slowly left the Great Hall. Padma shyly smiled at Harry as they exited.

“I-I had-d f-fun-n,” she whispered as the entered the silent entrance hall. “T-thank you-u, for-r d-dancing-g with-th m-me.”

Harry kissed her cheek and headed back to the Gryffindor Tower while Padma went towards the Ravenclaw Tower.

Chapter End Notes

There is a oneshot version available: Courageous
Oliver Wood had known since he was fifteen that his future wife would be Heather Potter. They met when Heather was eleven and joining the Gryffindor Quidditch Team as their Seeker. From the moment, he laid eyes on her, he knew she was the one. After meeting her, Oliver knew it was only a matter of time until she was old enough and they could fall in love.

The next three years of Oliver's schooling went by. His interactions with Heather were limited to Quidditch. While he longed to have more of a relationship with her, he didn't want to risk the future he had planned for them. If they were too close and Heather saw him as a brother-figure like youngest Weasley, then there wouldn't be much of a future between him and Heather.

Upon his graduation from Hogwarts, Oliver headed off to play professional Quidditch for a few years. Since he was the youngest of three sons, the duty of carrying on the family name and image was left to his brothers. When he and Heather married, Oliver would be expected to take the Potter name and act as Lord Potter. If Heather wanted him to be Lord Potter, then he would, but she wanted to be Lady Potter and attended to the duties of Lord Potter, then he wouldn't stop her.

After graduating, Oliver watched from afar as Heather continued to grow. He knew from the Weasley twins that in addition to their youngest brother being interested in Heather, Malfoy, Diggory, Flint, Davies, and a few other students were as well.

Oliver felt confident knowing that the Slytherins and Ronald wouldn't stand much of a chance. Heather saw Ronald as a brother, and a majority of the Slytherins were rude to her and her friends. Heather wasn't the type to hold a grudge for too long, but she would want a proper apology for her friends before she really took a Slytherin seriously.

It was a rain morning in June after the Battle of Hogwarts and the end of the Second War when
Oliver next saw Heather. She was walking through Diagon Alley, looking lost. She had changed a lot since he had last seen her. Gone was the awkward eleven-year-old with too-big glasses, oversized clothes, and messy hair. In her place was a seventeen-year-old with fashionable glasses, tamed and styled hair, muggle clothes that fit, and too-old eyes.

Heather looked up and caught Oliver's eye. He smiled, and she softly returned it.
There were times when Loki missed being Gabriel, the Archangel. Those times were few and far between. Whenever that feeling came, he looked for a distraction -- a really big distraction.

Between dodging the Winchester brothers and avoiding angels, he needed the biggest distraction ever. This drama with the end of the world was blurring the lines between Loki and Gabriel. At the moment, he was more Gabriel.

Gabriel searched all over, and he found a distraction in Little Whinging, Surrey, England. A boy named Harry Potter. He had been dealt a horrible hand in live. Gabriel started by befriending Harry. Harry was rather smart. He knew Gabriel wasn’t a normal human, muggle as Harry knew him. With Harry in his hold, it would be easy to seek revenge.

First on the list, were his relatives: Vernon, Petunia, and Dudley Dursley wouldn’t know what hit them. He started with little things. Vernon forgot important dates of meetings, and he left important documents at home. Petunia’s roses and garden were perfect, and she couldn’t get any gossip on her neighbors. Dudley’s little gang was slowly losing members. The boys’ parents were finding drugs and other questionable items in their sons’ rooms.

Gradually, Gabriel upped it against each person. All too soon, Vernon was being audited for use of company finances and the police were investigating complaints against Vernon for various things, from money laundering to blackmail. Petunia’s house couldn’t get clean, her garden was slowly dying, she wasn’t invited to any social gatherings, and the neighbors were gossiping about her. Dudley was expelled from Smelting, he was facing legal trouble, and he had no friends. While this went on, none of the Dursleys noticed the bills weren’t being paid and someone stole the identity of Mr. and Mrs. Dursley.

Before the month of July was over, the Dursley name was ruined. Vernon was fired from his high profile job and he was facing criminal charges. Petunia was disgraced, her life was falling apart.
Dudley was arrested, and his former victims had stepped forward. Most were pressing charges, and some were suing for damages. Number Four Privet Drive was in foreclosure, and all the Dursleys' savings were gone.

Truth be told, Gabriel wanted to do more. He decided against it because he knew how much their reputation mattered to the Dursleys.

With the Dursleys taken care of, Gabriel had the wizarding world next. He wasn’t sure where to start, there were many people. Gabriel had decided he would accompany Harry to Hogwarts.

Chapter End Notes

This tied for second place on the first If Wishes Were Upgrades poll. The upgraded version is entitled "Mischief Managed", and there is currently no posting date decided.
012. Second Chances

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Alphard Black/Harrison Riddle
Warnings: alternate universe; slash; and mentions of off-screen character death

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

**Fandom:** Harry Potter  
**Pairing:** Alphard Black/Harrison Riddle  
**Warnings:** alternate universe; slash; and mentions of off-screen character death  
**Prompt:** (Situation) A new life for Tom Riddle.

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When Mrs. Cole opened the door on New Year’s Day, she didn’t expect to find a young boy with large green eyes, dark hair, and pale skin waiting for her.

“Have you seen my mommy?” he asked with pleading large green eyes.

“Who’s your mother, child?” Mrs. Cole questioned. She had a feeling this child had been abandoned on the orphanage doorstep overnight.

“Merope Riddle,” the child answered. “She was having the baby last night.”

Mrs. Cole’s eyes widened. She remembered Merope since the young woman had died last night giving birth to her son. “I’m sorry, child,” Mrs. Cole began, uncertain of how to proceed.

The boy’s green eyes widened and tears gathered in the corners of his eyes. “Something bad happened, didn’t it?” he asked.

Mrs. Cole nodded. “She passed away like night,” she explained.

“What about the baby?” he asked.

“Your brother’s inside,” she said. “Come on.”

The boy smiled as he followed the matron into the orphanage. Hopefully this would work. By coming back in time, Harrison was hoping to provide Tom a second chance. This, also, gave both of them a chance at a family.

...
By the end of the week, the Riddle brothers were moved into neighboring rooms. Harrison didn’t want to be too far from his little brother, and Tom seemed to enjoy his brother’s attention.

As the years passed, the brothers grew up. Harrison played the role of protector and teacher while Tom was student, eagerly listening to everything his big brother said. Away from the orphanage staff and other residents, Harrison taught Tom about their magic. The first lesson was about the secrecy of their magic. No one else could know. The second lesson was *not* harming others with their magic.

While Tom could keep the magic secret, he had trouble understanding how his magic hurt others. Every time Tom hurt the other orphans with his magic, he was disciplined by older brother.

When Harrison turned eleven, a man named Horace Slughorn arrived to the orphanage to offer him a place at a boarding school he worked at. Mister Slughorn was startled to learn Harrison and Tom already knew about magic, and he nearly fainted when he heard them speaking Parsletongue.

Eager to learn their ancestry, Mister Slughorn took the siblings to Gringotts. After taking a test, Harrison was Heir Slytherin and Heir Peverell with Tom declared his heir.

When Harrison started Hogwarts in September, Tom watched from the Staff Table as his brother was Sorted into Slytherin. For the time being, Mister Slughorn was acting as the guardian to the Riddle brothers, and he had started the adoption process.

When Harrison was a fifth year, he started Alphard Black. Harrison remembered learning about Alphard from Sirius, and Harrison wanted to give him a better future.

At the time they started dating, Alphard’s parents and his sister had a problem with him dating a mudblood. Orion, the Heir of the Black, was pleased with the arrangement because he was interested in Harrison’s younger brother, Tom.

Before Alphard turned seventeen, his parents threatened him with disownment if he didn’t end his relationship with the mudblood. With the blessing of Lord Black, Uncle Arcturus, Alphard remained in a relationship with Harrison. While Pollux disowned Alphard as his son, Uncle Arcturus took him in as a ward, allowing him to keep the Black name.

Upon Harrison’s seventeenth birthday, he took up the name of Lord Slytherin. Everyone who previously thought he was a no name mudblood quickly changed their tunes, including Alphard’s former parents. However, it was too late for them.
This was one of the winners of the second If Wishes Were Upgrades poll. The upgraded version is in the outline stage without a title and a posting date.
013. The Power That Be

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Thor/Hannah Potter  
Warnings: alternate universe; het; and female!Harry Potter (Hannah)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Fandoms: The Avengers, Harry Potter, and Thor  
Pairing: Thor/Hannah Potter  
Warnings: alternate universe; het; and female!Harry Potter (Hannah)  
Prompt: (Scenario) Thor is the power "he knows not"

013. The Power That Be

When Hannah Potter was fourteen, she met Thor in a small town in New Mexico. While it wasn't love, it was something. Hannah was smitten with Thor and he was drawn to the young witch. The summer ended with Thor kissing Hannah before he returned home. After Thor left, Hannah fell unconscious.

The next three years at Hogwarts passed normally – well, normally for Hannah. Fourth year had a deadly tournament where she was forced to compete against older and more experienced students. The tournament ended with the death of Cedric Diggory, and the return of Lord Voldemort. Fifth year saw a horrible professor placed in the school by the Ministry while the government continued to deny the return of Lord Voldemort. The year ended with Hannah leading a group of students into the Department of Mysteries to save her godfather, but in the end the mission led to his death. That night, Hannah learned about the prophecy tying her to the defeat of Voldemort. Sixth year was slow with Hannah learning about Voldemort's history and the horcruxes. That year saw the death of Dumbledore at the hands of Severus Snape.

Hannah skipped the out on her seventh year to hunt the horcruxes were close friends, Ron and Hermione. Their adventure fell apart when Ron departed, leaving Hannah and Hermione behind. A week after Ron left, Hermione followed.

Left behind, Hannah found herself alone. After two weeks on her own, Thor showed up. Together, they continued hunting the horcruxes. Their adventures led them to Hogwarts, where their arrival started the Final Battle.

During the battle, Thor barely left Hannah's side. He preferred to keep his beloved within an arm's reach. After Hannah killed Nagini, Thor attacked Voldemort. A few hits from Mjolnir brought the end of Voldemort.

Upon Hannah and Thor's defeat of Voldemort, the Wizarding World hailed Thor as their hero.
Several people tried to trick Thor into marriage or contracts, much to his annoyance.

Chapter End Notes

This was a winner on the second If Wishes Were Upgrades poll. The upgraded version is entitled "Thunderstruck", which does not have a schedule posting date at this time.
014. Sparks

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Robb Stark/Hanabelle Potter/Jon Snow  
Warnings: alternate universe; threesome; het; slash; female!Harry Potter (Hanabelle); cousin incest; spoilers for Season Six; mentions of sexual situations; and Catelyn Stark is a bitter woman

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Fandoms: A Song of Ice and Fire, Game of Thrones, and Harry Potter  
Pairing: Robb Stark/Hanabelle Potter/Jon Snow  
Warnings: alternate universe; threesome; het; slash; female!Harry Potter (Hanabelle); cousin incest; spoilers for Season Six; mentions of sexual situations; and Catelyn Stark is a bitter woman  
Prompt: (Pairing) Robb Stark/female!Harry Potter/Jon Snow

014. Sparks

It was no secret Lady Catelyn Stark hated her gooddaughter and her goodson, the spouses of her eldest son, Robb Stark. Hannabelle Potter and Jon Snow were unworthy of her son. They were ill suited for being married to the Ward of the North.

Lady Catelyn glared at her gooddaughter as she laughed at something Benjen Stark said. Hannabelle was gorgeous with her fiery red hair, pale skin, and bright green eyes. She had first appeared at Winterfell a year ago in the arms of Jon Snow. The bastard had found her unconscious in the snow and he rushed her back to Winterfell, leaving behind a hunt. Jon hovered as Maester Luwin tended to the girl, refusing to leave her side longer than an hour. Jon hovered as Maester Luwin tended to the girl, refusing to leave her side longer than an hour.

Ned Stark forgave Jon when he learned why his son left the hunt. He had rewarded him for doing a job well done.

When Hannabelle awoke, she began inseparable from Jon and Robb, by extension. She joined the boys in their fighting lessons and she would spur against the men in the yard. It was clear Hannabelle had prior training with the way she twirled, dodging attacks, and the grace she moved with. According to Master-at-Arms Rodrick Cassel, Hannabelle fought with a fighting style he was unfamiliar with.

There were times when Hannabelle would join Sansa and Arya for lessons. While she knew how to sew and cook, she cared little for either.

At first, Catelyn didn't mind the presence of the girl at Winterfell. She seemed to drive a wedge between Jon and Robb, much to Catelyn's satisfaction. Hannabelle and Jon were close, and Robb took issue with it. Catelyn felt Robb had always been to close to his bastard brother. During this
time, a serving girl had caught Jon and Hannabelle in a passionate embrace.

Unfortunately, the distant between Robb and Jon was short lived. Arya happily announced the pair had made up at dinner one time. The following day, Sansa spotted Robb kissing Hannabelle with Jon nearby. That was when Catelyn started to grow disenchanted with Hannabelle. Clearly, Hannabelle was after Winterfell and becoming Lady of the North. She started off with Ned's bastard before moving onto the heir.

Before Catelyn had a chance to confront the girl or confined in her husband, Bran and Rick walked in on Robb in bed with Hannabelle and Jon. Rick was happy to inform everyone that he saw Jon and Robb kissing with Hannabelle between them.

Word reached Ned, and he was furious until Arya explained the three married themselves in front of the godswood. As far as Ned and the North were concerned, the three were married. The only thing that mattered was Robb and Jon being half-brothers, but Ned cleared the issue up. Apparently, he lied about Jon – and he had lied to Jon the boy's entire life. Jon was the bastard son of Brandon Stark, Ned's older brother and Catelyn's betrothed. He had lied to protect Brandon's legacy and to spare Catelyn's feelings. With the marriage between Jon, Robb, and Hannabelle, Ned felt it was time to tell the truth.

Chapter End Notes

This was a winner on the second version of If Wishes Were Upgrades poll. The upgraded version is currently untitled, and there is no posting date.
What were they thinking sending students up against dragons?

These were the same dragons the Ministry of Magic classified as Beasts with a flee on sight recommendation.

Why would they want to send students up against dragons?

Way this some kind of entertain?

Hailey sighed. She had a plan on how to deal with the dragons, but she wasn't looking forward to the First Task – or any of the Task in the Tri-Wizard Tournament.

Leaning against the stadium, her shoulders slumped as she thought about this blasted tournament. Why would the adults want to bring back a tournament as deadly as this? Based off of the First Task, the goal might be to kill each and every Champion.

With a shake of her head, Hailey's gaze dropped to the ground. She wanted nothing to do with this tournament. Unfortunately, she was being forced to compete against her will. Didn't her concept mean anything?

All Hailey wanted was to enjoy a low-key year at Hogwarts, like normal students got to. After three years, she had learned that her Hogwarts would be eventful and adventures, the kind other students longed for.

When Dumbledore announced the Tri-Wizard Tournament, Hailey felt a sense of dread in her
stomach. While she didn't want anything to do with the tournament, she started searching for any and all information she could find about the tournament. For some reason, Hailey knew she would be entered into the tournament, in was just her luck – well, technically, her bad luck. As she researched, Hailey tried to unconvincingly to dash her paranoia.

Her prediction came true on Halloween when Dumbledore announced her name as the Fourth Champion. The announcement was met with silence as Hailey was forced out of the Great Hall. The next morning, everyone knew Hailey had entered her name to be in the spotlight. She couldn't sit back and let something happen at Hogwarts without being in the center of it.

The last month had been the loneliest of Hailey's life. She knew what it was like to have friends. One day they were there, and the next, they were gone, glaring and whispering about her.

Due to the crashing loneliness, Hailey spent her time on homework and research. She hadn't found a way out of the tournament, but she wasn't going to give up. She had until the start of the First Task. By watching the Marauders' Map, Hailey noticed several names appear on the edge, near the border with the Forbidden Forest. One of the names was Charles Weasley, and Hailey only knew one Charles Weasley, though he preferred Charlie. After spotting his name, Hailey had a feeling she knew what the First Task was – dragons.

Charlie worked with dragons.

Sometime near midnight, Hailey decided to take her broom out for a last night fly. She made a point to fly over the Forbidden Forest several times, searching for the dragon handlers and the dragons. From above, she spotted four dragons. She took careful note of each dragon's coloring, characteristics, and attitude. By lunch the next day, Hailey knew what the four dragons were. From there, she devised a plan for each of them.

Hailey closed her eyes as she leaned back against the stadium, her head resting near a wooden post. Last night she found a way out of this tournament, but it was too late. There wasn't anyone she could turn to for help. This was a permanent solution. There was no such thing as a divorce in the Wizarding World.

If there was time, Hailey was interested in someone. They met over the summer, and there were sparks between them. Hailey could remember the feeling of kissing him, hidden in the shadows.

“Hailey,” a familiar voice whispered in her ear, sending a shiver down her spine.

Opening her eyes, she turned to look at him. “Charlie,” she whispered, a blush forming on her cheeks.

Charlie Weasley wore a smirk as he leaned in closer to Hailey. Leaning forward, he pressed his lips against hers with his hands settling on her lips to draw her closer.

Hailey leaned into the embrace as she wrapped her arms around Charlie's neck.

Pulling back, Charlie rested his forehead against hers. “I've missed you,” he whispered with a smile.

Smiling in reply, Hailey whispered, “Same.”

“I saw you the other night,” he stated, “flying overhead.” Moving his hands, Charlie felt something in the pockets of her jeans. Without a word, Charlie reached in, retrieving a folded piece of parchment.

Hailey watched Charlie with a raised eyebrow. In the short time they had known each other she
became use to Charlie's overly familiar tendencies.

“Let's see,” he muttered, removing his other hand from Hailey to open the parchment. After it was unfolded, Charlie returned the hand Hailey's hip, keeping her close.

Eyes widened, Hailey had forgotten she had *that* piece of parchment in her pockets. Closing her eyes, Hailey leaned her head against Charlie's shoulder.

When he finished reading over the parchment, Charlie leaned and crashed his lips against Hailey's.

The reaction startled Hailey. Her eyes flew open as she returned Charlie's kiss.

Breaking the kiss, Charlie pushed Hailey up against the side of the stadium.

“Magic to magic, I bind myself to you, for now and eternity,” Charlie said, his breath against Hailey's face. “I vow to love and cherish you, for now and forever. We seal this vow with a kiss.”

His eyes sparkled.

Hailey's eyes widened. She recognized the vows as marriage vows.

When Hailey froze, Charlie started to back away.

When she saw a close of rejection flash across his eyes, Hailey quickly acted by pressing her lips against his. She felt her magic surge before entwining with Charlie's. The kiss ended a moment later.

“You're mine, Hailey Potter,” Charlie Potter announced to his wife with a grin.

Chapter End Notes

This won on the second version of If Wishes Were Upgrades poll. At this time, the upgraded version is untitled, and there is no posting date schedule.
016. Decisions

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Tony Stark/Autumn Crocus Evans
Warnings: alternate universe; het; older!female!Harry Potter (Autumn Crocus); mentions of underage drinking; mentions of teenage pregnancy; mentions of miscarrying a pregnancy; mentions of violence; James Potter is a jerk; and sibling (younger brother) is the child of the prophecy

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Fandoms: The Avengers, Harry Potter, and Iron Man
Pairing: Tony Stark/Autumn Crocus Evans
Warnings: alternate universe; het; older!female!Harry Potter (Autumn Crocus); mentions of underage drinking; mentions of teenage pregnancy; mentions of miscarrying a pregnancy; mentions of violence; James Potter is a jerk; and sibling (younger brother) is the child of the prophecy
Prompt: (Pairing) Tony Stark/female!Harry Potter

016. Decisions

The relationship between Tony Stark and Autumn Crocus could be summed up into one word: strange. While there was that muggle saying about no relationship being easy, Autumn knew that relationship between her and Tony would never be “easy.”

They met when Autumn was a graduate student at MIT when she was sixteen. Tony had heard about her project and was interested. He was one of many interested people, but he was the only one willing to sign a contract and a check with multiple zeroes. Autumn was trying to build a magically ran laptop. Her research wasn't going well when they met, but Tony recognized her genius. He was willing to fund her research and her project in exchange for sole rights. It took Autumn a year and a number of blow ups before she accepted his offer. To this day, Autumn still didn't have a magically ran laptop – or any electric device. She was able to build a magic-safe laptop and a magic-safe tablet, which has since been turned into a Stark laptop and a StarkPad.

At nineteen, Autumn started working for Stark Industries and running the magical branch of the company under Tony's supervision. She, also, started sleeping with Tony. A year later, Autumn was living at Tony's Malibu beach house four days a week, and pretending she wasn't in love with him. She was convinced that nothing could scare him off faster.

Then Tony went to Afghanistan for a demonstration. He was showing off his new Jericho missile system to the military, and he went missing when his security escort was attacked. He was missing for months. While Tony was missing, Autumn tried to move on with her life. She moved back into her small Orange County apartment full-time, buried herself in her research, and started dating Jason.
Eventually Tony was found alive and returned to the United States. For one long weekend, Autumn fell back into bed with Tony. Afterward, she returned to apartment and continued dating Jason. It turned awkward, but Jason didn't seem to notice. The relationship ended soon afterward. Autumn continued to ignore Tony's advances and the way his hands lingered on her back or on her hips. News came out that Tony was Iron Man, but that didn't change much in their relationship. Autumn respected Tony a little more, and she helped him design a magic-safe version of his Iron Man suit, and they collaborated on the arch reactor. It was naturally immune to magic. They were continuing to study it since it might be the source of a magically ran electric device.

About six months later while Tony was in the middle of his meltdown, they spent a wild weekend together in Miami. It didn't change anything between them until two months later. After a trip to the healer's, Autumn found out she was pregnant with a boy. She planned on naming him Elliot Anthony Evans. She had managed to tell Tony about her pregnancy, only to see him wonder off with a dazed expression and celebrate his birthday the following day. That was a party Autumn was glad to have skipped.

A few days later, Autumn was at the Stark Expo as Justin Hammer showed off his Hammer-bots, which were knock-off wannabes of Iron Man, and War Machine. The Hammer-bots and War Machine started to go rogue or something. The event turned into chaos and the crowd was trying to escape. In the panic of the escape, Autumn was shoved and pushed in the crowd. She took out a few of the Hammer-bots by hitting them with pulses of magic, causing them to malfunction. Stark Industries had sole rights to her research and products. Autumn was taken out by a few bullets while saving a kid wearing an Iron Man mask as a Hammer-bot opened fire. Shortly afterward, she blacked out. Apparently, she was carried out by the kid's uncle and rushed to the hospital. Somewhere before making it to the hospital, she had miscarried.

She woke up two days after the Hammer presentation in a private hospital room to Tony at her bedside. He had held her hand as the doctor told her she had lost the baby and she would have trouble conceiving in the future. Tony remained by her side until she was released from the hospital and taken to Tony's beach house instead of her apartment.

For a stressful four months, Tony and Autumn worked on their relationship. It was a difficult time period. They both grieved the loss Elliot and tried to fix their relationship. There were days when Tony would lock himself in his lab for days at a time, and there were days Autumn would lay in bed all day, and there days when they fight over nothing and days when they couldn't keep their hands off of one another.

After those four months, Tony gave Autumn a key and hired a moving company to move all of her things while she was in Boston, visiting her mom and giving a keynote address at MIT. When Happy picked her up from the airport and took her to the beach house, where she found some of her belongs scared around the house, she hadn't been pleased. She was happy to move in with Tony, but a discussion would have been nice. But she changed her mind when Tony showed her her private labs – and they christened them.

That led to where Autumn and Tony to where they were presently. It was some type of committed relationship, but it wasn't labeled. Autumn did dream she would one day become Autumn Crocus Dorea Stark.

“There's a bird upstairs, I assume it's for you,” Tony said, sounding frustrated. “It won't let me near it.”

Autumn frowned. Why would there be a bird upstairs?

“It's a Tyto alba , Dr. Evans,” Jarvis said, “a common barn owl.”
That caused Autumn to raise her eyebrows. Bird messengers, usually crows or pigeons, were uncommon nowadays. They had all but disappeared when Stark Industries released the StarkPad and the Stark laptop in the magical community.

“Who would send me an owl?” she asked, walking towards the lab door. She shook her head, walking out of her lab and up the stairs.

When she was the ground floor, Jarvis directed her to the deck. One the deck, perched on the railing was a brown barn owl. It was grooming its wings and glancing around at the beach. The owl looked ruffled and tired. Autumn didn't spare the owl's appearance much thought.

She walked out onto the deck, drawing the owl's attention. Walking over to the owl, she spotted the parchment – who used parchment anymore? – on the owl's leg. The owl stared at her and blinked a few times before holding out its leg. Autumn removed the parchment unfolded it. The address made her eyes narrow and caused her to frown.

Ms. A. C. Evans

Master bedroom, Stark Beach House

United States of America

Autumn was looking over the parchment when she heard Tony step onto the deck behind her. He removed the parchment from her hands without a word. She turned to staring at Tony as he looked over the parchment.

“I thought you people didn't use this stuff,” Tony said, breaking the seal.

Autumn's emerald eyes narrowed. “We don't,” she snapped, taking the parchment from his hands.

“Only people in Europe still use 'this stuff.'”

Her eyes narrowed and she glared at the parchment. Only people in Europe still used parchment. Her mom, Lily, was from England, and her biology father still lived in England. Back when Lily got pregnant, James Potter wanted nothing to do with her or the unborn child. Since Lily was only a fourth-year student at Hogwarts and the “alleged” father didn't want anything to do with the unborn child or Lily Evans. Lily was expelled and her wand was snapped. She returned to her parents house, and took her A-levels and her O-levels through a homeschool program. She gave birth to Autumn Crocus Dorea Evans on July 31. After Lily earned her high school diploma and took a series of tests, she was accepted into Georgetown University. Lily had packed up and moved across the Atlantic Ocean with her young daughter. While attending Georgetown, Lily completed her magical education and got a new wand.

“Europe?” Tony repeated, his eyes widened a little as he stared at the letter. He knew a little about Autumn's connections in Europe, specifically England – about as much as she did.

Autumn didn't say anything. She stared at the parchment before unfolding it. Taking a deep breath, she started to read the letter.

Dear Ms. Evans,

We regret to inform you that your father, Lord James Charles Potter, and your stepmother, Lady Amelia Mary Bones Potter, have been admitted to St. Mungo's Hospital for the Magical Maladies and Injuries' Janus Thickery Ward for long-term spell damage. On October 31, Lord and Lady
Potter were attacked at their vacation home in Godric's Hallow. Both Lord and Lady Potter were tortured into insanity by extreme use of the Cruciatus Curse.

Due to Lord and Lady Potter's hospitalize and their lack of a will, the Wizangamot has selected you as the guardian of Oscar Potter, Amelia Potter II, James Potter II, Charlotte Potter, and Suzanne Bones. Oscar and Suzanne are currently attending Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry where they are in first years. Amelia, James and Charlotte are in the care of Albus Dumbledore.

At your earliest convince, please come to the Ministry of Magic's Department of Magical Children and Family Services to fill out the paperwork and take custody of your half-siblings and step-cousin.

Savannah Kingston

Department of Magical Children and Family Services

Autumn read the letter a few times before handing it to Tony. He had impatiently waited for her to finish reading it. She wondered back into the house and over to the fully stacked bar. She poured herself some scotch and downed it. The access to alcohol was a benefit to living with Tony. Autumn was approaching her twenty-first birthday, so she couldn't legally consume alcohol.

“What are we going to do?” Tony asked, placing his hand on her back.

Autumn rubbed her forehead. She had noticed Tony said 'we' and not 'you.' A small smile forced on her face. She took a deep breath and shook her head, “I don't know.”

She turned around and faced Tony. The letter was in his hand, and she took it. “I don't know why they would chose me,” she admitted, speaking softly.

Tony guided Autumn over to the couch and they sat down.

Autumn sighed, leaning against Tony.

As far as everyone in magical Britain was concerned, Autumn Crocus didn't exist. She was a bastard child, and only illegitimate child born of the Potter line in over a hundred years. People rarely acknowledged her existence, and when they did, it wasn't good.

“Your schedule is clear for the next two days,” Tony pointed out. He didn't want children, but these ones were old enough to look after themselves.

Autumn sighed and slid down farther on the couch. This whole situation was crazy. “I don't know,” she muttered.

“You can use the jet,” Tony offered, “and Pepper.”

Autumn offered him a small smile. “She's the CEO,” she stated. Pepper might like a small trip to London and a chance to go shopping, but she didn't have the time. “But I'll take the jet.”

Tony offered her a small smile and reached out to grasp her hand before leading her up to the master bedroom.
Chapter End Notes

I have no plans to extend this, at the moment.
Susan's eyes narrowed before playing along with Harry. Her wand movements for nearly perfect.

Harry offered her a smile, feeling a little guilty. He was basically using her as a human shield to hide from another girl. There was a reason he chose Susan over another girl – or anyone else. He liked Susan. She was quiet, pretty, and loyal. As far as Harry knew, she had said anything against him.

In the following weeks, Harry found himself seeking Susan out. In general, he seemed to be gravitating towards her. While she was soft spoken, she spoke up if she had something to say.

Through Susan, Harry started learning more about the Wizarding World. Most of what he learned was related to pure-bloods and society: customs, traditions, culture, and duties. There was a lot he learned about his own responsibilities to the House of Potter and the House of Black.

Because of these lessons, Harry started making inquiries with Gringotts over owl – and he exclusively used school owls, much to Hedwig's annoyance. It was because of Susan, Harry started to learn more about his heritage. The more he discovered, the more he realized Dumbledore had failed – and how Sirius had failed him.
It took a month for Harry to ask Susan out to Hogsmeade. This was the first weekend trip since they had become close.

Asking her out was awkward. Harry stumbled over words as he tried to form complete sentences, often stopping in the middle of one sentence to being a new and better sentence. He stuttered, all the while growing more red faced in embarrassment.

In the end, Susan said yes with a smile and a small blush of her own.

Chapter End Notes

This is one of my personal favorites. I adore the fanon version of Susan Bones that I've built over the years.
The most important thing Lavender Brown noticed about Harry Potter was his truthfulness. She had never heard him tell a lie or omit the truth. She had known him since she was eleven and she never heard him lie.

It took her awhile to figure out why.

Lying came easy to most people. There were some people who lied every time they opened their mouths, and there were others that in an effect to protect others' feelings.

Lavender started to piece things together when she heard about his relatives, the Dursleys. While Harry didn't say much, Lavender heard from others, like Harry's roommates about his muggle clothes and the Weasley twins about the bars on his windows. When they were in third year, Lavender heard about the lies the Dursleys told Harry about his parents.

It was then she figured it out and she understood. The Dursleys had a large influence on Harry's life. They had shaped it, though Harry might deny it. The Dursleys lied, so Harry didn't.

Taking a deep breath, she tried to gather all of her courage. One way or another, she would learn where she stood. It was important.

“Harry,” she whispered, last one night in the empty common room with the firing slowly dying.

Turning his head, Harry looked at her.

“I love you,” Lavender whispered, balling her hands into fists. “Can you ever love me back?”

Harry staring at her, remaining quiet.

The silence made Lavender's heartbeat speed up as her nerves started to increase.
“Yes,” he whispered with a nod.

Lavender smiled. That was all she needed to know. “Will you go with to Hogsmeade this weekend?” she asked.

He said yes.

Chapter End Notes

This drabble was inspired by *The Flower That Would Not Wither* by Ellory. I have a few ideas on how to expand this.
Harry relaxed a little – the fear of fire had vanished when his spotted the tray in the children’s hands.

“What are the rules about cooking?” demanded Ginny, eyes narrowed at her children.

James winched, but didn't reply.

Next to him, Teddy rolled his eyes and crossed his arms. His hair turned from black to orange to lavender to lime. “That's exactly what I asked them,” he muttered, yawning a little.

“Why did you disobey?” Ginny asked, eyeing the three younger children. While she trusted Teddy to look after his younger siblings, the poor boy was getting over a terrible cold. She frowned, eyeing her eldest child. “Sweetie, come here,” she ordered, tapping the bed.

Teddy moved forward and he sat on the edge of the bed.

Ginny frowned, looking over him. Teddy was looking better, but he was still running a fever.

“We’re waiting,” Harry said, glancing at James, Albus, and Lily.

“We made breakfast in bed,” Lily beamed.

Ginny looked at her younger children with narrowed eyes. While it was thoughtful, it wasn't the best decision.

“Join us,” Harry said, enlarging the bed.

James, Albus, and Lily eagerly crawled onto the bed.

James put the tray the nightstand next to Harry.
With a grin, Harry passed the food around, handing their younger children the burnt eggs and bacon. Ginny was given a piece of toast with peach jam while Harry took a piece with grape jam. Teddy was handed a glass of orange juice and some fruit.

Harry ate his toast with a grin as he watched James, Albus, and Lily struggle to eat the burnt food. It seemed like a fitting punishment.

Chapter End Notes

I wanted to do some kind of cute family fic.
Violet Potter bit her lip as Neville Longbottom neared. He was red faced as he approached. She quickly turned her attention back to her book.

When he reached her side, Neville stopped moving and he turned to face her. “Violet,” he said, his voice soft.

Looking up from her book, Violet offered Neville a smile. “Yes, Neville?” she asked.

“I-I,” he said, fumbling with the strap of his bag as he nervously shifted from foot to foot.

“Move it, Longbottom,” demanded Draco Malfoy, shoving Neville to the side.

Malfoy's entourage of Slytherins laughed as Neville stumbled.

Smirking, Malfoy turned to face Violet. “Potter, you, me, Hogsmeade this weekend,” he demanded.

“No,” Violet said, turning back to her book. She had no romantic interest in Draco Malfoy.

Eyes widening, Malfoy stared at Violet in shock. “What did you say, Potter?”

“No,” she repeated, “as in, I won’t go to Hogsmeade with you.”

Growing red in the face, Malfoy stomped forward. “Why not?” he demanded.

“I don't want to,” Violet answered, turning a page in her book.

“Try the poem, Malfoy!” a Slytherin suggested.
Malfoy nodded. “A violet by any other name would smell as sweet,” he began.

Violet slammed her book down as she glared at him, green eyes sparkling with fire. “First of all, it's a 'rose','” she spanned. “And secondly, do you know how that play ends?”

“Of course,” Malfoy said, rolling his eyes. “The muggles get married.”

Shaking her head, Violet turned to Hermione Granger.

“It ends with Romeo and Juilet dying,” snapped Hermione. She took it as a personal insult when someone messed up a Shakespeare play.

Malfoy gaped before turning to looked his Slytherin entourage. “Why didn't you tell me that?” he demanded, his tone accusing.

“I didn't know,” yelled a Slytherin.

“I never finished it,” a shrugged a Slytherin, turning to his classmates.

“It's boring,” added another Slytherin.

Hermione's eyes narrowed at their lack of interest in Shakespeare. She took personal offense because she liked Shakespeare. It was something her parents raised her with and her parents loved Shakespeare. They even named Hermione after a character from The Winter's Tale.

“The answer is still no, Malfoy,” snapped Violet, opening her book.

Malfoy left in a huff with his entourage following close behind.

“V-Violet,” Neville said, his voice softer than before.

Turning to look at him, Violet offered him a soft smile. “You were saying something,” she said, a hopeful tone in her voice.

Neville nodded, his cheeks turning red. “I-I wanted to ask you to Hogsmeade,” he said.

“I would love to,” Violet said, closing her book.

Chapter End Notes

I have no plans for expansion.
Ronnie Weasley bit her lip as she looked over her dress robes. They were hideous. According to the letter, these robes belonged Uncle Bilius. Why would her mom send her *men's* dress robes?

A tear slid down her cheek as she continued to look over the robes. Ronnie knew she wasn't the prettiest. She was tall with a flat chest and short hair, but she was *girl*. Didn't she deserve women's dress robes?

Throwing the dress robes onto her bed, Ronnie crossed her arms as her gaze drifted to the letter. The sight of the letter sent a wave of tears streaming down her face. It was times like this when Ronnie *hated* her mother. Since Ginny expressed an interest in attending the Yule Ball, Molly Weasley sent her *precious* daughter the set of dress robes Ronnie made herself. When she left for Hogwarts, the dress robes weren't finished, but Molly promised she would finish them before sending them to Ronine.

The plan changed when Ginny decided she wanted to attend the Yule Ball with her crush, Harry Potter. Molly bent over backwards to tell Ginny in her quest to win the attention and affection of Harry Potter.

Turning away from her bed, Ronnie hugged herself. It wasn't fair! Ronnie found an old set of dress robes in the attic when she was cleaning. No one else wanted them, and Ronnie wanted a nice set of dress robes for herself. She spent *hours* working on them. And just like, the robes were gone and given to her little sister.
It was no secret Ginny was the princess of the family. Everyone doted on Ginny. She was daddy's little girl and mummy's special princess. Meanwhile Ronnie was just Ronnie. She wasn't anything special.

The door opened and laughter was heard as her roommates entered the dorm.

"What are those?" demanded Hermione Granger, pointing at the dress robes on Ronnie's bed.

Ronnie said nothing as she bit her lip. It was no secret Granger hated her for some reason.

"Those are traditional dress robes, Granger," snapped Lavender Brown, glaring at the muggle-born.

"Well, that doesn't make them any less hideous," laughed Granger, eyeing the robes in distaste.

Lavender rolled her eyes.

"What happened to your other robes?" Lavender asked, later than night when Granger was gone.

"The usual," replied Ronnie, close to tears. "Mum gave them to Ginny."

Lavender scowled. She knew Mrs. Weasley was always taking Ronnie's things give them to Ginny. There were times Mrs. Weasley went as far as to spend extra money on Ginny so the younger girl could have nicer things. In Ginny's first year, Ginny got a new wand.

"We'll fix these," vowed Lavender, picking up a sleeve on the robes.

"How?" Ronnie asked, turning to look at her friend. Lavender and Parvati were her closest remaining female friends. The other girls had abandoned Ronnie when they all started crushing on Harry Potter, Ronnie's best friend. The only girl Harry showed an interest in was Ronnie.

... 

The following two weeks passed with Ronnie, Parvati and Lavender working on the dress robes. Lavender and Parvati were determined to send Ronnie to the Yule Ball in a set of gorgeous dress robes. Their friend deserved it.

They out help from Dobby, an eager and friendly house-elf. With the other house-elves, Dobby would find extra robes and fabric. Dobby would bring everything to the girls and he would watch in glee as they created a new set of dress robes.

...
This year, the Yule Ball was held on a Saturday, the day before winter holidays would begin, allowing all students to attend the ball and head home for the holidays. There were a lot of changes this year, all celebrating the defeat of Voldemort and the end of the war.

Ronnie, Lavender, and Parvati got ready together in the Room of Requirement, away from their roommates and the other girls in Gryffindor Tower.

With help from Lavender and Parvati, Ronnie had her hair styled in an up-do and her makeup was done. Lavender and Parvati laughed at some of Ronnie's facial expression while they worked on her. Ronnie was a tomboy with limited interests in female past times. In fact, Ronnie loved sewing and designing, and her favorite subject was timeless dress robes.

The three of them left the Room of Requirement together, headed to the Entrance Hall, where they were meeting their dates. Lavender and Parvati were attending the ball with Dean Thomas and Neville Longbottom.

In the Entrance Hall, Ronnie spotted Ginny flirting with Harry Potter. She was hanging off of his arm and pushing her breast into his side. Ronnie felt her eyes sting at the sight of Ginny's dress robes. The robes had been restyled with a tighter silhouette and deeper neckline.

Harry was engaging with Ginny, nodding along to whatever she was saying and his eyes were fixed firmly on her face.

Taking a deep breath, Ronnie walked into the Entrance Hall with Lavender and Parvati. Dean and Neville straightened up at the sight of their dates and they rushed over to greet them.

The slight commotion drew Harry's attention – along with Ginny's irritation. Harry smiled when he saw Ronnie. He pushed Ginny away from him before he walked over to Ronnie.

"You look gorgeous," he whispered in her ear, sounding breathless.

Ronnie left her cheeks warm and she smiled.

Chapter End Notes

I don't know how common female!Ron Weasley is, but it was fun to write a different genderbent character.
022. To Have and To Hold

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Regulus Black/Hollis Potter
Warnings: alternate universe; het; female!Harry Potter (Hollis); and time travel

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Fandom: Harry Potter
Pairing: Regulus Black/Hollis Potter
Warnings: alternate universe; het; female!Harry Potter (Hollis); and time travel

Hollis Potter had a talent for getting into unexplainable situations. She survived the Killing Curse, she was the youngest Seeker in a Century, and she was the youngest Triwizard Champion. Honestly, Hollis had no idea how any of this happened, it just did – no matter what Snape said.

While she was assigned to clean the drawing room at Number Twelve Grimmauld Place, it happened again. Hollis had picked up an odd locket. It was made of gold and weighed a good amount, and was a large, oval shape. On the front of the locket there was an “S” made out of green jewels, most likely emeralds.

Hollis was staring at the locket when it happened. There was something about the locket that called to her. As she looked over the locket, she found it odd that such a locket would be in the drawing room of the Blacks’ residence. She knew that the Black family colors were black and purple, and all of their jewelry was made out of silver or white gold, and their family jewel was onyx. Nothing in their family history would explain why there would be an “S” on any of their family heirloom jewelry. The family had a long history of being sorted into Slytherin, but the Blacks' were distantly related to Morgan Le Fey, who was related to Rowena Ravenclaw.

As she studied the locket, Hollis failed to notice the magic leaking from it. It was residual at first, but when it touch her magic, it steadily increased. Hollis didn't notice until she felt it wrapping around her. The feeling didn't make her feel uneasy. It made her feel complete and safe, which made her alarmed. She never recalled feeling like this. It was so natural feeling that it made her feel uncomfortable.

No one else in the room noticed what was going. Mrs. Weasley was sorting through the rubbish pile while her children and Hermione Granger were cleaning varies selections of the room. Before Hollis
could alert them to what was going on, she was being pulled away.

It felt like a port-key, but not at the same time. She was being pulled away by the locket and she couldn't release it. The pulling sensation increased and seemed to pick up speed. She clutched her eyes shut, and she was being to experience breathing difficulties.

As quick as the pulling feeling came, it started to disappear. The speed fell, Hollis could breath normally, and her eyes remained shut. A few seconds later, her bare feet met ground – rocky ground. Hollis opened her eyes and found natural darkness. She squinted, looking around. It would appear that she was in a cave of some kind.

Inside of the cave – or what she believed to be a cave – she was on an island or something surround by water, lots of water. In the far off distance, it looked like there was another landform. Hollis eyed the distance and contemplated trying to swim it, but decided against it. She was a decent swimmer and there was something about the body of water that made her uneasy.

Hollis turned around, looking over the island or whatever she stood on. It was rather small, about twenty feet in diameter. The surface was rocky, and uncomfortable to stand barefoot on. She let out a gasp when she felt the rocky surface cut her feet.

She grimaced and stopped moving. She was facing the middle of the island. There was a stone basin. At the foot of the basin there was form that wasn't the island. Hollis tried to carefully walk over to the basin, to get a better look. On her walk over, she reached into her pocket for her wand, only to find it missing. She silently cursed herself. It was back at her bedroom at Grimmauld Place.

As she slowly approached the form, she noticed it was human shaped. Stopping a few inches away from the person, Hollis spent a few moments watching it. The form looked male based off of the broad shoulder and the athletic build that lacked certain curves. The person appeared to be breathing.

Slowly, Hollis crotched down and reached out to shake the person's shoulder. Hopefully he had information on where she was and how she could get back to Grimmauld Place. Before her fingers could brush against his shoulder, a hand shot out and caught her wrist. The person pulled Hollis towards them and rolled over. During this, Hollis dropped the locket.

Within in seconds, Hollis was on her back with her head pounding from bouncing off of the rocky surface, and she was staring up a familiar face. This person – who was male – had shoulder-length black hair, and striking grey eyes. His body was well-built. He bore a strong resembles to Sirius. He was straddling her, which kept her pinned to the ground, with one hand holding both her wrists above her head, and the other hand had a wand pressed against her throat.

“Sirius?” Hollis whispered in desperation, tears filling her eyes. She was in pain, and she was starting to feel scared.

The male above her narrowed his grey eyes. His grip on her wrists loosened, but he didn't move. “Who are you?” the male hissed, his voice was rough and darker than her godfather's.

“H-Hollis,” she replied.

“How did you get here?” he demanded, staring down into her jade eyes.

“The l-locket,” Hollis answered. She knew it sounded farfetched, but it was the truth. She had the feeling if she lied, things wouldn't go well.

The male stared at her with narrowed eyes, his eyes roaming over her face. “What locket?” he demanded, there was a guard look in his eyes.
“It was gold and had an 'S' made out of emeralds,” she explained.

Realization flashed through his grey eyes as his wand pressed farther into her throat. “Where is it?” he hissed, his grip on her wrists tightened.

“Over there,” Hollis replied, moving her eyes in the direction from which she was pulled. “I dropped it when you grabbed me.”

His eyes narrowed, and he glanced over in the direction she came from. He saw something laying on the ground a few feet away. He moved his right hand, the one holding the wand, off of her throat and silently summoned the locket. With a shaking right hand, he looked over the locket. As he inspected it, his grip on Hollis' wrists tightened.

“Where did you get this?” he demanded in a hiss, his voice sounding low and dangerous.

“Over Twelve Grim–” she began to replied.

“–auld Place,” he finished with her. His eyes were narrowed and hardened. He stared down at her in silence. The only noise in the cave was coming from the water and the wind.

Below him, Hollis started to shiver. She was starting to feel rather cold. Her clothes were damp, and didn't cover much. Her shorts were rather short, stopping at mid-thigh level. She had cut up a pair of Dudley's old jeans, they were like seven years old. Her shirt was a long and thin, light green blouse with lace designs and semi-puffy sleeves that Aunt Petunia had bought her at a thrift store a year ago.

“How did you get here?” he asked, his voice less harsh. His grip on the locket tightened.

“I picked that up,” Hollis replied, nodded to the locket in his hand. “We were cleaning the drawing room, and that was in a glass case.”

The male stared at her for several seconds. Without a hint of warning, he leaned down and pressed his lips to hers. Hollis froze in shock for a few seconds before something warm bloomed in her chest, causing her to shyly kiss back. Hollis never kissed anyone before, including Neville Longbottom who escorted her to the Yule Ball last year, but both Ginny Weasley and Hermione Granger had. This was like neither of them described. Ginny's first kiss was long and passionate while Hermione's short and sweet.

He pulled back a few inches and stared down at Hollis. There was something intense in his eyes, which made Hollis blush. He sat back and released her wrists, and he stood up a few seconds later. Holding out his hand, he pulled Hollis to her feet. Once she was standing, he wrapped his arms around her and pulled her close. Hollis felt comfortable and safe in his arms, which was weird given their situation a minute ago.

“How do you know Sirius?” he muttered in her ear, his breath warm.

Hollis pressed herself close to him, trying to gather more heat. She had the feeling that she could trust him, like when she met Ron Weasley on the Hogwarts Express first year and Hermione Granger after the troll incident. It hadn't failed her yet. “He's my godfather,” she whispered.

His grip on her tightened.

“He's a good person,” she whispered. “He didn't do the things he was accused off – betraying my parent to Voldemort or killing those muggles and Pettigrew. It was all Pettigrew,” she explained, shedding a few tears.
The male's grip loosened and rubbed a hand up and down her back. “I know he's a good person,” he said with a chuckle. “He was the white sheep of the family.”

Hollis grew a little confused. Did this man know Sirius? Before she could ask, he was speaking, “He's my older brother.”

Hollis thought for a moment. Sirius had explained the family tree when she found it. “Regulus?” she said, leaning back to stare up at the man.

He nodded, his expression grim. “We've never met I take it,” he said, sounding lost.

She shook her head. “According to the Black family tree, you're dead,” she explained. Thinking about the Black family tree brought back Sirius' words about his brother. Hollis pushed herself away from Regulus.

He looked depressed, and he tried to reach out to her.

Hollis slapped his hands away, glaring at him. “You're a Death Eater,” she whispered, tears running down her face.

“No a loyal one,” Regulus said. “By coming here, I betrayed the Dark Lord.”

Hollis glanced around, the cave didn't look like much.

“He hid this here,” he explained, holding up the locket. “I wanted to find and destroy all of his horcruxes.”

Hollis shivered, wrapping her arms around herself in an effort to get warm.

Regulus took a few steps towards her, and wrapped his arms around her again. Hollis leaned in towards him, wanting the heat. She hated the cold or being cold, it brought back memories of the Dursleys'. Aunt Petunia had had her wash the shed in the middle of winter, and Uncle Vernon made her walk home from school in a thin windbreaker.

“You don't know what we are, do you?” Regulus asked, his voice sounding depressed.

Hollis shook her head. He claimed he wasn't a loyal Death Eater, so they weren't enemies, but they weren't allies. But she had a feeling that these weren't the answers he was looking for.

Regulus sighed, but didn't say anything.

“What are we?” Hollis asked.

“Salit animae ,” Regulus replied, tightening his arms around her.

Hollis thought for a moment. That phrase sounded familiar, but she couldn't place it. She remained silent, hoping that Regulus was translate or explain.

“Soulmates,” Regulus whispered in her ear.

Hollis froze in shock. They had studied soulmates – salit animae – in History of Magic briefly her third year. The last known case of soulmates was in the 1800s, between Delphin Malfoy and Roger Flint. Soulmates would explain why she felt safe with him, how he knew she was lying, and it might explain why she was pulled to him.

She wrapped her arms around Regulus. Leaning her head up, they kissed once more. Regulus kissed
her back passionately. They separated a moment later.

“Here,” Regulus said, holding the locket out to Hollis. His arm around her waist tightened, pulling her closer.

Hollis removed one of her arms from around Regulus and reached up to touch the locket. That's when it happened again. The locket pulled them from the cave and to wherever. Hollis dropped her hand from the locket and wrapped her arm around Regulus when it picked up speed. Regulus arm was back around a second later. He held her close.

Like last time, the speed decrease and stopped a little later. When they stopped, Hollis looked around, relieved to the drawing room she had been cleaning with Mrs. Weasley and the others. Currently, the only other in the drawing room was Kreacher. The house-elf was supporting through the pile, muttering to himself about blood traitors and mudbloods.

“Behavior yourself, Kreacher,” Regulus ordered, loosening his grip on Hollis.

Kreacher whirled around, his eyes widened at the sight of Regulus. “Master Regulus?” he said, stepping towards the man.

Chapter End Notes

There is a longer version available: To Have and To Hold.
023. Stand by Me

Chapter Summary

Pairing: James Potter/Saturn Black; and past one-sided James Potter/Lily Evans
Warnings: alternate universe; het; female!Sirius Black (Saturn); mild language; nice!Narcissa Black; and mentions of evil!Black family

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Fandom: Harry Potter
Pairing: James Potter/Saturn Black; and past one-sided James Potter/Lily Evans
Warnings: alternate universe; het; female!Sirius Black (Saturn); mild language; nice!Narcissa Black; and mentions of evil!Black family

023. Stand By Me

The turning point came over the holidays. The second day of the Winter Holidays, James Potter was done moping – not that he would admit to moping in the first place. It was time to get over it, and it was time to move on with his life.

The day, most people never thought would never come, arrived. James Potter was moving on from Lily Evans. For years, James had tried and failed to win the heart of the beautiful and kind Lily Evans, but she had no interest in James. Lily seemed to hate the very sight of James. She rarely gave him any time, and she only paid attention to him if James sought her out or Snivellus started something.

Upon their departure from the Hogwarts Express at Platform Nine and Three-Quarters, James had tried to bid her a farewell and wish her happy holidays when Lily glared at him and wished he would drop dead. She said it with such loathing it broke James' heart.

At the age of eleven, James met Lily and her family at King's Cross as he was boarding the train. Her red hair and green eyes caught his eye, but it was kindness and friendliness to other students that peeked his interest.

Upon introducing himself to Lily and her friends, James was met with rude comments from Severus Snape, which he returned. Lily didn't take too well to her best friend being insulted and she jumped to his defense. After their first encounter, Lily Evans had a strong dislike of James Potter. Over the following years, that dislike grew and grew.
Now that he had decided to move on from Evans, James needed to focus on other things. There wasn't another witch who had caught his eye. Upon his return to Hogwarts in January, James would pay more attention to the other female students. There had to be someone new for him.

In the meantime, James turned his attention to his schoolwork. He would rather go flying, but it was below freezing outside. Today was a good day to spend inside. Besides if he completed his schoolwork now then he would have more time to plan pranks when he returned to Hogwarts.

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Apparently James didn't have to wait until his return to Hogwarts to look find someone new. While shopping in Diagon Alley, a few days later, James saw Saturn Black. He spotted her running up to the rooms above the pub in The Leaky Caldron.

A frown crossed his lips at the sight. A pub was no place for an underage witch or wizard to live. While James and Saturn were once close friends, they hadn't seen each other in years. Saturn was removed from Hogwarts by her parents before their third year. According to popular rumor, Saturn was betrothed to an older wizard who didn't want her to finish school.

Interest peaked, James decided to wait in pub. What was Saturn doing here? While he waited, James took a seat, facing the stairs, and he pulled over the day's copy of The Daily Prophet.

After an hour or so, Saturn deceased the stairs, allowing James a better look at his old friend. She had grown. James remembered Saturn as a short girl with pale skin, dark hair, and grey eyes. At the age of sixteen, Saturn had a tall and slender figure with pale skin, silky dark hair, and bright grey eyes. She dressed in second-hand robes.

At the sight of her, James stood up and he slowly approached his old friend. When Saturn caught sight of him, her eyes widened.

“Heir Potter,” she greeted with a bow of her friend.

James frowned. The Saturn he knew never called anyone by their titled, let alone a friend. “Heiress Black,” he said, returning the greeting.

Saturn flinched at the use of her title. “It's Miss Black,” she muttered, her eyes focused on the ground. It was important he knew the change in her title – in her status – so he would use the proper title.

His frown deepened as James debated what to ask. He wanted to know what happened or what changed because this wasn't the carefree, fun loving girl he remembered. Instead of asking a question, James settled on saying, “It's nice to see you, again.”

Saturn froze at the comment before she slowly lifted her head. Her grey eyes met his hazel eyes. That wasn’t what she expected to hear. “You too,” she whispered, tears entering her eyes. Oh, how she missed James and Hogwarts.

“Do you want to grab some ice cream and catch up?” James asked, his face flushing. This was the first time he asked another girl other than Lily out.

Saturn bit her lip. “I can't,” she replied. “I have to get to work.”
James' curiosity interested. “Mind if I escort you?” he asked, offering her his arm.

With a blush, Saturn nodded and she accepted the offered arm.

“Where I am taking you?” he asked as they neared the brick wall.

“Rosa Lee Teabag,” she replied.

James knew that shop since his mother liked it. She enjoyed a pot of tea there every time she visited the Alley.

...

James returned to Diagon Alley everyday to visit Saturn, usually at Rosa Lee Teabag while she was working or after she got off work. It took a little work to reestablish their friendship. They avoid the topic of Saturn's current situation because James didn't know how to ask the question and he wasn't even sure if he should ask, meanwhile Saturn didn't want to talk about it.

The topic was came up when Narcissa Black spotted the pair together. She waited until James was alone before confronting him.

“What's your plow?” she demanded, the moment James dropped Saturn off at work. Her eyes were narrowed and she had her hands on her hips.

James started at her with narrowed eyes. “What are you talking about?” he asked.

“Don't play dumb with me, Potter!” Narcissa hissed, crowding into James' personal space. “What are you doing with Saturn?”

“Talking to her,” James replied, his tone a little hard. How was this any of her business?

“Leave her alone,” Narcissa demanded.

“How is this any of your business, Black?”

“It's not, anymore ,” she snapped, “not since Arcturus discovered she was a bastard.”

James' eyes widened as he felt his stomach drop. Being declared a bastard would explain a lot of Saturn's current situation: leaving Hogwarts, living at The Leaky Caldron, becoming Miss Saturn Black, and her job at Rosa Lee Teabag.

“But I make this my business,” Narcissa continued, “because Saturn's family – no matter what Arcturus says about it. Blacks stand by one another.”

Listening with half an ear, James' mind was whirling. If Saturn was branded as a bastard then she had until her seventeenth birthday to bond with someone. At seventeen, she would lose her family magic and she would slowly deteriorate without new family magic.

For someone like Saturn, who was the heiress of a Noble House, she would need marry into a family of an equal or higher status to maintain her magic. Since she was disinherited before her fifteenth birthday, one of the important magical inheritance birthdays, she would need a powerful source of magic.
Without even bothering to acknowledge Narcissa, James walked away. He had a plan, and he needed to act quickly. If he remembered correctly, Saturn's birthday was on the twenty-three of December, which was tomorrow.

Chapter End Notes

This is preview for an upcoming fanfiction. The full length version of *Stand By Me* is schedule to be post December 2017 as part of my Twelve Days of Christmas Collection. This is a gift for a long-time friend of mine.
The first time they met, he was thirteen and she was sixteen.

Gary Oak had recently arrived to the Sinnoh Region to study under Professor Rowan. Professor Rowan was a close friend and a mentor of his grandfather, Samuel Oak, and he was famous for researching Pokemon evolution.

After moving to Sandgem Town, Gary was eager to explore the Sinnoh Region. There were new Pokemon to study, and plenty to learn. Professor Rowan partnered Gary with a young researcher named Holly Elder. According to the professor, Elder was finishing her dissertation. She was interested in the adaptation of Pokemon, specifically the way Pokemon adapted to different environments.

On an overcast day in June, Gary met Holly Elder. She was taller than him at five foot five inches with slightly tanned skin, dark hair that she kept pulled back in a braid, and bright green eyes. She wore a pair blue skinny jeans with brown hiking boots and a white tank top underneath an orange vest, with an orange backpack. The orange vest had various pockets. Gary noticed a square shape in one pocket with a field notebook and black pen in another.

“You must be Gary Oak,” the young woman said with a smile. “I'm Holly Elder.” She held out her hand, “Pleased to meet you.”

Taking it, Gary offered the young woman a half-smile.

Dropping his hand, Holly retrieved the square shaped object from her left front pocket. She tapped a button, separating the object into two parts with a holographic screen forming in the middle. “I figured we could start in Oreburgh City,” she explained. “A few fossils were recently unearthed
She tapped a few times on the holographic screen before angling it towards Gary. “They're were two distinct kinds – Skull Fossils and Armor Fossils. Skull Fossils are believed to have belonged to Cranidos.”

A gray, dinosaur-like Pokemon appeared on the holographic screen. It had a hooked beak, red irises, and a hard, blue, dome-shaped head with four spikes on the back off its head. There were three claws on each stubby arm. Each foot had three forwards claws and one backwards claw. It had a large spiky, blue pattern on its back with a short tail.

“Cranidos, the Head Butt Pokemon,” a computerized voice said. “Cranidos lived in the deep woods about one-hundred million years ago, and its cranium is as hard as steel.”

“Is that a Pokedex?” Gary asked, eyeing the sleek machine. Holly laughed as she nodded yes.

“Armor Fossils are believed to have belonged to Shieldon,” she continued.

The holographic screen showed a small, yellow ceratopsian-like reptile Pokemon. Shieldon had white toes and a white bump on its back. It had a dark-gray elliptical face with a prominent white rim around its eyes.

“Shieldon, the Shield Pokemon,” the Pokedex said. “The skin on its face is very hard, and it has a habit of polishing it by rubbing against trees.”

“How far is Oreburgh City?” Gary asked.

“Several days,” Holly replied with a shrug. “Jubilife City is about four days away, and Oreburgh is another four or so.”

Gary stared at the researcher, his mind whirling a bit. They were walking. The idea of walking from one place to another was a little foreign to Gary. Thanks to his hired chaperon, he drove everywhere in Kanto and in Johto.

With a sigh, he asked, “When do we leave?” This was a new adventure, and that meant trying new things.

“We can leave in an hour,” she smiled. “I needed to pack a few things, and grab my Pokemon from the Nurse Joy.”

Chapter End Notes

At the moment, I don't have any plans to extend this. That's mostly due to the lack of ideas. Pokemon is one of favorite fandoms.

Side note: female!Harry's name is derived from her two wands and keeping with the tradition of all Regional professors have a wood-based name.
“Who are you?” Haven Potter demanded, her green eyes. Her wand was grasped tightly in her hand as she stared at the uninvited visitor.

The unwanted visitor was tall, over six feet, with a muscular build, slightly tanned skin, and shoulder-length blonde hair. His eyes were narrowed as stared at her. “I am Prince Thor of Asgard,” he answered. “Where is my brother, Loki of Asgard?”

Haven's green eyes narrowed farther. There was no man by the title of Loki of Asgard, but she did have a son named Loki. “There is no one here by that name,” she stated. It was truthful since her son was named James Loki Potter and he went by Loki Potter.

The blonde's eyes tightened. “You lie,” the man said, as if stating a fact. “He was seen here.”

Haven tightened the grip on her wand. There was no way someone could see into her property. She had the best warding money could buy, and she strengthened the wards herself through Runes and Blood Magic. It was impossible for someone to see into her property.

“What does your brother look like?” she demanded, glaring at the man.

“He is tall with dark hair and green eyes,” the man replied, indicating the height with his hand, some around five foot and six inches tall.

“This Loki of yours doesn't sound familiar,” Haven said. He did. Haven had seen a man matching
that description for all of two seconds before he started to shrink and de-age before her eyes. That man was no more. In his place was a six-year-old boy with dark hair, green eyes, dimples, and a love for learning. There was no way anyone was taking her son.

The man narrowed his blue eyes, staring at for a moment. “You don't speak the truth,” he stated.

Haven stood her ground, green eyes narrowed as stared back at the man. “Who are you?” she demanded, mentally kicking herself for not asking sooner.

After another exchanging, Thor left with a promise to return.

... 

It took Thor a month to return. In that time, Haven waited a week for his reappearance, which never came. After another week, she felt it was safe.

They were playing outside, within the wards around Haven's large property when Thor made his appearance. Haven had stopped short when she saw Thor. He stood near the backdoor with his arms crossed.

“Prince Thor,” Haven greeted, her voice cold.

“Where is my brother?” Thor demanded, his eyes narrowed.

“As I told you last time,” Haven said, “there is no one here named Loki of Asgard.”

“He's here,” Thor stated, walking up to her. “He was seen here.”

“Whoever told you that is wrong,” she said. “There is no Loki of Asgard here.”

Thor stared at her, unconvinced.

“It's only me and my son, James,” Haven explained.

Sighing, Thor's shoulders slumped. “You have no idea where my brother is?” he asked, desperation in his tone.

“None,” Haven lied.

“Mummy, have you seen Gelato?” asked James Loki Potter as he ran around the corner.

Haven watched as Thor stared at her six-year-old son. His blue eyes widened in recognition.

“He's probably sleeping,” Haven told her son, turning to look at him. Gelato was four-month-old kitten, and he spent most of his time sleeping and eating.

Loki's green eyes widened at the sight of the visitor. He ducked behind his mom's legs, trying to hide for the tall man.

“T-that,” Thor stuttered, staring at the child hiding behind Haven.

“This is my son, James,” she stated, glaring at him.
Thor's blue eyes narrowed. “That's my brother ,” he stated. “I would know him anywhere.”

Loki peered around Haven's legs, staring at the strange man. He recognized the man from his dreams. “I don't want to leave,” he said, drawing the attention of his mom and the man.

“No one is going to make you leave,” vowed Haven, running her hand through his dark hair.

Gathering his courage, Loki left the safety of his mom's side, walking across the yard to the man. Thor , his mind supplied him. His big brother, Thor.

“I like it here,” he said, looking up at the tall man. “Mummy's teaching me magic, and she doesn't care I spend all day reading or that I don't have any friends.”

Staring down into Loki's wide green eyes, Thor considered his brother's words. If he took Loki back to Asgard, Loki would be doomed to repeat his childhood, only he would be trapped even further in Thor's shadow. Looking at those green eyes, Thor couldn't detect anything other than innocence, child-like wonder, and endless dreams.

“Can I come visit?” Thor asked, kneeling down to eye-level with Loki.

Loki tilted his head to the right, staring at the man. He was sincere, and he didn't seem like he was going to take Loki away from his home. “Yeah,” he nodded, “as long as my mummy doesn't mind.”

Both Thor and Loki turned to look at Haven.

Haven glanced back and farther between the pair. While she wanted Thor around, she found it difficult to say no. Thor was his brother, and family was important. Haven had taught Loki as much. “It's fine,” she said, offering her son a smile.

Chapter End Notes

This something I've had sitting on my laptop for years -- since I saw The Avengers. I don't have many ideas in regards to the plot.

Basic outline: Thor is a regular visitor. Over a period of time, Thor and Haven fall in love. One day, an adult version of Loki is spotted on a SHIELD property.
026. Adoption

Chapter Summary

Pairing: pre-Tony Stark/Pepper Potts  
Warnings: alternate universe; het; female!Harry Potter (Harrie); and mentions of child abuse

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Fandoms: The Avengers, Harry Potter, and Iron Man  
Pairing: pre-Tony Stark/Pepper Potts  
Warnings: alternate universe; het; female!Harry Potter (Harrie); and mentions of child abuse  
Prompt: Pepper Potts is the cousin of little Harry Potter.

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026. Adoption

It was all Tony's fault. At least, it was easiest to blame it all one Tony.

Pepper Potts had left Malibu for two weeks to visit her mom and her stepfather in Florida. When she left, Pepper hired a new Personal Assistant for her boss, Tony, and she left JARVIS with specific instructions to call her if Tony did anything stupid.

Long story short, the new Personal Assistant only lasted four days before he quit. On the fifth day, Tony did something beyond stupid and JARVIS neglected to call her.

Apparently, Tony decided it was a good idea to adopt Pepper's five-year-old niece, Harrie Potter, from Pepper's horrible half-sister, Petunia, and her husband, Vernon. Tony handed over a large cheque in exchange for complete custody of Harrie – shared custody between himself and Pepper. The Dursleys happily signed all the paperwork in front of them.

Pepper didn't learn about the situation until she arrived to Tony's beach house on Monday morning, ready to removed Tony's bed-buddy from the property. Instead of finding a bimbo sleeping in Tony's bed, she found a five-year-old girl playing ball with Dummy in Tony's workshop.

“What's going here?” Pepper demanded as she entered the workshop with coffee and food for Tony.

“Good morning, Miss Potts,” JARVIS greeted her.

Tony glanced up from his computer screen. “Pepper,” he smiled.

“Who's this?” she demanded, pointing at the little girl.
“That’s Miss Harrie,” JARVIS answered.

Pepper placed her hands on her hips. “Where did Harrie come from?” she demanded.

“Sir adopted Miss Harrie from Mr. and Mrs. Dursley,” JARVIS answered.

“Tony!” Pepper said, turning her attention to her boss. “Why did you adopt a child?”

“Because she needs a good home,” Tony replied, focused on his computer screen. “Your sister wasn't providing that.”

Pepper opened her mouth, then shut it as she thought about what he had said. “Which sister?” she asked. She had two half-sisters, Petunia and Lily. She hadn't seen either of them in years.

“Mrs. Petunia Dursley,” JARVIS answered. “She acquired custody of Miss Harrie after the death of Mrs. Lily Potter.”

Pepper's mouth fell open at the answer. Lily had dead. “W-when did Lily die?” she asked.

“Mrs. Lily died almost four years ago,” JARVIS replied. “She and James Potter were murdered on Halloween.”

Feeling lightheaded, Pepper took a seat, turning her attention to her niece. Despite the early hour, the little girl was happily giggling and playing with Tony's robot. She had dark hair and green eyes.

“Harrie,” Tony called, turning his attention away from the screen. “Can you come here?”

The little girl looked from her game. She smiled before walking over to Tony's side.

“Harrie, this is Pepper,” Tony said, motioning to the woman. “She's your new mom.”

Harrie looked between Tony and Pepper before offering Pepper a shy smile. “Hi,” she whispered before burying her face in Tony's pant leg.

“Hi,” Pepper said, returning the smile.

Harrie peeked over at Pepper for a few seconds before she ran back to the corner where Dummy was waiting with the ball in claw.

“Why did you take her?” Pepper asked, moving closer to Tony. She glanced over at Harrie, again. The little girl was obviously to the conversation taking place between the two adults.

Tony sighed, turning away from his work. “They were abusing her,” he answered with a frown.

“What?” Pepper asked, trying to picture Petunia – sweet little Tunie – abusing the only child of Lily – brave Lily.

“JARVIS, play the footage,” Tony ordered, keeping his eyes locked on Pepper.

On the screen behind Tony, Pepper watched as Vernon and Petunia entered the lobby of the main Stark Industries building. There were two children with them, a large boy and a small girl dressed in large clothes. The screen froze on the image on Harrie before zooming in on her shoulder, where the large shirt had slipped and revealed a large hand-sized bruise.

Pepper watched the footage. Tears entered her eyes as she tried to picture Petunia and her large husband, Vernon, abusing the small little girl. It was something she couldn’t understand.
“After confirming she was your niece,” Tony explained, “I paid them half a million dollars to sign over custody to us.”

“Us?” Pepper repeated with a raised eyebrow.

“Sir is her new father and you’re her new mother,” JARVIS answered.

Chapter End Notes

Outline: Tony changed public records to reflect his marriage with Pepper Potts. There union is a few weeks old. Harrie name is legally changed to Harrie Virginia Stark.
027. Strength in Honor

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Robert Baratheon/Helaena Stone
Warnings: alternate universe; het; female!Harry Potter (Helaena); and reincarnated!Harry Potter

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Fandoms: A Song of Ice and Fire, Game of Thrones, and Harry Potter
Pairing: Robert Baratheon/Helaena Stone
Warnings: alternate universe; het; female!Harry Potter (Helaena); and reincarnated!Harry Potter
Prompt: (Fandom) A Song of Ice and Fire

027. Strength in Honor

Helaene Stone was the bastard daughter of Alys Arryn and King Aeryst II Targaryen. Alys served as one of the king's mistress for a year and a half – around the time of the queen's miscarriages in 263 and 264 AC. Aeryst sent Alys away when he heard of pregnancy, declaring her bastard was no child of his.

Under the seventh full moon of the year, Alys died after giving birth to a silver blonde haired girl. Alys lived long enough to name her new daughter Helaena. After a moon's turn, the young babe's eyes settled on indigo in color. There was little doubt this babe was a Targaryen – a bastard Targaryen.

Helaena was raised by her Uncle Jon. While it was no secret she was a bastard, there were whispers among the Vassal House Lords that Jon would have his niece legalized and she would become the Heir of the Eyrie. Some of those Lords were offering their sons as a match for Helaena.

For eleven years, Helaena grew up in the Eyrie before King Aeryst II summoned his daughter to King's Landing.

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Since she retained her memories and magic from her last life, Helaena was rather intelligent. At a young age, she started reading through the numerous books in the library. She learned everything she could about this new world she called home, starting with Ser Artys Arryn when he defeated the Griffin King, the last of the First Men of the Mountain Kings. Afterwards, Ser Artys took the Eyrie and he became the first King of Mountain and Vale.

The Arryns ruled as the Kings of the Mountain and Vale until the Targaryen and their armies came in the War of Conquest. While the Arryns and their army were able to repulse the Targaryen invasions, they bent the knee in the end.

After learning the history of the Vale, Helaena learned about the rest of the Seven Kingdoms – the North, the Reach, the Stormlands, the Riverlands, the Westerlands, Dorne, the Iron Islands, and the Crownlands.

In between her reading, Helaena made a point to work on her magic. While she maintained her magical abilities, she had to train to restore her abilities. She started off by channelling her accidental magic to move objects. Once she gained some level of control over her accidental magic, Helaena started using wandless magic by using the incantations.

Turning to look at her dress, Helaena Stone frowned at the colors – red and black. These were the colors of her “House” – if one could call it that. With a sigh, Helaena turned her attention to her new room. She didn't want to be here.

She wanted nothing to do with Red Keep, King's Landing, and the Royal Family. All Helaena wanted was to return home – home to The Eyrie with her Uncle Jon Arryn and the Knights of the Vale. It was first home Helaena found – in this world. Just before she left, Uncle Jon had acquired two wards, Robert Baratheon of Storm's End and Eddard Stark of Winterfell. In the short time they spent together, Helaena felt as though she was making friends.

A knock on her door pulled Helaena from her thoughts. She eyed the door, trying to decide if she wanted to answer it or pretend to be a sleep. There was a strong temptation to ignore the knocking, but Helaena knew better. Uncle Jon had raised her so. She owned it to Uncle Jon and The Eyrie to behave. No matter what these people said, she was an Arryn. As High as Honor were the words taught to her at a young age.

With another sigh, Helaena forced herself to her feet and she crossed the room to open the door.

“Your Grace,” Helaena greeted, pulling herself into a clumsy curtsy. Off all the people, she hadn't excepted the queen to knock on her door.

“Helaena,” Queen Rhaella Targaryen greeted with a smile.

Helaena forced herself to return the smile, feeling strange. Why was the queen here? Surely, she had more important things to do than socialize with the bastard daughter of her husband.

Without asking permission, the queen forced herself into Helaena's room. She looked over the room, taking in the white and blue decorations around the room.

“How are you settling in?” the queen asked, turning her violet eyes to Helaena.
“Well enough, Your Grace,” Helaena lied. She had only started unpacking, despite moving in several days ago.

The queen said nothing as she stared at the young girl.

Helaena found herself fidgeting under the queen's gaze. “Can I help you, Your Grace?” she asked.

A frown crossed the queen's face as her violet eyes continued to wonder over her husband's bastard daughter. “I merely wanted to see you,” the queen stated.

“What?” Helaena found herself asking before she could stop herself. A dark blush covered her cheeks after the word left her mouth. “Sorry, Your Grace,” she mumbled in apology, bowing her head. The silvery blonde covering her face as she tried to hide herself from the queen.

“I was curious,” the queen answered.

Helaena said nothing as she peered at the queen through her silvery hair. What was the queen curious about? As far as Helaena knew, she posed no threat to the throne since she would never inherit the Iron Throne as a bastard daughter.

A few seconds later, the queen left, leaving Helaena feeling confused.

Over the next few years, Helaena learned to adjust to life at court. While several of the noble women looked down on Helaena for being a bastard, most of them learned to hold their tongues.

Rhaegar Targaryen didn't let anyone look down upon his half-sister in his presence. He didn't fault his half-sister for being born a bastard. It wasn't her fault their father was horrible. Aerys cheated on Rhaella of his own free will. When they were younger, Rhaegar and Helaena were close. Both had a love of reading and songs. While Helaena had no talent with singing or playing an instrument, she was always eager to listen to her half-brother play the harp. After Rhaegar turned six and ten, they started to grow apart as he grew obsessed prophecies.

Even Queen Rhaella was fond of her husband's bastard – she had taken a strong liking to the girl.

During her life at court, Helaena witnessed King Aerys burn men, women, and children alive for various crimes, most of which were minor crimes. In between burnings, the king divided his time between ranting about dragons and finding a suitable wife for Rhaegar. Helaena wasn't considered a worthy match.

In the end, King Aerys selected Princess Elia Martell of Dorne to marry his son. It was a big celebration, and every Paramount family sent a few members. Helaena was pleased to see her Uncle Jon. With him were several Vassal Lord, and his two wards, Robert and Eddard. During the celebrations, Helaena had the privilege to meet Lady Lyanna Stark of Winterfell, the younger sister of Eddard and the newly betrothed of Robert.
The marriage between Rhaegar and Elia lasted a few years. Their union produced two children, Rhaenys and Aegon. Princess Elia died from childbed fever a few days after the birth of Prince Aegon. It seemed that the only people to mourn the loss were Rhaenys, Queen Rhaella, and Helaena.

Within six moons, Prince Rhaegar announced his new marriage to Lady Lyanna. This was a union that wasn't blessed or approved off by either King Aerys II or Lord Rickon of Winterfell.

In order to appease the Stormlands and Robert Baratheon, King Aerys offered his bastard daughter as a wife. She would be legalized as Helaena Targaryen on their wedding day.

On her wedding day, Helaena Targaryen wore a traditional Targaryen maiden cloak as she walked towards Robert Baratheon. Their wedding was taking place in the Great Sept of Baelor, under the orders of King Aerys II.

As she walked, Helaena held her head high. While she cursed Rhaegar for dooming her to this marriage, she headed into with honor – the honor installed in her by her Uncle Jon.

Chapter End Notes

Outline: At the beginning of their marriage, Robert and Helaena weren't in love. Helaena liked and respected Robert, and Robert had fond memories of Helaena. In the first year or two, Robert will stray, but he will come to respect Helaena and remain faithful.

I see the marriage between Robert and Helaena similar to the relationship between Oberyn and Ellaria. Robert will sleep with other women in the presence of his wife or with his wife.
028. Darkest at Midnight

Chapter Summary

Relationship: Familial - Andromeda Black Tonks and Cassie Black (OFC)
Pairing: Charlie Swan/Cassie Black (OFC)
Warnings: alternate universe; original characters; and mentions of female!Harry Potter (Hayley)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Fandoms: Harry Potter, and Twilight
Relationship: Familial - Andromeda Black Tonks and Cassie Black (OFC)
Pairing: Charlie Swan/Cassie Black (OFC)
Warnings: alternate universe; original characters; and mentions of female!Harry Potter (Hayley)
Prompt: (Fandom) Twilight

028. Darkest at Midnight

Stopping the rental car, Andromeda Tonks double checked the directions and the address against the address on the house. She glanced back and forth between the house numbers and the paper a few times. Once she was positive she had the correct address, Andromeda shifted the car into park.

Taking a deep breath, she pulled the keys out of the ignition. She started at the house for a moment before she opened the door. Stepping out, Andromeda surveyed the house. It was hard to believe a member of the House of Black lived here.

The place was a simple two story house with a basement. It was painted a dark gray with white trim and white shutters. The landscaping was simple with a few rosebushes and some potted flowers, providing pops of color to the house. From the outside, the house appeared to be rather basic, nothing spectacular. It was a simple muggle house in a small muggle town.

Taking a deep breath, Andromeda closed the car door before walking towards the house. Given who lived in the house, it made sense it was in a muggle town, though it didn't explain why the house was so plain and simple looking. There was nothing elegant or spectacular, like members of the House of Black were known for.

Stepping onto the porch, Andromeda reached out and rang the doorbell. She tried to wait patiently for someone to answer the door, but she was a bundle of nerves. The only reason she was here was because Sirius Black had sent her when he learned the existence of Bellatrix Lestrange's illegitimate daughter.

A moment later, the door opened.
“Can I help you?” asked a man with narrowed brown eyes. He was in his thirties with curly brown hair and a matching mustache. He stood tall, around six foot, with an average build.

“I'm here to see Cassiopeia,” Andromeda answered, studying the muggle. She was aware her niece was seeing a muggle, but she hadn't expected the man to be this old or for them to be living together.

He stared at Andromeda with narrowed brown eyes. “Do you mean Cassie?” he asked.

“I prefer to use her given name,” Andromeda replied. It seemed that her niece disliked her name, a trait shared with Andromeda's own daughter. “Could you please inform her that her Aunt Andromeda is here?”

The man's eyes widened a little. He opened the door a little wider before taking a step back, inviting Andromeda inside the house.

Offering the man a small smile, Andromeda stepped inside.

The interior of the house was spacious with an open floor plan. There were running hardwoods through the main floor, which were stained a dark, rich brown. The first room was painted a soft blue color. Along the walls, there were dozens of frames photographs.

The man walked off, headed towards the back of the house as Andromeda admired the photographs.

There were several pictures of Cassiopeia growing up. Andromeda recognized a few of her niece's foster parents, Albert and Bertha Anderson. Albert was Ted's muggle cousin, but they were close friends. When she was trying to hide Cassiopeia, Andromeda knew the Andersons' would love and care for her like their own child.

Additionally, there were some photographs of Cassiopeia and the man from earlier. There were some of Cassiopeia with Nymphadora, Ted, and herself. There were a few of the man with a young girl, who looked like his daughter.

A few moments later, a dark haired female with grey eyes came into view. She smiled at the sight of her aunt as she waddled her way to the older woman.

Andromeda's eyes narrowed as she took in the sight of her pregnant niece. Despite living in the muggle world, Andromeda had trouble adjusting to the social norms, such as pregnancy outside of wedlock. She was raised as a member of the House of Black and a pure-blood young woman. While some couples engaged in premarital sex, it was discreet. The action itself was frowned upon.

“Auntie!” greeted Cassiopeia as she neared her aunt. She held her arms out with a large smile.

Andromeda smiled softly as she hugged her niece. It was a little awkward with her niece's belly in the way. Andromeda was happy to see the young woman.

Cassiopeia stepped back and she walked towards a nearby couch. She sat down before placing her feet on the coffee table. With a smile, she padded the spot next to her, inviting her aunt to sit down.

Andromeda took the offered seat with a smile.

“It's good to see you,” Cassiopeia said with a large smile. “I wasn't planning to invite you over until the renovations were done.”

“It's a lovely house,” Andromeda commented. While it was a little plain for her tastes, Andromeda could tell Cassiopeia was working hard on designing it.
Cassiopeia's smile widened with the praise. “Charlie wanted to give me my dream home,” she said, rubbing her belly. “We're hoping everything will be done in time.”

“How far along as you?” Andromeda asked, staring at her niece's stomach.

“Almost seven months,” Cassiopeia replied with a smile. “We're excited.”

“Any ideas on names?” Andromeda asked, curious. She hoped that Cassiopeia would continue with the Black family tradition.

“A few,” the pregnant woman answered. “My favorites are Lyra and Venus for a girl, and Leo and Mars for a boy.”

Andromeda returned her niece's smile.

“What do you want?” Cassiopeia asked. “I know this isn't a social visit because you usually call ahead and arrange it.”

Andromeda's smile faded a little. “We have a new head of family,” she explained. When Arcturus Black was the head of the family, he didn't care about the family members, only the family's assets.

Cassiopeia bit her lip as she nodded. She knew this day would come.

“It's Sirius Black,” Andromeda continued to explain. “He saw the Tapestry.”

“What was his reaction?” Cassiopeia asked, her voice a little cold. While she was a Black, she had never had much to do with the family. She was the family’s hidden secret. The squib born to Bellatrix Lestrange and Tom Riddle.

“Curious,” Andromeda answered. “He knew you were Bellatrix’s bastard.” Hence the reason she had the Black for a last name. A bastard was given the mother's maiden name. “His curiosity only grew when he learned more about you.”

“What does he want?” she asked, a mixture of nerves and curiosity.

A smirk crossed Andromeda's lips. “To welcome you into the family,” she answered, pulling a letter from her pocket. “Officially, you are named his Heir.”

A frown crossed Cassiopeia’s lips as she took the letter. “I thought pure-blood families were ashamed of squibs,” she said, confused.

“Sirius is rebellious,” Andromeda explained. “He cares about family and he wants to fix our image, but he doesn't care about the traditions and legacies.”

Cassiopeia nodded, turning the letter over in her hands.

“This is from Narcissa,” Andromeda said, holding out another letter.

Cassiopeia took it with a smile.

Chapter End Notes
The original version of Cassie Black was Star Slytherin, the powerful daughter of Voldemort and Bellatrix that ran away and fell in love with Harry Potter - created back in 2008. Since then she has gone under massive revisions until she became the present-day Cassiopeia "Cassie" Black, the squib daughter of Bellatrix and Voldemort.
All Regulus Black knew was thirst. He was *so very* thirsty. He couldn’t remember such a time he had ever felt so thirsty. All he could think about was how thirsty he was, and how much he wanted that water. There was plenty of water surrounding the island he was on. But there was some reason why he wasn’t drinking the water.

Why wasn’t Regulus drinking the water?

He eyes the body of water, trying to remember. However all he could remember was *how* thirsty he was.

As he crawled towards the edge of the island, all he could about was the water and how much he wanted the water. When he neared the edge, he hesitated. There was a reason he wasn’t supposed to drink *this* water, and he couldn’t remember why.

But he was *so* thirsty.

Whatever the reason, it was *very* important that he didn’t drink the water.

His attention was quickly diverted to the water. Reaching out, he dipped his hand into the water, running his fingertips over the top of it. Withdrawing his hand, he cupped his hands together before dipping them into the water. As Regulus withdrew them, a hand reached out and dropped ahold of him.
The last thing Regulus excepted when he died was to open his eyes and find himself face to face with his brother. Sirius' expression was gentle and loving looking as he ran a finger over Regulus' cheek. A few seconds later, Sirius pulled his hand.

“Is this her?” asked James Potter as he appeared over Sirius' shoulder.

“Yeah,” Sirius replied, his voice thick with emotion, “this is Rosalind.”

“Rosalind?” James repeated, glancing over at his best friend.

Sirius nodded as he started rocking his arms. “Marlene loved Shakespeare,” he explained, “and Rosalind keeps to the Black family tradition.”

James nodded. “What's her full name?”

“Rosalind Marlene Black,” Sirius answered with a sad smile.

“She's gorgeous,” James stated. “Too bad Marlene will never get to see.”

A solemn look settled on Sirius' face. “At least I have Rosalind,” he whispered, his eyes dropping down onto his newborn daughter.

Against his will, Regulus was to doze off. It would appear though he had been reincarnated – as his own niece. This was going to take a lot of getting used to.

On the thirty-first of July, James and Sirius decided to celebrate the birth of Hadrian James Potter with several bottles of firewhiskey while Lily and Harry were in the hospital. The mother and the newborn were due home the next morning.

“I have the greatest idea!” announced Sirius in a slurring tone, finishing his bottle of firewhiskey.

“What?” James asked, sounding equally drunk.

“We should betroth our children!” Sirius stated, opening a second bottle of firewhiskey.

James thought for a moment. “That's a great idea!” he agreed. “We should.”

“We should what?” Sirius asked, turning to look at his friend.

“We should betroth Harry and Rosie,” James said.

“That's a great idea!” cheered Sirius with a grin. “We should do it now.”

“Okay,” James said, “I'll find some parchment.”
The two drunk best friends quickly got to work writing a betrothal contract for their children.

Things didn't turn out the way James and Sirius planned. On Halloween, James and Lily were murdered by Lord Voldemort, and Harry was pronounced to be The Boy-Who-Lived for surviving the Killing Curse and defeating Voldemort. A few days later found Sirius thrown into Azkaban for murdering over a dozen muggles and Peter Pettigrew, and his betrayal of the Potters.

As a result, the newly orphaned Harry Potter was placed in the care of his maternal aunt, Petunia. Petunia was married to Vernon Dursley, and together they had a son named Dudley. The Dursley couple was obsessed with being normal. They lived in the small suburb of Surrey called Privet Drive with two cars. Vernon was employed at a large company while Petunia remained at home to care for Dudley and look over the house.

Meanwhile, young Rosalind was placed in the custody of the Ministry of Magic. They didn't know what to do with her since her father was in prison and her mother was dead. Her maternal family was, also, dead, murdered by Death Eaters. Rosalind's maternal grandmother, Walburga Black, wanted nothing to do with the bastard spawn of her horrible son. In the end, Rosalind was taken in by Arcturus Black, her paternal great-grandfather.

When Rosalind turned eleven, her Great-Grandfather Arcturus sat her down and he told her about the marriage contract between her and Harry Potter, created by their fathers. Rosalind found the idea to be rather funny, but she accepted her fate. After all, she would only marriage Harry after she destroyed the Dark Lord's horcrux – and when she found out whether or not he had more than one.

Rosalind was interested in meeting Harry Potter. No one knew where he was – except for Albus Dumbledore and, possibly, a few individual closest to Dumbledore. For the time being, Rosalind would have to wait to meet Harry at Hogwarts.

That day also brought the arrival of her Hogwarts acceptance letter.

It took a few weeks before Great-Grandfather Arcturus and Great-Great-Aunt Cassiopeia were able to escort her to Diagon Alley. Armed with her supplies list, Rosalind was forced to wait in the lobby of Gringotts while her relatives retrieved the money. Rosalind rarely went down to the vault since she tended to get violently ill on the ride down and back.

While she was waiting in the lobby, Rosalind was people watching. Her eyes widened when she recognized a head of messy hair. It was the Potter hairstyle on a boy around her age. The boy with
the messy hair had pale skin, green eyes, large glasses, and he wore oversized clothes. That had to be Harry Potter.

A frown crossed Rosalind's face as she mentally compared Harry to his father, James. At the age of eleven, James was tall with a slightly larger build, meanwhile Harry was short and scrawny in comparison.

The boy was in the company of Rubeus Hagrid, the Groundskeeper at Hogwarts. Rosalind had a few fond memories of Hagrid. He was kind and he had a vast knowledge of magical creatures. Hagrid was kind to everyone, ignoring their house. Rosalind had a feeling that Hagrid wouldn't treat her as warmly this time around since she was the daughter of a traitor.

Squaring her shoulders, Rosalind approached the pair.

At the sight of her, Hagrid tensed a little.

"Hello, Heir Potter," she greeted with a curtsy.

Harry's green eyes widened, and he glanced at the half-giant.

Rosalind's eyes narrowed. It would appear as though Harry didn't know much about the Wizarding World or pure-blood culture. Someone was neglecting their duties as Harry's guardian.

After a moment, Harry turned and offered Rosalind a smile. "Hello," he said, "who are you?"

"I'm Heiress Rosalind Black," she answered.

A moment later, Arcturus and Cassiopeia were returning to the lobby. Arcturus quickly spotted where his great-granddaughter was and who she was talking to. As quickly as he could, Arcturus strolled over to her side with Cassiopeia a few steps behind him.

"Hello, Hagrid," Arcturus greeted when he was close enough.

"Lord Black," Hagrid said, his tone a little cold. While the Blacks weren't his favorite family, he did trust them despite the number of Death Eaters the family produce. There were a few good Blacks, like Dorea Black and Regulus Black. Arcturus and Cassiopeia were among the decent Blacks, even if Hagrid wasn't fond of them himself.

He looked between the three Blacks and Harry before he turned to talk quietly with the boy. Harry nodded to whatever the half-giant was saying.

Turning back to the three Blacks, Hagrid spoke, "I know what ye'r after. Here's hi' money." He handed over a pooch to Arcturus. "I'll b' seein' ya at Hogwarts, Harry."

Harry nodded, offering a small smile.

"Harry, these is my Great-Grandfather Lord Arcturus Black," Rosalind introduced, "and this is my Great-Great-Aunt Cassiopeia Black."

"Hello," Harry said, shyly.
I don't have too many ideas regarding the future of this plot-line.
There were every few things Mozzie was protective about in his life. The top of the list was his niece – the only child of his brother. While Mozzie was fond of Neal Caffrey, he didn't like the way he was eyeing his niece – and to make matters worse, Hattie was eyeing him back. Mozzie didn't know how to deal with this.

He wasn't ready to face the reality of his niece liking someone – let alone dating. In the ten years they had together, Hattie had never expressed an interest in another man – or woman, Mozzie was open-minded.

Mozzie's eyes narrowed as he watched Neal lean in close to Hattie, whispering something in her ear that had the young woman blushing and nodding her head. Neal smiled, tucking a piece of dark hair behind her ear.

While he didn't like – not one bit – Mozzie wasn't going to interfere. He had never seen that look in Hattie's jade eyes before and she had a mixture of emotions – happy, nervous, excited, anxious, shy, fear, and lust.

Turning his attention away from the pair, Mozzie shuttered. He had no interest in knowing that much about his niece and Neal. Mozzie turned his attention to something else, trying to ignore his empath abilities. His empath abilities were the limit of Mozzie's magic since he was a squib with very little magic.
Originally, Mozzie was born Theodorus Fleamont Potter. He was the only son of Fleamont and Euphemia Potter. Everything was great. He had loving parents.

But everything changed when Mozzie turned three. His parents were concerned since he hadn't shown any signs of magic. So, they took him to Saint Mungo's Hospital, where their family healer discovered he was squib. Things changed dramatically after that. Fleamont and Euphemia went from loving parents to cold and distant overnight.

As cruel as it sounded, Mozzie became their dirty little secret. A squib born into the Potter family – the first one in several centuries. While Fleamont and Euphemia loved their son, they couldn't handle the shame of having a squib in the family. After a long conversation, they decided to stage the death of Theodorus Potter before leaving Theodore Winters at a muggle orphanage. Fleamont and Euphemia convinced themselves it was for the best because they wouldn't have to tell anyone about Theodorus – and they could protect the memory of their beloved son – and Theodorus would be able to have a normal, muggle life.

Four months after learning Theodorus was a squib, everything was prepared. Fleamont and Euphemia were taking their son on a family vacation to the United States. They left their son at an orphanage in Detroit under the name Theodore Winters – which was Euphemia's maiden name – before heading to Los Angeles where they tragically “lost” their son in the ocean. With heavy hearts, Fleamont and Euphemia returned to England to carry on with their lives. Within a year, they had a new son, James Charles Potter.

Despite the bitterness he felt for Fleamont and Euphemia, Mozzie kept himself informed about their lives. He was thrilled to learn he had a younger brother. While they never met, Mozzie did love his brother. Through James, Mozzie got Lily and Henrietta added to his small family.

A few days after Fleamont and Euphemia died, Mozzie sent a long letter to his little brother. James wrote back within a month. The pair exchanged letters once or twice a month until James' death at the hands of Lord Voldemort.

After his brother's death, Mozzie headed back to England for the first time in over two decades. He had to find his niece – his only family left – and he had to investigate the “death” of Lord Voldemort. Despite what the newspapers reported and what the government claimed, Mozzie didn't believe his niece killed the man. It was simply impossible for a fifteen-month-old girl to a kill a dark wizard as old and experienced as Lord Voldemort.

Deciding to focus on Lord Voldemort, Mozzie started by investigating the man's past. There wasn't much available, but Mozzie knew a good place to start – the man's wand. Lord Voldemort was known for using a yew wand, and yew wands were uncommon in Magical Britain. Armed with a copy of the wand registry – courteous of the Ministry of Magic through a bribed employee – Mozzie got to work.

He tracked down every person – and the records on each person – until there was only one name left: Tom Marvolo Riddle. Riddle attended Hogwarts, where he was Sorted into Slytherin and he was a model student with glowing praise from professors and students alike. In fact, some of his fellow Slytherins claimed Riddle was their Heir of Slytherin – which Mozzie investigate. For such a promising student, Mozzie was surprised to learn Riddle took a job as a shop assistant for Borgin and Burkes.

Riddle worked at the shop for a few years before he quit. He quit after the death of Hepzibah Smith, a wealthy customer who was killed by her house-elf when Hokey put poison in her mistress’ tea. At
the time of her death, Caractacus Burke was attempting to buy back an antique he sold her years before – the Locket of Salazar Slytherin.

Looking into the records of Smith, he found her family claimed a few things were stolen – both the locket and the family heirloom Cup of Helga Hufflepuff. There was little doubt in Mozzie's mind that Riddle killed Smith, framed her house-elf for the crime, in order to steal both the locket and the cup.

Interacted in Riddle's claims of being the Heir of Salazar Slytherin, Mozzie turned his attention to Riddle's past and the descendents of Slytherin. Riddle grew up in Wool's Orphanage – a muggle orphanage located in London. According to the vague records, Riddle's mother, Merope Riddle, died after naming him – Tom Riddle for his father and Marvolo for her father.

Armed with the names Merope and Marvolo, Mozzie scoured the descendents of Slytherin. He found one family: the Gaunts from Little Hangleton. The family consisted of Marvolo and his two children, Morfin and Merope. Both Marvolo and Morfin sent time in Azkaban – Marvolo for assaulting Bob Ogden, a Ministry employee, and Morfin for using magic on muggles and assaulting Ministry employees.

With the trail transcripts and notes, Mozzie hit the jackpot. Morfin had one favorite muggle: Tom Riddle, Senior. The reason Morfin was fixated on Tom Riddle, Senior, was because of his sister's crush on the man.

While Marvolo and Morfin were in Azkaban, Merope married and ran off with Tom Riddle, Senior. They weren't together long before Tom Riddle, Senior, returned home to his parents, Thomas and Mary Riddle.

In the summer of 1943, when Riddle was fifteen, Morfin was charged and sentenced to life in Azkaban for the murders of the Riddle family – Thomas, Mary, and Tom Senior. One thing Mozzie noted the records was Morfin laminating about the loss of his family's signet ring. At September, Riddle wore a new ring, which he claimed was a family heirloom connected to Salazar Slytherin.

Anyways, after Riddle left the employment of Borgin and Burkes, there were no records. Riddle was listed as dead in 1950 – one year after his disappearance. That same year, Lord Voldemort began his rise to power.

After all of his searching, Mozzie was convinced Tom Marvolo Riddle and Lord Voldemort were the same person. In fact, he became certain when he found Tom Marvolo Riddle was an anagram for I am Lord Voldemort.

With his research on Voldemort done, Mozzie turned his attention to immortality. It took him two years to find a promising lead: horcrux. Mozzie was willing to bet the trophies – the ring, the locket, and the cup – were turned into horcruxes, meaning Voldemort had three, at least.

Mozzie sent his findings to Amelia Bones of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement. While Mozzie didn't trust the corrupt Ministry, he was willing to trust a few of the employees, including Bones. She was against Lord Voldemort and she was opening to capturing Death Eaters, but she believed in the use of force when necessary.

With his research complete, Mozzie was ready to turn his attention to searching for his niece. He decided to focus on Voldemort for her safety because he knew his niece had a target on her back. Lord Voldemort and his followers wanted her dead while the rest of the Wizarding World saw her as their Savior. Mozzie didn't want anyone of them to get their hands on her.

After learning Sirius Black was imprisoned for killing thirteen people – Peter Pettigrew and twelve
muggles – and betraying the Potters to Voldemort, Mozzie focused his search in the muggle world, starting with Lily's family. Mozzie knew next to nothing about Lily's family. He only knew her maiden name, Evans.

It took Mozzie several months to find records on the current Lily Evans, born on the thirtieth of January of 1970. This Lily Evans was born to Forest and Dorothy Evans in Cokeworth, Midlands. The couple had another daughter, Petunia, born on the thirteenth of October of 1965. Forest and Dorothy died in a car accident in 1989 when Lily was nineteen – a few months after she married James.

Mozzie focused his attention on Petunia Evans, though she was now Petunia Dursley. She was married to Vernon, a drill salesman for Gunning’s, and the mother of Dudley, who had just entered primary school. Together, they lived in a small suburb of Little Whinging, Surrey, called Privet Drive. In all the records he found, Mozzie found no mention of his niece.

Interested in the family, Mozzie decided to spy on them. He sent four days watching them from the comfort of Number Three, located next door. The owners of Number Three were away on vacation. On the fifth day, Mozzie spotted a young girl with dark hair tending to the plants in the backyard of Number Four.

At the sight of her, Mozzie knew that was his niece. He was enraged. She wore large clothes that were several sizes too big, and she was tiny, barely looking like she was five. After seeing Henrietta, Mozzie got to work on devising a plan to steal her. While the Dursleys wouldn't care, Albus Dumbledore would. During his stay, Mozzie noticed Arabella Figg kept an annoyingly close eye on Number Four, and Mozzie knew a knealzer when he saw one.

Unfortunately, Mozzie was forced to keep Henrietta with her horrible relatives until she was eleven. He would take her when she left for Hogwarts. She disappear at King's Cross Station before boarding the Hogwarts Express.

In order to keep an eye on his niece, Mozzie bought Number Five. While he hated the idea of living in a suburb and leaving New York City, he was determined to take care of Henrietta. After buying the house, he bullied Vernon and Petunia into being nicer to Henrietta. While she remained in Number Four, Mozzie took over caring for her. He paid for her to attend a private primary school that would provide her with a good education.

Outside of school, Mozzie paid for several activities, including gymnastics and karate. With Henrietta's small size and speed, she would make an excellent thief. All she needed was the training, which Mozzie was providing in the form of gymnastics, acting, painting, and computer lessons. With the lessons and Mozzie's influence Hattie would have the skills of a thief, a grifter, a forger, and a hacker while knowing how to defend herself.

...
On the first of September, Mozzie put his house up for sell before he headed to London. He didn’t care what the house sold for as long as it sold fast. From London, Teddy and Hattie Winters departed for New York City.

In New York City, Hattie attended muggle school during the day and she had magical lessons at night and over the weekend. She continued with gymnastics. Over the next seven years, Mozzie continued to oversee her education as informed individual, a witch, and a thief. Once she discovered Mozzie's plans, Hattie left their apartment for a week before returning. While she was interested in helping Mozzie, they were going to target people who deserved to be robbed and they would help the people their mark had hurt.

Hattie started stealing by helping Mozzie pickpocket businessmen around the city. Slowly, her jobs increased until she was helping Mozzie stealing jewels, paintings, and money.

Chapter End Notes

There would be limited Kate. With Hattie around, Neal would have no interest in her beyond co-workers and a source of information on Adler.
Her hands clenched into fits as she watched the flame of the Goblet of Fire flare up again. This marked the fourth time tonight. This meant there was a fourth champion. At the sight of those flames, the hall grew silent.

All week, Honorine Potter had a feeling this would happen. Taking a deep breath, she waited for Headmaster Dumbledore to retrieve the piece of paper and read the name aloud. She had a feeling she knew whose name it would be – it would be hers.

“Honorine Potter,” the headmaster read, his voice echoing in the quiet Great Hall.

Whispers broke out as the students started talking.

Taking a deep breath, Honorine crossed her arms. She wasn't getting up, and no one could make her. Next to her, Hermione Granger started to pushing her friend. “Go,” she hissed.

“No,” Honorine snapped, glaring at her friend, “because I didn't enter.”

“That doesn't matter,” Hermione whispered. “The sooner you get up, the sooner this will be over.”

“And sooner I will get to compete in a deadly tournament,” Honorine whispered. “As long as I don't accept the parchment, I'm not entered.”
From the moment Dumbledore had announced the Triwizard Tournament, she had started researching the tournament and magical contracts. Just because the Goblet of Fire selected her name, it didn't mean she had to compete. By accepting the parchment – the very one the Goblet selected – Honorine entered into a magically binding contract that would force her to compete. She had twenty-four hours to accept the parchment before the Goblet would select a replacement.

“If you're sure,” Hermione whispered, glancing at their housemates. Most of them were staring at Honorine.

Leaning forward, Honorine placed her elbows on the table. Her green eyes were narrowed, and her hands were curled into fists.

“Miss Potter,” called Professor McGonagall as she walked towards her student, “come with me.”

Lips twisting into a scowl, Honorine wordlessly got up from the table and she followed her Head of House. It would be useless to argue with the woman.

Professor McGonagall led Honorine up to the headmaster, where the man offered Honorine the piece of parchment.

“I'm not accepting that,” Honorine stated, shoving her hands into her pockets.

Dumbledore sighed before motioning Honorine towards the door where the other champions left.

With a glare, Honorine walked off to the door. She entered the room with a scowl, keeping her hands in her pockets.

“Potter?” Cedric Diggory said, a moment after she entered. He looked at the fourth-year student with narrowed gray eyes. “What are you doing in here?”

“I don't know,” Honorine replied, glaring at the Hufflepuff.

Behind Diggory, the other two champions were watching the exchanging. Neither Viktor Krum or Felix Delacour were sure how to act.

“Why are you here?” Diggory asked. His gray eyes narrowed further. This was his year – this year was about Hufflepuff. Eager for the spotlight and the attention, Potter couldn’t let anyone else have attention.

“I don't know,” she repeated.

“Did you enter?” Diggory demanded.

“No, I didn't,” Honorine answered, “but someone else entered my name.”

“Who entered your name?” Felix Delacour asked, glancing between the pair of Hogwarts students.

“No idea,” Honorine replied, fighting the urge to blush. Delacour was handsome with his long, silvery blonde hair, and those dark blue eyes. He was tall with slim build and pale skin.

Diggory scowled. “She entered herself,” he stated.

“Why would I?” Honorine demanded, whirling around to look at the Hufflepuff.

“She has a point,” Viktor Krum said in agreement. “She is famous.”
“And I have no interest in the money,” she added. Glancing over at the Beauxbatons and Durmstrang champions, she decided to walk over to join them. At least they were pleasant.

Diggory glared at her as he reached into his pocket to withdraw his wand. He shot a wordless Vomit Hex at her back.

The hex was blocked by a wordless Shield Charm from Delacour. He glared at the Hogwarts champion. That was no way to act. Throwing a hex at someone's unsuspecting back was a cowardly move.

When she saw Delacour pull his wand out, her green eyes widened before she turned around in time to witness Diggory's hex hit Delacour's shield. Honorine froze in shock, staring at Diggory. While they were Quidditch rivals, she had thought it was a friendly rivalry – like the one she shared with Cho Chang. It appeared that wasn't the case.

Diggory's face turned red and he raised his wand, which had Honorine scrambling to grab her own. Before either of them could act, Krum sent a wordless Full Body-Bind Curse at Diggory.

Honorine watched as Diggory was paralyzed, his arms and legs snapping together before he fell backwards. She stared at his unmoving.

Turning around, she offered Delacour and Krum a smile, “Thank you.”

“You're welcome,” Krum said, putting his wand away.

Honorine had finished walking over to the pair when the door was opened. Headmaster Dumbledore led the group of adults into the room. The group was arguing amongst themselves. Both Madame Maxime and Headmaster Karkaroff wanted the Goblet to select a second champion for their schools.

“I'm not competing,” Honorine muttered, crossing her arms.

Both Delacour and Krum looked at her.

“I haven't accepted the parchment,” she explained, narrowing her eyes at the arguing adults, “so I haven't entered.”

Neither of the champions seemed to understand what she was talking about.

“Did you research the selection process?” she asked, trying to resisting the urge to roll her eyes. With a sigh, she explained, “By accepting the parchment, you've entered the tournament and the magically binding contract. I haven't accepted the parchment, and I have no plans to. After twenty-four hours, the Goblet will select a new champion.”

The three watched the arguing adults for a few more minutes. None of them had noticed Diggory, which amused Honorine.

Yawning, she cast a Tempus Charm. It was eight. All she had to do was sleep for the next twelve hours and hide until after dinner, then she would be free. No Triwizard Tournament for her. Of course, in order to sleep, she needed to find a bed. There was no way she was returning to Gryffindor Tower for the night.

“I'll see you on Monday,” Honorine said with a wave. Hopefully the house-elves wouldn't mind her sleeping in the kitchens tonight.
It was rare Felix found himself at a loss of words, but tonight was one of those occasions. It was all Honorine Potter's fault. She wasn't anything like Felix was expecting.

Like most European magical children, Felix had learned about Honorine Potter. There wasn't a lot of known facts about her. As a baby, she had dark hair and green eyes. Some people said she looked like her mother, Lily, with dark hair. In all honesty, Felix had assumed Honorine would be a spoiled pure-blood princess – despite being a half-blood.

Instead, Honorine was quiet and polite. She didn't act like she was better than anyone, and Ravenclaws were eager to share. They said she was smart, ranked somewhere in the ten of her year, and she was best friends with a muggle-born witch named Hermione Granger. When Emilie came back with food from the Gryffindor table, she spoke of how nice Honorine was.

When she entered the antechamber, he was surprised. The actions of Cedric Diggory had further surprised him. Diggory was hostile and rude, demanding things of Honorine after she barely set foot into the room. He even shot a hex at Honorine's back.

After hearing Honorine explain her plan to avoid the tournament, Felix found himself attracted to the younger girl. While she was beautiful, it was her personality that Felix liked.

She was bold, daring, and rebellious. Instead of accepting her place in the tournament, she was rebelling and avoiding the tournament.
032. Don't Be Reckless

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Cedric Diggory/Hastings Potter
Warnings: alternate universe; het; female!Harry Potter (Hastings); alive!James and Lily; and no Voldemort or Death Eaters

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Fandom: Harry Potter
Pairing: Cedric Diggory/Hastings Potter
Warnings: alternate universe; het; female!Harry Potter (Hastings); alive!James and Lily; and no Voldemort or Death Eaters
Prompt: (Relationship) A strong friendship between Hermione and female!Harry.

032. Don't Be Reckless

Hastings Potter followed her best friend, Hermione Granger, to their table in the library. The table in the back, dusty corner of the library had been theirs for years now – since the beginning of first year. The table was out of sight and out of the way, and it was the best place to hide from everyone.

Things at Hogwarts had never been easy for Hastings. Her mother, Lily, was the Muggle Studies professors while her godfather, Sirius, was a flying instructor. Hastings' older brother, Markus, was the star of the Gryffindor Quidditch Team and all around popular. Hastings' younger brothers, Bart and Chase, were pranksters in training – and also in Gryffindor. Hastings was a Ravenclaw, she preferred to spend her time reading indoors. She only had three friends – Hermione, her best friend, Luna Lovegood, her self-pointed little sister, and Neville Longbottom, her god-brother.

Hastings and Hermione quickly dropped their schoolbags on the table. While Hermione started pulling out books, parchment, quills, and ink from their bags, Hastings wondered off looking for some other books they needed. As she walked through the library, Hastings heard some giggling. She didn't need to look to know it was a group of girls. Giggling girls might one of three things: one, Markus was nearby; two, Viktor Krum was nearby; or three, Cedric Diggory was nearby. Right away Hastings eliminated her brother. Markus wouldn't be caught dead in a library, including the one at home. From experience, Hastings knew both Diggory and Krum spent time in the library. They, along with Fleur Delacour, spent hours pouring over various books, all preparing for The Triwizard Tournament.

Hastings didn't care enough to look around for either Krum or Diggory. She had other things to do.
Skimming the books, Hastings grabbed the three volumes of Agatha Greengrass' Transfigurations series, and two other books. Glancing around, Hastings frowned. Where was H. E. Gamp's *Foundations of Transfigurations*?

With a sigh, Hastings started looking around. The book wasn't where it was supposed to be. Either someone had it or it wasn't put back properly. Personally, Hastings was willing to bet the latter. Gamp's book was old, and most people wouldn't think to use it for anything. Hastings and Hermione decided it would be a perfect source for their Transfigurations project. They were researching the Five Principle Exceptions to Gramp's Law of Elemental Transfiguration. They were debating whether to research food or money. It was impossible to Transfiguration either.

After a few moments of searching high and low, literally, Hastings found the book on the top shelf two bookcases over. The shelf was too tall, much to Hastings' annoyance. She was a modest height of five foot three inches, but she was the shortest girl in her year.

With a sigh, Hastings tried to think. She couldn't summon the book or cast any spell since her wand was in her bag, which was over with Hermione. Unlike her brothers, Hastings maintained the manners her parents and grandparents had taught her as a child – the same manners her brothers were taught and, currently, forgot about. Therefore, attempting to climb up the bookcase was out.

“Need any help?” someone asked a few feet away from her.

Looking to the right, Hastings found herself staring at Cedric Diggory, the Hogwarts Triwizard Tournament.

Before Hastings could even reply, Diggory reached up and grabbed Gamp's book. He held it out to Hastings with a smile.

“Thanks,” Hastings muttered, reaching out to take the book.

“Need any more help?” Diggory asked, still smiling.

Hastings shook her head as she studied Diggory. She could, kind of, see the appeal of him. Over the last year, Hastings had overheard a number of her dorm mates and other female students discussing Diggory's attractiveness. Watching him, Hastings kind of understood – but not completely. Guys like Diggory didn't go for girls like her. The only exception was her parents, which – as Sirius put it – was because James was head over heels in love with Lily at first sight.

Offering Diggory a small smile, Hastings turned and walked back towards Hermione and their table. When she was rows over, she stopped for a few seconds. Clutching her books, Hastings' felt her heart skip a beat.

Hastings took her time as she wondered back to Hermione and their table. When she arrived, she found her best friend organizing their notes, books, and other supplies. Hastings handed Hermione the stack of books she collected and she watched as her friend organized everything.

Over the next few days, Hastings caught sight of Diggory several times a day, which was unusual. While Hogwarts was a large castle and there was a couple hundred students in attendance, Hastings didn't cross paths with students outside of her House or her year too often.
It was odd. Hastings usually, only, caught sight of Diggory in the Great Hall during meals. Once or twice a week they would pass each other in the hallway.

Now, Hastings crossed paths with Diggory four or five times a day, and Diggory was making a habit to talk to her. Most of the conversations were short, merely a handful of words – which was Hastings' fault since she didn't know how to talk to Diggory or why Diggory would want to talk to her. Diggory smiled, no matter what Hastings said or acted, and he came back for another conversation, making her heart skip a beat.

Hastings found her reaction to be irritating since she thought she was beyond this crush. Honestly, it was cliché. She wasn't the only girl in the castle with a crush on Diggory. Both Hermione and Luna knew about her crush.

"Morning, Hastings," Diggory said, falling in step next to her as she walked towards the library.

Hastings bit her lip as she felt her cheeks heat up. "Morning," she whispered, ducking her head.

"Are you excited for the First Task?" he asked, moving in a little closer to her.

Looking up, she caught his grey eyes. "Kinda," she replied with a shrug. "Any idea what the Task is?"

Diggory shook his head. "None," he said. "It's a secret."

"Best of luck," she said.

"Thanks, Hastings," Diggory said. "I'll see you later."

Chapter End Notes

This is something I've had on my laptop for a few years. No plans on a continuation.
033. Loyalty

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Abraxas Malfoy/Harry Potter
Warnings: alternate universe; slash; mentions of murder and suicide; mentions of off-screen character death; and character resurrection

Fandom: Harry Potter
Pairing: Abraxas Malfoy/Harry Potter
Warnings: alternate universe; slash; mentions of murder and suicide; mentions of off-screen character death; and character resurrection
Prompt: (Pairing) Abraxas/Harry

033. Loyalty

After the Final Battle, Lucius Malfoy was sent to the Kiss while Draco Malfoy was killed – murdered by Dennis Creevy. After the death of her son, Narcissa fell into a depression which ended her life. The Malfoy family, once mighty and elegant, was gone. Another pure blood family died out.

Unlike most pure blood families, the Malfoy family had an enchantment cast upon them. It would bring one of the ancestors back. No one knew how it worked, or even if it worked. Rumors were whispered that Brutus Malfoy was brought back during the Witch Trails to save the Malfoy family, but there was no way of confirming it. Records from that time were spotty and chaotic.

It had been a normal day at Hogwarts for those attending after the war ended when Headmistress McGonagall appeared in front of the school during lunch with a new student, Abraxas Malfoy. Rumors were circulating that he was the bastard son of Lucius and a no name whore. He was sorted into Hufflepuff, which was a huge surprise.

Abraxas was greeted with mixed reactions. Some people were nice to him, judging him for himself. After all, he had nothing to do with the war. Others were mean and rude, judging him for his family. The Malfoy family was evil, everyone knew it, and it was only a matter of time until Abraxas showed his true colors.

In Hufflepuff, he proved to be a model student and a model Hufflepuff. He was loyal to his housemates, his school, and his family name.

One day in the beginning December, Harry met Abraxas in the library. Ron and Hermione were off snogging in a corner, and Ginny was dating a Ravenclaw in her year. Harry had found a table in the back of the library and pulled out his homework. Harry preferred to be alone these days, and the shadowy corners of the library were perfect for avoiding people.
Harry had been sitting there for an hour when Abraxas rounded the corner with a few books. His eyes narrowed at Harry, but he continued walking. He placed his books on the table and sat down without a word. That day, no words were exchanged between them.

They continued to meet at that table everyday. After three days, they spoke. Harry borrowed a quill since his broke. The next day, Abraxas presented Harry with five new quills. They spoke again, this time about the upcoming holidays. A pattern arose. Everyday they met, Abraxas presented Harry with a gift, and they got to talking, learning a little about one another.

That year for Christmas, Harry decided to stay at Hogwarts. The Weasleys’ were going to France to spend the holidays with Fleur’s family. Hermione went home to her parents, and they were headed to Australia or something.

There weren't many students that remained at Hogwarts that year. There were ten in total. To Harry's surprise, Abraxas was among them. Whatever there was between them came out on Christmas Eve. They were in the Room of Requirements, which Harry had decided to show Abraxas.

They had been sitting in front of the fireplace when Abraxas leaned over and kissed Harry. It was simple, just a brush of the lips. After that night, they started dating. Ron and Hermione were surprised to learn they were dating, but supportive. Harry suspected that Hermione had something to do with Ron's attitude change, but he welcomed it.

On graduation day, Abraxas proposed. They were married in July, on the summer solstice. After their wedding, Harry learned about the enchantment. Over the next few years, they found and blood adopted children. The first was Romulus Malfoy, then came Leo Black followed by Iris Potter and Marion Peverell.
Darcy Lewis glanced up from her laptop when Loki entered the kitchen. Their eyes briefly met before Darcy turned her attention back to her computer. Loki said nothing as he retrieved a bottle of water from the fridge.

It was odd having Loki live Stark Tower with the Avengers. No matter what SHIELD and Captain Eye-Patch said, it was Stark Tower, not Avengers Tower. Tony Stark built the tower, and he paid to house the Avengers without any assistance from SHIELD or the government.

Tucking a piece of hair behind her hair, Darcy glanced up at Loki before turning her attention back to her laptop screen. She sighed, staring at the blinking cursor. These project wasn't going to write itself, but she had little motivation to work on it right now.

Reaching out, Darcy closed the lid of her laptop with a shake of her head. It was pointless to work on it right now. Darcy grabbed her cup of coffee, taking a long sip. Her gaze drifted over to Loki. She was still trying to get use to Loki – everyone was.

After the Battle of New York, Thor returned to Asgard with Loki. According to Thor, his mother Frigga determined something was wrong with Loki. While Loki was infamous for his mischief and trickery, acting a planet and trying to enslave entire species was something new. Somehow, Frigga found Loki was under some kind of mind control. At the urging of his wife and his eldest son, Odin
had the best healers attend to Loki and oversee his care. It almost a year and half before Loki was released, determined to be back to himself.

Darcy understood mind control better than most people, except Clint Barton and Loki. She knew this Loki wasn’t the Loki she had experience with. It was difficult to put aside her previous feeling as she got to know this Loki – the real Loki.

“There's something different about you,” Loki said, his eyes narrowed.

Darcy’s head snapped towards him. “What do you mean?” she asked. There was nothing new about her. Her hair, her glasses, her clothes, and her makeup were the same.

“Your eyes are different,” Loki commented as he left the kitchen with his bottle of water.

Darcy froze at his words, feeling a cold sweat overtake her. As she sprung into action, Darcy dropped her cup of coffee as she scrambled to grab her cell phone. Holding it up to eye level, she turned the camera on before switching the camera lens to the self-viewing mode. Taking a few pictures of herself, Darcy tapped on the icon to view her recent photographs.

On the first photograph, Darcy zoomed on her eyes, checking the left before the right. In the corner of her right Darcy found a sliver of green. Her stomach dropped at the sight. Her potion was fading.

That potion was supposed to last thirty years. It only lasted six.

Darcy’s cell phone slid from her fingers.

... 

It took Darcy an hour to move, but she quickly sprung into action. She ran to her room where she changed her clothes before leaving the tower. She needed to get a new potion, which meant a trip to Liberty Avenue, the magical district of New York. Luckily, Darcy would enter using the subway system, allowing her to avoid apporation.

When she arrived to Liberty Avenue, Darcy headed directly to the potions shop. She quickly ordered the potion she wanted before handing over her credit card for half the payment. It was half upfront and after upon completion.

Due to her eagerness, Darcy failed to notice the tail she picked up as she left Liberty Avenue and headed back to the subway. When she stepped into the crowd, Darcy felt a hand on her shoulder. Turning her head, her eyes widened and her stomach dropped.

“What do you want, James?” she demanded, her eyes narrowing into a glare at her father.

James’ eyes narrowed. “It's father,” he barked, “and you would do well to remember it.”

“It hasn't been 'father' since I was one,” she stated, batting his hand off of her shoulder, “and you decided you liked Michael the most.”

“Don't bring your brother into this,” snapped James.

Darcy rolled her eyes. “Because your precious savior can do no wrong,” she said, in a mocking tone.
Eyes narrowed farther, James glared at his daughter. “Watch your tone,” he demanded, his voice in hiss.

“No,” Darcy said, challenging James, “I don't think I will.”

Reaching out, James slapped her.

Darcy touched her reddened cheek as she glared at her father. “What do you want, James?” she repeated her earlier question.

Lips twisting into a snarl, James reached out and grabbed her wrist before activating a portkey.

... 

Loki was the first one to notice Darcy went missing. Out of all the inhabits of the tower, Darcy was his favorite human. He sought her out multiple times a day. They shared passing looks and small conversations. At first, Loki thought Darcy was working on her thesis, which was why she missed dinner. The next morning, Loki found her laptop on the kitchen island. By lunch, he was worried. After quick word with JARVIS, Loki knew Darcy was last seen leaving the tower yesterday, shortly after their conversation about her eyes.

Jane Foster was informed of her missing intern by Thor and Loki, who were seeking information about places Darcy visited in the city. When she learned Darcy left the tower and hadn't been back in a day, Jane was worried. Together with Erik, the group searched Darcy's favorite locations around before rejoining at the Central Park Zoo. There was no Darcy to be found.

Alarmed, the group of four informed the rest of the Avengers. Tony Stark got to work with JARVIS, searching the city for any sightings of Darcy within the last twenty-four hours. Clint Barton and Natasha Romanoff did whatever spies do when a friend went missing.

Within an hour, Tony found footage of Darcy disappearing from security cameras in the subway. She literally disappeared on screen. One moment, she was arguing with a man and the next, the pair of them were gone – as in poof without the smoke.

Loki followed Barton to the exact spot, where he sensed use of mortal magic. He knew from Heimdall there was a hidden entry to a mortal magic shopping district somewhere in the city.

It a few days to gather all of the information, which SHIELD kept under lock and key. Fury was forced to personally inform the Avengers and their friends of the Wizarding World. The man who grabbed Darcy was determined to be James Potter. James Potter was famous for being an auror and the father of an English celebrity, famous for surviving a deadly curse.

With that information in hand, a team was sent to England. The team consisted of Loki, Thor, Barton, and Romanoff.

Luckily, it only took Loki two weeks to track James' magic signature to a hidden house in London, England. Together, the team of four broke in.

...
Darcy was held hostage by her “family” and their friends for two weeks before the Avengers showed up to rescue her. As far as Darcy was considered, only two members of team were needed for a group to qualify as the Avengers – well two or more.

In those two weeks, Darcy was forced to endure James, Lily, and Michael. None of them had changed. While James and Lily tried to play nice, Darcy would tell it was fake and forced. Neither James and Lily wanted anything to do with their daughter. If Lily and James weren't with her, Darcy was forced to endure time with someone else from the Order of the Phoenix.

Out of the large group, her favorite was Severus Snape. The man would sneer at her a few times, but they would sit in silence for hours. It was great.

During the time, Darcy learned a lot had changed since she left. The war against Voldemort and his Death Eaters wasn't going well since they had been in a stalemate for two years. Somehow, the Order had learned Michael wasn't really the Boy-Who-Lived, the real savior was James and Lily's missing daughter. For a year or so, the Order had been searching for Rose Potter. It was pure luck James found her in Liberty Avenue that day.

The rescue team showed up, Darcy was in magic class. She had a Hogwarts education to catch up on and then she had to learn more advance magic. Today's magic class was Defense, taught by Sirius Black, Michael's godfather. Technically, Black was always Darcy's godfather, but he made it clear Michael was his only godchild when Darcy was eight.

Darcy was thrilled to sit back and watch as Sirius was beaten up by Thor and Mjolnir. The sight made her smile. In the end, the four members of the Avengers had beaten everyone in the Headquarts. Someone managed to send a message to Dumbledore, and Dumbledore arrived in time find the Avengers with Darcy.

“We need her,” he pleaded, explaining the long war with Voldemort. Dumbledore told them about the prophecy, stating only Darcy could kill him.

While the Avengers wanted nothing to do with the group that kidnapped their friend, their sense of justice made them think. It wasn't right to leave the innocent people to suffer in the crossfire of this war.

“What do you want to do?” Loki asked, turning to look at Darcy.

“She will help us!” demanded James, sneering at the group.

“She has to fulfill her duty,” added Michael with a smirk.

“She owes us!” Sirius stated.

Numerous people in the Order of the Phoenix nodded along.

Darcy glared at the group. She didn't owe them anything. They had done nothing for her. When James and Lily decided she was squib, they dumped her on Petunia's doorstep. Petunia, Vernon, and
Dudley had been a great family. They took her in and they cared for her. Petunia freaked out when she found Darcy had magic, but she continued to love the little girl. Shaking her head, Darcy cleared the thoughts of the Dursleys from her mind. Thinking about them and their deaths always made her cry.

Taking a deep breath, Darcy remembered what her mom taught her. Petunia taught her to be strong woman. “I don't owe you anything,” she stated, loathing in her tone. “If anything, you owe me, but I want nothing to do with you.”

“Watch yourself,” Lily Potter said. “I can make Petunia forget all about you.”

Darcy glared at the woman. Turning to Loki, she demanded, “Get me outta here!”

Without a word, Loki took Darcy in his arms and they disappeared.

Barton and Romanoff exchanged a look. They knew the story of Darcy's family. Vernon discovered a shady business deal between his boss and the Irish mob that sent the family into hiding. For their own safety, the British government had them placed in the American Witness Protection. The Dursley family of Vernon, Petunia, Dudley, and Rose became the Lewis family of Victor, Elizabeth, Darien, and Darcy.

While their past never caught up with them, Victor, Elizabeth, and Darien died in a car crash when Darcy was fifteen, leaving her an orphan.

... 

In the end, Darcy decided to kill Voldemort. She wasn't doing for the Potters or the Order of the Phoenix, she was doing it for the future muggle-borns and half-bloods. They should have a chance at a better future.

The Potters and their friends deserved nothing – with the exception of Severus Snape. Snape deserved a good retirement away from Europe. Luckily, Tony Stark needed someone to run his new potions business. Ever the businessman and genius, Tony figured out a way to mass produce potions.

Chapter End Notes

This is the original version of Do You Believe in Magic?
Upon returning to Ginny Weasley's room, Hadley Potter frowned when she noticed a small black book on her bed. What was that doing there?

Crossing the room, Hadley picked the book up. There was *T. M. R.* written in silver ink on the front cover. She turned it over before opening the book. As she thumbed through the blank pages, Hadley realized it was a journal, not a book.

What was this doing on her bed?

With a sigh, Hadley dropped it onto her covers. Hopefully Ginny would remember to grab it before she went to bed tonight.

“Hadley, are you coming?” called Fred Weasley from the bottom of the stairs.

Opening her trunk, Hadley reached in and retrieved her broomstick. “Coming,” she called back as she shouldered her *Nimbus 2000* before she turned to leave the bedroom.

She lingered in the doorway, eyeing the journal.

When she returned to Ginny's room that night, the journal still sat on her bed. Hadley frowned as she glanced at Ginny. Didn't that girl know how to pick up her belongings? Hadley understood she wasn't too thrilled to have someone else staying in her room, but Ginny was eleven and she should know how to pick up after herself.
After changing into her pajamas, Hadley placed the journal on the nightstand before crawling into her bed.

... Five days later found Hadley frowning when she spotted the journal in her trunk. How did that get in there? Her eyes narrowed as she removed the journal from her trunk. Why was Ginny going through her belongings?

Hadley was rather possessive of her limited belongings. Most of what she owned she had acquired within the last year. There were very few thing worth keeping from her childhood with the Dursleys'.

With a sigh, Hadley dropped the journal onto Ginny's bed before she turned her attention back to her trunk. She would be departing for Hogwarts in two days. Hadley liked being prepared and she liked being early – things she had learned from her childhood since the Dursleys' were ran late.

After checking over her Cloak of Invisibility and her photo album, Hadley gently placed her broomstick in the trunk. The cloak and the photo album were two of her most prized possessions.

... "Get your stupid journal to yourself," snapped Ginny as she chucked the journal at Hadley when the second girl entered the room.

The journal bounced off of Hadley's chest.

Hadley glared at the girl. "It's not mine," she said, bending over to pick up the journal.

"It sure isn't mine," Ginny said, glaring at her unwanted roommate. "If you don't want then throw it in the fire." Without another word, Ginny stormed out of her bedroom.

Hadley frowned, watching the redhead retreat.

Glancing down at the journal in her hands, Hadley thumbed through it again. She eyed the blank pages before sliding the journal into her pocket. Since Ginny didn't want, Hadley decided to keep it for herself. Since the cover had the initials of T. M. R., it wouldn't be connected to her. This journal would allow her some anonymity.

... There are times I hate my life, Hadley wrote in the journal as the Hogwarts Express drove through the countryside. I don't have any family worth mentioning, and I don't have any close friends.

She wrote about her childhood, everything from her cupboard to wearing Dudley's old clothes to
Hadley Hunting to the way Aunt Petunia and Uncle Vernon treated her.

*I've never told anyone, but I hate muggles,* she added with a scowl. *Muggles shouldn't be allowed to have custody of magical children.*

As the ink dry, Hadley leaned back against the window. She closed her eyes, wishing to be back at Hogwarts already.

... 

Over the next few days, Hadley wrote in the journal. She wrote about anything and everything from her parents to her professors to her classes. As she wrote everything, she felt a weight being lifted off of her shoulders. She was sharing things she never thought she would before.

When Hadley opened her journal on Saturday morning, she was shocked to find a neat handwriting at the bottom of her latest entry. Her eyes widened and her heart started to pound at the sight of the handwriting.

Where had that writing come from?

It was *impossible* for someone else to use her journal since Hadley kept track of it. She kept it *on* her most days, and if it wasn't on her than it was in her bag. While she slept, Hadley kept it under her pillow. Since she was a light sleeper, she knew none of her roommates had tried to take it.

Forcing herself to take a deep breath, Hadley read the entry.

*Could pour a bottle of ink on the next page? I don't want to deserve your entries.*

Hadley read over the short entry a few times before she turned the page. Taking out her blue ink, Hadley poured it on the empty page. She grabbed her hand incase she needed to vanish the ink, but she watched with wide eyes as the page *absorbed* the ink.

Once all the ink was absorbed, Hadley watched writing form on the page.

*Thank you!*

She watched as the writing formed paragraphs that stretched four pages. The person, Tom, told Hadley about his life. Like her, he was an orphan and he was raised by muggles. Instead of having relatives alive, Tom was raised in a muggle orphanage, where the staff and the other children hated him. He tried to avoid returning to the orphanage – Wool's Orphanage – each summer. He was forced to return summer after summer, no matter.

... 

The school year flew as Hadley and Tom communicated day after day. Tom helped her with homework and he suggested numerous books for her to read. He was determined to help Hadley adjust to the Wizarding World so she could thrive.
For the first time, Hadley wasn't dreading her return to the Dursleys this summer. She had Tom with her, and he cared about her, unlike her relatives. With Tom by her side, the next few weeks with the Dursleys' shouldn't be too bad.

Thanks to Tom, Hadley knew she could leave Number Four after her thirteenth birthday. As an orphan from a pure-blood family, she would be eligible to claim her status as Heir Potter. As Heir Potter, she could be granted special privileges, like using magic outside of school and she would be able to look after herself. All she needed to do was find someplace to stay for the summer.
036. Queen of the Crossroads

Chapter Summary

Relationship: Mentorship – Helena Potter and Hecate
Warnings: alternate universe; het; female!Harry Potter (Helena); dark!Harry Potter (Helena); demon!Dean Thomas; and demon!Hermione Granger

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Fandoms: Harry Potter and Supernatural
Relationship: Mentorship – Helena Potter and Hecate
Warnings: alternate universe; het; female!Harry Potter (Helena); dark!Harry Potter (Helena); demon!Dean Thomas; and demon!Hermione Granger
Prompt: (Theme) badass female!Harry Potter

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036. Queen of the Crossover

Growing up, Helena Potter was groomed by Hecate to become the next Keeper of the Crossroads – she was Hecate's Champion. Hecate had acted as the Goddess of the Crossroads for millennia. With her other duties and responsibilities, it was all too much. She decided to make Helena Potter her Heir to the Crossroads when she was summoned by James and Lily Potter on Halloween in 1989. Lily had miscarried their first child and due to complications she was unable to conceive another child. Desperate for a child, the couple turned to every type of magic for an answer. They found it in the darkest of magic: a crossroads deal.

When Hecate was sensed who was trying to make a deal, she went to take it personally. She usually had her underlings create and manage the deals, but this was a special case. These were two light magic users seeking a deal, and it was deal that touched part of Hecate's old heart: two parents longing for a child.

She had agreed after discovering a link between their child and a prophecy and a greater destiny. After all, the Potter family was Death's Chosen. Their family was destined for greatness. This child would be destined to defeat Tom Riddle, who was a thorn in several gods' and goddesses' sides.

...
On the thirty-first of October of 1981, two years after making the deal with Hecate, Lord Voldemort showed up at the Potters' house. He briefly dueled James before killing the man, then he found Lily with Helena in the nursery. He killed Lily before trying to kill Helena. Due to Hecate's magic and being the last Potter alive, the Killing Curse rebound and hit Lord Voldemort, separating him from his body and attaching a piece of his soul to Helena.

After that night, Helena was known as the Girl-Who-Lived. On orders of Albus Dumbledore, Helena was placed with her only remaining relatives, the Dursley. She lived there for five years until she started primary school. A month later, Vernon and Petunia Dursley were found dead in their house, and they were killed in a violent manner. Dudley was taken in by his Aunt Marge Dursley, and Helena was adopted by her dark eyed school teacher, and they moved to London.

Helena Potter was a gift from magic herself. Helena was Hecate's Champion, and the goddess of was the embodiment of magic. Hecate started grooming Helena at the age of six. While Helena acted like a little girl, she had two demon body guards everywhere she went – including Hogwarts.

During her Hogwarts years, Helena did what was expected of her. She was Sorted into Gryffindor where her two closest friends were Dean Thomas, a muggle-raised half-blood, and Hermione Granger, a muggle-born. The three were inseparable. In reality, Dean and Hermione were two of Hecate's strongest and loyalest demons acting as Helena's body guards. Over the years, the three had become friends.

Over her school years, Helena had numerous adventures: saving the Sorcerer's Stone in her first year; defeating the basilisk in the Chamber of Secret in her second year; dealing with Sirius Black and dementors in her third; competing in and winning the Triwizard Tournament in her fourth, and witnessing the return of Lord Voldemort; leading five students to the Hall of Prophecies in the Department of Mysteries, where they battled Death Eaters, in her fifth year; learning about the horcruxes in her sixth year; and saving the wizarding world from Lord Voldemort and becoming the Master of Death in her seventh year.

After defeating Lord Voldemort, Helena left the British wizarding world for the United States. While she wasn't ready to take over, Hecate wanted Helena to start managing the crossroads. So, at the age of eighteen, Helena started at X-Roads, Inc., in the customer services department. She was charged with looking after the deal, making souls were collected after ten years and the individual's had their deals fulfilled.

When Helena found deals weren't fulfilled, the contracts were null and void, freeing the individual. If the person was still alive, they would be allowed to carry on with their life, and if they were dead, their soul was released from hell – as long as they were deemed worthy of heaven.

Helena found several deals didn't meet the requirements. Most didn't allow the individual ten years, which was a key requirement Hecate set forth. Some deals were good for a year and others were
good for a month. All of them were null and void.

In her time in the customer services department, Helena got a good feel for several of the crossroads demons. Lilith fancied herself in charge, and Crowley was good at following orders. Both of them were hungry for power that wasn't theirs. It was only a matter of time before Helena would have to teach them otherwise.

Chapter End Notes

This is something I've been working for a few years, but I don't really know where I want to take during the Hogwarts year. After Hogwarts, Helena would meddle and derail Yellow Eye's plans -- she would "deem" the deals with John Winchester, Dean Winchester, and others as "unfair" or something along the lines of a "breach of contract". She would have some snarky scenes with Dean, Sam, John, Bobby, and Crowley.
037. Chasing the Sun

Chapter Summary

Pairings: Apollo/Lily Evans Potter, and James Potter/Lily Evans Potter
Relationships: Apoll and Helia Potter; and Leto and Helia Potter
Warnings: alternate universe; het; female!Harry Potter (Helia); and Harry is the child of Apollo

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Fandoms: Harry Potter and Percy Jackson & The Olympians
Pairings: Apollo/Lily Evans Potter, and James Potter/Lily Evans Potter
Relationships: Apoll and Helia Potter; and Leto and Helia Potter
Warnings: alternate universe; het; female!Harry Potter (Helia); and Harry is the child of Apollo
Prompt: (Scenario) Lily and Apollo have a child together. What happens to that child after the deaths of Lily and James?

037. Chasing the Sun

James and Lily Potter looked down at their newborn daughter. She had pinkish peach skin with ten figures and ten toes. Her eyes were closed as the young babe slept. A few pieces of red hair covered her scalp.

She was perfect.

Both her parents fell in love with her at first sight.

“What should we name her?” Lily asked, glancing over at her husband. They had been debating names for months.

“Apollina,” James whispered, running a finger over his daughter's cheek.

Lily nodded. “I was thinking Helianthus.”

“Helianthus?” James repeated with a frown.

“Sunflower,” Lily explained, smiling down at their daughter.

“Helianthus Apollina,” James suggested, glancing between his wife and their daughter.
With a smile, Lily nodded.

... 

From overhead, Apollo smiled down on the couple and their daughter. Apollo was as much her father as James was. Helianthus would be a good hands with Lily and James.

... 

It was a warm summer day. Apollo walked the streets of Privet Drive, looking at houses, yards, and cars that looked the same, one after another. It was like these people had never heard of individuality.

He came to stop in front of Number Four – the house his daughter lived in. Apollo didn't care much for Zeus' laws, but he usually followed them. However, he made an exception for Helianthus. As the God of Prophecies, Apollo knew his daughter had a hard life ahead of her – a tale worthy of any demigod – and it would end with her death at the age of seventeen. Apollo didn't want that for Helianthus – and either would Lily and James.

Apollo spent a few years planning. There were many things to consider before taking his daughter away from Lily's awful relatives. With planning in place, Apollo decided it was time to retrieve his daughter.

Turning into a raven, Apollo flew up to a neighboring roof and he watched. He watched as Vernon Dursley left the house, and he headed to work in his car. A few hours later, Petunia Dursley left the house with Dudley, headed to the neighborhood pool.

Flying to another roof, Apollo watched as his daughter tended to the garden in the backyard. Her red hair was pulled into pink-tails and she wore oversized clothes with dirt smeared across her face.

When Helianthus finished with the backyard, she moved to the front yard. She weeded, watered, and trimmed the plants before entering the house through the backdoor. Apollo flew onto the windowsill, and he continued to watch as Helianthus tended to numerous chores.

After several hours, Petunia and Dudley returned home with Vernon a few hours behind. As the sunset, Apollo left.

... 

It took a few weeks before Apollo found an opportunity to approach Helianthus. He visited and watched over her a day or two a week, and he would send other ravens or pythons when he couldn't visit.

It was Dudley's birthday, and no one wanted Helianthus around Number Four. So, Petunia threw the
girl out of the house with instructions not to return until it was dark or else. Apollo watched as Helianthus walked to a local park, where she sat herself down on a swing. After a few minutes, Apollo approached the swings.

“Hello,” he greeted her, “do you mind if I sit?”

Helianthus turned her head, her hair falling away and relieving the bruise on her cheek. After a few seconds, she nodded.

Apollo was angry at the sight of the bruise. A mortal dare hurt his child! Forcing the anger away, he sat down on the swing and he smiled at his daughter. “Thanks,” he said. “What's your name?”

She was quiet for a minute before answering, “Am I s'pose ta talk to strangers?”

“What did your parents tell you?” Apollo forced himself to ask.

A sad look passed through her eyes. “Nothin',” she replied. “They're dead. But my aunt told my cousin not ta talk to strangers.”

“What about you?” he asked.

Helianthus shrugged, her eyes darkening. “Aunt Petunia don't care 'bout me,” she replied. “She'd be happy I'm talkin' to you.”

Silence fell between them.

Helianthus looked at him with a thoughtful look on her face. A smile crossed her lips – a cruel smile that didn't belong on the face of a child.

“I'm Helianthus, but call me Helia,” she said.

Apollo smiled, unsure of her smile.

“Are ya gonna take me away, now?” Helia asked, her smile widening.

The question caught Apollo off guard.

“I've seen ya around, watchin' me,” Helia explained. “If y're not 'round than it's one of ya' spies – the ravens or the pythons.”

Despite his best efforts, his smile widened. It had been awhile since one of his children was this smart. “Do you believe in magic?” Apollo whispered. His powers more than mere magic, but explaining Greek mythology to a six year old would be harder.

Glancing around, Helia nodded. “I'm not s'pose to,” she answered, “’cause Uncle Vernon says there's no such thing.”

“You don't believe your uncle?”

Helia snorted. “He's a big dummy,” she answered with a smile.

Silence fell between them again. Helia pumped her legs a little, gaining some motive on her swing.

“Ya didn't answer me,” she said after several minutes. “Are ya' gonna take me away?”

“Do you want to leave?” Apollo asked.
“Yeah,” Helia answered, straightening her legs and dragging her feet through the ground to slow the swing.

“But you don't even know me,” Apollo pointed out. He found it very uneasy one of his children was so eager to leave their families with a stranger.

Shrugging, Helia looked at the ground. “I know a little,” she answered. “According to the pythons, you're Apollo, God of the Sun. They say you're nice.”

“The pythons said that?” Apollo asked. It had been centuries since one of his children under pythons.

“Yes,” she nodded. “The snakes know lots of stuff.”

“Do you believe them?”

Another shrug. “It makes sense. I studied some 'thology in school. I 'member Apollo was the God of the Sun, Medicine, Music, and Knowledge. I think you's be Apollo. Pythons and ravens are some of his symbols.”

Most people forgot that Apollo was the God of Knowledge while everyone remembered that Athena was the Goddess of Knowledge.

“How do you remember that?”

“I 'member lots of stuff.” She paused for a moment. “Like ya use to visit me 'fore my parents died. Ya called me Darling Sunflower.”

Apollo found himself surprised and impressed.

“I 'member my parents sayin' you were my dad.” She turned to look at him with a frown. “Is it true?”

Nodding, Apollo watched her.

Her frown grew. “Where ya' been?”

“Watching over you,” he answered with a sigh. “I'm not allowed to interact with my children.”

Helia perked up. “I got siblings?”

“Yeah, several.”

Helia smiled. “Why aren't ya' allowed to see us?”

“My father's law.”

“I 'lways thought Zeus was cool, but I change my mind.”

Apollo and Helia spent a few hours at the park, talking and getting to know one another. Despite how she spoke, Helia was a smart girl. She was smarter than a lot of people thought, and she spoke like that to throw people off. After all, she sounded unintelligent than others would underestimate
her.

“Can we leave now?” Helia asked with a frown. It was sometime in the afternoon.

Offering her a hand, Apollo nodded.

She took the hand with a smile.

The pair disappeared in a flash of light. If any mortals saw them, they would think the pair walked off together and climbed into a car.

...  

It would be years before anyone noticed the disappearance of Helianthus Potter. Vernon and Petunia never reported her missing. A week and a half after Dudley's seventh birthday, the Dursleys suddenly moved away. According to the neighborhood gossip, Mister Dursley got a promotion.

Mrs. Figg reported the moved to Albus Dumbledore, but the man wasn't overly concerned. The blood wards weren't tied Number Four, they were tied to Helianthus' home. As long as she was with her family, she was fine.

It would be Minerva McGonagall who first learned of Helianthus' disappearance when she wrote the annual Hogwarts acceptance letter. There wasn't one written for the Potter heiress. This would launch an investigation with the Ministry of Magic, and in turn the Muggle police.

Muggle records would show Helianthus was last seen at the end of first grade year in Little Whinging. Unlike her cousin, she was never enrolled in a new school. The Muggle investigation would conclude the Dursleys murdered their niece, and Vernon and Petunia Dursleys were delusional. They were convinced their niece was “freak” of some kind and they believed in magic.

...  

Apollo entrusted his daughter to his mother's care. There was nothing preventing a grandparent from caring for their demigod grandchild. Leto was overjoyed to take her granddaughter in. Helia was a kind and thoughtful girl.

Helia Potter grew up in New York City, attending the best private schools and living in the penthouse with her Grandmama Leto. Her dad was busy with work, and her mother and her stepfather died when she was young. Through her Aunt Artemis, she had a number of honorary cousins.

Artemis and her hunters adored Helia, often trying to encourage her into becoming a hunter herself. While there was nothing wrong with being a hunter, Helia wanted to get married and have a family someday, which hunters couldn't do.
Chapter End Notes

The original version is a few years old. No plan for a continuation.
038. Sands of Time

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Regulus Black/Hedera Slytherin
Warnings: alternate universe; het; female!Harry Potter (Hedera); time travel; and Harry is the Heir of Slytherin and Ravenclaw

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Fandom: Harry Potter
Pairing: Regulus Black/Hedera Slytherin
Warnings: alternate universe; het; female!Harry Potter (Hedera); time travel; and Harry is the Heir of Slytherin and Ravenclaw
Prompts: (Character) female!Harry Potter in (Theme) Time-travel

038. Sands of Time

It a far amount of planning before Hedera Potter came up with a plan. She had been stuck in 1977 for six months. Long story short, there was an accident in the Department of Mysteries involving a new prototype time-turner. It was all Ron's fault. If Ron hadn't split his pumpkin juice then that unspeakable won't have tripped and lost hold of the time-turner, which hit Hedera and broke, leaving her trapped in the special time sand.

After arriving in January, Hedera spent the first month trying to find a way home. She snuck into the Department of Mysteries to research at night by using the Hallows – the wand to disable the wards, the cloak to hide herself, and the stone to summon a look-out to alert her if someone was coming. In the end, she couldn't find a way to return to her time.

It took Hedera a week to mourn the loss of her former life. She spent the week in an upscale muggle hotel, ordering room service and watching television.

On the eighth day, Hedera left the hotel room and she took a trip to Diagon Alley. Over a pot of tea with the latest edition of The Daily Prophet, Hedera was struck with an idea as she read about the latest attacks of the Dark Lord.

A wicked grin crossed her lips, Hedera got to planning by conjuring parchment and a pen – even after years in the Wizarding World, she still preferred a pen to a quill. Ignoring the rules of time travel, Hedera decided to meddle in time. She was going to change everything she could.
Over the next three months, Hedera planned everything out before she got to work. The first thing she had to do was de-age herself using an illegal potion that was difficult to make and required rare ingredients. The next step was establishing an identity for herself.

With the use of the Elder Wand, it simple enough to use the Imperious Curse to compel people to get the ingredients, then she used the Memory Charm to alter their memories. It took a month to track down all of the ingredients. The brewing process took another month.

In June, the newly turned sixteen-year-old Hedera headed to Gringotts for an Heritage Test. For a fee of twenty galleons, the goblins were happy to perform the test using a special potion – it was a potion that was known to a handful of goblins, and under the 1227 Treaty of Chapel, the potion was considered to be a secret of the Goblin Nation.

“This way, miss,” sneered a goblin, pulling Hedera from her thoughts.

Taking a deep breath, Hedera pretended to be nervous as she followed the goblin through the corridor to double-set of doors. The doors led into a small office with a large desk, three bookcases, and numerous weapons displayed on the wall.

“Lord Hammersteel,” the goblin greeted with a bow of his head.

“You're dismissed, Boglor,” Hammersteel stated.

The first goblin, Boglor, left without another word.

Turning his attention to the human, Hammersteel ordered, “Sit.”

Hedera sat down as her eyes fell onto the items of the desk — a needle, a bowl, a quill, and a few pieces of parchment. There was green liquid in the bowl, which Hedera assumed to be a potion.

“Prick your finger,” Hammersteel ordered, gesturing to the needle, “then place seven drops of blood in the bowl.”

Picking up the needle, Hedera jabbed the needle into her left index finger. Holding her hand over the bowl, she counted as blood slowly dripped out of her finger. After the seventh drop, she pulled her hand back.

The potion reacted immediately. It changed from green to an opaque black, looking like black ink.

The goblin dipped the quill into the bowl, where it observed the liquid before Hammersteel placed the quill onto a piece of parchment.

Leaning forward in her seat, Hedera watched in fascination as the quill started to write, filling one piece of parchment after another with words.

**Name: Hedera James Potter**  
Date of Birth: Thirty-first of July of 1981  
Age: Twenty-six
Father: James Charles Potter  
Mother: Lily Margret Potter, nee Evans  
Godfather: Sirius Orion Black  
Godmother: Alice Marie Longbottom, nee Monroe

*Lady of House of Potter (by Blood, through father)*

*Heir to House of Peverell (by Blood, through father)*  
Heir to House of Ravenclaw (by Blood, through mother)  
Heir to House of Slytherin (by Magic, through Conquest)

*Member to House of Hufflepuff (by Magic, through Unity Pact)*  
*Member to House of Gryffindor (by Magic, through Unity Pact)*

*Representative to House of Gaunt (by Magic, tied to House of Slytherin)*  
*Representative to House of Gryffindor (by Will, tied to Unity Pact)*

Eyes widened at the results, Hedera slowly looked up at the goblin.

Hammersteel wore a large grin, displaying several teeth – sharp, pointy teeth. “This is very interesting,” he stated. “I think I should summon Lord Charlus Potter, don't you, Lady Hedera?”

With nothing better to do, Hedera offered the goblin a small smile as she shrugged.

Hammersteel continued to grin in response.

...  

An hour later found Boglor, the same goblin as earlier, led a man into the small office. This man was tall and lithe with pale skin, messy dark hair, and hazel eyes with glasses. He wore tailored robes – from the sight, Hedera knew they were expensive robes due to the fine detailing. From his clothing and mannerisms, Hedera knew he was pure-blood.

“Good for you to join us, Lord Charlus,” Hammersteel said in greeting to the man.

“Why was I summoned?” Charlus Potter demanded as he took a seat. He glanced between the goblin and Hedera.

“I would like to introduce you to Lady Hedera James Potter,” Hammersteel said.

Charlus turned his attention back to Hedera, carefully looking her over. “There's no Lady by that name,” he stated.
“Not according to this,” declared Hammersteel, sliding the parchment containing Hedera's results to Charlus.

“I have no interest in my brother's bastard,” he stated without looking at the parchment.

Hedera's eyes narrowed as she turned to glare at the man. Biting her tongue, she forced herself to remain silent.

“She isn't related to the late Lord Fleamont,” Hammersteel stated, “but if you have no interest than I'll keep this.”

As Hammersteel reached out to grab the paper, Charlus snatched it up. He glared at the goblin before he dropped his eyes to the parchment.

“What is this?” Charlus demanded, glancing between the goblin and Hedera as he slammed the parchment down on the desk.

“The results of your granddaughter's Heritage Test,” Hammersteel gleeful boasted with his grin full of teeth. “As you know, the results are never wrong.”

Charlus' eyes widened as he turned to look at Hedera. His hazel eyes slowly traced over her features – as if he was seeing her for the first time. “How?” he asked, his voice quiet.

“I don't understand the question,” Hedera said.

“How are you here?” Charlus asked, his voice increasing in volume. “Time travel on that magnitude is impossible.”

Shrugging, Hedera sheepishly answered, “It was an accident.”

She was met with two looks of disbelief.

“It's not like magic advanced that much in the next thirty years,” she stated, rolling her eyes.

... 

Things moved rather quickly after that. Charlus adopted Hedera into the Potter family as Hedera James Slytherin of House of Potter. When her body aged up to seventeen, she would be able to claim her position as Lady of Houses of Peverell, Ravenclaw, and Slytherin. Outside of Charlus and Hammersteel, only Dorea Potter knew the truth. She was vital to their lies.

The official story offered was Hedera was the goddaughter of Dorea Potter, nee Black, left in her care by Margret Jameson, the true heir of Salazar Slytherin. They were friends through the Exchange Program offered during Dorea's second year when she attended Castelobruxo Institute of Magic. After the death of Margret, Charlus and Dorea adopted Hedera into the House of Potter.

James Potter welcomed Hedera with mild enthusiasm. He didn't care too much one way or another. She was a year younger, and James had little interest in females that weren't Lily Evans. Unlike James, Sirius was thrilled to meet Hedera. He regularly flirted with her, trying to get her to agree to a date.

Before she knew it, the first of September had arrived. Hedera boarded the Hogwarts Express for the
first time in a decade. It felt weird. She hid herself away in a compartment, which she warded against entry by others and she spelled to be ignored.

... 

Regulus Black was seated at the Slytherin table. The first years were Sorted, and everyone was waiting for the feast to begin. He watched as Headmaster Dumbledore discussed something with Professor McGonagall before the woman left the Great Hall. That was odd.

Before Regulus got a chance to dwell on it, Professor McGonagall returned with a young woman following her. The pair walked up to the headmaster, who stood to greet them. Headmaster Dumbledore greeted the young woman with a smile and a handshake.

“This year Hogwarts is pleased to welcome home one of our own,” the headmaster stated, turning to address the students. “May I introduce Miss Hedera James Slytherin of the House of Potter.”

Whispers broke out in the Great Hall as the students started to converse amongst themselves. It had been centuries since a descendent of the Founders attended Hogwarts.

“Following tradition,” the headmaster continued, “we will begin Miss Slytherin's Sorting.”

The hall quieted. While everyone knew she was a Slytherin, every house wanted her. It was the privilege of having a descendent in their house.

Hedera Slytherin sat down on the stool and Professor McGonagall placed the Sorting Hat on her head. The brim of the hat covered her eyes.

Everyone watched for a few minutes as the Sorting Hat sat on top of her head. While part of her face was exposed, her expression remained neutral, betraying nothing.

“Slytherin!” the Sorting Hat declared.

On cue, all of the Slytherin students leapt to their feet as they cheered.

Hedera removed the Sorting Hat as she stood up from the school. With her head held high, she walked to the Slytherin table, allowing Regulus his first real look at her. She was average height with slightly tanned skin, a slim build, dark hair, and green eyes.

She stopped at the end of the table, her green eyes scanned the occupants. Her eyes landed on Regulus as a smirk crossed her lips. She resumed her walk, stopping next to Regulus.

“I hope you don't mind, but I want that seat,” she stated, a challenging tone in her voice.

Regulus shot a glare at Hazel Greengrass as she scrambled to move.

“Thank you,” Hedera said as she claimed the seat for herself. Turning to Regulus she offered a smile. “I think we'll be great friends.”
I came up with the idea for this a few years ago. I don't know where to take it.
Hazel Potter bit her lip to keep from sodding. She still couldn’t believe it. For a moment, she was happy—so happy. It was all coming together. For a moment, it looked like she would have a bright future—the future the words on her arm promised.

Green eyes fell onto her sleeve. With a slightly shaking hand, Hazel pulled the sleeve. Underneath the sleeve were the words that promised her a future—a future with love. Almost everyone was born with a soulmark. The soulmark were the words an individual first said. Hazel’s words had comforted her for years. When she had a bad day or when the Dursleys remarked upon no one ever loving her, Hazel turned to her words. These words presented someone out in the world—someone would someday love her. No matter what, Hazel was reminded of someone loving her.

Running her fingertip over the words, Hazel traced them. These words would no longer offer comfort or represent a future with her soulmate.

Careful, careful. Just sit down. That was quiet the nasty fall you took there.

After all, Cedric Diggory didn’t want the Heir of Slytherin to be his soulmate—to be his future.

These loving words were followed a week later by hurtful words, denouncing her and denouncing any possibility of a future together. So mote it be! Cedric Diggory swore on his magic, taking an Unbreakable Vow.

Against her will, a sob escape her lips as tears fell onto her words.
The fabulous Lady_Lombax has written an amazing sequel called Rewrite the Stars.

Outline: Heartbroken, Hazel learns to move on. Diggory doesn't want her, damaging her self-worth and her self-esteem. She learns the value of really friends -- the Gryffindor Quidditch team, Ron, Hermione, Percy -- and she learns that she doesn't need her soulmate to be happy. Along the way, she does fall in love with someone else.
The first time they met, Oliver Wood was dismissed from Defense Against the Dark Arts by Professor Quirrell to meet with Professor McGonagall. Out in the hallway, he found his Head of House waiting with small first year girl fresh from her Flying class, complete with a school issued broomstick in hand.

“Wood, I’ve found you a Seeker!” declared Professor McGonagall with a grin. She motioned to the first year.

The first year, a girl with long and messy dark hair and glasses, looked confused as she glanced between the professor and the older student.

As Oliver watched the first year, he was interested in what Professor McGonagall saw in her. With her build and stature, she was the first size to be a fast Seeker.

“Well, come on,” Oliver said, motioning for the first year to follow him.

The girl had difficulty keeping up with his long strides, but she didn't complain.

“How long have you been playing Quidditch?” Oliver asked, glancing down at the girl. Hopefully her parents could spend her a broomstick because the ones from school sucked. She couldn't be able to catch the Snitch with that broom.

“I haven't,” she muttered.

Oliver frowned. He didn't understand her answer. She hadn't what? “Come again?” he asked, trying to remain polite.
“I haven't played before,” she answered.

While he didn't like her lack of experience, it couldn't be helped. Some parents were overprotective and they didn't allow their children to play Quidditch until they were attending Hogwarts. “How long have you been flying?” he asked.

“A day,” the girl answered.

Oliver stopped, turning to stare at the first year girl in shock. “A day?” he repeated.

Biting her lip, the girl nodded as she grew nervous. Her grip on the school broomstick had tightened and she looking around, as if mapping an escape route.

“Why did McGonagall bring you to me?” he asked, crossing his arms. He knew Professor McGonagall had a reason because she loved Quidditch and she was the pleasure of winning the Inter-House Quidditch Tournament, stealing the Cup away from the Slytherins and Professor Snape.

“She caught me flying,” the girl replied.

“During your Flying class?” Oliver was confused. Why would Professor McGonagall watch the first year class? Last he checked, they were that desperate for a Seeker.

“I, it,” the girl stuttered. “She saw me catching Neville's remembrall,” she said meekly, holding up a small remembrall, “while Madam Hooch took him to the Hospital Wing.”

“Was that your first time on a broom?” he asked, feeling overwhelmed.

The girl nodded.

Oliver stared at her for a moment, slowly processing everything she said. She had never flown before today and she probably only had the basic lesson before catching the remembrall.

“Let's go,” Oliver muttered as he resumed their course to the Quidditch pitch. He needed to see this girl in action.

The rest of the walk to the Quidditch pitch was silent. When they arrived, Oliver instructed the girl to wait for him as he ducked into the Gryffindor locker room to retrieve his broom. Due to his rush, Oliver forgot his broom the night before.

With his broom in hand, Oliver rejoined the girl on the pitch.

“What's your name?” Oliver asked with a frown. He couldn't recall Professor McGonagall mentioning it.

“H-Hattie,” the girl replied in a whisper.

“Well, c'mon, Hattie,” Oliver said as he mounted his broom before kicking off the ground.

Hattie carefully studied his actions before she mounted the school broom. She kicked off of the ground, slowly ascending in the air.

“Fly a lap,” Oliver ordered. He needed to see what he was working with in terms of form.

Biting her lip, Hattie leaped right on her broom. A few seconds later, she was steering left then going up and down.
All the while, Oliver watched her actions with a frown. She didn't look too promising. He watched as she worked on steering the broom for half a lap before she got the hang of steering. With a little effort, she completed the first lap before flying the first half again. Once she was done, she flew back over Oliver.

As she neared, Oliver saw the smile on her face and the excitement in her eyes. At least she liked flying.

“How'd I do?” she asked, excitement in her tone.

“Not bad,” Oliver replied. It was painfully clear she lacked experience. He had a feeling this wouldn't be a good match, no matter what Professor McGonagall said.

“Do you think you could teach me?” she asked, looking sheepish.

“Didn't you learn anything from Madam Hooch?” Oliver asked. Did he look like the bloody Flying instructor? He was a Quiddith captain, not a teacher.

“She taught us how to a mount a broom,” Hattie answered, her smile turning into a frown. “She had to take Neville to the Hospital Wing before she could teach us anymore.”

Oliver found his eyes widening at the girl's story. All she learned was how to mount a broom before Professor McGonagall caught her. “Pay attention,” he ordered, deciding to give the girl a quick crash course. At the very least she needed to learn the safety procedures.

Hattie smiled and nodded.

The quick lesson turned into an afternoon spent on the Quidditch pitch. Hattie was eager to learn, and she soaked up everything Oliver told her. After an hour of listening, Hattie grew restless and she started steering her broom in circles as she listened.

“How do you need me to tryout?” Hattie asked.

Oliver glanced over at her. What did she need to tryout for?

“Aren't I supposed to tryout for Seeker?” she asked with a frown. “I thought that's why McGonagall brought me to you.”

Since she wanted to tryout, Oliver wasn't going to argue with her. Technically, she was already on the team. “You need to catch the Snitch,” Oliver answered with a frown. There was no way he was letting her try while she was riding a school broom. She needed to borrow someone else's.

Diving down to the ground, Oliver dismounted his broom before he headed into the Gryffindor locker room. While it was rude, he opened up all of the lockers, looking to see if anyone had left their broomstick behind. He found one in Katie Bell's locker. He glanced over her Comet before deciding it would do. Next, he grabbed the set of practice balls that belonged to the team. With some difficulty, he hauled everything out of the locker room.

Out on the pitch, he found Hattie flying around. At the moment, she flying up and down, performing a series of dives. As he watched her, Oliver knew she would be an excellent choice.

“Hattie!” he called as she pulled out of a dive.

She glanced over before flying towards him. When she got close enough, she dismounted the school broom with a few stumbles.
“Here,” he tossed his broom at her. He felt it was already irresponsible of him to take Katie's broom without her permission. It would be worse if he lent it to someone else.

Hattie took the broom, shooting a confused look as she placed the school broom aside.

“You'll need something faster,” Oliver promised as he opened the ball case. He pulled the practice Snitch out before setting it a slower speed. With the Snitch in hand, Oliver took off into the air on Katie's broom.

Hattie followed behind him.

Once they were facing one another, Oliver released the Snitch.

With wide eyes, Hattie watched as it zoomed around the field. After it was released, Hattie was taking off on Oliver's broom to chase it.

Oliver waited, watching as Hattie flew up into the air to scan for the Snitch. Five minutes later, Hattie was speeding off in a dive. Growing a little bored, Oliver steered Katie's broom around the field. He watched as Hattie laughed and chased around the small golden ball.

A full thirty minutes after he released it, Hattie was triumphant in catching the Snitch and she returned it to Oliver with a wide smile.

“Very good, Hattie,” Oliver said, finding himself breathless as he looked into her green eyes.

“When can I go again?” she asked, eagerness in her voice.

“I don't know,” Oliver admitted as they returned to the ground.

Hattie frowned at the answer.

“You need to get a broom, first,” he explained before she could say anything. “We'll talk to McGonagall.”

Despite the frown, Hattie eagerly agreed. It was clear she wanted to fly. After putting everything away, Oliver escorted Hattie to the cupboard where Madam Hooch stored the school brooms before they headed to the Great Hall for dinner.

It wasn't until later than evening Oliver learned his new Seeker's full name. He dropped Professor McGonagall's office to inquire about a broom for Hattie.

“She takes after her father,” Professor McGonagall boasted with a grin and a sparkle in her eyes.

“When?” Oliver asked, a little confused. He knew the Girl-Who-Lived was a Gryffindor, but he hadn't thought Henrietta Potter, the Girl-Who-Lived, and Hattie, his new Seeker, were the same person.

Professor McGonagall nodded, seemingly trapped in her own memories. “I thought she would be an outstanding student, like Lily, or a troublemaker, like James.”

A few minutes later found Oliver walking back to the Gryffindor Tower, his head swirling as he
tried to process the news his Seeker was Henrietta Potter. It was crazy!

... 

That night marked the first of many where Oliver found himself dreaming about Hattie – *his* Seeker. This dream was innocent. Thanks to Hattie, Gryffindor won the Quidditch Cup and they beat everyone, including a large victory against Slytherin. Over the next two years, the dreams remained innocent.

Everything changed the summer after Oliver graduated, when he ran into Hattie at the Quidditch World Cup. She was dressed in cut-off shorts with a tank top and a pair of sneakers with long hair pulled back in a french braid.

“Oliver!” she greeted before throwing her arms around him.

Oliver returned the hug, feeling awkward. He was checking her out! When she was younger, Oliver knew she was cute and adorable, but he didn't think she would grow up to be this beautiful. He knew she would only get better with age.

Holding her close, Oliver was overcome with a sense of longing. He *wanted* Hattie.

As he released her, Oliver thought back to all the time they had spent together. As if taking a Bludger to the head, he realized he *cared* about Hattie. Maybe he wasn't in love with her, but he easily could be. All he needed was time.

“Will you write me?” Oliver asked, his tone soft.

“Of course,” Hattie promised before she ran off with her two friends, Granger and Ronald.

Chapter End Notes

There is a longer version available: Perchance to Dream.
Jamie Potter pressed her lips together in a frown as she watched Severus Snape talking to Lily Evans. It was obviously Evans didn't want to talk to Snape, but she was nodding along like she cared. Jamie knew from Evans' body language – she was leaning away from Snape, her eyes weren't looking at him, and her smile was forced. With a sigh, Jamie turned her attention back to her Potions' essay. She needed to find a few more books before she could began to write it. Biting back a sigh, she stood up and headed towards the card catalogue since she didn't know where the books were. Unfortunately, the card catalogue was a few feet away from where Snape and Evans were talking.

“–you interest?” Snape asked, an eager look in his dark eyes.

Evans' smile turned from forced to mean. “No,” she answered, shaking her head.

Snape’s face fell. “Why not?” he asked.

“Because girls like me don't go out with guys like you,” Evans explained. “Sev, you matter to me, but I will never date a Slytherin.”

Jamie peaked over her shoulder to look at Snape. His face was blank. Why was Snape interested in Evans? There were better girls available. She bit her lip as she debated her course of action – whether or not to interfere.
“I’m so glad you understand,” Evans said with a smile, her first real one of the conversation. “Now, do you want work together on that Potions’ assignment?”

Her hand tightened into a fist as Jamie came to a decision. She turned around. “Sorry, Evans,” she said, “but Snape already agreed to work with me.”

Both Evans and Snape turned to look at her. Surprise flashed over Snape’s face before he returned to his blank face while Evans’ eyes narrowed.

“What are you talking about, Potter?” demanded Evans. “Severus always asks me first.”

“Not anymore,” Jamie said, “because we’re already working together.”

Evans looked between Jamie and Snape with narrowed green eyes. “Severus, is this true?” she demanded, turning to her childhood friend.

Snape’s dark eyes fell onto Jamie. “Yes,” he answered, “Potter is my first choice.”

A sense of excitement rushed through Jamie. She was his first choice. As soon as the feeling came, it disappeared. She wasn't his first choice because his first choice was always Evans.

Evans stormed without another word.

“What potion are we doing, Potter?” Snape asked, turning to look at Jamie.

“I was thinking the Polyjuice,” she answered, a blush forming on her cheeks.

Snape nodded, walking forward to look through the card catalogue.

“My idea was to brew two versions,” Jamie explained. “One with the standard ingredients, and the second with fresh ones.”

“Why?” Snape asked, thumbing through the records.

“I'm think there would be a different reaction with the fresh ingredients,” Jamie replied, “and the ones I'm tending to should be superior.”

Turning to look at Jamie, Snape asked, “Why me?”

Her blush darkened as Jamie fought the urge to duck her head. She was a Gryffindor and she would handle this head-on with courage. “Because you're my first choice,” she answered in a soft tone.

There was an unreadable expression on Snape's face before he led Jamie to Madam Pince.

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After successfully completing their potions project together, Snape started seeking Jamie out for further projects. Each time Snape sought her out caused Jamie's heart to skip a beat. As they worked more together, the better Jamie got to know Snape. Knowing Snape’s interest in Defense and Dueling, she passed his name along to Edmund Ellis, the world's leading dueling instructor and an old family friend. Edmund was looking for new students, specifically ones interested in Masteries.
Jamie kept her actions a secret because she wasn't positive how Snape would react. While this wasn't charity, it wasn't something he applied for on his own. This type of apprenticeships were rare and cost a good amount of money. Edmund wasn't like most masters, he wanted students with passion and the drive to succeed over students with money connections, and power family name.

All she really did was offer Edmund a lead on a possible student. From there, Edmund would decide whether or not to look into the student. Edmund would make his decision based on academic records and teacher references.

As the year spend by, Jamie forgot about the letter under the looming threat of OWLs. These exams were critically important. A lot of her future hopes and dreams relaid on the results.

“Potter!” called Snape as he stalked up to her in the Great Hall. He was glaring and there was a piece of parchment gripped in his hand.

Jamie turned, offering her classmate a smile. Despite the look on Snape's face, Jamie maintained her smile.

“What is this?” Snape demanded, thrusting the parchment out towards her.

Taking the parchment, Jamie skimmed it over. It was an acceptance letter from Edmund Ellis. “An apprenticeship?” she asked, glancing up from the parchment. She offered Snape a sheepish smile.

Snape's glare increased. “And how did I get it?” he asked, his tone soft and dangerous.

“You earned,” Jamie answered, looking back down at the letter. “You have excellent grades, good teamwork skills, leadership skills, and your OWL results are promising.”

Snape continued to glare.

Shrugging, Jamie added, “I sent Edmund your name, but you earned it.” She offered Snape the letter back.

His glare softened, slightly. “Why did you do this?” he asked.

“I know you're interested in Defense and Dueling,” Jamie explained, “and Edmund is looking for new students. I thought you would be a good candidate.”

“Thank you,” Snape whispered before he turned around and walked back to the Slytherin table.

Jamie smiled to herself as she headed towards the Gryffindor table.

The summer passed with Jamie practicing her Quidditch skills, as both a Chaser and a Seeker. She was hoping to earn the position of Seeker this next school year. In between practice, she completed
her summer homework, and she started studying for her classes next year. Jamie was determined to do well in Transfigurations, Charms, and Arithmancy class.

Jamie heard plenty from most of her friends. Sirius Black moved in, and her parents unofficially adopted her, Remus Lupin was visiting family, Alice Monroe was dating Frank Longbottom, and Marlene McKinnon was modeling for *Witch Weekly*.

She was upset not to hear from Snape, but she knew he would be busy with his apprenticeship. Edmund Ellis was notorious for working his apprentices hard.

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Jamie didn't see Snape until the second of September when they had classes together. She hadn't recognized him at first, and she only recognized him Professor McGonagall called on him at the beginning of classes.

A blush quickly formed on her cheeks as she looked her friend over. This summer had been kind to Snape. He grown six inches to a good height of six foot one inch. His body had gained muscle definition, and his skin had healthy tan. The changes continued to Snape's shoulder length, dark hair that was neat and shiny instead of greasy.

After Transfigurations was dismissed, Jamie ran up to Snape in the hallway, eager to talk to him about his summer. As she neared him, Evans jumped onto Snape's arm, leaning in towards her childhood friend.

Jamie sighed as she watched the pair walk away. It looked like Snape got his girl. At Snape was happy, Jamie reflected with a forced smile.

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“Potter,” Snape greeted a few days later when he found Jamie in a small table at the back of the library. He sat his bag down and pulled up a seat.

“Snape,” Jamie smiled, trying to ignore the way her heart skipped a beat. This was stupid. She *needed* to get over this crush on Snape. It wouldn't do her any good.

“I'm thinking we should try to brew the Felix Felicis this year,” he said, pushing a book towards her. Jamie pulled the book closer as she scanned over the page. There were handwritten notes in margins detailing short cuts in the brewing process. “Sounds good,” she said. She glanced up at Snape, “Would you rather work with Evans?”

Snape's face closed off at the mention of his childhood friend. “Don't you want to work together?”

“Well, yeah,” she said, “but I'm sure if you want to.”

Reaching out, Snape placed his hand on top of Jamie's. “It's like you said,” he whispered, “you're my
first choice.”

Jamie felt her cheeks burn. “Really?” she whispered, desperation in her tone.

Severus smiled before leaning forward to pull Jamie into a kiss. “It's like you taught me, Jamie,” he muttered against her lips.

With a smile, she pulled him back into a kiss.

Chapter End Notes

I don't know where to take this, but it's on the top of my list for things to expand.
042. Escape

Chapter Summary

Relationship: Siblings – Sirius Black and Rana Black
Warnings: alternate universe; gen; female!Regulus Black (Rana); Black family is evil; mentions of child abuse; and bashing of Walburga Black

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

**Fandom**: Harry Potter
**Relationship**: Siblings – Sirius Black and Rana Black
**Warnings**: alternate universe; gen; female!Regulus Black (Rana); Black family is evil; mentions of child abuse; and bashing of Walburga Black
**Prompt**: Sirius took his [sister] with him when he ran away.

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042. Escape

Rana Black flinched, looking away from her brother. She couldn't recall a time she had *ever* seen such a cold look on his face. While the look wasn't directed at her, the sight of it was unsettling. Sirius was meant to smile and laugh, not to look cold and murderous.

“Come with me,” Sirius said, his tone hard.

Sneaking a look at her brother, she whispered, “Why?”

Sirius’ cold look melted into an unreadable expression, looking every bit the Heir Black their parents wanted. “Because you aren't safe here,” he answered. “Look at what mother and father do to you.”

Sirius surged forward, causing Rana to flinch. He shoved the sleeve of her robes up, revealing her right arm. He had a tight grip on her as his grey eyes took in the bruises and the scars from the Blood Quill, *I will act like a respectable pure-blood witch worthy of the House of Black. I know, understand, and will fulfill my duties for the glory of my house.*

Rana closed her eyes and she turned away from her arm. She knew what her parents did to her – she knew better than anyone.

“Ray,” Sirius whispered, his tone gentle, “mother and father give you these.” He ran his thumb over the words and the bruise.

Peeking her eyes open, she stared at her brother through her lashes. Rana bit her lip, think about what to say. *I deserve it. I should know better than to dream. I know what's excepted of me.* The words were stuck in her throat, trying to escape.
Rana said nothing as she turned her attention to her right arm, taking in the words scarred onto her arm and the bruises from the cane. She didn't want to suffer that, but if she left than she would lose everything.

“Who would want me?” she whispered, tears entering her eyes. All Rana ever dreamed of was a family – a loving husband and children. As a daughter of the main branch of the Black family, Rana was considered cattle to be sold to the highest bidder. If she born into a different branch, Rana might have a chance at a good husband.

Sirius' expression softened. “I'll find someone,” he promised.

Rana stared at her brother. “Okay,” she whispered.

Without another word, Sirius pulled her with him as he flew up to their bedrooms. Instead of heading to his own room, Sirius entered Rana room. He grabbed her trunk and he quickly started packing her belongings. Rana stood behind him as she watched her brother. When he was done with Rana's trunk, Sirius closed and locked before he took it and his sister into his room.

On Sirius’ bed sat his trunk, all packed and ready to go.

Sirius pulled out his wand and he cast to spells, shrinking both trunks. He placed the trunks in his pocket.

“Where's your wand?” he asked, turning to his sister.

“Father took it,” Rana whispered. Upon their return from Hogwarts, Orion took his daughter's wand as punish for her poor grades, though most people would consider Exceeds Expectations and Outstandings to good grades. She was expected to obtain all Outstanding and be ranked first in her year, not third between a blood traitor and a mudblood.

“You'll get a new one,” Sirius promised. He walked forward and he pulled his sister into a hug.

Sirius and Rana remained in Sirius' bedroom until midnight. Rana followed her brother as he led her from his room down to kitchen. The pair walked as quietly as they could, forced to escape the house without magic.

From the kitchen, Sirius headed to the backyard. He began planning his escape when he arrived to Grimmauld Place. The door was unlocked and the alarms were disabled. Original, Sirius had planned to escape by himself, but he couldn't abandoned Rana to their parents. Poor, sweet Rana would wilt if she remained alone with Orion and Walburga.

Once they were outside, Sirius and Rana moved quickly. Walburga was a paranoid witch and she had several curses and alarms spread around the house. When they reached the fence, Sirius stopped and he lifted his sister up. Rana grabbed onto the top of the fence and she heaved herself up before swinging a leg to the other side. As she shifted her weight to her hands, she swung her other leg over. Taking a deep breath, Rana lowered herself a little slower to the ground before letting down. She landed on her feet before falling over.

Sirius followed a few seconds behind her. He picked himself up before offering his sister a hand,
which she took. Hand and hand, the pair ran several blocks away before Sirius pulled out his wand to summon the Knight Bus.

Chapter End Notes

Outline: Dorea and Charlus welcome Sirius and Rana to Potter Manor. Walburga threatens to disown her children, which would have devastating effects Rana that would unstablize her magic and cause her to go crazy. Sirius feels guilty for dooming his sister as Rana thinks about her decisions. Deciding to do the noble and honorable thing, James hitches a plan to bring Rana into the Potter family.
043. Take a Chance

Chapter Summary

Pairing: James Potter/Narcissa Black
Warnings: alternate universe; het; good!Narcissa Black; and Sirius Black is protective

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Fandom: Harry Potter
Pairing: James Potter/Narcissa Black
Warnings: alternate universe; het; good!Narcissa Black; and Sirius Black is protective
Prompt: (Scenario) James Potter has a new crush.

043. Take a Chance

For the tenth time that day, James Potter caught his eyes straining over to the Slytherins – currently, it was the Slytherin table during lunch. Forcing his eyes back onto his plate, James thought about his situation.

After six years, James had moved on from Lily Evans. Unfortunately, his newest crush was even more hopeless than the last. What would Narcissa Black, the Ice Princess of Slytherin, want to do with him? In addition, there were rumors circulating that Narcissa was betrothed to Lucius Malfoy over the summer.

Fighting the urge to look over at the Slytherin table, James tried to turn his interest back to Lily Evans – the safe option. After six years, James had come to accept he would never have a chance with her, but he still tried – the classic Potter hardheadedness, according to his mother.

James turned, his gaze on Lily Evans. She sat several feet away, talking and laughing with her friends. She got a haircut over the summer, her red hair cut to shoulder length. Personally, James preferred her long red hair. In fact, his new favorite was long, blonde hair.

As if sensing his gaze, Evans turned to meet his eyes. She scowled at the sight of him before resuming her conversation. With a sigh, James turned his attention back to his plate.

Maybe Evans wasn't the safe option, but she was a better option than Narcissa. At least with Evans, James understood he never stood a chance.

"Are you alright, James?" Peter Pettigrew asked, eyeing his friend.
“You've been out of it, Prongs,” Sirus Black agreed.

“I'm fine,” James replied, “just thinking about all the homework.”

Sirius and Peter both groaned at the thought of their pile of homework, which was only continuing to grow.

While Peter seemed to accept the answer, Sirius eyed his best friend. He knew that was a lie or it wasn't the whole story. He knew James pretty well, and knowing his friend, he would be getting some answers in the next few days.

Sneaking a peak over at the Slytherin table, James watched as Narcissa poured herself a glass of water as she conversed with Peony Greengrass and Sabrine Zabini. As he watched her, James reflected on the meaning of her name. In Greek Mythology, Narcissus was a vain man who fell in love with his own reflection. As a flower, narcissus flower represented vanity.

In all of his observations, James found that Narcissa didn't life up to her name or the meaning of the narcissus flower. While she could be self-centered, she made time to help younger students adjust to the castle and to assist them with their schoolwork. Narcissa was a good student, falling somewhere in the top ten in their year. When it came to speaking, Narcissa spoke with a gentle tone using truthful words.

Thinking about it, Narcissa Black was the type of woman James wanted to marry: caring, gentle, good with children, and self-assured. She knew what she wanted, and she knew how to get it.

Seated across from James, Sirius watched his best friend with narrowed eyes. He knew that dopey look on James' face and those eyes. It was a face that used to be associated with Evans, but it was now directed to his cousin. Knowing James, he would treat Narcissa right, but Sirius needed a little time to adjust to the idea of James and his cousin.

A week and a half later found Sirius ready to kill James. He continued to act like a love-sick puppy, pining away from a far. If he wanted Narcissa to notice him, James had to ask her out. As far as Narcissa knew, no one was interested in her outside of Lucius Malfoy.

“Just ask her out already!” Sirius snapped at dinner one night as he slammed his fork onto the table. Several heads turned towards Sirius. He glared at most of the people until they returned to their previous activity.

Turning to his best friend, he explained, “She's single. Ask her out or move on.”

James stared at his best friend, opening and closing his mouth a few times. “Who?” he finally asked.

Closing his eyes, Sirius counted to ten. What was it with James and being stupid in love? It was like his brain stopped functioning when he fell in love with someone new. “My cousin,” he answered, opening his eyes in order to glare at his best friend, “Narcissa is single.”

James opened and closed his mouth a few times before he settled on saying, “Single?”
“Yes,” Sirius confirmed, speaking at a slow pace.

James glanced over at the Slytherin table for a few second before he turned his attention to his dinner. He quickly finished his piece of chicken before drinking the rest of his water. After he was done eating, he got up and walked across the Great Hall.

Sirius watched his movements, rolling his eyes.

Over at the Slytherin table, James stopped next to Narcissa. “Miss Black,” he said, drawing her attention.

She raised an eyebrow at him. “Yes?” she asked.

“I was wondering if you would accompany me on a picnic tomorrow?” he asked.

Narcissa stared at James for a minute before replying, “It's raining.”


“Alright,” she agreed.

James smiled, looking a little goofy.

Chapter End Notes

I don't know if I'll continue this exact story, but I adore the idea of James/Narcissa.
“Black, Narcissa!” called Minerva McGonagall as she looked up from her roll of parchment at the group of new students.

When her name was called, Narcissa Black squared her shoulders and lifted her head up before walking forward. This was the first impression people would remember her by. She was determined to show fearlessness and elegance before her Sorting, unlike some of her year-mates had shown nerves and shakiness. Those were a good first impression.

As a daughter of the House of Black, Narcissa was held to high standards. She was the youngest of her three sisters and she was the youngest female in her family. It was her duty to leave a flawless first impression before being Sorted in Slytherin. It was the best way to secure a good pure-blood marriage for her. Her parents had their sights set on either Lucius Malfoy or Sirius Black.

Unfortunately for her family, Narcissa disagreed with their plans. She wasn't going to be the Slytherin Ice Princess they expected her to be. Narcissa had decided she wouldn't be a Slytherin when Lucius Malfoy was Sorted there. She wasn't going to be in the same House as Malfoy, and no one in the family could make her.

When she was seated on the stool, the Sorting Hat was lowered over her eyes, blocking her view of the Great Hall and the numerous students. Taking a deep breath, Narcissa forced herself to remain calm. She was nervous. She would be the first Black to break the tradition of being Sorted into Slytherin.

“Interesting, very interesting,” the voice of the Sorting Hat whispered in her ears. “You’re ambition
“Not Slytherin!” Narcissa demanded, her voice barely above a whisper. She didn't want to go to Slytherin, and she would be damned if she let this Hat force her there.

“I understand, child,” the Hat said, a chuckle in his voice. “I'm just trying to decide where to put you. You won't do well in Hufflepuff, and you're not much of a Ravenclaw. That leaves Slytherin and Gryffindor.”

“A Gryffindor I shall be,” Narcissa stated. She didn't have much against Gryffindors, but they weren't the smartest individuals. That would be changing as Narcissa joined them.

“I wish you the best of luck in GRYFFINDOR!” the Sorting Hat said, shouting the last word.

The hall filled with silence as Narcissa took the Hat off before passing it to a stunned Professor McGonagall. With her head held high, Narcissa stood up and she walked towards her new housemates. A few Gryffindors traded looks before a weak clapping followed.

As Narcissa took her seat, her eyes drifted over to the Slytherin table, where her sisters sat. Bellatrix had her eyes narrowed, glaring at her youngest sister, while Andromeda raised an eyebrow, studying her younger sister.

Turning, Narcissa found her cousin, Sirius Black, staring at her with wide eyes and his mouth open.

“Black, Sirius,” Professor McGonagall called, pulling his attention.

With one last glance at Narcissa, Sirius turned and walked up to the stool for his own Sorting.

A moment later, Sirius was joining Narcissa at the Gryffindor table with a sheepish grin.

“At least we're in this together,” Sirius whispered as he sat down next to his cousin.

Narcissa smiled. “Us against them,” she agreed.

“Bet I get the worst howler,” he said.

“Only a fool would take that bet,” Narcissa stated. “Aunt Walburga is something else.”

They shared a laughed before they turned their attention to the Sorting.

Chapter End Notes

The newest version of this features a female!James as Narcissa’s best friend.
At the start of her second year, Bellatrix Black fell in love. It would take a few years for her to realize it, and a little longer to admit it to herself. He was a first year with white-blond hair, grey eyes, and pale skin. His stance and posture screamed pure-blood heir. It wasn't until Minerva McGonagall called his name that Bellatrix learned who he was: Lucius Malfoy. Like his family, Lucius was Sorted into Slytherin.

Over the next three years, Bellatrix found herself obsessed with Lucius. He was the leader of Slytherin in his year, and he was a top student, falling somewhere in the top five of his year. Lucius knew how to act like a Slytherin: cunning, resourcefulness, and ambition. From what Bellatrix had heard and gathered, Lucius had interests in pursuing a career in Spell Crafting.

It wasn't until a Hogsmeade in her fifth year, Bellatrix started to realize that she had feelings for Lucius. She saw him kissing a Hufflepuff girl in the Three Broomsticks. The sight of the action enraged Bellatrix. She ended up storming out of the pub, leaving behind her friends as she returned to the castle.

“What's going on with you?” demanded Ivy Greengrass, cornering Bellatrix in their dorm later that night. “Why did you take off like that today?”

“I don't know what you're taking about,” Bellatrix lied.

Ivy crossed her arms, glaring at her best friend. “Tell me the truth,” she stated.

Bellatrix looked at her best friend. She shrugged, “I don't really know. I saw Lucius kissing that girl and I got angry.”
Ivy stared at her friend for a long moment. “Is that what's going on with you?” she asked, raising an eyebrow.

“What are you talking about?” Bellatrix asked, staring at her in confusion.

Tilting her head, Ivy studied her friend. “You'll figure it out,” she promised with a smile. She left the dorm without another word.

Bellatrix watched her friend left with a growing sense of confusion. What was Ivy going on about?

It took Bellatrix a few months to figure it out. She watched as Lucius went from dating the Hufflepuff to dating a Ravenclaw to another Hufflepuff. Each time she heard about Lucius dating someone she was overcome with a sense of anger. She figured out that anger was jealous.

She was jealous. What was she jealous of? Was it Lucius or those girls?

Bellatrix quickly determined it was the girls because she really liked Lucius. The realization dawned on her a few weeks before the end of the term.

At first, she denied it. Why would she like Lucius Malfoy?

Over the summer, Bellatrix was able to admit it to herself. She fancied Lucius Malfoy.

When she returned for her sixth year, Bellatrix knew she wanted Lucius for herself. She was determined to try to get him. It was improper for a witch to approach a wizard about dating or courting. Despite protocol, Bellatrix decided to approach Lucius. She was a typical witch. Bellatrix waited two weeks before approaching Lucius in the corridor.

“Are you taking anyone to Hogsmeade next week?” Bellatrix asked.

Lucius looked at her with narrowed grey eyes. “No,” he answered.

“Good,” Bellatrix said with a smile. “You'll be taking me.”

Chapter End Notes

I've used Lucius/Bellatrix as a background pairing before, and I decided I wanted to try my hand at writing one.
Crossing her arms, Alicia Spinnet shot a glare at George Weasley. This was all his fault! She scowled when George cheekily grinned and waved at her. Turning her head away from him, she decided to ignore him since he couldn't take this seriously enough.

Professor McGonagall was on a warpath, and no one was safe. Someone slipped her catnip while she was in her animagus form, and she got stoned. While high on the catnip, McGonagall showed up at her fifth year Transfigurations class, instead of teaching she used her heightened sense to find food the students were sneaking around.

This was one class shared between Slytherins and Gryffindors that would go down in history because they teamed up to watch their cat-professor guzzle anything she could find. Fred Weasley, George's identical twin brother, had ran down to the kitchens to find milk and tuna.

Unfortunately, Fred was spotted as he returned to the classroom. Professor Sprout was leaving the Hufflepuff common room when she saw Fred leaving the kitchens. Sensing something was amiss, Sprout followed him all the way back to the Transfigurations classroom where she heard the combined laughter of the Slytherins and the Gryffindors. Given the rivalry between the two Houses, Sprout knew something was wrong.

Five minutes after Fred entered the classroom, she followed him in. Sprout was at a loss of words when she spotted her colleague guzzling milk in front of the cheering students while they raged a debate on what to give the cat-professor next.
Nonetheless, Sprout put an end to the activities. She picked up the cat form of her colleague before assigning each and every student detention. Without knowing what to do, Sprout was forced to dismiss the class, much to the students' enjoyment.

Later that day found a sober McGonagall seeking answers and vengeance. Since Sprout saw one of the Weasley twins leaving the kitchens, she started there by assigning both Fred and George numerous detentions, to be served with Filch. After Fred and George were in detention, the professor turned to the twins' friends and accomplices – Lee Jordan, Angelina Johnson, and Alicia. When none of them confessed to the crime, or implicated the twins, McGonagall assigned them detention as well.

Tonight Alicia and George were serving detention with Professor Trelawney since McGonagall was running out of other professors and punishments. The Divinations professor hadn't bothered to show up, yet.

“C'mon, Alicia,” George said. “Lighten up and have some fun.”

Alicia turned back to look at George, shooting him a nasty glare. “Fun? You wanna have some fun!” she demanded, her voice increasing in volume. “How about we tie the Giant Squid's tentacles together? Or we trick the house-elves into serving breakfast food at dinnertime? Oh, how about we lock Filch in his office?”

“Can you slow down some?” George asked, scribbling away on a piece of parchment.

At a loss for words, Alicia glared at friend as she stood up before shrieking.

George looked up, meeting her eyes. His life flashed before his eyes based off of the look on her face. Never in his life had George seen someone so mad – including his mother. “Joking, joking,” he said, holding his arms up.

That did nothing to calm her down, and it seemed only to make her a little madder. Alicia advanced towards her friend from across the room.

The closer she got, the more George started fearing for his own life. “C'mon, Alicia,” he begged, “you don't want to do this.”

Stopping in front of George's desk, Alicia slammed her hands down. “I don't know what I want,” she hissed, leaning in close to George.

As she leaned in, George leaned back. Unfortunately, he leaned too far back and his chair fell over. He fell backwards, thinking about all of the pranks he never got to pull and all of the victims that were spared.

Alicia found herself calming down as she watched her friend fall backwards. She found herself laughing as George scrambled up.

“Come off it,” George snapped. “It's not that funny.”

“But we're finally having fun,” Alicia teased, “isn't that what you wanted?”

Unable to form a response, George crossed his arms and he glared at his friend.
This was might to be a fun and light-hearted fic.
During the Battle of Hogwarts, Padma Patil fell in love amongst the bloodshed and the death. At the beginning of the battle, she was working with her twin sister. They had sworn to remain by one another’s side during the battle, but they were separated when Parvati Patil ran to aid her friend, Lavender Brown, against Fenrir Greyback, barely sparing a word to her twin sister.

In fact, Padma hadn't noticed until she pushed out of the way by a Killing Curse. As she laid on the ground, she caught sight of Parvati and Lavender fighting against the werewolf. While Padma couldn't fault her sister in aiding her best friend, she was bitter. Parvati left her exposed and vulnerable. If it hadn't been for Dean Thomas, Padma would have been killed.

“‘You alright?’” Dean asked, glancing down at her.

“I'm good,” Padma replied in a daze, “thanks to you.”

Dean smiled. “Someone has to look after you, Padma,” he said as he stood up. Once he was standing, he offered Padma his hand.

Taking hold of his hand, Padma was pulled to her feet and she felt a rush of emotions. “‘You know who I am?’” she asked, dumbfounded.

“Of course,” Dean answered, firing a hex at a nearby Death Eater.

Following his actions, Padma resumed her spell casting.
“I've got your back,” Dean promised, his breath warm against her ear.

Padma fought the urge to shiver. This was not the time or the place. She had to save these emotional reactions for later, after the battle ended.

The pair continued to fight back to back for the remainder of the battle. Dean was never more than an arm length away, though he preferred to fight at Padma's side, facing in the other direction. As the battle raged on, Padma was filled with a surge of energy. She couldn't give up. Dean was counting on her.

Between duels and spells, they shared a few words. Padma didn't know that much about Dean. Everything she knew was limited to what she had observed in class, and what her sister shared. She knew he was a Gryffindor and he was in her year. His best subject was Charms, and he hated using a quill. Last year, he briefly dated Ginny Weasley. According to her twin sister, Dean was an artist.

When the fighting died down, Padma remained by Dean's side instead trying to find her sister. While she wanted to find Parvati, Padma wasn't willing to leave her new partner exposed. Dean didn't deserve that. They were a team, and they had one another's back – which was something Parvati hadn't understood.

She remained by Dean's side as she looked over the dead bodies in the Great Hall. She saw a few classmates, including her roommate Su Li and Remus Lupin, the defense professor from her third year.

Padma forced herself to remain by Dean when the Dark Lord boasted about the death of Harry Potter and Hagrid presented the body. Reaching out, she took ahold of Dean's hand as she refused to give into the hopelessness that threatened to overwhelm her. She couldn't allow Harry's death to be in vain.

Dean gripped her hand back as they watched Neville Longbottom pull the Sword of Gryffindor out of the Sorting Hat and used the Sword to kill Nagini, the Dark Lord's snake. That move inspired the crowd of people to keep fighting.

As Padma fought with a renewed sense of purpose, she continued to guard Dean's back, just as he had hers. While she was fighting, she saw Dean freeze as he stared at something. When she turned to look, Padma knocked Dean out of the way of a curse.

“It's Harry!” Dean exclaimed, looking at Padma with wide eyes. “I saw Harry. He's alive!”

Padma's eyes widened. She wanted to dispute that claim with Dean, but this was Harry Potter. He had survived the Killing Curse as a baby, and it made sense he could do it again.

Instead of talking about Harry's survival, the pair got up and they resumed fighting. They could have this discussion later, when the battle was over. Padma refused to consider the possibility they wouldn't win. The fight continued until Harry triumphed over the Dark Lord.

“We did it!” Padma told Dean as she leaned against him, suddenly feeling drained.

“We did,” Dean agreed before pulling Padma into a kiss.

Despite feeling tired, Padma returned the kiss. This was her first kiss, and it was perfect.

When they felt the Great Hall, Padma hold Dean towards the Room of Requirements, determined to get some sleep. As they walked along the corridor, they were intercepted by robin.
“I’m waiting in Gryffindor Tower,” Parvati voice came from the robin. “Come find me.”

Padma scowled at the robin as it disappeared. She wanted to reunite with her twin sister, but she was mad at her. Parvati’s actions had felt her exposed, and if it wasn’t for Dean then she might be dead.

“Come on,” Dean whispered, throwing an arm around her shoulders. “There are beds in there.”

Unwilling to fight him, Padma allowed Dean to led them to the Gryffindor Tower.

In the common room, Padma found her sister entangled with Lavender on a couch in front of the fireplace. The pair was sound asleep. Padma stared at them for a minute she headed to the staircase.

“Aren’t you coming?” she asked, turning back to look at Dean.

“Yeah,” he agreed, sprinting up to follow her.

Together, they headed into the seventh year boys’ dorm. That was the first night Dean and Padma shared a bed. They were both too tired to do anything but sleep.

Chapter End Notes

I picked up the idea for this fic from reading over prompts on HPFC forum on FFN.
She lived for the rush that came from flying on her broom. Growing up as the middle child of five, she was often overlooked, which Demelza Robins enjoyed. Her father focused on teaching Cadan and Nessa were well behaved while her mother focused on the twins, Massen and Goron. They didn't try to, but her parents let Demelza slip through the cracks. In addition, she wasn't close to any of her siblings. Cadan, the eldest, was a studious Ravenclaw determined to become an Unspeakable. Nessa, the older girl, was interested in finding a good husband and playing house. Then the twins had little interest in playing in the dirt and fighting.

Demelza fell in love with flying when she was five by picking up her brother's discarded birthday gift. Neither Cadan and Nessa had an interest in flying or in Quidditch. The first time she flew, Demelze clung to the broomstick for dear life, barely flying four feet above the ground. Despite the overwhelming sense of fear, Demelza continued to fly until it was fly. She went outside, day after day, to fly until she was flying twenty feet off above the ground. By then she laughed carefree, enjoying the breeze. Once she comfortable with flying, Demelza decided to challenge herself. She started doing tricks, like dives and swerves she seen in professional Quidditch matches.

When Demelza got her Hogwarts acceptance letter, she dreamed of playing Quidditch for her House team – and eventually turning professional. Upon her arrival to Hogwarts and her placement in Gryffindor, she learned the House team was full and they were a good team. Despite her dreams being dashed, Demelza continued to fly. One day, she would play for the Gryffindor team.

In her second year, Demelza brought her old broomstick to school. She spent long hours on the weekend flying around the Quidditch pitch. Early one Saturday morning, she made a friend.
“You're pretty good,” Oliver Wood told as she dismounted her broomstick.

Demelza's brown eyes widened at the sight of the seventh year. “T-thanks,” she stuttered, trying to offer the older boy a smile.

“What position do you play?” Wood asked, glancing over her.

She shrugged. “I've never actually played,” she answered. “I think I'd make a good Chaser.”

“Or a Seeker,” Wood added. “You're small enough to be fast.”

Demelza smiled. “I won't play until my seventh year,” she said. “If I can play Chaser than I'll play in my fifth year.”

Wood stared at her for a moment. “Come back here after lunch,” he ordered. “You can run some drills.”

Her eyes widened at the offer. “I will,” she promised. Practicing Quidditch after lunch meant she would stay up late tonight finishing her Potions essay, but it would be rather it.

There was a lot to learn, and she could learn from Oliver Wood and current Gryffindor Quidditch team.

That after lunch found Demelza walking onto the Quidditch pitch. In the center, Wood stood with the Weasley twins and Katie Bell.

“You'll be throwing the Quaffle back and forth with Katie, dodging Bludgers,” Wood explained.

“Any scoring?” Demelza asked.

Wood shook his head.

Kicking off the ground, Demelza flew a lap around the Quidditch pitch before bringing her broom next to Bell.

The afternoon passed quickly with Demelze getting the hang of handling the Quaffle – catching it, throwing it, carrying it – and she had a natural talent in dodging Bludgers. By the end of the afternoon, she had managed to impress both Wood and Bell.

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True to her word, Demelza showed up for tryouts in her fifth year. This year had an increase in people trying out, including students from other Houses and younger students that lacked experience. The increase was related to the new Quidditch Captain, Harry Potter. Most of the attendants were eager to meet the celebrity and talk with him. Some others, like Romilda Vane, wanted to impress Potter with their Quidditch skills or they wanted Potter to save them from a fall.

While Demelza hadn't played in the “real” game of Quidditch, she spent the last few years practicing. After the initial training session with Wood, Bell, and the Weasley twins, Demelza continued to practicing with a few members of the older Gryffindor Quidditch team. She continued to pass the Quaffle around with Bell, and later Alicia Spinnet and Angelina Johnson. She practiced throwing the Quaffle through the hoops with Wood, and she played dodge the Bludger with the Weasley twins.
The only person she hadn't practiced with was Potter since he was the Seeker.

There was one thing Demelza was certain of: she knew how to fly.

Long story short, Demelza sailed through the tryouts and she earned a position as Chaser on the Gryffindor team along side Katie Bell and Ginny Weasley.

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Despite the age difference, Demelza's first real crush was on Oliver Wood. He was the dashing Quidditch player that led the Gryffindor team to the Quidditch Cup – the first since Charlie Weasley graduated.

After their first meeting, Demelza's crush grew. Taking inspiration from her older sister, Demelza acted the opposite of her when Nessa liked a boy. While Nessa played shy and coy, Demelza continued to act as she normally would, loud, tough, and outgoing.

Since they only interest they shared was Quidditch, Demelza mostly talked Quidditch with Wood. It was easy to tell Quidditch was his biggest passion, and he was determined to play professional. After his graduation, Wood went on to play for Puddlemere United as Keeper.

Her actions seemed to pay off by the time she was nineteen when she earned a position on the Holyhead Harpies, the professional all-female Quidditch team. While she was only second-string, Demelza knew she would play in a professional game. Her wish came true in a match against the Chudley Cannons, which was still one of the worst teams in the league. For that specific game, the Holyhead Harpies played their second-string team, allowing the first-string players to rest for the next game and allowing the second-string to gain experience.

The game lasted two hours with the Harpies leading in scoring when the Cannons' Seeker caught the Snitch to end the game. Despite catching the Snitch, the Harpies won by several goals.

"You played brilliant today," Oliver Wood greeted Demelza after the game.

Her eyes widened at the sight of her and she felt her heart skip a beat, much to her annoyance. Here she was thinking she was over her schoolgirl crush on Wood, but apparently that wasn't the case.

"Thanks," she said, offering him a smile.

Wood returned the smiled as silence fell over the part.

"Do you want to grab a butterbeer with me?" he asked, a moment later.

Chapter End Notes
It's a cute fic. No plans for continuation.
049. Kiss the Girl

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Lavender Brown/Hermione Granger
Warnings: alternate universe; femslash; Lavender Brown lives; Colin Creevey lives; and mentions of het

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

**Fandom:** Harry Potter  
**Pairing:** Lavender Brown/Hermione Granger  
**Warnings:** alternate universe; femslash; Lavender Brown lives; Colin Creevey lives; and mentions of het  
**Prompts:** (Gryffindor Character) Lavender Brown; and (Setting) Gryffindor Common Room

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049. Kiss the Girl

The group of older students cheered as Ron Weasley descended the stairs from the seventh year boys' dorm carrying two horrid hats – if rumors were to be believed, the hats belonged to Albus Dumbledore and they were left to the school after his death.

"It's time for drawing!" Ron declared, waving the hats around.

Seated next to the fire, Lavender Brown sighed. This was a new tradition started by Hermione Granger in an effector to lift spirits up amongst the older students – fifth year and above. The tradition, called Trial by Fire, was performed every night Friday and Saturday night. The blue hat with fish patterns held a piece of parchment with the name of eligiable every Gryffindor student, and the glittery plaid hat held a piece of parchment with actions on them.

At the beginning of the year, each student fifth year and above filled out a piece of parchment with their full name, and second with a daring act. Afterwards, the parchment was collected and placed in the correct hat. Each piece of parchment and each hat was charmed and jinxed with magic compelling the chosen one to fulfill their daring act. Until the chosen one fulfilled their act, a new person and new action couldn't be selected.

The reason Lavender was opposed to the Trial by Fire was because it was humiliating to the chosen person. Lavender had witnessed Neville Longbottom showing off Luna Lovegood's kinkers, Ginny Weasley giving Colin Creevey a lap dance, Dennis Creevey drinking milk until he puked, and Demelza Robins being a Slytherin for a day.
Sighing, Lavender leaned back as she waited for the torture to begin. The sooner it started, the sooner it was over, and this couldn't end soon enough. “Let's get on with this,” Lavender muttered.

“I know, it's so exciting!” Parvati Patil stated. “I'm hoping Hermione gets embarrassed next.”

Heather Wood, the sixth year Prefect, reached into the blue hat and retrieved a piece of parchment. With a grin, she announced, “Hermione Granger.”

The gathered crowd cheered, eager to witness this. This was the first time a Prefect had been selected.

Glancing over at Hermione, Lavender was intrigued, against her better judgment. She didn't want to see her roommate embarrassed or anything, but it would interesting to see what daring action Hermione was given. Honestly, Lavender hoped it was something tame like skipping class for a day or declaring her undying love for Professor McGonagall.

Lucas Monroe, the other sixth year Prefect, pulled a slip of parchment from the plaid hat. “Kiss your crush,” he read.

Hermione's face turned beet red and her eyes widened.

“Draw another one!” Ron demanded, crossing his arms. It was well known the relationship between Ron and Hermione was short lived, and no one knew the reason.

Personally, it was a piece of gossip Lavender wanted to know.

“You can't,” Hermione whispered, “it's against the rules.” She looked around the common room, taking in all of her housemates. Slowly, she stood up from the couch, patting Harry Potter's arm as she went.

Lavender watched as Hermione walked across the Gryffindor common room towards the students gathered around the fireplace.

Several people looked hopeful Hermione would kiss them, much to Lavender's annoyance. Honestly, most of these people were only interested in Hermione for horrible reasons: she was best friends with Harry Potter, she was a genius, and she was hero from the Second Blood War. None of these people saw Hermione as the brave, smarting, and kind person she was. Lavender saw it.

Lavender was pulled out of her thoughts as a hush fell over the common room. Glancing around, she found Hermione standing a foot away, biting her lip and looking nervous with a light blush covering her cheeks. She watched Hermione took another step forward before dropping to her knees.

“Sorry, Lav,” was all she heard before Hermione leaned it and kissed her on the lips.

Lavender's eyes widened. Hermione liked her.

As quick as the kiss started, it was over with Hermione fleeing up to the dorm. Lavender watched her go, feeling hurt. Why would Hermione leave like that?

Lost in her own thoughts, Lavender failed to notice Ron turning red and the group of onlooking students be spent away by Ginny and Harry.

“Lavender!” Parvati said, shaking her best friend.

“What?” Lavender asked in a daze as she looked at her best friend. Over Parvati's shoulder she saw
Harry and Ginny.

“I asked how you were,” Parvati said, sounding a little defensive.

“I'm fine,” Lavender replied with a frown. “Why wouldn't I be?”

“Because you kissed Granger!” yelled Camille Fawley, a fifth year.

Ginny and Harry turned to glare at the fifth year.

“So?” Lavender demanded. “There's nothing wrong with that.”

“You sure didn't act like that,” Fawley continued to heckle.

Lavender's eyes narrowed. There was barely any time to return the kiss or pull Hermione close before she left. “It's mildly shocking,” she stated, “to find out my friend and roommate returns my crush.”

Fawley's eyes widened and her mouth fell open. “W-what?” she said.

Standing up, Lavender rolled her eyes. “You heard me,” she declared, marching across the common room to the stairs.

Behind her, Lavender heard Parvati join Harry and Ginny in berating the fifth year. She would have to explain everything to her best friend later, but it was a relief to know Parvati supported her.

Gathering her confidence and her courage, Lavender ascended the stairs up to the seventh year girls' dorm. She formed herself to take a deep breath as she entered the dorm. The sight that greeted her broke Lavender's heart.

Hermione was face-down on her bed, sodding into her pillow.

Gently, Lavender closed the door behind and she walked over to Hermione's bed, where she took a seat without asking.

“Go away, Ginny!” Hermione demanded between sods. “I want to be left alone right now.”

“It's not Ginny,” Lavender said, placing a hand on Hermione's back.

Hermione's head shot up and she looked over her shoulder. Her brown eyes widened. “L-Lavender,” she choked out.

Reaching out, Lavender whipped a few of Hermione's tears away without saying anything.

“L-look, I would appreciate it if we pretended the kiss never happened,” she whispered, turning her head away from Lavender.

Lavender frowned at the action and Hermione's words. “What if I don't want to pretend?” she asked.

Hermione flinched at the question. “I just need until Monday,” she said. “I'll ask Professor McGonagall to move me to a different dorm.”

Frowning, Lavender thought over what Hermione was saying. Her eyes widened. Was it possible Hermione thought Lavender was disgusted by the kiss or something? Well, she wasn't. It took her a few seconds to form a plan.
“I think,” she whispered, leaning close to Hermione, “we can do it better.”

Hermione turned to look at with a confused look on in her brown eyes.

Smirking, Lavender leaned forward and she pressed her lips against Hermione's. She felt Hermione freeze, and she placed her hand against Hermione's head, trying to deepen the kiss. A second later, Hermione began to respond by placing a hand on Lavender's neck, pulling the girl closer. When they pulled apart, both of them were breathless. Hermione leaned her forehead against Lavender's, staring into the other girl's hazel eyes.

“What does this mean?” Hermione whispered, sound vulnerable.

“Whatever we want,” Lavender answered, “but we are exclusive.”

Hermione smiled before pulling Lavender into another kiss.

Chapter End Notes

Ideas came from prompts on HPFC forum on FFN.
The first time she spotted him, he was talking with Harry Potter and a short, plump, redheaded woman. Based on the red hair, Fleur Delacour assumed the handsome man with long red hair and the dragon fang earring and the woman were related – most likely mother and son.

Throughout the conversation with her parents and Gabrielle, Fleur found herself repeatedly looking over at the redheaded man. There was something about him that drew her in. She couldn't look away for long.

On her umpteenth glance at him, the redheaded man caught her eye. He smiled and winked at her before turning to talk with Potter. The action found Fleur blushing, something that was highly unusual for her. She didn't blush! She made others blush.

She would make him blush!

A thrill ran down her spin as Fleur found herself thinking about this as a competition.

Staring at him, Fleur waited for him to look back at her.

It took five minutes for him to look over, and their eyes met.

Fleur smiled as she mouthed, “Let's find somewhere private to talk.”

His blue eyes were fixated on her mouth, causing Fleur's smile to turn into a smirk. He nodded, his eyes glancing over at his mother and Potter before returning to her.
It took the redhead another hour to approach her. He found her in the entrance hall, an hour before the Third Task was scheduled to start.

“T'm Bill Weasley,” he said as he approached her.

“Fleur Delacour,” she said with a smile.

Chapter End Notes

I felt like writing a different pairing. Out of the various canon pairings, I think I like Bill/Fleur the most.
He stood in silence as he watched his brother. While he wanted to refuse the reality of the situation, Regulus Black knew this was a long time coming – more than five years, despite what Walburga might claim.

Sirius Black was leaving, and he wasn't coming back.

This marked their farewell – at least until they returned to Hogwarts.

If he had to guess, Regulus would say this had been coming for seven years – since Walburga and Orion discussed the possibility of betrothing Sirius to Narcissa Black. Anyone with half a brain knew that was a horrible idea. So, at the age of ten, Sirius started distancing himself from the family.

“Don't forget this,” Regulus said, stepping into his brother's room. He held the key to Sirius' trust vault.

At the sound of someone else's voice, Sirius whirled around with his wand at the ready.

Regulus and Sirius stood still for a moment, their eyes locked.

Slowly, Sirius lowered his wand. His grey eyes fell on the key. “Thanks,” he muttered, taking the key. He looked at the key in the palm of his hand before his hand curled into a fist. The clenched the key tightly. While he wanted nothing to do with the Black family, Sirius knew he would need the money – money for school tuition and supplies, money for food, and money for a place to stay.

Regulus nodded, turning his gaze to his brother's bedroom. The room was a mess, more so than
usual. The dresser had drawers sticking out at odd angles. There were clothes and parchment flung around the room.

“Do you have everything?” Regulus asked, breaking the silence.

Sirius glanced around the room. “I think so,” he answered with a shrug.

Turning to look at his older brother. “Best of luck,” he said with a nod.

Taken back a little, Sirius opened and closed his mouth twice before forming a reply, “Yeah, thanks. You too.”

The brothers shared a long look before Regulus span on his heel, exiting the room. He fought the urge to look back as he closed the door.

It was for the best it ended this way.

This marked their first farewell.

Chapter End Notes

Written for Can You Make It Until the End Challenge from HPFC forum on FFN.
052. Discounts

Chapter Summary

Relationship: Cousins – James Sirus Potter and Roxanne Weasley
Warnings: alternate universe; and original character (Marvin Jones)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Fandom: Harry Potter
Relationship: Cousins – James Sirus Potter and Roxanne Weasley
Warnings: alternate universe; and original character (Marvin Jones)
Prompt: (Character) Roxanne Weasley

052. Discounts

Crossing her arms, Roxanne Weasley fought the urge to tap her foot or roll her eyes. Her parents had worked hard to teach her and Fred good customer service skills. It was important for Roxanne and Fred to be seen behaving well because they were the future of Weasleys Wizarding Wheezes. It was their father and Uncle Fred's beloved legacy, and it would all be theirs one day.

“Which should we get?” James Sirus Potter asked his best friend.

“The Snack Boxes?” Marvin Jones said with a shrug.

James sighed. “We need something for pranks!” he explained. “I'm thinking the Big Box of Fireworks or the Portable Swamp.”

“The fireworks?” Marvin said.

“James,” Roxanne said, “hurry up and chose!”

“How about a discount?” he asked, wiggling his eyebrows.

Roxanne gagged at the sight. Screw good customer services. She did not want to deal with this.

“How about no!” she said, placing her hands on her hips as she glared at her cousin.

“C’mon, I'm family,” whined James, pouting.

“There is no family discount,” Roxanne crossed her arms.
“But Fred gives me one!” James said.

Roxanne raised an eyebrow. “Oh, yeah, how much?”

“Twenty-five percent,” James grinned.

Roxanne smiled. “Thank you, I'll be sure to tell dad,” she said, “and there's still no discount.”

James opened and closed his mouth a few times.

“I've decided!” Marvin declared. “Let's get the fireworks.”

Roxanne quickly handed Marvin the Big Box of Firework as she took the money. She handed over the change. “Don't come back too soon!” she said, walking away from the counter.

Someone else could deal with the customers. She didn't get paid enough to put up with her younger cousin flirting with her. She shuddered at the thought. James was nowhere near the lady's wizard as he thought he was.

Chapter End Notes

Written for Can You Make It Until the End Challenge from HPFC forum on FFN.
053. Magic in Fire and Blood

Chapter Summary

Relationship: (Familial) Neville Longbottom and Daenerys Targaryen and Jon Snow
Warnings: alternate universe; het; reincarnated!Neville Longbottom; incestuous relationships (brother/sister); mentions of war and violence; Queen Rhaella Targaryen lives; Lyanna Stark lives; Jon Snow is a Targaryen; original characters (Alys Mormont and Naerys Snow)

Chapter Notes

I wanted to try my hand at writing a "reincarnated in Westeros" with a different character other than Harry Potter. I have another version of this with Draco Malfoy (as Daemon Targaryen) instead of Neville Longbottom (as Lucerys Targaryen). Additionally, there's a second version with Draco Malfoy as Daeon Targaryen, one on the canon stillborn babes of King Aerys II Targaryen and Queen Rhaella Targaryen.

Fandoms: A Song of Ice and Fire, Game of Thrones, and Harry Potter
Relationship: (Familial) Neville Longbottom and Daenerys Targaryen and Jon Snow
Warnings: alternate universe; het; reincarnated!Neville Longbottom; incestuous relationships (brother/sister); mentions of war and violence; Queen Rhaella Targaryen lives; Lyanna Stark lives; Jon Snow is a Targaryen; original characters (Alys Mormont and Naerys Snow)

053. Magic in Fire and Blood

It was a dark and stormy night when Prince Lucerys Targaryen was born. He was the third surviving son of King Aerys II Targaryen and his sister-wife Queen Rhaella Targaryen.

While he couldn't open his eyes, Lucerys heard the sounds of his mother in labor as she birthed a second child, a daughter named Daenerys. As Queen Rhaella pushed at the maester's orders, the attendants in the background could be heard talking in hushed voices about the queen. She had lost too much blood and she wasn't likely to survive the birthing.

The thought of losing a second mother made Lucerys' heartbeat faster. He hadn't even met this mother. The only memories he had of her were the sounds of labor and screams of birth and the hushed voice naming him Lucerys and his twin sister Daenerys.
“Bring me my son,” the queen ordered, her breathing labored. “Bring me Viserys.”

An attendant quickly left the room as the maester tried to get Queen Rhaella to relax.

“I shall relax when I'm dead,” the queen told her, her tone hard. “Giving me my children. I would like a moment with all of them before it is my time.”

The maester did as ordered, placing Lucerys and his twin sister in the arms of the queen. A moment later, the door opened with the attendant and Prince Viserys entering the room.

“Come, my darling,” the queen ordered.

Viserys approached the bed, sitting next to his mother. “Are these–?” he began to ask, his voice painfully young.

“These are your siblings,” the queen said, cutting her son off, “Princess Daenerys Targaryen and Prince Lucerys Targaryen, Prince of Dragonstone.”


“Not anymore, darling,” the queen told him, her tone serious. “You are now and forevermore King Viserys Targaryen, the Third of His Name, King of the Andals and the Rhoynar and the First Men, Lord of the Seven Kingdoms, and Protector of the Realm. Do you understand what that means?”

“It means father is dead,” Viserys answered. “I'm now the king.”

“Yes, you are,” Queen Rhaella told him with a proud smile. “You must protect your brother and sister, and together you must reclaim our throne. Promise me.”

Viserys nodded, determination in his eyes. “I will, mother,” he vowed. “I'll look after Luke and Dany, and we'll take back our throne.”

“Good boy,” Rhaella told him. She leaned back, losing her remaining strength.

In her arms, Lucerys cried, refusing to lose Rhaella. They needed her – he needed her. He was lost in this unknown world, and he needed an adult to guide him – as did his new siblings. They were too young to be alone, to be orphans. And she was asking too much of Viserys. He was young, though the newly named Lucerys didn't know how young. Next to her brother, Daenerys let out a cry.

“Your Grace,” the maester said, “let me take them.”

“No, not yet,” the queen whispered. “Just a little longer.”

Little by little, the queen’s grip grew weaker.

Lucerys cried longer, trying to keep ahold of his new mother. He couldn't go without a mother again. As his crying grew louder, the storm grew more furious with the winds hollowing and thunder booming and lightning flashing. His wails reached their climax as lightning flashed. A second later, the queen’s grip on her children tightened.

...
From the moment of his birth as Lucerys Targaryen, he knew who he was – in this life and in his last. In his last life, he was Neville Franklin Longbottom, the snake killer and Second Blood War veteran. He fought side by side with Harry Potter against the Dark Lord Voldemort and his Death Eaters.

In this new life, Lucerys was reincarnated with his memories and his magic. His magic seemed to be more powerful, given the act he performed moments after his birth. He would do everything in his power to protect his family. While Westeros were their birthright, he wanted his family to be save, the Iron Throne be damned.

A few days after their birth, Queen Rhaella boarded one of the remaining Targaryen ships with her children. Somehow, she was saved. After birthing her children, Queen Rhaella was ready to greet the Stranger. Even though she wasn't ready to die, she would have accepted death. Death would reunite her with her beloved son, her parents, and her grandparents. While her heart longed to see them again, Queen Rhaella knew it wasn't her time.

As she laid in bed, recovering from the birth, Queen Rhaella began to plan. The war was over and Robert Baratheon won. It was only a matter of time until someone came to retrieve her and her children from Dragonstone. The queen was willing to bet her crown it would be Robert's brother, Stannis, that came.

Being formed to flee their home was hard, but Rhaella knew it was needed. They would head to the Free Cities in Essos. She had some contacts, people that would help her. Some of them would help because they were friends, and others because they owned the queen a debt.

With the assistance of Ser Willem Darry and a few trusted men, they began to pack. They would be in exile for years. The very thought pained Queen Rhaella. As the services packed, Queen Rhaella had messages sent to the remaining true Kingsguard – Ser Gerold Hightower, Ser Oswell Whent, and Ser Arthur Dayne. They were missing, last seen in Dorne. They had a duty to their king. Their services were needed. They would need to train their new king. War would be upon them in a matter of years when Viserys returned to claim the Iron Throne.

Once Rhaella would stand and walk, they departed Dragonstone on *The Dragon's Rage* for Braavos in the Free Cities. Braavos was the location of Lady Alys Mormont and her daughter, Naerys Snow, the bastard of King Aerys II. Lady Alys was one of the people that owned Queen Rhaella a debt. The queen had smuggled Alys and her newborn daughter out of the Red Keep and into Braavos, where she was set up with a small household and a stipend.

It was six moons into their stay in Braavos before Queen Rhaella received an answer from the three members of the Kingsguard. The answer came in the form of their arrival with Lyanna Targaryen and her young son, King Aemon “Jon” Targaryen.
“He is the one true king,” Ser Gerold Hightower told her.

“I am king,” Viserys said, glaring at the knight.

“You are the second son of King Aerys,” Ser Gerold explained, “and Aemon is the son of Prince Rhaegar, the Heir of the King. Aemon was king from the moment of his birth.”

Queen Rhaella listened with a frown. It was hard to dictate the line of suggestion. After the deaths of King Aerys II and Prince Aegon, Viserys was the oldest male Targaryen alive while Aemon was the son of the heir, Prince Rhaegar.

“Viserys, come over here and meet your nephew and your good-sister,” the queen ordered.

Lyanna was a young woman of eight and ten years old. She was pale with slim build, dark hair, and gray eyes. There were dark circles around her eyes. According to Ser Arthur Dayne, she had a difficulty birth, coming close to dying of childbed fever, much like Queen Rhaella had.

After Viserys met the newest members of the Targaryen family, Queen Rhaella had Prince Aemon placed Prince Lucerys and Princess Daenerys. Viserys was sent to his tutor for lessons while the queen settled in for a long discussion with her new good-daughter and the three members of the Kingsguard.

In the end it was decided that Aemon had the better claim to the Iron Throne, but they would wait to make a decision until the boys were older. All four of the children would be educated in politics and warfare. A good king needed to lead his people into battle and how to serve the realm. Thus for the time being Aemon and Viserys would be known as Prince Aemon and Prince Viserys while Rhaella was the Mother Queen Rhaella. Ser Gerold and the queen would make the decision about king after Aemon’s five and ten birthday.

In this live, Lucerys grew up with siblings – two sisters and two brothers. There was Naerys as the eldest being two years older than Viserys, and Viserys was eight years older than Lucerys, Daenerys, and Aemon. Lucerys and Daenerys were a moon and a half older than Aemon. At a young age, Lucerys and Daenerys adopted the nicknames of Luke and Dany while Aemon liked his Stark name of “Jon.”

As the eldest, Naerys Snow kept the others in line. She wouldn’t tolerate any snide comments from Viserys, who still fancied him as king. Naerys was talented at sewing and she was skilled with a sword. She took after her mother with dark hair and pale skin.

Viserys was a brat, loudly proclaiming himself the king and above the others. While he knew how to fight, Viserys preferred to send others into fights instead of going himself. He didn’t like numbers or reading. When he took back the Iron Throne, Viserys would appoint people to fight and advice him. These weren’t skills he needed to learn. He looked like a typical Targaryen with his silvery blonde...
hair and lilac eyes.

Luke was closest to Dany and Jon. He was content to be a prince. He had no interest in ruling and commanding others as a king. With the knowledge and experience of his past live, Luke was considered a genius with how quick he learned his numbers and letters, and he was a skilled fighter. He was best with a sword. Luke favored his mother in looks with his silver blonde hair and sapphire eyes.

Like her twin, Dany preferred the company of Luke and Jon to Viserys and Naerys. Out of all of them, Dany had the best head for politics and decision making. She knew how to fight with a sword, but she liked a bow and arrow. Dany had silver blonde hair and purple eyes.

Jon was closest to Dany and Luke though he was solemn. He sat through his lessons, trying to learn everything he could. Out of them all, Jon was easily the most talented with a sword. He moved with a sword like it was an extension of his arm. He looked like Lyanna with his dark curly hair and pale lilac eyes. Apparent from his appearance, Jon was a Targaryen evident in his tall bone structure, high cheekbones, and his long fingers.

Chapter End Notes

Timeline
–280 AC: Robert's Rebellion began. Prince Rhaegar Targaryen married Lady Lyanna Stark in secret and sent her into hiding. Brandon Stark and Lord Rickard Stark were killed by King Aerys II Targaryen in King's Landing.
–281 AC: Prince Rhaegar died in the Battle of the Trident, slayed by Lord Robert Baratheon. The Lannister forces seized King's Landing in the name of Robert. Ser Jaime Lannister killed the Mad King while Ser Gregor Clegane and Ser Amory Lorch killed Prince Elia Martell, Prince Aegon Targaryen, and Princess Rhaenys Targaryen.
–282 AC: Queen Rhaella Targaryen gave birth to twins, Prince Lucerys (who is Neville Longbottom reincarnated) and Princess Daenerys Targaryen, at Dragonstone and she crowned her eldest son, Viserys, as king. Not wanting to loose his new mother, Lucerys used his magic to save her. After recovering from the birth of her twins, Queen Rhaella fled Dragonstone for the Free Cities of Essos. Around this same time, Princess Lyanna Stark gave birth to her son, King Aemon Targaryen, before leaving the Tower of Joy with the loyal Kingsguard.
–283 AC: Princess Lyanna, King Aemon, and the three of Kingsguard (Ser Gerold Hightower, Ser Oswell Whent, and Ser Arthur Dayne) arrived in Braavos, where Queen Rhaella and her children were staying. It was decided that the decision of who would be king (Viserys or Aemon) would be decided when the boys were older.

Outline
Pairings
Lucerys: Princess Ariana Martell; Lady Sansa Stark; Princess Myrcella Baratheon; and Lady Shireen Baratheon
Daenerys: Prince Quentyn Martell; Lord Robb Stark; Lord Edmure Tully; Ser Jaime Lannister; and Prince Tommen Baratheon
Jon: Lady Margaery Tyrell; Lady Shireen Baratheon; Princess Myrcella Baratheon; and Princess Ariana Martell
Luna Lovegood smiled when an owl landed in front of her. It was a non-descriptive barn owl, looking like one of the several school owls. She petted the owl, running her fingers over the brown feathers.

“What did you bring me?” she asked, her voice gentle and close to cooing. Luna handed the owl a piece of bacon as she untied the parchment from around his foot. She was surprised by the weight of the letter.

Unfolding the parchment, Luna found a short message and a charm bracelet. She glanced at the bracelet before turning her attention to the letter. The letter was written in small and neat penmanship, and the handwriting looked familiar.

My dearest Luna,

Please take this as a token as my appreciation. I want you to know how much you mean to me.

With a gentle smile, Luna flipped the parchment over, looking for some kind of a signature. There wasn't a name, an initial, or some kind of a symbol. There was nothing.

Done with the letter, Luna folded the parchment and she placed it in her pocket before turning her attention to the charm bracelet. The bracelet and each charm were constructed out of sterling silver,
and it was the perfect size to fit around her wrist. There were seven charms on the bracelet: a fern, an ivy, a lilac, a tulip, a hawthorn, a snowdrop, and a rose. While Luna was no expert, she knew she knew each plant and flower had a special meaning.

Smile in place, Luna got from the Ravenclaw table and she skipped out of the Great Hall, headed for the library. While her Herbology textbook was in her dorm, she knew she would find better books and resources in the library.

In the library, Luna made her way to the Herbology section where she glanced over the various books before settling on *Forrest's Guide to the Plant Kingdom*. Flipping through the book, she quickly gathered the information she wanted. A fern symbolized sincerity, an ivy as friendship, a lilac as early love, a tulip as a declaration of love, a hawthorn as hope, a snowdrop as friendship, and a rose for love.

Satisfied with the information, Luna returned the book to the shelf before leaving the library, headed to Ravenclaw Tower. Since it was Saturday, she planned to finish her homework before taking a stroll along the edge of the Forbidden Forest.

The reminder of the weekend passed uneventfully. Luna finished her homework, and she continued her search for a crumple-horned snorkack. Getting the bracelet on Saturday morning was the highlight of her weekend.

...  

After getting the bracelet, Luna began to ponder over the identity of the sender. She liked to believe the sender was really a secret admirer based off of the short message. Every time she read the letter, a sense of warmth filled Luna. Someone out there cared about her.

The list of suspects was short, centered around the people Luna had the regular contact with, eliminating casual acquaintances and her best friends, Ginny Weasley and Harry Potter. There was something familiar about the handwriting, meaning Luna had to have seen it before. While she had seen it, she didn't see it often enough to recognize.

Acting like a muggle detective she read about in *Sherlock Holmes*, Luna did her best to seek a peak at every suspect's handwriting. Her secret admirer wasn't Hermione Granger or Ronald Weasley. Those results didn't surprise Luna since the pair was trying to figure out their relationship – Luna's galleons were on Ron going back to Lavender Brown, and Hermione ending up with someone as intellection as herself, like Terry Boot or Percy Weasley.

From there, she went through her roommates and the other Ravenclaws she spent time with. None of them were a match, including Rolf Scamander such to Luna's dismay. She didn't dwell on it for long before moving onto the Hufflepuffs and Slytherins she regular saw, most of whom she shared classes with.

Luna saved Gryffindor for last, wanting her secret admirer to be a certain someone special. It took her long and agonizing two days to find Neville's handwriting. After stealing his Herbology notes, Luna compared the handwriting in the safety of her four-poster bed late at night. That night, she fell asleep with a smile.
Two weeks after she reserved her charm bracelet, Luna entered the Great Hall carrying a small bouquet of red roses. With a smile, she skipped over to the Gryffindor table, where Neville was sitting across from Harry and Dean Thomas.

Without asking, Luna took a seat next to Neville and she placed the bouquet of roses in front of Neville. Luna smiled at him before grabbing some waffles and pouring herself a cup of tea.

“L-Luna?” Neville said, looking at her wide eyes. “What are these?”

“They're roses,” Luna answered, putting strawberries on top of her waffles. “Aren't you supposed to know your flowers?”

Neville opened and closed his mouth a few times as he tried to form a reply.

“Since they're red roses,” Luna continued, “you should know those mean love. I couldn't find a flower that means 'I love you, too.'”

Luna smiled as she watched Neville turn red, and she heard stuttering from Harry and Dean.

“R-really?” Neville asked, his voice a little soft.

“Of course,” she answered with a smile before leaning in to kiss him. It was a simple brush of the lips before Luna turned her attention to her waffles.

Next to her, a goofy grin settled on Neville's face as he watched Luna before trying to eat his own breakfast. He had some difficulty eating since his fork kept missing his mouth.

Chapter End Notes

This one of my favorite pairings.
“Have you told them?” she asked, her voice soft and resigned. Her tone lacked all hints of accusations, slowly dwelled and faded from previous conversations.

Draco Malfoy walked into their classroom and sat down next to Ginny Weasley on the desk. This was the first time they had been together, just the two of them, in a few weeks. The last time was two days before the Winter Holidays, which Draco went home for and Ginny remained in the castle with Harry Potter for.

“What makes you think I didn't?” Draco asked, his voice soft. He stared at the redhead.

“Well, you're here, aren't you?” Ginny asked, shaking her head. “If you told, you would either be off with a healer at St. Mungo's being checked for curses and potions or you would be at home. I know how your father feels about my family.” She laughed, sounding bitter.

Reaching out, Draco took ahold of her hand. “I did tell them,” he whispered.

Ginny's head snapped over at him. “Really?” she asked, her voice full of hope.

He nodded, explaining, “My father had Healer Fawley over within the hour.”

Jerking her hand away, Ginny stood from the desk. “What did he find?” she demanded, her eyes narrowed.

“Nothing,” Draco answered, sliding off of the desk.
“Then what?” she asked, her voice soft and her eyes pleasing.

“I'm done hiding,” Draco replied, walking over to her. “And I think you're forgetting who has the real power between by parents.”

Ginny tilted her head, silently asking, as she allowed Draco to wrap his arms around.

He smiled. “My mother wants me to be happy,” he explained. “It took her a day, but she accepted our relationship and she's thrilled I love you.” He laughed a little, “She's already planning our wedding.”

Slowly, Ginny returned his smile before pulling him in for a kiss.

“My mother wants a summer wedding at the Manor,” Draco told her. “So, Ginerva Molly Weasley – Ginny, will you marry me?” he asked, whispering in her ear.

Brown eyes widened before she shouted, “Yes!” Because all of Ginny Weasley's new dreams and desires were coming true. She was getting a new family.

As one could predict, her family hasn't reacted well to the news of her dating Draco Malfoy. Her dad had been shocked silent before he went out to his workshop, where he shut the world out, and her mom had shouted and raved about Ginny's old dreams of becoming Mrs. Ginny Potter, the wife of Harry Potter. Out of her brothers, Ginny hadn't heard anything from Ron or Percy in a few months. Bill and Fleur sent a letter, but nothing else, while Charlie continued to write her and George was distant. At least she still had one of her brothers – two, if Harry counted, and as far as Ginny was concerned he did count as a brother.

Draco responded by pulling her into a long kiss.

When they separated, he leaned his forehead against hers. “I love you,” he whispered.

“What day is your mother thinking?” Ginny asked, eager for their wedding day. From what Draco had said, it sounded like it was only six to eight months away.


Ginny nodded, her mind whirling. That was six days after their graduation – and less than five months away. “I can't wait!” she declared before pressing her lips against her fiance's.

Chapter End Notes

Prompts came from HPFC forum on FFN.
Watching as James Potter wondered over to Lily Evans, Sirius Black rolled his eyes. His best friend was an idiot hopelessly in love with the wrong girl. James had hopelessly pursued Evans for five years now. Back in their first year, James merely wanted to be friends with the pretty redheaded girl. In their third year, James fancied himself in love with her and he became determined to date her and make her fall in love with him.

As James’ best friend, Sirius did his best to support his friend in his hopeless endeavors to win the favor – and eventual love – of Lily Evans, despite his own personal feelings on the matter. While Sirius would admit Evans was smart and beautiful, he wouldn’t say she was the nicest person. When it came to her closest friends, Evans was blind. She noticed every time James and Sirius targeted Severus Snape, but she failed to notice everything Snape did to them that led to James and Sirius childishly retaliating.

With a sigh, Sirius tried to turn his attention to his textbook. There was a big Charms test tomorrow, and he ranked it more important than watching James try and fail to woo Evans.

“When will you learn, Potter?” Lily Evans shouted, drawing the attention of everyone in the Gryffindor common room, Sirius included. “I want nothing to do with you!”

James stared at Evans for a few seconds, his eyes hardening. “You could simply say no, Evans,” he said, his tone growing cold.

“Like you understand the meaning of the word no,” Evans spat, glaring at him. “You never leave me alone – no matter how mean I am to.”
Listening to her words, James' eyes turned cold. “I know the meaning of no,” he stated, “but you've never used the word no.” He shook his head, a look of disgust growing on his face. “All you've ever said was to leave you alone or your friends alone.”

Evans' face slowly turned red, a shade that clashed with her hair. “I have told you no, Potter, several times!” she declared.

“You never have,” Alice Monroe stated, seated on the couch next to Evans. She turned red when Evans' head snapped towards her. “You've asked James to leave you, and he left. You asked him not to talk to you, and he did.”

“You've even told him to drop dead,” added Hazel Brown from across the common room. “He didn't actually do that, but he left you and your friends alone.”

Evans' face grew redder as she looked around the common room, taking in everyone that was paying attention to her conversation with James.

“Well, he should know not to talk to me, by now,” Evans stated, crossing her arms.

“As you wish, Evans,” James stated. “I'll leave you alone from now on.” Without another word, James turned and walked back to his friends.

An awkward tension filled the common room.

“Who had April of fifth year in betting pool?” demanded Avery St. Claire, a seventh year.

“Let me check,” answered Valeria Pierces, pushing her glasses up on her nose as she thumbed through a large book that Sirius recognized at The Log, which was a betting book of Gryffindor.

According to house legend, The Log was started by Regine White over the Sorting of Haeric Gryffindor when several students started waging on his future House. From that bet onwards, most were recorded in The Log. Only the logger, the appointed keeper of The Log, could decide official bets.

After a minute, Valeria made a sound of triumph. “Marlene McKinnon,” she answered.

A murmur broke through the common room. Up until this September, Marlene McKinnon was Evans' best female friend. They had a following out sometime between the end of fourth year and the start of fifth year.

“What's my prize?” Marlene McKinnon asked, walking forward with a large smirk.

“One and twenty-three galleons, ten sickles, and five knut,” Valeria said, reading from the book, “and several items.” She quickly started writing a list. No one other than the logger was allowed to read from the book.

“Awesome,” Marlene said with a smile.

“You will receive everything within a fortnight,” Valeria promised, handing the list of items to Marlene. “I need to owl Gringotts.”

Marlene's eyes sparkled as she read over the list. “Hey, Potter,” she shouted, glancing over at him. “How 'bout a double date? You, me, Black, and Pierces.”

“Depends,” James answered, “who would my date be, you or Pierces?”
“How'd you know it's not Black?” she asked.

James opened and closed his mouth a few times before shaking his head.

Next to his best friend, Sirius stared at Marlene with wide eyes. “Sorry, Prongs,” he said, “I just don't feel that way.”

Smiling, James hit his best friend on the back. “I feel the same way,” he declared.

Most of the common room erupted into laughter as James and Sirius turned to start at one another. During the laughter, Marlene crossed the common room over to James and Sirius.

“I was thinking you take me, James,” she said with a smile, “since I know Valeria likes Sirius.”

Chapter End Notes

The original characters of Valeria Pierces and Hazel Brown are reoccurring. They're among the numerous characters I've created over the years.
When the first of September dawned with clear skies and a shining sun, Teddy Lupin awoke with feeling nervous and excited. It was an important day. He was off to Hogwarts. Today was the first day of his magical education.

After checking over everything in his truck and getting dressed in muggle clothes, Teddy headed downstairs to have breakfast with his grandma, Andromeda Tonks. A sense of sadness filled Teddy at the thought. This would be his last meal with Grandma Andromeda in a few months. After today, the next time they ate together would be in December when Teddy returned for the winter holidays.

Forcing a smile onto his head, Teddy walked into the kitchen where he found a scene of chaos as Grandma Andromeda flipped pancakes, Uncle Harry diced fruit, and Aunt Ginny wrangled her three children.

“Good morning, Teddy,” Ginny Potter greeted with a smile as she handed her daughter a cup of orange juice.

“Morning, Aunt Ginny,” Teddy said, returning her smile with an honest smile of his own. “What are you guys doing here?”

“We came to see you off,” Aunt Ginny answered, taking a fork from James. “James Sirius, what have I told you about stabbing your brother?”

Watching Aunt Ginny scolded her eldest son helped Teddy relax. While he would miss this and these people, he would treasure these memories and this sense of family. Teddy walked over to the counter where he poured himself a glass of orange juice.
“Good morning, grandma,” Teddy said, wrapping an arm around the older woman.

Andromeda smiled down at him as she returned the hug. There were a few tears in her eyes.

“What's wrong?” Teddy asked, his hair changing from brown to blue.

“You've grown so much,” Andromeda replied, her tone filled with emotions. “I can't help but return Nymphadora's first trip.”

Teddy wrapped his second arm around his grandma. While he knew grandma loved his mom, thinking about Nymphadora made her sad. Teddy hated seeing his grandma sad. Grandma Andromeda was meant to be happy and smiling.

“Why don't you greet Harry and play with your cousins?” Andromeda suggested, patting her grandson on the back.

Teddy nodded, stepping back from their hug. Turning, he found Uncle Harry mixing various fruits together in a fruit salad.

“Good morning, Uncle Harry,” Teddy greeted his second favorite relative – grandma was the first favorite and no one could ever take her spot.

“Morning, Teddy,” Harry Potter said with a smile, reaching down to ruffle his godson's hair as it changed from blue to sunny yellow.

After indulging his godfather for a few seconds, Teddy batted the man's hand away before changing his hair style from messy to spiky.

“Are you excited?” Uncle Harry asked, smile still in place.

“Yeah,” Teddy answered, a wave of butterflies filling his stomach. The nervousness started to set in again.

“What House do you want to be in?” asked Harry, setting the bowl of fruit salad aside. It was ready.

Wordlessly, Teddy shrugged before turning his attention to his cousins. “Lily, do you want more juice?” he asked.

Lily Luna Potter looked between her empty sippy cup and her older cousin with wide green eyes. She nodded, holding out her cup. “P'ease,” she added, casting a quick glance at her mom.

Taking the cup, Teddy filled it with orange juice before putting the lid back on and handing it to his three-year-old cousin.

“T'anks,” Lily said with a smile before dripping the sippy cup to her lips.

“Teddy, do have any pumpkin juice?” James Sirius Potter asked with a frown.

Before Teddy could answer, a sippy cup hit the back of James' head.

“He doesn't,” Albus Severus Potter answered. “'Cause, 'member, he's al-gic to pum'kins.”

James' eyes widened. He forgot that Teddy couldn't have pumpkin juice, and Aunt Andromeda didn't keep any in her house. “Mom!” he shouted, bringing his hand up to rub the back of his neck.

“Yes, James?” Aunt Ginny asked, setting the table.
“Al hit me with his cup!” he said, trying to start crying fake tears.

“Albus Severus Potter!” Ginny said, turning to her youngest son. “What have we said about throwing things?”

“Not to,” Albus replied.

“You will be punished,” Ginny told him, “when we get home.”

Albus nodded, smiling. At least he would get to see Teddy off.

Pouting at the lack of punishment, James stick his tongue out at Albus. Unfortunately for James, his mom saw him.

“James Sirius Potter,” Aunt Ginny said, “you'll be joining him.”

Albus beamed. At least he wouldn't be in trouble all on his own.

“Who wants pancakes?” Uncle Harry asked, drawing everyone’s attention. Using his wand, he finished setting the table, complete with a large platter of pancakes and a bowl of fruit salad.

“Me!” all three of his own children said.

“Teddy, how many?” Harry asked, laughing at his own children.

“Three.”

A minute later, Teddy was handed a plate with three buttered pancakes.

“Thank you, Uncle Harry,” he said, reaching for the maple syrup. He poured a generous amount on top of his pancakes before he started eating. Around him, Harry passed a plate to each of his own children before serving the adults.

When Teddy finished his pancakes, he quickly scooped some fruit salad onto his plate. His grandma wouldn't allow him seconds without having some fruit first.

“Can I have some more, please?” Teddy asked. Looking up, he found Uncle Harry was busy feeding Lily.

“Of course,” Grandma Andromeda answered.

Teddy passed the plate to his grandma. “Two, please,” he requested.

Andromeda placed two pancakes on the plate before returning it to Teddy. “You can less syrup this time,” she stated.

Sighing, Teddy did as he was told. While it was phrased as an option, he knew it was an order. His grandma liked to monitor his sugar intake and make him brush his teeth. If he got another cavity, he would get to visit Aunt Hermione's parents at the dentistry instead of taking a potion. As far as Grandma Andromeda was concerned, if he wanted to keep all his teeth than he needed to take good care of them.

Breakfast passed too quickly for Teddy's liking. When everyone was done eating, grandma waved her wand, spending all of the dishes to the sink before they started watching themselves.

“It's time to go,” grandma announced, pulling on her outer robe.
Teddy headed up to his bedroom to retrieve his trunk. Casting a long glance around his room, Teddy was overcome with several emotions – nerves, excitement, anxiety, loss, and terror. It was an overwhelming rush of emotions. Going to Hogwarts was a huge step, and, in all honesty, Teddy wasn't sure if he was ready for it. Why did Hogwarts have to start at age eleven? What was wrong with age thirteen or fourteen?

Sighing, Teddy took a seat on his bed, reaching to gather his courage. He had to have courage, right? His dad was courageous and brave. It made sense for his son to, right?

A knock on the door drew Teddy's attention. Looking up, he saw Uncle Harry.

“Can I come in?” his godfather asked, his tone gentle and his voice low.

“Sure, I guess,” Teddy answered with a shrug. He switched his gaze to his hands. For some reason, he didn't want to look at his uncle. It was the same feeling he had when grandma got him in trouble.

Harry walked into the room and took a seat on the bed, next to Teddy. “What's going on?” he asked.

Teddy remained silent for a minute or two, contemplating his answer – tell the truth or lie. Lying would be easiest, but he was raised to tell the truth. “I'm scared,” Teddy replied, his voice above a whisper.

“There's nothing wrong with that,” Harry told him, wrapping an arm around Teddy's shoulders. “I remember I was scared.”

Teddy's head snapped up, his eyes wide as he stared at his godfather. It was hard to imagine the Great Harry Potter – the Boy-Who-Lived, the Man-Who-Won, and a fearless auror – being scared.

Laughing, Harry squeezed his godson's shoulder. “I was new to magic,” he explained. “When Vernon dropped me off at King's Cross, I had no idea how to find the platform. I would have been lost if I hadn't ran into Molly.”

As he listened to his godfather, Teddy perked up. His nerves had calmed much. There was still one thing he was scared of. “What if I'm a Slytherin?” he asked.

“Nothing,” Harry answered with a shrug. “I will love you, no matter what. Besides, your grandma was a Slytherin.”

At the reminder, Teddy felt his nerves calm. He had forgotten Grandma Andromeda was a Slytherin. She didn't talk about her own Hogwarts days that much, preferring to focus on her daughter's or listen to someone else's stories.

“Right you ready to go?” Harry asked, standing up.

Nodding, Teddy leapt to his feet. “We should hurry,” he said, grabbing his truck. “I don't want to be late.”

The pair walked downstairs where Ginny and Andromeda were waiting with the children. Teddy walked over to his grandma to side-long apparate to Platform Nine and Three-Quarters. The only ways to reach the platform were through the muggle side of King's Cross and apparition.

When they arrived onto the platform, Teddy's eyes widened at the sight of the long, scarlet Hogwarts Express. It was like the stories, but at the same time it was so much more. Looking at it, Teddy found excitement growing. Caught up in the train, he was vaguely aware of the arrival of Harry, Ginny, and their children behind him.
“What do you have to go?” demanded James in a whiny voice. “I don't want you to leave.”

Turning to his cousin, Teddy offered him a small smile. “I'll write,” he promised, “and if you like, I can send you special letters.”

James' eyes widened at the thought, and eagerly nodded. At the age of five, James was beginning to read, and the idea of his own letters was amazing. It was something he wouldn't have to share with either of his siblings.

Smiling, Teddy pulled his cousin into a hug before moving onto hugging both Albus and Lily. Each of them was sad to see him go, and Lily was crying. After giving Aunt Ginny a hug, Teddy turned to his godfather.

“I'm gonna miss you,” Harry whispered in his ear, pulling him into a tight hug.

“Me, too,” Teddy said.

“And remember, it doesn't matter where you're Sorted,” his godfather said as they separated.

“My turn, young man,” declared his grandma, her voice breaking with emotion. There were tears streaming down her face.

Teddy threw himself into her arms.

The pair shared a long hug before Teddy pulled back. “I'll send you a letter tomorrow,” he promised.

“I look forward to it,” Andromeda said with a smile. “I love you.”

“I love you, too, grandma,” Teddy said.

“Go on,” his grandma said with a laugh, waving her hands. “Go find a compartment and make some friends.”

On cue the whistle blew, signaling the time. The train was scheduled to depart in a few minutes.

Grabbing ahold of his truck, Teddy walked onto the train. He passed a few compartments before finding an empty one, which he claimed for himself. Since he couldn't lift his truck, Teddy didn't see the point in trying to store it in the overhead area. Instead, he pulled it up against the window. Before taking a seat, he tried and failed to open the window.

Looking out the window, Teddy watched as students ran onto the train. It took him a few minutes, but he spotted his family. Unknown if they could see him, Teddy waved.

All too soon, the train was pulling out of the station, headed to Hogwarts. Barely a minute into the journey, the compartment door opened.

Glancing over, Teddy found himself staring at a girl around his age with dark hair, grey eyes, and pale skin. She was dressed in black robes, and she was breathing heavy, like she was winded from running.

“Do – you mind,” she said in between pants, “if I – sit here?”

“Go head,” Teddy answered with a smile.

Slowly, the girl returned the smile as she took a seat on the bench across from him.
The pair sat in silence for a minutes as they watched the city of London speed by out the window.

“I almost thought I wouldn’t make it,” the girl declared with a smile.

“If you missed the Express, you could also floo to Hogwarts,” Teddy told her. It was one of his countless fears in the days leading up to his departure. Grandma Andromeda made plans for each fear, trying to lessen his worries.

“If I missed it, I wouldn’t have come,” the girl said, crossing her arms as her voice grew softer.

Teddy frowned. Why wouldn't she be able to come to Hogwarts? “I'm Teddy Lupin,” he said, holding out his hand.

The girl stared at his hand for a minute before grabbing it and shaking. “I'm Delphini Riddle,” she said, “but you can call me Delph.”

Chapter End Notes

I don't know if there will be any further development of this idea. I see Delphini and Teddy becoming the best of friends. Delphini would follow Teddy into Hufflepuff.
058. Bright Smiles

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Dean Thomas/Pansy Parkinson; past Dean Thomas/Padma Patil; and past Draco Malfoy/Pansy Parkinson
Warnings: alternate universe; het; and mentions of character death

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Fandom: Harry Potter
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Prompt: (Pairing) Dean/Pansy

Watching as his daughter laughed and played with the other children, Dean Thomas felt himself relaxing, for what seemed like the first time in months. Ellie was having trouble adjusting to, well, everything. Her life had changed dramatically in the two years. It started when Padma Thomas was diagnosed with an aggressive form of cancer. The first six months, Dean and Ellie were forced to watch as bright and loving Padma slowly wasted away, losing weight rapidly along with her hair, but her love never faded.

After the death of her mother, Dean and Ellie were hunted by memories of her around the house. There wasn't a room untouched by memories of Padma – Dean could remember debating paint colors in most of the room, and there were the times when Padma and Ellie would run around the house together as they smiled and laughed. It took Dean four months of nightmares and countless nights of sleeping with his daughter before he decided it was time to move. Now, finally, after settling into their new house in Raven's Peak, things seemed to be falling into place.

Dean smiled as he watched Ellie playing with children her own age. Ellie was dark skinned with her mother's dark hair, dark eyes and dimples. She loved the color yellow, insisting on wearing it every single day. Today was no different with Ellie wearing a bright yellow headband.

He continued to watch Ellie for a few more minutes before his gaze dropped to his sketchbook. Fingering his pencil, Dean eyed his sketch. He had recently started drawing pictures for a children's book. This children's book was based on stories he told Ellie about the beautiful Princess Mira. Princess Mira was a fierce warrior witch that Dean had created, shortly after Padma's death.
A few minutes after he started drawing, Dean looked back up. Quickly finding his daughter, he watched as Ellie played with another little girl around her age. This girl had pale skin, short brown hair, and silver eyes. Dean watched the pair of girls for a moment. They were sitting in the sandbox.

As he was watching them, Ellie glanced over at them. She smiled before jumping to her feet, pulling her new friend with her. The pair of girls quickly ran across the park to Dean.

“Daddy! Daddy!” Ellie called as she came closer.

“Ellie, Ellie!” Dean responded with a smile. He sat his sketchbook aside, knowing his daughter would demand all of his attention.

“Daddy!” Ellie said, her tone slightly whiny. She pouted, slowing into a walk.

“Yes, Ellie?” Dean asked.

“Can Flora and her mummy come to lunch with us?” asked Ellie with a smile.

Caught off guard by her question, it took Dean a moment to respond. “That decides on Flora’s mum.”

“I’ll ask her,” Flora promised, offering a smile.

“But, daddy, can they come with us?” Ellie asked.

Dean sighed. “It's alright with me as long as it's alright with Flora's mum.”

The answer cheered both girls up.

“Well, come on, daddy,” Ellie urged, trying to get him to move faster.

Smiling fondly, Dean deliberately slowed his movements down, taking his time to gather his things and return everything to his bag.

“Daddy, faster!” demanded Ellie, childishly stomping her foot and pouting. She needed this to work out and fast.

Dean said nothing as he continued to gather his belongings. Everything was packed up within five minutes. When he shoulder his bag, he turned to face the two girls.

Ellie was beaming and Flora smiled. Flora led the way to her mother with a spring in her step with Ellie and Dean following a few steps behind them. The young girl led them across the park where she stopped in front of a woman seated on a bench.

At the sight of the dark haired woman, Dean frowned. There was something familiar about her, but he couldn't place it. From her seated position, Dean couldn't determine her height. The woman had long dark brown hair pulled in a ponytail, and she had pale skin. She looked up from her book when Flora approached her, allow Dean a glimpse of her blue eyes.

“Mummy!” Flora greeted with a smile.

“Flora,” the woman said with fondness in her tone. She smiled at her daughter.

“Mummy, can we go to lunch with Ellie and her daddy?” Flora asked with large and pleading eyes.

The woman frowned, glancing over at Dean and his daughter. Her eyes widened. “I don't know,
“sweetheart,” she said. “We can't just invite ourselves along.”

“It's alright, Mrs. Flora's mummy,” Ellie said, walking up to her friend's side. “My daddy said it was alright, as long as you wanted to come.”

“Really?” the woman said, something changing in her voice tone. She looked over at Dean.

Dean nodded, trying to figure out where he recognized her from.

The woman looked over at her daughter and Ellie, both of whom were staring at her with large, pleading eyes. With a sigh, the woman answered, “Yes, Flora.”

Ellie and Flora cheered, celebrating their victory.

Dean smiled fondly as he watched the pair while Flora's mum returned her book to her purse and she stood up from the bench.

“Where are we headed?” the woman asked, smiling at Dean.

As he stared at her, Dean slowly started to recognize the woman. “Are you Pansy Malfoy?” he asked.

The woman's blue eyes widened.

Carefully, Dean watched the woman, studying her reactions.

“I was, and it's Parkinson, again,” she confirmed. “And you're Dean Thomas.”

“Do you know each other?” Flora asked, her silver eyes widened.

“We attended Hogwarts together,” Dean explained, “and we were in the same year. Your mum was a Slytherin, and I was a Gryffindor.”

“Wow!” Ellie said, excitement in her tone. “Can you tell us stories?”

“Maybe after lunch,” Pansy said with a weak smile, “if we're still going.”

Dean nodded. “There's a little cafe around the corner,” he explained.

Pansy smiled.

The group of four exited the park before crossing the street. Ellie grabbed Flora's hand, eagerly pulling her new friend along with their parents following behind them.

“How have you been since...everything?” Dean asked, a little awkward.

A year after graduating from Hogwarts, Pansy had married Draco Malfoy. Within three years, their marriage fell apart and Draco divorced Pansy to marry another woman. While he didn't know most of the details, Dean felt sorry for her.

Pansy tensed a little, eyeing him with suspicion. “Flora's the only good thing to come of it,” she answered, her voice a little cold.

Dean nodded. “She's seems like a sweet girl,” he said.

At his words, Pansy relaxed a little.
“What about you?” she asked. “I heard you married Padma in 1999.”

Dean's smile turned sad. “We had a great time together,” he said, his tone a little bittersweet. “She gave me Ellie and six amazing years.”

Pansy frowned. “Did something happen?”

Nodding, Dean explained, “Padma passed away from cancer, almost eighteen months ago.”

“I'm sorry to hear that,” Pansy whispered.

Dean said nothing in response. He still had difficulty talking about her illness and her death, even months later.

“Daddy, can I have the fruit salad?” Ellie asked.

“As long as there aren't any mangos,” Dean agreed.

“I know that, daddy,” Ellie said, rolling her eyes.

Dean ruffled her hair. “It's important to remember,” he said.

Ellie pouted, nodding.

“What's wrong with mangos?” Pansy asked.

“I'm all'gric,” Ellie answered, having difficulty pronouncing the last word.

Pansy frowned, looking at Dean for clarification.

“She's allergic to latex,” Dean explained, “which somehow makes her allergic to mangos and some other fruits.”

“Like what?” Pansy asked with a frown.

“Avocados, papayas, tomatoes, soybeans, and coconuts,” Dean listed, “that we know of.”

“That sounds severe,” Pansy said with sympathy.

“We're managing,” Dean said with a shrug. “A lot of it is trail and error. If she eats something and has a reaction, then she's likely to be allergic.”

Pansy nodded, uncertain how to respond.

They arrived to the cafe a moment later. Dean held the door open, allowing Ellie, Flora, and Pansy to enter in ahead of him. Although the case was called Sunnyside Cafe, it was more of a restaurant.

“Dean, Ellie!” greeted the teenage hostess with a smile at the sight of the regulars. “How are you today?”

“We're good,” Ellie answered with a smile.

“How many today?” the hostess asked, noticing the group of four people.

“Four,” Ellie replied, holding up four fingers.

The hostess smiled, grabbing two regular menus and two children's menus and some crayons. “Right
this way, please.” She led the group of four to a table next to a window. The table was set for four people with silverware and napkins.

Ellie and Flora quickly claimed two seats, leaving Dean and Pansy to sit across from them. After everyone was seated, the hostess passed out the menus and the crayons. The two children eagerly tore into their crayons and started coloring while Dean and Pansy looked over the menu. A moment later, the hostess stopped by with tray of water. She placed a glass in front of each of them.

“What do you recommend?” Pansy asked, glancing over at Dean.

“That depends,” he replied, “on any dietary restrictions and food preferences.”

Overall, lunch passed quickly. Ellie and Flora enjoyed their coloring while Dean and Pansy decided to talk, catching up with one another instead of sitting in awkward silence and ignoring each other. By the end of lunch, the two young girls declared themselves the very best of friends.

“I guess I'll be seeing you soon,” Dean said after lunch as they walked out of the cafe.

“Tomorrow morning at the park,” Pansy promised with a smile. “I'll bring tea.”
059. You're Right

Chapter Summary

Relationship: Friendship – Sirius Black and Lily Evans
Pairings: (one-sided) Sirius Black/Lily Evans; and (endgame) James Potter/Lily Evans
Warnings: alternate universe; het; original characters (Hazel Brown and Valeria Pierce); not Severus Snape friendly; and James Potter/Lily Evans endgame

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059. You're Right

It was a sunny day in August on a visit to Diagon Alley when Sirius Black first met the love of life. She was short with pale skin, freckles, long red hair, and vibrant green eyes. She was standing a stool in Madam Malkin's, being fitted for her school robes.

Sirius stepped up onto a stool next to her. “Are you headed to Hogwarts as well?” he asked her.

The girl glanced over her shoulder, her green eyes carefully inspecting him, before she answered, “Yes. I'm the first witch in my family.”

She was a muggle-born. If anyone in Sirius' family was around, he would be in trouble for socializing with her. “So, you didn't know about magic before your letter?” he asked. He wondered what that was like.

“No,” she replied, shaking her head, “my best friend told me. He's a wizard, and his mum's a witch.”

Sirius nodded. “I'm Sirius Black,” he said with a smile.

“I'm Lily Evans,” she smiled, showing her lovely white teeth.

At the sight of her smile, Sirius felt his heart skip a beat. It was breathtaking.
Thoughts of Lily Evans and her breathtaking smile filled Sirius' dreams for the next few weeks. He was looking forward to reuniting with Lily either on the Hogwarts Express or at school. Sirius hoped they were in the same House, which filled Sirius' desires to be placed in a different House than Slytherin.

At the age of seven, Sirius had decided he didn't want to be Sorted into Slytherin when he realized how Slytherin was twisting his cousin, Bellatrix, into a horrible and nasty person. Sirius remembered when Bellatrix was fun and bright, and she would spend time playing with Sirius and Regulus. Slytherin was turning her into a cruel and selfish woman who was determined to succeed, no matter the cost of other people.

Since then, Sirius wasn't sure which of the remaining Houses would be the best fit for him. There was Ravenclaw for the intelligent and creativity. Then there was Hufflepuff for the hardworking and loyal. Finally, there was Gryffindor for the brave and daring. Out of the two remaining Houses, Sirius was pretty sure he would end up in either Hufflepuff or Gryffindor.

On the first of September, Sirius followed Cygnus Black with their three daughters on the journey to King's Cross Station via the Floo Network. His parents, Orion and Walburga, were too busy to escort their eldest son to the Hogwarts Express. Sirius shared a quick hug with his little brother, Regulus, under the watchful eye of their house-elf, Kreacher, before pulling his trunk to the sitting room, where his uncle was waiting.

On Platform Nine and Three-Quarters, Sirius watched as parents shared a tearful farewell with their children, most filled with hugs and kisses. Meanwhile, he stood next to his uncle as the man lectured his daughters on their duties and responsibilities to the family. Bellatrix Black stood, nodding along with everything her father had to say while Andromeda Black had her arms crossed, rolling her eyes, and Narcissa Black listened with wide eyes, hanging off of her father's every word.

As Sirius tried to ignore his uncle, he looked around the platform, trying to catch sight of Lily's red hair and green eyes. His heart skipped a beat at the thought of the girl. He could barely wait to see her again.

"I will see you in December," Cygnus Black said as he nodded to his daughters and his nephew. He left without another word or a hug.

Resisting the urge to sigh, Sirius picked up his trunk as he headed towards the train. It was time to find a compartment. If he got luck, he could get one away from his cousins and the various pure-blood children.

A smirk bloomed across Sirius' face as he thought about his plans for Hogwarts. This would start off with a bang at his Sorting when the Sorting Hat placed him in Hufflepuff or Gryffindor instead of Slytherin. He could hardly wait! After the Sorting, Sirius would befriend his various muggle-born and half-blood roommates, further driving his mother crazy. The very thought of Sirius socializing with “lesser” people would keep her up at night. From there, the possibilities were endless!

On the train, Sirius picked an empty compartment in the middle section. With some difficulty, he managed to load his trunk into the overhead storage bin. Due to the limited options, Sirius looked out of the window, looking in the crowd of people for a redheaded eleven year old girl with green eyes. Determined to find her, Sirius spent the next hour looking for any sign of Lily Evans on the platform.
When the train was pulling away from the platform, Sirius was forced to make himself comfortable for the long journey to Hogwarts.

A few minutes into the journey, the door to his compartment opened. Sirius looked over, hoping to see Lily. Instead he found a short and fat boy, around his age, with mousy brown hair and watery blue eyes.

“C-can I sit here?” the boy asked, his voice quiet.

“If you want to,” Sirius answered with a shrug. While it wasn't the company he wanted, someone was better than no one.

The boy offered Sirius a small smile before scrabbling into the compartment. He shot the door, and he took a seat across from Sirius. “I'm Peter Pettigrew,” he whispered.

“Sirius Black,” said Sirius with a half-smile.

Sirius didn't catch sight of Lily until they were following the giant man down to the boats. He was forced to watch as Lily climbed into a boat with two other boys and another girl. He glared as he followed Peter to a different boat.

As the boats glided across the lake, Sirius tried to find Lily when he was distracted by the sight of the castle. It was amazing. Sirius stared at it with wide eyes, and he heard the other occupants of the boat gasp and whisper at the majestic sight. The rest of the trip across the lake, Sirius focused on the sight of Hogwarts, swearing to remember this moment – and that image – forever.

All too soon, the boats were docking and the giant man was leading the large group of first years inside of the castle until they met with a woman in emerald robes with a pointed witch’s hat. Her dark hair was pulled back and styled in a tight bun, and she had green eyes.

“Thank you, Hagrid,” the woman said with a nod. She spoke with a Scottish accent. Sirius recognized her as Professor McGonagall from his cousins’ stories. In fact, she attended school with his father and several other relatives.

“Yer welcome, Minerva,” the giant man said with a heavy accent that Sirius couldn't identify. He walked passed the woman.

“Welcome to Hogwarts, the Welcoming Feast will begin shortly,” McGonagall began, her gaze sweeping over the group of first years. “Before the feast begins, you will all be Sorted into one of the four Houses – Ravenclaw, Hufflepuff, Gryffindor, and Slytherin. While you are here, your House will be like your family.

“You will attend classes with your Housemate,” she continued, “eat together, sleeping together, and you will time in your House common rooms. While you are at Hogwarts, your triumphants will earn you points, and your infractions will lose you points. At the end of the year, the House with the most points will be awarded the House Cup.”

She paused for a moment, staring at the group of students. “The Sorting Ceremony will begin in a few minutes,” she stated. “I will return for you in a few minutes. I suggest you use this time to
“smarten and prepare yourselves.” Turning, she left the group of first years in the small antechamber.

“H-how do you think they Sort us?” asked Peter, glancing around at the large group of students.

“I don't know,” Sirius lied with a shrug. He knew about the Sorting Hat thanks to the countless stories handed down from generation to generation in his family. It was one of the luxuries of pure-blood families.

“My brother told me we had to fight a troll,” boasted a boy with dark hair and blue eyes.

“H-how are supposed to fight a troll?” whimpered a girl with strawberry blonde pigtails and grey eyes. “We don't know any magic.”

“Typic mudbloods,” sneered a dark skinned boy with dark hair and narrowed black eyes.

“What's a mudblood?” asked a girl short straw blonde hair and brown eyes.

“It's a horrible term for muggle-borns,” answered a dark skinned girl with a dark hair styled french braid and silver eyes. “It means dirty blood.”

Whispers and conversations filled the antechamber as the group started talking amongst itself. Sirius looked over the students, trying to find Lily. Where was she?

As he heard the door open, his grey eyes fell on Lily and the boy she was talking to her, signaling the return of Professor McGonagall. Was that the wizard friend she mentioned? He was a little taller than Lily with pale skin, a hooked nose, shoulder-length dark hair that was oily and greasy looking, and black eyes. He wore a sneer as he spoke to Lily.

“Pair up, and form a line,” McGonagall ordered before Sirius could walk over to Lily's side.

Without another word, the professor turned and she started to lead the long line of first years out of the antechamber. Sirius fell in step next to a girl with blonde hair and hazel eyes, a few rows behind Lily and her friend. Too busy looking at the back of Lily's head, Sirius barely noticed when they entered the Great Hall. It was a large room with four long table running across the room. Elevated on a platform was a large table at the end of the room where the numerous staff members were seated. Place in front of the staff table was a stool and a worn hat. Sirius recognized it as the Sorting Hat.

When they approached the platform, the woman had the large group of students crowd around. Once everyone was gathered, the Sorting Hat began its song. Sirius listened with half an ear as looked around for Lily.

“When I call your name, come forward,” ordered Professor McGonagall as she unrolled a long sheet of parchment. She began with “Abbott, Abigail.”

Sirius watched in mild boredom until she reached “Black, Narcissa.” His cousin stepped forward.

“Slytherin!” shouted the Sorting Hat.

The Slytherin table exploded in applause as Narcissa removed the Sorting Hat. As she walked over to the table, she nodded at Sirius with a small smile.

“Black, Sirius,” was called next.

Sirius walked up and he took a seat on the stool. The Sorting Hat was placed on his head and it fell over his eyes.
“My, my,” the Sorting Hat said. “Aren't you something? A Black that doesn't want to be in Slytherin.”

“Any where else,” Sirius whispered.

“But Slytherin is perfect,” the Sorting Hat said. “You're ambitious and cunning. You have what it takes to be an excellent Slytherin.”

“Not Slytherin!” he hissed.

“But Slytherin, you say, but it's a perfect fit,” the Sorting Hat continued to say, “but alas, I must put you somewhere. You're smart, but you're far from Ravenclaw martial. While you're hardworking, you don't know where your loyalties lie. Then you're brave, for wanting to defy your family’s traditions. Don't forget, you're ambitious and cunning and driven, the perfect Slytherin.”

“Not Slytherin!” Sirius hissed, repeating himself. “Any where else but Slytherin.”

“Fine, fine,” said the Sorting Hat, “not Slytherin. Ravenclaw is out. That leaves Hufflepuff and Gryffindor.”

“Either is fine,” Sirius promised, feeling a weight lifted off of his shoulders. There was no Slytherin in his future.

“Best of luck in GRYFFINDOR!” the Sorting Hat said, shouting the last word.

Silence filled the Great Hall as Sirius removed the Sorting Hat. He handed it to a stunned Professor McGonagall.

She looked at Sirius with wide green eyes as she watched him get up from the stool.

Sirius' gaze locked on the Gryffindor table as he walked towards his new House. This would be his new family. His old family would distance themselves before outright disowning him. It was only a matter of time until Orion caved to the demands of his wife and his father, and he disinherited Sirius as his Heir.

As he approached the table, a few people started clapping, offering a weak applause. Forcing himself to keep his head up, Sirius took a seat.

“Bolton, Rosemary,” was called after Sirius, and the Sorting continued.

Sirius was pleased to see Lily Evans joined him at the Gryffindor table. She took a seat next to him with a small smile.

“Why was everyone so surprised when you were Sorted here?” she whispered as the next student was called.

“Most of my family ends up in Slytherin,” Sirius explained. “I'm the first Gryffindor in family history.”

Lily listened with wide green eyes.

After being hushed by an older student, Sirius and Lily returned their attention to the Sorting. Sirius was surprised when Peter Pettigrew took a seat across from him because Sirius thought this boy would end up in Hufflepuff. Peter offered Sirius a meek smile.

When the Sorting ended, Headmaster Dumbledore stood up and he said a few words before the feast
began with the food appearing on the table.

It wasn't until the next day when Sirius got to meet his roommates. After their long day and the Welcoming Feast, everyone went to bed. Sirius had passed out the moment his head touched the pillow, and he enjoyed a soundless sleep.

Due to the numerous first year boys, they were separated in groups of six per dorm. Sirius shared his dorm with Peter, Remus Lupin, James Potter, Frank Longbottom, and Kenneth Bell. Sirius had a bed between Peter and Potter, across from Lupin.

“L-let's head to breakfast,” Peter said, turning to Sirius after he pulled on his robes.

Sirius nodded. That was a good idea as any. With any luck, he would be able to eat fast enough and get his schedule before his loving mother's howler arrived. Knowing his mother, it would come today or tomorrow at breakfast.

“Can I tag along?” asked James Potter. He was a little taller than Sirius with messy dark hair and hazel eyes with glasses.

“S-sure,” Peter replied with a smile.

Potter smiled as he led the way out of their dorm and into the common room.

Sirius smiled when he spotted Lily and two of her roommates waiting in the common room.

“Sirius, good morning,” Lily said with a smile. “These are Hazel Brown and Valeria Pierce.”

“Come on,” he said, inviting them along, “we're headed to the Great Hall.”

Lily and her two roommates looked at them before agreeing to come.

“Do you remember the way?” Lily asked, falling in step next to Sirius.

“ I sure do,” Potter replied with a proud smile as he shoved something into his pocket.

“As do I,” Hazel Brown said, falling in step next to Potter. She had short blonde hair and blue eyes.

The walk to the Great Hall passed with Potter and Brown trying to out run on another while still trying to lead their group. Sirius and Lily were amused by their actions, each one cheering on their new roommate. In the end, Hazel was the first one seated at the Gryffindor table.

By the end of the first month, Sirius and James became best friends, bonding in detention and planning a few pranks on the first year Slytherins. The first year Slytherin had taken to bullying and tormenting Sirius. The group was led by Edward Avery and manipulated by Narcissa Black. They,
also, included Severus Snape, Lily's friend. Snape was rude to both of them.

James took the House is family personally. He acted in defense of Sirius every time the Slytherins started something. In fact, James was tired of reacting, and he had taken to starting the conflicts. Those actions landed James and Sirius in detention.

Outside of James and Peter, Sirius had befriended Remus Lupin. He was painfully shy and antisocial. Most days, Remus barely said more than thirty words, and most of the speaking was when professors called on him in class. One thing that was clear about Remus was his intelligence.

... 

“Why are being mean to Severus?” Lily demanded, cornering Sirius in the common room. It was an early morning in December.

“I'm not,” Sirius answered. He could remember a single time he was mean to Snape without Snape starting something. In fact, there were times Sirius was trying to protect him because he was Lily's friend.

“Yes, you are,” Lily stated, placing her hands on her hips and narrowing her green eyes. “You and Potter – you're bullying him!”

“How?” Sirius asked, rising his voice. “We have never started anything with Snape. He's always starting something with us.”

“No he isn't,” Lily said, her voice raising in volume. “Severus isn't a bully.”

“I'm not saying he's a bully,” Sirius told him. “I'm saying anytime we fight, he is starting it.”

“You're lying!” Lily stated. “Severus has told me everything.”

“Did he tell you he stole James' Transfigurations essay last week?” Sirius demanded. He would understand that Lily and Snape were close, and he respected their friendship because Lily was important to him – and he knew Snape was important to her.

“He didn't!” Lily denied, shaking her head.

“Well, he did,” Sirius explained, “and if he told you otherwise then he's lying.”

“Severus isn't a thief or a bully, and he isn't a lair,” she stated. “You're a lair!” Without another word, Lily turned and she stormed off to her dorm.

Sirius stood still, due to shock, as he watched Lily leave. Why didn't she believe him? Sirius didn't lie. He was taught to tell the truth, no matter what, because lying was dishonest and dishonesty was unbecoming of a pure-blood. That was one of the few lessons of value his mother taught him.

After their fight in the common room, Lily stopped hanging around Sirius and James. She stayed in the company of Hazel and Valeria, and she still hung around with Snape. Seeing Lily with Snape left a bitter taste in Sirius' mouth. Every time Snape caught Sirius looked at him and Lily, Snape would wrap an arm around Lily's shoulders and smirk in Sirius' direction.
In the middle of their third year, Sirius was faced with a hard decision. His best friend, James, developed a crush on Lily, the same girl Sirius had liked since he was eleven. Sirius could fight with his best friend for Lily or he could support James' crush was trying to steer him towards another girl.

Knowing how Lily felt about both Sirius and James, Sirius decided to support James' crush. It wasn't like Lily would give either of them the time of day while they were attending Hogwarts. All Sirius had to do was wait until they graduated before pursuing Lily himself.

In supporting James and encouraging him to pursue Lily, Sirius found a small part of himself rejoice each time Lily rejected James. How many public and humiliating rejections would it take before James moved on? Honestly, Sirius thought it take two or three, but James went back each and every time. After two years, Sirius was questioning James' crush. It was clear James really liked Lily, and his feelings showed no signs of fading.

“You were right,” Lily whispered as she sat next to Sirius in the library. Her voice was quiet and she sounded broken.

Sirius glanced up from the Transfiguration textbook. “About what?” he asked.

“About Severus,” she answered, her voice cracking.

“I am sorry,” Sirius whispered. He was. He remembered how important Snape was to Lily back in their first year. That year, Lily chose Snape above her other friends, including Sirius and Valeria Pierce. She believed in him, and Snape played on that as he manipulated her.

“Thanks,” Lily said with watery smile as a few tears streamed down her cheeks.

Sirius said nothing as he placed a hand on top of hers.

“What did he do today?” Lily asked.

“He stole Peter's notes,” Sirius replied, “before ridiculing him.” He shrugged, “You know how self-conscious Peter is, and Snape crossed the line by tormenting him before OWLs.”

“You could've handle it better,” Lily muttered, pulling out her review notes for Potions.

“We could have,” agreed Sirius with nod.

It their seventh year, Sirius' worst nightmares started to come true. Lily did return James' feelings.
“Can you say that, again?” James asked, staring at Lily with wide hazel eyes.

“James, can you escort me to Hogsmeade this weekend?” Lily asked with wide smile.

“Y-yes!” James answered, his voice loud.

Lily laughed in response.

James wondered off in a daze with a stupid grin on his face.

Sirius remained frozen in his seat as he watched the scene unfold.

Lily watched James leave with a fond smile before she took the armchair next to Sirius in front of the fireplace.

“You were right, again,” she declared with a smile.

“About what?” Sirius asked, turning to look at Lily. He could feel his heart starting to break. She liked James.

Lily liked James, his best friend.

The girl he loved, liked his best friend.

“About James,” she replied, smile in place. “He’s a great guy, and I can see that now.”

“Oh,” Sirius said. If hadn’t supported James would Lily have given him a chance?

“It's official,” Lily said with a laugh, “I am forever following your advice.”

Sirius forced himself to return her smile, like he forced himself to support their relationship despite his own feelings for Lily.

... 

The hardest day of Sirius' life was the wedding day of his best friend. James was marrying the love of his life – both James' life, and Sirius' life. No one knew about Sirius’ feelings for Lily. That day, Sirius’ duty was two fold. He was serving as James' best man, and he was walking Lily down the aisle. Honestly, Sirius wanted nothing more than to stay in bed all day. It took all of his energy to leave his bed and get dressed.

“You look beautiful,” Sirius whispered when he saw Lily.

Lily blushed, running her hands over her muggle wedding dress. The top was form-fitting with a beaded bodice and a sweetheart neckline, and the bottom was long and flowing. “Thank you,” she said, glancing in the mirror. “It was my mum's.”

Nodding, Sirius wasn't sure what to say. Lily's parents had died two years ago, a month before they graduated from Hogwarts.

“Sorry,” Lily muttered, whipping a few tears from her eyes. “Today is supposed to be about happy things, not sad things.”
“It's both,” Sirius said, placing a hand on her shoulder. “Today's the beginning of the rest of your life as Lily Potter.”

With a few more tears and a laugh, Lily agreed before she fixed her make up.

“Are you ready?” Sirius asked, as he escorted Lily to the gardens.

“Yes,” she replied without hesitation before they stepped out of the double doors.

With a heavy heart, Sirius escorted Lily down the aisle to the man she loved. Everything in Sirius was wishing he stood in James' place. After handing Lily off to James, Sirius moved to take his place next to James, as his best friend and his best man. That was where he belonged.

Chapter End Notes

Prompts came from HPFC forum on FFN.
Hermione Granger hummed to the song on the radio as she watered the various flowers. It was a slow day and the other employees were off on lunch while Astoria Greengrass cried her eyes out over her cheating fiance, leaving Hermione alone in the store. While it was against store policy, Hermione wasn't going to complain. She enjoyed moments like these, where she had time and space to herself.

Using the squirt-bottle, Hermione smiled as she watered the roses. Despite the cliché, the red roses were her favorite. These roses had the best scent. She fingered the red petals as she squirted water onto each flower. After the roses came the orchids and the sunflowers followed by the lilies.

Lost in her task, Hermione failed to hear the bell above the door ring as someone entered the shop. Even though it was the lunch hour, the shop wasn't usually busy during this time.

“Excuse me?” someone asked from behind Hermione, startling her.

Jumping at the sound of someone's voice, Hermione turned around. She offered the guest a smile as she tried to greet them. “Good afternoon, welcome to Greengrass' Florists,” she said. “How can I be of service today?”

The guest was an attractive blonde woman. She was tall with a lean build and pale skin. Her long blonde hair was curled, and she had big blue eyes. She was dressed in a business casual manner with black skinny slacks, a white blouse under a soft pink cardigan, a pair of nude pumps, a large necklace, and a black purse.

“I need to send a bouquet,” the woman stated.
Hermione nodded, placing the squirt-bottle in the front pocket of her smack. “What's the occasion?” she asked, motioning for the woman to follow her.

“A break up,” the woman answered with a smile. “My sister's fiance is a cheating smug bag.”

This was an unusual request. “Do you want this bouquet to convey a certain meaning?” Hermione asked. She had a few ideas, but it was best to start with what the client wanted.

The blonde frowned. “Not really,” she answered with a shrug. “It's a just a giant 'fuck you' to Draco.”

Hermione smiled, nodding. “I have an idea,” she said cheerily.

The blonde raised an eyebrow.

Motioning for the blonde to follow her, Hermione started walking around the shop. “I'll to special order some of the flowers,” she said, “but I have the perfect bouquet in mind. Is there a budget to be conscious of?”

The blonde shook her head. “Not really,” she replied.

“We'll start off with some geraniums,” Hermione explained, grabbing a pen and a notepad. “We don't carry those, but it'll only take two days to get them in. Any colors in particular you want?”

The blonde shook her head. “Why geraniums?” she asked. “They're a plain and basic yard flower.”

Hermione smiled, looking up at the blonde. “That they are,” she agreed. “They mean stupidity.”

Blue eyes brightened at the meaning. “That's a good start.”

“Next will be foxglove,” Hermione continued, “and I'll need to place an order for those as well.”

“What do those mean?”

“Insincerity.”

“What's next?”

“Meadowsweet.”

“Isn't that a weed?”

“It is, and it means uselessness.”

The blonde brightened with each flower. “What else?”

“Only two more,” Hermione answered, placing the notepad down, “and we carry those particular plants.”

Hermione led the client over to the carnations.

“Yellow ones mean 'you have disappointed me','” Hermione explained with a smile.

“I didn't know that,” the blonde muttered, her blue eyes flickering between Hermione and the yellow carnations.

“And finally, there's orange lilies,” Hermione said, moving to the section of lilies.
“What do those mean?”

“Hatred.”

“This'll be perfect!” the blonde declared with a wicked smile.

“And it gets better,” Hermione said.

The blonde looked at her.

“This bouquet is less than thirty dollars,” she stated with a smile. “If you're interested, we can add others – betrayal, resentment, hostility, and apathy.”

“I think this is perfect,” the blonde smiled.

The pair moved over to the counter where Hermione got to work placing the orders as they talked about the arrangement of the flowers.

“I don't even care,” the blonde said, rolling her eyes. “I just want Draco out of my sister's life.”

Hermione nodded, noting the name. There was something familiar about it, but she couldn't place it.

“When do you want these delivered?”

“On Friday,” the blonde replied, scribbling down an address, “while he's at work.”

It took another ten minutes for Hermione to finishing processing the order. “Do you want a card included in the delivery?”

“No,” the blonde said with her wicked smile, “I've got something planned.”

“How would you like to pay?”

“Credit card,” the blonde answered, pulling a card out of her purse. She handed it to Hermione with a smile.

Hermione returned the smile as she ran the card. As the machine processed the card and printed the receipt, Hermione spotted the name on the credit card: Daphne Greengrass. Everything was beginning to make sense.

Her eyes widened and she glanced up at the woman.

Daphne smiled back at her. “I'm thinking we should offer your bouquet,” she said. “It will be a big hit.”

Slowly, Hermione returned the smile.

“What's the story behind it?” Daphne asked, leaning against the counter.

Blushing, Hermione explained, “Me and Luna created the bouquet when we learned someone was cheating on our friend Ginny.”

Daphne nodded, smiling still in place. “Is there anyone special in your life?”

Eyes widening, Hermione felt her face heat up. She shook her head, unable to form a response.

“Great,” Daphne said. “I know a great sushi place. How's Thursday?”
“I’m done with school at six,” Hermione replied with a shy smile.

“I’ll pick you up at eight,” Daphne promised. She scribbled something down before passing it to Hermione. “Call me.”

Nodding, Hermione quickly agreed before giving Daphne her number.

“See you Friday,” Daphne said with a wink before she left the flower shop.

Chapter End Notes

Prompts came from HPFC forum on FFN.
061. Changes

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Harry Potter/Hermione Granger
Warnings: alternate universe; het; and unfriendly to Zacharias Smith

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Fandom: Harry Potter
Pairing: Harry Potter/Hermione Granger
Warnings: alternate universe; het; and unfriendly to Zacharias Smith
Prompt: (Setting) The Leaky Cauldron

061. Changes

Opening The Daily Prophet, Hermione Granger scowled by the headline and the accompanying photograph. Zacharias Smith stood arm and arm with Horace Slughorn, both of them grinning as they waved between shared smug looks. The headline across the top of the photograph read “The Passing of the Baton, From One Potions Master to the Next: Zacharias Smith is the New Potions Professor at Hogwarts.”

While it was childish, Hermione still held a grudge against Smith, stemming from their Hogwarts years. In their fifth year, Smith pushed for the “real story” of the Third Task, despite believing the lies of The Daily Prophet. Others backed Smith, declaring they had a right to know the truth. During the meetings of Dumbledore’s Army, Smith was openly critical of Harry’s teaching methods and his lessons plans, declaring most of the spellwork to be beneath him since they already learned it.

The following year, he continued to feel entitled to the “real story” of the Department of Mysteries. Even worse, Smith abandoned the members of Dumbledore’s Army during his seventh year by aligning himself with Alecto and Amycus Carrow, interested in protecting himself and the good name of his family. In the that Battle of Hogwarts, Smith was among the first to flee, even pushing first years out of his way in his haste to leave.

Worst of all, Smith sold his “heroic story” of the Battle of Hogwarts to the media for several galleons. He stole stories from other people, including Neville Longbottom and Dean Thomas.

As far as Hermione was considered, the best thing Smith ever did was be in the right place at the right time when Ginny Weasley used her Bat-Bogey Hex on him in front of Professor Slughorn in their sixth year.
Sighing, Hermione focused her attention on the other articles, like the one about the upcoming wedding between Luna Lovegood and Rolf Scamander next week. In fact, the wedding was the entire reason Hermione was back in Britain. If it wasn't for the wedding, she would still be in Sydney, Australia, with her parents.

“Anything good?” Harry Potter asked, taking a seat next to her.

“Not really,” Hermione answered, shaking her head. “Hogwarts has a new Potions professor.”

“Who?” he asked, reaching out and stealing a piece of toast off of her plate.

“Zacharias Smith,” she answered, trying to keep the loathing out of her tone. For some reason, Hermione couldn't find it in her to move on from the past.

Taking a bite of the toast, Harry frowned, as if he was trying to place the name.

“He was in a Hufflepuff in our year,” Hermione explained, fighting a fond smile. It would seem that he had troubling remembering all of their old classmates.

It took a moment before Harry said, “The obnoxious coward?”

Hermione nodded, recalling the nickname Rita Skeeter bestowed upon Smith in her own articles about the Battle of Hogwarts.

“Mornin', Harry,” greeted Hannah Longbottom as she approached the pair with a smile.

“Hannah,” he smiled. “How's Neville?”

“He's good,” Hannah answered, placing a glass of water in front of Harry. “He retired from the Aurors last year, and he's studying to get his Mastery in Herbology.”

“He always loved plants,” commented Hermione, folding the newspaper. She sat it aside.

“Pomona is excited,” Hannah continued to say. “She's talking about retiring in a few years, leaving Neville to teach her classes.”

Hermione frowned at the mention of Pomona Sprout retiring. When she retired, Hogwarts would be in need of a new Head of Hufflepuff, and there was currently one other Hufflepuff alumnus on staff – a certain new Potions professor. At the thought, Hermione glared at the folded newspaper.

“You saw the news?” Hannah asked, raising an eyebrow.

“Yes,” Hermione replied, looking up her old classmate.

“Pomona and Minerva are talking about hiring Susan as the Defense professor next year,” she said with a shrug.

“Is leaving the Aurors?” Harry asked.

Hannah nodded, explaining, “Her and Justin want to start a family.” She smiled at the couple, “Harry, what can I get you?”

“Toast,” Hermione answered, shooting a smile at her boyfriend.

“With oatmeal, strawberries, and scrambled eggs,” added Harry.
“Coming right up,” Hannah promised as she shot the order off of the cook. “So, how long are you staying?” she asked, turning back to her old classmates.

“A week and a half,” Hermione answered, taking a sip of her tea. “We came for Luna's wedding, and we figured it would be a good time to visit.”

“Are you staying here the entire time?” Hannah asked, glancing around the interior of The Leaky Cauldron.

“Until Wednesday,” Harry replied, stealing another piece of toast off of Hermione's plate.

Hermione playful rolled her eyes at his actions. “Ron and Lavender get back from the Bahamas,” she added.

“I thought they got married two years ago,” Hannah commented with a frown.

“It's their baby-moon,” Hermione explained, putting into a piece of sausage. “Their first kid is due in March.”

Hannah nodded, making note of a baby-moon. She would have to convince Neville to take one before their first child. It sounded like a good excuse for a vacation.

“Until then, let me know if you need anything,” Hannah promised with a smile.

“When did you start working here?” Hermione asked, glancing around the place. A lot had changed since their Hogwarts years.

“Five years ago, December,” Hannah answered, leaning against the bar. “Tom wanted to retire, and I decided to buy the place.”

Hermione's eyes widened. She didn't know Hannah owned the place.

“Since I didn't like the pub feel,” she explained, “I changed it to a restaurant. I wanted a place that brought more than drinkers.” Motioning to the back, “The first thing I did was remove the entrance.” She wrinkled her nose at the thought.

Glancing behind her, Harry and Hermione nodded in agreement. On their first visit, the brick wall turning into an archway to reveal Diagon Alley had been amazing. In the years following, it was a pain trying to remember the correct combination of bricks to tap. In place of the brick wall was a long sliding accordion door, pulled off to the side, allowing a full view of Diagon Alley and easy access between The Leaky Cauldron and the alley.

Hannah smiled. “Parvati Patil helped me design it,” she said with pride.

A second later a floating plate arrived behind Hannah. Turning around, she took hold of the plate and she brought it over to Harry before placing it down on the counter.

Chapter End Notes

Prompts came from HPFC forum on FFN.
Harry Potter sat down on a rock as he looked over at the Shrieking Shack. He found himself wishing for his godfather, Sirius Black. The Shrieking Shack was the place Harry returned meeting Sirius at for the first time – though he knew he would have met Sirius when he was younger since he was a close friend of his parents and he was Harry's godfather.

This year was crazy. A few weeks ago, Harry was entered in a deadly competition against his will, and he was being forced to complete. Since he knew next to nothing about magically binding contracts, Harry had little choice other than complete or risk losing his magic.

“Here,” Hermione Granger said, handing him a hot chocolate. She took a seat next to him on a neighboring rock.

“Thanks,” Harry muttered, taking a sip of the warm drink.

“You're welcome,” Hermione said with a smile. Her smile quickly turned into a frown as she looked over at her best friend. “I, uh, I ran into Hagrid,” she muttered, staring down at her drink. “He, uh, he wants to talk to you, tonight.”

Harry shrugged. The only thing he had planned tonight was visiting the common room like Sirius' letter instructed.

“Uh, he wants to show you something.” Hermione continued to explain, “and he said to bring your cloak.”

“Which cloak?” Harry asked. He had a feeling it was the Invisibility Cloak.
“You know the one,” Hermione answered.

Harry nodded. “Did he say what this was about?”

“Not to me,” Hermione answered, “but I heard him talking to Madam Maxime about the First Task.”

A feeling of anxiety started to fill Harry. This Tournament again. It was like there was no escaping the blasted Triwizard Tournament.

“I’ve been doing some research,” Hermione said. “The First Task usually tests courage, and it offers a clue about the Second Task. The Second Task tests resourcefulness, and the Third Task tests resourcefulness.”

“Thanks,” Harry muttered.

“In between the First and Second Tasks, there's the Yule Ball,” Hermione added.

Harry looked at his friend with a frown. “Yule Ball?” he repeated.

Nodding, Hermione explained. “It takes place on Christmas Day. As a Champion, you're required to open the ball.”

Harry resisted the urge to groan. Out of all of the events, the Yule Ball sounded the simplest, but this entire Tournament was a nightmare.

“Thanks for all your help,” he said, placing a hand on her knee. “I don't know what I would do without you.”

A blush formed on Hermione's face. “You're welcome,” she whispered. “You know I'm always with you.”

Harry watched as Hermione pressed her lips together, an indicator that she was thinking hard about something. He was curious about what, and he found himself staring at her lips.

After a moment of silence between, Hermione turned to look at her best friend. She forced herself to take a deep breath before she leaned in and pressed her lips against Harry's.

Harry felt his eyes widened at the actions of Hermione. He barely spared a thought to the shock that ran over him before he returned her kiss.

The kiss lasted a minute before they parted.

“What does this mean?” Harry asked, reaching out and placing his hand on her leg.

“Whatever we want it to,” Hermione answered with a smile. “I want it to mean we'll see where this will go.”

Harry returned her smile. “Sounds good,” he agreed before pulling her into another kiss.

Chapter End Notes
Prompts came from HPFC forum on FFN.
Gently placing a book down on the table, Hermione Granger sighed as she took a seat. Even though it was only October, Hermione knew studying for her Defense OWL would be difficult with the new Ministry-appointed Defense professor, Dolores Umbridge. The woman had assigned a terrible textbook, and she didn't teach them anything – other than not to question the Ministry, and it was best to run away instead of preforming magic.

Taking a deep breath, Hermione tried to calm herself. Thinking about Umbridge and Defense made her angry.

Opening the book, Hermione started to write a list of things she needed to review and learn on her own, in regards to her Defense OWL. Luckily, Defense was the only class that required extra work on her part. The other professors were competent in their subjects.

An hour later, Hermione was startled when Harry Potter dropped into the seat across from her. He offered her a smile before pulling out his Potions textbook.

A sense of pride filled Hermione as she watched her best friend start his homework. Hermione knew she nagged him and Ron endlessly about their homework and their studying. It was nice to see Harry start without her telling him to.

Silence fell over the pair as each got absorbed into their own work.

“Can you over my essay later?” Harry asked, breaking the silence awhile later.

Hermione looked up from the book. She glanced down at the essay in question. “Sure,” she replied.
“Would tomorrow work?”

Harry thought for a few seconds before nodding. “It's due Monday,” he said. “If you can look it over tomorrow then I have the weekend to rewrite it.”

Hermione smiled. “Sounds good,” she said. It took a few years, but Harry had learned to plan and prioritize his homework and his study. She frowned at the thought. That didn't sound right. It was better to say Harry learned the importance of planning out of homework strategy. She smiled. That sound much better.

“What are you working on?” Harry asked, eyeing Hermione's book. It was the correct size to be 'little reading.'


“What help?” he asked.

Smiling, Hermione quickly agreed, “That would be great.”

Harry stood up and he moved to a chair next to Hermione. Taking her quill and parchment, he looked over her list, crossing a few things out and adding more. “We need to work on the basics,” he whispered, adding the Disarming Charm, the Stunning Spell, the Shield Charm, and a few others.

After editing the list, Harry added the Patronus Charm. “How's that?” he asked, looking at his friend.

“It's a good start,” Hermione answered with a smile. Harry returned the smile, and she felt her heart skip a beat. Gathering the famous courage of Gryffindors, Hermione leaned forward and she pressed her lips against Harry's.

She felt Harry froze for a moment before he placed a hand on her neck, pulling her closer.

Chapter End Notes

Prompts came from HPFC forum on FFN.
“Can we go yet?” whined James Sirius Potter as he looked at his father. He was so done with this bookstore. It sold books, and books were that interesting. He didn’t understand why they were still here.

“No, James,” Harry Potter told his son. While he understood James’ interest in leaving, they weren’t leaving until everyone was done. Currently, that meant everyone but James was still looking.

“But, dad,” James whined, “I wanna see Uncle George.” James was a miniature version of his dad with messy dark hair, glasses, and green eyes.

Closing the Defense book, Harry added it to his small pile. “You know your mom won’t let you buy anything,” he reminded his son.

James scowled. “She doesn’t have to know,” he said, crossing his arms.

Harry smiled fondly as he watched his oldest son. At times like these it was hard to believe James was thirteen. He lacked the majority his older sister, Lily, had. Then again, James acted like his namesakes – according to the regular letters from Headmistress Minerva McGonagall. James Sirius was a lot like his grandpa and Sirius Black when they were young Hogwarts students.

“Since you spent all your money on a new broom, she would,” Harry said, walking down the aisle.
of books.

Following his dad, James frowned. As a reward for good grades, his parents paid five galleons for each Outstanding on his report card, and James earned six out of seven. He spent that money, plus most of his savings and bit extra from his dad, on a broomstick. Like his dad and grandpa, James wanted to join the Gryffindor Quidditch team and lead them to the Inter-House Championship.

“I'll do extra chores,” James promised, cutting his dad off in the aisle, as if trying to block him in.

“You already are,” Harry said. “Your broke Al's chess set, and you owe your mom the money for the replacement.”

Frowning, James tried to think of a way he could earn money and fast. He needed new supplies for the pranks he was planning to pull.

“Can I get a loan?” James asked, sounding hopeful.

“How much, and what are you willing to offer as collateral?” his dad asked, amusement in his tone.

James thought about what he wanted to buy, how much it cost, and factoring in the discount he got. “I need twenty-seven galleons,” he said, partly guessing.

“The collateral?” asked Harry, walking passed his son.

“My collection of chocolate frog cards?”

“Denied.”

“But why?”

“I don't think your cards are worth twenty-seven galleons, and there's no guarantee you would pay off your debt in a timely manner.”

James groaned. “What do you want?” he demanded, glaring at his dad.

“It's not what I want,” Harry explained. “It's what you have that I think it worth the price.” Without another word, Harry carried on looking at the books.

Scowling, James crossed his arms. This sounded like a trick.

“What's got your panties in a bunch, squirt?” asked James' older sister, Lily Luna Potter, as she ruffled his hair.

Turning, James glared at his older sister.

Lily smirked in response. While she took after their dad in looks, she had the bushy hair of their mom. Most days, Lily pulled her bushy dark hair back in a bun.

“It's none of your business,” James snapped, glaring at his perfect older sister.

“It you say so, squirt,” Lily said, pulling out a Defense book. Outside of looks, Lily took after their mom – only with their Grandma Lily's temper. Lily was studious, more interested in books than Quidditchs or boys.

“Don't call me that,” grumbled James, crossing his arms.
Rolling her green eyes, Lily side-stepped her brother as she picked up another book. She read over the back before opening it. After a moment, she added it to her enchanted basket.

James' eyes widened at the sight of her basket. There were a lot of books in there. “How can you afford all those?” he asked.

“Perfect grades, perfect attendance, perfect reports,” Lily answered, returning a book to the shelf, “with the added bonus of mom paying for some.”

As he watched his sister move down the aisle, James thought. There had to be someway he could convince one of his parents to loan him the money or give him the money. At the moment, James wasn't too picky since he would get the supplies he needed to survive at Hogwarts.

“Whatever it is, just forget it,” Lily called over her shoulder.

James scowled at her back before he resumed his walk around the bookstore. Without anything else to do, James thought it was a good way to kill time.

In the Ancient Runes section he found his mom with the twins. Hermione Potter was looking over the latest edition of some research journal or another while Rose and Albus Potter were reading their first year textbooks. Rose had the Potions textbook while Al had Herbology.

As he watched his mom and the twins, James wondered how he could be related to nerds and bookworms. Even his dad enjoyed reading and learning.

Sighing, James shook his head.

Hermione glanced up and she looked over at her oldest son. She frowned as she took in his downcast expression. “James, what's wrong?” she asked.

“Nothing, mom,” he answered.

“You lie worse than your dad,” Hermione stated, placing the edition issue of The Journal of Ancient Runes in her shopping basket. Glancing at her youngest children, she said, “Rose, Al, go find Lily and your dad.”

“Why can't James?” asked Rose Nymphadora Potter with a frown. “I'm busy reading.”

“Come on, Ro,” Albus Severus Potter told his sister. “We can read more at home.”

Rose's frown grew in a wordless response. She was the only child that took after Hermione in looks with her bushy brown hair and brown eyes.

“All of your quills and tabs are at home,” Albus reminded his sister. Like James, Albus took after their dad in appearance with his messy dark hair and green eyes. Unlike James and Harry, Albus didn't wear glasses.

Rose's brown eyes widened. She quickly shoved her book into her mom's basket before grabbing hold of her twin brother's arm. “Let's go,” she said, pulling her brother off in a different direction.

“Now, James,” Hermione said, turning her attention to him, “what's wrong?”

James took a moment to debate his opinions: lie, flee and hide, tell the truth, or remain quiet. In the end, he decided to see if his parents told him the truth. They always said tell the truth was important and it was well rewarded. “I need money to buy supplies from Uncle George,” he said.
Hermione closed her eyes as she shook her head. She should have known. He was just like Sirius Black. “Did you talk to Fred?” she asked.

James shook his head. “He's still mad at me,” he replied.

“How do you know if he's still mad at you?” Hermione asked. “You haven't spoken this summer.”

Wordlessly, James shrugged. Fred Weasley II had sent him a letter or floo-called to see if they could hang out. They were best friends.

“Have you tried talking to him?” Hermione asked. She could almost feel the headache coming on.

“No,” James muttered. “He said I was the worst.”

Punching the bridge of her nose, Hermione mentally counted to ten before replying, “Did you think to apologize?”

James responded by shrugging his shoulder as he continued to sulk.

“You should that,” advised Hermione, “and try doing something nice for him.”

“Will it help?” James asked, turning his hopeful green eyes towards his mom.

“It's a good place to start,” she replied. “You said some mean things.”

“Yeah, I know,” he muttered, wanting to roll his eyes.

“Let's go,” Hermione said, walking towards the front of the store. It was time to check out.

“Where are we going next?” James asked, falling in step next to his mom.

“Ollivanders',” Hermione replied. “Albus and Rose need their wands.”

James groaned at the answer. That would take forever.

“There you are,” Harry said in with a smile. He pulled his wife in for a kiss.

“Eww, gross, dad,” James complained, shaking his head. He quickly moved away from his parents. They could be so embarrassing.

Chapter End Notes

Prompts came from HPFC forum on FFN.
It was with great reluctance that Harry Potter returned to Madam Puddifoot's Tea Shop after his first disastrous date there with Cho Chang back in his fifth year. Next to him, Hermione Granger giggled as they entered the tea shop. The bell above the door jiggled, announcing their arrival.

“I thought you were joking,” she whispered, glancing around. Her brown eyes sparkled with amusement as she took in the tacky and frilly décor. The windows were steamed, obstructing the view of the outside. There were several tables spread around the shop. Each table had two chairs was decorated with a tablecloth, lacy napkins, a rounded sugar bowl, and two teacup on saucers.

Next to her, Harry cringed as he took in the familiar decorations. There were times these very decorations hunted his nightmares.

Giggling, Hermione led her boyfriend to a small in the back of the tea shop. It was a little difficult to navigate around the shop due to tables and chairs. Once they were seated, Hermione glanced around the shop for a few more minutes before turning to her boyfriend with a smile.

“How do you know what this reminds me of?” she asked with a giggle.

Harry shook his head as he fidgeted with his hands.

“Umbridge's office,” Hermione whispered with a smile.

Returning the smile, Harry agreed. “That's what I thought, last time,” he told her.

Reaching out, Hermione placed her hands on top of her boyfriend’s.
The pair stared into one another's eyes for little before they started laughing.

Around them, other couples shot a glare their way.

Hermione glanced around, frowning as she looked for a server of some kind. Surely someone would be along to take their order. A top of honeysuckle tea sounded good, and it would go lovely with some scones or another pastry. She didn't see anyone, much to her irritation.

“Where do you wanna go after this?” Harry whispered. While he was eager to leave, he wanted Hermione to have a good time, enough if it meant staying here longer.

“Probably Honeyduke's and the Three Broomsticks,” Hermione replied with a shrug. Honestly, she didn't really care. All she wanted to do was walk around Hogsmeade with her boyfriend.

Silence fell over the pair as Hermione continued to wait for the server to appear. This was ridiculous! It shouldn't take this long to get some tea!

As she waited, her started to tap her fingers on the table top.

Across the table, Harry watched his girlfriend with a fond smile. He knew Hermione well enough to know she was getting irritated by her actions. Reaching out, Harry took ahold of her hand.

Hermione was startled when she felt Harry take hold of her hand. She turned and offered him a smile.

“Any plans for the holidays?” Harry asked. While they were dating and they were best friends, they hadn't spoken about their holiday plans this year, and December was only two weeks away.

“My parents want to visit Sydney,” Hermione answered with a strained smile, “and they've asked me to come.” Since the end of the Second Blood War, her relationship with her parents was strained. While they understood her actions, it was hard to forget what she could do with her magic.

“That's great,” Harry said with a smile. Since Hermione had restored their memories, her parents had gone to Sydney on vacation once or twice a year. This was the first time they had asked Hermione to accompany them.


“Andromeda invited me over,” Harry said quickly, trying to keep the conversation from turning awkward – or at least anymore awkward.

“How is Teddy?” Hermione asked, her interest peaked. Harry and Andromeda exchanged weekly letters with Harry writing about school and asking about his godson, and Andromeda sending letters filled with stories about her grandson and her daughter.

“He's good,” Harry replied with a fond smile. “He can change the shape of his ears.”

Hermione returned the smile.

A comfortable silence fell over the pair.

“We haven't really talked about it,” Harry began, “but I was thinking about making Teddy the heir of the Black family.”

Frowning, Hermione was a little confused. She had assisted from time to time with duties as Lord Black and the affairs of the Black family, but she didn't really feel it was any of her business. It a
second for something to click in her brain as her hand flew to the chain around her neck.

A blush formed on her cheeks when Hermione remembered the ring she had placed on the chain. It was the engagement that belonged to Harry's mom, and it represented Harry's promise of their future together. This was a decision that did affect their future together, and none of their children would be able to inherit the Black family lordship, which Hermione was fine with.

“I think that's a good idea,” Hermione said with a smile. “Teddy is a logical choice, and Andromeda will make sure he is prepared.”

Harry flashed her a smile of relief.

Hermione played with the ring for a few second before she forced herself to release the chain and return her hand to the table.

Feeling her stomach growl, Hermione glanced around the tea shop for that blasted server. She frowned, getting fed up. They had been here for awhile, and there was still no sign of anyone coming to greet them – let alone take their order.

“Come on,” Hermione snapped, standing up, “we're leaving.”

Eagerly, Harry leapt to his feet. The sooner they were out of here, the better. “Three Broomsticks?” he asked, following his girlfriend to the door.

“Of course,” Hermione answered. “We should've gone there in the first place.”
Haley Potter hummed as she cleaned the bones, ignoring the others around her. It was a busy day for the FBI and the Medico-Legal Law of the Jeffersonian Institute. Someone had found an unmarked gravesite with ten bodies, all in various stages of decomposition. The site was still being investigated and more bodies were being found. This case was big. Doctor Brennan and Doctor Saroyan had brought in four of the interns for this case.

Then the media learned about the gravesite and the case exploded. Every news network and newspaper and blog was running the story, and the FBI was being flooded with tips from around the world. The most popular theories were a mafia graveyard or a dumping ground for a serial killer.

Personally, Haley knew it was nothing nefarious. It was simply a family's graveyard. The family had been burying people there for a few centuries. There were a total thirty-six people buried there.

“Please be careful with him,” the spirit of Mary Williams begged as she hovered next to Haley.

Haley nodded, briefly making eye contact with the spirit.

Mary offered her a smile. “That's my beloved Charles,” she explained. “He died a month after we were married then I was forced to marry his older brother, James.” She shook her head. “James was a horrid man – jealous, mean, and bitter. The only good thing about our marriage was my precious
Charlene. James wanted nothing to do with her, only our sons. Those boys turned out just like their father.”

Haley made note of the spirit's words. Maybe there was something nefarious about a food here, but in small doses. The death of Charlie Williams sounded suspicious. Then there were Mary's words and tone about her second husband and their sons.

“I took good care of them,” she muttered, her tone dark. “James Junior was the worst.”

As she resumed her humming, Haley wished there was a way she could control the Resurrection Stone better. After she defeated Voldemort, the Hallows fused with her body in the resulting magical explosion. Her abilities to control each Hallow was different.

She had decent control over the Elder Wand, allowing her to preform wandless and wordless magic as will. There was complete control of the Cloak of Invisibility, allowing her to disappear and reappear at will. The Resurrection Stone was a completely different story. Haley had no control over it. Most of the time, the Stone reacted around dead bodies, like now.

“Do you have anything of interest of report, Miss Potter?” Brennan asked as she entered the room.

The appearance of Doctor Brennan scared Mary off, much to Haley's relief. There was something about that woman that annoyed and there was something off about her. Haley would need to look into Mary Williams.

“Not much, doctor,” Haley replied. “I've swabbed everything and sent the samples to Hodgins and I sent a sample of DNA to Doctor Saroyan.”

Brennan nodded, looking over the cleaned bones.

“I think most of the bodies are related,” Haley muttered.

Brennan raised an eyebrow, glancing at her newest intern. “Explain,” she stated.

“Most of the bodies seem to share the same cheek and nose formation,” Haley explained, pulling up pictures of the various skulls on the nearby computer. She pointed out the key features, things she had picked up from the various spirits.

Nodding, Brennan promised to have Saroyan compare DNA samples. Without another word, Brennan left to check on Clark Edison in the neighboring room.

Haley smiled. She was the first intern assigned to the case and Clark was assigned after her. They each claimed a bone room, forcing the other two interns, Daisy Wicke and Vincent Nigel-Murray, to share the platform.

“I summon thee Charles Williams,” Haley muttered, focusing the spirit of this body.

A young man appeared. He glanced around and his eyes fell on the bones. “What's going on?” he asked.

“I'm investigating your death,” Haley muttered, keeping her voice low. She didn't want to become known as the intern who talked to bodies. She didn't to take after Uncle Ducky anymore. Being in the same business was enough.

Charles nodded, staring at his bones. “I was sick,” he said. “I started getting sick a lot, and it got worse and worse.”
Haley nodded, her mind whirling. From the limited information she had it was starting to sound like poison. Hopefully Hodgins could determine what kind with the samples she pulled.

...  

Thirteen hours later found Haley leaving the Jeffersonian. As an intern, Haley didn't have much of a life outside work and writing her doctorate dissertation. That wasn't completely true since Haley was due at the Mallard household in a few hours for Sunday night dinner.

Haley yawned as she walked towards her car. This case was over in terms of discovering all of the bodies and determining most of them were related. Some of the bodies – Charles, James, James Junior, and a few others – showed signs of poisoning. Hodgins was analyzing samples, trying to determine the poisons used.

“Hey Potter,” called the voice of Agent Seeley Booth.

Turning her head, Haley spotted the agent running towards him. She offered the man a small smile. “Agent Booth,” she greeted.

“Got any plans tonight, Potter?” Booth asked with a grin.

“Dinner,” Haley replied with a yawn. She had enough time to return to her apartment to catch a nap before she was due for dinner. A nap sounded excellent.

Something in Booth's expression. “Anyone special?”

Haley nodded, digging her keys out of her bag.

Since her head was turned, she didn't see Booth's fist tighten or a frown form on his face. “Maybe we can get together another night,” he said.

“Sounds great,” Haley said, tossing a smile at him.

...  

Four days later, the Williams case was wrapped up. James, James Junior, and a few others were killed with arsenic. A look into the family's records revealed large life insurance policies that were collected after the death of each person, except for Charles. Each policy listed Mary Williams or Charlene Morrison nee Williams. Charles Williams died from some type of chronic illness that Hodgins didn't identify.

To satisfy her own curiosity, Haley summoned the spirits of both Mary and Charlene for answers. Both women confessed. Mary killed James out of revenge for the death of Charles. She went onto kill her sons when they turned out to be just like their father. Charlene was raised by her bitter mother, and she used arsenic poisoning as a way to eliminate other people – just as her mother taught her.
After the Williams case came another – there was always another case.

A few days before Christmas, Haley was shopping with her godson, Teddy Lupin, at the grocery store, she needed to pick up a few things for the holiday gathering at the Mallard residence. Haley was happy to celebrate with other people because it made the holiday season better.

As Haley was grabbing a peppermint ice cream from the freezer when she spotted Booth looking at frozen meals. She frowned.

“Booth,” she greeted, pushing the cart up next to him.

Booth glanced up, his eyes lighting up at the sight of her. “Potter,” he said with a smile. He looked over her cart. “Having a quiet night in?”

“Kind of,” Haley answered with a shrug. “What about you?”


“I thought you had Parker for the holidays,” Haley said.

“Change of plans,” Booth muttered. “Rebecca took him to visit her family in New York.”

Haley frowned, pressing her lips together. She knew Booth was devoted to his son and he enjoyed spending time with Parker. “Do you have any other plans for the holidays?” she asked.

“Not really,” Booth replied with a shrug. “I figured I would enjoy whatever game with some beer.”

“Would you like to join me?” she questioned.

Booth looked shocked at the question. “Are you sure?”

“I won't ask if it was,” Haley told him. Ducky wouldn't mind the extra company.

“Then if you're sure, I'd be happy to,” Booth said. “Should I bring anything?”

Haley's green eyes narrowed as she recalled her shopping list and the menu. “Dessert and wine couldn't go amiss,” she replied.

“Anything in particular?”

“ Personally, I love a good cheesecake and Mascot.”

“Mascot?”

“It's a sweet wine, perfect for dessert.”

Booth laughed. “Could you help me find a good Mascot?”

“I'd be happy to.”

The pair shared a smile.
“Haley, I found the root beer,” Teddy said, stopping at her side.

“Thanks, Teddy,” she said with a smile, ruffling his dark hair.

He put the soda in the cart, frowning at the sight of Booth. “Who's that?” he asked.

“Teddy, this is Agent Seeley Booth,” Haley said. “We work together.” She glanced at Booth, “This is my godson, Teddy Lupin.”

Teddy eyed Booth with a growing frown. “Why do ya like Haley?” he demanded. His eyes flashed amber.

“Teddy!” Haley exclaimed, staring at her godson with wide green eyes. “You're not supposed to ask that. We work together.”

“That doesn't matter,” Teddy said. “He likes you. I can smell it.”

Booth raised an eyebrow. That was a strange British expression. “I like her because she's kind, funny, and intelligent,” he answered.

“Are ya gonna ask her out?” Teddy demanded.

“Someday,” replied Booth.

“As long as Haley agrees, you better treat her right,” Teddy stated, crossing his arms.

Chapter End Notes

There are no plans for a continuation.
067. Death

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Loki/Hulda Potter
Warnings: alternate universe; het; female!Harry Potter (Hulda); Hulda is the Master of Death; Hulda is a sassy witch; and mentions of Doctor Who crossover

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Fandom: The Avengers, Harry Potter, and Thor
Pairing: Loki/Hulda Potter
Warnings: alternate universe; het; female!Harry Potter (Hulda); Hulda is the Master of Death; Hulda is a sassy witch; and mentions of Doctor Who crossover
Prompt: Loki meets female!Harry when trying to get Death.

Requested by Alairia_Young and TheFatedReader.

067. Death

Hulda Potter was enjoying a peaceful afternoon on a sunny beach in The Bahamas. She was lounging on reclined chair with a mixed drink in hand. This was a vacation, and this was a vacation she earned. She deserved it. Being the Master of Death wasn't easy.

Honestly, it was hard to call what she did being “the Master of Death” because most days she was Death. Death was off enjoying retirement somewhere in the multi-universe. Last she heard, Death was traveling around in a police box with a doctor.

The Wizarding World had the tale of the Deathly Hallows wrong. Death created to Hallows to find an heir – someone to take over while Death enjoyed relaxation. When Hulda defeated Voldemort and took full ownership of the Elder Wand, she became the heir.

Her training started off in dreams with Death judging her – making sure she would be worthy of the power and responsibility. After the dreams, she met Death in a cafe in Muggle London. From there, Hulda was trained and Death disappeared into a police box.

As she laid on the beach, enjoying the sun, Hulda felt an annoying pull. Something was tagging on her magic. Hulda ignored it, but the tagging grew more persistence. It quickly pissed her off.

With a snarl, Hulda stood up. She threw her mixed drink into the sand before storming off. Away from prying eyes, she waved her hand to magic change her clothes from a bikini to a dark jeans, an
After his fall to Earth, Loki found himself unable to access his magic for weeks. After two months, he had enough magic to perform a ritual. He selected a ritual to summon Death. Death could broker his deal to kill people and have the humans worship him with Thanos.

When Loki performed the ritual, he found himself waiting for Death. A prince of Asgard didn't deserve to be kept waiting. Death was going to get it.

It took thirty minutes before Death arrived.

Only it wasn't Death.

Loki wasn't familiar with Death, but he was pretty sure Death was an attractive female human with dark hair and green eyes and pale skin, holding a tumbler with alcohol.

"Who are you?" Loki demanded.

"It's customary to introduce one's self first," not-Death replied, her tone filled with snark.

Loki snarled at her, trying to intimidate an answer out of her.

She merely raised an eyebrow and crossed her arms. "I'm waiting," she stated.

"I am Prince Loki of Asgard," he said after a few seconds.

"Well, Prince Loki of Asgard," she began, her tone mocking, "what did you summon me for?"

"Who are you?" he demanded. "I didn't summon you. I summoned Death. You're not Death."

She raised her eyebrow up further. "As far as you're concerned, I am Death," she stated. "But you can call me Hulda."

Loki laughed. "Hulda, you're not Death. I've met Death, and you look nothing like Death."

"Death is on vacation," Hulda said, uncrossing her arms to place her hands on her hips. "I'm in charge."

"When is Death getting back?"

Hulda pulled out a rectangle device out of her pocket. She tapped on it for a few minutes. "Maybe in a century or two," she said, slipping the device back into her pocket.

"Get me Death. Now!"

"Not gonna happen – for several reason. Chief among them, I don't want to. Now, I'll say this only once: what can I do for you?"

"Death. Now."
“No. Try again.”

The pair glared at each other as silence fell over them.

“If you don't want anything, then I'm leaving,” Hulda stated.

“I need you to broker a deal with Thanos,” Loki said. “I need an army.”

Before Loki was done speaking, Hulda pulled her rectangle device out and she tap away on it. “No can do,” she said. “Thanos is on the list of beings I'm not allowed to associate with.”

The answer made Loki clench his teeth as a rage filled him. He had never felt anything like this before – including with Thor.

Chapter End Notes

There are no plans for a continuation.
068. Take It

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Deforest Greengrass/Halesia Potter
Warnings: alternate universe; het; male!Daphne Greengrass (Deforest); and female!Harry Potter (Halesia)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

**Fandom:** Harry Potter  
**Pairing:** Deforest Greengrass/Halesia Potter  
**Warnings:** alternate universe; het; male!Daphne Greengrass (Deforest); and female!Harry Potter (Halesia)  
**Prompt:** (Trope) Genderbender with two characters

Requested by *Pumba2110.*

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068. Take It

When the Triwizard Tournament was announced during the Welcoming Feast, Deforest Greengrass sent an owl to his aunt, Ivy, who worked for the Department of Education seeking information. It was easier to get information from a source than the library. Luckily, Deforest had a source.

Within a week, Deforest had packets of information, about the Tasks and past Tournaments. There were always three task and a ball held on Christmas Eve. The ball explained why Deforest had a brand new set of dress robes. When he learned of the ball, Deforest's blue eyes drifted over to Gryffindor table where Halesia Potter sat with her friend, Granger and Weasley.

He would have to act quickly to get Halesia to agree to go with him. She would be someone a lot of people were interested in asking. While Deforest and Halesia didn't have much of a relationship, they were civil with one another. They worked together in Potions regularly, and Deforest had never said anything bad to or about Halesia and her friends. He had gone as far as to silenced Malfoy a few times.

On Halloween, Deforest was surprised when Halesia's name came out of the Goblet of Fire. He knew from the wide eyes and terrified expression that she wasn't expecting that. He was one of the first to believe that she hadn't entered.
What sane fourteen year old would want to compete in a deadly tournament with older students?

Deforest watched as most of the students turned on Halesia, again. Gryffindor students were led by Ron Weasley, Slytherin by Draco Malfoy, Ravenclaw by Cho Chang, and Hufflepuff by Zacharias Smith.

A few weeks later, Deforest spotted Halesia in the library surrounded by piles of books. She was frantically looking through them, jumping from one to another.

“What's wrong, Potter?” he asked, picking up a book – *How to Tame Your Dragon* – and glanced at a few others. Why was Potter looking up dragons?

Her green eyes met his blue ones. “The First Task is only days away,” she whispered.

Glancing over the books, Deforest pulled out a chair. “Dragons?” he asked, thumbing through *How to Tame Your Dragon*.

“Nesting mothers,” muttered Halesia.

Deforest swore under his breath. Nesting mother dragons were *serious* business. His mind whirled as he watched Halesia drop one book in favor of another. An idea struck him.

“You're taking this too seriously,” he stated.

Halesia's expression grew panicked and enraged.

Holding up a hand, he quickly explained, “You only have to *try*. Using the magic you know, can you think of any strategies to get past the dragon?”

Frowning, Halesia sat the book down as she thought over his words. “Maybe a Summoning Charm,” she muttered.

Deforest nodded, pulling out a piece of parchment. That was a start.

Together, they listed each and every spell Halesia knew and those she could easily learn and master in a few days. Next to each spell uses were written down. The Levitation Charm could be used to broke something on top of the dragon's head.

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Deforest sat with Tracey Davis and Blaise Zabini to watch the First Task. He was uncharacteristically nervous and fidgety. Being his closest friends, both Tracey and Blaise had noticed. They both chose to ignore it, knowing their friend would explain later. All they needed to do was get Astoria to ask and Deforest would cave, unable to deny his little sister anything.

He watched in silent glee as Fleur and Viktor got their eggs, each making mistakes, and as Diggory failed to retrieve his own. Halesia had thought about warning him, but Deforest had quickly detracted her.

Halesia appeared on the field. She raised her wand to cast the Summoning Charm on the golden egg itself. Much to everyone's surprise, the egg went soaring into her hand. While Halesia completed the task quickly, she received a total score of 34, placing her in third – only a few points ahead of
The day following the First Task, Deforest met Halesia at their table in the library. She offered him a shy smile as she presented her golden egg.

“Don't open it,” she whispered, passing him the egg. “It's a loud screeching noise.”

Deforest nodded. He would need to listen to it later, but he could wait a few days or weeks. The Second Task wasn't until February.

“Has anyone told you about the Yule Ball?” he asked, pulling out their Potions homework.

Halesia frowned, shaking her head.

“It's a special ball that happens on Christmas Eve,” he explained. “The Champions and their dates open it.”

“D-dates?” Halesia repeated with wide green eyes.

Deforest nodded.

Halesia shook her head, blushing. “But I've never been on a date,” she whispered, her tone sounding a little whiny. “I don't want this stupid ball to be my first one.”

Her words had Deforest perking up. “Then, Halesia, you do me the honor of attending Hogsmeade with me?” he asked.

Green eyes widened. “Y-yeah, why not?” she answered with a small smile and a blush.

While that wasn’t the exact answer Deforest wanted, he was taking it. She agreed. That was the important thing.
069. Agreement

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Cedric Diggory/Harry Potter
Warnings: alternate universe; and slash

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Fandom: Harry Potter
Pairing: Cedric Diggory/Harry Potter
Warnings: alternate universe; and slash
Prompt: (Pairing) Cedric/Harry

Requested by HarricsIsLife.

069. Agreement

When he was young, Cedric Diggory remembered a time when Mary Diggory had her old friends James and Lily Potter over for afternoon tea in the middle of the night. From the red faces and giggling, Cedric figured grown ups were weird because tea was not that interesting. Lily had learned she was pregnant, and she would be going away for a long time. Before they left that night, the two created a betrothal agreement between young Cedric and their unborn child. At this time, Cedric was almost two.

While his parents raised him knowing there was a betrothal agreement in place, Cedric was ten when his parents explained it to him. When James and Lily's son, Harry, turned eighteen, they would marry. The next year when Cedric left to Hogwarts, his parents would be allowed to take Harry in. So Harry could become a member of the family, and he could get to know Cedric.

It wasn't until Cedric turned eleven that he learned his betrothed was Harry Potter, the Boy-Who-Lived. Amos and Mary instructed their son not to tell anyone about his betrothed being Harry Potter. Because of their serious tones and the expression on his father's face, Cedric promised.

At the age of nine, Harry didn't understand what betrothal or marriage meant. All he understood was he was leaving his relatives, the Dursleys, and he would never have to return again. Harry was happy with that. He and Cedric became friends, writing letters to each other during Cedric's time at Hogwarts.

When Harry started Hogwarts two years later, he used the name Harrison Evans. He was Sorted into
Hufflepuff, like Cedric. Amos and Mary wanted to keep Harry's real name a secret. Harry didn’t understand it, and Cedric was starting to. There were some people who were obsessed with Harry. If people learned about the betrothal agreement it would endanger Cedric, his parents, and Harry.

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During his sixth year, the Triwizard Tournament came to Hogwarts. Cedric thought about entering, but he decided against it. While Headmaster Dumbledore and the Ministry of Magic said the tournament was safe, it still had a long and deadly history. Entering for money and glory wasn't worth the risk.

Cedric and Harry joined the rest of Hufflepuff as they cheered for Angelina Johnson, the Hogwarts Champion. While she had difficulty with the dragon in the First Task, she glided through the water in the Second Task, and she earned a ten minute ahead start for the maze in the Third Task. In the end, Fleur Delacour won the Triwizard Tournament for Beauxbatons – and Angelina won the heart of Viktor Krum for herself.

The highlight of the year was dancing with Harry at the Yule Ball. It was one of their first dates. Since he was raised knowing about the agreement, Cedric only wanted to date the one person he was promised to.

Chapter End Notes

There are no plans for a continuation.
Nervously biting her lip, Holly Potter entered Madam Malkin's as Hagrid had instructed. The man had left her standing outside as he ran off to the Leaky Cauldron needing something to soothe his stomach after the ride at Gringotts. Holly couldn't blame the man. She hadn't like that ride either. In fact, it made her puke.

Looking down at Dudley's hand-me-down shirt, she frowned. There was dried puke on the front of her shirt. How could she walk around like this?

Holly was far from vain, but she understood the importance of one's appearance. There was extra pressure added now that she learned of her title in the Wizarding World. She was the Girl-Who-Lived, and people treated her like a celebrity. Celebrities were supposed to walk around with puke stains.

With a sigh, Holly had little choice but to enter the robe store. She didn't know any magic so she could fix the stain herself, and she wasn't sure if she could walk up to anyone and ask them to fix it. There was a chance the person would curse her or something. She needed to learn who she could and couldn't trust.

As she entered the store, Holly could feel someone eyeing her. Looking over to the counter, there
was woman with a pinched expression and narrowed eyes. The woman glared at Holly, making her shrink within herself.

“I'd like to buy my Hogwarts robes, please?” Holly told the woman behind the counter.

The woman sneered, “We don't serve your kind here, girl. Get lost!”

Holly's narrowed. She was use to this treatment from the Dursleys', not strangers. This woman didn't even know her. “I was told I could purchase robes here,” Holly stated. She had to try and stand up for herself because no one else would.

“You'll have better luck at a second-hand store,” the woman told her. “We only accept paying customers, not free-loaders.”

Holly heard a few people snicker. Turn to glance at the right, she saw a few other employees and customers, smiling and laughing. Biting her lip, Holly willed herself not to cry.

“What's going on here?” demanded a boy's voice.

“I apology for the disruptions, Heir Malfoy,” the woman said. “I'm trying to send this girl on her way. Clearly, she's not the sort we want in this fine establishment.”

Holly clenched her eyes shut as the woman spoke with such disgust for her. How could someone be so cruel?

“How can you tell she's the sort you want?” the boy identified as Heir Malfoy asked.

Opening her eyes, Holly glanced over to see her savior. He was a little taller than her with pale skin, silver eyes, and platinum blonde hair.

“I just can,” the woman explained. “Look at her: shaggy and unwashed hair, stained and large clothing that's obviously second-hand and Muggle, and her shoes don't fit.”

Heir Malfoy's face tightened as the woman spoke. “If you're going to judge your potential customers so harshly, then I will shop elsewhere,” he declared.

The woman glared at the boy. “You're more than welcome to,” she said. “Maybe you can take your new friend with you as you leave.”

Heir Malfoy nodded. He took ahold of Holly's hand as he led her out of the store.

“T-thank you,” Holly whispered as they stepped out into Diagon Alley.

“You're welcome,” he said, looking Holly over.

“I-I'm Holly,” she said, offering her hand. “Holly Potter.”

His silver eyes widened at her name before taking her hand. “I'm Draco Malfoy,” he said. “It's an honor to meet you, Heiress Potter.”

Holly frowned. “What's that mean?” she asked. She had never been called Heiress Potter before.

“It's your proper title,” he explained. “As the last surviving member of House Potter, you'll be Heiress Potter until thirteen when you become Lady Potter.”

“I don't really understand,” she said, feeling stupid. “I new to all of this.”
Draco frowned. “Is this your first time in Diagon Alley?” he asked, sounding a little confused.

Holly nodded. “I just learn I was a witch a few hours ago when Hagrid got me,” she explained.

Draco’s eyes widened. “You mean you didn't know about magic before today?”

Nodding, Holly felt herself blush.

“I think we should find my parents,” he declared, grabbing her hand. He led her through Diagon Alley towards the bookstore before taking herself inside and up to a woman with blonde hair.

The blonde woman was tall and elegant looking with her hair styled in an up-do. She had gray eyes.

“Mother,” Draco said, drawing her attention.

The woman smiled at her son before she looked over at Holly. Her eyes narrowed slightly.

“Draco,” she said warmly, “who's your friend?”

“This Heiress Holly Potter,” he said. “Heiress Potter, this my mother, Lady Narcissa Malfoy.”

Lady Malfoy raised an eyebrow. “You have your father's cheekbones,” she said.

“R-really?” Holly asked in a hopeful tone. Her eyes lit up at the mention of her parents. There was so much she didn't know.

“Mother, Heiress Potter could benefit from your tutelage,” he explained.

“What kind?” his mother asked.

Draco paused for a moment as he thought of the appropriate response.

“Any,” Holly answered. “I just learned I was a witch.”

Lady Malfoy's eyes narrowed. “Who raised you?” she asked.

“My aunt and uncle,” Holly replied, her tone soft. “They're Muggles. Apparently, they knew all about magic and my parents and they never told me. My uncle hoped he could somehow make my magic disappear.”

Gray eyes narrowed further as Holly spoke. “How did he try to remove your magic?”

Holly shrugged. She learned not to talk about the Dursleys and their abuse. Either no one would believe or they would forget.

“Well, let's you fitted for robes,” Lady Malfoy announced as she led the two children out of the bookstore.

“We can't go back to Madam Malkin's,” Draco told his mother. “Mrs. Fawley was rude to Heiress Potter.”

Lady Malfoy nodded as she led them to a different robe store. Holly barely had time to glance around the interior of the store before she was taken into a fitting room with two female assistance with Lady Malfoy ordering a full wardrobe be done for her.

As she was poked and prodded, Holly resulted she had made her first friend. Draco didn't even
know her and he was nice to her. He took her to his mother to make sure she was taken care of. Lady Malfoy was so nice to her. As she was being fitted, Holly vowed to be a good and loyal friend for Draco.

Chapter End Notes

There are no plans for a continuation.
071. The Will to Live

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Caradoc Dearborn/Jamie Potter
Warnings: alternate universe; female!James Potter (Jamie); het; major original characters (Caitlin Bones and Roger Abbott); and mentions of violence, death, and war

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Fandom: Harry Potter
Pairing: Caradoc Dearborn/Jamie Potter
Warnings: alternate universe; female!James Potter (Jamie); het; major original characters (Caitlin Bones and Roger Abbott); and mentions of violence, death, and war
Prompt: (Pairing) Caradoc Dearborn/female!James

Requested by RebBe10.

Caradoc Dearborn was raised in a pure-blood household, taken into the Bones family as a ward. His mother died when he was young and his father ran off before he was born. He was a half-blood, the son of a muggle-born mother and a pure-blood father, according to Caitlin Abbott, nee Bones. Caitlin was the woman who raised him until her marriage to Roger Abbott.

Growing up in the Bones household, Caradoc grew up with the other Bones children and the children of the Bones’ closest allies – the Abbots, the Longbottoms, and the Potters. Out of all the children, Caradoc liked little Jamie Potter the most. She was a small and pale girl with a head of messy hair and large hazel eyes. She was a quiet child, more interested in reading than playing with her friends. Since he was a few years older, Caradoc was happy to sit with Jamie in the library, reading in silence.

Like most magical children, when he turned eleven, Caradoc went off to Hogwarts to begin his magical education. He was Sorted into Ravenclaw. He kept in contact with the Bones family through letters and he would send one to Jamie every once in awhile.

In his fourth year, Jamie Potter arrived to Hogwarts. She had grown, becoming tall and slim with messy hair and glasses. She wore a large smile and she laughed when talking with others. Like most Potters, Jamie was Sorted into Gryffindor.
Their shared years at Hogwarts found them interacting some. Jamie would join Caradoc in the library with her textbooks, homework, and questions. She smiled at him in passing or offer a wave across the Great Hall.

Graduating from Hogwarts brought a lot of changes to Caradoc's life. Mainly, his identity. Apparently, he was the bastard son of Caitlin Bones and Arthur Earl. According to Caitlin, Arthur Earl was a half-blood and he ran off to the United States in search of fame, glory, and riches when he learned Caitlin was pregnant.

When he learned the truth, Caradoc felt a wealth of emotions, betrayal being the strongest. Instead of lashing out and say something, he walked away from the situation being non-confrontational. It took a week to work through his thoughts and feelings before reaching a decision. By being raised in the Bones household, Caradoc understood the shame and stigma attached to a witch who had a child out of wedlock. To save Caitlin's reputation and allow her to have the child, the real identity of the child had to be kept secret. He was interested in getting to know Caitlin better.

They started small, afternoon tea in Diagon Alley or a dinner at Bones Manor. After a few weeks, Caitlin started bringing her husband, Roger. Unlike most wizards, Roger welcomed his wife's son into his life and those of his children. To keep the rouse of Caradoc being the Bones' ward, he was called cousin by his half-siblings.

A few months after graduating Hogwarts, Caradoc went off to Paris to study under Edmund Ellis, a world renown Duelist and Defense Master, for his Mastery in Defensive Magic with the blessing of Caitlin and Roger. They were even footing the bill for the mastery.

Caradoc didn't return to England until he was twenty-one. He had two Masteries in Defensive Magic and Warding, which brought several employment offers – including the position of Defensive Against the Dark Arts professor at Hogwarts, which he politely declined. Instead, Caradoc took an entry level position at Gringotts, which would fast-track him through Curse Breaker training and get him stationed in Egypt.

A few weeks after his return to England, Caradoc joined the Bones and Abbott families in attending the funeral of Fleamont and Euphemia Potter, who were killed by Lord Voldemort and his Death Eaters. It was at the funerals where Caradoc got his first look at Jamie Potter all grown up. She was a stunning young woman with pale skin, a slim build, curly dark hair, hazel eyes, and she looked like the perfect pure-blood lady.

“How are you holding up, Lady Potter?” Caradoc whispered after the services were over and most of the guests were leaving.

Jamie stared at him with his hazel eyes before answering, “Well enough. I'm the last Potter and I need to fulfill my duties.”

The way she said it made Caradoc frown. When she was younger, Jamie didn't want to be a good pure-blood lady. She wanted to travel and fight the bad guys before settling down to have a family.

It took a long conversation with Caitlin and Roger before Caradoc had an idea. He cared about Jamie and he wanted her to be happy. Both Caitlin and Roger agreed that remaining in England and being a good pure-blood wife wouldn't make Jamie happy.

“You should take her Egypt,” Caitlin said.

Caradoc was caught off guard.
“If you leave the planning to us, you can be on your way by the end of the month,” Roger said, sharing a look with his wife.

“Think about it,” Caitlin told her son, “you will stop at nothing to make her happy. I raised you to be a kind and considerate young man.”

“Not all marriages are founded on love,” Roger added, taking ahold of his wife's hand, “but it's easy to fall in love. Ours was founded out friendship.”

Caradoc remained silent as he listened. They made some good points. Before he approached Jamie with the idea of marriage, he would want to reconnect and make sure they got along.

“Give me a few weeks before you start planning anything,” he told them.

When he returned to his apartment, Caradoc sent Jamie an owl with an invitation to join him for tea. The reply came the next day. Jamie would be waiting at Rosa Lee Teabag at three o'clock on Thursday, in two days' time. Their first tea together was filled with long pauses, awkward silences, and tension. Despite that they met again the following week for tea, which went better.

At their fourth afternoon together, Jamie wore a frown.

“Why are you asking out?” she asked bluntly.

The question caught Caradoc by surprise, but he knew it was only a matter of time before Jamie asked. All fun and joking aside, she was straightforward and blunt person who valued honesty.

“I'm interested in you,” he answered. “I wanted to reconnect before saying anything.”

“Why?” she asked.

“If you don't get along then there's no point to pursuing a relationship.”

“No. Why are you interested in me?”

“Because I care about you. I want you to be happy, and the Jamie I remember didn't want to be the pure-blood wife, she wanted action and adventure.”

She quiet for a moment before asking, “Why do you care about me?”

“You're my friend,” he replied with a shrug. “You were my favorite person growing up.”

The topic was dropped, but there was a change between them. Jamie would reach out, placing her hand on top of his, or she would lean into his arm. When talking, she was more relaxed and opened.

Everything changed on Halloween when Lord Voldemort launched an attack on Diagon Alley. Twenty people were killed, and over fifty were injured. Whispers started circulating about the ineffectiveness of the Ministry and the Department of Magical Law Enforcement. Something needed to be done. Voldemort and his Death Eaters needed to be stopped. Within a week, Headmaster Dumbledore sent out invitations to former students about his group, the Order of the Phoenix, which would combat Voldemort and Death Eaters.

Jamie wanted to join.

“Don't,” Caradoc told her. “This vigilant group is against the law. Amelia was just promoted to Deputy Head and Alastor Moody was made Head Auror. Have faith in them.”
Jamie frowned. She wanted to do something – she wanted to fight.

“Why?” Caradoc asked her. “What do you have to gain?”

She didn't have an answer.

While the Ministry started to become more effective, it was slow. People were dying and families were murdered in their houses. Jamie was targeted, escaping Voldemort for a third time in her young life.

“Marry me?” Caradoc asked, holding her close the next day. “Marry me, and we'll leave Britain. It's safer in Cairo.”

Jamie nodded with tears in her eyes. She wanted to stay and fight, to defend her beliefs and her allies. But she wanted to live more. She wanted a life away from the violence and uncertainty that plagued Magical Britain.

They were married within a fortnight and they left for Cairo two days after the wedding. While Caradoc worked at various dig sights, Jamie turned her attention to Transfigurations. Caradoc wanted her to decide when they would have children. She would do most of the work and any children of theirs would carry on the Potter name.

Chapter End Notes

There are no plans for a continuation.
The first time he noticed Hermione Granger was in the library. Viktor was seated at a table in the back of the library at a table with piles of books. He didn't know how long his hiding spot would remain hidden, but he planned to enjoy the solute and quiet for as long as he could.

It was a muttering to herself that drew Viktor's attention as he looked up from his homework to find a young woman scanning the nearby bookshelves. He watched as she walked along the bookcase before coming to a stop and pulling out a book. She smiled, tucking the book under her arm. With her book, she turned. Her brown eyes met his. For a second, Viktor waited with a sense of dread as her eyes widened. Quickly, the young woman spun on her heel and walked away, leaving Viktor alone.

He sat there shocked for a moment before pulling himself out of it. It was clear she recognized him, but she decided not to approach. If he didn't know any better Viktor would say she was ignoring him.

This the first time two years someone had deliberately ignored him.

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After their first eye-lock in the library, Viktor caught an eye out for the bushy-haired witch in Gryffindor colors. He was curious. It was unusual for young women not to approach him, asking for an autograph or a date or a betrothal agreement.

As hard as he tried, Viktor didn't see much of her around Hogwarts. He caught glimpse of her here and there – in the Great Hall during mealtime, in passing at the library, and as she dashed through the halls.

The second time he saw her was in the Champion's tent before the First Task. She entered the tent, flinging herself in Harry Potter's arms as she whispered with him. At the sight of them and their close interactions, a sense of jealousy and envy overtook Viktor. He had no clue where these feelings came from. These were things he wasn't use to feeling, anymore.

He watched as Potter and the girl finished their exchange. Their conversation was cut short by the arrival of Rita Skeeter and her photographer. The judges entered the tent a few minutes behind the reporter.

The first real clue Viktor got on the identity on Potter's friend was Granger, which Dumbledore called her. While he was no expert on European pure-blood families, he was willing to bet Miss Granger was either a half-blood or a muggle-born.

In fact, he would prefer her to be a half-blood or a muggle-born over a pure-blood. Viktor, himself, was a half-blood – the second son of a pure-blood witch and a half-blood wizard. While he was raised in the magical world with pure-blood customs and practices, Viktor liked the idea of marrying a muggle-born. It stemmed from his Grandfather Victor Krum, a British muggle-born. Viktor grew up idolizing his grandfather. While his parents were busy with his older brother and older sister, Viktor was raised by his paternal grandparents, Victor and Sofia.

Armed with the name Granger and a few galleons, Viktor learned everything he needed to and more from Tracey Davis, a fourth year Slytherin. According to Davis, Hermione Jean Granger was tied for top student in their year. While Granger knew her theory, her practical work was holding her back. Granger was a muggle-born, daughter of two muggle healers that specialized in teeth. Since Halloween of their first year, Granger had been best friends with Harry Potter and Ron Weasley. Granger was right-handed, she used navy blue ink, and she liked fruit salad.

In the days after the First Task, Viktor kept a close eye out for Hermione. The Yule Ball was coming up and he needed a date. There was only one witch he was interested in. He just needed the
opportunity to approach Hermione. It would help if he could get to know her, person to person, before asking her out. While Viktor liked her, he wanted her to like him.

Viktor decided to approach her one afternoon in the library. This was the first time he had ever approached a girl before. There was flurry of butterflies in his stomach – worse that when he played his first professional game of Quidditch – and his palms were sweating. He couldn't recall a time he had felt like this before.

He wasn't even this nervous when he fought the dragon last week!

Doing his best to recall the “proper pure-blood wizard” lessons from his childhood, Viktor still couldn’t come up with a way to approach Hermione. To the best of his memory, those lessons never covered how to date a witch out – there were plenty of lessons on how to approach a witch’s parents about a betrothal agreement.

In the end, he decided on the spur-of-the-moment. Hermione was seated in the library, and Viktor decided to join her – without an invite and without asking. He merely walked up to the table, pulled a chair out, and sat down.

Hermione's brown eyes narrowed before she turned her attention back to her book.

The first day passed in silence in between them.

In fact, that's how the first week passed.

It was Hermione who broke the silence between them.

“Can I help you?” she asked on Monday of the second week. Her eyes were narrowed and there was an underlining tone of annoyance in her voice.

“No,” Viktor replied. His heartbeat picked up speed as they spoke.

“Then why are you here?” she asked. Her tone was sharp.

“To sit with you,” Viktor answered. His heartbeat started to increase.

“Do you want anything?”

“To get to know you.”

“Why?”

“I think you're interesting.”

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After that day, they started to talk. It was usually small talk, about their days or the weather or food. As they started to get more comfortable, their conversations turned a little more personal. Hermione asked for assistance on her studying and she told Viktor about her childhood. In turn, Viktor offered book references and he spoke of his love of Quidditch and his grandfather. They spoke of their friends. Viktor was relieved to learn Hermione saw Harry Potter as a brother, and she had no romantic interest in Ron Weasley.
After three weeks, Viktor asked Hermione to be his date to the Yule Ball.

She agreed, on the condition they keep it quiet. Hermione had no desire to targeted by other witches, who wanted Viktor for themselves.

Chapter End Notes

No plans for a continuation.
In a small town like Forks, Washington, there was a small population and the same stores and restaurant, most of which were handed down between the family. It was uncommon for someone to move to town and open a new store or restaurant without living there a year or two. That being said, Marauders' was an unexpected and welcome addition. It was small little diner that had amazing coffee and a wide arrange of food that was open twenty-four hours and hired locals.

Harry Potter moved to town in early February of 2000 with his four young children. He was handsome man with dark hair, emerald eyes, and he was British. It was easy to see why he was a quick hit with the ladies. He decided to move to Forks after the death of his wife, Ginny.

When he first moved to town, Harry bought a large property a few miles outside of the town where he began construction on his family's new home while he rented a three-bedroom house a few doors down from Charlie Swan.

As the family's house was being built, Harry purchased the diner in Forks that he began renovating in March. By June, Marauders' was open and Harry hired local high school students as wait-staff along with a few other women. By July, the diner was a huge success. The prices were fair and the
food was amazing. It was a local hotspot.

Charlie Swan became a regular. Harry offered a discount to local police, paramedics, and firefighters. He called it thank you for everything you do. In turn for the discount, most of them tipped extra, which the wait-staff enjoyed.

Since he was a regular and he kept odd hours, Charlie quickly befriended the owner. Harry made a point to stop by the diner in the late hours while his children were home sound asleep with his elderly uncle Mister Kreacher. According to Harry and his children, Mister Kreacher was antisocial and he didn't like to leave the house.

“How are the children?” Charlie asked one evening as Harry joined him in a booth.

“Good,” Harry answered with a smile and pride. “Teddy passed his spelling test, James has gone two weeks without biting anyone, and the twins are walking.”

Charlie returned the warm smile. He loved listening to the other man talk about his children. It was clear Harry loved and adored them. Listening to him made Charlie long for his own daughter. Bella wanted little to do with him these days. “A whole two weeks? That sounds like a record,” Charlie said.

Harry laughed. “It is,” he agreed. “The previous one was nine days. If James keeps this up, I promised him the possibility of a puppy.”

Charlie joined in the laughter. “Only the possibility?” he asked, his tone teasing.

Harry flushed. “We all want a puppy,” he admitted, “but the children need to earn the privilege.”

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A few weeks later found the additions of Padfoot and Moony to the Potter household. Padfoot was a hyperactive chocolate lab, and Moony was a silent husky. The two puppies were commonly seen around Marauders'. The puppies were well-behaved. They were popular amongst the diners and the staff.

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Since Charlie lived down the street, he found himself strong-armed into joining the Potter family for several occasions, usually dinner and game nights. Any night he wasn't at work, Charlie was with the Potter family. Spending time with Teddy, James, Albus, and Lily filled his heart with joy, lessening the ache and longing of his own daughter.

In November of 2001, the Potter family's mansion was completed. Harry and his children called it a manor, which had to be British for “manor.” They were moved in within a week. A week later, Harry showed to drag Charlie over for dinner. Those were the longest and saddest weeks Charlie had experienced in years. He missed Harry and the children.
“The kids haven't seen you in two weeks,” Harry scolded him on the drive over. “We're worried.”

Charlie sat in the passenger seat in silence, overwhelmed by the thought of joining his new family.

That night after dinner and games, Harry drove Charlie home. Before climbing out of the SUV, Charlie pulled the other man into a kiss. He was relieved and overjoyed when Harry eagerly returned the kiss.

“You're welcome anytime,” Harry whispered between kisses. “We want you around.”

“Forever?” Charlie asked.

“Yes,” Harry answered before the kissing grew more heated.

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April found Charlie moving within the Potter family. He moved in two weeks after learning magic was real. He couldn't bare the thought of leaving his family and his partner. They trusted him with such an important secret, making it clear how much they valued the addition of Charlie to the family. After moving in, Charlie met Mister Kreacher. It was easy to understand why the house-elf wasn't seen around town.

Unable to sell his house, Charlie had it renovated before renting it out to a local family. That summer, Harry and Charlie officially joined their families by getting married in Vermont. Bella was invited to join in the celebration, but Renee didn't allow it. She didn't want her daughter exposed to such vile things as homosexuality. It was a sin against nature.

With Harry's support, Charlie filed for custody of Bella. Leaving her in Renee's care was a bad idea. The woman wasn't a good choice. In July of 2002, Bella Swan moved to Forks, Washington, joining her father, stepfather, and step-siblings.

While Bella wasn't fond of the cold weather, she was excited to have siblings. It was a new experience for her, and it was something she had longed for. Bella was welcomed with open arms. It was a difficult transition for everyone, but it worked out. She was let in on the secret of magic, something she was eager to learn more about.

Together, the two men and their five children began a new family.

Chapter End Notes

No plans for a continuation.
It was with great shock that Daphne Greengrass found herself being born, again. The last thing she remembered was an artifact exploding. As an Unspeakable for the Department of Mysteries, Daphne investigated and worked with strange and unknown artifacts on a daily basis. Then, the moment, Daphne could hear someone telling Lady Joanna to push before she felt someone pulling. Then she was wrapped in something and handed off to Lady Joanna and someone called for Ser Tywin.

“Mi’lady, what's her name?” a male voice asked.

“We'll have to wait for my husband, Maester Jasper,” Lady Joanna said, cradling her newborn daughter close to her chest.

A little later, a door opened and Daphne was handed off to someone else.
“It's a daughter, mi'lord,” Lady Joanna said. “What would you like to name her?”

Lord Tywin thought for a moment before answering, “Daelilia Lannister.”

All too soon, the newly named Daelilia was passed back to her mother.

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Daelilia Lannister was an odd child. She was quiet, rarely crying. With some difficulty, she adjust to sleeping through the night. According to the wet nurse, she made noises when she was hungry and a different noise when she needed to be changed. Daelilia was happiest to be held, listening to the adults talk. She would smile and giggle, happily laying still as a baby could.

Everyone was surprised when Daelilia started talking at the age of ten moons and she was walking by the age of thirteen moons. At the age of three namedays, she was reading and writing. When her younger siblings were born in 266, she was speaking with full sentences and proper gammer.

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Adjusting to life as Daelilia Lannister was a long process. It was unbelievable embarrassing to be an infant again, and she had to choice but to adjust. She was relieved to find she maintained her magic. In last hours of the night, she would practice trying to talk and hold herself up and using her magic. During the day, she would play the role of quiet and gentle baby.

From what she gathered, she was born into an important house in a different world. She was a Lannister of Casterly Rock, and she was someone of importances. Her father served as Hand to the King, a position of prestige and power.

Listening to her parents and their servants talk, she understood that her parents had high expectations of her. Her mother, Joanna, wanted her to marry one of the sons of her beloved and dear friend Princess Mariah Nymeros Martell of Dorne while her father, Tywin, wanted her to marry Prince Rhaegar, the crown prince and heir to the Iron Throne and son of his friend, King Aerys II Targaryen.

The conversations about her marrying Prince Rhaegar ended with the birth of Princess Aemma in 264 AC. It was common practice for a Targaryen prince to take a sister-wife. Instead, her parents turned their attention elsewhere, considering Robert Baratheon of the Stormlands and Brandon Stark of the North.

Understanding her role and what her parents wanted for her, Daelilia took to being the perfect lady. She understood what was expected of her.
Daelilia was delighted by the arrival of her younger siblings, twins named Cersei and Jaime by her parents. Her father was quite with Jaime, his son and heir, while her mother whispered about the beauty of her newborn daughter. Personally, Daelilia was happy to have younger siblings.

A few moons after the birth of Jaime and Cersei, Daelilia and her Aunt Genna Lannister joined her father in King's Landing. Tywin wanted his daughter to socialize with the royal children, hoping to endear her to Queen Rhaella and Prince Rhaegar. Prince Rhaegar had a younger sister, Princess Aemma, close to Daelilia's age. She was the most likely candidate to marry her brother, but Tywin still held hope that his own daughter could sway the crowned prince's interest.

At the sight of Princess Aemma, Daelila was filled with endless joy. She would know that magic anywhere. It was the magic of her little sister, Astoria.

They met in secret that night.

"I'm so happy to see you," Daelilia told the princess, hugging close. "How did you get here?"

"Same," Aemma replied with happy tears. "When you dead, I couldn't bare the thought of loosing you. So, I followed you."

"Why?" Daelilia asked, pulling away a little. "You were set to marry Draco."

Aemma shrugged. "You're more important," she explained. "You mean more to me than any boy ever could."

The pair shared a smile.

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Queen Rhaella was pleased by the quick friendship between Princess Aemma and Lady Daelilia. The young princess had taken to calling her new friend “Dae” and Daelilia called the princess “Ae” in return.

A few months later, Lady Joanna arrived to the capital with the twins. The family found a home in the Tower of the Hand. Lady Joanna and Queen Rhaella enjoyed afternoon together, watching as their older children played together.

"I'm glad Aemma and Daelilia are such close friends," the queen told Joanna one afternoon.

The words surprised Joanna. She smiled at the queen, telling her, "I look forward to the day Daelilia becomes a lady-in-waiting to the princess."

Queen Rhaella watched their daughters making flower crowns. "I don't believe that will happen," she said.

Joanna frowned. "May I inquire as to why?"

"I believe Aemma will the Lady Wife of a Lord Paramount," the queen stated. "My husband is the discussing the possibility of marrying Aemma to his favorite cousin's son and heir."

Joanna's eyes widened as she took in the queen's words. That meant Prince Rhaegar would be in need of a different bride. "Well, I hope Daelilia and Aemma remain good friends, nonetheless," she
While the topic was changed, Joanna remained surprised. She told her husband that night, and Tywin smiled. There was a chance their daughter would be queen.

Chapter End Notes

Undecided on a continuation.

Possible Pairings
Lady Daelilia Lannister: Prince Oberyn Martell, Prince Rhaegar Targaryen, and Brandon Stark
Princess Aemma Targaryen: Brandon Stark, Robert Baratheon, and Elbert Arryn
Jaime Lannister: Lyanna Stark, Lysa Tully, and Princess Elia Martell
Cersei Lannister: Daeron Targaryen, Brandon Stark, and Robert Baratheon

Timeline
–259 AC: Prince Rhaegar Targaryen was born, son of Prince Aerys and Princess Rhaella, amongst the Tragedy of Summerhill. King Jaehaerys II Targaryen took the Iron Throne after the death of his father, King Aegon V Targaryen.
–260 AC: Ser Tywin and Lady Joanna Lannister were married.
–262 AC: Daelilia Lannister was born, daughter of Ser Tywin and Lady Joanna and she is Daphne Greengrass reborn. Following the death of King Jaehaerys II, Ser Tywin is appointed Hand of the King by King Aerys II Targaryen.
–264 AC: Princess Aemma Targaryen was born, daughter of King Aerys II and Queen Rhaella and she is Astoria Greengrass reborn.
–266 AC: Cersei and Jaime Lannister were born, twins of Ser Tywin and Lady Joanna.
–267 AC: Lord Tytos Lannister died, and he was succeeded by his son, Ser Tywin, as Lord of Casterly Rock, Shield of Lannisport, and Warden of the West, becoming Lord Tywin. Princess Shaena Targaryen was born, the daughter of King Aerys II and Queen Rhaella.
–269 AC: Prince Daeron Targaryen was born, son of King Aerys II and Queen Rhaella.
Rabastan Lestrange fell in love with when he was fifteen. She was beauty with dark hair and gray eyes, and her smile lit up the room and it made his heart skip a beat. After pursuing her for a few weeks, Andromeda agreed to date. Eventually, dates turned into a relationship that produced a betrothal contract. As far as Rabastan was concerned, everything was perfect and it could only get better.

In their seventh year, their perfect and happy relationship started to change – more specifically, Andromeda started to change. It started in their sixth year with little things – being late to a study date, taking an extra second to lean into an embrace, and freezing up when they kissed. Rabastan noticed each time Andromeda tensed or took one second too long, but he didn't try to think anything about it.

As sixth year turned into seventh year, Rabastan began to doubt his life relationship. There was something going on with Andromeda, and she refused to talk about it. As difficult as it was Rabastan tried to respect her privacy and give her space, thinking she needed to work through something.

Unfortunately, that seemed to make things work. The distance between Rabastan and Andromeda grew big, little by little – lie and omission. As their once healthy and happy relationship deteriorated, Rabastan tried to remain rational.

There had to be a reasonable explanation for Andromeda's actions.

One night when he was headed back to the Slytherin common room after studying the library, he came across a sight that broke his heart. Andromeda Black – the love of his life and his betrothal – was kissing Ted Tonks in a deserted corridor.

The very sight made Rabastan's blood boil as he watched Andromeda lovingly smile and pat Ted on
the arm. What was so special about Ted Tonks? He was nameless mudblood, destined to be a bootlicker at the Ministry. Whereas Rabastan was a handsome and wealthy pure-blood with a secured position at the Ministry.

Rabastan remained still, his eyes narrowed as he watched. He knew the moment Andromeda caught sight of him. She froze with her eyes widened and her skin turning pale.
A few months after graduating from Hogwarts, Veremund Sewlyn put his Ravenclaw intelligence to work as he thought about his future. He was the last of his family's male line. With his parents dead and his sister declared a squib, he was the only one that stood between his family line and extinction. He knew the Dark Lord and his Death Eaters wanted to recruit him. If he rejected the recruitment, Veremund would be as good as dead – and the family line with him.

Veremund had no interest in joining the Dark Lord in his mission to kill Muggles and eliminate Muggle-borns. While Vermund believed witches and wizards were superior to Muggles. But he did believe *all* witches and wizards were equal – there was no difference between Muggle-borns and pure-bloods. They all had magic, and the future of magic was through them. Unlike most pure-bloods, Vermund believed squibs were important. Of course, his opinion could be bias based on his older sister, Marjorie.

Needing to clear his head, Veremund went to the Muggle World to visit his sister. When their parents discovered she was a squib, they bought a large piece of property in the English countryside. They built a nice house on the property with all of the Muggle amenities and best magical protection. As Marge grew up, their parents sent her to the best schools in England, wanting her to have the best future possible.
Marge welcomed her brother with open arms. Being a year apart in age, they were close growing up. They were able to remain close as they got older. Magic didn't get between them, their parents didn't allow it. When Veremund went off to Hogwarts, he exchanged two or three letters a week with his sister.

The visit with Marge proved to be useful. Veremund came to a decision regarding his future – and that of his family. He couldn't join the Dark Lord and the Death Eater. It would be disrespect to the legacy of his grandparents and it would be against his conscious. His grandparents, from his mother's side, had fled Germany, forgoing their own graduation, to seek safety in England. Therefore, Veremund Sewlyn needed to disappear.

With assistance from Marge, her connections, and Gringotts, Veremund was able to create a new identity in the Muggle World as Vernon Dursley, the younger brother of Marge. Over the course of three years, he received a Muggle education before enrolling in the university to studying business and finances.

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In his new life as Vernon Dursley, he tried to be as normal as possible. He learned by observing other Muggles, watching Muggle entertainment, and forming his own opinions. The most important part of being a normal Muggle was falling in love and getting married. The idea was rather foreign to him. Growing up in the Magical World, he was betrothed to Andromeda Black. Their agreement was broken when she ran off with a Muggle-born named Ted Tonks. Another agreement hadn't been made before the death of his parents at the hands of Death Eaters during an attack on Diagon Alley.

During his last year at university, Vernon met Petunia Evans. At the time, she was the receptionist for the Business Department, having graduated two years before. Over the course of two years, they dated. On their second anniversary, following Vernon's new position at Grunning's, he proposed. While he didn't know if he was in love with Petunia, Vernon was fond of her and he wanted a future with her. The idea was surprising since he wasn't the fondest of Muggles. But as a Muggle, he should marry a Muggle.

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They had been married for three years when the Dark Lord was defeated. Vernon only knew when he encountered several happy witches and wizards in the mist of celebrating. Learning of the Dark Lord's defeat filled Vernon with relief and happiness. He could return home!

The thought filled him with panic. In order to return to the Magical World, he would have a to leave the Muggle World. He didn't mind that idea, but it would mean telling Petunia the truth about everything. He feared his wife's reaction. Would she fear him? Would she accuse him of using his magic on her?

In the six years of their relationship, Vernon knew he loved his wife and he wasn't sure what he would do without her. The day passed with Vernon thinking about his future. There was just more than himself to consider. He had a wife and a son.
The next day, things began to change. It started with the arrival of Petunia's nephew on their front porch. Who, in their right mind, would leave a young child alone on a porch in the middle of the night? Petunia altered between quietly crying and glaring.

Vernon didn't know the whole story, but he knew there was something going on between his wife and her sister. There was some kind of rift in their relationship, but Petunia wasn't forthcoming on the details. Petunia and Lily barely interacted that Vernon saw.

After the birth of their son, Petunia spoke of trying to reconnect with her sister. They exchanged a few letters. Any change of a rekindle died with Lily. But the arrival of Lily's son brought something a second chance.

“We need to keep him, Vernon,” Petunia whispered, tears in her eyes.

“Of course, Pet,” he told his wife, holding her close. “He's family. I wouldn't dare send him away.”

Petunia smiled through her tears. There was something off about her smile that caused Vernon to frown.

“Why do you think I would send him away?” he asked.

The question made Petunia freeze. “I-I didn't know what to think,” she whispered. “We haven't discussed the future of our family.”

Learning Petunia didn't know Vernon would care for their nephew made him irritated, but he couldn't fault her. She was true. They hadn't discuss the future of their family too much. They had Dudley, but they hadn't talked about anymore children. As the last of his family, Vernon wanted to have multiple children, hopefully two sons and a daughter.

“What is your nephew's full name, again?” Vernon asked. He remembered the lad's first name was Harry.

“Harrison James Potter,” his wife answered.

With the addition of Harry to their family, there was a long adjust period. Harry and Dudley got along well. During the day, Harry was a quiet and sad baby. It was clear he kept looking around of his parents, Unc'a Paddy, Unc'a Mooney, and Unc'a Wormy. He cried some. At night, Harry was easily lulled to sleep, but he would woke up crying at odd hours of the night. The sound of Harry's cries would awaken Dudley.

Vernon and Petunia took turns tending to the children. When they would each turn the room, Harry and Dudley would be the same crib and toys would be floating overhead. It was clear that the presence of Dudley helped sooth Harry.
Since they hadn't told one another about the existence of magic, both Petunia and Vernon came to the wrong conclusion. Vernon was convinced Dudley was using his magic to soothe his cousin while Petunia was convinced it was Harry. In reality, it was both of them. Harry would apparate himself to Dudley's side and Dudley would make the toys float, trying to distract his cousin.
Reading over her notes, Rita Skeeter smiled. This next article would be excellent, and it would get her one step closer to that position as a columnist. While Rita loved finding dirt on the others and blackmailing people, she was eager for the chance to be a different kind of journalist – a real journalist. Honestly, she was tired of reading gossip – of being a Gossip Correspondent.

Smile in place, Rita picked up her quill. She rolled it between her fingers before she pressed it the parchment and started scribbling away. Lost in the words she was writing, it took Rita a few minutes to pull herself back into the real world when she heard someone calling her name.

When she looked up from her parchment, Rita found herself staring at one of the many faceless interns.

“What?” she snapped, eyes narrowed. This intern had better have a good reason to interrupt her work.

“I was hoping you could look over this, for me,” the mousy intern explained, holding out a piece of parchment.

“What is it?” Rita demanded, impatiently. She had better things to do than babysit the interns.

“It's a gossip piece,” the mousy girl explained with a grin.

“On who?” the older report asked, rolling her eyes. These interns were ridiculous.

“Gilderoy Lockhart,” the intern replied.

Rita froze at the mention of her partner's name. “What about him?”
“His torrid love affair with Gwenog Jones.”

“There's no such affair.”

“I have pictures.

The statement made Rita freeze and her blood run cold. “Let me!” she demanded.

With a wide grin, the intern handed over her piece of parchment a few photographs. Rita read over everything, her eyes narrowed and the blood rushing through her ears. When she was done reading it, Rita stood up before storming to the floo. Gildeory had some explaining to do.

Gilderoy Lockhart greeted Rita with his award-winning smile. “Love,” he said.

“What's going on between you and Gwenog?” Rita asked.

“Nothing,” he said. “We're simply friends.”

“Explain this,” Rita demanded, tossing the photographs in front of him.
078. To Tell the Truth

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Pietro Maximoff/Holly Stark
Warnings: alternate universe; female!Harry Potter (Holly Stark); Harry is the child of Tony Stark; Pietro Maximoff lives; not Wanda Maximoff friendly; and Steve Rogers is a flawed person

Fandoms: The Avengers, and Harry Potter
Pairing: Pietro Maximoff/Holly Stark
Warnings: alternate universe; female!Harry Potter (Holly Stark); Harry is the child of Tony Stark; Pietro Maximoff lives; not Wanda Maximoff friendly; and Steve Rogers is a flawed person
Prompt: (Theme) Pietro lives; and (Theme) female!Harry is the daughter of Tony Stark

Requested by LivinLife and ameve2.

The first time Pietro Maximoff caught sight of Holly Stark, he was in a rundown bar with his twin sister. Holly was at some red carpet event or another, smiling while she gave an interview. Wanda snarled at the sight of the dark-haired heiress.

“Who is she?” Pietro asked, eyeing the young woman. She was rather beautiful with dark, curly hair, emerald eyes, and red lips. She wore an expensive purple cocktail dress, and there were diamonds around her neck and in her ears.

“Holly Stark,” Wanda growled, her lips curling into disgust. “She's the daughter of Tony Stark.”

Pietro nodded, absentmindedly. He didn't completely understand his sister's fixation against Stark for the death of their parents. The weapon that killed them was a Stark missile, but that didn't mean Stark was responsible. Of course, he knew better than to bring this up to his sister. Following the deaths of their parents and other family members, she had grown unstable. There was something about her fixation on Stark that kept her somewhat focused.

At that time, Pietro was twenty-one and Holly was eighteen.

A few days later, Pietro followed his sister's lead in enlisting in some rebel group. Wanda didn't say much, but she claimed the group leading the fight against their enemy. For some reason, Pietro hadn't asked too many questions. It probably had to do with the fact that they were being offered food, shelter, and clothes.
The first time Pietro Maximoff met Holly Stark was three years later when he and Wanda fled Ultron's service. Wanda had learned the truth behind Ultron's motives, forcing them to seek an alliance with the Avengers. Upon their visit, Holly happened to be visiting her father.

“You!” she missed at the sight of the twins. Her green eyes seemed to glow in anger as she glared at the pair.

“Relax,” Steve Rogers told her. “They're here to talk.”

Holly shook her head. “I don't care why they're here,” she said. “They won't be staying.”

Steve glared. “I'm team leader,” he reminded her.

“And this is a Stark property,” Holly countered, crossing her arms. “And as a Stark, I say they aren't welcome here.”

Wanda glared at the dark haired young woman. “You can't tell us what to do,” she argued.

“You're right, I can't,” Holly agreed.

Wanda smirked, feeling superior.

Pietro glanced between his twin sister and Holly.

“But I can tell them what to do,” she stated. “If I say you're trespassing, then you are.”

Pietro could tell that Wanda's temper was escalating. Before he could do anything, she lashed out with her red mist. A superior smirk crossed her lips as she aimed the red mist towards Holly.

Holly's emerald eyes narrowed as she raised her hand, deflecting the attack back towards Wanda. She shot a red light from her fingertips. The red light hit Wanda, causing her to fall to the ground straight and stiff.

“Now, explain to me why you're here,” she ordered, turning to Pietro. Her eyes were narrowed.

Taking a glance at the still form of his twin sister, Pietro locked eyes with Holly and he began to talk, revealing the true motives of Ultron and the reason they should trust them in the fight against Ultron to save all lives on Earth.

The first time Pietro Maximoff kissed Holly Stark was a spur of the moment decision. He was running high from his near death experience and their victory over Ultron. Holly returned the kiss before punching him in the face. Despite the throbbing, Pietro couldn't help but smile.

The smile fade when he joined the Avengers for a press conference. Tony Stark took the
responsibility for creating Ultron.

“That's incorrect,” he said, speaking up. He closed his eyes, asking his parents for their love and support as he betrayed his sister – his only remaining family in the world. “My sister used her power to manipulate you into creating Ultron.”

His statement drew all kinds of attention to him and Wanda. Reporters shouted questions as the other Avengers looked over at him. Tony's eyes were narrowed and he wore a thoughtful expression.

All too soon, Pietro was ushered away from the press conference by a woman named Maria Hill. She had plenty of questions for him and she was joined by a few other people. They wanted to know about Wanda, her powers, how she got her powers, which led to a discussion about Hydra and their experiments and his involvement with Hydra. Pietro answered the questions as best and honestly as he could.

*Why did he join Hydra?*

He followed Wanda. Wanda said they would get three meals, a safe place to sleep, clothes, and they could make some money. Having nothing, it was a tempting offer. They weren't the only ones to join. There hundred others.

*What happened to the others?*

They died from the experiments. There were *so many*, some with medical equipment, some with serums and potions, and some with Loki’s staff.

*Who were the other people?*

Pietro only remember the names of two people: Sofie and Annette Krum. They were young twins, kidnapped while their family was on vacation. He knew Hydra caught meticulous records.

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After the questioning was over, Maria Hill introduced him to a defense team. People were out for blood – his and Wanda's. Since Pietro was cooperating and honest, Tony was footing the bill for his defense team.

Pietro wanted to ask about his twin sister, but decided against it when he saw the pinched expression on Maria's face. Knowing his sister, Wanda was blaming everyone else for her current situation – including him since he had betrayed her.

For his own safety and a sign to the people, Pietro was housed at the United Nations in New York City during the investigation. While he was technically a prisoner, he had decent accommodations: a cell with a comfort bed, three meals a day, time outside, and access to television and the internet.

For his own good, Pietro had decided to avoid the internet and the television. He didn't want to know what people were saying about him and his sister.

During his stay, Holly Stark visited him. She brought a few gifts, including food and a few books. She would stay and talk, sometimes playing a card game with him.
“Why did you tell the truth?” she asked after a few visits. She wore an expression of curiosity.

“Because it's the right thing to do,” he explained with a shrug. “Your dad deserved to know it wasn't his fault.”

Holly nodded, a thoughtful look on her face, before changing the subject.

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A year and a half later, Pietro was released from the United Nations' custody onto American soil with a green card. There was a car waiting for him as he walked out, ignoring the reporters as they shouted questions.

Climbing into the backseat of the car, Pietro found Holly Stark waiting for him. She greeted him with a kiss before he could close the door.

“Take us to the Tower, Hap,” Holly told the driver.
Luna Lovegood frowned as she continued to watch George Weasley. He was simply going through the motions, pretending to smile and have a good time. The most heartbreaking part was no one else noticed – or they joined George in his game of pretend. George had been acting this way for four years – since the death of his twin brother, Fred Weasley.

The sight broke Luna's heart. She understood what it was like to lose someone, specially someone close. Several years had passed for Luna since the death of mom. The sight still haunted her nightmares, at least once a month.

Unlike most people, Luna knew the pain didn't go away. She knew it faded, a little, but it was still painful and that feeling never really went away. It turned into a pain that was lurking beneath the surface, ready to strike.

There were times Luna had noticed when George was happy and relaxed. They were few and far between. George enjoyed spending time with his nieces and nephews, when he allowed himself to smile softly and laugh with them.

“I'm here, if you ever wanna talk,” Luna told George one day at a gathering at Harry and Ginny's house.

George looked over at her with a fake smile. “Talk about what?”

“You're grieving,” Luna replied. “I know what it's like to loose someone important.”

The smile slid off of George's face. “I-I don't know what you're talking about,” he said.
“Yes, you do,” she told him with a small smile. “But just remember that I’m here when you want to talk.”

George stared at her for a moment. “Does it ever stop hurting?” he asked, his tone low and filled with pain.

“I wish I could say,” Luna answered, “but it doesn't. It fades with time, but the pain's always there, lingering.”

Sighing, George nodded as he turned to look away. That wasn't what he wanted to hear, but Luna told him the truth. Luna always told him the truth. A small smile formed on his lips. “Do you think we could go out and not talk about this sometime?” he asked, glancing over the blonde.

Luna’s silver eyes widened and her mouth dropped open a little. “T-that would be nice,” she replied with a smile.

George turned the smile. “What night works best for you?”

“Wednesday through Saturday.”

“How 'bout Thursday at seven?”

“It's a date.”

Chapter End Notes

There are no plans for a continuation.
080. The Twin Wolves

Chapter Summary

Relationship: Familial (Brothers) – Fred Weasley and George Weasley and Jon Snow
Warnings: alternate universe; reincarnated!Fred and George Weasley; Catelyn Stark is only human and she makes mistakes; Theon Greyjoy is a brat; and Fred and George are protective of their new family

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Fandom: A Song of Ice and Fire, Game of Thrones, and Harry Potter
Relationship: Familial (Brothers) – Fred Weasley and George Weasley and Jon Snow
Warnings: alternate universe; reincarnated!Fred and George Weasley; Catelyn Stark is only human and she makes mistakes; Theon Greyjoy is a brat; and Fred and George are protective of their new family
Prompt: (Scenario) Fred and George was reincarnated as the twin sons of Ned Stark.

During an unusually harsh summer blizzard, Lady Catelyn Stark went into labor with her second child. It was long labor that resulted in the birth of two sons, twins named Edric and Cregan Stark by their father, Lord Eddard Stark. While Catelyn recovered, Ned introduced his new sons to his older sons, Robb Stark and Jon Snow. As Robb and Jon looked over their new brothers, the blizzard grew harsher.

Edric and Cregan Stark were born with red hair and gray eyes, clearly favoring their Tully mother. The newly named Cregan rejoiced when he felt his magic entwine with his twin brother's. This was something he hadn't felt in years, since the death of Fred in the Battle of Hogwarts. The feeling made him cry for joy.

“Let me take them,” Old Nan said, appearing in the Lord Stark's solar.

Ned handed his two sons off to the woman with a nod.

As Old Nan took her two new charges to the nursery, Robb and Jon followed. They were curious about their new brothers.
As they grew up, it was clear Edric and Cregan Stark were unusually children. The twins were close—closer than most would expect. As babes, they liked to sleep in the same crib. While they no longer slept together, the twins had to sleep close to another.

Despite being the younger twin, Cregan was fiercely protective of Edric. Cregan wouldn't let anyone or anything unknown close to his older brother. The protectiveness seemed to amuse Edric, who would slap his brother every time he would put himself in danger.

Life for Edric and Cregan Stark changed dramatically when they were five. Their father went off to war, taking a number of the household guards and the Bannermen with him. The Stark army set off to White Harbor where they would journey to the Iron Islands. It seemed as though Lord Balor Greyjoy styled himself a king, declaring the Iron Islands had succeeded from the Seven Kingdoms.

While their father was off at war, their mother gave birth to a second daughter, Arya. Unlike before, their mother refused to allow Jon Snow the opportunity to meet and hold his new half-sister. While they adored their new mother, they disliked the way she treated their older brother. It wasn't Jon's fault he was born, but Catelyn seemed to despise him for it.

At night, they snuck Jon into the nursery. Together, they were able to get Arya out of her crib. The twins watched in self-satisfaction as Jon happily held and met his new sister. Unlike his other siblings, Arya was the only one who took after their father, like Jon did. Arya had a few strands of dark hair.

A few moons after the birth of their sister, Ned returned from war. The Seven Kingdoms had prevailed, defeating the Ironborns and ending the Greyjoy Rebellion. Their father brought Theon Greyjoy with him. Theon was the newest addition to Winterfell, as their father's ward and hostage. He would be cared for and educated as ward, but he was the hostage to ensure his father's cooperation. If Balor Greyjoy decided to rebel then his son would pay the price before the Seven Kingdoms would launch into another war.

Edric and Cregan tried to welcome Theon as their father had instructed, but they took a quick dislike to the older boy when he called Jon a bastard. Jon knew who he was, but he was a member of the Stark family and Theon wasn't. Theon would never be a Stark.

The arrival of Theon drove a bit of a wedge between Jon and Robb. Before Theon, Jon and Robb were the best of friends. They went everywhere and did everything together. They were as close as brothers could be without being twins. With the addition of Theon, Robb found a new older friend. Robb was interested in learning from Theon.

While Robb tried to juggle his friendship with Theon and his brotherhood with Jon, Edric and Cregan had no problem choosing Jon. Jon was their brother, which made him family, and Theon was an outsider sent to live with them to ensure his father's good behavior.
Over the next nine years, things changed in Winterfell. Catelyn had two more children, both sons named Brandon and Rickon. Brandon was born in 290 AC, and Rickon was born five years later in 295 AC. During that time, dynamics in the Stark family had changed and shifted.

Robb remained a close friend to Theon, neglecting his brotherhood with Jon. Sansa had taken after their mother in her dislike and dismissal of Jon. Arya declared Jon to be her favorite brother, just above the twins, and the twins remained steadfast in their loyalty and devotion to Jon. Bran and Rickon took a shine to Jon as well as Theon. As far as they were concerned, both Jon and Theon were family.

After receiving their direwolves, things changed further with the arrival of a letter from King's Landing. The Hand of the King, Lord Jon Arryn, was died. This was the man that had raised and educated Ned and King Robert as wards, and he raised his Banners in defiance to King Aerys II Targaryen as the leading force in Robert's Rebellion. The Stormlands and the North raised their Banners on the orders of their lords, Lord Robert Baratheon and Lord Eddard Stark. To gain the alliance of the Riverlands, Lord Eddard wed Lady Catelyn Tully and Lord Jon Arryn wed Lady Lysa Tully in a double ceremony.

With Padfoot and Moony by their sides, Edric and Cregan knew large changes were on the horizon for their family and the Seven Kingdoms.

Chapter End Notes

Undecided on the future of this idea.

Timeline
–283 AC: Robb Stark, son of Lady Catelyn and Lord Eddard Stark, was born at Riverrun. King Aemon Targaryen, son of Prince Rhaegar Targaryen and Lady Lyanna Stark, was born in the Tower of Joy in Dorne then claimed by Lord Eddard Stark as Jon Snow, his bastard son.
–284 AC: Edric and Cregan Stark, twin sons of Lady Catelyn and Lord Eddard Stark, were born at Winterfell as the reincarnated forms of Fred and George Weasley.
–286 AC: Sansa Stark, daughter of Lady Catelyn and Lord Eddard Stark, was born at Winterfell.
–289 AC: Arya Stark, daughter of Lady Catelyn and Lord Eddard Stark, was born at Winterfell. The Greyjoy's Rebellion began and ended with defeat of Balon Greyjoy and the death of two of his sons. Upon his defeat, his remaining son, Theon, was given to Lord Eddard Stark as a ward and a hostage.
–290 AC: Brandon “Bran” Stark, son of Lady Catelyn and Lord Eddard Stark, was born at Winterfell.
–295 AC: Rickon Stark, son of Lady Catelyn and Lord Eddard Stark, was born at Winterfell.
–298 AC: The Hand of the King, Lord Jon Arryn, has died. King Robert Baratheon and his host rode North to ask Lord Eddard Stark to become his new Hand.
081. Don't You Remember

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Abraxas Malfoy/Druella Rosier
Warnings: alternate universe; and het

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Fandom: Harry Potter
Pairing: Abraxas Malfoy/Druella Rosier
Warnings: alternate universe; and het
Prompts: (Pairing) Abraxas/Druella; and (Length) 393 words to 413 words

081. Don't You Remember

At the age of six, Abraxas Malfoy fell in love. She was two years older with awkward teeth, large blue eyes, and lisp. They met at some boring function or another. Abraxas couldn't remember which one, but it was one hosted by the Nott family as they tried – and failed – to scheme their way into a higher social circle.

Abraxas had been playing with some of the other children when Thaddeus Nott started to bully the other children. Since his parents were hosting the party, everyone should pay attention to him. In order to drive the other children away from Abraxas, Thaddeus pushed the younger boy into the table with the punch. It left Abraxas covered in a red liquid and sticky.

“Looks like little baby Malfoy made a mess,” Thaddeus jeered, pointing at the younger boy with a cruel smirk.

Abraxas opened his mouth to say something, but he was unable to form the words as he watched and listened to everyone erupt into laughter.

“S'at's not very nice,” Druella Rosier said, speaking up.

Thaddeus glared at her before he pushed her into some food. While the other children had a good laugh, Abraxas and Druella bonded, becoming close friends.

A few years later, Abraxas decided he was going to marry to Druella. He was only nine at the time, and she was preparing for her first year at Hogwarts. The idea of being separated was hard, but Abraxas was confident their friendship would survive. In two years, they would be at Hogwarts together.
“I'm gonna miss you,” Druella told him the night before her departure. She offered him a small smile as she nervously bit her lip.

“Promise that you'll write?” Abraxas said.

Druella nodded, smiling widely. “Nothing will stop me.”

They sat in silence for a moment.

“Can you make me another promise?” Abraxas asked.

“Of course,” Druella said. “What is it?”

“Someday you'll marry me,” he stated, very serious.

Druella started to laugh, looking at her best friend. She stopped when she noticed the serious look on his face. “We'll see where life takes us,” she said. “But I do promise to remain your friend and remain by your side.”

The answer didn't make Abraxas too happy, but he didn't push the subject. He knew most children their age didn't talk about marriage. Besides, he had years to convince her.

Years later, Abraxas was forced to watch as Druella married Cygnus Black the Third.

Chapter End Notes

No plans for a continuation.
When she got off the train at the end of sixth year, Helene Potter had a hastily put a plan together. She couldn't let anyone else die for her. She wasn't worth the sacrifice, even if it was in an effort to defeat Lord Voldemort. As she passed through the barrier to the Muggle side, Helene walked directly outside, ignoring the Dursley family. She hopped in a cab, heading to Diagon Alley.

At Gringotts, Helene withdrew a large amount of money and write her will. With the money, Helene purchased everything she would need and more for the horcrux hunt – a tent, a bottomless and weightless shoulder bag, food, water, potions, potion supplies, and new clothes. In a rented room above the Leaky Cauldron, Helene laid her belongings out before she started to pack and organize the tent. Once the tent was done, Helene packed everything into her new shoulder bag. The various items she didn't need, she had Kreacher and Dobby take to Number Twelve.

Another stop by Gringotts yielded several thousand pounds of Muggle money. The money was placed in a special pouch, spelled and charmed with anti-theft features. With everything prepared, Helene sat out.

Where was the best place to start looking for horcruxes?

Without any other ideas, Helene decided to look at other Death Eaters. Lucius Malfoy possessed the
diary. It was likely that another Death Eater would possess one as well. Since Helene didn't know a lot about Death Eaters, she decided to head to Number Twelve Grimmauld Place. According to Sirius, a lot of his relatives were Death Eater supporters, including his little brother Regulus.

Helene's eyes widened at the thought of Regulus Black. It was a stretch, but R and B were two-thirds of R.A.B. It was a good place as any to start.

Two days into her stay at Grimmauld Place, Helene approached Kreacher with the fake locket. “Do you know what this is?” she asked.

Kreacher cried at the sight of the locket, blubbering about his beloved Master Regulus. The story of Regulus discovering the Dark Lord's horcruxes followed. Regulus died betraying the Dark Lord and saving his beloved house-elf.

“Do you know where the original is?” Helene demanded, her green eyes were wide.

“It was stolen,” the house-elf replied, “but Kreacher knows the thief. He be stealing from House of Black.”

“Can you find him?”

Kreacher nodded, vowing to return with the thief.

While Kreacher was off hunting the thief, Helene turned her attention to other Death Eaters. Thanks to the Black family, Helene had a good list of candidates. A front-runner quickly emerged in the form of Bellatrix Lestrang, Sirius' murderer and cousin.

Helene didn't know a lot about Bellatrix Lestrang outside of being a top supporter of Lord Voldemort and her role in torturing Neville's parents that sent her to Azkaban.

What happened to an individual's possession when they were sentenced to Azkaban?

Helene turned her attention to magical laws.

The items were turned over to their closest relatives or returned to their maiden House.

Bellatrix had two sister, Narcissa Malfoy and Andromeda Tonks. Andromeda was eliminated. She was disowned for marrying a Muggle-born wizard.

Helene frowned as she tried and failed to determine where Bellatrix's belongings were sent. There was the possibility of Narcissa and there was a chance it went to the House of Black, which meant it was under her control.

Needing answers, Helene sent a letter to Gringotts with a non-descriptive owl, much to Hedwig's announce. It wasn't worth the risk to her faithful friend and companion. Helene was willing to put up with a moody snowy owl in order to keep her safe.

The reply came as Kreacher returned with Mundungus Fletcher. Helene was happy to let Kreacher get the answers from Mundungus while she read the letter from Silverax, the Black family accountant. The belongings of Bellatrix Lestrang were the property of the Black family. To claim them all Helene had to do was show up. There was something about the wording that made her frown.

Could this be a trap?
“Thief be saying he sell locket to Ministry employee,” Kreacher announced, entering the room. He sneered. “She be claiming it as a family heirloom.”

“What's her name?” Helene asked.

“Umbridge,” the house-elf answered.

Helene wasn't sure whether or not she wanted to laugh. It was ironic. “Can you run a few errors for me?” she asked. It would take time to think of a plan for the retrieval of the locket.

“What does Master Helene be needing?” Kreacher asked.

“I need to claim the property and vault of Bellatrix Lestrange,” she answered.

“Kreacher be needing official letter from Head of Black family and master key,” the house-elf told her.

With Kreacher's assistance, Helene penned the letter in her best handwriting and she found the master key locked inside a secret compartment in the library. With both items in hand, Kreacher headed off to Gringotts. He was instructed to look through Bellatrix's vault for items with a similar aura to the locket.

While Kreacher was off at Gringotts, Helene got busy on planning how to steal the locket from Umbridge. The best course of action would be to have Kreacher or Dobby steal it at the Ministry of Magic.

Hoping to have possession of two horcruxes, Helene turned her attention to how she would destroy the horcruxes. There was only one method she knew of, having experienced it first hand: the Sword of Gryffindor. The last time she saw it, the sword was hanging up in the Headmaster's office in Hogwarts. Helene needed someway to seek into the castle and steal the sword without any knowing.

While there was someone she could turn to for help.

“Dobby,” she called.

With a pop, the house-elf appeared in his clashing clothes. Did he take fashion advice from Dumbledore? Helene eyed his neon pink sock paired golden glitter one, an oversized safari hat, a teal scarf, khaki shorts, and a Hawaiian shirt.

“How can Dobby help Master Helene Potter?” the house-elf eagerly asked.

“I need help getting into Hogwarts,” Helene said, telling him about the sword.

With his ear pressed against his head, Dobby said, “Dobby doesn't be knowing how to help. Peoples be in and out of heady office. Nobodies be in late at night.”

Helene nodded. It sounded like she would be spending some time in the Forbidden Forest, watching the Marauders' Map. While it wasn't the best plan, Helene was excited. She needed to get out Number Twelve Grimmauld Place.

With a sense of eagerness, Helene packed her shoulder bag up before having Dobby take her to the Forbidden Forest. After setting up a perimeter and wards, Helene turned her attention to the tent. She bought a family sized tent. There was a large open kitchen and living room with a table between them, four bedrooms, and two bathrooms. One of the bedrooms had been turned into a potions' lab.
The first night, Helene sat at the kitchen table, watching the dots entered and exit the headmaster's office. Among the dots were McGonagall, Flitwick, Sprout, Hagrid, Slughorn and Snape. The sight of a dot labeled Severus Snape filled Helene with rage.

This pattern continued for two more nights before Helene found the opportunity to sneak into the castle, using the secret passage from Honeyduke's and her Invisibility Cloak. Helene's heart hammered in her chest the entire time she was inside the castle. She waited next to the gargoyle statue for someone to leave.

An hour into her wait, Sprout left the office, muttering to herself about something. Helene slipped in, waiting off to the side. In an effort to make herself more comfortable, Helene slid onto the floor with the Marauders' Map on her knees.

After three hours, everyone left the office. Helene pushed herself up off of the floor and she leapt onto the stairs. At the top, she opened the door. She smiled at the sight of the Sword of Gryffindor above the headmaster's desk. While she wanted to stand there and look around the office, Helene sprung into action, grabbing the sword and running back down the stairs.

When she returned to the tent, Helene collapsed onto the couch with her prize in hand. She looked the sword over before setting it down next to her. Overcome with exhaustion, Helene fell asleep.

Only an hour later, she awoken by a loud crash. Jumping to her feet, Helene looked around the tent with her wand in hand. There wasn't anything or anyone there. Grabbing the sword, Helene headed outside. A few feet from the entry of the tent there an unknown man.

How did he get there?

Where did he come from?

Looking the man over, Helene didn't find herself suspicious. Against all logic, Helene brought the man into her tent and she sat him up in one of the empty bedrooms. Over the next two days, she looked after him between glances at the Marauders' Map. There hadn't been any commotion from her visit to the castle.

Helene frowned.

Someone had to know she was there.

On the second day, she called Dobby. The house-elf didn't know about her visit and he was surprised by the presence of the Sword of Gryffindor.

“It still be hanging in heady's office!” Dobby exclaimed.

Helene's emerald narrowed. How could that be?

Glancing at her sword, she tried to think. There was only one explanation that came to mind.

Someone knew the original was stolen and they displayed a fake so they wouldn't alert others. Who would do such a thing?

Whoever it was was basically Helene's ally.

Later that night, Helene's “guest” awoke. He was disoriented and delirious. With a draft of Dreamless Sleep Potion had him knocked out. When he awake up the following day, he seemed to be better. He stared at Helene with unblinking green eyes.
“Who are you?” he demanded. “I can sense you're a powerful witch.”

Helene's emerald eyes widened. “How do you know that?”

“I'm Loki,” came his response.

“As in the Norse God of Mischief?”

“Who are you?” he repeated.

“I'm Helene Potter,” she replied.

“Where am I?” Loki asked.

“The Forbidden Forest just beyond the grounds of Hogwarts,” Helene answered.

Chapter End Notes

Unlikely to be continued/added upon.
When he was younger, Blaise Zabini grew up with a revolving door of stepfathers. It was clear there something between his mother and each man, but it never lasted. With each new stepfather, Blaise's views of love and marriage dwindled, little by little.

When he was seventeen, after the Second Blood War ended, when Blaise finally opened up to the idea of love. He saw the happy relationships his classmates were in that seemed to help move on with their lives and give them some kind of meaning.

He wanted that. And he had someone in mind.

Parvati Patil was brave, loyal, and stubborn. She stood her ground, refusing to backdown from a challenge, and she was supportive her friends. It was an added bonus that she was beautiful.

It took awhile for him to determine if Parvati was dating anyone. While she seemed the be attached to Lavender Brown's side, the two young women were friends. If rumors were to be believed, Lavender had her eyes sat on Fay Dunbar.

While Blaise wanted to give love a chance, he wasn't certain he would be capable of loving someone. The idea frightened him, but it frightened him less than the idea of being alone for the rest of his life.

Taking a deep breath, Blaise tried to calm himself, though his instincts refused to comply. As he stood up, Blaise glanced over in the direction of the table where Parvati was seated alone. Lavender had disappeared an hour ago, last seen leading a blushing Fay Dunbar from the library, and Padma Patil was seated at a table with Su Li. With all of the calm and confidence he could project, he walked over to that table.
“Miss Patil,” Blaise said, trying to be as polite as possible.

“Yes?” she said, her tone neutral as she lifted her head to look at him.

Suddenly feeling overwhelmed, Blaise tried to form the words. His mouth was dry, and his heart was beating fast. “I was wondering,” he began slowly and awkwardly, “if I could accompany you to Hogsmeade this weekend?”

Parvati raised an eyebrow as she looked him over. “You may,” she answered after a minute. “We'll be joining Lavender and Fay. I hope that won't pose a problem?” The last part was a challenge.

Blaise smiled, feeling himself relax, “That's fine. Though, I do hope to steal away for a little.”

A smile formed on Parvati's lips as she agreed.

Chapter End Notes

No plans for a continuation.
It was a simple plan. By making it simple there was supposed to be a reduced risk for error. Of course, that was only in theory.

And that didn't happen in reality.

Instead of ending up in 1938, she ended up in 1936.

Yes, it was only two years early, but it was early. Late would have been better than early. She didn't know of anyone attending Hogwarts in 1936. She knew of several people from 1938 onward.

With a sigh, she took the letter, recognizing the Hogwarts seal. It was addressed to Ms. H. L. Peverell – formerly known as Helena Jennifer Potter – opened the letter. She skimmed over the words. It would seem that little changed in sixty years. The acceptance letter was the same, word for word. The supply list was different, only due to the required textbooks.

With the list and her Gringotts key in hand, Helia wondered through Diagon Alley. She was went on a large shopping spree, needing a completely new wardrobe for her eleven year old body. While she didn't need a new wand, Helia bought one from Ollivander's – twelve and a half inches made out of
rowan and unicorn hair. It wasn't a perfect fit, but it was the best Ollivander had in stock. Once everything was purchased, Helia returned to her rented room in the Leaky Cauldron.

The next few weeks passed slowly. Helia spent the time reading over her new textbooks and familiarizing herself with the era. On the Hogwarts Express, Helia was pleased to meet Alphard Black.

Apparently, there was someone she knew of attending Hogwarts in 1936.

It was an easy decision to follow Alphard into Slytherin as the Sorting Hat was lowered over her eyes.

With Alphard by her side, it was easy to move things into place. In first year, Helia had sat herself up as the Heir of Slytherin. She showed off her Parseltongue abilities over the Winter Holidays. By the end of 1936, Helia was the undisputed Princess of Slytherin and she was on track to be the Queen by her fourth or fifth year.

When Tom Riddle arrived to Slytherin in September of 1938, he found the pure-blood and beautiful Helia Peverell running the House with Alphard Black, her betrothed, at her side. At the sight of Helia, Tom decided he wanted to have her and her position. He was destined to be the King of Slytherin with a loyal witch at his side.

Chapter End Notes

No plans for a continuation at this time.
Eyes locked on his phone screen, Charlie Weasley found his thumb hovering above Install. He was vaguely aware of the waiter approaching the table with two glasses of ice water. Pretending to be occupied, Charlie tried to ignore the way the waiter's gaze lingered on him – judging him. This particular waiter was familiar with Charlie, and that familiarly seemed to grow every other week when Charlie returned for yet another blind date.

While there was no rule about using the same restaurant for one failed blind date after another, Charlie didn't see the point in finding a new restaurant. The Dungeon was a nice restaurant with a long menu and a large alcohol selection, in addition to a polite staff and a lovely atmosphere.

With sigh, Charlie placed his cell phone on the table. The screen was lit, allowing him to stare longingly at it. The app sounded like an answer to all his problems – current and future. But he would be rude of him to using without meeting his date and giving her a choice.

Who knows maybe blind date number twenty was the one?

Charlie quietly snored to himself. While he wasn't cynical, that was sounded too funny and too good to be true.

The only reason Charlie going on one blind date after another was to please his family. All of his siblings were happy in long term relationship – Bill was married to Fleur, Percy was proposing in a
week to Penelope, George had been dating Angelina for four years, Fred finally admitted his feelings for Lee, Ron and Hermione were going steady after years of friendship, and Ginny was getting married to Dean next month.

Everyone was worried about Charlie being lonely, and everyone knew someone who was “just perfect” for him. So, here he was another doomed blind date.

When the screen turned off, Charlie fought the urge to turn it back on and give into his desire to download Hindr. With all of the successful dating apps, someone had created Hindr as a means to assist someone in leaving their date.

Taring his eyes away from his cell phone, Charlie focused on watching the front of the restaurant where the maitre d’ was seating customers. Among those waiting had to be Charlie's date, the perfect girl for him selected by Hermione.

Charlie watched as the maitre d’ seated a few couples before being approached a woman with dark hair. Sitting up, Charlie tried to accept his approaching demise. The sooner she was seated, the sooner the date would go horribly wrong, and the sooner Charlie got out of here. At the thought of leaving, Charlie found himself being to accept his fate.

Instead of bring the woman offer, the maitre d’ shook his head and the woman stormed off in huff. Maybe that wasn’t his blind date.

With a sigh, Charlie checked the time on his cell phone. In one minute, he date would be running late, which would delay their disaster date and Charlie's ability to leave.

It would appear the night could get worse, which was something Charlie hadn't anticipated.

Reaching out, he grabbed ahold of his water glass. As he took a sip, Charlie wished it was something stronger. Unfortunately, he wouldn't be allowed to order until his date showed up. The restaurant had some policy about everyone in the party needing to be present before anyone would order. That hadn't been a problem until now, when Charlie was bored and sober, wanting desperately be buzzed or leaving.

Five minutes later, the maitre d’ was escorting a man to Charlie's table. His blue eyes widened at the sight. It was well known that Charlie was bisexual, but this was the first blind date with a man. This man was attractive and easy on the eyes with messy dark hair, green eyes, and his lean build. He wore a blue button-down shirt tucked into a pair of black slacks with a black belt, shiny shoes, and a coat thrown over his arm. There was something oddly familiar about this man, but Charlie couldn't place it.

“Here you are, sir,” the maitre d' said, staring at Charlie's date with a long, lingering look.

“Thank you,” the man began, staring at the maitre d' name tag, “Colin.”

The man and the maitre d’ engaged in a short staring contest before the maitre d’ left, returning to the front of the restaurant.

Charlie noted the odd exchange.

Harry took a seat, offering Charlie a smile. “Hello,” he greeted, “I'm Harry.”

“I'm Charlie,” the redhead told his date, offering a polite smile in return.

“It's a pleasure to meet you,” said Harry. “Tell me about yourself?” He grabbed his water, taking a
Charlie raised an eyebrow at the question. “Didn’t Hermione tell you about me?”

“I don’t know much about you,” Harry replied, “and honestly, I would rather learn about you, then someone else.”

Feeling flattered, Charlie offered his date the first real smile of the night. “Well,” he began, “I’m an animal trainer. I specialize in dogs.”

“Where do you work?” Harry asked with a frown. With a blush, he quickly added, “I mean, like, do you work for a company or are you self-employed?”

“A little of both,” Charlie answered, with a small smile. Harry’s blush was adorable. “I work for Dragon Obedience, but I have plenty of side work from friends and family. In fact, Penelope just got me hired to consult on a new TV show.” That was part of the truth, at least. Technically, Charlie co-owned Dragon Obedience with his brother Percy, and their friend, Oliver Wood, and it wasn’t a new TV show anymore since Tails was renewed for another season and it was the hottest new show of the year.

“Nice,” Harry said with general interest.

Charlie was filled with warmth. At least someone found Charlie’s work fascinating – Hermione. An eyebrow rose at the thought. This was Hermione’s pick, but she found Charlie’s work with animals to be immortal and horrible, in violation of their rights. It would be odd for Hermione to send him someone who liked his job.

“What about you?” Charlie asked. He was curious how Hermione knew Harry. He couldn’t recall Hermione talking about Harry before.

“I’m a chef,” Harry replied. “I’m in the process of opening my own restaurant.”

“What type of restaurant?” Harry appeared to be in his mid-twenties. Most people at that age didn’t have the money to open a restaurant, unless they came from money or knew someone who did or they had investors.

“It’s, like, a dessert bar.” Harry blushed as he explained, “Basically, I plan to pair desserts with alcohol, and I’d like to have a pianist or some form of live music.”

“That sounds nice.” Charlie offered his date a smile before looking around for the waiter. Where was he? They were both seated, and Charlie wanted to order. At the moment, he wasn’t in a rush to leave since the date was going well, but it was still early.

As if on cue, the waiter walked towards their table, stopping to check in on his other tables. Ordering went quickly with Charlie getting his usual filet mignon, medium rare, with a glass of Merlot wine, while Harry got the white shrimp fettuccine Alfredo with a glass of Chardonnay. As the waiter left, he cast a lingering glance at Harry.

While they waited, the pair fell into a discussion about their interests. With a blush, Harry admitted to be a geek. He loved comic books, something that connected him to his dad, and he knew five languages – English, French, Spanish, Italian, and Japanese. Charlie shared his own interest in comic books, preferring Marvel over DC, and his habit of adopting animals. He currently owned six dogs, a goat, two pigs, and five cats.

When the waiter returned with their food, the conversation changed to hobbies. They both played
tennis, Charlie attended university on a tennis scholarship while Harry grew up playing with his uncle.

Charlie ended up having a great time. Before he knew it, the waiter was collecting their empty plates and leaving them with the dessert menu.

“What would you recommend?” Charlie asked, trying to sound flirtatious. It would seem blind date number twenty was somewhat lucky. It was too early to tell if it was a successful date, but Charlie found himself hopeful.

“Well, I would need to look,” Harry answered with a growing blush. He took the menu and opened it.

“Well, Mister Potter,” a man said, stopping in front of their table. He was tall with a hooked nose, dark eyes, and dark hair pulled back in a low ponytail.

“S-Severus,” Harry said, wilting under the man's gaze.

“I was surprised to hear you joined us this evening.” The man crossed his arms, staring down at Harry. “This is your first night off in a month, and you chose to dine here.”

Charlie's eyes widened as he remembered why Harry looked so familiar. They had seen each other before – several times, in fact – when Charlie was here on a failed blind date. A sense of rage and hurt filled him, but he forced himself to take a deep breath and remain calm. Nothing good would come from his loosing his temper.

“I'm on a date,” Harry stated, his tone close to hissing.

“Yes, I heard,” Severus said without turning to look at Charlie, “and I felt the need to stop by.” The man walked away without another.

“Bloody dungeon bat,” Harry muttered, glaring at the man's retreating back.

“Who was that?” Charlie asked, his tone close to demanding.

“Severus Snape, the head chef and owner,” answered Harry with a shake of his head, “and my uncle.”

An uncomfortable and awkward silence fell over the pair.

“I'm not your date,” Harry admitted after a minute. “I paid Colin to turn her away when I saw your name on the reserve list.”

Nodding, Charlie was beginning to figure part of that out himself.

“I've seen you around, a few times,” he continued to explained, running a hand through his messy hair, “and I found you attractive. After your three weeks ago, I decided to take a shot myself.”

Charlie cringed at the mention of unlucky blind date number eighteen – otherwise known as Lavender Brown. The night had gone horribly from the moment Lavender arrived, occupied with her cell phone. She barely glanced up for more than a minute, otherwise totally immersed in the device. She went as far as to order two expensive entrees, a bottle of white wine, and an entire cheesecake – most of which was barely touched and packed to-go. Instead of paying for the entire bill, Charlie requested a split cheque. When Lavender was delivered her cheque, she pushed it towards Charlie without a word, only to discover she had to pay. The date ended with Lavender
pouring the bottle of white wine on Charlie before causing a scene, which led to her arrest.

“I liked you, and I felt terrible,” Harry carried on. “No one deserves to be treated that way. So,” he paused to take a deep breath, casting a nervous glance at Charlie, “I set myself up with you.”

“Overall, I would say this was an excellent blind date,” Charlie said.

Relief passed through Harry’s green eyes as he smiled. “Can there be another one?”


In response, Harry laughed, opening the menu and pointing out his favorites.

“Also, you need to call and apology to Hermione,” Charlie added. Someone had to explain why he stood her “perfect match” for him up, and that was something Charlie wanted Harry to enjoy.

Chapter End Notes

No plans for a continuation.
086. He Won't Go

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Percy Weasley/Cedric Diggory
Warnings: alternate universe; slash; and Cedric Diggory is mean

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Fandom: Harry Potter
Pairing: Percy Weasley/Cedric Diggory
Warnings: alternate universe; slash; and Cedric Diggory is mean
Prompts: (Pairing) Percy/Cedric; and (Length) 427 words to 447 words

086. He Won't Go

Percy Weasley started to fall in love when he was nine. They met at some party or another hosted by the Lovegoods' over the Winter Holidays. Percy was hiding from his siblings, trying to find someplace quiet to escape to. The quiet spot he found was discovered by Cedric Diggory as the younger boy explored the residence. That day, they became friends, and within a few days, they were bestest of friends.

Despite the age difference, Percy found himself looking up to Cedric. Cedric was the kind of person he wanted to be – handsome, brave, friendly, easygoing, and likable. It seemed that everyone liked Cedric.

When Percy turned eleven, he was scared and excited to leave for Hogwarts. While he was eager to start his magical education and meet new people, he was sad to leave his family and Cedric behind. In all honesty, Percy didn't know what he would do without Cedric. Cedric was the friendly one. He knew how to interact and socialize with other people – unlike Percy. In comparison, Percy was the smart loner. He knew lots of things about different subjects, but people found him boring and arrogant. Percy loved to learn, and he tried to pass his knowledge off to others, which they didn't seem to appreciate.

During his time at Hogwarts, Percy regularly wrote letters to his family and to Cedric. In the beginning, Cedric's letters were filled with plans and promises of their future together. Slowly the letters began shorter and shorter until they stopped completely in spring of Percy's second year. Despite the crushing loneliness, Percy convinced himself that Cedric ran out of things to write about,
and in a few months, they would be together again.

When Cedric started attending Hogwarts, he tried to make time to hang out with Percy, but their plans regularly changed as Cedric made friends and became popular. Soon enough, Percy was pushed to the outside, where he stayed until Cedric needed him. All the while, Percy put up with it because Cedric was his best friend and he would do *anything* for Cedric.

He turned fifteen, Percy realized his feelings for Cedric had changed. While he wanted to spend time with Cedric, it was different than before. Instead of studying quietly in the library together, Percy wanted to stroll through Hogsmeade hand in hand. He wanted to steal kisses as they passed one another in the hallway. With bravery he didn't know he possessed, Percy decided to ask Cedric out.

Unfortunately, it didn't go well. Cedric laughed at the idea before ridiculing Percy. It broke his heart – and it ended their friendship.

Chapter End Notes

No plans for a continuation
Princess Visenya Targaryen

From the moment she had opened her eyes, Luna Lovegood knew there was something going on. She didn't know what, but she quickly figured it out. Despite being a newborn babe, she had opened her eyes a few minutes after her birth. She found herself looking up at a woman with long and curly dark brown hair and grey eyes. The woman was weak, her hold shaking and her skin turning pale.

“Her name is Visenya,” the woman had said with a small smile. “It's what Rhaegar wanted. The third head for his dragon.”

“What of the other, my lady?” someone else, another woman, had asked.

The newly-named Visenya frowned. “I don't know,” she said. “Rhaegar was certain we would have a daughter. We didn't discuss a name for a son.”

“If I may make a suggest, my lady,” a male said.

“Yes, Ser Arthur?” her mother said.

“Aemon, after the Dragonknight and Rhaegar's great-great-great-uncle,” the man, Ser Arthur, suggested. “After all, every Aemon has a brother named Aegon.”
Visenya watched as her mother nodded. “Aemon it is,” she declared. “Aemon and Viseyna Targaryen.”

Turning her head, Visenya found herself looking at a young babe, her brother. She smiled, in her last life as Luna she had always wanted a brother.

Visenya’s new joy was shorted lived. She felt her mother grow weaker by the minute as she hold grew more shaky and weak.

“Princess!” shouted Ser Arthur.

Visenya watched as her mother started to collapse. She felt someone taking ahold of herself and she saw the same person held onto her twin brother. Unknowing what to do, Visenya cried out followed by her brother.

...

Lady Catelyn Stark

From the beginning, Lady Catelyn Stark had despised her lord husband’s bastard children. They were a daily reminder that Lord Eddard Stark was interested in another – Lady Ashara Dayne – like she was betrothed to his older brother, Brandon Stark, before his death, and Eddard only married her to gain her lord father’s armies in Robert’s Rebellion.

Jon and Lyarra Snow each presented a different reminder, as did their shadow. Jon Snow was a Stark with his lean build, long face, dark brown and curly hair, and grey eyes. His solemn and guarded expressions only enhanced the resemblance to his father. Where Jon Snow took after the First of Men, Lyarra Snow took after their Dayne side – Jon and Lyarra were as different as day and night. Lyarra had a tall and lean build, long silvery blonde hair, and violet eyes. She was a great beauty, and she was kind. Ser Arthur Dayne had followed his sister’s children to the North, vowing to look after them and do right by them.

From a young age, Jon and Lyarra were the best of friends. While Jon was the older brother, Lyarra was oddly protective. She refused to let any harm come to her brother. Lyarra had an uncanny ability to know things – things she shouldn't know.

While Lord Stark took them, to care for and educate them, their education was divided between Maester Luwin, Ser Rodrick, and Ser Arthur. Maester Luwin oversaw their general education, with numbers and reading, while Ser Rodrick and Ser Arthur oversaw their training. In addition, Ser Arthur took a strong interest in their education, waiting them to learn music and languages.

Despite her best efforts, Jon and Lyarra were close friends with Robb Stark, Catelyn's eldest son and the heir of their lord father. Catelyn feared that Jon and Lyarra would attempt to harm or kill their half-brother, or Lyarra would seduce her half-brother into marrying her. When they were younger, Catelyn tried to keep them apart, but the Northern servants and her lord husband undermined her. Old Nan would take Robb to join his siblings, letting them play and sleep together.

Like Robb, the rest of Catelyn's children adored their half-siblings. Sansa was closest to Lyarra while Arya adored Jon and Bran altered between following them around and Rickon liked all of siblings
equally.

Sansa grew up playing with Robb and her bastard siblings with Jon being the braving knight who saved her from Lyarra the Dark Lady and Robb played the part of a secondary villain or the faithful squire. For a few moons, Sansa grew distant and cold to her bastard siblings, but she changed her tune when Lyarra and Jon presented her with beautiful gowns for her tenth name-day.

Arya took after her Stark heritage with dark brown hair and grey eyes. She followed Jon around, trying to learn more and be like him. It was no secret that Arya envied her bastard sister. Lyarra knew how to fight and she sparred with Jon and Robb daily under the watchful eyes of Ser Rodrick and Ser Arthur.

Bran shadowed his bastard siblings and their uncle. It was no secret that Bran dreamed of becoming a knight. He wanted to squire for Ser Arthur Dayne. Rickon was a loving boy who sought the attention and affection from his older siblings – trueborn and bastard alike.

While Lady Catelyn Stark disliked her husband's bastard children, she found they did have their uses. Ned's bannermen wanted their children fostered at Winterfell, despite her and her Southron fate. Lord Roose Bolton sent his son and heir, Domeric Bolton, and Lady Maege Mormont sent one of her daughters, Lyra Mormont.

With the additions of Dom and Lyra to their household, Ned passed on taking Theon Greyjoy as a hostage and ward. While Winterfell was a large keep, it was said that Ned didn't want to borden his household or his wife with another ward. Besides, Ned didn't know how Theon would response to Jon and Lyarra. Dom and Lyra welcomed them, treating each a friend and no different than their trueborn siblings.

In reality, Catelyn had written to his husband and her father. She argued it would be best if Lord Hoster Tully, her father, or Ser Brynden Tully, her uncle, took Theon as a ward. After all, there was a long and hostile history between the Iron Islands and the Riverlands. It would be most effective if a Tully took in the Greyjoy ward and hostage. There was a chance it could help mend relations between the two kingdoms.

Lady Lyarra Snow

Lyarra Snow knew who she. In her past life as Luna Lovegood, she was a witch. In this life, she was a princess, the trueborn daughter of Prince Rhaegar Targaryen and Lady Lyanna Stark. For her own safety, her uncle took her and her twin brother in, claiming them as his natural born children. Her name was changed for Visenya to Lyarra. Personally, she preferred Lyarra. In event she was able to reclaim her true identity, she planned to be Princess Lyarra Targaryen. She had little attachment to the name of Visenya.

In knowing her own identity, she knew that of her brother. He was the rightful king as the trueborn son of Prince Rhaegar Targaryen. His true name was Aemon. As far as he knew his name was Jon.

While she knew the truth, Lyarra kept it to herself. She knew it was vital that few people knew about – as few as possible. In fact, only five people outside of herself knew the truth – Lord Eddard Stark,
Lord Howland Reed, Ser Arthur Dayne, Ser Oswell Whent, and Ser Gerold Hightower. Lyarra planned to tell her brother when they were three and ten before they would travel Essos. They needed to visit the Ruins of Valyria.

“Uncle,” Lyarra greeted him with a smile. She walked down the hallway, headed to the library. There were a few books she wanted to finish reading before she joined Jon and Robb in the yard.

Arthur fell in step behind her.

In the library, Lyarra found Domeric Bolton was seated in a chair in front of the fire. She offered him a smile as she picked up the book she wanted.

Domeric gave her a smile in return.

Lyarra blushed, trying to hide behind a book. Domeric was a handsome young man long, dark hair and dark eyes.

“What are you reading today, Lady Lyarra?” he asked.

“Maester Jasper's *A Land Beyond,*” she answered. She was halfway through it with plans of finishing it today and starting another book. Lyarra made a mental to note to have Jon read a few books on Essos and Valyria as well. He would need the information before they left in a few moons.

Domeric frowned. “Why would you want to read that?” he asked. “Are you planning to travel?”

Lyarra shrugged, offering him a smile.

His frown turned into a thoughtful expression.

Chapter End Notes

Not sure on the future of this. I don't know if I want to continue it or not.

Timeline
–283 AC: Aemon and Visenya Targaryen were born, twins of Prince Rhaegar Targaryen and Lady Lyanna Stark, and claimed by Lord Eddard Stark as Jon and Lyarra Snow, his bastard children. Luna Lovegood was reincarnated as Lyarra/Visenya.
Marietta ignored another plane that sailed into her office. She knew the plane unfolded itself into a piece of parchment before landing in the “inbox” on her desk. Setting her quill down, Marietta signed. She knew who it was from without even looking at the parchment. There were only a few people that sent her letters and memos within the Ministry. Most of those people were away, attending the anniversary event of the Battle of Hogwarts and the end of the Second Blood War. There was only one person that skipped that event every year: Percy Weasley. While Percy’s relationship with his family had improved since the end of the war, Percy hated attending the anniversary event. The event reminded him of the death of Fred – his little brother taking a hit that was meant for him, but Fred selflessly pushed him out of the way and saved him.

Slowly, Marietta reached in and she within the piece of parchment. She read over it before crumpling the parchment into a ball and tossing it into the rubbish bin. Percy wanted to get together tonight.

Marietta sighed. Her relationship with Percy was complicated. While they had been together for almost a year, Marietta knew it wasn’t going to last. She wanted a mindless fling. Recently, Percy had started dropping hints about marriage, children, and a future together – everything Marietta didn’t want.

Percy was the long-term type of man. He wanted a wife and a family with two children.

Then Marietta was the short-term. She didn't like to plan ahead. She went wherever she fancied, sometimes with only a moment's notice.

As much as Marietta liked and adored Percy, she couldn't see a future with him. While they were
having fun together, they were long-term – endgame, as Cho called it.

Taking a piece of parchment, Marietta picked up her quill and she began to write, trying to form the words that would end her relationship with Percy. Marietta wasn’t good at breakup speeches, but Percy deserved the effort and he deserved to hear her say the words.

Chapter End Notes

No plans for a continuation.
089. Daylight

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Apollo/Hora Potter
Warnings: alternate universe; het; female!Harry Potter; and Harry is the Master of Death

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Fandom: Harry Potter; and Percy Jackson & The Olympians
Pairing: Apollo/Hora Potter
Warnings: alternate universe; het; female!Harry Potter; and Harry is the Master of Death
Prompt: (Scenario) female!Harry Potter is a legacy of Thanatos and she is training to become the next Goddess of Death.

This was requested by TheFatedReader and LivinLife.

The elements of this story are inspired by an older fanfiction story of mine called Queen of the Underworld.

089. Daylight

After the war with all the loss and all the death, Hora Potter found leaving England was an easy decision. There was too much loss, and she needed a change of scenery. While leaving England wasn't hard, it was hard leaving her close friends behind.

Hermione Granger and Ron Weasley were the closest thing she had to a family, and they were the best of friends. Close friends from the age of eleven, and they were through so much together. While they were close, they each realized it was time for them to go their separate ways. They experienced too much together, and life was pulling each of them in a different direction. It was time for each of them to find their own place in the world.

Ron dropped out of Hogwarts and he joined his older brother, George, in the joke shop, Weasleys Wizarding Wheezing. George needed the extra help while he grieved the loss of his twin brother, Fred. After the war and all the fighting, Ron had no interest in becoming an Auror or joining the Ministry of Magic.

Hermione returned to Hogwarts to complete her magical educations and take her NEWTs. She had plans of joining the Ministry and championing the rights of magical creatures. Her ambitions required an excellent education and even better connections. The connections were taken care of between
Hermione's own Order of Merlin, First Class, and her best friend, Hora. These connections opened several doors for Hermione.

As for Hora, she decided to travel. She had no interest in returning to Hogwarts, but she studied before taking her NEWTs. Hora had no desire to remain in England, and she wanted to travel. There was a whole world out there, and she wanted to see it.

The first place she decided to visit was Greece, the place of her ancestors. The Potters could trace their ancestry back to Ancient Greece. In fact, Ancient Greece was the origin of the family's surname, Potter. According to the records, Hora's many times great-grandfather was known as Julius the Potter. Those records were confusing, but nonetheless fascinating.

It was because of her ancestry that Hora went through the troubles of learning Greek and Ancient Greek in addition to Latin. Surprisingly, Hora found Ancient Greek easier to learn than Greek. Honestly, she thought it would be the reserve.

From the moment she first held the Wand, Thanatos knew she was the one. For centuries wizards and witches had tried to find his gifts – named Hallows by magical folk – in an effort to become the Master of Death.

The very thought of someone becoming his master showed the ignorance of mortal, magial folk. No one could master death. The idea was laughable. The idea of the Master of Death was dreamed by some desperate wizard scared of death. He wanted to be immortal. In his search for immortality, the wizard found the story of *A Tale of Three Brothers* in Greece. The wizard was convinced that acquiring the three gifts would make him the Master of Death, thus allowing him to live forever. In was thought this pathetic wizard *A Tale of Three Brothers* was changed and started circulating in Europe.

Thanatos found it amusing how the story changed over time. Antioch, Cadmus, and Ignatus Peverell were no mere wizards. They were Thanatos' sons. The three were some of his few demigod children, and Thanatos loved them dearly.

As he watched them age, Thanatos started thinking about the rest of his existence. As the God of Death, he wasn't allowed to fade like other minor gods and goddesses. In order for him to fade, he would need someone to take over for him – an heir, basically.

So, Thanatos turned his attention to his sons. He gifted each of them with a magical item of their request.

Antioch was a power-hungry fool. He dreamed of being powerful and feared – so much that people would fear the very *thought* of his name. He led to his own downfall. He had one error in requesting an unbeatable wand – the wand's eternal loyalty. The Wand would only be loyal to a worthy wielder. Only someone undefeated was worthy of an unbeatable wand.

Cadmus was a love-sick fool. He loved that daughter of Aphrodite from the moment he saw her.
When she died, Antioch refused to move on. He never understood why the dead couldn't come back. Thanks to the power of the Stone, Cadmus brought his beloved back. They enjoyed a few years together before his beloved became depressed. They had two children before her sadness drove him mad.

Ignotus was a soft-spoken lab. He was intelligent and he was often overlooked because of his brothers. He was quiet and he didn't strive to standout. Ignotus was happy with the Cloak to hide him. He didn't seek to hide from his father, he just wanted to be left alone from time to time.

Thanatos never told anyone the true pursue of the Gifts – to find him an heir. The Gifts would deem someone worthy of becoming the next God of Death.

Several centuries passed before Hora Potter came into possession of all three Gifts. She inherited the Cloak form her father. She was given the Stone by her deceased headmaster. She earned the Wand from Draco Malfoy when she stole his own wand, but she didn't come into possession of the Wand for a few months. The moment she possessed all three, Hora became the Heiress of Death.

Thanatos decided to watch and study his heiress before approaching her. She was rather fascinating. Born under a prophecy with the destiny to defeat a madman with trials worthy of the Gods between her and her destiny. She overcame and conquered each trial with the assistance of her friends. Her friends were worthy of passage to Elysium, which Thanatos informed Charon.

While traveling around Greece, Hora fell in love with the island of Crete. Finding and purchasing a house was rather simple. Hora wasn't ready to settle down and stop traveling, but she liked having a place to call “home” that wasn't one of her properties in England.

When she returned home after a visit to the market, Hora found a strange man seated at her bar with a cup of coffee and the newspaper. He glanced over Hora with honey gold eyes and a smile on his regal face. He was lean and muscular with shoulder-length black hair and dark skin. He wore tailored clothing.

Hora's eyes narrowed as she watched the man. There was something familiar about him, which put her on edge. She didn't recognize the man.

“Who are you?” she demanded with narrowed. The Elder Wand was in her hand.

The man's smile widened and his honey eyes were filled with amusement at the sight of the Wand. “You should know, Hora,” he answered. His appearance changed before her eyes. His clothes disappeared, replaced by a toga and dark wings made of feathers in shades of blues, blacks, and purples.

Hora's eyes widened as she lost her hold on a bag. It fell to her feet. “Thanatos,” she whsierped.

“How can I help you?” Hora asked, bending over to pick up her fallen bag.

She had only met Thanatos once, back when she died – killed by Voldemort's Killing Curse. Thanatos had appeared after her visit with Dumbledore. He explained that it wasn't her time yet and
he would be back for her one day.

Thanatos' smirk widened. Unlike most mortals, Hora didn't fear death. While she wasn't ready to die, she would neither run and hide nor plead for more time. “It's time to begin your training,” he announced. With a snap of his fingers, piles of books and paperwork appeared about the house.

Hora's eyes narrowed in confusion as she studied him.

“Congratulations, you're the Heiress of Death,” Thanatos announced. “In a matter of years, you'll be the new Goddess of Death.”

Hora's training took a total of four years. The first two years, Thanatos trained Hora in the mortal world as she traveled.

With Thanatos' frequent trips to visit Hora, some of the other gods and goddesses took notice, including Apollo. He took a special interest, due to Thanatos. Thanatos was one of the gods that didn't interact with others very much. He socialized with the other “Underworld” gods and goddesses. Most of the “Underworlders” and the “Olympians” didn't get along, choosing to ignore one another to the best of their abilities.

Apollo's interests increased when he saw the lovely young woman that Thanatos visited. It took a few days before Apollo recognized her. With the dyed red hair, tanned skin and nice figure, Hora Potter looked vastly different. He was vaguely familiar with Hora Potter and her prophecy since he was the God of Prophecies. Apollo was pleased to note that Hora had grown up nicely.

A year into her training, Apollo decided to visit Paris, France, as Hora was wondering around the City of Love. On that visit, she just happened to find love. Apollo found a new love interest, as well.

Over the following year, Hora and Apollo had a whirlwind affair. Some of the other gods and goddesses took notice of Apollo's new lady, but their interest waned. Thanatos noticed, but he said nothing as he watched them.

And the second two years were spent training in the Underworld. Hora moved into the Underworld where she was taken under the wing of Nyx and Erebus. Thanatos' parents were shocked to learn their son wanted to retire from the post of God of Death and he planned to fade in a few centuries. Nyx and Erebus knew their son well and they knew he might change his mind. Beside, Hora was their several times great granddaughter.

Chapter End Notes

Undecided on future.
090. I'll Be Waiting

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Tom Riddle/Myrtle Warren
Warnings: alternate universe; het; mild language; and out of character!Myrtle

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Fandom: Harry Potter
Pairing: Tom Riddle/Myrtle Warren
Warnings: alternate universe; het; mild language; and out of character!Myrtle
Prompts: (Pairing) Tom/Myrtle; and (Length) 391 words to 411 words

090. I'll Be Waiting

Myrtle had a few seconds to catch her breath before she started walking down the corridor. Every few steps, she would stop and peak into a compartment. She arrived on the Platform a few minutes before the express was scheduled to depart for Hogwarts, and she wanted to find a compartment. Unfortunately, most of the compartment seemed to be full.

After walking through three whole cars, she finally found a compartment that had space. There was only one occupant: a boy with dark hair. Myrtle knocked on the compartment door and opened it.

"Can I sit with you?" she asked.

The boy looked her over with chilly blue eyes before nodding his head once.

Myrtle offered him a smile before she opened the door wider, pulling her truck in behind her. She hauled the truck onto the seat across from the boy before she took sat down next to it.

"I'm Myrtle," she said with a smile.

"Tom," the boy said.

"What House do you think you'll be in?" Myrtle asked, trying to strike up a conversation.

"Slytherin," Tom answered with a smirk, "the House of Snakes. I like snakes."

Myrtle nodded. "Snakes are awesome," she agreed.
Tom's eyes lit up, and his expression shifted. “Why do you like snakes?”

“Snakes keep other people away from me,” she answered, recalling the time she used a snake on her little sister.

Tom's expression brightened. “Are you going to be in Slytherin too?”

“I don't know,” Myrtle shrugged. “I'm not too cunning or ambition. According to my mum, I'm a lazy and ungrateful bitch.”

Pressing his lips together, Tom smiled. “She sounds like Mrs. Cole,” he said. “I hate Mrs. Cole and other children.”

Myrtle returned the smile. “I don't like my family either,” she admitted. “My dad tried to have 'the demon' exorcised after my letter came. I ended up burning the priest.”

Tom's blue eyes warmed up. “You should be in Slytherin with me,” he said.

“We'll see.”

“If you want to be friends, you'll be by my side.” Tom's blue eyes flashed in warning.

“I will be.” Myrtle hadn't had a friend before. She wasn't about to let someone like Tom – that she could get along with – slip through her fingers.

A smirk settled on Tom's lips. “We'll rule Slytherin together,” he declared.

Myrtle smiled. She liked the sound of that.

“I'll be the undisputed king,” Tom stated, “and you'll be my queen.”

Chapter End Notes

There is a continuation of this: Before I Loved You (chapters 001 through 031).
When she went onto the “next great adventure”, Harrie Potter wasn't totally certain what she expected – a tearful and heartfelt reunion with her parents and Sirius; a meeting with Tom Marvolo Riddle; another chance to see Professor Dumbledore; or even a tense and standoffish interaction with a Malfoy, a Death Eater, or one of the Dursleys. What she didn't expect was to wake up in the arms of a vaguely familiar woman with dark hair, dark eyes, heavy brows, and a long, pallid face.

“What's her name, Mrs. Snape?” a nurse asked, fluffing her pillow.

“What's her name, Mrs. Snape?” the woman replied with a small smile.

The nurse nodded before leaving the room.

Oh bugger, the newly named Hortensia Snape thought as she looked up at her new mother. She was a Snape – and she had somehow traveled back in time. The question was simple: where was Severus Snape?

By being a Snape herself, Hortensia was related to Severus somehow. It was likely she was either an older sister or a younger sister. She couldn't decide which was worse.

While she understood Severus Snape better, she hadn't forgiven him for everything.
The answer came later that day when Eileen took her newborn daughter home. Tobias was passed out on the couch with an empty bottle dangling from his fingertips. As Eileen carried her further into the house, Hortensia found there was no sight or sign of Severus Snape anywhere.

It would appear that Hortensia was the older sister – assuming Severus Tobias Snape was ever born.

When Hortensia was two years old, she noticed Eileen Snape was pregnant again. It lined up with the vague timeline that she had, Severus should be born sometime in 1959 or 1960. Hortensia played the role of genius two year old as best she could.

Was she excited about having a little brother or a little sister?

No because then she would have to share her books and her toys.

Was she sure?

No because it would be nice to have a friend to play with. So, maybe she did like the idea of having a little brother or a little sister.

Which did she want more, a little brother or a little sister?

A little sister she could play dress-up with or dolls – though their dolls were made out of household items Hortensia found around the house and things from around the neighborhood. Of course, a little brother could be fun since she have someone to play the brave and daring knight in games of make believe.

Did she have any ideas for names?

There were a few, like Precious or Ken.

As the months passed, Hortensia watched as Eileen's stomach swelled, growing bigger each week. Eileen was excited while Tobias watched in disinterested. He would alter between glaring at his wife and at his daughter. It clear that he disliked his family.

On the ninth of January, Eileen and Tobias headed to the hospital in the early hours of the morning, leaving Hortensia sound asleep and home alone. When Hortensia awoke, she could only shake her head at her “parents” and their stupidity. It was times like these that they made the Dursleys look like competent guardians.

Several hours later, Tobias and Eileen returned home with their newborn son, Severus Tobias Snape – just like Hortensia expected.
Not sure if there will be anymore work in this 'verse. I don't like writing Severus Snape.
092. One and Only

He tried to smile as his twin brother rambled on and on, about something or another. Lorcan's mind was elsewhere – on his girlfriend. He didn't know what to do. Lucy made a clear that she wasn't going to wait around, forever. While she loved him, she wanted what her parents had: marriage and children. If Lorcan wasn't willing to give her that, then she would find someone who would.

Sighing, Lorcan leaned back in his seat.

Lysander stopped mid-sentence. He frowned as he watched his twin. “What's wrong?” he asked.

Lorcan shrugged. “Lucy,” he answered.

Lysander barely refrained from rolling his silver eyes at the mention of his brother's girlfriend. “What's going on?” he asked.

“She wants to get married,” Lorcan replied, shaking his head. They had been together for eight years – since their fourth year at Hogwarts. Part of those eight years were on and off, for a few weeks at a time.

Lysander perked up at the mentioned of marriage. The smile was quickly replaced by a frown as he watched his twin brother. It was easy to forget that Lorcan had commitment issues – it was one of the reasons Lorcan and Lucy broke up a few times in their Hogwarts years. “Why don't you want to get married?” he asked.

“Marriage doesn't mean we won't break up,” Lorcan answered.

With that answer, Lysander rolled his eyes. “There's nothing to keep anyone from breaking up,” he said. “When it comes to your relationship with Lucy, you have to trust yourself and her.”

Lorcan shrugged.

Lysander rolled his eyes, again. “Let me put it this way,” he began, “is there anyone you want that isn't Lucy?” Lysander knew the answer to the question, but this was something Lorcan needed to think about for himself.
Frowning, Lorcan shook his head. “I only want Lucy,” he replied. “I've only wanted her since I was fourteen.”

“Remember when she dated Dante,” Lysander said. “How did that make you feel?”

“I was mad,” Lorcan replied. “While I didn't want Lucy with anyone else, I wanted her to be happy and treasured. Dante couldn't do that. He was dating two other people at the same time.”

“When it comes to your future with Lucy, think about like this: you love Lucy; you don't want anyone but Lucy; you want Lucy to be happy; and Lucy is happy with you, but she wants marriage and a family,” Lysander explained. “What does that tell you?”

Lorcan frowned, a thoughtful expression crossing his features. “Can you help me shop for a promise ring?” he asked. “I'm not ready to propose, but I want Lucy to know that she's all I want – she's my one and only.”

Lysander smiled. “We can go now,” he suggested.

A look of panic crossed Lorcan's face, but he nodded. He felt it was a little too soon to look for a ring because he made the decision seconds ago. But it was important that he find a ring for Lucy. While Lorcan wasn't ready for marriage today, he saw a future with Lucy and she needed to know that.

Laughing, Lysander patted his brother on the back. “We should start at The Glass Slipper,” he said, “and I'll get M.J. to help us. She knows her sister best.”

Chapter End Notes

No plans for a continuation.
Hylda Bolton's eyes narrowed as she watched her father with the monster. Ramsey Snow was nothing more than a monster in human form. Hylda knew that better than anyone. The first time she met her so-called half-brother, Hylda was unsettled and unnerved by him. There was menacing gleam in his eyes that put her on edge.

She only needed a glimpse in his mind before deciding that Ramsey Snow was a monster. The few seconds she spent in his mind hunted her, replaying whenever she was in his presence.

Try as she might, Hylda hadn't been able to kill him. She had nothing against killing, but she found it extremely difficult to actively kill a member of her own family. Additionally, kinslaying was taboo, going against the Old Gods – the very deities that sent her here.

Her hands curled into fists as Roose Bolton turned to his son and heir, Domeric Bolton. Domeric was returning home for the first time in years since he had been sent to the Vale to squire for Lord Horton Redfort. While she couldn't see Ramsey, Hylda knew he was up to something.

She was forced to watch as Domeric happily embraced Ramsey, with a smile and more enthusiasm than she could remember. Hylda knew her older brother longed for a brother. He had said so on
many occasions. With time, Hylda had hoped he would change his mind. As she watched him pat Ramsey on the back, she knew that that was hopeless.

Squaring her shoulders and lifting her head up, Hylda assumed the mask of dutiful daughter. She offered her older brother a courtesy as he approached.

“Welcome home, Domeric,” she said, her tone neutral and polite.

Domeric offered her a nod as he said, “It's Ser Domeric.”

Her green eyes narrowed at the sound of his harsh tone, but she said nothing.

Within a few minutes, Roose was ushering his children and his household into the Dreadfort. Hylda watched as Domeric and Ramsey followed their father into the dining hall. Turning on her heels, Hylda headed back outside to the weirwood. She needed sometime to herself.

...  

In the moon following Domeric return home, Hylda watched from a distance as Domeric and Ramsey bonded. Despite Ramsey's status as a bastard, he was clearly Domeric's favorite sibling. The realization filled Hylda with a sense of bitterness. That feeling grew as she watched Ramsey grow more bold and cocky. He had started ordering the servants around, declaring his orders were Domeric's. In fear of their jobs and skin, the servants were quick to follow.

As Ramsey grew more bold, he started making comments on his half-sister. His eyes were trail after her, watching her movements. A cruel smile formed on his worm lips as he leaned close in discussion with Domeric.

Things took a turn for the worst when Ramsey tripped Hylda's wards one night. He was trying to enter her room. While they were family, he had no right to visit her personal chambers. She was woman, grown and bled. No male, outside of her father and the maester, had a right to enter her chambers.

Hylda's eyes narrowed as she felt her magic hum under her skin. Something needed to be done and fast. There were a few options. One was Ramsey: he would needed to be removed from the Dreadfort or killed. The second was herself. The best thing for her would be to marry.

Out of the options, Hylda's decision was quickly made. She wanted to leave the Dreadfort, which meant she needed to find a husband. Of course, that was easier said than done. Roose Bolton was a power-hungry man and he wanted the best match possible for his only daughter.

Luckily, Hylda knew the best match her father could make in the North.

She would need to marry into House Stark, and there were only two men of marriage age. Jon Snow won't be considered. He was a bastard and he was fourth in line to inheritant Winterfell, behind his trueborn brothers.

The only option, really, was Robb Stark.
The next morning, Hylda had new guards placed on her chamber doors with strict orders from her father barring entry to any male, regardless of relation. With a few words about Ramsey lingering around her chambers had her father acting quickly with a dark expression.

Taking a seat in the small library, Hylda summoned parchment and a quill. She started composing a letter to Lord Stark. It was a basic letter, relaying an update on the castle and the nearby villages. When she was done writing the letter, she placed several Compulsion Charms on the parchment. Lord Stark would feel the need to come and visit within the next moon cycling, bringing his eldest son with him.

When the letter was completed, Hylda slipped into a stack of letters for the maester to send off.

A few days later, Lord Stark sent a letter to Roose. The man’s lips thinned at the sight of his liege lord’s direwolf seal before he opened the letter. His dark eyes narrowed as he sat the letter down. Bent over the accounting ledger, Hylda smiled to herself. Her plan was working. Of course, that was the easy part.

The hard part was seducing Robb Stark into marriage. Hylda's hope was she could make him easily fall in love with her. It was rumored that Lord Stark had a soft heart for his children and he wanted the best for them. She was hoping to exploit that by making Robb want her to be the source of his happiness.

Hylda bit her lip as she tried to think of ways to make the young man fall in love with her. If all else failed, there was a love potion. But Hylda was more likely to kill Ramsey than dose someone with a love potion.

At dinner that night, Hylda smiled as a plan began to form in her mind. According to her lord father, Lord Stark was coming for a visit in a few days. He was bringing his two eldest sons. He sent a long look to Domeric and Ramsey.

If Robb was anything like Domeric, Hylda needed to try and befriend his half-brother. She hoped and prayed that Jon Snow was nothing like Ramsey Snow.

Chapter End Notes

No sure of the future.
There were so many other places Cho would rather be at this moment than attending her school reunion. The top of that list might or might not include paperwork under Moody's watchful eye. Unfortunately, she wouldn't be going anywhere anytime soon. She was assigned to be here.

Cho snorted into her drink at the thought. She was being forced – and paid – to attend her school reunion – the same reunion most of her former classmates were eager to attend. Ten years ago, Cho would have been one of them. A lot changed in her ninth year when her boyfriend, Cedric, was murdered. It was Cedric’s murder – and the case going cold – that propelled Cho into a law enforcement career.

Glancing up, Cho looked over the mingling people. There wasn't really anyone she wanted to talk to. With a sigh, she set her drink down before she started to move around the room. Everyone was within view of the button-cam on her blouse.

“Go girl,” the voice of Moody filled her ear through the ear-piece. “Make sure you get a look at everyone.”

“OMG!” squealed the voice of Marietta, Cho’s former best friend. “If it isn't Officer Cho herself.”


Marietta rolled her eyes. “Whatever!” she declared. “We totally need to catch up.”

“Call me.” Cho walked away as quickly as she could. Since she wasn't paying attention, she walked into someone.
“You alright there?” the person asked, trying to steady her.

Cho's eyes widened at the sight of her savior. “Harry!”

“Cho,” he smiled. “I've been looking all over for you.”

“Really?”

“I've missed you.”

Cho blushed. Years ago, she had a crush on Harry. She liked him while she was dating Cedric. It seemed that those feeling hadn't faded – based off her rapid heartbeat.


There was a smacking noise followed by Shacklebolt ordering everyone back to work.

“C-can we do this later?” Cho asked. This was something she wanted to do in private – when her co-workers weren't watching them.

Harry's face fell.

“I-I want to have this conversation away from here – this place and these people.”

“How about dinner, tomorrow at eight?” he asked, brightening up a little.

Cho turned bright red.

“Just accept, girl,” Moody ordered. “I'll make sure you have the night off – come hell or high water.”


Harry beamed. “Where should I pick you up?”

Cho rattled off her work address.

Harry's eyes narrowed before they fell on her button-cam. “Are you working now?”

Wordlessly, Cho nodded.

“Is it about Cedric?”

“And Goldstein,” she added.

Harry nodded, a curious expression in eyes. He didn't push for additional information. “Is there anything...lingering for Cedric?”

Cho shrugged. “I miss him, and he deserves justice,” she explained, “but I'm not hung up on my high school boyfriend.” She was hung up on her high school crush.

Harry smiled. “Call me later?” he asked, handing her a business card.

Cho nodded, watching as Harry walked away and he struck up a conversation with Ron.
Chapter End Notes

No plans for a continuation.
When Halie Potter stumbled out of the fireplace, there was a sinking feeling in her gut. She fumbled around, trying to find her glasses as the feeling in her gut twisted, making her feel more unsettled. Her right hand made contact with her glasses, which she quickly pulled on. With a few blinks, things slowly focused.

She was in unfamiliar place. Everything was covered in dust, and it looked like a dingy shop of some kind. Looking around, Halie grew nervous. Where was she?

This wasn't Diagon Alley.

Halie had no clue where she was.

Picking herself up off of the floor, she glanced around. There had to be something that could clue her into her location. All Halie found was dust, mold, and creepy objects. Wherever she was, she wanted to leave. This place was horrible.

A bell tinkled, causing her to jump. She glanced in the direction of noise, spotting a door. Someone had entered the shop. Not wanting be caught, Halie looked around for a place to hide. Her eyes fell on a nearby wooden cabinet.

Halie walked over to the cabinet, and she opened the doors. Quickly, she climbed into the cabinet, pulling the door shut. Leaning her head against the wall, she waited for whoever it was to leave.
“Draco, don't touch anything,” a voice she had never heard before ordered.

Her eyes narrowed. She only knew one person with the first name Draco, but this had to be a coincidence.

“Yes, father,” a familiar voice replied. There was no coincidence. That voice belonged to Draco Malfoy.

Halie's heart started to pound. She wasn't fond of Malfoy. He reminded her too much of Dudley, her spoiled cousin. They were both spoilt and bullies, who were used to getting their way, and when they didn't get their way, then used their parents or hid behind an authority figure.

Lifting a hand, Halie tried to hold in a sneeze by covering her nose and mouth. This cabinet was full of dust. She focused on breathing as slowly as possible. Why did she have to feel the urge to sneeze now of all times?

Trying to focus on other things, Halie watched through the crack of the cabinet doors. Malfoy was disowning his father's orders, which didn't surprise Halie too much. Halie watched as Malfoy picked up a crystal. He turned it over.

A moment later, footsteps sounded. Malfoy glanced around before he tossed the crystal into the cabinet. Halie bit her lip when the crystal made contact with her before bouncing onto the wood.

The moment the crystal made contact with her, she felt an intense pain and an overwhelming dizziness. The pain burned, like the time Aunt Petunia seared her hands on the stovetop, but worse. Halie clenched her eyes shut, feeling like she was spinning and spinning all too fast. The sensation went faster and faster and faster – until it suddenly stopped.

All of it stopped.

The pain was gone, and the dizziness and the spinning were gone.

Halie leaned back against the cabinet wall, trying to calm down and gather herself.

As she relaxed, Halie sneezed.

The doors to cabinet were thrown opened, and a wand was thrust in.

Halie slid further down the wall of the cabinet. “Sorry,” she whispered. Life with the Dursleys had taught her several things, like the importance of apologizing – even if she hadn't gone anything.

“What are you?” a male voice demanded. This voice was low and deep, sounding older than Malfoy but not as old as an adult.

Slowly and cautiously, Halie allowed her eyes to drift upwards. The young man, probably around fifteen years old, was rather handsome. He had pale skin with jet black hair and dark eyes. Looking closely at those eyes, Halie determined they were a dark green in color – several shades darker than her own. But those eyes were similar to her own. They were lonely.

“Are you alright?” Halie asked, knowingly speaking Parseltongue.

Shock appeared on the young man's face before it was replaced by a mask of pleasure and smug determination. The wand that was previously pointed at Halie was removed, placed securely in the young man's pocket. He reached out, offering Halie a hand.
Halie eyed the hand for a few seconds before taking it. The young man helped pull her out of the cabinet.

“How old are you, emerald?” the young man asked.

Halie frowned at the term of endearment. At least it was better than Aunt Petunia’s ‘dearie’ and Mrs. Weasley’s ‘Mollywoobles.’ “Twelve,” she replied. “What about you?”

“Fifteen,” replied the young man with a smirk.

“My name’s Halie,” she offered.

The young man smirked, answering, “I’m Tom Marvolo Riddle.”

Halie nodded, offering him a smile. “Where are we?” she asked, glancing around the store. Her eyed it in distaste. This place reminded her of some of the second hand stores Aunt Petunia took her to.

“Borgin and Burkes,” Tom replied, a frown crossing his lips. How did she not know where she was?

Halie tilted her a head. She didn't know where that was.

“Knockturn Alley?” Tom offered.

Shaking her head, Halie glanced around. “I was flooing, and I ended up here,” she muttered. “I hid when Malfoy and his father entered.”

Listening to her story, Tom's mind was whirling. The only Malfoy he knew was Abraxas, and last he heard, Malfoy Senior had ran off with another witch, leaving his son and his wife behind. “Where were you headed?” Tom asked.

“Diagon Alley,” Halie answered. “I need to get my textbooks.” She rummaged around in her pocket before pulling out a piece of folded parchment. Unfolding it, she offered it to Tom.

Taking the offered parchment, Tom's eyebrows rose. This parchment was dated July 1992, which was decades from now. Halie seemed to be unaware she traveled back in time, which was supposed to be impossible. “Come on,” he said, offering the girl his arm.

Halie eyed the arm for a moment before taking it. While she didn't know Tom, there was something familiar about him.

... 

After escorting Halie to Diagon Alley, Tom stopped off at the post office to send an owl to his Head of House, Horace Slughorn. Out of all the Hogwarts staff, Slughorn was Tom's favorite. Hopefully the man would be able to assist them, somehow. Though Tom didn't know how to assist Halie. In fact, Tom didn't want Halie to leave – to return to her own time. He wanted to keep her here with him.

They were alike.
If Tom got his way, Halie would be *his*. She would never leave him.

After sending the letter, Tom took Halie to a small teashop, Rosa Lee Teabag, where he ordered a pot of tea and some biscuits. The pair enjoyed their tea with a light conversation, mostly revolving around the food and the tea.

“What house are you in?” Halie asked, changing the subject. “I’m in Gryffindor.”

Raising an eyebrow, Tom mentally ran over all of the Gryffindors he knew in second and third year. While he didn't know many of them by name, he didn't recognize Halie as a Hogwarts student. “I'm a Slytherin,” he responded after a moment.

Halie frowned as her eyes narrowed. “No, you're not,” she replied. “You'd be a fourth year or a fifth year, and I know all of the Slytherins. There's no one by the name of Tom Riddle in Slytherin.”

“Halie, when were you born?” Tom asked. There were several inconsistencies that couldn't logically be explained. Tom didn't recognize her as a Gryffindor, and she didn't recognize him as a Slytherin.


“Halie, it's 1943,” Tom said, his voice low. Pulling out his wand, he cast a few enchantments to prevent someone from eavesdropping on them.

“No, it's 1992,” Halie argued. “And you're not supposed to do magic outside of school.”

“Cast the Time Charm,” Tom ordered.

Halie's green eyes narrowed.

“Trust me, emerald,” he said.

Pulling out her wand, she cast the charm. Her eyes widened and she dropped her wand in shock when she saw the results. *Nineteenth of August of 1943*.

Turning to look at Tom, she watched as he cast the charm a few times.

Shock, confused, and dazed, Halie collapsed backwards in her chair. Everything she knew was gone, along with everyone.

Tears entered her eyes as she thought about everyone and everything she had lost – or left behind. All of her belongings were gone, including the few things she had of her parents. Those were the items she mourned the most.

As she mourned the loss of everything, she realized she also lost her title of The Girl-Who-Lived and the fame that went with it. Some of the tears stopped. She had never cared for the title and the fame that went along with it.

No everything she lost was worth mourning, but there were several items that she would miss, like her photo album and Hedwig and the Cloak of Invisibility.

...
That night, Tom checked them into The Leaky Caldron. He knew Professor Slughorn wouldn't arrive until the morning. Tom got a room with two twin beds. There wasn't much of conversation that night. Halie took a shower before crawling into one of the beds, leaving Tom up with his thoughts.

He watched her as she slept.

Halie would be his.

Chapter End Notes

No plans or ideas for the future.
096. Someone Like You

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Daphne Greengrass/Seamus Finnigan
Warnings: alternate universe; and het

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Fandom: Harry Potter
Pairing: Daphne Greengrass/Seamus Finnigan
Warnings: alternate universe; and het
Prompts: (Pairing) Daphne/Seamus; and (Length) 437 words to 457 words

096. Someone Like You

For the first time in ten years, she was back home. At seventeen, she left the country with just the clothes on her back and her wand. After the Minister was killed, Sophie Roper knew it wasn't safe. Her family left for safety.

Sophie was back, and she was ready to resume her life. Walking through Diagon Alley, she was amazed by how little had changed. She stopped in front of Flourish and Blotts. This was where Seamus was said to be.

Taking a deep breath and squaring her shoulders, Sophie walked into the bookstore. It was only a matter of minutes until they were reunited. Over the years, Sophie had envisioned their reunion playing out in various manners, but they all ended with her and Seamus sharing a passionate kiss and declaring their undying love for one another. There was a small crowd gathered. From what she understood, Daphne Greengrass was a promising writing. Rita Skeeter had dubbed her the Writer of the Century – despite the fact the twenty-first century hadn't progress that far.

Once she was inside, Sophie quickly located Seamus on the second floor. With a spring in her step, Sophie quickly dashed up the stairs towards Seamus. She stopped two feet away, hiding behind a bookcase, as she took a moment to catch her breath and think about what she wanted to say.

“Seamus,” another witch said. “Thanks for coming!”

“There's nowhere else I would rather be,” Seamus whispered, his tone soft and gentle.

Sophie frowned, glancing around the bookcase. Seamus had his arms wrapped around Daphne Greengrass.
Red hot jealous and rage filled Sophie at the sight of their embrace. For some reason, unknown to her, Sophie remained in her hiding spot, listening. From her position, she watched as they exchanged a tender kiss.

“So,” Sophie said, breaking their moment.

Seamus' eyes widened. “Sophie,” he said.

“I can see you've move on,” she said. “You couldn't keep your promise.”

Seamus' eyes narrowed. “I was young and in love,” he explained, “and you up and left – without a word. What was I supposed to do?”

“You promised to always love me,” Sophie hissed.

“I did,” he admitted, “but you promised to be faithful and truthful. You left without a word.”

“That doesn't change the fact that you cheated on me!”

“How could he cheat on you?” Daphne asked. “You disappeared.”

“We never broke up.”

“Well, considered yourselves broken up. You haven't seen or heard from each other in over ten years.”

“Well, I'm back.”

“There's one problem with that: me. We're engaged, and I'm not going anywhere.”

“Sophie,” Seamus said, cutting in, “I think you need to leave. We're over – since you left. You should move on. I have.”

Chapter End Notes

No plans for a continuation
It was said that Prince Lewyn Martell kept a paramour throughout his service of King Aerys II. When the realm was pledged into civil war over the murder of a Lord Paramount and his heir, Prince Lewyn took a moment to think. While he knew the royal family would prevail, he didn't know what the cost would be or how long it would take.

As her prepared to send his lover, Alys Sand, and their daughter, Rhaena Waters, back to Dorne, he was visited by his favorite niece. Princess Elia was worried. She came to him late one night – while Lord Jon Arryn called his bannermen and the Northern and the Stormlander troops marched.

“Uncle,” Elia said, her tone filled with desperation and her eyes with worry, “I need your help.”

Lewyn tried to offer his niece a comforting smile. “What is it, my dear?”

“I need you send Rhaenys to Dorne,” she stated with tears in her eyes. “I want to trade your Rhaena for my Rhaenys.”

The request threw Lewyn off. “Rhaenys will be safest here with you,” he told her, “with me and the others to guard her.

Elia shook her head. “She won't,” she stated. “You've heard the king.”
A chill ran through Prince Lewyn as he recalled the king’s latest words, said over dinner that night. Since Rhaenys was little more than a filthy Rhoynar, the fire would cleanse her and leave behind a true dragon. If Rhaenys didn’t survive then Elia would have to do her duty and provide the crown with another daughter. Aegon needed a sister to wed. Aerys was willing to assist with the conception since his heir was away somewhere with his wolf-bitch.

“The king won’t do anything,” Lewyn told her. There was lingering doubt in his words.

Elia looked at him, long and hard. “You don’t believe that,” she stated, “at least, not completely.” She sighed, wrapping her arms around herself.

Unable to think of comforting words, Lewyn wrapped an arm around his niece.

“I need to know my daughter is,” the princess explained. “Even if she can’t be with me, I need her to be safe.”

The heartfelt pleas of a loving mother made Prince Lewyn agree to talk to Alys.

... 

A moon cycle later found Alys Sand seated in the Water Gardens. She leaned back, watching as Rhaenys played and splashed around with her cousin Obara Sand. Her heart longed for her own sweet Rhaena, who was masquerading as the young princess back in the Red Keep.

A weight on her stomach drew her attention downward. Balerion, Rhaenys’ cat, was curling up on her pregnant belly. Alys smiled, reaching out to pet the cat, who purred underneath her fingertips.

As she tried to get comfort, Alys’ mind drifted towards the ongoing war. News traveled to Dorne slowly. The last she had heard was Prince Rhaegar leading the royal forces towards the Trident where a rebel camp was rumored to be. Prince Lewys was among those royal forces.

Knowing her lover as she did, Alys knew he was a fierce warrior. He would have little difficulty fighting and slaying the rebels, but she still worried. She knew things weren’t easily predictable in war. There was no such thing as a garneeted victory.

Feeling the babe kick on her stomach, Alys pushed all thoughts of war from her mind. She had more important things to focus on, like her children. In five moons she would be able to hold her new babe in her arms. Hopefully Lewyn would be by her side, ready to greet his newborn child.

... 

When Alys learned of Lewyn's death at the Battle of the Trident, all she wanted was to hold her daughter close. That wasn't possible since Rhaena was miles away in the capital, being held hostage by King Aerys II. While Alys was filled with bitterness at the thought of the king, she knew Princess Elia would do everything in her power to keep Rhaena safe. Lewyn was slayed by Ser Lyn Corbray.

As she mourned the loss of her beloved, Alys handed the care of Rhaenys off to the servants.
Rhaenys sent her days playing with her cousins, the daughters of Prince Doran and Prince Oberyn.

A moon and a half after the death of Prince Lewyn, Alys went into an early labor. She was taken into the birthing chambers and the maester worked hard to deliver her son. Alys had a few moments with her son, long enough to name him Olyvar, before she overcome by blood loss. The maester worked hard to try and save her, but she died two days later.

When Rhaenys was presented with her “brother,” she took the young boy with a small smile. While she didn't know what was going on, she knew she was pretending to be Rhaena Waters until the war was over or Auntie Alys told the grownups the truth.

Rhaenys was lost and confused when Auntie Alys died two days later and she heard the Targaryens in King’s Landing were killed – King Aerys II at the sword of Ser Jaime Lannister, Princess Elia Martell and Prince Aegon Targaryen by Ser Gregor Clegane, and “Princess Rhaenys Targaryen” by Ser Amory Lorch.

She was forced to watch as people cried and mourn the loss of Princess Elia and her children, cursing the Baratheon and Lannister names. Rhaenys wanted to tell everyone the truth, but she couldn't. She had to look after Olyvar, like she promised Uncle Lewyn.

Pulling the babe close, she vowed, “It's you and me now, Ollie.”

In her arms, Ron Weasley didn't know what to do.

... 

Olyvar Sand was an unusal child. As a babe, he rarely cried. He was content to be held and listening to people read or talk. As he grew up, Olyvar was quick to master skills, like sitting up, walking, talking, feeding himself, and using the chamberpot.

His closest compaign was his older sister. Some of the adults worried about how she would respond to her little brother. The young girl understood that she gained a brother and lost her mother in the process. There was fear that she would resent her brother for the loss of her mother. Luckily, those fears proved fruitless.

From a young age, Olyvar knew there was something different about his sister. She was slow to respond to her name and she would flinch at times. Other times she would run off, crying. It wasn't until he had a better grasp on his magic that he understood – after peeking in his sister’s mind.

Apparently, his sister was dead and his cousin was alive, pretending to be Rhaena. Once he learned the truth, Olyvar started to form a plan. No one knew. It was a huge secret. He had no doubt Oberyn and Doran would welcome their niece, but it was too dangerous. It was best if Rhaenys continued to be Rhaena Waters.

He took a few days to think and plan. Rhaenys was the rightful queen. She was only surviving child of Prince Rhaegar Targarten. Viserys Targaryen was alive somewhere in Essos and he knew Oberyn and Doran were scheming and plotting, wanting him on the throne. The moment they learned Rhaenys was alive and in their household, they would abandoned Viserys and support her.

If Rhaenys wanted that blasted throne and to be queen, Olyvar would do everything in his power to make it happen. As he watched Rhaenys change the sheets on their beds, he vowed to protect her.
He would act as her protector and knight, being the head of her Queensguard or the Hand to her Queen. Olyvar had a feeling he would be competing with Obara to be the leader of the Queensguard.

“Rhae,” he called with her a childish smile, “play with me?”

Rhaenys smiled in agreement. “Let me grab Elia and Trystan,” she said.

“No,” Olyvar said, shaking his head. “Let's play, just you and me.”

Her smile turned downward as she stared at her brother. “Are you up to something?” she asked.

“I wanna show you something,” Olyvar declared. “It's a secret.”

Rhaenys' smile returned and she laughed. “All right,” she agreed.

Olyvar smiled to himself. His cousin-sister wouldn't know what hit when she saw his magic.

Chapter End Notes

I don't really know where to take this. I like the idea. The focus would be on Olyvar training and getting himself ready to assist his cousin in claiming her inheritance. Along the way, Obara and the Sand Snakes would get involved leading to Oberyn and Doran discovering the truth. I don't have much of a plan for pairings. I can see Olyvar with Sarella Sand or Elia Sand while I would pair Rhaenys with Jon Snow. They'll do as Targaryens do and keep it in the family.

If I do pursue this idea further, I would probably look at trying find a way to include Hermione and Harry, making it a Golden Trio in Westeros adventures.

Timeline
–280 AC: Princess Rhaenys Targaryen was born, the daughter of Prince Rhaegar Targaryen and Princess Elia Martell. A moon later, Rhaena Sand was born, the bastard daughter of Prince Lewyn Martell and Alys Sand, his paramour.
–282 AC: As Robert's Rebellion started, Princess Elia asked her uncle, Prince Lewys of the Kingsguard, to send Princess Rhaenys to Dorne in place of his own daughter, Rhaena. Prince Lewys and Alys agreed to the swap.
–283 AC: Rhaena Waters was murdered by Ser Amory Lorch in the Sack of King's Landing while Ser Gregor Clegane murdered Prince Aegon Targaryen before raping and murdering Princess Elia Martell. Back in the Water Gardens, Alys Sand went into an early labor, giving birth to a son, Olyvar Sand, that claimed her life. Olyvar Sand was Ron Weasley reincarnated.
–287 AC: Olyvar Sand learned the truth about Rhaenys Targaryen being Rhaena Waters. He began to plan, knowing his cousin-sister was the true queen. He would protect her and see her happy. If she wanted that Iron Throne then it would be hers.
When she was younger, Ronnie Weasley was best friends with Luna Lovegood and Ginny Weasley, her younger sister. Ronnie was a year older than the two girls, but that didn't seem to matter as they played together. None of their older brothers had an interest in playing with Ronnie or Ginny, and there weren't a lot of magical children in the village. So, they made due with one another and Luna.

Things changed when Ronnie turned eight. Ginny decided she didn't want to be friends with her older sister anymore. Apparently, Ronnie was bossy and controlling, and Ginny was tired of playing house and make believe adventures. Since she didn't want to be friends anymore, Ginny decided she didn't want to share any friends with Ronnie, and she made Luna chose between them. Luna chose Ginny, for some reason.

At the age of eight, Ronnie found herself doomed to a lonely existence. Ginny didn't want to be her friend or play with her. Luna sided with Ginny. Her older brother had little interest in Ronnie, preferring to play together. Her father was busy with work at the Ministry and playing with his muggle toys in the shed, and her mother was busy with six other children and a large property to look after.

Ronnie would go days without talking to anyone – beyond a few muttered words at the table. She was lonely with only books for company. Those books quickly turned boring as she read them again and again. Her brother Percy was unwilling to share his books.

In search of friends and contact with other people, Ronnie found herself befriendiing Cedric Diggory,
a boy who lived nearby with his parents. His father, Amos, worked at the Ministry. Cedric was two years older, and he was nice. He was a well-mannered boy with brown hair, grey eyes, and dimples. Within days of being friends, Ronnie had a crush on him. His smiles made her heart flutter and his laughter was music to her ears.

It wasn't long before some of Ronnie's siblings were interested in being friends with Cedric as well. Molly made her daughter share her new best friend, despite the girl's pleas and tears.

Ginny thought he was handsome and she wanted to play house with him – Cedric as the daddy, her the mummy, and Luna their baby. During her games of pretend, Ginny would try to kiss Cedric, who would smile and move his head, causing her to miss.

Meanwhile Fred and George wanted to play Quidditch with Cedric. They were all men, and Quidditch was a man's sport. Each time the twins tried to play a game with him, Cedric would drag Ronnie along. In a game of Quidditch, they needed even teams.

Their friends was short lived as Cedric turned eleven and September approached. He would be starting Hogwarts – like Ronnie's older brothers.

“I'll miss you,” Ronnie whispered one night in late August. Cedric would be leaving in a few days, and she wouldn't see him until December.

Cedric smiled, pulling her into a hug. “You'll be with me before you know it,” he vowed.

Ronnie smiled, burying her head in his chest. “I don't want you to go,” she confessed. “You're gonna go and make new friends and forget all about me.”

Running a hand through her red hair, Cedric said, “I'll never forget you. You're my best friend. I can't promise I won't make other friends, but no one will be as important as you.”

“Promise?” Ronnie asked, holding out her pinky.

“I promise,” Cedric whispered, wrapping his pinky around hers. “You'll always be the most important person to me.”

Ronnie offered him a watery smile. “Same,” she whispered.

Their magic intertwined and twisted, pulsing with warmth. It was comforting feeling that lulled Ronnie to sleep in her best friend's arms.

Cedric watched her drifted off to sleep with a fond smile. “You're silly, Ronnie,” he muttered in the quiet room. “If I didn't love you so much then I wouldn't put up with your siblings.” He shook his head, smile in place. “Family's important to a Weasley: Family, ?, Courage.”

He ran a hand through her red locks. “You don't know it, yet,” he whispered, “but we're meant to be – me and you.”

From his time in the Weasley household, Cedric noticed Arthur and Molly failed to teach their children about pure-blood culture and society. While a young witch was allowed to wear her hair down, no one outside of family was allowed to play with it. When a witch started attending Hogwarts, her hair needed to be pulled back. By allowing Cedric to play her hair, Ronnie had unknowingly pledge herself to him in marriage.

When Cedric realized her lack of knowledge, he sat down with his parents. They had a long and serious discussion. Like their forefathers in the Potter line, a Diggory man fell in love once – it was
hard and fast – and he would take no other for his wife. Amos and Mary encouraged him to pursue Ronnie, and Mary promised to start teaching the girl when Cedric headed off to Hogwarts.

Chapter End Notes

I like some of the elements of this. This is something I want to continue at some point. I've been toying with the idea of a genderbend!Golden Trio, and this could be a start. I might try my hand at male!Hermione.
A smirk crossed Lavender Brown's lips as she stalked through the streets of Diagon Alley. People parted like the Red Sea to allow her to walk freely through the shopping district. Being bit and turned by Fenrir Greyback was the best thing to ever happen to her. Becoming a werewolf had opened up so many doors. People fell over themselves to help or please her.

With ease, Lavender strolled past people and the shop-fronts. She eyed some of the displays, thinking about her upcoming anniversary. It was two years, and her girl deserved something sparkly.

Lavender stopped when she came across The Glass Slipper's storefront. There were numerous large and sparkly jewelry pieces in the window display. While these were more in Lavender's taste, she

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Shining bright like a diamond.
We're beautiful like diamonds in the sky.
—“Diamonds” by Rihanna from Unapologetic

---

099. Diamond
could see Cho proudly wearing whatever.

Lavender wanted only the best for Cho. Her girl was worth it – and so much more.

Decision made, Lavender stepped inside of the front. There were two employees – one sales-witch flipping through the latest issue of *Witch Weekly* and the other filing her nails. Upon her entry, a bell rang, though neither employee looked up at her.

Lavender's eyes narrowed. Standing in front of the door, she cleared her throat.

The witch reading the magazine, waved her hand, as if trying to dismiss Lavender. The other witch glanced up, taking in Lavender's appearance before returning to her nails.

“Are neither of you going to assign me?” Lavender asked. She wasn't use to wait. People waited on her – hand and foot.

“No, you're, like, not worth our time,” the magazine-reading witch answered, her tone snotty.

“We know you're type,” the nail-filing witch continued. “You'll look, find something, and leave without purchasing it.”

Lavender's eyes flashed amber as she felt her temper rise. Despite their attitudes and dismissals, she decided to look at the jewelry. Her girl deserved something spectacular.

Within a few minutes, Lavender found a jewelry set – a necklace and a set of earrings – that were worthy of Cho. There was a ring that would go nicely with the set. Of course, the only rings a witch wore were her engagement ring and wedding ring.

Spotting one ring, Lavender looked for another three rings – an engagement ring for herself, and a set of match wedding rings. The wedding rings were found easily, and an engagement ring for herself followed within a few minutes.

Selections made, Lavender turned her attention to the witches.

“I'd like to make a purchase,” she stated.

The witch working on her nails glanced up. Her eyes narrowed as she took in Lavender's appearance. “How can you afford anything from here?” she demanded, snorting with laughter.

The magazine-reading witch looked up and joined in.

“Get me Madame Shimmer now!” Lavender demanded, her eyes turning amber as she lost control of her temper.

Both of the witches went white in terror. The magazine-reading one scrambled over to assign Lavender.

“What are you looking for today?” she asked.

“Madame Shimmer, now,” she repeated, her eyes amber.

“Please, not the madame,” the nail-filing witch begged. “She'll fire us for being rude.”

“Now!” Lavender roared.

The witch shook her head as her co-worker ran to the back.
Lavender and the nail-filing witch stood with Lavender glaring at the other witch.

“I've made a call,” announced the magazine-reading witch, coming back into the room. She shared a smirk with her co-worker. “And everything will be taken care of.”

There was something in her tone that raised Lavender's suspicions. Keeping an eye on those two girls, Lavender pointed out the jewelry set and the rings she wanted to buy.

As the nail-filing witch was totaling her costs, five aurors rushed into the store with their wands raised.

“That's her!” declared the magazine-reading witch, pointing at Lavender. “She's the one offering us the bite in exchange for a discount.”

One of the aurors stepped forward. “Lavender, what's going on?” demanded Lisa Turpin. Lisa was a close friend of Cho's.

“I'm trying to make a purchase,” she answered, indicating to the jewelry. “When I entered the store, these two ignored me and told me that I wasn't worth their time because I wasn't a valued customer.”

Lavender glared at the two sales-witches as she continued, “Despite their attitudes, I looked around and found those items. When I said I was done and ready to pay, they continued to ignore me. Naturally, I lost my temper and demanded Madame Shimmer. When they saw my eyes, they begged and pleaded with me not to tell Madame Shimmer. Instead of getting the owner, they called you guys.”

Lisa nodded, turning to look at the other aurors.

“Will you be willing to testify to that in court?” asked one of the aurors. “With or without the use of veritaserum.”

“I'll provide you with a copy of my memories,” Lavender stated.

“Why do you believe her?” demanded the magazine-reading witch.

One of the auror's rolled their eyes as asked the sales-witches for their version of events.

“She barged in here, demanding anything and everything,” the magazine-reading witch explained. “As we tried to help her, she was rude. Nothing we could do or say was good enough. When it came time to pay, she said she was entitled to everything for free because she's a werewolf. When we said that wasn't acceptable, she offered us each the bite. We declined and called you.”

“Are you willing to testify to that in court?” the auror asked. “With or without the use of veritaserum.”

The magazine-reading witch agreed while her co-worker hesitated.

“W-why would you need to veritaserum?” the nail-filing witch asked.

“Those are serious accusation,” the auror explained. “We would want to prosecute to the full extend of the law. If she's found guilty, Miss Brown could face up to ten years in Azkaban.”

The nail-filing witch's widened and she began to sweat. She glanced at her co-worker and the auror and the werewolf. This was serious situation.

“It's all a lie,” she declared. “She's telling the truth, and Bonnie's lying.”
The auror nodded. “We’ll be taking you all down to the Department for questioning,” he declared. “Smith, floo Madame Shimmer and explain the situation to her.”

“Are you planning to propose?” Lisa asked, looking at the rings Lavender was purchasing.

“Soon,” the werewolf answered. “I'm thinking in June, while we're in Paris.”

“That sounds romantic!” Lisa gushed. “Cho's lucky to have you.”

“And I'm lucky to have her,” Lavender said.

A few minutes later found Madame Shimmer entering the store. She spoke with the aurors, shaking her head. Madame Shimmer was in her sixties with graying ash blonde hair, hazel eyes, and large glasses.

“Miss Brown is a valued customer,” she declared. “She's been a valued customer for years, and she's a close family friend.”

Moving over to the counter, Madame Shimmer muttered to herself, looking and sounding irritated. She paused, looking over the items on the counter. She lit up at the sight of the engagement rings and the wedding rings.

“Lavender, my sweet girl, I am deeply sorry about the behavior of my former employees,” she said, turning her attention to her customer. “I'm hoping you'll accept a discount of fifty percent as a token of my apology.” While that discount would lose her money, it was better than gaining a reputation for discriminating against customers.

Lavender quickly agreed. “Can I add a pair of simple diamond earrings?” Cho loved simple earrings, and they were something she wore everyday.

Madame Shimmer quickly agreed, totaling everything up.

Lavender quickly paid and Lisa took possession of the items. “I'll return everything once this mess is cleaned up,” she promised.

Lisa escorted Lavender out of the store while her co-workers took the other witches. Everyone headed to the Ministry of Magic before taking the lift up to the Department of Magical Law Enforcement.

The entire situation took an hour and a half to clear up. In the end, Lavender was free to go with apologies from the aurors, the Head Auror, and the Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement. Out of the sales-witches, the magazine-reading one would be charged with filing a false report, and discriminating against werewolves. The nail-filing witch was charged with harassment in exchange for her testimony against her former-co-worker.

“Here,” Lisa said, passing Lavender the buy with her purchasing. “There's someone waiting to see you,” she added with a wink.

Out in the lobby, Lavender found her girlfriend waiting.

“I'm glad you're alright,” Cho Chang said, pulling her girlfriend into a hug.

“I'm fine,” Lavender said, “only a little irritated, but everything's alright.”

Cho smiled taking Lavender's hand. “Let's go.”
Together, they left the Ministry of Magic hand in hand.

Chapter End Notes

No plans for continuation.
Draco Malfoy had been shocked when he discovered himself reincarnated. At the end of his life, Draco died with a smile, envisioning a tearful and happy reunion with his parents and Astoria. Instead, he found himself a young babe in the arms of a loving mother with the new name of Duncan, after his uncle.

Within the first year as Duncan, he learned he was a prince to the royal family in a strange world. Everyone else was a muggle, and he retained small amounts of his magic. His parents were brother and sister, as were most of his ancestors. His father favored his older brother, who was the crown prince and the heir to hideous thing called the Iron Throne.

A year after his birth, his mother had suffered a miscarriage. The king was angered, vowing to get a sister-wife for his son, one way or another. A few months later, the king had a bastard girl, whom he named Shiera.

Three years later, Rhaella gave birth to a daughter, Princess Shaena Targaryen. The king rejoiced. In those three years, Duncan started talking, reading, walking, and writing. His mother was stunned at
the development. He was smarter than Rhaegar though Duncan lacked the passion for reading that his brother had.

Duncan Targaryen was born on the sixth moon of 263 AC, a year into the reign of King Aerys II Targaryen. The pregnancy was hard on Queen Rhaella and the birthing more so. The maester recommended the queen wait a year before trying for another child, causing the king to laugh.

“I need a bride for my son,” the king declared between laughs. “Rhaegar needs a strong sister-wife to stand by his side.”

Queen Rhaella's hold on her newborn son tightened at the king's words. Her eyes narrowed, but she said nothing.

“What will you name him, Your Grace?” the maester asked, changing subjects.

The king looked down at his second son. The babe had a few strands of silvery blonde hair and his eyes were closed.

“Duncan,” Rhaella answered, “after Ser Duncan the Tall.” In reality, it was after their uncle. Duncan was Rhaella's favorite relative, and she continued to mourn the loss of him to this day.

The king shrugged. He could care less. He wanted a daughter, not a second son. A second son was of no use for Rhaegar. After naming the babe, the king left the room, licking his lips to the thought of returning to his mistress. She had a tight cunt and she was a very vocal lover, unlike Rhaella.

The maester left the room a moment after the king, muttering about sending out missives to all the kingdoms.

Alone with her new son, Rhaella smiled down at the newborn babe. “You have quite the namesake to live up to, Duncan,” she whispered. “Both Ser Duncan and my brother were extraordinary men. I know you'll do great things, little one.”

Prince Duncan Targaryen was an odd boy. Like his older brother, he was quiet and sullen. He had an intelligence that exceeded his older brother's, though Duncan tried to hide his abilities. King Aerys II wouldn't allow his second son to exceed his older brother. Rhaegar was the future king, and Duncan was a considered to be a prize horse auction off to the highest bidder.

The king claimed he didn't want his second son lusting after his brother's crown or his future bride, but there was something about Duncan that he hated. Whenever Duncan performed well at something, the king was quick to reprimand him in a public manner.
While Rhaegar spent hours in the library, reading by candlelight, and playing the high harp, Duncan picked up a sword and a lance, shyly asking Ser Barristan Selmy for lessons. After checking with Queen Rhaella, Ser Selmy began giving the prince lessons.

Duncan and Rhaegar got along well enough. Rhaegar had a deep interest in books and the harp while Duncan's interests were in fighting and his family. Duncan wanted to learn how to fight and become a knight so he could protect his mother, Rhaella, and his younger siblings.

While Rhaegar was groomed and fussed over by their father, Duncan received special attention from their mother. When Rhaella was too busy with her other children or duties, she had Ser Selmy looking after Duncan in her stead.

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While Duncan and Rhaegar weren't the best of friends, they were brothers and allies. They turned to each other in times of need, mostly in situations regarding their family. King Aerys II was determined on having his heir take a traditional Valyrian bride in the form of Princess Shaena. Rhaegar had little interest in marrying his younger sister, and that interest dwindled as Queen Rhaella “stole” the names of Rhaegar's future children. While the marriage between King Aerys II and Queen Rhaella was unhappy, it proved to be fruitful with nine children by the end of 284 AC: Rhaegar in 259; Duncan in 263; Shaena in 267; Daeron in 269; Visenya in 270; Aegon in 272; and Viserys and Rhaenys in 267.

With the birth of each child, the king arranged marriages. Rhaegar would wed Shaena when she flowered while Daeron would take Visenya as his wife and Aegon would take Rhaenys. The king had decided his bastard daughter, Shiera Waters, was good enough for Duncan. After all, Duncan was the second son and he didn't need a *true* Valyrian bride like his brother the crown prince did. And the king had no desire to wed his son to a daughter of one of his servants or subjects since it was beneath a king to reward his lessors.

During the Tourney at Harrenhal, King Aerys II announced the upcoming marriage between Rhaegar Targaryen and Shaena Targaryen, without telling either of this children or consulting his Small Council. Neither Rhaegar nor Shaena were excited about the news, but they accepted their fate.

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Duncan Targaryen was impressed with the mysterious Knight of the Laughing Tree. When his father, King Aerys II Targaryen, ordered the knight to be found and brought before him in chains, Daeron scowled. He won't let his father kill the knight. Duncan was certain the knight wasn't out to kill his father.

Using a Tracking Charm, Duncan quickly located the knight and he headed to find the man and save him before someone else could turn the knight into the king. Duncan thought it was odd that the knight was hiding in the weirwoods, though he did dismiss it. It was a good place to hide. Only the Northerns visited these woods and prayed to their tree gods.
Walking farther into the woods, Duncan felt the hair on the back of his neck stand up. He knew this feelings. Someone was watching him, but he didn't know who. This was feeling that Duncan felt whenever he neared a weirwood tree. He didn't know the cause of the feeling. Pushing himself onwards, Duncan came upon a scene that left his purple eyes widened. Before him, Lady Lyanna Stark struggled to pull off the dented armor of the Knight of the Laughing Tree.

Not waiting what else to do, Duncan smiled before he started to clap.

Lyanna whirled around, her eyes widened when she caught sight of Duncan.

“P-Prince Duncan,” she said in greeting, her tone was soft and full of surprise. She swallowed before standing straight, trying to project confidence. “How can I help you?”

Watching her grey eyes narrowed, Duncan was overcome with a warm feeling in his gut.

“Can offer my assistance, Lady Lyanna?” he asked.

Lyanna's grey eyes widened a little.

“I have no plans of revealing your identity,” Duncan explained. “My father is mad, and his madness grows by the day. Your secret and your honor will remain safe with me – I swear it on the Gods, Old and New.”

Lyanna raised an eyebrow before saying, “I require assistance with this beastplate.”

“As you wish, milady,” Duncan said with a smirk. “Can you keep a secret?”

Lyanna’s brown eyes rose higher as her look grew questioning.

“Swear on the Old Gods that you won’t tell anyone,” Duncan told her, his tone was serious.

“I swear on the Old Gods that I won't reveal what you tell me or show me,” Lyanna said.

Walking closer to her, Duncan placed his right hand on the breastplate. He silently banished the object.

“What in the Gods' name was that?” Lyanna demanded, her tone soft and stunned.

“Magic, milady,” Duncan replied with a smirk. It was foolish to reveal his magic to Lady Lyanna. He was acting like a Gryffindor – or worse Potter and his friends – but Duncan had a good feeling about Lady Lyanna. If that feeling proved wrong than he would whipe her memories and pretend this exchange never took place.

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betrothal to Lady Catelyn Tully of Riverrun and his on-going affair with Lady Barbrey Ryswell. Eddard Stark, her older brother, was best friends with Robert. While he knew Robert had his flaws, he considered Robert to be a brother and he wouldn't tolerate his sister's bad attitude. Benjen Stark, her little brother, would shrug and offer to go riding with her.

One moon into 282 AC, King Aerys II announced the upcoming union between his second son, Duncan, and his legitimized bastard daughter, Shiera Targaryen. Each and every one of King Aerys' surviving sons would have a traditional Valyrian bride. With the death of Prince Aegon in 277, while the king was held captive in Duskendale, King Aerys' had enough daughters if he counted his two bastard daughters – Shiera Waters and Baela Hill.

Knowing his father, Duncan left his mother a note before fleeing to Lady Lyanna. She left a note for her father before sending other notes to her older brothers and one to Storm's End. The notes were simple and said the same thing: she didn't want to marry Robert because she was in love with someone else, and no one and nothing would stop them from being together, and she wished Robert a happy future with someone who would love him like he deserved.

With the assistance of a sept, Duncan and Lyanna were wed in front of a weirwood tree before taking a trip to the Wall. People were less likely to look for them on the Wall. It gave Duncan the chance to meet his Uncle Aemon, who was the maester for Castle Black. They remained on the Wall for two moons before they journeyed to the Red Keep in King's Landing.

Queen Rhaella was furious with her son. She didn't fault him for following his heart and marrying the lady he loved, but the methods he used were problematic. She had to deal with the fallout while Duncan and Lyanna hid. She dealt with the enraged king, who ordered the heads of his son and new gooddaughter, while trying to appease Lord Steffon Baratheon and Lord Rickard Stark.

Chapter End Notes

**Timeline**
–259 AC: Prince Rhaegar Targaryen was born, son of Prince Aeris and Princess Rhaella, amongst the Tragedy of Summerhill that claimed the lives of several people. King Jaehaerys II Targaryen took the Iron Throne after the death of his father, King Aegon V Targaryen.
–262 AC: King Jaehaerys II Targaryen died, and he was succeeded by his son as King Aerys II Targaryen.
–263 AC: Prince Duncan Targaryen was born, son of King Aerys II and Queen Rhaella, and he was Draco Malfoy reborn.
–264 AC: Queen Rhaella Targaryen suffered a miscarriage. A few moons later, Shiera Waters was born, the bastard daughter of King Aerys II Targaryen.
–267 AC: Princess Shaena Targaryen was born, daughter of King Aerys II and Queen Rhaella.
–269 AC: Prince Daeron Targaryen was born, son of King Aerys II and Queen Rhaella.
–270 AC: Princess Visenya Targaryen was born, daughter of King Aerys II and Queen Rhaella.
–271 AC: Queen Rhaella Targaryen suffered a miscarriage.
–272 AC: Prince Aegon Targaryen was born, son of King Aerys II and Queen Rhaella. As a sickly babe, he was rarely present in court and he was usually locked away with a maester and books or with his siblings.

–274 AC: Prince Jaehaerys Targaryen was born, son of King Aerys II and Queen Rhaella.

–276 AC: Prince Viserys and Princess Rhaenys was born, twins of King Aerys II and Queen Rhaella. One moon later, Baela Hill was born, bastard daughter of King Aerys II Targaryen.

–277 AC: The Defiance of Duskendale occurred, ending with the executions of House Darklyn and House Hollard. While King Aerys II was held captive, Prince Aegon died of a winter chill.

–281 AC: The Tourney at Harrenhal was held. Prince Duncan met the lovely Lady Lyanna and the king announced the upcoming wedding between Prince Rhaegar and Princess Shaena, which would occur the following year.

–282 AC: Prince Duncan and Lady Lyanna ran off together, wedding in secret before turning up in King's Landing. Lord Steffon Baratheon was enraged with the union, but he calmed when Queen Rhaella arranged a marriage between Lord Robert and the newly legitimized Shiera “Shae” Targaryen. After all, Baratheon was born of a Targaryen bastard and it would be made stronger through another union with a Targaryen bastard. A few moons later, Prince Rhaegar and Princess Shaena Targaryen were wed in the Sept of Baelor.

–283 AC: Prince Aegon “Jon” Targaryen was born, son of Prince Duncan and Princess Lyanna. He was named after Duncan's beloved brother.

–284 AC: Princess Rhaenys Targaryen was born, daughter of Prince Rhaegar and Princess Shaena, with eyes of moonstone. A moon later, Princess Daenerys Targaryen was born, daughter of Prince Duncan and Princess Lyanna. A moon later, King Aerys II Targaryen was found died on the Iron Throne.
**101. Love Story**

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Molly “M.J.” Weasley II/Lysander Scamander
Warnings: alternate universe; het; pure-blood culture; and pure-blood society

**Fandom:** Harry Potter
**Pairing:** Molly “M.J.” Weasley II/Lysander Scamander
**Warnings:** alternate universe; het; pure-blood culture; and pure-blood society
**Prompts:** (Pairing) Molly II/Lysander; and (Theme) Father/Daughter relationship

*Marry me, Juliet, you'll never have to be alone.*
*I love you, and that's all I really know.*
*I talked to you dad – go pick out a white dress.*
–“Love Story” by Taylor Swift from Fearless

Lysander Scamander felt like fidgeting in his seat. He sat across from Percy Weasley, as the man considered his request. It was no secret that Percy wanted the best for his daughters, and he didn't consider Lysander to be the best for M.J.

While either of their families adhered to the traditional pure-blood customs and rituals, there were certain traditions that were important to follow – like when proposing to a witch. It was customary and tradition for the wizard to ask the witch's parents for her hand in marriage. The tradition held that with the blessing of the parents, the magic binding their union would be that much stronger.

“Why should I let my daughter marry you?” Percy asked.

Lysander thought for a moment. He had a feeling he knew what the man expected to hear, something sappy along the lines of Lysander making M.J. happy and caring for her. While those things were true, Lysander had a feeling that Percy was looking for something else – maybe deeper and more meaningful.

“With all due respect, sir, M.J. wants to marry me,” Lysander replied, “and she'll marry me with or without your blessing. I understand what family means to her and you – and the rest of your extended family – and I know what M.J. would be turning her back on. I don't want to put M.J. in that position. I want her to have everything she needs and most of what she wants.”
Lysander paused for a few seconds to breathe and think about what he was going to say next. “You know your daughter,” he continued, “and you know she doesn’t let anything stand in her way. Like back when we were fourteen, and M.J. decided she wanted to date me but I wasn’t interested. She agreed to remain friends while manipulating me into dating her but making me think it was my idea.”

Percy smiled. That sounded like his strong headed daughter. As quickly as the smile appeared, it vanished.

“M.J. and I have been together for ten years,” Lysander carried on saying, “and we’re crazy enough to want another hundred years together. I think M.J. knew at fourteen what I just figured out. That we’re meant for each other.”

“He makes an excellent point, Perce,” Audrey Weasley said, appearing over her husband’s shoulder. She offered Lysander a smile. “M.J. will do whatever she wants.”

Percy remained quiet, staring at the young man who thought he was good enough for his little girl. As far as he was considered, no one would ever be enough for M.J. – or Lucy. But both Audrey and Lysander made excellent points. This was something M.J. wanted, and she would marry Lysander – even if her family wasn’t present for the wedding ceremony and she would start a family with him, again, regardless if her family was around or not.

Wanting to teach his children better, Percy installed a strong sense of family into them. He didn’t want his daughters to repeat his mistakes – by turning their backs on their family. While Percy returned and he was welcomed back, it did cost him – years of memories with them. And that same day, Fred died, making Percy regret his decisions even more.

“How do you plan to propose?” Percy asked. He wasn't going to say 'Yes, I give you my blessing.' in those words, but he would imply it with different words.

Lysander’s face lit up as he withdraw a black velvet box from his pocket. “It was my Grandmama Pandora’s,” he announced, opening the box.

Percy nodded, feeling overwhelmed by emotions. This boy had really thought the ring through. M.J. was the sentimental type, she would prefer an older family ring to something brand new.

“It's gorgeous,” Audrey told him.

Lysander smiled, a goofy expression crossing his face as he stared at the ring.

“How do you plan to propose?” Percy asked.

The goofy expression disappeared, replaced by a thoughtful expression. “I haven't kept decided,” he replied, “but I'm thinking I'll attach a note to the collar of a new pet.”

Audrey smiled, tears running down her cheeks while Percy grunted. Their daughter had a fondness of pets. Percy was convinced it was one of the reasons she was so interested in Lysander.
Only a week into summer break, James Potter found himself bored. He was ready to return to school. His parents were busy with their work – his father at the Ministry and his mother with various charities. His friends were their own families – Remus was on vacation, Peter was catching up his cousins, and Sirius was under house arrest. There wasn’t a lot for him to do.

Today, James ventured to Diagon Alley. He hoped to find some other people around his age or from Hogwarts. He was so bored James was willing to socialize and be civil with Slytherins! Unfortunately, he couldn't find anyone close to his age around Diagon Alley. With a sigh, he plumped into a chair outside of Florean Fortescue's Ice Cream Parlor as he waited for his ice cream to come out.

A quick glance around the empty outside seating area told James all he needed to know about Diagon Alley for the day. Maybe he should have stayed home and worked on his summer homework. At least that would have been productive.

“Here you go,” the waitress said as she placed his ice cream order down, startling James.

Glancing at the waitress, James couldn't help but notice she was pretty with uncontrollably curly,
brown hair, brown eyes that looked like chocolate, and a pretty smile with dimples. She wore a green
robe over blue jeans and a dark shirt. She looked to be around the same age as him, but James didn't
recognize her.

“I'm James,” he said with a smile, his tone eager.

“Pleased to meet you James,” the waitress said with a polite smile. “Can I get you anything else?”

“A lovely name to go with that lovely smile?” he suggested with a wink.

The waitress merely raised an eyebrow. “It's Hermione,” she answered. “If that's all then I need to
get back to work.”

James watched her go with a thoughtful smile. She was seemed to be amused by his actions. That
was unusual. Most girls ignored him or batted their eyelashes at him, trying to catch his attention. As
he ate his ice cream, James kept an eye on the ice cream parlor for any sign of the lovely Hermione.
She made about cleaning and organizing things as she did her job.

James returned everyday for the next week. Hermione worked five of those days. She greeted him
by name with that lovely smile of hers and he quickly grew fond of it. He preferred Hermione's love
and James to Lily Evans' narrowed green eyes and Potter, which use to get his heart racing.

“Where's Hermione?” James asked with a frown he walked in on a third day. There was no sight of
Hermione or her lovely smile.

“I don't know,” Florean Fortescue answered. “She sent a message three days ago saying she needed
time off for a family emergency.”

James' frown deepened. In the small talk he exchanged with Hermione, he learned she was only
child and her parents were deceased. “Do you know her address?” he asked, thinking about sending
an owl.

Florean looked sad. “She doesn't have one,” he replied. “She's been staying at the Leaky Cauldron,
and according to Tom she left three days ago.”

Paying for his ice cream, James found his mind whirling. He didn't know that Hermione was
homeless. She didn't look like it. Shaking his head, James forcibly cleared the last thought. He didn't
know what a homeless person looked like because he had never met anyone homeless before.

Without any information to go on, James focused on his summer homework as the days slowly
passed. James found he concentrated best on his homework outside Florean Fortescue's with a fresh
ice cream as he kept a lookout for Hermione. Her boss didn't have too many updates, sharing the
little he knew with James. Hermione's family emergency was taking longer than expected, but she
should be back by the end of July.
The end of July arrived a few weeks later. James was done with his summer homework and he was reading his textbooks, taking notes, as he thought about his future. When he was younger, James wanted to play professor Quidditch and last year he told Professor McGonagall he wanted to be an auror. Now, he was thinking about following his father into the Ministry.

On the thirty-first of July, he ordered his usual ice cream from Florean before heading outside. He missed the smile of relief on the man's face. As he waited for his order to be delivered, James opened his Transfiguration book. With all the extra studying, James was close to completing his animagus training.

“I hope you're planning to register with the Ministry,” a familiar voice said. “It's a hundred galleon fee and a year in Azkaban if you're caught.”

Turning, James' eyes widened.

Hermione was smiling at him with an eyebrow raised.

Unable to contain himself, James pulled her into a spontaneous kiss.

To his pleasure, Hermione returned the kiss.

“Now, that's a welcome back,” Hermione said with a smile.

James flushed. “I'm glad you're back,” he admitted.

“Obviously,” she teased.

Against his will, James' cheeks darkened in color. “How do you know about the Ministry registration?” he asked, changing subjects.

“I had to register when I moved here,” Hermione answered with a shrug. “It's a simple: fill out a form and demonstrate your form to an employee.”

James' hazel eyes widened. “Think you can help me?” he asked, his tone eager. The sooner he learned to shift and the sooner he mastered his form meant the sooner he would be able to join Moony during full moons. When they left school, Peter was doing the best.

“I get off at two,” Hermione told him.

With Hermione's help James discovered his form was a stag and he had it mastered by the end of August. He took a trip to the Ministry with his parents and their lawyer to register his form. Since he was underage, his parents didn't want his name or his form to be public knowledge and the presence of their lawyer ensured that.

“I'm gonna miss,” James told Hermione on a busy Saturday, a few days before he returned to Hogwarts.

Hermione offered him a sad smile. “I'm sure you'll forget all about me once you're reunited with
Sirius, Remus, and Peter,” she said. “Then you can return to winning the heart of the fair Lily Evans.”

James frowned. “I'm done with Lily,” he declared, shaking his head. “I have you, I don't want or need Evans.”

Brown eyes narrowed. “But you've been after Evans for years,” Hermione stated. “You just can't give that up.”

“T am,” James said, “for you. You're better than Evans.”

Hermione didn't looked convince, and James vowed he would convince her.

“Here,” James said, presenting Hermione with a folded piece of parchment.

With a smile, Hermione took it. Opening it, she read, “James of the House of Potter invites Miss Hermione Granger to occupy the residence of Potter Cottage in Godric's Hallow for the fee one galleon in month in hopes that she can find herself at home.” Her brown eyes teared up a bit, “James!”

He smiled, placing a hand on top of hers. “I want you to have a place to call home,” he told her, his voice soft and gentle, “and I know you don't take charity hence the rent.”

Hermione laughed, shaking her head. “You're something else, James Potter,” she stated before kissing him.

Chapter End Notes

No plans for a continuation.
103. Shadows and Stars

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Arthur Dayne/Aliandra Holt
Warnings: alternate universe; female!Harry Potter (Aliandra Holt); mentions of character deaths; and mentions of violence

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Fandom: A Song of Ice and Fire; Game of Thrones; and Harry Potter
Pairing: Arthur Dayne/Aliandra Holt
Warnings: alternate universe; female!Harry Potter (Aliandra Holt); mentions of character deaths; and mentions of violence
Prompt: (Pairing) Arthur Dayne/female!Harry Potter

103. Shadows and Stars

263 AC – Greenpass

Lord Jaime Holt felt overwhelmed as he cradle his young daughter. She was barely a moon old, and she was the Lady of Greenpass. It was difficulty to fathom. For the duration of the pregnancy, everything was fine. Larra barely suffered from mother's sickness and their daughter had a strong appetite for lime pie. When Larra went into labor and she taken into the birthing room, Jaime had no worries. While childbirth could be dangerous, Maester Hyman repeatably assured Jaime that there was no worry and Larra would be fine. Maester Hyman had personally birthed Larra and her two brothers. Taking a deep breath, Jaime tried to clear all thought of the birthing from his mind.

It was useless.

He could still remember the sounds of Larra's screams and wails. He remembered the sight of servants dashing in and out of the room, needing fresh towels or more water. Their clothes had bloodstains and their hands shook. No one was willing to meet Jaime's eyes as they ran by.

Jaime waited, pacing up and down the hallway, for fifteen hours before he was allowed in the birthing room. It was a short visit, long enough to hear Larra name their newborn daughter Aliandra, after her mother's foster sister, Aliandra Sand. Larra had barely finished speaking before Jaime was shoved out of the room. His wife died two weeks later from childbed fever, according to Maester
Hyman. In the days before her death, Jaime was barred from seeing his wife, but her brothers were allowed to visit while Jaime stood out of her rooms with Aliandra, hoping to see his wife.

Following the death of his wife, Jaime found his goodbrothers, Myles and Trystan, trying to take control of Greenpass and possession of Cat's Claw. While mourning the loss of his wife, Jaime did his best to take control of House Holt. As his wife's only child, Aliandra was the rightful lady. Until she came of age, Jaime would act as her regent.

His decisions irritated Larra's brothers and Maester Hyman. Each tried and failed to convince him to take time to mourn his wife before making any hasty decisions that could affect House Holt. Their words only increased Jaime's irritation and anger.

When he married Larra, Jaime left his family name behind in favor of taking hers. He was as much a Holt of Greenpass as he was a Rogare of Gryf Holdfast. In fact with his daughter as the future Lady of Greenpass, he was more of a Holt than a Rogare these days.

With the words of his goodbrothers in his mind, Jaime busied himself with the running of Greenpass and caring for his young daughter. The way Myles and Trystan spoke had Jaime's purple eyes narrowed. The way they wanted him to back off made it sound like they wanted to move in and take control of Greenpass. Knowing both Myles and Trystan it was hard to say if that was the reality or not.

While Myles and Trystan were Dornish and raised in the traditions of the First Men, they were fostered outside of Dorne. Myles was fostered by House Redford of Redford in the Vale while Trystan was fostered by House Estermont of Greenstone in the Stormlands. As a result, they might believe they had a stronger claim to Greenpass as full grown sons than their infant niece and her father.

Personally, Jaime was raised in a mixture of Lyseni and Andal customs. House Rogare of Gryf Holdfast was established by Moredo Rogare in 140 AC. He was granted Gryf Holdfast by his goodbrother, King Viserys III Targaryen. Gryf Holdfast was a small keep in the crownlands near House Bar Emmon at Sharp Point in Massey's Hook. For Moredo and his wife, it was perfect. It offered them a fresh start away from the ancestral home of House Rogare in Lys and away from the court of the Red Keep.

Jaime was the first son of a second son. He had little to no chance of inheriting Gryf Holdfast. While he might not inherit the lordish and the family seat, Jaime had inherited Justice and there was a chance he could inherit Truth as well. The Rogare family had two ancestral swords. There was Truth, the Valyrian steel sword that Moredo brought form Lys, and there was Justice, a sword commissioned by Moredo for his second son.

Jaime inherited Justice from his father prior to the War of the Ninepenny Kings. With Ser Willem Rogare approaching one and seventy namedays, he was trying to decide who to pass Truth on to. Lord Laenor Rogare had his greedy sapphire eyes on the sword, thinking it was his by right. By laws of inheritance, it was Jaime's.

Ser Willem had inherited Truth during the Third Blackfyre Rebellion. During the war, Willem had proven himself to be a worthy warrior and commander. At one of the battles, he saw his father, Lord Addam, cut down in front of him. When he reached his father's side, Willem thought the man was dead. He picked up Truth, leading their men and other crownlander troops further into battle. After the war, Willem was reward with a knighthood, being knighted by Ser Duncan the Tall himself, and he was given Truth.

Maerk, Ser Willem's brother, was unhappy, believing that Truth was his. Maerk went onto to refuse
Justice, calling the greatsword “worthless.” As a result, Justice went to Ser Willem, and he passed it onto his own son. Maerk's son, Laenor, shared his father's views, believing Truth was his rightful inheritance, despite the will of his grandfather.

Thinking of his father, Jaime decided to write the man and invited him to come to Greenpass. It would be nice to have a familiar face.

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As a young child, Aliandra Holt slowly remembered things – things from before. Her memories from a different lifetime. The memories came slowly, appearing as she slept. In the beginning, they were sad dreams filled a horse-faced woman named Petunia, her large purple-faced husband named Vernon, their son, Dudley, a large and mean-spirited boy. In these dreams, Aliandra was forced to sleep in a cupboard and she got in trouble for everything.

Soon, the dreams got better. The mean relatives were replaced by a giant man named Hagrid and a snowy owl named Hedwig. A nice redheaded family followed, the Weasleys with their seven children – Bill, Charlie, Percy, Fred and George, Ron, and Ginny. Percy was snobbish and followed the rules while the twins were fun and enjoyed pranks. Ron was her best friend with a sharp mind and Ginny was a sweetheart with a mean hex. A bushy-haired girl named Hermione was next. She was smart and loyal.

Slowly, the dream grew darker. Ron and Hermione followed as she led them into dangerous situation, each and every one related to Lord Voldemort, a man bent a killing her.

As the memories returned, Aliandra started playing her magic. It was different from the dreams – wilder and harder to manipulate. The more she used her magic, the easier it became, but it was a long process.

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270 AC – Greenpass

Lady Aliandra's violet eyes narrowed as she watched the servants follow her uncle's orders. Her belongings were being packed up, one by one. Her father, Lord Jaime Holt, had died a week ago. The day following his death, her uncle, Ser Myles Holt, took the position of regent for Aliandra. Uncle Trystan and Maester Hyman were quick to assist him. Now, a week after her father's passing, Aliandra was being sent away. Her uncles claimed it was time to foster her, but she saw through their words. They wanted her gone.

Ser Myles fancied himself the rightful Lord of Greenpass. He was the eldest male child and ruling should be his birthright. With his own son, Myles was looking to secure his legacy. Ser Trystan seemed to agree with his brother.

Spinning on her feet, Aliandra left her bedroom. If she had to leave, then she was taking several
things with her. By right, the family blade, Cat's Claw was hers, and she was taking it with her. In addition, she would be taking the birthright her father left her, Truth. Her uncles were aware of the sword's existence, but they hadn't seen it in three years, since the death of her grandfather, Ser Willem Rogare. However they were aware of Justice, which Ser Trystan was eyeing for his own sons. When Aliandra left, all three of the swords were going with her. She planned to use Truth as her main sword and she would pass Justice and Cat's Claw onto her children.

Additionally, she planned to take several of the books in the library. Those were the books her ancestors had written and collected. They were there for Maester Hyman to hoard and copy. There were a few rare and precious books in the family library. Aliandra knew Maester Hyman wanted to pass those books onto his colleagues at the Citadel.

As she walked through Greenpass, Aliandra made mental notes about the other things she planned to collect and take with her. She planned to start collecting them that night while the others slept. When she took one item, Aliandra planned to leave behind a fake.

“Aliandra, what are you doing here?” asked her aunt, Lady Alla Holt, as the young girl entered her father's rooms.

The girl's eyes narrowed as she studied her aunt. Lady Alla was married to Ser Myles. They knew each from Ser Myles' fostering days in Redford. She was the daughter of a minor lord or something. Aliandra hadn't bothered to pay much attention to the woman.

“I should be asking you the same thing,” Aliandra stated, crossing her arms. “These are my father's rooms.”

“They were your father's rooms,” Lady Alla corrected with a superior smirk. “These will be mine, soon.”

“I believe these are my father's rooms,” Aliandra stated, crossing her arms. “These are my father's rooms.”

“They were your father's rooms,” Lady Alla corrected with a superior smirk. “These will be mine, soon.”

“Until these rooms are cleared out, they're my father's,” Aliandra told the woman, “and therefore these are mine. I'm the Lady of Greenpass. Ser Myles is acting as my regent until I'm of age.”

“Hasn't your uncle told you?” the woman asked, her tone mocking. “He's the Lord of Greenpass, now and forever.”

Aliandra said nothing as she studied her aunt.

“Maerk will be Lord Holt after him,” Alla continued to explain, “and his son after him.”

“House Allyrion will never agree to that,” Aliandra stated, crossing her arms, “nor will House Nymeros Martell.”

Alla's lips twisted into a sneer. “Their opinions don't matter,” she snapped. “The New Gods have seen fit to bless Myles with House Holt. We will lead it into the rightous glory of the Seven.”

Aliandra shook her head. These things would never happen. House Holt was small, just beneath the rank of a Minor House. It would take House Allyrion awhile, but they would figure it out and they would correct the situation.

Walking passed her aunt, Aliandra began to grab things. She decided to ignore the woman when she spoke and moved around her as needed.
When Lord Bedric Dayne sent a letter accepting the responsibility of fostering Aliandra, she was fully packed and sent to Starfell within three days. Her uncle sent three household guards with her. They were sent with orders to return after dropping her off. There was no need for them to stay and linger.

In her final hours at Greenpass, Aliandra cloned the contents of the family's vault and she packed the fortune away in a small pouch that she wore around her neck. Then she made arrangements for her favorite servants to join her at Starfell. Her nanny turned handmaiden, Alys Sand, was accompanying her while Nate Sand and Anders Sand, her favorite guards, would follow within a moon's turn.

272 AC – Starfell

It didn't take long for Aliandra to settle in Starfell. She quickly befriend two of foster siblings, Ashara and Arthur. She was close to them in age being two years younger than Arthur and a year older than Ashara. Ashara felt differently about both siblings. Ashara was like family, her best friend and her sister. Meanwhile Arthur was the man she dreamed of marrying.

A little after two years saw a change coming to Starfell. Arthur was being sent to King's Landing to squire for Prince Lewyn Martell, who was recently appointed to the Kingsguard. According to murmurs and rumors, King Aerys II Targaryen was convinced the Dornish were up to something. In an effort to show unity, Princess Meria Martell decided to send Dornishmen to King's Landing. There was even talk of appointing Arthur to the Kingsguard when he was knighted.

“Promise you'll come back?” Aliandra whispered to Arthur.

The pair had snuck out to the weirwood. Arthur was suppose to leave for Sunspear in the morning before he was head to King's Landing.

“Of course,” Arthur said, his tone gentle. “I've told you a million times.”

Aliandra nodded. “I want you to swear here,” she explained, “that you'll come back and we'll marry.”

“I have every intention to–” Arthur began.

“I know ,” Aliandra said, cutting him off. “But I want to take a vow, here in front of the weirwood and to the Old Gods, that you will come back to me.”

Arthur stared at her for a moment.

“I-I don't want you to forget me,” Aliandra whispered, tears forming in her eyes.

Placing a gentle kiss on her lips, Arthur took ahold of both of her hands in his. “I, Arthur of House Dayne, swear here and now,” he began, “that I will return to Starfell after I'm knighted to wed thee,
Lady Aliandra of House Holt.”

Aliandra smiled before pulling him into a quick kiss. She said, “I, Aliandra of House Holt, hereby swear that I will await your return and remain faithful and steadfast in my devotion to you.”

Chapter End Notes

Notes
–House Holt is a canon House. It was one of the Greenblood Houses. In the books, House Holt is extinct. For the proposes of this story, House Holt survived. They went onto become one of the Sworn Houses of House Allyrion of Godsgrace.
–House Rogare is a canon House. It was a House from Lys, known as a wealthy banking family and being of Valyrian descent with Valyrian features. Lady Larra married Prince Viserys before following him to King's Landing with her two brothers. Princess Larra and Prince Viserys had three children together: Aegon (the Unworthy), Aemon (the Dragonknight), and Naerys. Meanwhile Drazenko, Larra's uncle, married Princess Aliandra Martell, the ruling princess of Dorne. For the proposes of this story, House Rogare formed a cadet branch in Westeros that settled in the crownlands, becoming a Sworn House to Bar Emmon of Sharp Point of Massey's Hook.

House Holt
–Coat of Arms: Black shadowcat waiting to pounce in front of silver starburst on a field of teal
–Words: Waiting in the Shadows
–Seat: Greenpass
–Ancestral Weapon: Cat's Claw (sword)

House Rogare
–Coat of Arms: Pale lavender griffin on a field of golden rod
–Words: Through the Clouds, We Shine
–Seat: Gryf Holdfast
–Ancestral Weapons: Truth (Valyrian steel sword), and Justice (sword)

Timeline
–236 AC: The Fourth Blackfyre Rebellion took place. Willem Rogare and his father, Lord Addam Rogare, joined the Bar Emmons at Massey's Hook. During one of the battles, Lord Addam was knocked in sight of his son, who rushed to his side. In a daze of emotions, Willem thought his father was dead. Picking up Truth, his father's sword, Willem led a charge against the Blackfyre armies. The battle ended in victory for the Iron Throne. Lord Addam decided to reward Willem with Truth for his actions during the battle.
–259 AC: The War of the Ninepenny Kings took place in the Stepstone Islands. The war ended with Ser Barristan Selmy slaying Maelys Blackfyre in single combat. Jaime earned Justice during the war.
–260 AC: Arthur Dayne was born to Beric and Alys Dayne.
–263 AC: Lady Larra Holt gave birth to her daughter and heir Aliandra Holt (who was
Harrie Potter reincarnated) at Greenpass. It was a difficult birth, and Lady Larra died within two weeks later from childbed fever. With Lady Larra's death, Aliandra became the Lady of Greenpass with her father, Lord Jaime, acting her regent. Ser Willem Rogare came to Greenpass to assist his son in ruling and meet his granddaughter.

–267 AC: Ser Willem Rogare died, leaving Truth to his son, Lord Jaime Holt. Unable to trust his goodbrothers, Lord Jaime hid Truth, entrusting the location to his daughter and her

–270 AC: Young Aliandra was sent to foster at Starfell, following the death of her father. Her uncle, Ser Myles Holt, assumed the position of regent. Sending his niece away was one of his first acts. It's well known that Ser Myles wanted Greenpass for himself and his children.

–272 AC: Arthur Dayne was sent to the Red Keep to squire for Prince Lewyn Martell of the Kingsguard. There were rumors of appointing him to the Kingsguard when he was knighted. Before he left, Aliandra and Arthur shared a vow in the weirwood.
104. Falling in Love

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Viktor Krum/Heliotrope Potter
Warnings: alternate universe; het; and female!Harry Potter (Heliotrope Potter)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

**Fandom:** Harry Potter  
**Pairing:** Viktor Krum/Heliotrope Potter  
**Warnings:** alternate universe; het; and female!Harry Potter (Heliotrope Potter)

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1. Beauty

The second Viktor Krum entered the Top Box at the Quidditch World Cup, he was mesmerized by the young woman with dark hair and green eyes. She was with a group of redheads and a bushy-haired brunette.

There was something about those beautiful green eyes that enchanted Viktor from the first second he saw them. He kept an eye on the young woman as he moved around the Top Box, largely ignoring the congratulations and the people trying to talk to him.

Viktor was only interested in the green-eyed young woman. She had her arms crossed and she looked uncomfortable as more people crowded into the Top Box.

When he was close enough, Viktor held out his hand, startling her. “Viktor Krum,” he said, introducing himself.

Those green eyes widened and the young woman took his hand. “Heliotrope Potter,” she replied with a blush forming on her cheeks.

Viktor raised an eyebrow at her name, but he didn't say anything and his eyes didn't wonder up to her forehead. In return, a smile spread across Heliotrope's lips and her beautiful green eyes lit up—growing in beauty.
2. Love

Hermione Granger knew her best friend well – sometimes better than Heliotrope knew herself. She knew Heliotrope was smitten with Viktor Krum the moment she *official* met him in the Top Box. Heliotrope graced Viktor with one of her rare honest smiles when he said nothing about her name nor looked at her scar.

Hermione was the first to know Heliotrope was falling in love with Viktor with each little thing he did. It started with exchanging messages before he started sending gifts. The messages were simple, mostly Viktor telling Heliotrope about himself and asking her questions about herself. The gifts were thoughtful and meaningful. A white calla lily on the morning of Halloween, or a stag pendent on the first of November.

Watching Heliotrope, Hermione knew her best friend was falling in love with each simple, thoughtful action.

Hermione couldn't think of a better man than Viktor Krum.

3. Dream

Heliotrope Potter had two dreams in her life. Some might consider her dreams to be simple or wasteful, and others might think they were silly. Then some, some people would agree with her dreams.

More than anything, Heliotrope dreamed of love, specifically love involving her. When she was younger, she dreamed of the Dursleys or someone else loving her as a daughter or a niece – or loving her in general.

As she aged, Heliotrope found love. She found Hermione Granger and Ron Weasley. Hermione was her best friend and her older sister while Ron a mix of a dorky brother and an annoying cousin. Through Ron came the Weasleys, who were something of a family to Heliotrope.

When she turned thirteen, Heliotrope started dreaming of a family – *her* family. She started thinking about what names she liked and how to wanted to raise her children. She though about her future husband, and what treats he needed – loving, warm, patient, and so much more.

After meeting Viktor, Heliotrope started dreaming of him and their family.

4. Haunted

Sybil Trelawney's words haunted Heliotrope throughout her life. Unlike most people, Heliotrope didn't fear her death. She knew it was coming – it was only a matter of time. It wasn't Trelawney's death predictions that bothered Heliotrope, it was the death of her children.

In that first, and only, Divinations class, Trelawney predicted Heliotrope's death five different times –
bitten by a spider, drowning in the Black Lake, entering an archway, falling off the Astromony Tower, and death by the Killing Curse – and she predicted that if Heliotrope survived to have children then she would outlive every single child.

While Heliotrope knew Trelawney was a little more than a freud, the mad woman’s words haunted her for years. It wasn’t until the birth of her first child, Sofia Hermione Krum, that Heliotrope stopped believing the mad woman’s words.

5. Memory

One of Viktor’s happiest moments was leaving England with Heliotrope after that thrice damn Triwizard Tournament. Most of that Tournament was a nightmare, and the only happy moments were few and far between. The moment Viktor returned to Drumstrug, he packed his belongings and he headed to London, England. The Hogwarts students were beginning summer the next day.

Viktor waited on the muggle side of the platform, knowing Heliotrope would leave that way. Hermione exited the platform ahead of her best friend. She smiled at Viktor before heading over to a pair of muggles, probably her parents. A few steps behind Hermione was Heliotrope.

Heliotrope froze at the sight of Viktor with her eyes widening before she ran towards him, flinging herself into his arms.

“I missed you,” she whispered, safely held in his arms.

Viktor smiled. “Come with me?” he asked.

Heliotrope lifted her head and she stared at him with those green eyes before she nodded. “Anywhere,” she promised.

Chapter End Notes

There will be an extended version at some point.
105. The Night is Burning

Chapter Summary

Pairing: Regulus Black/Lyanna Stark/Rhaena Targaryen,
Warnings: alternate universe; female!Rhaegar Targaryen (Rhaena Targaryen);
reincarnated!Regulus Black; reincarnation; mentions of character death; and
female!Viserys Targaryen (Vaella Targaryen)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Fandom: A Song of Ice and Fire, Game of Thrones, and Harry Potter
Pairing: Regulus Black/Lyanna Stark, and Regulus Black/Rhaena Targaryen
Warnings: alternate universe; female!Rhaegar Targaryen (Rhaena Targaryen); reincarnated!Regulus
Black; reincarnation; mentions of character death; and female!Viserys Targaryen (Vaella Targaryen)
Prompt: (Scenario) Regulus Black reincarnated into Westeros.

105. The Night is Burning

257 AC
Regulus Black

When he first opened his eyes, Regulus Black had no clue what was going on. He didn't know
where he was and he didn't recognize anyone around him. The last thing he remembered was being
drug under the water by the Inferi in the cave.

A sense of fear and unease overcame him as he tried to look around. As hard as he tried, Regulus
couldn't move his head. In fact, he could barely open his eyes.

“Oh, milady,” a woman's voice said, her tone sounding awed. “He has the prince's eyes.”

“Let me see, Joy,” another woman commanded. “Let me see my son.”

Regulus was helpless as he felt himself handed over. Through his half-open eyes, he watched as a
woman with hard hair and gray eyes stared down at him.

“Oh, my son,” she said, her voice sounding tired and it was filled with love. “You'll grow to become
a handsome man.”
The woman started rocking her arms. It was a soothing feeling that lalled Regulus to sleep against his will. Where ever he was, he was a helpless and newborn baby.

When Regulus opened his eyes, he was being held by a man with silvery blonde hair and violet eyes. The man looked sad as he appeared down at Regulus.

“It's just you and me, my son,” he whispered, something heavy and sad in his voice tone.

“What are you going to name the boy, my prince?” another person asked.

The word prince caught Regulus' attention as he thought about what the man had said. If he wasn't mistaken, this man was his new father and the man was prince, which made Regulus a prince as well.

“Raemond Targaryen,” the man said. “He’ll never be a prince, but he deserves a good, strong Targaryen name.”

The man started rocking his arms, sending the newly named Raemond back to sleep.

...
of a Northern and an Essoi with her dark hair, tan skin, slim build, and gray eyes.

“We'll get use to it,” Benjyn Umber declared. “We're of the North.”

“Aye,” Theon agreed with a smile.

The four Captains of the Company of Roses shared a smile. This was their homecoming. It had been in the making for three centuries, according to Master Ryder Greystark. He was the historian of the Company of Roses.

As the ship docked, Raemond's hand went to rest on the hilt of Blackfyre in an effort to calm himself as nerves started to overtake him. It was one thing to know he was going home and it was another to be home. The moment he disembarked from Winter's Rose, he would be stepping foot in the North – and on Westeros – for the first time in years.

Princess Rhaena Targaryen

Smiling, Princess Rhaena Targaryen watched as the smallfolk clapped and cheered as she finished another song on her high harp. It was moments like these that she enjoyed when she could escape the realities of being a Targaryen princess and the tension in the Red Keep while spending time with the smallfolk, her people.

“Rhae,” the voice of Ser Arthur Dayne whispered in her ear, “we must be going.”

With a sigh, Rhaena nodded in understanding. She didn't want to leave, but she needed to. If she didn't leave soon than someone would notice her presence was missing in the Red Keep.

Ser Arthur took ahold of her arm as he started to lead her through the streets of King's Landing. As they turned onto the Street of Steel, Rhaena stopped.

“– returned to the North, I hear. He's sat to marry that Stark girl.”

“Don't know why someone would wanna be in da North.”

“–the rightful Heir. He be the only male Targaryen, apart from he dad, 'course. Bet he dad don't wan' the throne.”

“Why would Prince Raemond want a Stark when he could have a Targaryen bride, like Princess Rhaena or Princess Vaella?”

Her purple eyes widened when she realized people were talking about her relative, Lord Raemond Targaryen. Turning to look at Ser Arthur, she asked, “Is Raemond back?”

Ser Arthur looked at her for a moment before nodding. “He returned a sennight ago,” he answered. “Last I heard he was making his way to Winterfell.”

Rhaena nodded before she resumed her walk back to the Red Keep. Her mind was racing. Last she heard, Raemond was off in Essos though that was a few years ago. Raemond and Duncan were
rarely talked about in the Red Keep these days. As King Aerys' madness grew, he became more and more convinced that Duncan and Raemond were conspiring against him to take the Iron Throne.

A sigh escaped her lips at the thought of her mad father. He grew more and more mad with each passing day. There was rare a day would pass without her father threatening to burn someone, and he tended to burn four people every fortnight.

Part of his paranoid was fell founded. When he died, the future of the Throne was uncertain. He had no legal heir with two daughters and several stillborn sons and a handful of bastards. The line of succession was unclear. While Prince Duncan Targaryen had abducted, he was King Aerys' uncle and he had a son with the Targaryen name. The other candidate was Lord Steffon Baratheon, Lord of Storm's End, since he was the king's cousin through Lady Rhaella Targaryen and her union with Lord Ormund Baratheon. Personally, Rhaena preferred Lord Raemond to Lord Steffon. Raemond was a Targaryen while Steffon was a Baratheon. Additionally, Steffon was married with three children: Robert, Stannis, and Renly.

Rhaena's purple eyes narrowed as she thought about Raemond. He was her best bet at securing the Iron Throne for herself and her children – the three heads of the dragon. If King Aerys II died with a son then a Great Council would be called to decide the next king. In order to get Raemond for herself, Rhaena needed to find a way to end the betrothal between Raemond and Lyanna.

With a sigh, Rhaena discarded that idea. While she wanted Raemond for herself, she didn't want to come between the man and his betrothal. She had heard they were happy with the arrangement and each other.

If she wanted Raemond than she would have to accept Lyanna. It was likely that she would need to persuade him into an old-fashion Targaryen marriage with two wives.

... 

Lord Raemond Targaryen

As he dismounted from Yronheart, Raemond turned his gaze to Lord Rickard and Lady Lyarra Stark. To the left of Lady Stark stood their four children. Then on the right of Lord Stark stood Raemond's father, Prince Duncan Targaryen. There were numerous other people gathered in and around the courtyard, including several of Lord Stark's bannermen.

“Welcome, Lord Raemond,” Rickard Stark greeted, stepping forward.

“Many thanks, Lord Stark,” the young man said with a bow to his liege lord.

“Son,” Duncan Targaryen said, pulling his only child into his arms.

Raemond eagerly returned his father's hug.

There was a long round of greets before Raemond found himself facing Lady Lyanna Stark. His eyes widened at the sight of her. She had grown into an attractive young woman with long and wavy dark hair, gray eyes, and pale skin.
“My lady,” Raemond said, taking her hand.

Lyanna stared at him with an unreadable expression in her gray eyes. “Raemond,” she responded in greeting.

He smiled as his heart fluttered. It was a relief to know that Lyanna had maintained her strong will and iron spine. She was never one for formality, and it was something that Raemond liked about her. She was a strong woman who could stand on her own.

Chapter End Notes

Timeline
–239 AC: Prince Duncan Targaryen met Jenny Flint while traveling around Westeros. They fell in love leading to their marriage in 241 AC.
–241 AC: Prince Duncan married Jenny Flint in front of a hearttree in the weirwood in a ceremony performed by a Septon.
–242 AC: The marriage between Prince Duncan and Jenny was discovered by King Aegon V. When Prince Duncan refused to set his wife aside, Duncan renounced his claim to the Iron Throne to become the Prince of Fireflies, making his brother, Prince Jaehaerys the new Prince of Dragonstone.
–250 AC: After several years, Lady Jenny was accepted at court as Duncan's wife though King Aegon V and Queen Betha never warmed up to her.
–257 AC: Raemond Targaryen was born, son of Prince Duncan and Lady Jenny and he was Regulus Black reborn. Lady Jenny later died due to childbed fever.
–259 AC: Princess Rhaena Targaryen was born, the daughter of Prince Aerys and Princess Rhella, amongst the Tragedy of Summerhill that claimed the lives of King Aegon V, Queen Betha, and several other people. These events led to Jaehaerys succeeding his father as King. Among his first acts, King Jaehaerys II sent his brother Duncan and his young son, Raemond, to the North. Lord Rickard Stark and his wife Lady Lyarra Stark welcomed them into Winterfell. Lyarra's mother Arya and Jenny were cousins and close friends.
–262 AC: Brandon Stark was born, son of Lord Rickard and Lady Lyarra was born.
–263 AC: Eddard “Ned” Stark was born, second son of Lord Rickard and Lady Lyarra.
–265 AC: Lyanna Stark was born, daughter of Lord Rickard and Lady Lyarra.
–267 AC: Benjen Stark was born, third son of Lord Rickard and Lady Lyarra. Due to the difficult birth, Lyarra became barren.
–270 AC: Prince Duncan Targaryen and Lord Rickard Stark agreed to a betrothal between their children. As part of the agreement, Moat Cailin would be restored and become the seat for Lord Raemond Targaryen and his future bride.
–271 AC: Ned Stark was sent to the Eyrie to be fostered by Lord Jon Arryn, where he met and befriended Robert Baratheon. Meanwhile, Raemond Targaryen decided to journey to Essos in an effort to make a name for himself and visit the Ruins of Valyria.
–276 AC: Princess Vaella Targaryen was born, second daughter of King Aerys II and Queen Rhaella. With the birth of a second daughter, King Aerys' madness increased as the line of succession was confused.
–278 AC: Lord Raemond Targaryen returned from his adventures in Essos with new
friends and allies, such as the Company of Roses, and a collection of dragon eggs.

–280 AC: Lord Raemond Targaryen and Lady Lyanna Stark were wed before the hearttree in Winterfell. Their wedding was witnessed by all the members of House Stark and Prince Duncan Targaryen.

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