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Lest We Bleed Ourselves

by EvenEcho

Summary

Born to Sigrun Slytherin and Titus Peverell in 1959, Hades Peverell isn't entirely what he seems and Death has a little something to do with the tantalizing power contained within him.

(At least read the first author's note for warnings and such)

Notes
Most of the beginning is before Harry is born. Also, Harry Potter is Hades Peverell, so the name 'Harry' won't be used since there are no other 'Harry's in the story. Severus is in the same year as Hades, and by the time Hades is in school (since he starts a little later due to some reasons I can't give away) Lucius would be in his eighth year if eighth year existed (so he wouldn't be attending Hogwarts with him), but they will still be able to meet through some other people.

If you can bear the beginning, which is admittedly a little slow and (since it focuses on Hades' parents which are OCs), then the rest is much less out of character (and rather in character). Sigrun Slytherin and Titus Peverell are Hades (Harry's) parents. Hades is therefore related to the Gaunts, the Potters and the Peverells just to name a few. However, Sigrun is not from the Gaunts, and Titus isn't from the Gaunts either, they are distantly related. I will make a chart of everything if this story is popular enough (or I'll post the one I made already).

However, Sigrun and Titus are distantly related, but it's like seven or eight generations back so it's pretty far and their like cousins seventh removed or something, so it's not close enough to be wrong, but if you don't like that, then I guess you don't have to read the story. (Although it's not mentioned in the story.) But Hades and T. M. Riddle are like third cousins or something. I'm not sure how it works, but I don't think they're close enough to be considered 'incest' but if this makes you uncomfortable then you probably should just skip out on this one.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Muhammad Iqbal

“The alchemist of the West has turned stone into glass
But my alchemy has transmuted glass into flint
Pharaohs of today have stalked me in vain”

-Muhammad Iqbal

It was 1958 and Titus was on his knees in front of the altar his beautiful wife would likely waste away praying at.

“Please,” he begged for the thousandth time, “please, grant us a child. I offer to you everything,” there was a long moment of silence. There was nothing. Once again he was met with the mocking silence. It was the curse of being pure-blooded, it had gotten so terrible that both of the children on his ancestors’ sides had become sterile. He didn’t know if it was him, or if it was his wife, who had a fair amount of inbreeding in her family as well. All in the name of stay pure. He just wanted a son, a daughter, an anything. He wanted a child to love and to spoil with affection and gifts, someone that would make his wife happy because she wasn’t happy. No. She had been happy for a long time, since they were married after their time at Hogwarts but then she stopped being happy. It had been two years, and no sign of having a child. Nothing the healers could do, not potion, no spell, nothing was allowing them to have a child and it was depressing.

Titus stood up, about to leave the altar when a sickle vibrated and shook off the altar and onto the floor. He picked it up and once it was in his hand he saw a man, he was much like he would assume a God to look like, or a demon even. He set the sickle down and rubbed his eyes, but the figure didn’t leave.

“It’s a nice home you have here,” it said, a spidery finger dragging across the top of the altar in a superficial inspection. “You asked for a child, you would be will to give me anything I want in return, would you not?”

“Yes, yes, anything!” He didn’t know who or what this person (if it was a person) was but he had come when he called, so he must have the power to gift them with a child of some sort. The figure waved his hand and a chair dragged along the hardwood floor and slowed to a stop behind him. He took a seat and crossed his legs. He was wearing a robe or a cloak, something that looked like a dress as it was close but it was much to masculine to be a dress like the ones his wife wore. It had to be a robe. Was this a wizard? He didn’t look like a wizard, he definitely didn’t act like a wizard.

“I will gift you a child, but he is mine, understand? I will be teaching him, I just need a human to hold him for me. He will also be yours, and in any inheritance tests my blood will not show, I am not like you, I don’t have blood, or bodily fluids and functions. I’m above human, but below a God. You will raise my heir… but he can also be your,” he dug around in his pocket and pulled out a small phial with a shimmering, light pink, potion. He extended his arm and let Titus take the phial from him. “Give that to Sigrun. Drink it with a fertility potion, but make sure to add your blood to the fertility potion or else you won’t have much of a claim over the boy. Yes, it will be a son,” Titus wanted to ask how he knew but then the man stood and the chair slid back to its original position.

“Thank you,” Titus croaked, he looked up at the inhumanly tall figure and then the man grinned. His smile was evil, cold, cruel, purely insane, but then he left. He was just gone in the blink of an eye. Titus wouldn’t have believed anyone had come if he hadn’t had the potion clutched in his hand as if it was stabilizing his life. He went to his wife after collecting one of the several fertility potions
they had in their potion cupboard. He called her into their room and she walked in as he was
dropping his blood into the potion. He let the potion take for a second, the colour changing only to
turn back to translucent red. He handed both potions to Sigrun. She took them and sat on the bed
beside her husband of nearly sixteen years.

“Take them,” he urged as she looked at the phials with hesitancy. What was happening? She
decided to just do as she was asked, trusting Titus with her life, with everything. He was nothing but
kind and he always had her best interest in mind, sometimes even above his own. It was a wonderful
feeling to feel so cared for and loved. She took the fertility potion first, she knew what that was, she
had been taking it often since the very beginning of their trials. Then she looked at the pink elixir in
her hand and pulled the cork out, breaking the wax seal, and drank it. She coughed and held her
throat. For a moment she was sure she wouldn’t be able to keep it down, it burned and she didn’t
want to lose whatever it was. It had to have been important, Titus had sounded so urgent. Then the
burn was replaced with bone-chilling coldness. She hibernated under the covers for two days, trying
to stay warm. Titus cast warming charms on their bed and on her clothes and blankets and finally it
seemed over.

In July of the next year, Sigrun was at the wizarding hospital, St. Mungo’s, and was currently in
labor. She held onto Titus. It was so painful, and she just wanted it over, but she also knew that this
was incredibly rare, whatever she had taken, whatever potion, from wherever Titus had procured
such a thing, had enabled her to conceive a child and for nine months she woke up with a giddy
feeling. She was so excited, someone she could love just as her parents loved her, or should have
loved her.

It had been hours, so many hours, and finally they were met with the wail of an infant’s cry. With
a few cleaning charms and a severing charm, Sigrun was gifted with her child and Titus leaned over
her, kissing her red, sweaty cheeks. She could have sworn that he had been crying as well and their
son was in their arms. They had done it, they had a baby, and now that baby would never want for
anything. He would get everything and be loved entirely, because they had loved him before he was
even created, and now that they had him, they weren’t going to let him go. Nothing would separate
them from their joyous gift, their hope, their little human. At Titus’ insistence, their son became
Hades Peverell.

However, three years later, little Hades fell ill and then he fell into a coma. As any parents would
be, Titus and Sigrun were terrified for their child’s health, they couldn’t lose him, not after trying to
hard to have him, not after knowing him and loving him so deeply. He was their precious baby, their
son, their everything and then he was mentally gone. What they didn’t know was Hades was still
awake, and he grew older while he was in his head, if he was even in his head. He was with a man
who called himself Death. Hades didn’t like that name so he called Death Morty since it was easier
to say and didn’t sound so foreboding. Even as a toddler, he was able to know which words weren’t
happy words and death did not make him happy. Not as happy as Morty made him. What a silly
name. Hades was taught what he was, who he would become and how to be the greatest. He learned
to harness the powers he had been gifted with as the son of Death (or Morty as Hades called him
even as he grew older). Hades became an adult, lived to be very old in his mind. He learned
everything he could, be was nearly one hundred and three years old when Morty took him aside and
told him that he was ‘ready’. For what, he left it vague but Hades knew what he had to do, he knew
what it all meant. He had so many years, so much time and he had learned so much and then he was
waking up in a room he was unfamiliar with. Was this his home, from before Morty took him away?

Titus and Sigrun were sleeping when an alarm went off in their room and both rushed to their feet,
put their dressing robes on over their pyjamas, and ran across the hall and through the manor. They
pushed Hades’ door open and their son, who was thirteen years old, was sitting up in bed, looking
around as if he hadn’t been comatose for three times the time he had been conscious. He looked at them and smiled. He hadn’t remembered what his parents looked like. They were so pretty, so human. He looked at his hands, he looked different too. He also looked like a human, with peach flesh and soft skin with thin hair over his entire body. It was so different, he could feel everything brushing against him. He was in soft clothes, they were almost too soft and he stopped to rub his face against the collar of his shirt and then he pulled his velvety blankets up to his face and butted his head against them in a cat-like manner. His parents watched him and finally he turned his attention back to them.

“Mother,” he coughed and held his neck, it hurt so bad, it burned. There was a cool glass of water pressed against his lips and he let his mother feed him water. He pulled back and coughed again.

“Mother, father,” he was attacked with their hugs and he didn’t understand but he was good at imitation so he wrapped his arms around them and they cried on him. He had never cried, he had never felt sadness, never had to. He just patted their backs awkwardly until they let him go.

“We’re so happy to have you back,” Sigrun whispered, her hand reaching out to pet her son’s face, his cheeks were so thin. They had a hard time getting food into him so he had lived mostly on nutrient potions and while they made sure he was healthy, they didn’t often allow for the growth of fat and his baby-chubbiness was long gone. Left in place were sharp cheekbones much like his mother and father and he had wavy black hair much like his mother. He was a beautiful, healthy, little boy. Sigrun had to remind herself that Hades was no longer three years old but thirteen year old boy, a teenager. He was so grown up and they hadn’t been able to enjoy any of his childhood with him. How he knew their names, both adults were stunned.

“I’m glad to be back,” his words shocked them even more. He shouldn’t be able to speak, but he could. He should only have the mind of a three year old, and he definitely seemed to be far beyond the abilities of a toddler. “What time is it?”

“About half four in the morning,” his father informed him gently, as if he could break him with his words.

“I think I’m ready to get up, I’m more than rested. So, what’s happening in the world?” He threw his legs over the side of his bed and pushed his blankets away from him before he went to walk. As soon as he tried to walk, he fell forward. Luckily he was caught in his father’s arms and set back on his bed.

“You don’t have the proper muscles to walk yet, let us get you something so you can explore the house,” Sigrun walked away to try and find something that they could sit him in so he could walk but he grabbed his legs and started chanting and then they filled out with sickly cracks as his bones started to become stronger and his muscles began to fill out his stick-thin legs and arms. He smiled at his mother and father who had both frozen in their search to watch him. He had just cast magic, but he shouldn’t have known any magic.

“I do now, let’s go eat something. I don’t remember eating human food,” he stood up, this time without any problems and he looked around his room, casting a lighting charm and flicking the glowing ball of light to the middle of the room so it lit everything up. Once the room lit up, the candles around the room flickered and were glowing. He cancelled the ball of light and looked through his things. He had gifts on his desk for every birthday he had missed and he had a few outfits for him to wear, all of which were pyjamas.

“Let’s go to the informal dining hall. Do you have anything you would like to eat specifically?” his father reached an arm out and wrapped it around his shoulders before guiding him down the stairs, holding onto him in case his legs gave out. He did not want him to fall down the stairs and
injure himself on the first day awake.

“I would like to eat strawberries with a cup of lemon tea, is that acceptable?” He looked up at his father who smiled.

“Yes. Anything you want,” they entered the informal dining hall. There was a large table but there were three settings at one end just for them and Sigrun pulled a chair out for Hades before guiding him into the chair and pushing him forward like she would have done to a young child. They took their seats to the side and across from their son and one of their house elves popped in. Titus asked for what they wanted and the house elves were all too enthusiastic to prepare them what they asked for. Titus looked up at Hades, wondering if he would ask about the house elf, they were something that were quite unsettling to people who didn’t know of them, but Hades didn’t seem concerned. He acted as if everything was normal, as if they were always like this. It took a few hours for the Daily Prophet to be brought in and Titus tucked a sickle into the bird’s little change bag before taking the paper. He looked at the headlines. It was about the new Dark Lord, of course. It was concerning, but at least they knew that their son would be left alone. He, of course, wasn’t informed on wizarding customs or traditions so he wouldn’t be bothered, maybe teased, but that was much safer than recruited.

“Will I be attending Hogwarts?” Hades took a bite of a strawberry and mauled it until it was just the green crown of leaves. He set it to the side before doing the same thing to another strawberry. He had only eaten six strawberries over the course of the three hours they had been sitting at the table, but he was surely savouring them. He had seven cups of lemon tea with no sweeteners, and definitely no milk (who put milk in herbal tea anyway?) and he didn’t show any signs of stopping the demand for lemon tea. He seemed to really be enjoying himself and that was all that mattered to Titus and Sigrun. However, the question of attending Hogwarts threw them off their game. How did he know of Hogwarts? They had both attended, under different names of course, they couldn’t just announce their lineage to be attacked by Grindelwald who would have tried to recruit them due to their political influence, but did they want their son attending? Could they really let him leave in a month and a half for most of the year after they just got him back?

“Would you like to attend Hogwarts? I can send a letter and request a letter and placement test for you if you would like to go. We will of course be asking some of our acquaintances if their children can help you adapt to school life,” Titus offered. Sigrun was shocked, but she knew that her son needed to attend school, and Hogwarts had been the best, although the curriculum was deteriorating under the rule of the new headmaster, or so she had heard from Walburga who was quite appalled at what litter Regulus was learning and with how much Sirius was getting away with despite being dangerous and punishable.

“I would like to attend. I will need a wand to take a placement test. I expect to be at least at a third year level as I should be, if you feel it necessary you may help me practice for my tests, but I don’t think it will be necessary,” he inspected another large strawberry before looking up. “Do we have any honeydew melon?”

After eating a few chunks of honeydew, Hades was full, he had actually overeaten but mortal food was so delicious. His mother asked to spend time with him while his father went to write the letter to Headmaster Dumbledore at Hogwarts. Sigrun sat on a lounge in the library and grabbed a book on the theory of the Dark Arts. Hades was ushered to rest against her and before long his head was on her stomach, his legs drawn up as she combed her fingers through his hair as she read to him. She finished a chapter and put the book down before pulling Hades closer to her and just wrapping her arms around him. She loved him so much, she had missed him something terrible and now he was going to leave again.
“Your birthday was a few days ago, would you like to do something to celebrate? You’ve never been to Diagon Alley, we could visit and get you your school robes and some proper clothing for a young man of your status,” her fingers never stopped carding through his hair and he was fine with that. It was so comforting, he hadn’t know such affection and love from Morty, in fact, he had always been distant unless he was correcting his stance or wand movement. More than once he had been told that affection would taint the soul, it would break you down and turn you weak, and Morty refused to allow him to be weak. He had never doubted anything Morty had ever said, but he wasn’t sure if he was right about affection because he could feel his mother’s love for him, it was warm and it held him, wrapping him up in blankets of the softest furs and a perfect heat that wasn’t too hot but not cold either.

“We should wait to go to Diagon Alley until I’ve been accepted, and then we shall do so. What exactly is my status?"

“You are the heir of two ancient and noble houses, the House of Slytherin and Peverell. Your father is the last direct descendant of the Peverells and I am of the Slytherin family, although we had moved from here to the Nordic countries after our family had a civil fight and broke apart. Now that my brother passed away, I am the last direct descendant of Slytherin, and the other family related to us are the Gaunts but they are all dead now as well. Although I heard there is an elusive son from Merope, but I have never had the pleasure of meeting him.

“I am so glad that you are awake and with us once again. I missed you so much, and your father missed you as well. We have missed so much of your life, please let us make it up to you. Allow us to be your parents, we have been so scared that you would never come back, I couldn’t think about it. You are my precious little Hades, you will always be my baby, even when you’re a hundred years old, you’ll still be my baby boy… I love you so much,” she leaned forward and pressed a kiss to the top of his head and he looked up at her and slung an arm around her.

“What’s love? Morty never taught me about it, he said it was for the weak. You’re not weak though, I saw you in battle, you are very strong and an excellent dueller if I do say so myself.”

“Who’s Morty?”

“He’s the man who taught me magic… I probably shouldn’t say anymore, I shouldn’t have mentioned him, but I don’t understand what love is and I need clarification so I can tell you if I love you back or not,” she gave a sad smile. Her baby didn’t know what love was. He was asking for ‘clarifications’ about an abstract idea and intense feeling.

“Love is when you care for somebody intensely, when you want to be around them and make them happy. When they make you happy by just being around you and acting like themselves,” Sigrun watched as Hades processed and tried to make sense of what she said. It was very childlike, but there was something about Hades that was too mature to be a child, to even be a teenager, he was such an old soul, his eyes were so wise and knowledgeable.

“Alright. Then I love you too,” he decided after moments of thought and careful analysis. He was sure that he loved his mother. She loved him, so it would only make sense for him to love her back. There was some kind of draw to her and his father that he had never felt before. He was sure that it was love, and he could love them unconditionally because he knew that they would never leave him. They loved him, his mother did at least, and if she cared for him deeply then she wouldn’t want him to be gone, it made sense. Titus walked into the library and found his wife and son on the lounge, both looking relaxed and adorable. He wished he had a camera to take a photo but he didn’t.

“I’ve sent the letter,” he said, walking towards them and taking a seat on a chair across from the lounge. Sigrun looked at her husband and smiled. She had the people she loved the most with her,
both awake and able to converse intelligently. It was a dream come true.

“Excellent. I hope that we may proceed with the testing quickly so I can be placed in the appropriate year and get my needed supplies. Mother would like to take me to Diagon Alley and I would like to accompany her. I have never been and I am quite interested in a place with such a silly name. Diagonally; Diagon Alley. Homophones, or more accurately, a clever play on words. I would like to see such an interesting alley. Perhaps we will be able to meet other students at Hogwarts, or we could invite some of your acquaintances to join us. I wouldn’t mind knowing some people before starting school. I don’t wish to be alone and confused on my first day and having someone I know around will help alleviate awkwardness if I have any questions.”

“That’s very thoughtful of you,” Titus praised before looking at the book that Sigrun had been reading to their son. It was a good book, he was quite fond of the Dark Arts. It was a shame that the Dark Arts were illegal in Magical Britain. Titus saw his son nod at his compliment before he sat up, pushing himself off of his mother’s body and leaned over the side of the lounge.

“What spell did you use to strengthen your limbs earlier?” Sigrun questioned. She had never seen such a ritual or spell performed before and it was curious that their previously comatose son knew magic that even she didn’t know. She had many years on her son when it came to learning, so she thought, and it made less sense since he had been oblivious to his surroundings for so long.

“Oh, Morty taught me, but that’s all I can say about it.”


“The man who taught him magic.”

“Oh…” Titus nodded in understanding before they completely shifted topics, partially out of fear of who was in their son’s mind teaching him magic and also because it wasn’t pleasant thinking about how little they had taught him and how ineffective they had been as parents and teachers. The rest of the morning and well into the afternoon was spent talking in the library. Hades was fond of physical affection and neither of his parents were about to deny any sort of comfort for him after not being with him for so long.

It took two days for the deputy headmistress, Minerva McGonagall, to respond to Titus’ request. There was a letter addressed for the parents of Hades Peverell and one for the child himself. It was his first piece of mail, and more importantly, it was the letter accepting him into the school and then a schedule for him to chose when he would like to take the placement tests. His parents also got a schedule and a copy of the list of books from previous years that Hades would need to study from.

“I already know these things,” Hades said as he flipped through the first year textbooks. He put it back on the shelf. They were in Flourish and Blotts and Sigrun was hovering over his shoulder, his father wasn’t much better as he tried to appear to be busy looking for other books but rather he was also standing next to Hades quite defensively. Both adults looked at each other, worried because their son thought he knew what was needed and proud because from the few displays of magic their son performed were far beyond the normal capacity of a thirteen year old, even one that had been attending school for the past two years. It had been about a month and a half since the rest of the students got their Hogwarts letters and the stores were mostly full and bustling with parents fretting over their children, but Hades was acting calm despite being surrounded by so many people. He appeared calm, but every so often there was something that he said or did that demonstrated how nervous and uncomfortable he was in such a large crowd.
Hades strayed from his parents who were speaking with Madam Malkin at her shoppe. Hades wandered into the apothecary, just to see what selection Diagon Alley had. He looked at the crystal jars full of disgusting things on display and he smiled to himself. This was not only a place that he didn’t see any annoying children and squawking adults but the store owner or employees obvious put things on display in an attempt to disgust, offend and intimidate the brats that did enter. Hades was so caught up looking through the selection of porcupine quills, in order to find the quills of the highest quality, he didn’t see the other teen in the shop. However his voice brought his attention to him and Hades stared up at the two people standing at the front counter. Both looked worn down, but the woman beside whom Hades assumed to be her son, looked worse for wear and showed signs of abuse. The poor woman, Hades felt bad for her, especially since she was a witch, and if he learned things from Death, one was that muggles, or in Death’s words ‘mortals’, were disgusting things that always killed each other due to difference of opinions. Not even important opinions, it was usually over religion and no religion was truly proved to be one hundred percent real so why did they fight so persistently over such things? There had also been a war that ended fifteen years before he was born dubbed World War II and that was all just a bunch of bad things wrapped up in a bun of terrible.

“Ten galleons, take it or leave it,” the clerk said, his arms crossing over his chest as he loomed over the woman and her teen. They seemed to be selling potions.

“They cost us two galleons each to make. That’s not much profit now is it?” The woman said and Hades picked out his quills before adding them to the stuff he had chosen for his potions. He had to gather ingredients for the potions he would be tested on before the year started, that’s why he had the quills, and then he had chosen some things for himself for potions he wanted to create on his own time. Hades walked up and stood behind the duo of potioneers.

“Are those Elixirs to Induce Euphoria?” Hades asked. He had brewed them a few times as he had been required how to make most of the most common potions that were used in the magical world as well as some less common but important-to-know potions. The woman spun around slowly and her son turned to glare at Hades.

“They are, young man.”

“Yes, they seem to be quite potent, the colour is perfectly vibrant. You must be an excellent potioneer,” he looked up at the counter and then at the two before him. “I will buy some of them for four galleons a piece, if that is acceptable. I feel like I will need them often. This will be the first year I am to attend Hogwarts, I’ve been in a coma since I was a child, and I’m not sure if I will be able to adapt very well to school-life,” the boy’s glare relaxed but Hades was still under the scrutiny of his eyes. “Do you create your own infusion of wormwood? If you would like, I know an excellent way to produce a rather impressive quality infusion of wormwood, and I could show you how to create it so you don’t have to spend more money on the pre-made and usually less robust infusions you could buy at establishments such as this one.”

“Hey!” the clerk shouted, “didn’t your parents teach you manners. It isn’t polite to insult the shopkeeper. I should just make you all leave.”

“Then I will just take my money somewhere else. Your selection is honestly horrific. I suppose you wouldn’t need quality ingredient though since you cater to snivelling children, sir. I’m sure you can put these ingredients back for me. Missus, heir, would you accompany me to the other apothecary I saw, one that I’m sure would be willing to pay you more reasonably for such a seemingly well brewed potion?” He glared up at the clerk who glared right back at him. Who did this child think he was? The messiah or some potions master? He couldn’t be more than twelve years old and even that was pushing it.
“I think we will. Good day Mr. Mayson,” the woman cast a feather light charm on the box of potions she was trying to sell and carried it with her out the door. Hades held the door open for her and squinted in the harsh August sunlight. “What’s your name young man?”

“Hades Peverell. What shall I call you Miss?”

“I am Mrs. Snape, this is my son Severus. You said that you will be attending Hogwarts. You can’t only be eleven, how old are you, if you don’t mind me asking?” They started to walk across the alley to where Hades had seen the much more promising apothecary. He didn’t know that it was well into Knockturn Alley though since he was most unfamiliar with this place. He saw his parents and waved to them as his father shrunk the school robes they had purchased and his mother waved back to acknowledge his acknowledgment.

“I’m thirteen. I’ve been in a coma for about ten years…,” he sounded far too cheery, which wasn’t very cheery at all, for a child who had been in a coma for most of his life. “I learned quite a lot though so I didn’t mind it. I’m glad that I can be with my parents once again though.” Hades took the turn into Knockturn Alley and neither Mrs. Snape nor Severus said anything to deter their entrance into this part of the Alley nor did they object to the apothecary that Hades held the door open for. Eileen and Severus entered the apothecary and set the box on the counter, a crotchety old woman coming to the front, sneering like the best of them.

“I assume you wish to sell me your potions? Let’s seem them then,” she flicked her wand, held in wrinkly hands, and the lid to the box popped off the top and set in soft dividers were several phials and bottles of potions. Most, the entire top row of potions, were the elixirs to induce euphoria just as Hades had guessed but there were other potions that were obscured from view by the bright yellow of the elixirs above them. Hades could recognize that some of the potions were more deadly, as in they were poisons or sleeping draughts, which seemed to be intended for this shop originally. Hades started to think that their sell of the euphoria elixirs to the other apothecary was a cover for something, as the other apothecary was definitely not in the business of dealing with poisons. However the apothecary, or one of them in Knockturn, was more than happy to buy such products. Hades looked around for the same ingredients he had at the other store and they truly were of slightly better quality but not as great as the ingredients he had while with Morty. He knew that this was because Morty had the best of everything since he wasn’t bound by the imperfections that the mortal world dealt with.

“Fifty galleons for the entire box is very agreeable, Ms. Chamberlain,” Mrs. Snape turned to Severus and whispered something to him before Severus wandered off to find Hades and make sure he didn’t get lost or something, while she conducted the rest of their business. He had also been sent off to gather the correct ingredients for their next batch of potions that they would make. They made very little money with their potions business as they had to buy the ingredients for their potions as well which often were expensive due to the high quality of their products, but it was worth it because both Eileen and Severus had a passion for potion making and it helped them bond while allowing them to escape from Tobias.

Severus found Hades looking through the selection of porcupine quills, he had a pile of the ones he needed whole and then the ones with imperfections that would be good for grinding down into powder. He nodded to himself, these would be alright for what he needed. Syrup of hellebore… where would that be located? He turned to look for it and nearly bumped into Severus who had been looming beside him.

“I apologise,” Severus stood aside to allow Hades to move around.

“It’s not a problem. Did you and your mother get the proper amount for your potions? I didn’t
really need your euphoria elixirs, I just didn’t think that it was fair that the clerk was being so rude. It’s insulting to offer so little for such potions, he was silently stating that your potions weren’t up to par with his products and therefore didn’t deserve his consideration or care. I’m glad that this place is much nicer and more respectable. I bet this shop is rather reputable, they have better ingredients… speaking of ingredients do you know where syrup of hellebore would be? The shelves aren’t alphabetically organized so I’m unsure what kind of system is being used to allow for ingredients to be found.”

“There is no system,” Severus took off walking in a direction surrounded by shadows and Hades followed him. They stopped and there were several phials of ingredients ambiguously labelled but it was easy enough to find syrup of hellebore due to the consistency that could be known by simply swirling the contents around. He picked out a tall phial of the syrup and placed it in the woven basket that he had placed his other ingredients in. Of course, there were jars to keep ingredients separated and to stop cross-contamination of ingredients (which could prove fatal once creating the potion).

“Thank you. Are you and your mother finished selling your potions? You don’t have to wait for me, I can find my way back to my parents.”

“It’s fine. I am actually going to be looking for ingredients for our next batch of potions,” he peeked into the contents of the basket that Hades held, “I wouldn’t be opposed to helping you find your way around the shop while you look for your own things,” Severus held out his hand and a basket floated over to him from the pile near the door. The entire back wall was lined with cauldrons and if you were wealthy enough or needed for more expensive and hard-to-find cauldrons (made from different and uncommon materials that only potion makers knew the significance of) were in the back room which also had all the illegal ingredients hidden away in the mess and behind the rare cauldrons.

“Alright,” Hades offered a smile to the other boy, who just raised an eyebrow at him, his amusement and something akin to giddiness hidden behind years of carefully constructed facade of aloofness.

Hades had long gathered his ingredients, but he didn’t want to leave Severus. Was this a first friend? He hoped that he would be friends with him at Hogwarts, or at least remain a comfortable acquaintance of his. Severus picked out ingredients just as meticulously, if not more so, as Hades had. Unlike Severus, Hades had never gathered his own ingredients before since he had never been allowed to leave to gather his own while with his mentor (Morty). However from the selection chosen, one would never guess that Hades was a novice at choosing the best quality of ingredients. Eileen had watched her son’s interaction with the oddly named child with motherly affection. She was glad that he had made a possible new friend. He needed more than just Lily and although she didn’t wholly agree with pureblood elitists, there was something to be said about remembering and caring about their culture and traditions. Something she couldn’t teach him as constantly and as well as she would have been able to if she hadn’t been foolish and married a muggle (who happened to lose his job years ago and become an abusive drunk), but she would never regret her choice to have a child with Tobias because she loved Severus with all her heart, she only regretted her inability to protect her son better from Tobias’ cruelty.

Hades paid the old woman at the front from a pouch of galleons, sickles and knuts he had gotten from his parents within the first thirty minutes of their adventure into Diagon Alley. She looked at him oddly and he ignored that curious glance. She then kept an eye on him as he waited for Eileen and Severus to pay for their items with the money she had just paid out. They all left the apothecary and Sigrun was waiting near the entrance of Knockturn with her husband, worried about her son getting lost in the darker parts of the wizarding world. She wouldn’t know what to do if he was lost once again, no, she wouldn’t survive losing her only child a second time. Hades stood in front of his
parents once reaching them. He turned to face the Snapes.

“Mother, father, this is Mrs. Snape and her son Severus,” he smiled up at everybody. Severus wasn’t sure if the boy was genuine or being derisive, no matter what he was, he didn’t like it and wanted it to stop but he wasn’t uncouth therefore he would remain silent. His mother placed a hand on his shoulder in a gentle gesture of affection and he repressed his own smile. He did love it when he was being shown that he was cared for, even if it wasn’t often, it only made the times and moments that he was loved even more important. He would savour the smallest of touches if it was from someone as kind and important as his mother and Lily, sadly his friend wasn’t around nor could he visit with her for some time as he was going to be too busy with his less than stellar living conditions and father’s explosive behaviour. They had to sell the potions though, no matter what Tobias was trying to beat into them, they needed to money. Who did he think was paying their bills and providing what little food they had, which Tobias feasted on in his drunken states. Severus couldn’t help but frown. His mother squeezed his shoulder and looked back up at the small family before them.

“Hello, I’m Eileen,” she didn’t hold out her free hand, that wasn’t appropriate behaviour for purebloods and it was clear that the couple before her were indeed purebloods. Their clothes were from the most expensive shops and they had the refinement but slightly off or irregular features from past generations of inbreeding. They weren’t ugly, no they were both very handsome compared to the people that Eileen normally worked with or knew, it almost reminded her of being forced to the banquets that her lavish pureblood family forced her to attend (only making her resent them even more and just pushing her to rebel).

“Sigrun Slytherin Peverell, and my husband Titus Peverell,” she offered the kindest smile, not because she wanted to get something, as any good Slytherin (in blood, in house, or both) would do, but because she noticed that Eileen and her son were both in rags with a holy coin purse and a wooden crate that looked to have held potions along with a bag of purchases. Eileen didn’t know if the fates hated her, or what the universe was thinking, but it was never a good thing to associate with those above oneself, especially not a Slytherin and an Ancient and Noble House. They were flirting with death, what if they had done something to make them angry, she could be stripped of magic by them easily. They definitely held enough power to do such a thing, especially to a blood-traitor like her and a half blood like her child. She didn’t know what to say. Sigrun saw the conflict in Eileen’s eyes, her face a perfect mask of insouciance.

“Would you and your son like to accompany us for lunch? We could dine at the Leaky Cauldron or we could go somewhere that you or your son enjoy. What do children like to eat?” She laughed, for the first time in her life feeling nervous. What happens if she ruined her son’s chance at friendship. What kind of mother would she be? Her mother had no problems with her children and both her mother and father would regularly neglect them for their balls or galas and from what Sigrun knew of her husband, he had known the same childhood. It was quite common in pureblood households for their children to be run by nannies and house elves. Knowing the hardship and fearing the worst (the possibility of never baring a child), both parents decided to give their son the love that they didn’t know, because that was the least he deserved. He hadn’t had a normal childhood like any other children anyway, what was one more thing that made him different, special, precious?

Eileen frowned, or she thought she frowned she had scowled at them accidentally and Severus reached up to touch his mother’s hand. She hadn’t had to deal with any purebloods since she left for the muggle world, but she knew that this could benefit Severus, especially if he could befriend this child, a child who was so bound for Slytherin as it was literally his birthright and lineage. She also didn’t want to take their charity, despite needing help, she was too proud, she would never lose her pride, no matter how many times she was hit and no matter how many times she cried or protected
Severus, but that was in the feigned safety of their house never in public. She was a noble creature despite not looking nor acting the part. A part of her hurt knowing that Severus would never know an easy life, but then she gave him everything she could, and that was all she ever wanted, but she knew that it likely wasn’t enough, it was never enough for a child, parents could never be perfect for their children, it was a rule of the world, magic and muggle alike.

“The Leaky Cauldron is more than acceptable. Thank you for your invitation,” Eileen wondered if she ever gave her birthname, or did they think she was a muggleborn? She decided that it didn’t matter. The family hadn’t turned their noses up at them yet or said anything derogatory. Actually, they had been decent so far, or at least for the past three minutes of ‘knowing’ each other. They all made their way to the small bar and inn. Titus held the door open for everyone before pulling out a chair for Sigrun who sat between her husband and son at a creaky, splintering table. Eileen knew that they were likely to not be accustomed to such ‘savage’ places, but they were a witch and wizards, they had to be familiar with this place. Tom, the barkeep, who was alive and working at the establishment since Eileen was travelling to Diagon for her school supplies with her brother and cousins, approached them and took their orders. Surprisingly the aristocrats at the table ordered humble stew and Hades asked for a glass of water, just water rather than pumpkin juice or the much preferred butterbeer. Eileen and Severus knew the rules of dining out, they picked the least expensive thing and usually split it between them, they couldn’t afford this luxury often, but that wouldn’t be proper so they each ordered a slightly toasted sandwich before also getting water.

The table was silent but the patrons around them were alive and talkative. Hades was focusing in on the conversations of everyone around the room, just to listen and see what was happening around the world or at least Britain. He also liked hearing everyone’s own take on things. People had such bizarre or funny ways of thinking about things.

“So, Hades said he would be attending Hogwarts this year. A third year,” Eileen prompted. Sigrun smiled. This was a conversation she could speak of without soundings rude or possibly offensive. She had no idea how to act around common people, she wasn’t used to speaking with people outside of political or high society settings and usually she let Titus deal with everyone while she fretted over the health of Hades.

“Yes, this is his first year but he is more than adequate with the first and second year spells. He is taking placement tests in a few days. We’re sure that Hades will be sorted, quite appropriately, into the Slytherin House,” Sigrun hadn’t spoken to a child for so long, and she had never needed to practice the custom and therefore was grey around the proper ways to address a child, even more so how to address someone who wasn’t an heir to at least one Lordship.

“What house are you in, Mr. Snape?” Titus had seemed distant the entire conversation, but he always seemed rather distant. He thought about everything before continuing and he hated interruptions and therefore made sure everyone was well finished speaking before he took his turn to speak.

“Slytherin, sir,” Severus had easily disguised the flinch at being addressed as ‘Mr. Snape’ with a slight shift in position as if he was simply bothered by the uncomfortable stools that they were forced to endure. One would think wizards could charm their chairs to be more comfortable, but these either had long since needed a charm reaplication or were just never charmed.

“Interesting,” Titus offered in return before returning to silence. Their food was levitated towards them and they all ate. Despite not having a formal upbringing, Severus had learned the most important things from the other Slytherins, who were mostly determined to make his life difficult and insult him due to things out of his control, who saw Severus unfit to be in the house without certain knowledge. Some of this information was the proper way to behave at the table, which was indeed
important in the Great Hall at school. He realized that Hades had never had lessons either, but he was sure Hades could get away with such actions. Who would dare to tease and taunt the child who was the heir to their house? An idiot, and sadly, and no matter how it pained him to admit it, a lot of Slytherins fit into that category. They either never learned how to be better than money-flinging, shit-talking monkeys and leeches that just follow into their family’s ideals blindly, or were breeders to create a new generation of ‘pure’ children who would likely never know what true parental love was because the entire society of pureblood was so ridiculous and skewed.

“Severus helped me gather potion ingredients. He is quite observant. I admire that,” Hades’ eyes flashed up from his food and met Severus’ for a second. Severus wasn’t sure what he saw in those green eyes, but he saw a scary piece of his best friend, his only friend, in them but more noticeably he saw age, the knowledge of someone far older than a thirteen year old. Hadn’t he mentioned being comatose for ten years? How did he know much of anything if he had been unconscious for more than half of his life?

“I also mentioned my previous condition, I was glad to miss pity in their eyes,” he stopped what he was doing, setting down his spoon and wiping his mouth with a napkin despite not having anything on his face, before setting said napkin on his lap. “Mrs. Snape and Severus are potion makers, their potions were vibrant. They were being swindled by that dolt of an apothecary owner. His ingredients were quite poor too. I was highly disappointed with the selection and I’m unsure why he would be open when he so clearly runs a subpar business. It just shows you how incompetent huma-- excuse me -- some people can be. It was refreshing meeting such a pair with more than a single braincell,” he sighed and shook his head. “That was horribly rude of me, I didn’t mean to say such things, I meant that you are intelligent,” or at least you appear to be, “but it was wrong to generalize such a vast group of people… but don’t you agree?”

Everyone looked down at Hades, not down on him with discontent or annoyance, but in curiosity. How was someone so innocent in the ways of the world so knowledgeable? He shouldn’t know people, he shouldn’t be more than a three year old, but in fact he was very much a thirteen year old if not much older intellectually. Eileen wanted to laugh. That was nearly the same opinion, and same phrasing, her son would have used. Severus may have had less passion in his voice, but she knew her son agreed with the things said. She and Severus were no cretins, they were educated despite their poor lives, and it was amusing to meet someone so much like her son. She turned her attention down to Severus who looked very serious, but not as serious as he usually did. He seemed to be thinking what the random child they had met in a lame-excuse-of-an-apothecary’s words.

Sigrun wasn’t sure how to continue, she was even less sure and almost frightened of her son’s opinion. There were things that weren’t said, and he sounded very much like a cynical old man, not a carefree child (given she would not want a ‘carefree’ child, rather a healthy, mature, proper son, but she wouldn’t love him any less no matter what route he had chosen) that he should have been behaving like. Titus was clearly amused but not enough to speak. For being such an aggressive politician, he was very passive in matters of social situations.

“I agree,” Severus whispered. “Thank you for the compliments, you aren’t a complete dunderhead either,” Hades smiled, all of the cold rage that had caused him to tense dissipated. He was once again the little teenager that they had met, a calm, cool headed boy who didn’t need to strive for perfection to make himself feel better because he had already, humbly, accepted his genius.

“We should get back to shopping, you still need a wand, Hades,” Titus tossed far more than the required amount of coin on the table for all of their meals. Eileen opened her mouth to comment but Titus held a gentle hand up to stop her. “Thank you for joining us, please, let us gift this to you for keeping our son safe in Knockturn and for being kind to him. We would be very disappointed had his first experience with people other than clerks were cruel to him. We can reach you by owl with Eileen Snape and Severus Snape?”
“Y—yes you can reach us by owl. Those are our names… thank you for the meal. We can reach you through owl as well with your names or should we find a different way? I know of the protective wards people have been adopting due to the current war-issue,” Eileen stood up with Severus. Severus watched as Hades dusted off his clothes as if it were a habit rather than because he was dusty or dirty. He was a curious boy. He shouldn’t have been… well with what he said, things didn’t make sense and he definitely shouldn’t be able to function the way he does after just waking up unless he had woken up earlier, but he couldn’t be more than thirteen, he had said he would be in his year at Hogwarts, hadn’t he? Perhaps it was just Severus hoping to have someone with similar opinions and views as him that he could access and speak to without ridicule, even more than he already had to withstand.

“We shall send you an owl with the proper enchantments that allows her through our wards, if you would like. I’m sure you have to send many letters, you are potion makers, enough to impress Hades, you must have business to deal with… Yes, you may reach us with our names, or you can address it to the Peverell Estate,” he offered a rather warm smile; it was fake. He honestly had no opinion of these people. He didn’t like them but he didn’t dislike them either and he was content if Hades wished to befriend the young man before him. They all bid each other a good afternoon and evening before going their separate ways. Severus didn’t want to leave yet, but he would never admit to feel such a thing. He honestly didn’t want to go home, he would rather stay with the Malfoys. Lucius Abraxas Malfoy had been kind to him in the three years they were in school together and taught him how to survive around so many people who didn’t much care for his kind, but he had yet to be invited and it was definitely beyond rude to invite oneself to someone else’s home. He could escape to Lily, but it was likely she was with her family who honestly doted on her. He was never jealous of Lily, he loved her dearly, but he also enjoyed how he could stay with her during the days of the summer and never have to return home. She was out with her parents, they were taking a luxurious vacation to Rome. Severus honestly wouldn’t have liked the trip if he had to deal with Petunia. They did not get along, and he would go so far as to say they hated each other. Honestly detested one another and if Severus could kill anyone, the first would be his father and the second would be Petunia for making Lily feel so horrible about herself and for being so rude to him and his mother.

The Peverell family walked back onto the streets of Diagon Alley and they took Hades to get his wand. It went well, for the first thirty minutes. As an hour was approaching, and they had yet to find a wand, Ollivander was growing irritated and so was Hades who wished he could have the wand he used when he was in a coma, but he couldn’t use it. There was already a wand on the earth given out by Death, and the only thing Hades knew about it was that he needed it to achieve his full magical potential. He wasn’t purely human, but he wasn’t exactly a replica of Death. He was a mixture, perhaps he could go so far to call himself a ‘half breed’ but he wouldn’t and he would cut anyone’s rude tongue out of their mouth if they so much as spoke badly about ‘half breeds’. Half bloods he could live with, but most wizards didn’t even know what a ‘half breed’ actually was. They [wizards] used to think of werewolves, who were not half breeds at all, but rather pure blooded. Once a werewolf, all the human blood burns out and is replaced by, for lack of better word, infected blood. All their DNA undergoes changes, which overall, creates a werewolf, not a human.

Ollivander floo called his brothers from other establishments and told them to bring their wands through. The store was overflowing with boxes of wands yet they still couldn’t find a wand for Hades. Then, Ollivander and his siblings grouped up in the back. There was whispering. Sigrun and Titus looked nervous, was their child not suitable for a wand? What did that mean? They had never heard of such a thing, ever.

“We’re calling an experimental wand maker from France. We work with that family, sometimes, but very rarely. Since we don’t seem to have a wand -- for the first time ever! -- for young Mr. Peverell than we will bring the twins in,” Ollivander offered an apologetic smile but there was curiosity and irritation all over the rest of him. His posture gave it away, the irritation, but his soul-
searching eyes were obviously glinting with the thirst for knowledge, a desire to know why. Then from the floo in the back office the seer and her brother stepped through the floo with a single box, held to the man’s chest.

“You must be Hades,” the woman said. She couldn’t have been more than twenty, but she had a maturity similar to Hades’ that made her seem older, and she was equally as wise. She had seen many things. Seers saw into the future, or saw one of many possibilities while it was prophets that gave prophecies. Silly wizards got them mixed up often, but they were indeed different. Her timid, tawny-headed brother hesitantly gifted the wand to Hades who opened the box and drew the wand. He raised an eyebrow. This wand felt like the others but he would wave it, if anything it would humor the conglomerate of wand-makers crowding the miniscule shop. He gave it a wave and then a rush washed over him. *That was refreshing*, he thought before looking up at the Ollivander clan who all let out their held breath and slumped back having been tense with anticipation. They found the wizard a wand. This was peculiar; why didn’t any of their wands work?

“What is it?” Garrick Ollivander prodded the seer with his finger. He was old, but Hades wasn’t sure if he was as old as he looked, he certainly had a innocence about him that Hades had associated with the children that Morty brought through his halls and to Charon.

“Fifteen inches, elder with an unknown core. We couldn’t find anything inside of it when we looked inside, but there was obviously something inside the wand or else it wouldn’t be working. We found it… er, somewhere that you wouldn’t know,” the female twin supplied cautiously before her and her brother quickly rushed back to the floo and called for them to keep the wand, free of charge from them and they were gone. Hades took a second to inspect the wand and then he felt it, reaching out to bind his magic to the wand, this wand was supposedly in the care of a ‘great’ wizard. The leader of Light magic, muggles and muggleborns. Morty had spoken often of Albus Dumbledore, most of which were nasty things about how he couldn’t wait for him to come to him so he could teach him that he has been wrong and that he should have listened to his friend Gellert before he imprisoned him in his own prison! Hades had never met the man, but he assumed he was quite annoying if his mentor had spoken so poorly of him. Morty had never been wrong about anybody, it was a gift, he could see into every mind no matter their occlumency skills, all but Hades’ mind and only because biologically, he was part of him and it wasn’t natural to need to read your own mind. You have your thoughts to yourself, or you did until he split of a piece of his being and made a potion for it. Who better to give it to than the family who he had always held in high regards. They were becoming, and had almost been, extinct in the male line and he couldn’t let his favourite group of dark wizards wiggle out of his grasp just yet. Their magic was only growing weaker, but Death, Morty, had made sure that his son, his Hades, would indeed be able to hold power over them all, all humans. He didn’t teach him hate, nor did he encourage violence, rather he encouraged self-preservation, mindfulness and drilled the words ‘knowledge is power’ into his son’s head until the boy spoke the words in his sleep.

Garrick’s face blanched and he shooed his brothers out of his shop before looking over his countertop, boxes strewn around even more messily than they had been before the Peverells had entered.

“Do you know what that wand is?”

“I do,” Hades smiled and flicked his wrist, sending boxes back into their cubby holes in the shelves behind Ollivander. He also managed a charm to clean up all the dust. It was rather horrible in this shop and he didn’t want any pesky human allergies to make him uncomfortable.

“Then you must know of the horrible things it has done.”
“I am well aware Mr. Ollivander. The *Death Stick*? The *Elder Wand*? I think I will claim this as my heritage, not just my family with me but my other family as well, my… ancestors,” Garrick waved them away with a polite nod and smile but honestly he was quite shaken. That wand was legendary and extremely dark. It was only the cause of death, death and more death. So much bloodshed on a single wand, how horrific. Hades was also quite frightening, a thirteen year old who somehow bonded with the wand that truly bonded with no one except Death himself, if the tale was true. He noticed that all of his wands were in their specified places and he was even more unnerved. He hadn’t had formal education and he was already so powerful. He hoped the Gods that little Peverell did not end up like Tom Riddle, Gellert Grindelwald or even Albus Dumbledore. They were all power hungry and quite frankly, insane, not a slur, just the truth.

“There’s no trace on that wand, is there?” Titus whispered and Hades just gave a shy smile and nodded. “I thought as much.”

“What else is left to do, I think I would like to go home and make some potions for the school year. I doubt I will have an appropriate amount of time to brew the potions which I will be taking and creating. They are very delicate and volatile,” his parents looked horrified, but he waved their fear off dismissively. “I will be careful, I promise. I will take all the necessary precautions and more. I do not wish to lose either of you now that I’m back.”

They returned home after fitting and buying not only appropriate school robes but an entire wardrobe for their son who would likely outgrow it in a few years time, although he was on the small side. They, however, could not help themselves and felt like spoiling him and allowing him free reign as long as he didn’t leave them again. To anyone besides their family, it seemed almost pathetic, but not everybody knew what it was like to deal with their issues with their son, and how they loved him. They loved him so much. Unconditionally with every ounce of their will, they would throw themselves in front of a killing curse for him, although they would rather skip the dramatics (as that was for the Gryffindors) and just escape without causing any of their own deaths.

Cunning was an admired trait and it seemed that Hades already knew that, or at least they did after they caught him, or he let himself get caught by his parents, practicing the Dark Arts in their duelling room. There wasn’t even an open book that he could have been reading from, he had known the spells off the top of his head. Such dark magic for such a small boy couldn’t have been healthy, but he was shaking with so many different things that both Sigrun and Titus were uncomfortable to be around him in his excited state. They left him alone, but they were both positive that they had been purposely drawn to the room in order to see him practice that magic, as he wanted his parents to know that he was powerful, that he could protect himself and that their insistent coddling, while nice sometimes and he did enjoy resting with his mother while she stroked his hair, was not needed. He was independent, he had to be, ever since he was three he had been expected to be an adult and he had eagerly and quickly filled the role expected of him by his true father.

The tests at Hogwarts went well, and nobody noticed how different his wand was and the headmaster, although catching a glimpse of the tool, did not let his eyes linger and in fact he looked rather shocked at the artifact the boy carried. He had been in possession of that wand and then it disappeared, he thought it was fate, but he had seem a mere child with the most legendary weapon of mass destruction, slaughter and betrayal. He of course had only done what he did, and kept the wand, for the Great Good. He couldn’t let it slip into the wrong hands and slip it had done, right into the hands of an innocent child. One that stunned and impressed all the professors. Even the classes that third years just got to start taking had tested him and he had tested to be proficient in all their magic and even more. There was something off with Hades Peverell (who would name their poor child *Hades*? A despicable God in Albus’ opinion. Never did anything but cause trouble. He of course thought Zeus, Jupiter, to be mighty and an almighty good while he was in fact quite demented. He didn’t deny that he wasn’t all there, and it was more of a quirk than a flaw. Everyone
he knew would agree to that.) and he was curious and nothing if not determined to figure out what made him so different. When the boy had looked at him, he saw the look that had haunted him, not just of a monster he had half purposely and half accidentally created, The Dark Lord Voldemort, but also of his Gellert. He had once been a respectable young man, Gellert, but then they made plans and they got out of control. Albus knew when to step back and let things progress as they were, to lead from the Light, to lead with the support of all people behind him, but Gellert did not care of others, he had cared for Albus, but when he left him, he couldn’t bring himself to care any longer for someone he had thought to have been his confidant, his right hand, his friend and lover, he had been betrayed and it hurt horribly. He never made the same mistake twice and he definitely didn’t dare return to Albus, but somehow they had met again.

Albus wiped away a single tear before it leaked from his eye and continued to look over the papers and bills that the Wizengamot was trying to have passed. Many of them he disagreed with. He knew that the Ministry was as corrupt as it always had been, and while he also had influence, he was nowhere near as Slytherin (the slimy snakes) or as wealthy to sway the neutral parties to his side. He would fight with what little support against the laws they deemed unfit and unjust, or at least the ones Albus didn’t like. His mind wandered like a child lost in a dark forest full of dangerous beasts, and he didn’t want to be lost, but there was no one to help him, the void and slaughter was inescapable. He read over the reports from his professors one last time, trying to find something else about the newest Slytherin heir. He had even more right to the Slytherin Lordship as the Dark Lord and Albus feared that the boy would be attacked for this and no matter how advanced he was, he had not the knowledge to defend himself against such an old wizard with so much more years of training and experience on him. Albus would have to intervene if it came down to it, because he was sure it would happen eventually and although he wasn’t what he liked others to believe, he was still a gentle soul and he would never hurt anyone unless he truthfully thought it was for the greater good. The life of many outweigh the life of one and sacrifices had to be made in order to succeed. Unknowingly to the most muggle-ignorant Headmaster, villains were most often doing their horrible misdeeds out of some form of righteousness that they had convinced themselves to believe. The bad guys often thought that they were actually the ‘good guy’ and that is where the problems started, especially with Dumbledore because he was seen as a saint, the Light Lord, the Second Merlin some had said in his youth and in his glory, but he wasn’t all innocence and lemon sherbets and though in his mind he was doing the right thing, it often was actually very, very wrong. So misguided and terrible in it’s own way.

A week before school started, Sigrun and Titus had helped prepare Hades for his gathering of the elite. He was excited to meet others his age, and he was even more excited to size them up and know which ones he could use and which ones he could will to be useful with subtle manipulations. The Blacks had been invited, the Malfoys, the Notts, the Potters had been invited but nobody expected them to show and honestly it was for the best. The Potters were a crass bunch and while they tolerated them, as was polite in high society, they felt nothing but disdain for them, and most of them would turn on them in a drop of a hat. Hades had insisted that Severus and his mother were invited as well and therefore they were given their floo address and asked to come to their Estate at noon sharp.

Eileen and Severus didn’t know nice wizard clothes, so she started to transfigure their muggle clothes into suitable garments. She had a difficult time with mending the rips while reshaping the seams, but it worked out in the end and she and Severus left through the back after drugging Tobias with a potion that Eileen had invented just for him when he became too much. Too much of the potion could kill him slowly, in fact it was slowly killing him, but nothing drastically. Days were shaved off his life every time he consumed the potion in one of his favourite whiskeys. He never could tell the difference between piss and liquor so he had never noticed the potions being given to
him despite their slightly ‘off’ taste. The Snapes arrived at the Leaky Cauldron after getting off the bus. They tucked their muggle things away into their pockets once inside the tavern. Eileen shrunk all of their unimportant things and put them in her pocket to keep them safe before they went to the Peverell Estate.

Lucius Malfoy was turning eighteen, he was a handsome young man with everything that anyone could ever want and far more than anyone would ever need. His father, Abraxas, had dragged him to one of his friends’ Estates. He had personally never met the Peverells. They were a family of the oldest witch blood in all of Britain if not the entirety of Europe. They were around before the founders had even established Hogwarts. Lucius and Abraxas stepped out of the fireplace and both cleansed their clothes of soot wandlessly and wordlessly. It was a standard spell that all pureblood would learn, it was never appropriate to be seen at anything but your finest and soot-covered clothes was unflattering. They were greeted by Titus who waited to introduce everyone until they were in the sun room where they would be spending the afternoon. The Peverells only had two house elves and both of them looked to be too healthy, but Lucius would never say such a thing. It wasn’t frowned upon to hurt house elves but it wasn’t an appropriate topic to discuss under any circumstance.

“Lord Malfoy you know my wife Sigrun, and this is my son, Hades. Hades, this is Lord Malfoy and his son heir Malfoy,” Titus watched as Hades looked up from his opened book. It wasn’t in english but both Sigrun and Hades seemed to be able to read it. Titus had heard the two hissing to each other and knew it had to be their ability to speak parseltongue. His pupils dilated when he saw Lucius and his mouth felt dry. He struggled to smile but he managed to uphold a polite and respectable appearance.

“Lord Malfoy,” he inclined his head, “heir Malfoy,” he did so again.

“Please, you may call me Abraxas,” Lord Malfoy said before he took a seat on a chair across from Sigrun who was looking at the book Hades was reading and frowning. That book was particularly dangerous. She hadn’t known of it’s existence until the Gaunts were all dead and then she had to clean out her cousin’s’ home. It was a potions book filled with more poisons than anyone could ever need and a great number of other deadly potions that were just as horrific and painful to the victim.

“Please call me Hades, Abraxas. Heir Malfoy, please take a seat. Make yourself comfortable, you are our guests after all, it would be rather rude for us to not take your comfort into consideration. The chairs do not bite,” there was a glint in his eyes that Lucius saw but his father remained oblivious as Abraxas was focused on Titus. Hades went back to reading his book and Sigrun waited for the Blacks to walk into the room from the floo hall. Walburga and Orion’s sons walked through and into the room. Regulus was as demure as he always was, which was very much, and Sirius was as proud as any lion was. Sirius’ comment broke the silence.

“Why are we here?” He asked loudly, his hands going to his hips as he got the meanest glare from his mother and a firm grip on the back of his neck from his father who dragged him to a seat and waited to be introduced. Titus introduced everyone there so far and both Sirius and Regulus liked the idea of Hades joining school with them. Sirius of course tried to go on about how Hades would be a Gryffindor because that was the best house, by far the most noble, and then Regulus just nodded sheepishly at his mother’s rude outbursts towards Sirius almost always ending with, ‘isn’t that right Regulus?’ Hades thought that they would be rather interesting although he wasn’t fond of Sirius just because he was far too ostentatious, yet it was clear that Lucius was as well but he was by far more refined and truly beautiful.

The other half of the Blacks came into the room, Cygnus III and Druella Rosier Black entered the room with their two daughters and their eldest daughter’s fiance. Hades found that Bellatrix was
beautiful in a manic kind of way. She was just everywhere but yet she wasn’t at the same time. Narcissa was much different than her sister. While both acted the perfect pureblood, Narcissa was much more withdrawn than Bellatrix who seemed to be very extroverted while Narcissa was fine to sit in silence. Sigrun turned to Hades eventually as she caught him looking over every single person in the room, his eyes staying on Bellatrix, Lucius and Regulus mostly but they did stray to Abraxas and Narcissa as well.

“The Blacks had three daughters. One married a muggleborn named Tonks and was disowned from the family. I don’t remember her well, but she had been quite bright,” Sigrun had noticed the silence that was overtaking the room. They were all, except for Sirius, Slytherins and it was such an honour to speak the language of the snakes, and Abraxas, Lucius, Bellatrix, Rodolphus and even Titus knew that the Dark Lord could also speak the tongue of serpents.

“I bet she was quite beautiful, her sisters are very attractive. I wouldn’t wish to marry either of however, Narcissa wouldn’t be independent enough and Bellatrix, well, she would be a fun friend I think,” Hades replied which shocked the others in the room despite logically knowing it shouldn’t have come as any surprise. He was a Slytherin as well, in blood at least (and hopefully House). Soon the Notts arrived, Cantankerous and his son Julien, both of which were loyal death eaters. It was clear that everyone knew each other and then the floo roared to life, and it shocked everyone. Who else had been invited, but then Severus and Eileen walked into the room and both immediately tried to become as small as possible under the harsh scrutiny of the intimidating purebloods. Hades stood up and went to them, kissing Eileen’s knuckles before inclining his head towards Severus.

“I'm glad you could make it. Come have a seat and I will introduce you to the rest of the guests,” Hades had made sure to keep a sofa beside him and his mother empty for Severus and Eileen. Bellatrix had tried to take it, but Hades had been stern but polite, refusing to give the sofa up as it was reserved for someone he held in very high regards. Severus was waiting for a half-blood comment to be said but nothing was mentioned. That was until the floo roared to life once more and James Potter and his parents, Fleamont and Euphemia, entered the room. James and Sirius jumped and ran to each other in a gross display of affection. That was highly frowned upon, but it was because purebloods were raised to seem cool and calculated, to have the perfect ‘poker face’ so they would never be vulnerable or at least never seem vulnerable. Severus knew that the world hated him, and it hated him that day more than ever before. Eileen’s hand tightened on his knee and he gently pried her fingers from his kneecap and then held her hand, running his thumb over the skin between her thumb and index finger. She frowned, knowing what happened to Severus but powerless to stop it. She had sent many letters but nothing had been happening, but somehow the boys were finding out and only tormenting Severus even worse. It’s been that way since second year and Lily had called James ignorant before walking off with Severus, or that’s what Severus had told her and she believe him.

“Lord Potter, Lady Potter, heir Potter, let me introduce the other guests to you,” Titus introduced everyone for the last time before tea was poured and small, powdery cakes and confections were served. Severus felt bad eating such pretty food but he couldn’t not eat it, that would have been extremely rude. He took a few bites but didn’t eat much else. There was polite conversation and James was boasting about being on the Gryffindor Quidditch team and how he was the best seeker in the history of Hogwarts. Hades seemed to be enjoying the story, and Severus felt sad about James also taking his chance with someone as interesting as Lily from him. It was as if it was revenge for Lily picking him instead of the stupid Gryffindor.

“So, why is Snivel-- Severus -- here?” Sirius asked and James just subtly (or as subtly as a Gryffindor could be) gave his hand a slap in congratulations for finally saying something.

“Severus is my guest, I personally asked for his company. Do you have an issue with this, Heir
Black?” Hades, who had only a second ago been smiling as if entranced by the bravery and strength of James (who wouldn’t mind having fun with Hades because he was cute and he had beautiful eyes, they reminded them of the girl of his dreams, Lily Evans) was now cold and almost demonic. It felt as if the temperature dropped a few degrees and the candle lights flickered ominously. James raised an eyebrow and crossed his legs, leaning back against the chair vulgarly, like some common thug, like the bully he was.

“You will have to do a little more than some cute baby charms for me to be intimidated, Hades ,” James looked to Sirius who only grinned in reply and nodded his head. Just as James was to pull his wand, he was in the air, hanging by his ankle. He was then dropped on his head and then was back up in the air, his hands holding his throat. He couldn’t breath, he couldn’t do anything but there was no wand, nobody had done anything.

“I think you and your son should leave. I fear that someone is not pleased with his behaviour,” Hades looked up at James before his body crashed into the ground. Fleamont wasn’t outraged, but Euphemia was whining over her precious baby. Sigrun would have been doing the same if that had been Hades but she also knew that Hades would never be caught in a similar position due to his manners and his innate ability to worm (or perhaps slither) his way out of, likely, anything. As the Potters left, Sirius stood as well and left with them. Everyone was silent and then Bellatrix cackled in a very un-ladylike manner, but it didn’t detract from her beauty but only added to the insane radiance that surrounded her.

Walburga shook her head and Orion looked distant as always. He had married his cousin, no wonder their children were a little messed up, but he couldn’t part with his cousin, he had loved her too much and she had loved him and even better their blood was just as pure as it always had been. Druella put her hand on her daughter’s satin covered knee to calm her and slowly Bellatrix fell into silence. There was a long pause, stagnant and bitter around them all.

“I apologise for my son’s behaviour,” Orion offered when Walburga tried to speak but couldn’t because she was ashamed of her son’s display, the way he had acted and left with them, the blood traitors. They were as no good as the Weasleys, those Potters, and the Blacks had a predisposition to dislike them because the Potters were a ‘Light’ family with light magic -- weak magic! Hades didn’t speak but Titus did.

“All is forgiven. We understand how difficult it is to deal with someone like that in our family. We have all had at least one with a similar rebellious nature that drives them away from us. He is honestly missing out on a great deal of knowledge as your family is some of the most renowned practitioners of the Dark Arts that we have known. It is almost sad that Sirius will never learn our ways, he could be great,” Hades realized they were speaking of Sirius as if he was dead, and honestly he had hoped he didn’t kill the boy. Both Potter and Black seemed to be annoying and dumb. One thing he hated even more than annoyances in his life were people with potential to learn and grow but the gall to refuse to further themselves in the world, also known as the dumb. They were a burden to society, living and spreading their pathetic beliefs and trying to corrupt the minds of the younger generation, rape them of their chance at having a traditional wizarding childhood and life. Hades had seen a time, in one of Morty’s eyes, one that replayed the past, when dark and light magic weren’t differentiated, they were both accepted as magic was magic and power was power. It was simple, but then things happened and started to strip them of their culture, the muggleborns and the muggles were ruining their ideas and polluting them with what they were taught and the wizarding community bent over backwards for them and changed the laws to make them more comfortable in a world that they usually abandoned after schooling. Hades turned to look at Severus, who hadn’t eaten much.

“How has your potion brewing come along?”
“It has been well, thank you,” Severus avoided looking at Hades but his mother gently nudged his arm, a warning to be polite. It wasn’t polite to stare at your feet while trying to hold a conversation, although he felt awkward and out of place, he would rather have just stayed home. He didn’t expect a family such as the Blacks join them, his mother had known though so he was a little irritated with her as well.

“That’s nice to hear. I have found some interesting books on potions if you would like to inspect them. I have brewed a few poisons from the book but I have only had a chance to test it on animals. I can’t just poison a human now, can I?” He offered a smile to Severus when the other teen looked up at him. Green eyes burned into him. How did they have such similar eyes? They weren’t anywhere near being related but they were hauntingly similar and Severus felt horrible for thinking anyone even as close to being as wonderful as Lily, but Hades had been nice to him despite everything. Nobody else but Lily had done that, and it made him feel guilty, as if he was somehow cheating on his best friend.

“Interesting…” He stopped to listen to Titus telling the Malfoys and Blacks about his son’s ability to wield dark magic so fluidly. Every now and then, one of the people listening to Titus’ praise turned to look down at little Hades who seemed perfectly content to ignore the stares and wait for Severus to respond.

“Perhaps you would like to stay after for dinner? The Blacks and Malfoys have been invited but I wasn’t sure if you would be comfortable joining us for dinner, or at least not if I asked it in a letter, although I’m sure mother wrote it down when I asked her to invite you.”

“Yes, we sent our confirmation to your mother. Thank you for asking her to invite us,” Eileen said sweetly, very mother-like, before Severus turned to look up at his mother. Why hadn’t she told him about this? Actually, he knew why. He would have never agreed to come unless certain things were kept a secret and although he was nervous, it was quite nice to be in such a lovely house with such powerful and affluent wizards and witches. Hades turned away when he heard his name being called. Severus almost felt disappointed when Hades’ attention turned away from him. He liked being under his gaze, he just didn’t like returning the observation that Hades did every time he took Severus’ form and probed so gently into his mind.

“You can successfully perform the \textit{exindustria} spell?” Abraxas seemed impressed and then conjured a rabbit and set it on the floor. It was speckled, tawny bunny with short ears that twitched as it tried to hop away. Just as quickly, Hades was standing and a blaze of indigo shot from his wand and then the rabbit decayed as a light green mist made its way to Hades lips, he sucked the mist into his lungs and he closed his eyes to keep everyone from noticing they changed colour. He pulled his wand up and there was a perfectly mummified rabbit corpse in the place of a once docile creature. He took a second to feel the energy rush through him before he pulled that energy out of his body again and held it out, his eyes draining of the deathly cloudy white. He flicked his wrist and then the rabbit was alive once again and this time it hopped away from them.

“That wasn’t just… that was…” This was Titus now, his own father was at a loss for words. “That wasn’t normal magic…”

“No, it wasn’t,” Hades sat back down and crossed his legs. Everyone was either intimidated by him or they were curious of him and wanted to find a way to manipulate him. What they could do with that kind of power under their command, not only was he pretty, pure blooded, smart, innocent but he wasn’t too innocent to not cast the darkest of all magic, even worse than creating Horcruxes as Horcruxes took parts of your own soul, while necromancy was the ability to manipulate and dissect your soul and the souls of others.
“Does anyone else know you can do that?” Abraxas was sitting forward in his chair beside his son who was just as intrigued. Narcissa was still rather aloof but she did have a twitching lip as she wanted to smile. What she could do with him. She could get nearly anything she wanted, and she wanted that power in her control, she could be the greatest witch, or at least she could stand beside the most powerful wizard therefore giving her a similar status. Severus was frozen. He knew very little about the magic that had been preformed, his mother was as frozen as he was if not completely petrified. She had never seen such an act done before. This indeed was not normal magic, it was necromancy.

“No, nobody knows. Nobody but you lot,” Hades sighed. He could see the looks in their eyes, the only thing that could betray the pure blooded indifferent expressions, and they were hungry.

“That was an amazing feat, especially from somebody so young,” Narcissa offered a coy smile and crossed her delicate hands on her lap. “Where did you learn such magic?” Bellatrix knew what her sister was doing and she turned to look at her mother and father who were whispering between each other. Lucius was appalled by Cygnus III and Drueella’s lack of decorum, but he knew that it was how that family had always been. The Rosier’s were notorious for their gossiping and infidelity; the people who knew Cygnus’ family knew that Drueella was likely trying to push for a way to marry off their remaining daughter to Hades. They hadn’t thought much about who Hades would ever be engaged or arranged to marry with because he had always been considered unimportant due to his inactivity and illness, but now he showed promise, promise of not only a decorous pureblood but a robust alliance befitting of the Black name. He would make a wonderful son-in-law and it would be so wonderful if the Blacks could finally get a taste of both Slytherin and Peverell blood. No matter what they claimed they were not yet intertwined with either family, but then it was common for all Dark families to claim being related to the celebrated Slytherin line.

“From my mentor,” Hades gave a smile back to Narcissa but it was obviously cold and he didn’t hide how fake it was from anyone. “I can’t speak much about him though,” he turned to Severus, “Are you interested in the Dark Arts?” Narcissa’s perfectly lined eyes twitched before she regained composure and tilted her head back, turning her nose up. That rejection was not going to bother her, she was a Black, from a ancient and noble house, she wouldn’t let anything such as rejection from a foolish little boy bother her. However she had been dismissed for a half blood, of a blood traitor’s child, and that stung.

“I don’t have the resources to learn or practice such magic,” Severus offered shyly. He didn’t like many things about himself, his perceived ugliness, his lack of money, being a victim, his blood status, but he had never felt as if he lacked knowledge. He had been very good in school so far, with good marks and excelling in one of the hardest subjects, potions, but he was starting to feel like he was completely cut out of a loop that his peers and elders all knew about, which left him in an awkward position. There was a silence as Severus worried the inside of his cheek and Eileen lowered her head. She often felt like a bad mother, but she was feeling horribly inadequate at the moment. She couldn’t provide Severus with what he needed, she couldn’t do anything for Severus, and she was angry that she had let herself be put in a position where she couldn’t give her son what he deserved. She could tell that Severus was anxious, probably feeling as incompetent as she was but her son was also probably comparing himself to everyone around them and finding the faults within himself, only making him feel even worse.

“Would you like to learn?” The tone that Hades took wasn’t haughty, it wasn’t mocking him. He sounded happy. Not amused, no that wasn’t what he was projecting, but a genuine offer to share his understanding of the Dark Arts. Severus wanted to look up at his mother for guidance, but he also didn’t want a weakness to be seen in him, so he refrained from going to his support for direction.

“If you would be willing to teach me… I have nothing to offer in return…"
“We’ll think of something,” Hades looked up at Eileen who only nodded to him before he broke out with a grin. “Mother, father, can we go to the library. Of course, anyone interested is allowed to join us. In fact, the more people who come offering their views, the better it will be. I’m sure you would like to discuss things with your acquaintances without a group of children hanging onto you.”

“You may, but don’t be gone too long, we’ll send a house elf if dinner is prepared before you return,” Sigrun smiled warmly at her baby and then turned to look at Julien and Cantankerous Nott who were eyeing her son carefully. They were both known death eaters, and they were likely going to report their findings of the Dark Lord’s something-odd cousin to their master. No doubt, he would be impressed by their information and perhaps engrossed with the power of his cousin enough to try and recruit the child, a child that most of the Inner Circle would be drooling to try and manipulate. However from the looks of things, he had noticed when Narcissa had tried to gather information from him and he had blown her off.

The adults all ushered their children to accompany Hades to their library, partly so that Hades would gain their favor or they gain favor to Hades, and also because the Peverell library was nearly as ancient as the family which meant that there were likely rare texts that even their noble families didn’t have. Nobody was low enough to steal anything, but that didn’t mean they couldn’t take advantage of the opportunity to view it all when presented to them. Hades led Severus, Regulus, Narcissa, and Lucius to the library. Bellatrix and Rodolphus were a little too old to accompany Hades without being conspicuous, so they stayed back with their family, they were very much adults. Lucius left because he was just out of Hogwarts and his future wife, if Narcissa would still be appropriate for him with Hades on the market, was going and although they didn’t like each other very much, it was only proper to try and get along cordially.

The Peverell Library was large, like a sea of books. There were tall bookshelves in the middle of the library and then the walls were lined with books. There was a second story to the room and it had two separate staircases that led to it, on opposite sides of the room. The walls of that floor were lined with books and on either side of the furnace that had a dark wooden mantel that held a variety of different dark artifacts. Beneath the ledge-floor was another sitting area with couches and another fireplace. Hades hadn’t been in his own library very much, but he also hadn’t been awake enough to be in his library much. There were tall windows breaking up a wall of books opposite of the door wall and the thick purple drapes were pushed to the sides to reveal their Gothic design. The library was arranged by subjects and then the subjects were arranged in order by the level in which the information was.

“Our Dark Arts books are on the second floor,” Hades said, bypassing the several rows of books and walking up on the steps and to the second floor. He drew his wand and shot a line of fire onto the charmed logs in the firepit. The fire caught and there was a glowing burn. It wasn’t so much for heat as if was for the aesthetic of flickering flames and ancient tomes. It was all so romantic, Hades mused with a private smile as he waved his wand and waited for the books to change out. The books all vanished and were replaced with their real collection. Lucius and Narcissa took to the far corner where the more advanced dark arts books were at while Regulus was partially fond of the books on transfiguration in the dark arts while Hades guided Severus to the area with theory for the beginners of the practice.

“These are on theory, you may borrow them but I will need them back before the beginning of the school year, or you could visit again to finish your reading. Of course if you would be more interested in the potions used in such magic we could look over there,” Hades pointed down the wall to where the dark potions books were. He knew that Severus knew of some of them since his mother had brewed a few of them. Hades wondered if Severus even knew the difference between light and dark potions. Lucius eyed a rather old looking book and he picked it out from the shelf and examined it to assure it wasn’t cursed. He got a flippy feeling in his stomach when he had picked it up and he
didn’t want to have something horrible happen because he was too stupid in his curiosity. It was
safe, the book, so he opened it and it revealed some of the details on melting certain organs and
making certain organs, specifically, disappear. There were several variations of different spells used
to accomplish the task. Lucius was almost interested but he quickly shut the book and slid it back in
place. Narcissa was sitting on a chair with a book in her lap, staring at the fireplace, more interested
in the obscure shapes in the flames than the text that she didn’t understand but refused to let other
know she wasn’t advanced enough to grasp. Hades was sitting besides Severus and was explaining
concepts to him about the difference between light and dark magic.

Hades summoned the first creature his magic caught from the meadow near their home. There was
a field mouse and he stunned it and set it on the coffee table that the chairs and sofa were situated
around. Regulus looked up from his book and Lucius turned around to examine Hades. Just
watching him cast magic was enticing. Narcissa tried not to look but it got to her and she turned her
head to see what was happening.

“There are light spells that will harm your opponent as well. A spell that is quite common is
diffindo, it’s a cutting charm and it can kill with enough power behind it,” Hades raised his wand
and sent a `diffindo` to the stunned mouse, slicing it in half. Narcissa swallowed a shriek, she couldn’t
be seen showing any amount of fear, especially not towards death (or murder).

“And there are dark spells that can heal,” he started whispering an incantation. It was much longer
than a normal spell but with a simple wand movement the mouse’s body seamed together, the skin
mending itself like spiders spinning their webs. The mouse squeaked and started to run around,
terrified but invigorated, thrumming with fresh life. Of course to heal the mouse, he had to take the
life of something else with a similar soul, so probably another field mouse or perhaps some small
rodent like a vole or something (Hades wasn’t a rodent expert or anything). Hades picked the mouse
up and then vanished it back to the field he had taken it from.

“Then again, I usually think that I have such an easy ability with reaping and replenishing souls
due to my mentor and my expertise…” Hades stretched his arm against the back of the sofa and
looked over Severus’ shoulder. He had been focused on his demonstration but as soon as it was over,
he had looked back down at the book he was examining. How could Hades just play with life so
easily? Did he not feel guilty for taking a life, even if it was a mouse, it was something that was
living and he had also killed a rabbit and gave the life back to it too. Would it be that easy if it were a
human? Was Hades a murderer? Narcissa was attracted to the sight to her right. It was clear that
Hades was trying to get Severus’ attention, but Severus either didn’t want it or was oblivious.
Regulus watched them as well, fingering through the pages absentmindedly.

“Yes, you have referenced your *mentor* before. I’m curious as to who it was seeing as you have
been in a coma for ten years, but I guess that anything is possible with magic,” Lucius repressed a
sigh. How was he going to do anything when he didn’t know anything about the boy. To hold onto
somebody, you had to sink your claws into them, and to sink your claws you needed something to
grab onto. He had nothing to hold onto, he would slide off and break his claws, he didn’t need to be
wounded, he needed to be manipulating, he needed to have control over the powerful, have
influence over them so he could push for what he wanted to do. Implant ideas that he wanted to be
followed out and have someone else carry them to completion. A Malfoy never did a mule’s work,
they were above that. Was he above Hades? Narcissa, his soon-to-be wife, thought she was either
above the younger boy or she was simply hurt by his earlier rejection, but Lucius would have been
too; to be shrugged off so casually was embarrassing.

“Honestly?” Hades seemed amused but he frowned suddenly and pulled his hand away from
Severus, turning to look at Lucius. He was quite handsome. He was attractive, wealthy, politically
powerful and Hades had heard his mother speak of his duelling skills. The Malfoy Heir was also
well versed in the Dark Arts, or so his mother had mentioned when she gave him a summary of all those who would be in attendance to their little tea party. He would make a wonderful husband for the first few years and then he would stray and find other, prettier, fresh prey that he could play with. It almost made Hades want to try and tame him, but he couldn’t. He was in the body of a thirteen year old boy, and he didn’t have time to be gallivanting with provocative and fickle man, he had to be learning the power of the earth, the human and mortal plane, he had to start taking up the work of his father, his true father. He was to do as he saw fit and aid who he wanted to use to further his goals. Could he not take a break and play with the soon-to-be Lord? Taking interest and bed up with an engaged man probably wasn’t wise for his worldly reputation but then again, he cared naught for such temperamental opinions of the public and of people who would die, as they all died eventually. His father made sure of it, all would perish save him, and the vampires, but his father ignored vampires, filthy snakes (rulebreakers, the lot of them).

Lucius just nodded.

“He isn’t human,” Hades started, causing the two most traditional purebloods to frown. So was his mentor a dirty half blood or a creature? Either way, the fact that someone like that shouldn’t have access to such powerful magic even less the ability to wield it. “No,” he sighed wistfully, “I call him Morty, ‘mort’ meaning death, and well I named him when I was a young child, it was easier to remember a silly name than a latin root, but his name isn’t important, he has so many of them, so many different names he has been called over the centuries.”

So he was a vampire? What other creatures lived for longer than a lifetime? Severus was listening, not able to concentrate on the book. The worlds were skittering across the pages before blurring together. His mind wanted to listen to Hades, but he wanted to learn so he wouldn’t have even more noses turned up towards him.

“I can’t tell you much about him, but he taught me for years. Not even my parents know of him. He didn’t meet me in this plane, but the death plane, which is where I spent the duration of my coma. He taught me, telling me things that no other human has been privvy to. I’m sure you’re curious as to what those things were but sadly I cannot tell you what they are, it is simply to dangerous of information to give to humanity,” by this point Lucius couldn’t believe the story, but he seemed to be the only one feeling as though he had been mocked. Did Hades think him gullible? He may not know how a thirteen year old was nearly a Master of Life and Death, but it surely couldn’t be some celestial being? A God perhaps? No, that was all too silly to be real and it was foolish to assume it was the truth. Hades however missed nothing as he smirked, looking into Lucius’ steel grey eyes. Lucius wasn’t about to back down to some child, but his soul was being penetrated and then he felt the soft nudge of someone entering his mind. He couldn’t push him out, couldn’t get the intruder from his thoughts either and his occlumency shields were being melted away like butter.

“You think I would take you for fools? I happen to respect you all very much, what is there to gain from mocking you, Lucius? I am not so juvenile as to take pleasure in making others feel inferior, I find it quite insulting that you even considered that--”

“Stop…” Lucius tried and Narcissa quickly went to his aid and grabbed his cheek and pulled him to look at her, tapping his cheek gently. Hades sat back in his chair, not realizing that he had inclined as much as he had.

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“Such naughty things in your head,” Hades said, this time he was mocking him, or rather teasing him. What could his elder do to him? Stomp his feet and tell his father that he had been invaded? Yeah, that would go over real well with Abraxas. Regulus blushed, ‘naughty’ wasn’t a word he would ever use on a daily basis. It has a sexual connotation and he looked over to see that the others in the room thought similar things but Lucius had the state of mind to try and return to being
dignified, but even he couldn’t contain his confusion and frustration. Narcissa babied him and he finally pushed her hands away. He didn’t need to be coddled dammit, he was seventeen years old, he was practically an adult! He needed no mother hen and he hoped that Narcissa wouldn’t try to tend to him as she had previously when they were married. That would become very annoying and the last thing Lucius wanted was to deal with an irritating chit.

“You dare invade such a man’s privacy? Look into his head? Do you have any idea of how wrong it is or how deeply you will shame your family when the Malfoys destroy your name?” Narcissa started, but she was silenced by Lucius who didn’t need her causing any more damage than she just had. The Peverells and Slytherins were far more important and recognized in the wizarding world, especially by the British Ministry. The Blacks and Malfoys were originally French, and they still have political standing with their ministry, sometimes doing business or sent to do business for the British Minister of Magic, with the French Ministry. If anything, if Lucius’ memories and thoughts were revealed, he would bring shame to his family and he couldn’t have that. He had never been less of the proper man his father had created in him, and he could not let Narcissa and her annoying frustration and possessiveness ruin his chances. He didn’t even want to marry her, it was simply expected of him, and that was much more important than his desires. The duty to the family came before the heir’s wishes. Lucius wasn’t sure if Narcissa was worrying out of the same duty he had to protect her or if she was really just that vexing. He hoped it was the latter.

“I do dare, Ms. Black, and I would like to remind you who has more power here. I would also like to make it clear that it isn’t my fault that your future husband can’t occlude well, in fact, how do you think the Dark Lord would like to know that a future minion was so weak with shielding information. How could he ever reveal anything sensitive while in Heir Malfoy’s presence? I think we should keep this disturbance to ourselves, it’s for the best, and if you can’t keep your mouth shut, I think I will just keep you and practice what I want. You have a sister, don’t you, and you have male cousins, you aren’t too important then, are you?” Hades stood up, and loomed over Narcissa who was seated and still holding onto Lucius. “I would access my true political and societal status before accusing someone of such a horrible thing, if I were you. We don’t need to tarnish a family name such as the Blacks over a foolish dispute over a man who hasn’t even married into the family. Bested by a thirteen year old, too. That wouldn’t reflect well on him either, Ms. Black.”

Severus turned away when Lucius caught his eyes and glared at him. It was so interesting to watch them interact, it was very different from how he spoke with Lily, his mother or anyone around where he lived. Definitely too formal and intelligent for Petunia and not fun or exciting enough to be like Lily. Did he sound like that? He couldn’t, he hadn’t been exposed to that way of speaking.

Regulus stood up and excused himself to find his mother and father, before running off and back to the room where the adults had been sitting and speaking. They mostly spoke about their children, bragging about them and trying to one-up their children’s accomplishments.

Regulus had nearly run to the room but he knocked and pushed the door open. He was rather shy, mostly because he was terrified by his older brother and despite Sirius’ status of being ‘light’ (and somehow deemed ‘good’ because of it) he was quite mean and he had never liked Regulus. Regulus had gotten all of their parent’s attention after first year, and all summer so far, Sirius had been treating him worse than he usually did. It had honestly started to get bad when he had been sorted into Gryffindor and their parents turned their attention to Regulus who they hoped wouldn’t ‘disgrace’ them as Sirius had. Walburga opened one of her arms and Regulus walked to her before taking a seat and letting his mother wrap a comforting arm around him.

“Is something the matter?” Walburga asked before Orion leaned forward to turn and look over his wife’s figure and at his proper son.

“Nothing’s the matter, mother. I was just… I don’t think I was truly wanted there;” he whispered
and Walburga just gave a warm smile, just to her son, only for her son. Her poor child, the one who should have been their heir, was always too timid to try and converse with others and more importantly, he never thought himself worth the time of day, which was very wrong. He wasn’t just Regulus, he was a Black, that demanded him the time of day.

Shortly after his arrival, Cantankerous and Julien Nott excused themselves, thanked the Peverells and left for home. Titus and Sigrun stood up and led their guests to the formal dining hall. There was a large dark wood table with a cream, square cloth in the center rotated at a 45° angle. On top of the cloth were several thick, cream coloured candles with fresh sage leaves and elderberries placed decoratively around them. Titus called for their house elf, Minky, to gather Hades and his guests and send them to the formal dining room. Everyone took their seats, leaving appropriate seats open for their children to join them. Soon, Hades walked into the room and they all took their seats at their guardians’ side.

They were served a luxurious meal, but the teenagers didn’t converse, in fact, the adults in the room quickly caught onto the tension between their siblings and offspring. Nobody questioned what happened however, and instead when conversation was struck, it was polite and meaningless in nature. Pleasantly devoid of any thought. The meal ended and the Peverells saw their guests to the floor where the Blacks left and then the Malfoys both apparated. Eileen repeated her thanks to the Peverells once again before apparating her and Severus back to Spinner’s End. Hades left to shower. He exited his en suite he found his parents sitting in his room, both aloof and grazing their fingers over his bedding, picking absently at the seams. Hades grabbed clothes and returned to the bathroom to get dressed before he rejoined his family in his room. Hades kneeled on his bed before pulling his legs under him and waiting for his parents to say something.

“About earlier,” Titus started after an almost uncomfortable silence, “where did you learn how to perform such magic? Was it from, whoever taught you how to speak, your mentor? Who was your mentor? How did you learn from them?”

“I met him when I was three years old, I remember playing in the garden earlier and being rescued from eating a dangerous plant by Minky and then I was led to take a bath to clean off all the dirt. I don’t remember what happened next but I remember waking up and I was in darkness, and then Morty spoke to me and materialized. He told me who he was, and he taught me explicitly for one hundred years. I lived to grow old and I learned so much, I know so many things, then he told me that I had to go back, and I didn’t remember where ‘back’ was, but then I was waking up and my memories came rushing to me, and then I saw you. The rest, you both know,” he frowned. “He knows you father because he is how you had me. He is partly my father as well. I have three parents, and one of them isn’t human, he is a personification of an abstract noun, he is Death. I’m sure you remember him,” as Hades started speaking of Death or ‘Morty’, Titus could only pale. He had been looking at Death, and Death had offered him a child. Had the price of their child been their son’s humanity?

“Alright,” Sigrun said, not showing any fear, disgust, hatred, but rather she was exactly the same as she had been a moment earlier. “Did you enjoy the gathering today? I asked everyone to be respectful towards half bloods so they didn’t make your friend uncomfortable. Septimus?”

“Severus, that’s his name. Yes, thank you for asking them, he seemed very uncomfortable already but hopefully his awkwardness will lessen with the more time he spends in our company. Do you need anything else?”

“No, I suppose not. I love you,” Sigrun was the one who leaned forward and pressed a kiss to Hades’ cheek and then stood up, waiting for her husband to follow her. She snapped her hand when Titus remained seated, staring dumbly at the bathroom door. Titus startled himself into reality and
then stood up, bidding his son goodnight before both Peverells left for their own bed. Hades pushed his comforter and sheets down the bed and wriggled underneath them before pulling them up over his body. He would be at Hogwarts so soon and he wasn’t worried at all. He didn’t know enough to be worried about anything at the mortal realm.

Hades considered what was considered moral. He was technically an old man, was he a pervert to be attracted to people his own age? He had never seen a person his own age, or any other age beside his parents, during his coma, and then the first person he spoke to had been Severus and Eileen. He had also been attracted to people of ‘legal’ age like Lucius and Bellatrix and then people even younger than Severus like Regulus. Perhaps he should really just stick to his task. The plans that he and his true father had spoken about. He would help reap souls, he would shape the world into what he and his father wanted, helping or fighting against the current factions in order to achieve this. Romance and anything of the sort shouldn’t even be a priority on his radar, but he was also a teenager who had the chance to actually be a teenager for the first time. He hadn’t had the chance to interact with other people. He rarely got to see the souls being escorted by his father to Charon, but he had always been interested in knowing who they had been. What they had wanted in life. Their goals, who they loved, who they hated, what they knew, what they were ignorant of… He never learned about any of them, much to his displeasure. He was simply not fit to be Death personified, he was only half of his father, and one fourth his mother and other father, one half wizard. He still wasn’t technically human, he wasn’t a creature either, he was something below a God but above a demigod. A demi-Death.
"There are people who cannot risk loneliness with the experience. They always have to be in a flock and have human contact."

-Marie-Louise von Franz

Hades’ trunk had been shrunk and placed in his pocket. His mother insisted on kissing his cheeks in a very un-pureblood display of affection, but Hades didn’t have it in him to complain. Titus just inclined his head towards him before they both stood back with the parents of all the first years and watched as the boy they just got back was leaving them once again. Hades waved unlike he did anything, it was awkward and jerky, he didn’t know how to return their affection so he felt bizarre waving to them. He didn’t understand their sentimentality, his father Morty never showed him such affections but then he supposed Morty wouldn’t be the type to do such things. He boarded the Hogwarts Express and tried to find a compartment to sit in. He found one with some children in Slytherin robes but he avoided them, unsure how to approach them. He was thrown in an environment with immature brats, he had no idea how to converse with normal or muggle-like children. He found Regulus Black with two other boys and a girl head-to-toe in a horrendous shade of bubblegum pink. Hades knocked and slid the door open.

“Hello, may I sit with you?” Regulus’ face lit up and he moved over slightly as he and the girl stretched out on their shared seat.

“You may. Please, have a seat,” once Hades was sitting Regulus introduced everyone. “This is Rabastan Lestrange, you met his brother Rodolphus along with his brother’s wife Bellatrix at the tea party, he’s a fifth year this year,” he pointed to the boy beside Rabastan, “this is Warren Avery, he is a fourth year; and this is Dolores Umbridge, she is going into fourth year as well. Lestrange, Avery, Umbridge, this is Hades Peverell,” Dolores looked as if she just came across the most stunning outfit, something that all the other girls would be jealous of.

“It’s a pleasure to make your acquaintance Heir Peverell,” she said, her back straightening and her hands travelling to her head to check her perfectly curled bob haircut. Hades smiled politely to all of them. He had no interest in them, they were all just random Slytherins who didn’t seem to show any obvious promise, but not caring about them and being cordial towards them were different. He had no problem with being polite and courteous.

“The pleasure is mine Miss Umbridge,” she hummed in contentment. The door was slammed open and Severus slammed it behind him before locking the door with all the charms he knew about. He looked at the party of Slytherins.

“I saw Slytherins and I was being hassled by those bastard Gryffindors. Sorry for the intrusion. I’ll leave in a moment.”

“No, you may sit with us, if you would like,” Hades offered, getting looks from the two unfamiliar boys in the compartment. Hades looked at them, frowning. “Is there a problem with that?” They both shook their heads before they each made themselves busy with exploding snap. Dolores was reading a book on the laws concerning muggle-borns and the eradication of traditional wizarding customs. Every now and then a furious, indignant huff would pass her lips and she would just continue reading the displeasing text. Severus took a seat and watched as James Potter and Sirius Black passed their compartment. They saw Severus inside the room and started to work on the wards on the door but Hades simply pulled the door open causing both boys to stumble forward.
“Why are you here?” Hades had drawn his wand and tapped it against his leg, bored with their childish antics. It was clear that Severus was running from them, and it was even more obvious that they commonly tormented him. Even Regulus stiffened and tried to make himself smaller by sinking into the seat, pulling his coat up over his face and hiding. Both Avery and Lestrange tried to look unmoved, but they were slightly nervous of what was going to happen. Not because of the two intruding Gryffindors but because of the magic crackling in the air like electricity. James and Sirius felt it to but they weren’t about to let some more-than-likely-Slytherin scare them.

“Why do you care? Protecting your boyfriend are you Peverell?” There was no reply and that only made Sirius more irritated. “Are you going to use dark magic on us you evil bastard?” Sirius waited for retaliation and Severus had pulled his legs up and drawn his wand in a poor attempt to defend himself if it came to that. Hades’ lips curled up in a smile before he started to laugh. It wasn’t a laugh of nerves, or happiness, but it was sadistic and cruel, like he was definitely about to do something quite horrible.

“If only I was good enough to be such a brilliant young man’s boyfriend. Why? Are you jealous that your partner seems to fancy Severus more than he does you?” Hades sighed, “This is so petty. Why does it matter who is with who? Isn’t that a little immature? Even for the likes of you? And I wouldn’t waste my energy casting dark magic on you, light magic is just as dangerous if applied correctly. Would you like a demonstration?”

“You little shit!” Sirius lunged forward but similar to James at the tea party, his body froze up. Hades let out a long, deep sigh before rolling his eyes as James panicked expression and Sirius’ erratic struggling. Hades stood up and forced Sirius and James out of the compartment, Sirius hovering above the air, trying to break free from whatever was holding him up in place. He felt his throat closing but he was too angry to care about death, unless it was Hades’.

“Now, you’re going to leave us alone. If you don’t, perhaps I may change my mind on what I do with you? Would you like to taste my fury?” James just stood with his back pressed against the opposite compartment’s door. “That’s what I thought,” Sirius fell to the ground in a heap of expensive clothes and shaggy brown curls. Hades turned around, as if he knew he wasn’t going to get hit with a curse or hex and shut the compartment door behind him before taking a seat. He crossed his legs and looked out at Sirius who was being helped to his feet by his best friend. James glared at Hades who only offered a smirk before turning his attention to the rest of the compartment.

“Thank you,” Severus grit out through clenched teeth.

“It was really no problem, just a little bit of cleaning up that needed to be done. I assure you by the end of the year that they will be docile as a mouse,” Hades smiled at Severus and Regulus’ seconds of petrification due to remembering Hades with the mouse back in Peverell Library.

“I must be going,” Severus said, standing up. Hades nodded and Severus left, avoiding James and Sirius who were likely still prowling the aisle in one of the cabs in search of a poor, unsuspecting Slytherin since Severus had been protected this time around. Severus knocked on the compartment with a cute redhead sitting alone with a charms book open on her lap. She looked up and smiled before waving him in. Severus took a seat.

“Did they give you trouble again?” She asked, starting to worry. She leaned forward to run her thumb against his lip innocently, but it sent unnecessarily strong sparks through Severus’ body. He fought the urge to close his eyes and just let her be the sweet angel she was and comfort him in whatever way she saw fit, likely the warmest hug that Severus could ever receive.

“They did,” Severus pulled away from Lily’s hand and pulled out a few sickles and knuts for the trolley. Last year Lily bought them an assortment of their favourite sweets so it was only fair that this
You don’t have to, I have money again. It would be my pleasure to pay for the sweets this time around,” and Lily was so sweet, Severus would have done anything in that moment to just have everything else drown out. Lily had things that Severus never had. Money, a loving family, enough food to eat, new clothes, new textbooks, she was beautiful, she was great at charms and her wand work was outstanding, but he didn’t want her for any of those things, although they were nice to have, he loved her so much, at least he was sure that it was love, because she had been nice to him, she had given him bandages, albeit flimsy, muggle and cheap, but that was more than he had or when she invited him over for dinner just because she knew that he wouldn’t have enough for him and his mother with his father’s habit to horde it all for himself like some voracious dragon.

No, it’s only fair,” Severus let the coinage fall into his lap in a small pile before he looked at his best friend’s open book. “Is that next year’s charm text?”

It is,” she smiled, not going to argue about money knowing how important it was for Severus to feel like he contributed to their friendship and because he was stubborn and she didn’t want to argue with him. “I finished this year’s text and I think I’ve gotten most of them down. I’ve been working on summoning charms, of course not over the summer, but I’ve bought the books to read up on theory for all the charms. You know how I have to know all I can about the subject before feeling like I truly learned something,” she offered a smile and her friend just nodded at her. He did know her obsession with learning everything about what she deemed important or things that interested her. She never did anything half-cocked, she wasn’t a dilettante, the opposite really.

Severus bought them sweets, all that he could afford, and then they talked about their summer holiday. Lily had been with her parents on vacation of course. She had the money, the loving parents, she had the means to travel and see different places. She described how beautiful Rome was before rambling on about all the information she learned pertaining to Rome including famous witches and wizards as well as native creatures. She was quite impressed with hellenistic witches and art and she spoke of it with a passion that was singular to Lily Evans. When she was finished with her long story of her adventure, she asked Severus what he did for the summer. He gave the usually distant answers of ‘brewing potions’ and ‘reading’, neglecting to mention meeting a necromancer and pureblood that seemed tolerant, or at least more so than other purebloods, of ‘lesser’ blood status. He didn’t want her to know about Hades at all, actually. Whether it was jealousy, only wanting to keep his new friend to himself, or if it was guilt, he didn’t want Lily to feel as if he was growing away from her and he definitely didn’t want Lily to recognize the similarities, albeit not many but enough, between herself and Hades. Lily seemed content with his answer and they continued with their hopes for the upcoming year and plans for the holidays, since Lily wanted to invite Eileen and Severus to her house for Christmas so that they could eat dinner with them. Severus didn’t like Christmas, and prefered to celebrate Yule which started on the 21st and ended on the 1st of January, but Lily was a muggleborn, so he didn’t expect her to know about the traditional holidays that wizarding community usually celebrated, although they had been replaced with Christian holidays to appease the muggleborns and muggle-raised half bloods. Severus wasn’t angry at the change, he didn’t care for it really, but he didn’t hate it; such things didn’t bother him.

Halfway through the ride to Hogwarts, the compartment that Hades was in changed into their uniforms completely, as some were already wearing their robes and shirts, but had jeans or other clothing pieces on (besides Dolores who complained about the ‘dull’ colours of the school uniforms and pitched a bitch about having to change out of her atrocious pink outfit). Hades’ robes and uniform were black, without house colours, and he wondered what house he would be sorted into. He had a niggling feeling that it would be Slytherin and he honestly wasn’t sure how to take that. On one hand, it’s the house expected of him and the house with all of his acquaintances, but he also didn’t know enough about either Hufflepuff or Ravenclaw to make an informed decision on where year he pay for it. Lily sympathetically smiled at him.
he would like to go. He knew that it would be Slytherin though as it was his birthright, it was in his blood and coursed, partially, in his magic.

Dondre Zabini and his betrothed, Camille Cocteau, entered their compartment to meet with the mysterious new student. They were both seventh years and despite being handsome, Dondre also looked ill, as if he wouldn’t survive many years. Of course, whether he truly looked ill or if it was a gift from his father, Hades didn’t know, he hadn’t been able to see the wellbeing of others before but he had only been in the mortal realm for a few weeks, not nearly long enough for his abilities to manifest. Camille seemed interesting and she revealed that she lived in France over the holidays, but she had asked to attend Hogwarts since her father had years before and she was allowed to go due to the generous headmaster, Albus Dumbledore.

Soon the first years were being sectioned off and put on boats while the rest of the students were taking thestral drawn carriages. Hades was in a carriage with Regulus, Umbridge, Avery, Zabini and Cocteau since Rabastan went to find Narcissa and accompany her, the Slytherin Ice Queen. Hades wasn’t entirely impressed with the castle because even though the death plane where he spent his hundred years was mostly barren, his father had a very nice castle himself that he lived in, filled with every magical book ever created (he didn’t bother with muggle texts) and was surrounded by the creatures that would be led into Hades, the underworld, such as crows and ravens as well as a long moat filled with corrupted souls swimming in sustaining essence, much like the water in the river Phlegethon, the river in Tartarus made of liquid fire to torment the most sinister of souls. Although Hades wasn’t as impressed as the normal first-year students, or first year at Hogwarts, he couldn’t say he did see the appeal that it held for many of the less fortunate students who likely lived in the cheaper muggle world. Most of the people Hades’ parents associated with had castles, manors, estates, mansions and the works, but that was only a small percentage of the student body who attended Hogwarts.

They made their way into the school and Hades was pulled aside to stand with the other first years and one other student in a higher year, although that student was transferring from Beauxbatons and was in the fifth year. Professor McGonagall gave a speech to the new students about points, house responsibilities, and what was expected of them. She led them all down the Great Hall, between the Gryffindor and Hufflepuff tables. There was an ugly, pointy, witch hat on a splintering stool. Hades was far from impressed, as he was rolling his eyes the hat sprung to life and started to sing. Oh, the song was horrible. All about how fair the hat was and what the valued traits were to each house. The older students were sorted first just to get them out of the way so Caesarius, Aldrich was called forth and the boy from Beauxbatons walked up the length of the hall before taking a seat on the rickety stool. McGonagall dropped the hat on his head and after a thirty second silence, the hat called out the house of the boy. He happened to be placed in Hufflepuff. He looked horrified at the ugly colours, because yellow was a god-awful colour against his hair and eyes, but he sat with his new housemates. Then Hades was called. He saw the teachers turn to look at him with a little more interest. They had all met Hades and were all fond of him and his intelligence. He had a thirst for knowledge and Professor Flitwick would be proud to call him one of his Ravens, but of course they also knew that he was destined for Slytherin. They had spoken of him in the meeting that morning, as they spoke about all the new students, and Horace was more than thrilled to be teaching another Peverell, but particularly such a noble Peverell and a possible heir to Slytherin.

“Well, this is very interesting,” the hat said, gently prodding into Hades’ mind. Hades released his shields which only impressed the hat even further. “You are quite brilliant, you would thrive in a challenging place where you are intellectually stimulated. Ravenclaw would be good for you, but I can also see you in Slytherin. In fact, that’s quite overwhelming. You are destined for greatness, and I promise you that I don’t tell all my students that and the other two that I have told this truly turned out to be quite great… You would do poorly with the Hufflepuffs, you aren’t loyal to anyone but yourself -- don’t laugh at me Mister! Even if it is just in your head -- and you aren’t foolishly brave,
no, you would prefer others to do your dirty work while you manipulate them into doing your bidding. You like to lie behind the scenes, taking credit for the brilliant things you cause while letting others take the blame for your failures... I know where you should go. It really isn’t much of a choice, it was inevitable with such a mind,” there was a silence and the school wanted to start asking what house the boy would be in. James, Sirius, Remus and Peter didn’t want Hades to be in Gryffindor, and the Hufflepuffs were intimidated by him just by his proper and classy behaviour. Not because Hufflepuffs weren’t classy, but because the boy seemed so stand-offish and cruel, they were good judges of character and he was surely a vindictive person. The Ravenclaws had heard their quarter-goblin Head of House muttering about a brilliant new student who knew the ends and outs of the entire world, or had the potential to do so. An obvious exaggeration, but Flitwick was prone to hyperboles and emotional outbursts.

“SLYTHERIN!” The hat shouted and the hall erupted. There were so many mixed feelings amongst the crowd. Even the teachers turned to discuss the outcome with one another. Hades stood up, setting the hat on the chair and tapping his robes with the tip of his wand, his uniform changing to reflect his new house, and he walked down the small stage and towards the Slytherin table. He hadn’t been there often but he already knew he had an enemy in Narcissa and he also could feel the power vibrating from her and the looks of adoration and lust from all the younger years when they looked to their Queen. Hades took a seat, where one was made for him, with the other third year students. He sat with Regulus on one side of him, as he was a second year, and then a foreign third year beside him. Across another student down and then there was Dolores who was watching the sorting with feigned interested as she fidgeted with her charmed compact mirror.

The sorting continued and many of the Slytherins paid little attention but were able to appear as if they were very intentive, a useful skill when faced with boring situations that were considered ‘important’ by the majority. The food was fine, not as delicious or as diverse as the selections he had at home, but Hades made due. He didn’t speak, but rather listened in on all the other conversations as they happened. He could hear James speaking to his friends about the cute redhead a little bit down their table. Hades looked up to see her and she was indeed very cute. She was innocent in a way that would likely remain with her despite truly not being innocent at all. It was as if she was deceiving people without knowing it, a very lucky ability. The things that James said were appropriately adolescent, just making him seem his true age: a thirteen year old boy, barely over the age of rudimentary childhood.

Hades was led to the Slytherin common room in the dungeons and he was showed to his dorm by his year mates before he took up a spot on a chair near the fire. He twisted his wand in his fingers, feeling the eyes of several on him. Was he truly so interesting? He almost wanted to give them something fascinating to see since he couldn’t be deserving so much attention by simply sitting and twisting a stick between his fingers. His wand of course had a fair share of eyes on it as well. Nobody had seen a wand such as the one between Hades’ slender but short fingers.

Professor Slughorn entered through his office door that led into the Slytherin common room. He smiled at all of the students and froze upon seeing Hades with the supposed Elder Wand. How did that dangerous, powerful, blood-soaked wand end up in the hands of a, seemingly, oblivious child? He didn’t realize it but all of his house’s attention was on him. Slughorn snapped out of his stupor and clapped his wrinkly hands together. He gave the usual speech and sent the first years off to bed to prepare for their first day of classes at Hogwarts. He stuck around and sat on the sofa nearest Hades. Some of the older years looked on, knowing that Horace Slughorn was indeed trying to collect the new Peverell.

“Yes Professor?” Hades didn’t look at Slughorn, but he looked around the common room, trying to catch the eyes of someone he at least liked. Regulus wasn’t anywhere to be seen and Severus was firmly tucked in a dark corner with a book on his lap as he pretended he wasn’t there. Nobody
noticed their depressed, reading housemate either, and it made Hades annoyed with their lack of observation. How did they expect to carry out their Dark Lord’s wishes if they couldn’t notice those who faded into the background. Amongst all of them, the most deadly was Severus and Hades and none of them could even catch a glimpse of Severus with their focus all on Hades and their head of house.

“I was curious, Mr. Peverell, where did you procure such a wand?” Hades looked down at his wand and lazily held it in his hand, it flopped over his fingers and pointed at Slughorn in an act that seemed careless to the untrained eye. If he could play off his ignorance of how important the wand was, he would be much safer when people tried to steal it from him only to be met with their own fate. His professor swallowed a lump of air. He was nervous, it was clear, his hands were shaking (which could have also been due to his old age) but more importantly there was the beginning of sweat beading on his forehead and gathering in the hollows under his eyes and in the wrinkles of his lower face (mouth and nose area). Hades grasped his wand firmly, a harsh difference to the reckless wand waving he had done earlier. He tapped the wand to his temple absently before it returned to his lap. The professor was very shaken, probably because he thought that Hades didn’t know why his wand was special or perhaps because he saw the ease in which he wielded the true instrument of death.

“I came across it in a wand shop, where most wands come from. Why?”

“Oh, no reason. Just curious. It’s a very distinct wand, it would be hard to lose.”

“It would be,” Hades smiled and crossed his legs. Narcissa also look nervous from her ‘throne’ near one of the windows to view under the Black Lake. She had seen just how he wielded that wand and it terrified her, although she would never admit to such a weakness. Death was natural, and one shouldn’t be afraid of it, those who were afraid let it wear them down until they did stupid things to become immortal and then they had wasted their life worried. Death couldn’t be avoided forever, even vampires died (technically they only died if they were killed, but they were usually killed eventually).

“Well I best be going, I will see you in class Mr. Peverell,” Horace left the common room and slid into his office. He was nervous and sweaty. He had a fear of powerful wizards, especially powerful wizards who knew that they were powerful. If he could get them under his control then one day they would be his to wield making him the more powerful wizard. A man with an army is much stronger than a single person. And if that army is made of the most powerful wizards and witches than he would be the most powerful man overall. Or that was his thinking anyway. He made his way through his office, then his classroom, stopping to turn a few disrupted jars for their labels to face out, and then his rooms were at the end of the hallway outside of his classroom. He said his password and the portrait of the Bloody Baron, who was conversing with one of the two portraits of Salazar Slytherin, swung open. The portrait closed behind him and he took off his brown teaching robes. They hadn’t changed since he had begun teaching for fifty-five years although his robes were considered much more stylish in the twenties and thirties, but then he also was a much younger man with a much more optimistic approach to things.

Hades went to bed shortly after his conversation with Professor Slughorn. The bedrooms held six but there were only four boys in the third year Slytherin dorms and Hades was one of them. He sat on his bed after retrieving a book from his trunk. He pulled the curtains closed on the four poster bed and cast a lumos with his wand so he could read. It was rather dim in the dungeons after all, even with the candles and lanterns around the room. Soon the other boys came into the room. There was Johnathan Mulciber, Severus Snape and Evan Rosier. They all came in at separate times. It wasn’t surprising when Severus came in first and quickly got ready to just sleep. He was out before anyone else. He was smart though and warded his bed to keep people away and to keep others from messing
with him while he slept. Hades waited up and watched as Rosier came in after kissing some girl that he must have been seeing or something and then Mulciber entered before crashing on his bed after pulling out a potion and tossing it in his bedside table’s drawer. Hades went to sleep last after properly casting wards around his bed and trunk. He put his book away and went to sleep. It was odd sleeping in the same room with so many people, he had been alone for so long and now he had to get accustomed to community living.

The next day went well. Third years had the most potions classes. They had it Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, only one period a class but it seemed like a lot. The Slytherins shared classes with Gryffindors, almost all their classes: potions, charms, transfiguration and DADA. (They had History of Magic and Astronomy with the Ravenclaws and Herbology with the Hufflepuffs.) Hades had also decided to take Arithmancy and Study of Ancient Runes. He also participated in the Ancient Studies class held on the sixth floor on Mondays, Wednesday and Fridays for an hour after dinner. He was busy often but he also knew almost all of the content being taught, so he hadn’t bothered to read the year’s textbooks, he wrote his papers and practiced along with other students, but he was always finished first having completed the task before most. He was thought to be a prodigy by many when in reality, he was just an old man, he had time to learn more than these children knew.

Before long it was Halloween and students were all busy with their homework while Hades had snuck off to his dorm to start preparing for a ritual to speak with his father. Samhain Eve was the day that he could properly talk to his other father and he had been asked to contact him to relay any messages or information to him as he would do back to his son. Hades had started to prepare the circle when Rosier walked into the room and tried to bring a girl inside. Of course, she couldn’t get past the wards of the room. What an idiot. Of course there would be wards to make sure that girls and boys didn’t go into each other’s common rooms, nobody wanted the students to shag like rabbits, and they would if they hadn’t put the precaution in place. Rosier left again, not casting a second glance on the kid they all thought was extra weird, even more odd than Severus, but there was also a power to him that made them stay away rather than taunt and tease him like they did to the half blood. Recently, Hades had been sticking close to Severus and warning off his tormentors as he had done to the Marauders on the train. He had yet to be called for a meeting for his behaviour and he was sure that Slughorn was the reason for that.

Hades performed the ritual and by midnight, he was in a trance and back in the realm with his father. Usually it worked the opposite way, but he had enough blood in him to even live with his father if he so pleased (and with Death’s permission of course). Hades waited for Morty in the library of their castle. He wasn’t to eat any of the food, none of the fruit especially, because it would tether him to that realm and he wouldn’t be allowed back with the humans. He played with his wand. His father entered the room, throwing the doors open, and striding inside, his cloaks billowing behind him like a bat. He was quite regal and it was very amusing to see his dramatics. His father was quite theatrical.

“Hello Little Hades, is it already Samhain?” Of course time moved differently in that realm, the realm above the underworld but below the overworld. The river styx started here and led down to the underworld where there were other rivers to take others across. There was also Cocytus where the poor souls who died without a proper burial were sentenced to stay for a long while. Hundreds of years, mortal time (so thousands of years, death time).

“It is. I’ve come to you to inform you that I haven’t had a chance to see what is happening much. Like all wizards I was sentenced to attend Hogwarts. Few know of my power, but they barely know the extent of it, enough to frighten and impress them. I have yet to meet the headmaster, this leader
for the Light, or some nonsense like that, and have heard little about the so called Dark Lord. I’m not sure if I want to aid either of them or if I want to just start my own faction and raze the world myself,” Morty took a seat across from his son and smiled, which couldn’t be seen from under the layers of cloth that hid his body and especially his face, except for his eyes which were milky white with light blue irises that were fogged over. He didn’t have pupils, he never needed them to see in the dark as he had always been able to see through the darkness. He was darkness.

“I see you have found your wand,” he stated bluntly, not bothering to answer his son. He could do whatever he wished at the mortal plane, as long as he gave him more souls, enough for him to truly grow in power, and therefore return to earth in corporeal form, he was fine with his decision. He had eons of years worth of souls, but he only got a percentage of all that he took. Humanity seems to have grown a population problem and that just meant that more people were being born than people were dying. It was actually a big problem for the underworld. They send out souls to new babies after they drink from the river Lethe to forget their past life and the earth and are sent off when the right body shows up. Well, more souls were going leaving less and less souls to be reborn meaning that new souls were being created. Those new souls, are the souls with the most energy, so if Hades got to those with new souls then he would grow stronger.

He loved the underworld, he preferred to stay there, but he also had the desire to bring someone back with him. He had a son, he needed a lover now. Even Hades, not the boy but the God, had a partner, Persephone. He had been stuck in perpetual loneliness until he successfully created a soul himself, using a piece of himself and growing it into a full soul and condensing it. He gave it to Titus Peverell and the rest is quite literally history. He already knew his son had found people he wanted, and Morty went to the world and saw people that he wanted, kind people who could easily be manipulated to join him and accompany them to a place that granted them immortality. Some people wanted immortality so bad, but he couldn’t grant it. Not yet. Not unless he had another born of his body, but he didn’t want that, he wanted someone human, someone soft that had a beating heart. Even Little Hades’ heart only beat when he forced it to. He didn’t truly need any of his organs. He didn’t need food to survive but energy and souls just like his father, but he had the option and he took it because he wanted to. Death didn’t have the luxury to do things because he wanted to, not always anyway. His son had caused a great disruption in the world already, someone born of him, the child was immortal and part human, he was nearly a God, far superior to the children of Gods even.

“I have. I have already had others try and see it. Few at the school I attend know of it, but the Professors are the ones I suspect will try for the glory first. I’ve seen James Potter wearing your cloak. I plan on taking it back from him. I would like to make myself a cloak like yours with it,” Hades saw the obscured nod from his father. It was a nod of recognition and respect. Morty was pleased with his ideas, Death was proud of him. “The stone, I will locate it, and guard it as it should be treasured not sullied by humans,” he spit out the word ‘humans’ like it left a bad taste on his tongue. It burned his mouth. He didn’t mind humans, it was humanity that bothered him. What they thought to be right and wrong, there weren’t some morals that the Gods held one to, there was only yourself and how you wish to further yourself. If you were cruel in one life, then your next life would be just as cruel to you. His father had a strange way of distributing retribution.

“Yes, I would like my stone back… you may have it, if you find it. I know where it is, but I can’t collect it myself for the same reasons as it always is. I believe someone turned it into a ring, and that ring currently has a soul piece in it for the mortal Tom Marvolo Riddle. Silly human fractured his soul. It is no longer useable, when he does die, and he will eventually meet a true death, he will never live again. Perhaps I will keep him here with me, I am quite fond of his lack of humanity and his ideas. He is very entertaining,” Morty dragged his long, crooked fingers along the arm of his chair. He had sharp, pointed nails that scratched the fabric of the seat, ripping it open only for it to seal itself again.
“Will you not tell me its location?” Hades leaned forward, interested in why his father wasn’t telling him of the location of the obvious horcrux. (What else was a split soul hidden in a physical object?)

“No. I haven’t given you the information as to where the other of my Hallows have been and you seem to have procured them just fine. Should I believe you incapable of finding my last earthly treasure?”

“No, father. I shall find the stone, and I shall keep it for myself, as you allow of course,” Hades stood up. “I must be returning to the world of the living, I am sure the other boys in my dormitory have come in to find me semi-comatose once again. Before I go may I ask for one favour?”

“What would you like?”

“I want to ask for you to grant someone immortality. I will never die, but I never wish to be lonely. Knowing how lonely it is to be eternal, I ask that you grant me someone to remain with forever, just as you desire,” Hades’ father stood up and towered over his son. Morty was a tall being, looming over even the tallest of humans. He had a large presence as well, he was truly the only thing one could focus on while in his presence as many mortals learned as they met him.

“Ask me again when you are older. I don’t trust you not to let foolish human ideas cloud your view. If I were to grant someone immortality, they would have to take it upon themselves to aid us in our plans, they would have to be compatible with my magic and your magic for it to work as we would be giving them a piece of our power to keep them young and ethereal as we are.”

“You are far from young and definitely not ethereal,” Hades laughed but his father silenced him.

“But you have never seen me under this cloak. I am much like you, but I am very corpse-like as one would expect. A beautiful corpse,” his father waved him away, dismissing him. Hades grinned and walked out of the castle and to the small portal outside their lair that led into the mortal realm. All souls passed into this realm through the veil, and to a being like him, the veil was a form of transportation with capabilities beyond what it could offer a full human or any other mortal creature (and vampires). Of course, there were non-beings that could pass through and join them. The dementors were the poor souls of Cocytus. They would corrupt themselves, the souls slowly driving themselves into insanity. Once they transformed into something beyond human, they were given back to the world as a nonbeing, these were the dementors. Boggarts were a little different but even poltergeists started as something: emotions. The emotions of the Gods to be exact. They were never alive but manifestations of energy that made it into the human world through one of the several entrances in and out of the underworld and heavens and to the mortal realm.

There was a crowd of boys around him when he came back to his senses. Hades was pulled to his feet by an angry prefect. Hades pulled his arm back and vanished the salt and quickly extinguishes the candles’ light before draining them of melted wax before they levitated back to their places in his things.

“What do you think you were doing?” The prefect asked and Hades started to clean up the mess of his ritual. Severus was in his bed, the curtains shut as he tried to drown out the happenings in his dorm. The boys started to talk about what had been happening and Hades rolled his eyes mentally. How immature to gossip and spread rumors, although the Gods had their fair share of gossip that Hades had been privy to.

“I was performing a ritual for Samhain. It would do you well to take your tone down and it would also be advisable if you immature brats stop thinking up gossip. You’re worse than the ladies, you should be ashamed at your childish behaviour. Do you have anything of importance to say or are you
simply crowding around the third year boys’ dormitory for fun?” Hades snapped and the prefect looked shocked. How dare someone speak to him that way. Professor Slughorn would be hearing from him and if he didn’t take action than he would do the unthinkable and go to the headmaster. He was a seventh year prefect and he demanded respect. Honestly, he was too shocked to say anything, never in his two years of being a prefect before and now his third year had he been spoken to in such a way. They were allowed to have fights and arguments inside the safety of their common rooms but even then, there was a hierarchy that was to be followed. There was the Head Girl Narcissa Black, who was the Queen and had been since she was claimed as betrothed to the Slytherin King, Lucius Malfoy a year prior, and she had honestly earned herself a high title as she was intelligent and a great example to the Slytherins. Then there were the prefects who were to govern the little ones and set the example for them when the Queen couldn’t, and then the minions beneath that had their own system to deal with. Even school was a political playground and no matter the ignorance to their systems, they should be respected as they had been governing the well behaved Slytherins for centuries. The prefect gathered his wits.

“You dare speak to me in such a way? Do you not know who I am? Are you ignorant enough to lack the knowledge of our ranks? Who do you think you are?” Hades raised his wand and pushed the tip against the boy’s chin, forcing him to look down at him, since Hades was quite short.

“I’m Hades Peverell, son to Sigrun Slytherin and Titus Phthonus Peverell, and if I so state it, I will rule the entire house as rightful heir. Do you dare speak to me with such a tone? I dare you to continue your belittlement. I would just love to give a demonstration of what I can do. Perhaps I should just show you all now, do you wish to be my test dummy? I would love to suck the soul from your body and take it for myself. Nobody would speak of such an occurrence if I made them stay quite. Is your life worth theirs?” he looked around and the other Slytherins rushed out of the room, only a few staying in the room, the few ‘brave’ or as brave as a Slytherin could get.

“I rule, and you are all beneath me ,” the prefect fell to his knees and he looked up at Hades who grabbed his collar and did something similar to how a dementor fed. He opened his mouth and took a breath in before the collective light was drawn out of the prefect’s mouth and into him. He was interrupted when he was shook away. He fell back on his rear and glared up at Professor Slughorn who asked two of the other students to escort their prefect to the nurse with a request for a pepperup potion and chocolate, mostly because Slughorn was unsure of what to make of everything that had transpired.

“Mr. Peverell I would like to speak with you in my office right away,” Slughorn assisted Hades to his feet before letting Hades fix his outfit and run a hand through his hair in an attempt to smooth it down as it had been disturbed with the violent feeding he had attempted. Severus sat up on his bed and watched as Hades followed behind their head of house. What had just happened? One moment the prefect was shouting at Hades and then the next he was on his knees and Hades was sucking his soul or that’s what it seemed like at least. Was that normal for a necromancer? Hades was a necromancer after all, and Hades had been quite eager to try and explain it to him on one of the days he had been invited to stay over for luncheon with the Peverells. He hadn’t mentioned such a power, but nothing was ever normal with Hades and Severus wasn’t sure if he liked that or if he was frightened of being out of the ordinary. He didn’t like to draw attention to himself, he was perfectly content with being average and excelling in one thing that was usually overlooked and allowed him to brew fearlessly with only a name to have reputation. He didn’t need fame, but fortune would be very nice to acquire.

With shaking hands, Professor Slughorn opened the door to his office and held it open for Hades to enter. He closed the door and locked it manually before placing wards and silencing charms on it. He went to the fireplace and called for Headmaster Dumbledore for a meeting as it was urgent. Hades took a seat on one of the two comfortable chairs before Professor Slughorn’s desk. Slughorn
sat in his chair, behind the desk, and waited for the headmaster, his eyes scanning over his student. He was terrified and he was sure that Hades could sense his cowardice (but if he weren’t a coward then he would be in much worse shape than he was then). Dumbledore stepped through green flames a moment later and rushed towards Slughorn’s desk.

“Horace, what’s wrong?” He followed Horace’s eyes to Hades before he took a seat beside the boy. “What’s happened?”

“Would you be kind enough to explain what occurred in the third year boys dormitory this evening?” Slughorn motioned towards Hades.

“I feel it only fair to give you what I saw happen, if I am missing anything, please correct or add in, professor,” Hades held his wand in his hand. Horace was tempted to confiscate it, but not only was it illegal for him to take a student’s wand but he wasn’t sure he could handle the temptation of such a powerful tool. Dumbledore’s eyes trailed to see the wand in Hades’ hand and he seemed just as awestruck as Horace had been when the potions professor had first taken the sight in as well.

Hades could feel the pull of the wand towards the headmaster. He had been a previous master to the wand, perhaps the master before Hades since the residual power and pull was still strong and although it had mostly taken to Hades’ magical signature, it was still Light in some places from the large amounts of powerful Light magic that had been performed. Horace nodded and both headmaster and professor’s attention was on Hades.

“I made sure to have the dorm to myself for a while. I planned on a ritual to speak with my ancestors. I was sure if anyone could grant me insight into what it takes to flourish in Slytherin House, it would be my great-something grandfather, Salazar Slytherin himself. So I went searching for him in the realm of spirits. I could not find him. I had just come back from my trance and I was crowded by several unfamiliar faces. Suddenly there was a prefect, demanding to know what I had been doing. It was pathetic as I was clearly performing a rather intense ritual. All wizards, no matter their age, should have been able to recognize a traditional Samhain rite but perhaps I put too much faith in their parents to educate them. Hogwarts is sadly lacking a class to teach our traditions to the other students as well,” Dumbledore let the comment slide, more worried about Hades than ever before. He was a better student than the student who had out-achieved him as a child. He was so different from Tom, but he was also so similar that it was painful to see the same thing happen to another of his charges. He had to do something to stop the boy before he grew to be too powerful. The child had mastered the Elder Wand, something that he had a hard time mastering and he was a fully grown wizard with fifty plus years of knowledge on him.

“I informed the prefect, I don’t know his name -- forgive me -- that I was performing a simple ritual for the holiday. Apparently my tone was showing my disdain and disappointment in the ignorance of the students. He verbally attacked me, so I attacked by. I am told I have quite a sharp tongue,” he twirled the wand between his fingers, knowing that the headmaster was straining to hold himself back from grabbing it from him. “I don’t know what happened but then I had him in my hands and it is hazy from them until I fell back. I didn’t hurt him too terribly did I? You just ordered for a pepperup and chocolate, I hope I didn’t maim him permanently,” his care was cold and fake, it was obvious, but Dumbledore suspected that if he wanted to be convincing, he could have been. He wanted them to know that he didn’t care for the other student. Dumbledore took in a deep breath and slowly exhaled, thinking over what he had just been told. Professor Slughorn was sweating again. The man was usually fine, but he had been more and more nervous lately and it was most apparent when in the company of or when speaking of Mr. Peverell.

“I see,” was all Dumbledore said for a long time, still trying to catch his racing mind. He had a duty to the students to keep them safe, but if he didn’t try and stop Hades and shape him in the right direction while he was still young and malleable then he would likely lose him to the dark and lose
him forever. He was scared to say it, but it appeared as if Hades was a much graver concern than the current Dark Lord who would likely be nothing compared to what Hades could grow into without the proper discipline and good examples. He would ask James Potter and Sirius Black to try and befriend him, they were his greatest allies and both showed promise in their respective fields of magic. They would be great Aurors one day and despite their age, they would be good friends for Hades who seemed all too reserved and distant. Perhaps their care and group mentality will break down the child’s barriers and show him the power of friendship and compassion.

“Headmaster?” Horace finally said and Dumbledore looked up at his potions professor.

“Yes… right… Mr. Peverell I am sure you understand how grave this offense is. Horace, what happened in the moments that Mr. Peverell doesn’t recall?”

“He was… he was sucking the soul out of Mr. Farley. It was as if he was a dementor,” he looked at Hades with caution, he didn’t want to be on the end of his wand or whatever else that Hades could harm him with. In fact, Horace didn’t want to be anywhere close to the child. He had been convinced of his usefulness but Hades was clever enough to skip out on all his invitations, making him unapproachable at the best of times, and now Hades had truly frightened his head of house off for good. There would be no more invites to any of the parties he threw for his collection of students.

“Oh…” At Dumbledore’s lame reply, Hades cast a tempus to check the time. It was only eleven in mortal time. It had been far past midnight of the next week in the realm of his father. Time always moved so oddly between the worlds. There was more silence and finally Hades cracked and sighed, sitting forward.

“Shall we proceed quickly, I would like to take a shower and sleep before it gets too late. I don’t fair well without a healthy amount of rest,” Hades knew it was a dumb excuse, but it would work. It had in the past and it would again and in the future.

“Yes, you may return to your common room Mr. Peverell,” the headmaster stated, not looking up from the desk that his eyes were trained on. Hades excused himself to the common room before he went to shower and dress for bed. He ignored the stares and the whispers that trailed him. He entered his dorm after drying off and dressing in his soft pyjamas. Severus made his way to the side of Hades’ bed with a book in his hand and a curious expression. Hades offered a smile, always warm when it was directed at Severus, and pulled his curtains open, motioning for Severus to sit on his bed with him. Severus took a seat and rested the book on his lap. He took a breath and a moment to gather up the courage to speak.

“That was very… interesting, what you did to Farley. I wanted to ask if that was something everybody with your abilities can do or if it is singular to you,” of course Severus would be more curious about possibly learning it for himself rather than concerned for anyone. He really adored Severus, despite the boy’s usual indifference towards him.

“That is something singular to myself. I could try and teach you, all you would have to do is agree to something. I could grant you such amazing things, Severus,” Hades leaned forward, he was offering so much. He wanted to start a collection, his own collection, of people he wanted to help him destroy the world and build it up in his image. To help him find the person who his father deserved to serve eternity with him, while gathering people he wanted to grant the power of divinity to, to be indestructible and immortal a, truly eternal, imperishable. They would never be stopped and they would do as they pleased. It was a world he wished to be in, and a world he wished to be joined in conquering. Severus flinched away from Hades when he got too close to him. Hades immediately retreated back against his headboard, his chin jutted out slightly in annoyance, but he wasn’t going to say anything on it. He had been too familiar with the other, he should remain comfortably distant
until Severus was prepared to know about the things he could gift him, what he could gift him and those he wanted to keep.

“What could you possibly give me that I could not get myself?”

“I could give you so much, you just have to let me,” they rested in silence and Severus eventually moved back to his own bed before he pulled his own curtains shut. Severus was scrawling out a letter in the near darkness. Hades pulled his bed curtains closed and rolled onto his side. He was one hundred and three years old, he was lonely, but he had been stuck to socialise with children, he shouldn’t have expected Severus to understand the possibilities, or ask the important questions, he was far too green for that.

Dumbledore had left Horace to contemplate a suitable punishment for his generally impeccable student. He had too many things to deal with. He knew that most of his Slytherins were being lost to the rising Dark Lord, to Tom. The boy he had tried so hard to stop before he grew to be too powerful. He was worried about that, but Hades had the potential, and likelihood, to disagree or at least fight for equality among the Dark Lord as he himself was quite talented and very Dark himself. Hades could, a frightening thing to admit, usurp Tom who was but a wizard. He had never heard of any magic that allowed someone else to suck souls from others, that was a nonbeing trait, and he was the master of the Elder Wand. Just who was this boy? He was too concerning to leave to his own devices. He planned on calling in his faithful students, ardent to the Light even as youngsters, and asking them to assist in either gaining information or befriending Hades to lead him down the right path. They couldn’t afford to lose him to Voldemort, no, that was unacceptable and he wouldn’t allow it to happen on his watch.

Over the next few days, Albus had asked his favourite students as well as the professors to watch out for Hades. The professors were informed that he had a disturbing interaction with another student and he needed to be watched closely while his student informers, the Marauders, three loyal Hufflepuffs, six additional Gryffindors who could be trusted, and five dependable Ravenclaws. They all set out and tried to immigrate into Hades’ daily life, taking part and speaking to him, learning about him. Of course, all occasions the Marauders were shot down along with most of the Gryffindors simply because they were far too loud and ostentatious, but the Ravenclaws and Puffs did well with Hades, and he treated them as kindly as they treated them. From Ravenclaw, fifth year Caius Bower, he mentioned how Hades subtly mentioned his dislike for muggles, but he also added that Hades had a tendency to seem to forget that he was also human and separate himself from humans by describing those he saw beneath him as ‘humans’ and ‘mortals’ usually prefaced by the words ‘foolish’ and ‘idiotic’. Seventh year, Ravenclaw Gabrielle Lionde reported similar things, and added that Hades would stare absently at his classmates, who he was staring at however was difficult to notice because there were always so many people and the classes they had together were important to her especially for NEWTs. At the library, when they met, he was calm and polite to her though, she didn’t find him odd or anything, just a little eccentric but still charming.

The third and second years Hufflepuffs went to Hades for help with their homework and he had always been courteous to them and offered him all the help he could before excusing himself. Johanna Barker and Leandra Lovett, a year apart but as close as sisters, often went to Hades for help before any of their other classmates. It started to become normal as he would help them and unlike the other Slytherins, he didn’t sneer at them. He praised them and encouraged them to learn and be the best. It confused Dumbledore. He should have been bitter, he should hate muggles, he should be all these things that nobody was reporting him to be and it was, quite honestly, confusing. Albus went to the professors who hadn’t noticed anything different, all but Horace, yet even he had nothing knew to add to the list of offenses and transgressions committed by the Peverell. Of course, he hadn’t been expecting his teachers to see any difference, they saw the best in their students and tried to kindle the flame of learning within each of the children that entered their classroom. They didn’t
worry about how their students were acting unless they were actively hurting someone else. Even then, like the Marauders, sometimes Dumbledore helped his employees turn their cheeks to keep those he deemed suitable for his cause out of trouble.

It was Christmas break so soon, and Hades was still getting top marks as well as ruling over Slytherin almost as sternly as Lucius had at one point and before him there was Tom Riddle and the Knights of Walpurgis. Now there was Hades, just him and the nervous whispers in his own house that never left their common room and dormitories. Hades found Severus on the Hogwarts Express with a pretty redhead. The one he remembered from the sorting. She was very cute, he would admit it. She looked similar, something about her reminded him of someone else he knew, but he couldn’t identify it. He knocked and opened the compartment door.

“May I sit with you?”

“Do you mind, Sev?” She looked to the perpetually annoyed boy, her best friend, and waited for his response. He just shrugged and looked up at Hades before quickly averting his gaze. He was too tired for all of this decorum. Couldn’t Hades just take a break from being a pureblood and relax like the rest of them. He didn’t have to act differently with Lily and he wasn’t going to, he refused, but if he had to, he supposed he could replace all of his shields to keep himself safe and respectable.

“Thank you,” Hades took a seat beside Lily and across from Severus. “Your hair is beautiful!” He said, holding out his hand. “Have you ever thought of wearing a crown of flowers?”

“No, I haven’t,” she didn’t know how that statement came about but Severus seemed to act like this behaviour was expected from the other Slytherin so she didn’t mind. Severus was hardly wrong. Hades took his trunk out of his pocket and expanded it on his lap, nearly crushing himself in the process. He dug around and pulled out preserved flowers. He set them beside his legs and then locked the trunk. He shrunk it back down and shoved it into the safety of his pocket.

“The Goddess Persephone wore a crown of flowers, made of daisies, narcissus, lavender and lilies,” Hades started to twist and braid the long stems of the flowers into a wreath and essentially a crown. He held it in his hands before he placed it on her head. “You’re not allergic are you?”

“No,” she smiled and he placed the crown atop her head as if presenting a crown to a princess. She and Hades spoke about lots of things. Hades wasn’t surprised that Lily was good at charms, he had seen her in class and her wand movements were near flawless as if she had been practicing for years, although she hadn’t. Suddenly, Severus leaned forward, his face not so indifferent, but rather worried.

“What’s wrong?” She asked, reaching her hand out to push Severus’ hair out of his face and behind his ear.

“Hades… why are you here?”

“That was rude,” Lily said, pulling her hand back to her lap. She absently stroked the smooth petals of the preserved flowers now decorating her auburn hair. All the whites, lavenders and pale yellows looked nice in her hair, truly, and the white flowers looked the best when compared to the dark red of her hair while the lavender was brilliant against her eyes. Hades smiled and waved it off.

“No, that’s a good question. I came because I wanted to see you before break. I’m sure you will be busy with your family so I just wanted to see you before you left for so long. I’ve grown accustomed to being surrounded by people and now I will be by myself again. I will leave if you would rather I go. I’m probably should start writing letters anyway, I have many people who I am going to attempt to reach. Will you be busy over the break?” Hades was asking both of them, but
Lily frowned, looking at Severus who tried hard to keep himself calm. Would he be busy with his family? Yes, he would likely hide in the shed, and converted potions lab, while his father complained about the snow and how it was too cold before demanding his mother to use magic before beating her for using magic and being a freak. He just looked away and waved his hand dismissively. Lily reached forward and rested her hand on his knee, giving his kneecap a comforting squeeze.

“I’m not sure. All I know is that we will be staying home. Why?” Lily answered for the both of them and she knew that Severus was thanking her silently.

“Well, this will be my first Christmas, well one that I can actually remember, so I wanted to invite a few people for a Yule dinner. It would be on the twenty-first so you can spend the twenty-fifth opening presents with your families. Would you like to come?” Lily was shocked. She was a Gryffindor, and while she knew that there was animosity between their houses, she usually felt it much more than just thinking it. She didn’t just get grief from the Slytherins but her own house turned on her for befriending Severus. She wasn’t about to leave him and three years of friendship behind just because they were sorted into different houses. It was silly and infuriating at the same time. Hades also didn’t seem to care, and it was nice to have people like him. She also remember the other Gryffindors talking about how horrible Hades was, and honestly she wanted to avoid him, but she didn’t push him away because he seemed to enjoy Severus as much as she did. She was glad she didn’t push him away, because he was polite and even if he was faking his emotions, he seemed to care about people he took an interest in.

“I would have to ask my parents,” she wasn’t going to reject an invitation. “Who else are you planning on inviting?”

“Well, I only know a select few people and some of them might be a little rude, but I will make sure to talk to them beforehand to warn them of the consequences of being disrespectful towards my guests. It will be my parents and some of their friends and their friends’ children. I know that the Potters will be invited, because they are respectable and it’s proper to invite them, but they usually don’t show up, or that’s what my father said but they came to our last gathering. I hope they come though so you don’t feel so awkward. That is, if you decided to join us,” Hades switched his school uniform for a soft, and expensive, jumper made of a blend of soft wools while he wore his plain school trousers. He didn’t want to have to change everything and he technically wasn’t supposed to know the switching spell yet. It wasn’t taught until later years, but he could always pass it off as being advanced.

“If you send me an invitation, so I know where to go, I will ask my parents to allow me to attend. They’re muggles so I’m sure you wouldn’t want them there,” she gave a nervous laugh.

“They can attend if you would like them to. My parents will be okay with is, but I’m not so sure about our other guests, but if they can’t get over petty differences during the winter holidays then I don’t need them around, do I? Should I send the letter to…”

“Lily Evans.”

“Lily… that’s a nice name. You have lilies in your hair. They are a flower sacred to Persephone…” He trailed off and Lily just smiled, shaking Severus’ knee so he would assist her. She didn’t know how to act around the odd child. He didn’t even act like he was thirteen. He seemed to know too much and care about weird things.

“I will send you a letter, both of you. It’ll include all the information. I’ll leave you be now,” he stood up and inclined his head before leaving their compartment. Lily sighed. She had noticed that the Gryffindors, mostly third years, had been trying to get Hades’ attention, but they never had much luck. She had somehow spoken with him and even got invited to her first wizarding event. She really
wanted to attend but from what she knew about purebloods, from the other Gryffindors and from what Severus said about the other Slytherins, she was nervous to even contemplate going. Severus changed into his own ratty jumper before Lily took off her robes and pulled a nice muggle coat out and buttoned up the large buttons on the front. It hung down to her knees and was honestly quite stylish. Sleek and modern, very much ahead of its time. The train came to a halt and the best friends exited the Hogwarts Express together. Lily left to get her trunk and take it out into King’s Cross while Severus waited for his mother. She arrived not much later and held out her arms for him. He took hold of her and they apparated to Spinner’s End.

He was met with shouts from his father and the smash of something against the kitchen wall. Why his mother didn’t just leave the bastard confused him. She hated him, and Severus hated him, but they didn’t leave. It was as if she was asking for torture. He ran up the stairs and slammed his door behind him. He waited for his mother to come up and tell him that it was safe to leave the room. He felt terribly helpless, completely pathetic, worn down. He waited for hours. The sky got very dark and his room matched, there was no moon out, it was a New Moon, there was only stars but even they were dim in Severus’ eyes. He opened his window and reached a hand out. It was cold, and his fingers started to burn from the intense frost but he didn’t pull his hand back in the window. He just waited until he couldn’t take the pain any longer before he collapsed by his window. His mother didn’t come upstairs and he had thought the worst. His father’s shouting had stopped by that point, but he was too scared to go downstairs. He didn’t want to face Tobias or he might do something stupid. He flipped the light in his room on and found some paper and a pencil. He started writing a letter. He didn’t know if he wanted to send it or if he was just venting because he didn’t know what else to do.

Severus whistled to the owl that perched outside their house. It was their owl, but she knew to stay out of view of Tobias and only come when called. She waited by their shed for mail and was nearly as stubborn as Severus. Severus tied the letter closed with some braided thread and then he taped it. He had nothing else to do, he sent it out to Lily. She was only a house over, but he didn’t dare go over there, not as he was then. Completely vulnerable. It was different to feel vulnerable and then become a walking target. He got hit often with Tobias around, but he had gotten quick and he had gotten good at staying away. When he was young and stupid, full of idiotic bravery and misplaced sense of protectiveness over his mother, he would try and fight him off. It took him longer to learn that he wasn’t strong enough to fight him off then he liked to admit. When he had gotten his first owl, that was horrible. He had been expecting it. His mother told him about Hogwarts, it sounded wonderful and she had enjoyed school very much so he assumed he would too, he thought himself a carbon-copy of his mother. Tobias had somehow caught wind of all of this and pulled him aside. He hadn’t been fast enough to escape him that time and he had ended up with broken bones and more bruises than he wanted to remember. He looked out of his window and saw his mother, barefooted and wrapped in a holey blanket padding across snow and into their potions lab. He was tempted to run after her, to make sure she was okay. Without her he would be completely lost, but he also knew that she was much like him and she was retreating from a long battle.

By noon the next day, Severus got a reply. Thankfully Tobias had drunk himself to sleep, and if Severus’ wish was granted he was in a coma that would leave him a vegetable so they could legally pull the plug and make him go away for good. He hated his father and it made him so angry just thinking about how horrible he was and how nobody helped them, but even if people had tried, they wouldn’t never accept the help. They were too prideful to accept charity and pity from people who couldn’t possibly understand.

Lily’s letter was attached to another letter and a package. He used the contents in the package to write a formal letter and then stored his letter from Lily in a tin under his bed. He held up the match to light the sealing wax before he let the vibrant red wax drip onto the letter. He quickly began searching for his stamp and pressing it to the wax. He pulled it away and called his owl back to him.
She took the letter to Hades. He hadn’t asked his mother, but she would surely rather be in the company of dignified and cold-but-polite people than staying cooped up in their prison waiting for Tobias to order them to carry out whatever command he gave. He received a reply later that day, nearly nightfall. He was sure his poor owl had to fly a long way, so he ran downstairs and pilfered enough food for her before grabbing a half-molded apple. He just ate the parts around the white and green mold before leaving it in his bathroom so he would remember to throw it away. His room was actually quite neat. He kept it clean so he felt like he had some semblance of control where he usually had none. He opened the letter after he fed the owl. She flew back to her perch on the lifeless tree by their shed.

Dear Severus,

We would love to have join us for the entirety of Yule. We are all very pleased that you know of Yule, we don’t find that many wizards and witches know of these holidays unless they come from an Old Family but then they aren’t, usually, good company.

We can arrange to pick you and your mother up when we come to collect Lily and the Evans. We will come to gather you on the twentieth at noon so be ready. Pack for a week’s vacation and bring your wand!

Warmest regards,

Hades Peverell

Heir to the most Noble and Ancient House of Peverell

Heir to the most Noble House of Slytherin

Severus folded the letter back up, crawled out his window and walked to the shed. He knocked but he didn’t get a response. He pulled the door open and pushed it shut behind him. His mother was still asleep, curled up on a small cot in the back of their potions lab. She was covered by the threadbare blanket she had wrapped around her when she left for the shed along with the stained sheets from a second-hand shop that they kept on the cot in case Severus had to sleep out of the house. He pulled a stool up as quietly as possible. He sat beside her and frowned at the blood in her hair and the healing wounds on her arms. She had a generous coating of unabsorbed bruise salve on her as well, it plastered the sheets to her skin. He got up to rifle through their potion cabinet. He went outside and gathered a cup of snow and let it melt with the heat of his hands. Gently, he shook his mother awake, conscious of her injuries. She opened her eyes slowly and looked up at him as he shoved a potion into her hand and then gave her the glass of cold water to wash down the rather horrid taste.

“Are you alright?” She asked her son, drinking the potion and then finishing the water. She pushed herself up and started to move Severus’ arms and head as she looked for any injuries on him. He grabbed her hands and held them, rubbing his thumbs along her knuckles.

“I’m fine. I think he’s asleep or out. I ran downstairs to feed Judith, and I didn’t come across him. Don’t worry I got myself something to eat. Do you want anything? I can grab it before he wakes up or comes back,” Eileen just offered a sad smile. She was pathetic, or that how she felt. She couldn’t protect her son. She had no way to support them or have luxuries like fitted trousers or lavish dinners, but she could rent them a flat somewhere magical, Hogsmeade maybe. She could have tried to make Tobias leave as well. She could obliviate him. He knew about magic, therefore she wouldn’t get in trouble for casting in front of him. If she obliviated him and apparated him to the middle of nowhere. Nobody would be able to track it back to her. For all she knew he left one day, too drunk to do much, and cursed her with vulgar muggle words before storming out. She didn’t have to admit
to seeing him or anything of the sort. He was a dumb, abusive muggle, nobody would care or fret over losing him.

A part of her needed someone though, no matter how cruel and it made her sick. She hated herself, that part at least. She couldn’t get Severus what he needed, and that made her angry at herself because she was, in a way, being selfish and thinking of herself rather than her son, her precious baby. She shook her head.

“No, I’m fine. What did you have? Was it enough?”

“Of course. I’m fine, don’t worry, you worry too much,” he took the empty glass from his mother and set it on their vial drying rack before he sat back down beside her. There were no longer any bruises, but that didn’t mean there wasn’t an ugly orange paste spot on the sheets she had been under. She waved it clean with her wand and a wordless charm. She cupped Severus’ cheeks and kissed his forehead.

“I love you so much, you know that?”

“I love you too,” he patted her head before feeling the dried, flaky blood. He held her shoulder with one hand before pulling her hair back to look and see how bad the wound was. She gently pushed him away by the shoulders. He didn’t need to see her wounds. He already saw too much in his life, he didn’t need to worry about her on top of all the other things he had to deal with. “Let me see the wound, let me clean it at least.”

“I’m OK. I will clean and heal it. Have you had a chance to see Lily? Why don’t you go find a coat and run along with her. Have a snowball fight or something, have fun.”

“I sent a letter to Hades,” he whispered but his mother didn’t let the change of emotions show on her face. She just nodded and hummed to let him know she had heard him. “He’s asked for us to stay all Yule, for a week. He was surprised that I knew about Yule, more than he had mentioned on the train at least so pack for a week. I don’t want to go without you.”

“Alright, if that’s what you would like to do, then we will do that,” she sent him off to get a coat on. He was wearing his jumper, the same one he had worn the previous day, and day-old trousers. He climbed up the fixtures along the wall and into his room. He dug in his closet for a suitable piece of clothing. After finding a heavy coat, despite it’s wear, he put it on and climbed back out his window, leaving it open so he could climb back inside, like he had earlier. He only had about an hour before sundown completely, so he could spend that time with his best friend. He knocked on the Evans’ door and Rose answered and ushered him inside and out of the cold. Lily ran down the stairs and to him. She dragged him upstairs with her and they sat on her floor, she had a nice shaggy, purple rug that he ran his fingers through every now and then.

Lily lay on her back, her arms stretched out, one over Severus’ legs. He stared down at her as she spoke.

“Tunie was being so rude yesterday. She had to come with them to pick me up because they couldn’t leave her home all alone, so she got to see the entrance of the platform and she got even angrier at me. She hasn’t spoke to me all day. Everytime I enter a room, she exits without giving me so much as a glance. It’s not fair that she doesn’t have magic either, I want her to, she deserves it. She my favourite sister! My only sister! I feel horrible every time she gets sad like this… so was everything OK when you went home yesterday?”

“Yeah, I just went to sleep, I was tired. I’m sorry about Petunia. I don’t understand why some muggles have magic and others don’t, so I don’t have any theories for you. I wonder if she does have
magic but just can’t access it. Like a squib—"

“That’s such a mean word. Squib. They’re wizards too, and it just sounds as bad as the ‘M’ word,” she interrupted. Severus nodded slowly. He could understand that. He didn’t like it when people sneered the words half blood as if it was some horrible, dirty thing.

“Well, then maybe she’s like a witch without magic. Sometimes it happens. I also don’t know why that happens, but I’m sure I can ask my mother. She may have a better understand of these things than I do,” Lily just hummed before playing with the hem of Severus’ coat absentmindedly. It was comfortable, just sitting with her best friend. “Thank you for the things for the letter earlier. I’m sorry if Judith woke you up. She’s persistent,” he reached down to run his fingers through her hair. He looked up at her white dresser and resting on a pile of books was her flowercrown. Her books were artistically placed, or so it seemed, and the entire view was very nice. He looked down at her again and she was still picking at his coat.

“No, that’s fine. I was ready to wake up. I did some reading and I straightened my room up,” her room did look nice. She had a tendency to have a messy room. She was very scatterbrained and therefore she was doing something one second and then forgot all about it and moved onto the next thing. She was very smart, but her mind worked so fast that she didn’t have the patience to finished something entirely and then clean it up. She could hardly watch a full program on the telly with her parents. He wasn’t allowed to watch his, it was just his father’s and he only watched the same movies over and over again. The screech of the VHS rewinding was horrible and he associated it with his father. He didn’t like the telly. He didn’t need it anyway, wizards who lived in the wizarding world didn’t have or need them.

Severus thought about their holiday. He wouldn’t be at Spinner’s End for most of the break. He would have to stay those days he was there with Lily to compensate for lost time. She would only be at Peverell Estate for the end of the twentieth and then the twenty-first for Yule before she would go home. He knew it was rude to invite yourself, but he didn’t want to spend it with Tobias, and his mother was suffering just as much, if not more, than him. It was his present to her, getting away from his horrible father. Hades didn’t seem to mind, he had seemed formal but he was almost always like that. Severus had completely let that night when Hades nearly sucked the soul out of the seventh year prefect recede to the back of his mind. That was where it would stay. Hades wasn’t a monster, he was just different.

“Are you excited to see the Peverell Estate? It’s rather large. Almost ridiculously so,” Lily stopped fumbling with the unravelling string on his coat and sat up.

“When did you visit?” Severus thought for a moment.

“Over the summer… I was guilty for going, I didn’t want you to… I don’t know. I’m sorry I didn’t tell you. I—”

“That’s alright. You don’t have to tell me about everything you do. So that’s how you knew him? He was also in Slytherin, a third year like us? How does he act when he isn’t being all,” she gestured vaguely with her hands. She stopped, smiling widely and placing her hands in her lap. “I don’t know.”

“Yes, he’s a third year. I met him in Diagon Alley. I’m not sure if I am allowed to tell you, but I’m going to tell you because you’re my best friend. He was in a coma since he was three. He passed all of his placement tests with the highest grades possible. He speaks of this mentor he has… he knows some things about some magic that I’m not sure is safe to learn about.”

“You mean the Dark Arts?” She whispered, sitting up, curious about Hades, or more curious than
“Yes. He showed me his library, there is an entire floor dedicated to books on dark magic. He…
he killed a mouse,” her eyes narrowed but Severus quickly finished, “no, he didn’t just kill it, he
brought it back to life,” this time Lily let out a little gasp. She had never heard of someone doing
such a thing. “It’s called necromancy, and it’s one of the darkest, most twisted types of magic. He
said he learned from this mentor, a man who taught him while he was in a coma.”

“Should we go to his house then? What if he’s dangerous?”

“I don’t think he is. He is courteous and respectful to everyone as long as they leave him alone.
There was one incident, but it wasn’t horrible and nobody was gravely injured,” Lily opened her
mouth but Severus quickly spoke again, hoping that she would forget her thought, “he’s even defended me from the purebloods, the ones that hate me, and even James Potter. He and Sirius Black had been invited to the meeting, over the summer, and he made them leave me alone.”

“I see,” she brushed her chin with her thumb before pushing her long bangs behind both ears.
“Well if he has been kind and done so many good things then he must have a heart, at least… Would
you like to come shopping with my family and I tomorrow for clothes. The Peverells invited my
entire family and so they are going to buy themselves some nice outfits. We can go out for lunch too
if you want,” Lily offered, preferring to get off the subject of Hades and dark magic. She much
preferred speaking about shopping despite her dislike for the act itself. Tunie loved shopping and got
all the clothes she wanted, Lily was a little less picky about her clothes and tended to just wear a pair
of jeans and a shirt with a flower or something on the front. She had gotten in the habit of wearing
shirts with the names of her favourite (muggle) bands on the front. She did have a really nice coat
that she had been wearing on the train, the post-modern, chic, long peacoat.

“I actually have some potions that have to be brewed and my mother has a cold. I’m sorry,” he
lied quite easily. He didn’t like lying but what was he supposed to tell her? Hey we don’t have
enough money to pay our bills or buy food since Tobias buys porn mags and liquor with all out
money. My mum is also incapacitated and dealing with some head wound, but I don’t know much
because she doesn’t want me to help her. I also need to brew potions so I have enough money to buy
you a Christmas present and maybe something hefty enough so my mother can put a preservation
charm on it so we don’t have to starve to death. She offered a kind smile, as kind as she always
was, and held his hands between hers before leaning forward to rest her head on his chest.

“No, I’m sorry,” she quickly pulled away and stood up. Severus stood up as well. “Would you at
least let me make you some hot cocoa before you leave? It’s almost night and I know you have to be
home by then.”

“Only if you drink it with me,” she nodded and pulled him down the stairs. Severus saw what Lily
had been saying as Petunia walked out of the kitchen as soon as Lily entered it, but instead of
avoiding eye contact, she glared at Severus the entire way out of the kitchen. He glared right back
and she only got angry and slammed her feet on the stairs as she ran to her room. Severus pulled out
a tall stool from under the wooden table, that took the place of a modern kitchen isle. She made them
the drink and set the mug down before Severus before grabbing a can of whipped cream and
spraying it all over the top. She smiled and put it in the fridge before sitting up with Severus.

“Taste it!” She pushed when Severus stared down at it. He just hoped his stomach didn’t growl.
The last time that happened she make him a sandwich and he felt horrible for a week. He lifted it to
his lips and drank it, burning his tongue, but it was delicious. He set it back down and wiped the
whipped cream off his lip and nose. She took a drink too, smacking her lips as she burnt her tongue
“It’s good, thank you.”

“Not a problem, Sev. What kind of friend would I be if I didn’t do things for you?” He knew that she was being nice to him, but he only felt guilty. He didn’t do things for her like this. He was with his mother, either tending to her or brewing potions for money rather than spending time with Lily. When he started to show promise in potions, his mother took him under her wing. She was half an apprenticeship away from a mastery in potions. He already knew that he would go and get his mastery if it killed him. Hopefully he could invent potions and make money to buy Lily nice things like she did for him. He would be a better friend as soon as he had the ability to do so. He just couldn’t at that point, he didn’t have the means necessary to be a ‘good’ friend. He thanked her again before leaving. He told the Evans goodnight before heading back to his house, one house over. He walked through the gate and as he was about to turn to walk around back to the shed, so he could check on his mother, Tobias threw the door open. Severus stopped and Eileen was crying, one of his arms was around her throat, under her chin. Severus turned back and started to walk up the steps. His father dragged his mum back into the house and Severus shut the door behind him.

“Please let her go,” Severus tried and Tobias let go of his mother’s throat, grabbing her hair in his other hand. Severus moved closer. It was like trying to take a bone from a rabid dog. Tobias stared at Severus as he got closer and closer until he was trying to pry his hand off Eileen’s hair. Tobias dropped her and kicked her before grabbing him by his hair. He dragged him along the ground and into the kitchen. He threw him at a chair, which Severus didn’t sit in, but rather smashed into as he collided with it. He quickly sat up and got on the chair. Tobias came back with a knife. The didn’t keep scissors since it was dangerous for Tobias to have them while drunk and his mother could use the severing charm if she needed it. They had the knives locked away too, he didn’t know how he found one but he took it to Severus and started to pull his head back before roughly cutting off his hair. Once he had short, choppy hair Tobias threw the knife, which slammed into the wall. For a moment Severus was sure it would become embedded in the drywall but it made a small knick before clambering to the floor.

“Go clean her up!” Tobias shouted pushing Severus forward, back through the kitchen and into the living area, where his mother was heaped on the floor. Severus picked her up to the best of his ability and started moving towards the front door to take her to the shed. Tobias was likely back to his telly but no, he stopped and grabbed Severus by the nape of the neck and pulled him back. He dropped his mum and she fell back on the floor. He wasn’t sure if she was just extremely exhausted or unconscious. Tobias grabbed Severus’ left hand and pulled his arm back at an uncomfortable angle.

“Use magic. Do your stupid, freaky thing that you can do. I want her back. Now!” Severus shook his head as he knew what was about to happen if he didn’t cast something to wake her up.

“I can’t. I can’t! It’s illegal. I’ll be expelled. I can’t!”

“Do it now,” he snapped one of Severus’ fingers and Severus cried out. It was horrific pain, and it shot up his entire arm. He had broken bones before but they were usually caused by being hit or kicked so he was too busy focusing on the immediate pain rather than his breaking bones, but he needed his hands, he had potions to make, how else would he be useful around the house?

“I can’t…”

“You obviously don’t need these then. Grab your weird sting thing and say hocus pocus and make her wake up.” Severus reached out with one hand and searched his mother’s coat and dress, as far as he could reach, for her wand. He wasn’t sure if this would work, but he could try.
“Rennervate,” he tried, waving the wand but nothing happened. Tobias broke his middle finger this time and Severus tried it again and again but it didn’t work. He tried it until it finally worked but his mother’s first reaction was to cry out in pain. She tried to push herself up, but she couldn’t. She must have done something to her arm when she hit the wall or the floor, her shoulder hurt. Severus was released and he went to Eileen, pushing her on her back, once again he moved her gingerly and avoided injuries to the best of his ability. He used his right hand for most things as his entire left arm hurt and he didn’t want to try and move his fingers.

“Go to your room Severus,” Tobias said deathly quiet.

“No!” Severus grabbed the wand again and raised it, aiming it at his father. “You will go to your room right now and I am going to lock the door. Move or I will kill you!” Severus only got a laugh in return. Tobias was laughing at him. “Diffindo!” Tobias’ thumb was sliced clean off and he fell back, holding his hand and screaming. “Go to your room right now, Tobias.”

With Tobias locked in his room, his thumb still resting against the floor in the living area. Severus helped his mother to the feet and pushed the front door open. He led her into their shed and locked the door behind him with the padlock and chain. He set her down on the cot and helped her stretch out horizontally. He wrapped the blankets around her feet to warm them up. They were still bare, why they weren’t covered, he didn’t know but he knew that it wasn’t good for her to be barefoot while running across the freezing snow or iced ground. He looked around their potions cabinets and found the right potions and set them down on the floor beside the cot. He was on his knees beside her.

“I’m fine. I just need sleep. Come rest with me,” Eileen tried to get Severus to stop. She was so angry with Tobias and so scared for her son. She had been knocked out and she didn’t know what had happened but his hair was horribly chopped off. Why Tobias did it, she knew exactly why, but she wouldn’t tell Sev that, he wouldn’t know what to do with the information and do something stupid. Severus pushed her hand away when she reached of for him and he uncorked the small phial before lifting her up so she was between supine and sitting. He poured the liquid into her mouth before letting her rest again. He looked through the potions and grabbed the next one. There was a certain order to go in, if he accidentally messed something up, one of the potions could counteract the other before it had a chance to work or it could make her very ill. He uncorked the next one with his teeth since it was really stuck, held shut with a cork covered in wax. He helped her up again before forcing the potion into her. It took a half hour, maybe an hour, to get her through all the potions. He had to pull the book out at one point to look and see which order he should do the next two potions but she was asleep after dreamless sleep was administered. He went back to the house and grabbed a bowl of water, warm water. It steamed as when he took it outside despite it only being lukewarm. It was very cold outside, and the nighttime only made it colder. He used one of their clean rags, for when they were wiping down their potion station, and dipped one end into the water. He finally got a look at that head wound, It wasn’t horrible -- it was horrible at the same time -- and he could try and fix it the best he could. He cleaned it up and tied her hair on the other side of her head in a ponytail. He cleaned off her face since it was caked with dirt from the living room floor and tears. She didn’t even stir, the potion was working well (but they made it so of course it would work well).

Severus finished cleaning his mother up and then he covered her with the blankets, careful to keep the blankets loose around the bruise paste so it didn’t get too sticky and uncomfortable. He took his coat off and slept on the floor next to Eileen, covered in his coat. He cried as quietly as he could until he couldn’t cry any longer and fell into sleep.

The twentieth did not come quickly. There were several incidents just as bad as that night’s and
each time Severus ended up taking care of his mother. He didn’t get much time with Lily but he did do as he was supposed to and brewed what he could to the best of his ability (which was very well for a third year). He took the potions to Diagon Alley, paying the Night Bus with a small bag of coinage he had in his coat pocket. He sold what could be sold for the highest prices. He wasn’t sure why he wasn’t being haggled but he assumed it was because his mother wasn’t with him, his fingers were bandaged but clearly broken, and his nose had been broken more than once (he was used to it though). He had made extra potions, ones that he used his own little bit of money to pay for ingredients with, and doubled his saved money. He bought gifts for Lily and his mother. It was a last minute thought, but he thought it would be very improper form to take advantage of their host without even giving them a gift. He didn’t have much and spent the last of his money on a gift for the Peverells, but mostly Hades. By the time he was home, he had his mother’s rickety suitcase packed and his own packet with enough clothes (all the clothes he owned) for the week they’d be gone. He sat outside, waiting for the Peverells to arrive. It was just Sigrun and Titus who arrived to take him, but they hadn’t expected to see him in bandages. He told them that his mother was sick and insisted on taking her to the healers at St. Mungos and no matter the amount of arguing, polite at least, he did they refused not to get her a healer. He helped her out of the shed and let her lean on him while he locked it up with the chain and padlock, before carrying her to the Peverells.

“By Merlin, what happened to you Mrs. Snape?” Sigrun said, as she rushed forward and helped Eileen walk much better than he son had been doing. Titus took Severus and their bags while Sigrun took Eileen to St Mungo’s. When they arrived to the hospital, Eileen became lucid enough to try and get right back out. Sigrun told her that she would take care of it. Eileen just tried to retain any dignity she had. How had the time passed so quickly? It was usually that bad, although it had been getting worse the older Severus got, but she hadn’t thought she needed to go to St Mungo’s, she didn’t have enough money to pay the healers for their services.

Soon she was in a cot, cleaned magically of all the dried blood. A healer, a woman with dark skin and short white/grey hair, walked into their partitioned area. She uncovered Eileen and asked her what happened and Eileen told her that she had a potions accident but she was recovering just fine.

“A potions accident?” The healer tried to clarify and Eileen nodded. The healer knew what was going on, it was obvious because no potions accident would give someone a head injuring to the side of the head, it would likely be the front of the head, and on the opposite side she had a dislocated arm, which had been dislocated for a few days. Her feet were blistered with the cold and there was so much bruise paste on her clothes were sticky and orange, a nicer colour than the grey and stained (yellowish) white that all the clothes she owned looked like.

“Mrs. Peverell, may I have a moment with Mrs. Snape?” Sigrun nodded and left, giving Eileen’s hand a squeeze as if they had been friends for years. In some ways, Sigrun really liked Eileen, especially because she had raised her son well, he have been very polite and kind and that was a great thing to be, but also because she seemed like she had been through more than ‘a lot’. The healer, Healer Mary, came out to see Sigrun.

“I have ordered a few potions and her shoulder has been fixed. She is worried about her son, is he here with you as well?”

“No, he went to our Estate with my husband and son. Is something wrong with him? I can call my husband and he can be down here with Severus in but a few moments,” Healer Mary smiled, but it was the smile one got when they were sad for them but impressed with their hope in the betterment of someone else.

“He doesn’t have to come right away unless he’s in pain, but I would like to check him when he has the chance to come to the hospital, within the month. I assume he’s attending Hogwarts, so I
don’t understand how Madam Pomfrey hasn’t noticed any of the trauma. I will speak with her. Your friend is safe. I would like to keep Mrs. Snape overnight just to ensure that she’s healing properly,” Healer Mary offered a smile because it was her job as a healer to make others feel optimistic.

“Thank you, I’ll bring him to see his mother soon. I’m sure he would like to see her… May I see her one last time?” The healer nodded and pulled the curtain open to reveal Eileen. The healer left them to talk and Sigrun conjured a chair to sit on beside Eileen’s cot. Eileen’s head lolled to the side so she could see the Peverell woman.

“Thank you,” Eileen whispered, the gratitude honest but feeling horrible for forcing her problems on someone else. “Thank you for helping us, and thank you for helping Severus.”

“It’s no problem. Hades has really grown to like Severus so it was no problem. We were shocked and concerned when we received a letter from him though,” Eileen’s face twisted and she forced herself to sit up.

“What do you mean, ‘received a letter’? Did you not invite him to stay? I’m so sorry, he knows better than to invite himself—”

“No, it’s fine. He wasn’t concerned about himself. He actually told us that you were ill and needed to find a place to rest, that’s why we were so adamant about seeing you. We didn’t want you to have something like Dragon Pox, that would have been horrible. You are welcome at our home, we have plenty of space. We could fit all of Hogwarts at our Estate if we really wanted,” she smiled, “but we wouldn’t. No, we like our children and polite children and Hogwarts is full of anything but. Healer Mary said that you need to stay overnight, would you like to see Severus tonight? We will bring him tomorrow for sure. Hopefully you will be better tomorrow, I know how scary it is to have someone you cannot be with for a long time, especially someone like a parent or a child.”

“Thank you,” Eileen said again but Sigrun just patted her hand, a little awkwardly, but she was trying to be comforting. She was raised to be indifferent and although, recently, she hasn’t been very impassive, she had to work very hard for a long time to be able to break from what she was taught growing up. She didn’t want Hades losing touch with traditions and their wizarding roots, but she didn’t want him to feel as though he had to be cold towards everyone. She could never be cold towards her son, when he was born, she had changed and she knew it was for the better. Even Titus was different, albeit still proud and imperious.

“You’re welcome,” Sigrun pulled her hands back and watched as Eileen lay back to rest again. “Rest well, and we will bring Severus to see you tomorrow,” Sigrun left the curtained off room and went to the floo room near the entrance before flooing back to the Peverell Estate. Severus was waiting by the fireplace with Hades, Titus and the Evans family. Sigrun smiled at their guests.

“She will be fine. She is being watched tonight to make sure she is healing properly. We will be going to see your mother tomorrow Severus, she would like to see you,” Eileen started and Severus just nodded, looking as if he was trying to stay composed when all he wanted to do was cry. His hand was bandaged but Sigrun hadn’t been paying much attention to him since she had seen his mother and thought the worst, but now she could see that he obviously wasn’t ‘fine’ either. She introduced herself to the Evans family again and apologized for not joining them as soon as possible, she let them know that something very important happened but it was clear that they all knew what was happening, perhaps they knew more than the Peverells did from the look on Mrs. Evans face and their daughter Lily who had a hand on Severus’ knee and her head on his shoulder. He was sitting straight, uncomfortably so, and was scared that if he relaxed he wouldn’t be able to remain distant from the issues that were happening around him.

“Hades why don’t you show the Evans to their rooms for the night?” Titus offered as they had
fallen into a sad silence. Hades nodded and stood up. Their house elves had already taken their overnight bags to their rooms along with their outfits for the dinner the next night. Hades asked them to follow before starting up one of the many flights of stairs. He took a left and then a right into the twenty room guest ward. He pushed a door open for Mr and Mrs Evans that led into a clean but warm room that was done up in light colours as the window in the wall was quite small. Their daughter Petunia was shown to the room to the left of her parent’s room and it was mostly white with cool greys and pale blue. Along the bed there were small pink flowers painted on. The four poster seemed vintage and beautiful. Petunia wondered if this was how all wizards lived, she wished she could be a wizard. She was so jealous, but why shouldn’t she be? Her sister got all the attention, she got all the power, she got everything and she was left with nothing. Hades smiled at her grin, it was nice to see that some people were impressed with their things, although those who didn’t act impressed where either pompous or hiding their admiration. There was a lot to be admired with the beautiful estate.

“Are all wizard homes like this?” Petunia asked finally, as she sat down on the soft bed with cool cotton covers.

“No. We’re a very old and prominent family, there are things that dictate status in this world. It is similar to racism and other prejudices in the muggle world, I think. I haven’t spend much time in the muggle world… what’s it like to watch moving pictures for a long time?”

“You mean movies?” Hades nodded, sitting beside Petunia. The door creaked shut and Petunia looked up to see it move on its own. Hades could see the ghost who was playing with them, but Petunia couldn’t, not yet anyway. She would have to accept that magic was completely real and even learn things about it to break the muggle block. If she had been a true squib, then she would be able to see magical creatures easily, but she was a muggleborn squib which were a bit different from ‘squib’ squibs.

“They are fun to watch. There are some with magic in them! I wish I had magic,” her voice went from interested to sad and Hades reached out to hold her hand, she looked up at him, panicked almost.

“Would you like to see some magic? I mean actual magic? I’m sure your sister hasn’t performed any magic for you yet. It’s illegal to use magic in the muggle world, and it’s easy to suspend children from Hogwarts if they are caught using magic. But here,” he motioned to the house around him, “the Ministry, the people who run the magical world, cannot detect our magic uses due to the magical protection around the Estate.”

“I would like to see magic,” she said, pulled her skinny legs up onto the bed and turning to face Hades. He pulled his wand from his pocket and transfigured her outfit, to the best of his abilities, into a long dress with fur lined sleeves. She stood up to look at the long dress before he turned it back into the coat and jeans she had been wearing. He extinguished the candles with a flick of his wand a muttered spell. Petunia found the bed and took a seat and then Hades lit his wand with lumos. She could see in the darkness, and everything seemed to ethereal in this light. The candles all lit themselves again and Petunia rubbed her eyes, clearing them of some tears. It was so horribly unfair that she was magic-less.

“Did you enjoy that?” Hades asked quietly, noticing that Petunia had almost started to cry.

“I did, thank you. I have never seen anyone use magic like that before. It must be so fun to be magical,” she choked back a sob and Hades silently asked his father for a favour and he felt the small potion appear in his pocket. He rubbed her back as she started to cry.

“Would you like to be a witch too?” She nodded furiously. “You will owe me something, one
thing for this. Do you accept without knowing what you will owe me? Do you agree to do whatever
I ask of you whenever I ask of you in order to fill this wish of yours?"

"Yes, I would do anything to be magical," she wiped her eyes and wiped the tears on her hands
onto her jacket. Hades pulled out a potion and handed it to Petunia. She looked down at the
shimmering potion, like all of Death’s potions they were shimmering with hidden magic that was
knowledge only to himself and his son.

"Drink this and rest for the night, I will bring you dinner, but you must stay down for the rest of
the night. It will be painful tonight, but I will ward the door to quiet your cries. You will be magical
once you drink this. You will see all the things we can see and soon, once your magic forms enough,
you will be admissible for schooling, but I suggest you learn through tutors since Hogwarts will
likely shun you. The students there are horrible and immature. You are better than them, aren’t you?"
She nodded and took the potion in her hands before pulling the little cork out of it and looking at the
boy across from him one last time. Why was he doing this? What could she possibly do for him in
the future? He motioned for her to continue and she downed the contents of the phial before she lay
back on the bed. Hades took her shoes and coat off with a spell and some magic before he pulled the
covers up over her.

"I will be back. You have just become indisposed to the knowledge of everyone else, and wish to
be left alone. Tomorrow you will be able to be there for the dinner and you will start to experience
accidental magic, it’s natural so don’t be frightened if strange things start to happen around you,"
Hades blew out the candles by pinching a single flame causing the rest to dim to smoke and he left.
There was a ghost in the room, one of a beautiful young lady much like Petunia but she just floated
to the window and sat on the window sill, staring vacantly out into the surrounding forest and then
past the river of trees there was a flower-filled field.

Lily and the Evans were worried when Hades came out of Petunia’s guest room. He looked up at
them. Mr. Evans looked angry but Hades quickly told them that Petunia wasn’t feeling very well and
had asked him for a headache relief pill but he gave her a potion and it was too strong for her muggle
body and she had fallen asleep. He assured them that she would be fine come the following morning
and they believed him after they opened the door and saw Petunia resting in bed, her shoes and coat
hanging up and sitting on the floor near the closet respectively.

After showing Lily to her room, which was to the right of her parents’ room, (it was also white but
there were cream colours and deep browns to give it a similar warmth as everything seemed to have
despite clearly being unused for such a long time.) she unpacked her overnight bag, hanging up the
clothes that needed to be hung up that the house elves hadn’t collected. Then she rearranged the
makeup she had bought specially for a fancy dinner party. Severus was showed his room but it was
away from the Evans’ rooms, it was near the library which was evidently near Hades’ room.
Severus’ room was much like Hades’ room. It had dark grey walls, nearly black with black framed
paintings of thick cream paper with odd lines that formed the messy shapes of nude humans in sitting
or standing positions. There was a large bed, larger than Lily and Petunia’s beds, and with a similarly
coloured comforter, blankets and sheets. There was a white glow from blue candles that burned clear
light, like the sun but less bright. Either way it was perfect and neat. Severus set his suitcase on the
bed and turned to face Hades who was looking around as if the room was as shocking to him as it
was to Severus.

“This room is beautiful,” Severus said and Hades just hummed and nodded. It was a nice room,
but Hades lived in one that was nearly the same, except there were alchemy and necromancy charts
on the walls instead of artistic pieces and there was a splash of emerald green in some places and
depth purple in others. Severus sat on the bed, pushing his suitcase to the foot of the bed before he
kicked off his holey trainers that he had sewn up himself to keep the snow out better and keep his
feet warmer. He lay on his side, sighing and closing his eyes. He was aware of the other presence in
the room, he was hoping that Hades would understand the rejection and leave him alone, but he didn’t leave, but it shifted into something different. Severus shivered, his whole body feeling static run along skin causing his hair to stand up along his arms and neck. He refused to turn around and see the cause of this effect.

“I’m glad you like it. My room is down the hall. To the right there’s a closet,” Hades didn’t motion to anything because he knew Severus wasn’t paying attention to him, “and then there’s a bathroom to the right of the closet, on the adjoining wall,” Hades felt his eyes blurring and filming over blinding his human vision to allow him to see through the eyes of Death. With these eyes he could see everything he could normally see and so much more. He reached up to cover his own eyes and he turned to the side, so he could leave.

“Thank you, Peverell.”

“Call me Hades, please,” the formality stung a little, but he was out of Severus’ room and walking down the hall to his own room when he saw the long strands of light tethering him to the world. Goddamnit, he thought as he followed the trail back to Severus’ room. He didn’t open the door but he didn’t have to open the door to see Severus, he didn’t have to be close to him at all, he could now see him through anything, his body wrapped in a white glow. He saw Severus shake as he cried as quietly as possible, so quiet in fact, that Hades couldn’t hear it at all and if he hadn’t been seeing it, he wouldn’t have known at all. Severus stopped for a moment and sat up, looking at his chest and then at the door. He stood up and wiped his face before opening the door. He froze when he saw Hades standing outside his door, mostly because it didn’t look like Hades the thirteen year old, human boy, but something he would have thought a vampire to look like. Seductive and angular without a definitive sex, just a person who was purely and most beautiful androgynous. He had long fingers, almost skeletal and Hades took a step back. Severus shouldn’t have thought that this monster before him was Hades, but he knew it because he could feel something, it was a weird feeling, and he knew who it was standing outside his guest door, he just knew and it was a little odd to him but magic hardly made sense.

“What are you?” Severus wanted to touch the person, if he was actually a person, in front of him, to feel the skin along his face and neck, his hands, his arms, all so flawless and marble-like, as if he was carved and sculpted into a perfect being.

“You can see me?” Hades shook his head, “Don’t answer that. Of course you can… I hope you didn’t think I was entirely human, it’s slightly insulting actually,” his skeletal hand reached out and cupped Severus’ sharp cheek, only rounded by the last remnants of childhood, but even then, it wasn’t healthy, he didn’t look healthy. Perhaps that what drew Hades to him, nobody would ever know for certain. They hadn’t purposely sought each other out, they had been in completely different worlds, literally, for so long. Hades could feel the sickness on Severus, he always had, but he couldn’t just tell anybody of it. What would they think of him then? Not just himself but what would they think of Severus to know that his body was weak and his magic was tired, so was his will to live. He saw it strengthen around Lily Evans, the girl that Hades saw Severus look at with nothing but adoration and affection.

“Of course I can see you,” Severus didn’t know where those words came from and he closed his mouth. He reached out to touch whatever thing was tying them together and he tugged it. It was physical, he could feel the string between them and he was fascinated with it. What did that mean? He hardly knew Hades and Hades likely knew even less about him.

“It seems like I broadcasted my thoughts and father stepped in. He probably thought he was helping me, he doesn’t know how to show true affection but he tries. He’s not human either…”

“Mr. Peverell isn’t human?” Hades blinked almost as dumbly as Severus had asked the question.
“No, he and Mrs. Peverell, my human parents, only make up half of me, each contribute a fourth of my genetic make up. I’m half of my father, I call him Morty because ‘mort’ means death and he is Death. I spoke about him, my mentor, I promise that it was all true,” Severus wasn’t sure if he had the ability to argue with Hades in that moment, he felt weak, like he was being drained but he forced himself to stay up by locking his legs and reaching out, hiding the fact he needed support of the doorframe by trying to act nonchalantly about moving around. Hades eyes bore into him, and Severus knew that he couldn’t deceive such a being. He didn’t understand anything that was happening and he didn’t enjoy not knowing. He would never be weak and not having proper knowledge was definitely weak.

“**Broadcasting your thoughts?**” Severus asked.

“Yes, I’ve been trying to find ways to convince you to… to stand beside me when I carry out my father’s, and my own, plans. He likely found my constant ‘woe is me’ was annoying and simply bound you to me. I will speak to him to remove it. He is more than just Death, but humans aren’t allowed to know that, and until you fully agree and I change you, you will remain human,” Severus wasn’t sure if he wanted to be human anymore. What had humans ever done for him anyway? Hades was kind and he wasn’t human, the hags in Diagon Alley were even nicer than the other Slytherins at school and much nicer than any of the Gryffindors could be, except Lily. He hated his father so much, it sickened him to know that the waste of space named Tobias was related to him, tainting his blood. It was disgusting.

“Come in,” Severus said, wobbling on his legs and walking back to the bed where he collapsed as gracefully as he could, holding himself up on buckling arms. He tried to lock his elbows in place but they just grew tired and ached due to the weak muscles in his arms. Hades shut the door behind him. He didn’t look remotely human, he didn’t look like the Hades Severus knew, in fact he was taller than Severus and it was almost intimidating but he knew that whatever was connecting their chests was like putting booties and a muzzle on the big bad wolf which, if the metaphor continues, would be Hades. Hades conjured a chair as if it was first year magic and sat down, despite having a perfectly fine chair near the back of the room that he could have dragged to the bedside.

“Is whatever this is, what you tried to offer me on Halloween?” Severus gave up the battle with his body and lay on his side, staring at the being before him. He hoped he didn’t look as dumb as he felt, or even as shocked as he was feeling.

“Yes, I have somehow grown attached to you. We have only known each other for four and a half months, so I knew you wouldn’t have given it much consideration, but four and a half months here, seems like so long since I have to deal with so many external forces as well as conflicting internal pressures. I was never bothered with humanity. In the realm I had lived in, I didn’t need emotions, so I never used them. I could lock them away again -- I have found out ho -- but now that I have experienced an inkling of what humans can feel, I don’t want to give it up.

“I have asked my father, Morty, to allow me to keep special people with me, forever. We would rule the world together, rule it and shape it into our version of perfection. The first person I would like to stand beside me, is you. I understand if you don’t want to--”

“No,” Severus said before quickly amending his statement, “I mean, no, don’t finish that sentence. Tell me though, what is a perfect world to you?” Severus was partially excited, he was being offered a singular chance at becoming great, he wanted greatness, he was ambitious and he would do whatever it took to achieve all of his goals. What would standing beside Hades mean? Would he want to keep him with him, to watch over him? Is he offering protection as well. Power, protection, money, care, companionship, etc? He really hoped that Hades wasn’t going to dangle this chance before him and quickly rip it away, realizing that he doesn’t truly want him. He would understand if
that was the case, he was, well, he was just Severus Snape, nothing exceptional, nothing handsome or anything of the sort, just a teenager who lived with his mother and an abusive father.

“My first goal is to actually help my father come to this realm in a corporeal form, just for a few hours, just long enough for him to chose a companion to help him, he is old and tired, it happens to everyone and everything no matter how powerful one is. After that, I plan on destroying both the Dark Lord and Albus Dumbledore. If we eliminate them, then the Ministry will have no one to influence their choices and they would fall into chaos. Once the Ministry runs itself into the ground, we will start by building up the British Ministry, perhaps we could build it differently though, perhaps not a Ministry but something akin to monarchy, absolute monarchy, this is up for discussion however, I don’t plan to topple everything too soon, our takeover must be perfectly timed and I don’t find it likely that we will accomplish this before we’re out of Hogwarts at least, although from the inside we could take down the headmaster, he has already made me quite angry at him.

“We would rebuild this country first, before moving on to the next and eventually the entire world. If you accept my gifts, you will be as immortal as I am so time is not an issue. Although human time moves so slow… The pure bloods, half bloods and muggleborns would be equal. The rift between the blood statuses is the lack of education and eradication of our traditions due to muggleborn notions from when they are in the muggle world. It taints wizarding society. We should start by helping muggleborns and half bloods learn traditions, to educate them. It would be nice to let the muggleborns know that they are magical before the age of eleven. How terrifying would it be to suddenly be thrust into a world that you never knew existed and expected to know everything by everyone else and if you can’t figure everything out fast, then they are shunned. It’s wrong.”

Hades continued on, rambling and eventually Severus reached out to silence the other. It had been what seemed like hours since he had asked the question, he hadn’t expected such a detailed plan from someone so young, but he mentioned time moving differently, he was probably much older, he seemed older than just thirteen.

“What would I get?” Severus whispered, hoping he didn’t sound too demanding, but knowing that Hades wouldn’t give away information without being asked directly.

“Immortality, power, protection, companionship, anything you could want, if you take my gifts then you will also be allowed to join me in the visits to my father, that would be interesting,” Severus nodded his head and thought about it. Should he accept before the offer is rescinded. Would Hades do something like that? What was he thinking, of course he would, the only people that stayed with him indefinitely were Lily and his mother. He should just take the power offered and find a loophole to get around the rest. Severus had no idea that Hades was gently reading his thoughts, shifting through all his memories and into his stream of consciousness.

“I accept,” the potion materialized in his pocket and Hades pulled the phial from his pocket, swishing the dark purple, shimmering liquid around in its glass confines and handed it to Severus. Severus looked at the potion. If he could mass produce the potion he would be rich, everyone wanted power, the same power he was being gifted to by a boy he had hardly known for four months. He popped the cork out of the top and downed the potion. It taste as disgusting as most potions but it wasn’t horrible. He set the phial down on the bedside table and Hades picked the phial up and watched as it disappeared back to his father so no one could try and copy the recipe by examining the contents.

“I will leave you now so you can try and ponder any loopholes in my offer. I will gather you for dinner,” Hades smiled at Severus’ stunned look before he shut the door behind him, vanishing the chair as easily as he had conjured it. Severus frowned, of course he had known what he was thinking, Hades had read the mind of Lucius Malfoy of all people, why had he not tried to hide his
thoughts better, it was his fault. Why did Hades give him the potion if he knew that Severus was trying to steal the power and then leave him? Did Hades have that much faith in himself or did he simply have faith that Severus would come to enjoy him too much to leave? Severus groaned and lay back on the bed. Nothing hurt yet, but come nightfall, his bones would ache as he morphed into something more than human, much better than human. The light slowly vanished, the one that was attached to his sternum and led out through the door and to wherever Hades went to. He had a fleeting feeling like the entire conversation had been a setup. How perfectly coincidental that all of these things happened so soon. It was all on one day, what were the chances of that? Maybe it was because Hades’ father had already lived past their current date and didn’t realize it was the same day, but there was also the chance that Hades did all of this. He could have somehow found a way to make Severus his servant and Severus had been foolish enough to accept upon the words ‘power’ being said. How he craved for power, to be stronger than everyone else, to be the best.

That night, Severus didn’t notice anything amiss, but Hades had gone to his room to pour a few other potions down his throat in an attempt to stop the pain of his transformation, or at least dull it. The pain would have been pulsating through his body, but Hades didn’t want his friend, or whatever Severus now was, to suffer through anymore pain. Hades felt stupid, in an amused sort of way, for feeling so sentimental and for caring for someone other than himself. It was very amusing, he wasn’t sure if he enjoyed it or if he had been telling the truth when he spoke about his emotions. He was so closed off to himself that sometimes he had a hard time telling fact from fiction within his own head and from what came out of his mouth.
The upcoming chapters will be a little different, a little time skip action, but I hope you don't mind it. Honestly, the years I skipped would have been tedious and unsatisfying to read about, not to mention how much of a waste of time it would be since there wasn't anything I could have done to further the plot. Anyway, I hope you enjoy THIS chapter (we'll continue talking about upcoming chapters when they come). I will have some more tags and warnings before some of the upcoming chapters though so I don't spring anything you aren't into on you. I haven't tagged them in the tags because I have this, like, issue when people tag too many things. It's just irritating and I don't want to do/be one of the things that bothers me (that would be quite hypocritical and I'm not, usually).

I have added some new tags/warnings though on this fic in general because I know some of the subjects are rather taboo and I don't want to lead anyone into something that they start off liking but then are disappointed with due to things that make you uncomfortable. So, yeah. Any major tags like that will be added to the actual fic, but specifically like top/bottom things (which I honestly don't believe should be a tag because I mean, it could really go either way. Most people don't want to bottom every single time no matter what and a lot of people wouldn't want to top every single time either [notice my use of not absolutes, and then absolutes to make a point] but I could be wrong, I mean, I'm a trans guy, so I don't know much of the, I guess, dynamics of a born male/male relationship, since it's a little different with me, so I have no idea. I've tried to research but this sort of stuff isn't widely discussed very much. I mean, I know what I read since it's a little hard [lol, pun] to experience this stuff myself. Either way, I hope you don't mind my decision on this stuff, and my thoughts that will influence the story).

I'm sorry for all the long author's notes, but they're gonna continue because I always have too much to say about almost everything. If you want to drop a comment to discuss anything (or if you want to give me constructive criticism, which is always highly appreciated!) then feel free to do so. I mean, maybe you know more about this stuff than I do and I would be willing to learn to make my fics better, I mean, they can use a lot of work anyway, but I mean, it's just one less thing that is a little more accurate therefore adding to the authenticity (or however authentic fanfiction can get) of the story.

Without further ado, continue forward brave reader and strong warriors (although if we want to get into this, I think of barbarians when I hear warriors because of D&D, and I don't think any of you are barbarians. Not because I think I know you or anything but barbarians typically aren't literate, so yeah.)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Solitude gives birth to the original in us, to beauty unfamiliar and perilous - to poetry. But also, it gives birth to the opposite: to the perverse, the illicit, the absurd.”

- Thomas Mann
It was the first day of Yule. December twenty-first. As a quarter six approached, their guests started to arrive. Even the Potters showed up once again, but it was clear that Sirius had insisted and forced his friend to boast and degrade the other students because they were quite horrible. James Potter sat beside Lily, taking the seat that Severus had already claimed. Severus didn’t say anything though, he sat beside Lily, on her other side, and levitated his glass to him because he didn’t want to have Potter’s lips touch his cup no matter how hilarious it would be to see Potter get embarrassed, he was sure it would make him much more embarrassed. Severus and Eileen, who had come home around noon after Severus also got checked while at the hospital and his fingers healed, thankfully with no permanent damage, didn’t have very nice clothes, but Eileen transfigured their ragged clothes the best she could, as she had done for the summer meeting. Severus’ hair had grown back somehow, and he suspected it was due to whatever potion Hades had given him the previous day. Also why his fingers were healed without any complications even though he had been hurting them and probably causing tons of scar tissue to build around his bones and ruin his potion-making hands. Yes, it was most definitely due to the potion he had taken the previous day.

The same people from the summer meeting were invited, but the Malfoys brought a guest who happened to be quite handsome, but he was obviously the Dark Lord. Hades rolled his eyes as he could see right through his glamour and into his tainted, red eyes. He was feeling the aftereffects of using dark magic while not grounding his magic, without ridding his body of the excess darkness that could gather on one like mold grew on old breads, and most importantly, using magic that was far too advanced and powerful for mortal use. He came as Tom Marvolo Gaunt, and Sigrun insisted that he sit beside her so they could catch up, they were from the same family, just two different lines. Tom was slightly angered by a young boy being the more official heir to Slytherin due to all the bloodlines and things like that, he was a halfblood and Hades was most definitely a pureblood which gave him a higher standing in the old world much quicker.

Hades had been respectful and polite to everyone. He sat beside Severus and then to his side was Petunia who had shown a few bouts of accidental magic since she was growing a magical core so quickly. Her parents had been curious as to what had been happening and Lily said it wasn’t her. Petunia had sat with Hades, who helped her draft a letter to a place that would tell her if she was a ‘squib’ or not. Hades sent it with one of their owls and helped Petunia button up her dress. She felt much more comfortable around Hades than she did around her sister. She and Lily had been separated by their circumstances, but Hades had given her what she wanted most, to be magical, and she felt as if she could trust him. From the looks that Hades was receiving from the boys that Lily had mentioned were ‘Gryffindors’ like her, she wasn’t sure if she had misplaced her trust. They stared at Hades as if he was the devil reincarnate or something equally as terrible.

Lucius Malfoy sat beside his father who sat beside Tom. He was diagonal from Hades and he watched him with intense eyes, just waiting for something interesting to happen. He knew that Hades had raped his mind before, dug into his memories to find what he wanted, but it had been so gentle, the Dark Lord had done so just earlier to find out what Lucius knew about the new Slytherin heir, and he was brutal. He had to take a headache relief potion and a pain relief potion it had been so painful. His eyes, neck and ears had hurt, the pain radiating from his head after Tom had viciously ripped into him to find what he wanted. Lucius wasn’t sure if Hades had been more gentle because he was better at the skill, worse and therefore not as powerful, or if he just had some for of care, likely respect, for him. Lucius looked at the muggle disdainfully. He along with the others at the table were about to storm out calling the Peverells blood traitors but then Hades put them in a silencing bubble.

“They are here because of what I want with Severus. If I gain his favour, then I gain what I want. I can hear your thoughts, and you’d do well to either think quieter or don’t think at all. I am more than strong enough to hurt you for a long time in a very painful manner, over and over again. Have we come to an understanding, boys and ladies?” They nodded before he cancelled the bubble. Now
that he had done what needed to be done, he conversed with them as if he hadn’t just threatened to torture them which just made everyone more uncomfortable. How inhumane did someone have to be to just compartmentalize such violence and hatred. Hades spoke with Bellatrix about a new form of magic that she was learning, obviously she was trying her hand at alchemy and necromancy, but with the terms they used, nobody, unless familiar with the art, would understand or catch on to what they were saying. Tom grew even more impressed with the thirteen year old while he spoke of such promising dark magic with the woman he knew would grow into one of his most loyal. All he had to do was convince her to join him, then her mind would likely subside to the Black Madness, leaving her vulnerable but more importantly, it would leave her malleable.

Hades turned to look at him after his thought and for a second Tom grew nervous. Had the boy heard his thoughts? That wasn’t possible. He was the best occlumens aside from Dumbledore, a child had no chance of hearing him but at that though Hades just smiled and raised an eyebrow, taunting him. Hades shook his head before turning back to a conversation with the eldest Black sister, ignoring and being ignored by Narcissa who clearly did not like him. Lucius was also quite fascinated by Hades’ and Bellatrix’s conversation, interrupting them to ask them questions about what they meant in relation to their topic. The Dark Lord found himself wanting Hades as much if not more than he wanted anyone else at the table. Everytime he spoke, he spoke with a eloquence that only the old had as well as with the knowledge of a sage or Necromantic Master.

Soon, after a good half hour conversing, some less polite than others (James and Sirius’ ‘whispered’ crude and lewd words about the ladies around the table, mostly Lily, to which Severus grew more and more infuriated. It was amusing but it had quickly stopped after Sigrun’s insistence on speak with James about school. She had looked over at Severus and Hades and nodded to them, purposely taking his focus from Lily. The Potters were either intimidated by their son or simply didn’t think they had any control over him, so why bother? Walburga felt the same way with Sirius but she let everyone know how she would rather just disown him but it was cruel for a family to disinherit a child who could still be moulded into a proper young man) the house elves lay out the delicious displays of food. Hades helped Petunia by moving as a pure blooded woman would move and then having Petunia imitate his movements while she tried to be as respectable as possible. Lily didn’t like the way her sister was behaving around Hades, she felt like she was mocking them or disrespecting them by trying to act proper when she was nothing but a squib, lower than a normal squib even.

Light conversation was taken up. The topics were much lighter than their previous conversations so they could answer mindlessly while eating. Nobody wanted to speak while eating but it was in good form to do so as long as it was done politely and manners were used. By dessert, three courses later, the muggles, who hadn’t expected so much food, were stuffed but saw the others still eating and therefore they continued to eat. Petunia was fine as she had been imitating Hades who had whispered what would happen, letting her know that she shouldn’t eat too much because there would be a lot of food offered. Lily wasn’t feeling well since all the food looked so good and Severus looked ill as well. He hadn’t eaten such rich food, or so much of it, ever. Not even at Hogwarts did he indulge in the luxury of the food offered, but he was still hungry for food, but his body wasn’t able to hold anymore food. He politely pushed the half finished mini (which was actually quite large) trifle that they had all been served.

After dinner, they moved to the sitting room which had tall windows that curved out with dark green drapes hanging over the brass rails. Outside was beautiful and covered in snow, fresh undisturbed snow everywhere except small patches where there were green stems poking up out of the ground with a hanging white flower: snowdrops. There was a lit fire, being tended to by a house elf when they entered the room. Nobody made much note of it, even Petunia who looked far more dignified than the rest of her family. She was adapting fast and well. Lily asked Severus what those creatures were and Severus told her they were house elves, that they worked for wizards. Lily told
her parents what they were and the Evans’ opinions on wizards dropped slightly. Those ‘house elves’, or whatever they were called, didn’t look very healthy and were dressed in pillow cases, albeit they were very nice pillowcases, they couldn’t be enjoying themselves. It was winter than they had bare feet!

Everyone took their seats and Hades waved to his personal house elf who bowed and popped out of the room. Hades’ personal house elf had been helping his parents take care of him since he was born, and though she wasn’t need until he went into a coma, he had grown to like her very much. She was kind, polite and she was just better than the other house elves in his opinion. Her name was something weird, but Hades named her Orphne like one of the lampades of the Underworld. Hades turned his attention to Lily and her parents, as Petunia was clearly not going to talk to them, she seemed angry at them for not noticing her the entire meal and rather ignoring her, even after when they were walking they were muttering to each other and looking back at Lily, paying her, their other daughter, no attention at all. Hades understood why she was jealous and despite looking at Lily and the Evans, he held one of Petunia’s hands.

“I hope you enjoyed supper,” he started and both Evans thanked him again for inviting them. Hades just nodded and repeated ‘you’re welcome’ again and again until they stopped thanking him. Silly humans. A pureblood wouldn’t lower themselves to give thanks so many times for something as common as a dinner party.

“Does you mother have the recipe for the trifle? It was delicious and I would like to try and bake it as well. It tasted like gingerbread almost,” Mrs. Evans asked and Hades glared up at some of the snickering purebloods across from them. He glared them into obedient silence before answer Mrs. Evans’ question.

“I don’t know. My mother doesn’t cook nor does she bake. I can ask the house elves to write a recipe, Orphne can write the language so she could transcribe it for you,” Hades saw Mrs. Evans look guilty.

“The house elves? Do they work for you?”

“Yes, they work for us. We had to buy them of course, but they are treated very well within the Estate,” Hades stopped Mrs. Evans before she could open her mouth again, “There are some things that is harder for humans -- I mean mug… non-magical people -- to understand some of our laws and concepts, but I assure you, we treat our house elves kindly and they enjoy working for us. It is considered shameful for them to want to be paid, it is their culture. Orphne?” He called and his house elf popped in and bowed respectfully.

“Master Hades be wanting Orphne,” she said, her voice was always rather deep for a house-elf, almost masculine but still very much a voice of a house-elf.

“Yes. Do you enjoy working for us, or do you think that you are a slave? A slave is someone who is forced to work for other people who treat them like animals rather than beings.”

“Oh no, Master Hades be nice to Orphne. Master Peverell and Mistress Peverell have Orphne since Orphne was a baby. They raise Orphne to be polite and I’s be a good house elf,” she turned to Hades. “Has Orphne been a bad elf?”

“No, no, you’ve been very good. You are dismissed,” Orphne wiped away the almost-tears in her big eyes before popping out of the room. Hades looked at the Evans who didn’t seem impressed and Lily looked at him with the same sort of disgust that muggles had for people they didn’t understand. Severus put his hand on Lily’s shoulder and started whispering to her. She pushed his hand away and whispered back to him. Hades sighed, he hated humans sometimes. Before Lily could start
yapping at him, as she was about to do when she turned to him, her mouth even opened and she took a breath of air into her lungs, Hades stood up and moved to sit beside Bellatrix who wasn’t with her husband at the moment. Lucius and Bellatrix resumed their conversation of necromancy and alchemy but this time they didn’t have to disguise it too much since they could politely put up a silencing charm around them. Lily glared at Hades but then sighed turning to Severus.

“That was extremely rude of him,” she said quietly and Severus didn’t know how to reply.

“You insulted wizarding tradition. It’s normal to have house elves, especially wealthy families such as the Peverells. My mother had house elves growing up, and she’s not some slave master. I know that it is a new concept but even Hogwarts employs house elves to help them run the school, make food, clean up the dormitories and help the teachers clean up and move things in their offices and personal quarters. It is not horrible, and the house elves don’t dislike—”

“I can’t believe you are condoning people having slaves. Slaves, Severus,” when his full name is used, he is in trouble, “That’s what they are,” Lily crossed her arms and looked up at her parents who were once again talking to each other quietly. They couldn’t hear the conversations happening around them so they assumed that nobody could hear their conversation either but they kept quiet just in case. Hades had completely forgotten the muggleborn and he had both Lucius and Bellatrix asking him questions. Severus didn’t know how to reply to his best friend, and he really didn’t want to fight over something as inconsequential as house elf and laws regarding them. She continued on about how wrong it was to have slaves, that it was inhumane to keep them even if they are living well, they should be paid and should be able to dress in any clothes they want. One of the house elves came to serve tea and he heard Lily talking about giving clothes to house elves and he started crying before he left. That didn’t stop her though. She was on a warpath. Her parents both agreed with her and added things in every now and then, since they attending muggle school and knew muggle history better than Lily did. Severus finally gave into acquiescence so she would stop talking, he just nodded his head and mentally rolled his eyes. He loved her dearly, but she was annoyingly stubborn. He knew he was stubborn too, but hopefully he wasn’t that persistent.

“Mr Evans, Mrs. Evans, would you like to go home, it’s rather late. We can take you home if you’d like,” Sigrun offered, smiling despite having listened into their entire conversation and Lily’s lecture to poor Severus, who looked like he wanted to bury his head in hot sand.

“I think that would be for the best,” Mrs. Evans, Rose, said standing up and reaching her hand out for her daughter, Lily. Petunia stood up and one of their dark artifacts flew off the mantle. Petunia looked at it nervously, before moving to stand behind her father and mother. Sigrun knew what happened, it was clearly the squib sister, but if she was a squib, how was she using magic? Hades excused himself from his conversation so he could say goodbye like a good host. He walked to the Evans and smiled at Petunia. Mr. Evans followed his eyes and twisted around to see Petunia who looked scared, a look she never wore. Or at least he’d never noticed it.

“Would you mind if I write to you?” Hades asked and Lily opened her mouth to answer, because she was the only witch in her family. “Petunia?” Tunie turned red, her cute horse-like face twisting before she looked down at her feet. She had never felt so out of place. She had magic now, she was like them, but she felt so distant from her family now, she didn’t want to stay with them with muggles, she was a witch and it was only proper for witches to live in the world for witches. Lily turned to look at her sister.

“Well Tunie?” Lily asked, she seemed to be happy for her sister, but that was likely because she didn’t care for Hades or anyone at the dinner besides her family, Severus and Mrs. Snape.

“Yes, thank you. How should I get in contact with you?”
“I’ll send an owl to you so you can use him to carry your messages. He can hunt himself but if you give him a little bacon he’ll love you forever, I promise. He’s really a sweetheart. Goodbye,” Petunia looked up at him and nodded before holding her father’s hand while Lily took her mother’s hand. Titus and Sigrun apparated them back to Spinner’s End before disapparating back soon after. Sigrun collapsed in her chair and held her temples.

“Hades, why did you offer to send that muggle-squib letters?”

“She isn’t a muggle, nor a squib, she has magic, it just didn’t start to show until recently. Her parents don’t pay much attention to her because they are busy with Lily. She was lonely so I offered to write to her. I have a request, but we can discuss this once our guests leave,” he looked down at Severus. “Would you like to join our conversation, I’m sure you will be interested to learn about our topic.”

Severus sat down beside Hades, Lucius and Bellatrix. Narcissa was discussing something, very politely, with Walburga and Sigrun, both of whom seemed bored out of their minds. Bellatrix laughed, not scaring anyone because they were still surrounded by a silencing charm. She slapped her leg and twisted a strand of hair.

“You know, that was very clever. You showed that little mudblood,” Bella said. Severus frowned, he hated that word, not just because of Lily but because he had been called one for a long time even though he wasn’t a muggleborn. It wasn’t just for muggleborns but for everyone with ‘tainted’ blood. The child of a muggleborn and pureblood are considered much less dirty than a muggle and a pureblood, and he was the filthy muggle and witch offspring.

“Is she really a witch though? The blonde?”

“Yes, she is. I helped her achieve her magic, of course. It was just a potion and rest and she is displaying the signs of magic that we had displayed as young children. Soon it will be mature to her age and she will need to have tutors to help her learn. I am planning on asking my mother and father to allow me to start paying for tutors for Miss Evans.”

“But why?” Lucius looked at Bellatrix. She had never been ‘high society’ in the same way as either of her sisters, rather she did was what expected of her, but she was always purely Bellatrix Black, nothing more or less. She was quite a wonderful specimen as well, insane, truly, with the Black Madness due to all the inbreeding, the curses on the family and the ungrounded, untrained, overpowered dark magic their ancestors had cast that had hurt their souls. They then passed their corrupted minds and magic to their posterity.

“She is quite useful. She feel indebted to me, does she not? If I give her the best tutors available, they will teach her what I ask them to teach her, and she will never know anything different. She can also be a brilliant spy on the outside and send us updates on the filthy muggles while we’re at Hogwarts, or at least Severus and I. She will owe me, and I will collect her debt one day, when the time is right. When I take over the world as I have been planning with my father for fifty years… Would either of you be interested in joining me?”

Lucius glanced at the Dark Lord only a few seats away before looking back down at Hades who could see through him, he saw everything about Lucius Malfoy, even the things he didn’t want to see. Bellatrix was a little more complex but once inside her head, if someone really wanted to be in there (it was a right mess) you could see into her just as easily. Now that Severus had his protection, had his power, he could not be read by humans or anything that originated in the overworld or heavens. They could only be read by other chthonic beings. Lucius stretched his arms out along the back of the couch, his new cane resting against the arm of the sofa they all sat on. His legs were crossed, they were long and covered in light grey slacks. He was in beautiful light gray and white,
wearing rather queer clothing but nice nonetheless. He had a fur collar that made his shirt seem much more feminine but it had been acceptable to Abraxas, and Hades didn’t mind getting a good view of someone he wanted. Lucius was smart, when he had been in his head, he saw so many ideas, his ambitions, his aspirations, he could help the politician do those things. When Hades is busy conquering other territories, it would be nice to rely on someone to take care of their country and Lucius would be a great ruler, at least he thought he had the potential.

“Why would we join you? You’re a little boy, the Dark Lord--” Bella was silenced by Hades who ran the tip of his wand against her hand. He lifted it up and pressed it to her neck, prodding into her soft skin.

“Do you think me incapable of ruling? What should I do to prove my power? I have chosen few people that I believe will be the best to help me build the world in our image, these people I would put much faith and trust in. I would give you gifts that grant you power beyond human capability. Severus,” Hades lowered his wand and pulled Severus to him before casting a charm around their sofa to compel others to look away. A modification on the spell to make muggles notice not the wizards in their world, rather this affected everyone around them. Hades pulled Severus closer to him, holding him in a way that seemed too intimate and graceful to be from a thirteen year old.

“I would like you,” Hades said, running his wand against Severus’ chest, quickly severing the front of his shirt before pulling it off of him. He tried to cover himself but Hades held his hands and pulled his arm out, as if he were to be crucified. “To hold you arms up, like this. Are you watching?” He was too focused on Severus and the changes that had begun to make him better than any other wizard had ever been besides Hades of course. Hades snaked his hand under Severus’ arms, his wand resting against the sofa, while his hand turned bone-like, skeletal and sickly. He brushed his fingertips up Severus’ chest, a torso littered in scars from all kinds of unpleasant things, before he reached up and gripped Severus’ jaw, he forced his magic into Severus causing the other boy to squirm before going limp in his arms until he started to change into something beyond human. He was still Severus, with his long hair, dark, almost unfeeling, eyes and a crooked nose from it being broken and left to heal improperly, but there was an ghostly glow to him, like he was something beyond human, because he no longer was. Hades let Severus lay back, his head on Hades’ lap while he legs were bent and pulled up slightly, as he had previously tried to take up little space. His arms lay limp, one against Hades’ shoulder and the other had his knuckles brushing against the carpet.

“What did you do to him?” Hades brushed his svelte fingers against Severus’ cheek, in a gesture showing affection as if he had known Severus for far longer than mere months. In fact, Hades had bonded, as in tasted and sampled his magic, much earlier. When he realized that he wanted a companion, when he wanted many, to join him and love him while they let him love them. Hades looked up at his other two guests and they flinched. His eyes appeared to be blind, his teeth were too sharp and perfect to be human, his skin was so pale it was nearly translucent, green and blue veins running up his arms and neck while his eyes were dark and had decaying veins, dark and foreboding, surrounded his milky eyes.

“I offered him something similar. He accepted last night, and look at how much he has changed. Don’t you find him absolutely gorgeous?” Severus could hear everything but his body was in a place between immense pain from shifting into a different form, of spending so much energy and magic, most of which he hadn’t even known he had, and pleasure as he could feel all the touches Hades was giving him against his skin like fire, ice and electricity at the same time. Bellatrix loomed over him, trying to see his face, the face he had been wearing a moment earlier, but he was different. Celestial. Godlike even. Bellatrix looked around the room but nobody seemed to be paying any mind to them at all. They were all engaged in their own conversations.

“Is that all? Beauty?” Lucius scoffed. He was truly quite handsome, why would he follow
someone for such a low price. He didn’t need to be radiant but just beautiful, as he was then.

“No, he has power, more power than any of you. More power than the Dark Lord himself,” Hades didn’t let Lucius comment, because he had his mouth open and ready to start demeaning him. “No. He is. He has power beneath me but above all humans, no matter how powerful they are in relation to other of their kind. Your Dark Lord,” Hades nodded towards Tom, “is going to kill himself if he continues using magic he knows nothing of. He doesn’t have the proper tools to safely perform the rituals that he stinks of. His body will die in, I give him no more than ten years but no less than six. I can see his soul though and he has damaged it quite horrifically, so he will be tied to this earth for a long time before he can properly move on and be reborn, or likely, be left on the bank of Cocytus. I doubt he will receive a proper burial.”

Hades’ stroked his fingers up and down Severus’ side in an absent show of his care as he was much too focused on his plans now and how he could take what, and who, he wanted.

“We will be stronger than the Dark Lord? What are your plans for the world if you take it over?” Bella asked, her body vibrating with excitement. She nodded as Hades spoke and told them of his plans, of what he wanted. Hades, every now and then, caught a longing look from Regulus, who was staring into empty space due to the charm. He was folded in between a plush couch cushion but also sandwiched by his parents who he was happily hiding behind. Sirius and James were in the corner discussing all the ‘slimy snakes’ around the room. Particularly hating on Hades and Severus who he they were sure had to be doing some sort of weird dark magic thing together because nobody would want to actively befriend Snivellus. Sirius would wave his arms frantically every now and again.

Hades finished his plans and Bellatrix stopped her approving nods and Lucius let out a curious hum. He sounded adamant, and his ideals were very nice, not the best for blood elitists, but he was correct and offered a solution to their muggleborn problem.

“So, I offer you the same gift I gave to Severus, for the same price. You won’t be getting it tonight, I’m not foolish enough to trust you with the power I could give to you. Severus thought similar things but I have faith that he will find reasons to be loyal to me, but you two were raised to follow another man, therefore your nature and nurturing will be pulling you in different directions. I would like for you to think about what I said, and if you go to your Dark Lord and tell him about me,” he chuckled darkly, “I think my earlier statement about his death would have to be rescinded because I will have no patience to keep me from killing him. I plan on destroying him and Dumbledore eventually. They are the two opposing forces in this war, and I know that it won’t be easy for us but it will be easier for us than it would be for either of the two humans,” Hades slowly withdrew the overflow of magic from Severus until he could take control of his body. He sat up and pulled his ripped shirt on. Hades mended it with a simple charm and then offered him the kindest smile Severus had ever seen from someone not Lily or his mum. He cared. Hades cared about… him? Hades pulled his body up and Severus pushed himself away from him. To his surprise, Hades didn’t grab him and force him to come back, he didn’t do anything but nod at him, then turned back to Bellatrix and Lucius to continue speaking, attempting to woo them to join him. He kept the charm to keep them hidden up because soon after, he was holding Bellatrix’s face, hands in her hair as he kissed her with passion that should have been unknown to someone so young, but it was there, as was the desire. When Hades felt he neglected Lucius long enough he turned to capture his lips as well. Hades wasn’t going to throw himself into immediate sexual contact with either of them, but they could satiate his desire for something more than apprehensive touches and insecure caresses from Severus. He also knew that they would be easier to control them if they were to surrender to him in such an intimate way. They were both also very attractive, in very different ways, but he could appreciate their beauty and their experience with sensual pleasures that he had never experienced himself, but rather seen countless times when helping his father take souls.
Severus wandered out of their bubble and everyone turned to look at him.

“Have you seen Bellatrix, Lucius or Hades perhaps?” Sigrun asked, halting her conversation to question Severus so she could figure out where her son had wandered off to. Severus just shook his head and Eileen excused herself, walking away with her son and into the hallway. Eileen cast her own silencing bubble around them.

“Where were you? You just appeared? You were there one second and then you were gone,” Eileen didn’t realize she had such a tight hold on his skinny arm and he tugged his arm away. She whispered and apology.

“We were all discussing some things, about Petunia, Lily’s sister. Lucius and Bellatrix were also enchanted by the way Hades used words, and his knowledge on such dark and lost magics. I think they moved after I left though since Bellatrix said she needed to look at a certain book so she could cross-reference the information and Lucius wanted to find a way to start recording this knowledge so he could learn the magic and become a powerful necromancer like Hades. I think he is jealous that Hades is stronger than him,” Severus saw his mother’s nod of approval before she kissed his forehead and excused herself to return to the conversation she had abruptly left.

Severus made his way back to the room he had been permitted to stay in. He stripped out of his clothes and turned the shower on. He stepped back and waited for it to adjust but it had come from the tap the perfect temperature. He couldn’t find anything to change the temperature with either. He nearly hit himself in the head. Of course their bathrooms would be magical. This was a magical Estate while he lived in a muggle house with muggle problems. He stepped into the shower and held his hair. He had been shocked when his father had cut it off, and he had an idea why he had brutality dragged him through the kitchen and threw him into chairs as if he were a bowling ball and the chairs were pins. He had chopped off his hair and threw handfuls of it on the ground for Eileen to try and clean up only to be screamed at when she did so. His father thought his looked far too much like his mother, and he felt guilty, Tobias did, because he saw his son and wanted to treat him like Eileen only to realize that it was his child. Then he was filled with rage, more so than usual, and cause extra damage. There were other reasons too, but Severus didn’t like thinking about them. He had heard his mother begging his father to stop hurting him, to just take it all out on her, but then he had yelled back about how much he was like his mother, followed by some vulgar muggle words that he, although mature, didn’t like to repeat. They made him feel dirty.

His thoughts drifted from abuse and onto much more enjoyable things. His forehead was pressed against the shower wall, cool tiles pressing against his skin as warm water trickled down his hair, over his body and off the tip of his nose. He touched his sternum, wishing that his hand would somehow turn into the skeletal appendage that Hades had when he went all whatever he was, half Death perhaps. Death Jr? That sounded like some bad program on the telly but it made Severus smile. It was ridiculous. He would have never believed he would have ever been in the position he was in at that moment. He normally would have either stayed at Hogwarts to escape his father or been at home, hiding and cleaning up his mother’s wounds, trying his best to help her heal so she could be strong enough to fight back at least. He never understood why she didn’t fight back, but he knew that she couldn’t legally use magic against him, at least not to murder him. He was glad he took the bastard’s thumb with a cutting hex.

Severus shook his head, rolling his forehead against the tile before he leaned back and sat down in the shower, just to let the water run over his body. He leaned to the side and felt himself grow tired under the warmth with the soothing sound of rain, but much more controlled. He felt a ward on his door alert him to someone’s presence in his room. He didn’t want to get out of the shower yet, so he didn’t move. Eileen knocked on the bathroom door and Severus didn’t answer. She walked in anyway, knowing the water was still running, since it was rather loud, so she assumed he was still in
She sat outside the round shower stall, closed with grey sliding glass and tall pillars connected to the wall tiles. The bathroom looked dark, like something one would expect to see in some kinky sex club, not in an Estate like this. It was almost modern. She had walked through Sev’s room as well and it looked rather different from the rest of the house too. She didn’t think much of it, or at least she wasn’t going to let it occupy too much of her mind, though.

“Sev, are you alright?”

“I’m fine,” Severus raised an eyebrow to himself. He was a teenager and she decided to check on him in the shower. What if he had been… doing teenager things? He would have been mortified, he was glad he hadn’t acted on the small urge to do such things earlier. His fingers had grown pruny and so had his toes but he didn’t want to leave yet. It was so nice. He normally didn’t get to take showers, baths or anything while at home during the holidays and he was too self conscious of his scars and his ‘ugly’ body to shower with the rest of the boys, so he showered less frequently, quickly and at odd hours when there was less of a chance of someone walking into the bathroom to shower.

“I heard Lily today. About the house elves. Did that upset you?”

“No. I understand why she thinks what she thinks. I don’t agree but we don’t have to agree on everything… would you please relocate to my room while I dry off and get dressed?” Eileen nodded and left the bathroom. Severus, begrudgingly, turned the water off after rinsing out the last bit of conditioner that he had been letting sit in his hair, before he stepped out of the shower and towelled himself dry with fluffy, warm towels. It was so amazing. Hades must have such a great life, living in such a nice place with anything he could ever want. He got dressed in the usual threadbare pyjamas that he always wore. He didn’t have any other pyjamas clothes. He pulled one of his only jumpers on over his thin, long-sleeved shirt as he walked into his room. His mother had pulled a chair to the bed and sat, anxiously awaiting her son’s arrival. Severus sat down on his bed, his legs hanging over the side of the bed. He pulled at his sleeves, nervous because Eileen looked so concerned and serious.

“Did something happen that upset you? What did you leave so suddenly? I’m worried,” she reached out and ran the back of her fingers against his cheek, “you can tell me. I’m your mother, I will try to help the best I can. I will always try to help you because you’re my precious little boy, and I love you unconditionally.”

“I can’t talk about it,” he looked away from his mother and leaned forward to rest on his elbows. “I love you too.”

“Why can’t you talk about it. Whatever it is will stay between us. You can trust me.”

“I can’t tell you, I’m sorry,” Severus pulled his legs up on the bed and lay on his side, looking in his mother’s direction but not at her. He kicked the covers out from underneath him and then slipped his body underneath them. He wasn’t cold, he just needed the protective warmth that mimicked being held and comforted by another human. Eileen tried, but it wasn’t the same with her. She loved him, he knew that, but even when he was in her arms, she was cold, too cold to be comfortable. He pulled the blankets up over his ears and face, leaving to top of his head and eyes exposed.

“I see,” Eileen stood up and kissed Severus’ crown before she moved the chair back to its original place before she left, closing the door behind her. He rolled onto his stomach, rubbing his face against the soft, cool pillowcase and letting his body heat warm the covers then retain the heat to keep him warm. His feet were cold, but they were nearly always cold. He went to sleep, he didn’t want to be awake for any longer. He had felt things he didn’t want to feel, at least not while in that situation or with those people, but the feeling itself was pleasant and he craved more touches and love. He wanted to be held and caressed; he needed affection from someone other than his mother, he needed romantic affection and while he thought of Lily satisfying those desires, he knew that she...
would never feel that way about him or at least not to the extent of wanting to act on those feelings.

Hades had parted with Lucius and Bellatrix for the night, seeing them to the floo with their families. Hades didn’t have to speak the words but they received a look that gave them all the information needed. Choose wisely. Then they were gone. All of their guests were gone soon after and Eileen ran off to be with Severus. She had been worried about him but couldn’t pull out of a conversation indefinitely to check on him when she had wanted to. She would likely never know about Severus, she was but a mortal after all, he doubted that she would live to see their empire in it’s beautiful entirety, but he could always help ferry her soul into a designated body so they could raise her, even though she would not be able to remember her previous life.

It was Christmas day and Hades had helped give coffee and tea out before he went to wake Severus. He, as quietly as he could, opened the door and walked into the room. He wished he could have taken a picture because his new true equal was so beautiful, cute and serene in his slumber. Hades pressed a gentle kiss to Severus’ forehead and eyelids, but he didn’t stir. Hades tapped his shoulder until Severus woke up. Of course, Severus wasn’t a morning person no matter the day. He actually hated waking up on Christmas day more than he hated anything else because most of his memories of the day were not very pleasant. He sat up, his eyes blinking slowly as crust broke and fell down his face from his eyelashes. Hades waited for Severus to wake up before he summoned one of his own coats for Severus to wear. It wasn’t too cold, but he knew that Sev had to be freezing in such thin clothes. He also forced Severus’ feet into fuzzy socks since he was sure they would be sitting on the floor near the large, true to ceremonial tradition tree that was surrounded by presents. Severus stayed still and let Hades finish dressing him like a child. He didn’t feel awake enough to be angry nor was he awake enough to care about being treated as a toddler.

They entered the sunroom where the large tree was decorated and placed in the center. There were enough chairs for the three adults around the tree and there were soft, plush pillows on the floor for the two boys to sit on. This was Hades’ first Christmas with his parents, or at least the first Christmas he would remember, so they got him quite a lot. However, they didn’t think it was fair to just get Hades things if Severus and Eileen would be staying with them, so they bought the both of them presents as well. It wasn’t like they didn’t have the money to do such things. Eileen was handed a gift by Hades once he sat down and then he picked out a present for Severus before handing one to each of his parents.

“I gave you the presents I bought for you first, I’ve been dying to let you open them,” Hades got a smirk out of Severus who looked back down at the present in his hand before frowning. He didn’t have the money to pay them back, he bought the entire Peverell family one, cheap present. He had already asked the Evans to put the gift for Lily under their tree, and his mother’s he had put in her room, and he could see it in her lap, under the gift she had gotten from Hades.

The Peverells hesitantly opened their boxes. They never thought they would receive Christmas gifts from their son, they never gave their parents anything, at least not since they learned that they didn’t have to at the ages of six and seven, respectively. Titus and Sigrun were impressed with their gifts. Sigrun got a notebook in parseltongue filled with the spells that Sigrun had learned and the few he had created in the underworld. Titus had received a pair of dragonhide gloves in black, but that wasn’t the only thing about them, they were charmed to stay warm and they would tether the wand to his hand so he couldn’t be disarmed in a duel or in combat. Hades was happy that his parents were excited and pleased to receive gifts from him, but he was truly only interested in Severus’ reaction. Eileen had gotten some of the rarer ingredients and a copy of one of the old potion texts that they had in their massive library. Severus pulled the wrapping paper from the box and then opened the box. Inside was paired journal, copies of a variety of Dark Arts books and then there was something that
Severus was unusually drawn to.

Eileen and the Peverells watched the interaction with curiosity. Severus had gotten quiet and Hades had leaned forward.

“Thank you,” Severus said, holding the ring in his hands. It wasn’t the resurrection stone, but it was a silvery ring with the symbol of the Deathly Hallows carved into the jet stone.

“You’re welcome,” then they dropped it for the time being and continued on with opening the gifts given. Severus had gotten the Peverells an ornate, coin pouch for their money. It had expanding charms on it and if keyed into the vaults by the goblins, they could access their vault through the bag. The coin pouch had so many anti-theft charms on it, Severus had a hard time detuning it from his magic and giving it to them. He did it however and they were polite about the gift, even though it was clear they had several similar bags. They thanked him for his gift. Severus was excited for his mother to open her gift. His mother had been raised in a rich pureblood family, she had luxury and lived lavishly for most of her childhood and through her teen years. She only left when she married Tobias and birthed him. Severus believed that the Princes had disowned both him and his mother, so he never brought them up. He knew that at one point she had all the clothes she could ever want. So, he bought her a full new outfit, all first-hand, purchased at Madam Malkin’s (since he still couldn’t afford Twilfit and Tattings).

“Severus,” she had said upon opening her gift. He moved so he could look into the box he got for her. On his knees, peering into her lap where she had the folded clothes pulled out and resting in her lap. She offered him a sad smile. Her baby was so precious, so sweet. What had she done to deserve someone like him? She almost started crying, but she held it back. She could cry in her room later. She looked at the clothes. There was a white button up shirt, but it was thin and long sleeved, covered in white lace. Then there were a pair of slacks, long that tightened around the knee before flaring out as most of the wealthier people’s clothes had. The slacks were high waisted as well and had three buttons on the top. There was a pair of shiny black shoes with a thick heel at the back but they were comfortable enough to walk around it. Much like the shoes that the Hogwarts students wore. There was a nice robe as well, which was dark green with black stitching, not that it was noticeable, but Eileen thought it all so nice. He was such a sweetheart! She pulled him to her and kissed his temple.

“Thank you so much,” she said and Severus felt like he did something right, something good.

“I’m glad you like them. I didn’t know what clothes you like, we don’t… you know,” he got another kiss to his clean hair before the Peverells had the house elves take their gifts to their rooms so that they could all eat breakfast. The Snapes would be staying for another three days, but Hades wished they could stay longer. He didn’t mind Eileen, but he really just wanted to be with Severus, who had seemed to ignore him. Hades ate breakfast and waited at the table for everyone else to finish before excusing himself to write a letter to Petunia and send her an owl of her own. They had two owleries, they had more than enough owls to spare. He wrote a note to her telling her to keep the owl and that his parents said she may live with them for her schooling. He said they could pretend that she is expected to go to a second wizarding school but stay with the Peverells. Why they were doing this? It was much easier to get tutors to teach in a magical environment and because Petunia seemed to express an interest in wizarding culture and tradition, since she accepted concepts and beliefs that her sister didn’t. She was a different kind of muggleborn and Hades prefered her. She wouldn’t have to pay for anything since he and his parents have more than enough money. When Hades sent the letter off and instructed one of their owls, Hortolanus, to stay with Petunia and her family and come back when Petunia arrived back at their Estate.

Lily saw the owl first and she went to get it because she suspected she was in trouble. There was
so much magic around the house and she didn’t know if she was dying or what was happening. Petunia seemed to hole up in her room and go through her clothes, picking out what she wanted to keep and what she disliked according to what she assumed the witches that the Peverells would like. She had to admit, she preferred the other witches’ clothes as they were so elegant but you could tell that they could kick serious arse in those clothes as well. Practical yet beautiful, she liked it.

Lily followed the owl and then ran inside to Petunia’s room. Petunia had already let the owl inside and was reading the letter. Lily groaned and pulled the letter out of her sister’s hand.

“Give that back!” Petunia tried to grab the letter but Lily was already walking away. Lily looked down at the letter, forgetting that Hades had said he would write, and looked to whom it was addressed to. She ran back up to Petunia’s room and handed the letter back to her.

“I’m sorry. I thought you were reading a letter for me.”

“Have I ever done that to you?” Tunie glared and flattened the letter in her hands before she continued to read it. She went to the owl. Lily was about to warn her that the owl would bite but Hortolanus just moved his head around to let the child ruffle his feathers better, preening under such attention. Lily sat on her sister’s bed and waited for her to finish playing with the new owl that didn’t seem to want to leave.

“What did it say?” Lily blurted out, she was just so curious.

“It is a letter from Hades. He has gotten my test results from the company that checks for magic and he says that I am a witch as well. That is just didn’t have enough time to grow and therefore was somehow blocked. He has offered to help me into a school for witches and wizards who don’t know anything about magic who are too old to just start Hogwarts. He also gave me this owl, his name is Whore-tall-anus?” Lily reached out to take the letter and read it for herself but Petunia pulled it away.

“No, this is my letter, I don’t want you to read it.”

“Is there something dirty on that paper? Why can’t I, your little sister, see it?” Lily did a thing she almost never did, “Do I need to go tell mum and dad?”

Petunia tossed the letter to her feet before sitting on her pale pink and white lace bed, her fingers twisting in the lace frills along the comforter and then she batted at the circular overhand that draped a matching pale pink curtain around her bed. She fingered the white frills along the hems of her drapes, staring at her hands. The longer she thought about it, the angrier she got. Lily sat on her sister’s bed and held the letter in her lap. Lily stared at Petunia, but Petunia thought her sister would get bored and run along to pester someone else. Petunia, although knowing logically it wasn’t true, let herself get even angrier, just for the sake of anger, at the thought of Lily being jealous because now she wasn’t the only witch in the house. Petunia had taken part of her spotlight, and she wanted to be angry, so she grasped for whatever she knew would help enrage her.

“I don’t think you should do as he asks. He’s, well, he’s not a good person. He scares everyone, and he has somehow manipulated Sev, my Sev who is never manipulated, into staying with him or whatever. He has taken my friend away. How can you go and associate with someone who hurt me like that? I would stop talking to people who are mean to you too,” she sighed. She knew she was being whiny, and she hated it. She was not a whiny girl, she was an intelligent young witch with the potential for great things if she had the help from the right people. Albus Dumbledore was one of those ‘right’ people as well as her head of house. Petunia picked the letter out from between Lily’s fingers and folded it neatly before opening her jewelry box. She slid the letter inside the bottom compartment, where only her most precious and secret jewelry was hidden, and she turned to her sister.
“May I borrow some parchment? I think I will use a pencil until my penmanship with a quill gets better. I know for a fact I will not be a master since I’ve never so much as touched one even less used one,” Lily frowned and stood up running across the hall and into her room. She got parchment like her sister asked but she held it in her hands and hesitated. What if Tunie was going to be hurt by Hades? The boy and his family had slaves. They treated witches like them like dirt. They had been snickered at and mocked the entire night. How could Petunia still want to associate with him? She walked back across the hall, slower than she had left, and finally handed Petunia a square of parchment. She sharpened a pencil and went to her little desk in the corner of her room. Flipping the light switch on, she got ready to write her first letter to a magical person. She erased her first sentence many times. The sentence following Dear Hades, and finally she just didn’t let herself erase it, forcing herself to move forward. She wrote to him about how she would love to stay at the Estate and learn all she could. She informed him that she had nothing to give him in return and then she started thinking about their offer. What was he going to have her do? She did owe him something, but he hadn’t specified what he wanted. She had been so enraptured with the idea of being a witch, like her perfect sister, that she would have done anything but perhaps that was the wrong choice. She continued on in her letter with things about how Lily didn’t like him and how she is afraid that he had stolen her best friend away from him. She ended the letter with a common Sincerely, Petunia Evans before she folded it and used a little tape to keep it together. She didn’t have any wax and Lily was still in her room, but she was sitting on her bed, waiting for her to go to her. She called the weird-named bird to the window and sent him off with the letter.

Petunia sat down on her bed and Lily finally stood up, this time she bent over slightly as she started to motion with her hands. They moved as erratically and angrily as her words.

“I know you didn’t tell him no! You are a horrible sister. Why are you doing all of this? You just want magic too? What did he do to you? Why aren’t you my sister anymore? You turned your noses up at us all night and now you’re sending his owls, you’re a muggle. A squib! You have no magic. Whatever is happening isn’t you because you don’t have it!” Lily calmed down and Petunia masked her rage.

“I’m sorry. I just have a hard time believing that all the sudden you can start doing magic. People say he’s really weird at school. Are you sure he didn’t do anything to you?”

“He didn’t do anything to me… will you please leave me to myself?” Lily huffed. Tunie was even talking like those damn pure blooded bastards and it made her blood boil. Petunia wouldn’t know the half of how she got treated by purebloods, how they would treat Petunia if she had magic. They are cruel yet her sister was mimicking them, trying to be like them, some sort of ‘high/polite society’. Lily wouldn’t say it aloud but she thought ‘fuck that shit!’ Why should she have to learn their crappy, old, tired society’s traditions when they were so much more advanced. Witches didn’t even have refrigerators or electricity and people were still call ‘Lord’ and ‘Madam’ and all that weird stuff that she didn’t understand. They needed to modernize themselves, it was ridiculous! And some lunatics didn’t care for the ‘corruption’ of muggle influence. The muggles were better, they could do everything that witches could do and more but instead of some mystical power from someplace unknown they made it themselves, with science because they were intelligent and worldly!

Lily paced her room for a good hour before taking a shower and washing her hair with fury. She didn’t feel too much better when she went back to her room, but the rage was starting to subside. She couldn’t sleep and her clock was moving so slow. Time was so slow… She got out of bed around one in the morning to eat the raspberry thumbprint biscuits they had on the kitchen counter. She had been thinking about eating an entire plate in an attempt to calm her down. The vicious chewing, the idea of destruction, was satisfying no matter how dull it seemed to those who knew real violence and true destruction. Lily collapsed on the couch with the plate of cookies on the carpet to the side of the couch. Her fingers brushed against the tacky jam and she got her hands on the rest of the cookies as
she slept.

In the gloriously peach and pink room, Petunia had stewed on her thoughts and she had just gotten more and more upset until she finally couldn’t handle all the anger and the overwhelming emotions and cried until she fell asleep. Neither sister paid each other much attention for the rest of the break, in fact, Petunia went back to actively avoiding Lily, but now, Lily did the same ensuring that they were always away at opposite sides of the house.

On the end of Yule and at the start of the new year, Severus came back to the Estate, this time he was in worse condition and his mother, well, they didn’t know how Eileen stood up without falling right back down. Severus had tried to take the brunt of the punishment, tried to get the abuse directed at him so his mother didn’t have to suffer through it. He could care less about himself but if anything happened and his mother died, it would be his fault, and he wouldn’t know what to do with himself. Due to Severus’ new more-than-human status, his wounds healed themselves very quickly, even faster than a normal wizard. His mother however went back to the hospital and this time Sigrun stayed with her to try and get her to take advantage of their ‘friendship’ and stay at the Estate. Sigrun let Eileen know all of her opinions on muggles. Her words had heads turning and people gasping, her opinions sounded like something the Dark Lord would say. Eileen told Sigrun a few things, but it came to a consensus that Severus would stay with the Peverells and she would visit as often as she could. She would rather have her son safe than herself and since she was staying because she needed to stay with Tobias, she wasn’t going to subject her son to any more of the man’s abuse. There was also the unspoken laws being built by both women, one of them was their terms of agreement with this ‘friendship’ business. While Sigrun had much to offer, Eileen had little more than a pauper, so she had used Hades’ affection and friendship with her little Severus as a power, she held it above Sigrun who wouldn’t do anything to jeopardize any relationship she had with her son. Eileen had won, and she had the power, but Eileen knew that Sigrun and the Peverells would be the ones chipping in a bigger part. It didn’t bother her all that much. They were wealthy purebloods that followed to tradition and bathed their children and love, knowledge and attention so that they could grow into an adult and take on their family’s business or career choice. It seemed like a loving family but even down to its bones, it was all a powerplay.

Once back on the Hogwarts Express, the remaining Slytherins in Hades’ friend group (Severus and Regulus) and Regulus’ acquaintances boarded together before the new creature slipped away to find Lily. Hades stared at a few first year Hufflepuffs until they vacated their compartment before taking his seat next to the window. Regulus sat beside him and despite his nerves and everything telling him to stay away from Hades because he was dangerous, his side was pressed against Hades’ arm. For a second, he feared that he would be rejected. Why would Hades Peverell want anything to do with him? He was a Black, yes, but so was Bellatrix and she was much smarter than he was, more powerful, well spoken if not a little insane, but she was by far better than him. Hades pulled his arm away from Regulus and the youngest Black decided he would move away but Hades’ wrapped that arm around his shoulders and pulled him closer before crossing his legs and tilting his head and straightening his back until he looked more like a king, or an emperor, than a student. Hades looked down only to smile at Regulus who was staring up at Hades. He was respected at school and most people stayed away from him, but he was timid due to the circumstances with his family. Sirius was cruel, his mother was always asking for his opinion (which would then be insulted and laughed at by Sirius) and his father was nearly as shy as he was, but Orion Black, at one time, had been the Lord of the most noble and ancient house of Black, but his wife, who was also his cousin, nearly made him a mute and shoved him into the corner causing him to start doubting himself and eventually lose all self-esteem. He was really a shell of a man, and definitely not the best father, but Regulus loved him, as he loved his mother and he even held some form of love for Sirius (who he also disliked greatly).
Hades held Regulus against him, tracing patterns on his shoulder every now and then, as he listened to Dolores or someone equally annoying talk and brag about who had the better, wealthier, higher social family family. Hades stayed near silent the entire ride, not wanting to give his ten cents, he felt as if he did start to talk about his family, he would either be disliked due to his distinctly better family, abundance of wealth, and a truly awesome family. He didn’t need to make enemies (more enemies) and he listened on, paying attention to their tones and mindless gestures, finding their insecurities about themselves and their home life. Those would be easy to pick apart and unravel if he ever needed to do such a thing to them. Somewhere along the ride, Sirius made his presence known by opening their compartment door, throwing in lit fireworks and then slamming it. He held it shut and watched through the glass. James Potter, Remus Lupin and Peter Pettigrew stood beside him, all very different. James looked as enchanted with the fireworks, and it made him even giddier knowing that those fireworks were torturing bastard Slytherins; Remus was looking around, just hoping that they wouldn’t get caught or anything. He didn’t know why he hung around the three, but they knew his secrets and he had to ensure they never spoke about it. It was as much as a safety precaution for them as it was for himself; Peter just followed along as he always did, truly a useless rat. Hades cut their fun short picking up the fireworks and burning them out in his palms. Sirius looked down at the boy who had picked up live fireworks and snuffed them out with his skin. What a crazy motherfucker! He turned to his friends to see if they had seen what he had. He then turned back to where Hades had dropped the half burnt fireworks while Regulus started trying to fix any damage on Hades’ hands. Hades held his hands up and they were perfectly fine, flawless even. Sirius was about to open the door and drag his little brother away from that beast. He may not like Regulus, he may even detest the little brat, but he wouldn’t let someone he was expected to watch fall prey to some psychopath. Sirius slammed the door open, causing the windows to vibrate in their frames. He grabbed Regulus’ collar and pulled him forward before he fell back, hands going limp.

Hades pulled Regulus back up to him and then sat him down on the bench before he picked Sirius up and pulled him out into the hall. The other Marauders were watching, part petrified and part stunned in awe, and when he dropped a stunned Sirius at James’ feet he turned back, just as quietly, and walked into their compartment, sliding the door shut gently before taking his seat up once again. As imagined, the rest of the conversation was on how epic Hades’ display had been or how horrible Gryffindors were.

Lily had told Severus all about her sister and how much she hated Hades. She never said the word ‘hate’ as she never would, she was by far too gentle for such vulgar words, but she disliked him greatly, going so far as to ask Severus to avoid him, if not because of her then because he was dangerous and cruel. Severus never liked lying to his first friend and best friend, but he agreed to do as she asked, knowing that he would not actually follow her suggestions. Other than that, Lily was glad to be back at school, saddened by how distant she and her sister had grown, but more than that, she was growing jealous of the attention that Petunia was getting from the aristocrats of their world. She had been there for three years and one party later, Petunia was being asked to be privately tutored at a lavish estate while she had to go to Hogwarts (not that she would complain, but she did feel it was unfair). She was angry that Petunia was being accepted into circles that she had been rejected from because of her blood status, a status she shared with her sister. It only made her loathe Hades Peverell even more.

Once back at Hogwarts, things went smoothly, almost so smoothly that Severus was expecting something bad to happen. He was right because a before the summer holidays, Hades and the Marauders had a little issue.

Severus was walking out to his tree, the tree he had sat under every year since he started Hogwarts. Not the Whomping Willow, although it was rather small, no, it was a tall walnut tree about ten feet from the Forbidden Forest, which was close enough for students, usually only Severus and/or Lily, to occupy the space under its shade. He was walking towards the common walnut tree.
and then, for the first time all year, since Hades scared them away, the Marauders had grouped up on some poor Slytherins. Severus watched on, unsure how to help but then again, why should he help? Nobody ever helped him before, nobody but Hades. He had new power, but even that didn’t tempt him to use it. It was best if his true abilities were hidden so that he could surprise others when they underestimated him rendering them weak to him in battle or similar situations. That’s when he saw it, the flash of white eyes. He didn’t know anyone with those kind of eyes. There weren’t usually magical people with disabilities like blindness due to the inventions and potions they had which could give them their eyesight back. The only true thing that he knew likely couldn’t come back or be fixed was being mute or being muted by severing of the vocal cords or another horrible act of violence.

Then James was on his back and Sirius flew up into the air, his feet being kicked out of him before his body was punched into the sky only for gravity to slam him down into the ground once again. Hades had been in their circle. Remus Lupin, that weird kid, Severus didn’t know what his problem was since he seemed to be decent, but then were Gryffindors ever truly decent? Remus tried to stand up for his friends, pulling his laurel wand wood from his pocket and aiming it at Hades. Their rat-like friend had scurried off to hide behind one of the pillars holding up the archway that supported the bridge over the deep, steep dip in the earth.

“Put your wand away. You look ridiculous,” Hades said, waving his hand dismissively. Remus looked at James and Sirius who were slowly regaining themselves and rising to their seats. From behind Hades, Regulus Black peeked out and saw Severus staring at them. He looked away and leaned up to whisper something in Hades’ ear. Soon he had the eyes of Hades, the boy who had granted him power and immortality, what else could he ask for, but now he was indebted. Hades looked at him for a moment, as if he wanted to have assistance but then the demon shook his head and laughed to himself. Why would he expect someone to come to his aid. He was becoming too human; he was to aid those he wanted and to make the others bow to him. He was superior to lowly mortals. Hades turned around and placed a hand on Regulus’ hip before his other hand went to brush his cheek. There were more whispers but soon, Regulus was running off with a book he had been reading, his wand, and a potion that reminded Severus of the potion he had taken to gain new abilities, to turn into something that Hades had wanted him to be. He almost felt cheated, but he also knew, in his logical mind, that Hades was only using all of them, he said what others wanted to hear in order to gain favours and he gifted those he wanted under his control with gifts to keep them by his side and under his control, separating those he considered above the mortal filth that populated most of the overworld from those he knew to be his helpers, those he could trust, implicitly, with tasks that he could not pass off to any other.

“What are you lookin’ at Snivellus?” Sirius shouted, not liking the fact that he was kicked on his arse by some stupid brat and now had some greasy burden staring at them, probably overjoyed that they were getting it handed to them. Hades was six inch shorter than Pettigrew and nearly as skinny and sickly as Remus, how did the little twerp have so much power behind him? James and Sirius drew their wands, almost angry at Remus for not hexing the brat when he had turned away to talk to Sirius dumb little brother. It didn’t take long before Hades just turned, smiling at them all one last time, and walked away. As soon as Hades had gone, Sirius started shouting and before anything could really register in Severus’ head he was being tormented and hexed with hexes he swore he was learning from Hades because they were dark. Either way, they hurt and he had scurried away as cowardly-like as Pettigrew with his tails metaphorically tucked between his legs. He spend the rest of the day in the infirmary having the hexes removed and being demanded to tell him who really hurt him. The Headmaster didn’t believe his golden Gryffindors could have known such dark hexes. It was as if he forgot that they were from usually neutral or dark pureblood families. They were nearly all well versed in all kinds of magic, but it was most infuriating when he disregarded Black’s ability to cast darker magic. The headmaster had always been blind to those he considered on his good terms and with a sigh and a ‘I’m disappointed in your inability to tell the truth,’ followed by a ‘if you
have anything to tell me, I'll be in my office, Mr. Snape’, the Headmaster left the infirmary to let Madam Pomfrey, who seemed to have always been at the school despite not looking very old, fuss over him and try to incriminate Hades or at least get him to word something in a way to get Hades in trouble. He was truly most curious about why they all seemed to hate Hades. What had he done to anger the entire school, or at least those who explicitly trusted the Headmaster, like Pomfrey and Hagrid, or those who had witnessed his evil, like Slughorn.

The last day of school and Hades had his curtains closed on his bed. Severus wanted to pull them open and expose what he was doing, but he decided against it knowing how awkward so many possibilities would be. He was also quite aware that Hades would likely make it even more awkward in order to get a rise out of him, he loved to try and tease Severus, but the dour child was rarely susceptible to such childish, attention-seeking actions. It was only when he heard a light gasp that he made his way over to the curtains. They were sheer, as all their bed drapes were, but Hades’ were charmed to look empty, they always were, even when they knew he was in bed.

Hades laughed and sat up, pressing another kiss to the Regulus’ lips before he pulled his curtains open. He raised an eyebrow and waited for Severus’ reaction. Sadly, the boy didn’t give much of an outward reaction besides a scowl.

“Did you need something Sev?” Hades asked, pulling his wand from his pillow and sent the last of his items, a quill and two pots of ink, to his trunk. Good thing Severus reminded him that they were leaving, he would have forgotten his ink (but then he didn’t care. He could buy an entire ink company and still have plenty of money to live far more than ‘comfortably’). Severus took a moment to regroup, although he truly did let a flash of himself in a similar position cross his mind (and it was promptly shoved far into his subconscious and locked away with a million locks without matching keys).

“I just wanted to let you know that we are to be in the Great Hall in ten minutes according to Professor Slughorn. We are to eat breakfast and then board the train,” Hades smiled at him and nodded.

“Thank you for letting us know,” he tapped the side of Regulus’ leg and the slightly younger boy slid off of Hades’ legs and onto the floor. He looked down at the ground before walking out of the third year dormitory and to his own to fix himself as he had gotten a somewhat tousled. Hades threw his legs over the bed that he would never sleep in again, in fact, he hoped that Regulus got his bed, that would have been very interesting, seeing as he had left all the charms on the bed, not finding a reason to take them off ; even if a professor did a sweep to clear spells ad charms, they would have a difficult time removing all the wards on that particular bed. Hades stood up, nearly knocking Severus back despite Severus being taller than his housemate.

“I suggest we head out,” As if he had been caught doing something purely innocent, Hades walked away and soon the trunks were being loaded onto the train by the house elves and Severus wondered if Lily knew that there were so many more house elves at Hogwarts than any pureblood had.

Breakfast was full of noise as the students all planned who they were going to sit with and then people started the long discussion of what they would be doing over the summer. In Slytherin, the less you did, but the more you did (managing to do both at the same time) was what made you seem much better, and it let you appear to be grand rather than whatever people like Severus were considered (dirt perhaps?). Then everyone loaded onto the Hogwarts Express to go back to their homes. Two days earlier, Severus had received a letter from his mother. He had heard brief mentions of him staying with the Peverells, but his mother confirmed that he would be staying with them for the summer holidays. He wasn’t sure if he was happy or not. On one hand he was free from Tobias,
he would have food, a nice shower, a soft bed, access to a potions lab and a library full of books on
every topic imaginable, but opposing all that seemed good in the world, he wouldn’t be able to see
Lily (he doubted she would ever come back to the Peverell Estate, even for him) and Lily would
likely be angry with him for staying with someone she clearly disapproved of; the most important
thing however was that he couldn’t be there to protect his mother, or attempt to, and then he also
wouldn’t be there to help heal her when she was too injured to take care of herself. Who would do
that for her? She couldn’t just send him away, she was practically committing suicide! He pushed
these thoughts from his mind as Lily started to try and make plans for them, mostly them going to
Diagon Alley and reading the books in Flourish and Blotts (she even promised to buy him a book),
and Severus let her continue droning on about all the things she wanted to do. Sometimes he was
jealous of how nice her life seemed, but he also knew that he was getting a chance at having a life
just as perfect as hers.

“I won’t be staying at Spinner’s End this holiday, Lily,” Severus finally said, interrupting Lily and
her proposal to take him shopping for new clothes. He dreaded shopping and shopping with
someone who enjoyed shopping was even worse.

“Well, where will you be staying? Where can I reach you? I can’t just leave my best friend alone
for a whole summer,” she offered a sweet smile. Severus was reminded of the Lily he knew before
everything with Hades seemed to ruin his life, turning everything he loved and knew upside down
and confusing him to high heaven. He looked out the window at the rolling fields that he could see.
It was bright outside but their windows were charmed to have a comfortable amount of light let it to
keep from blinding students.

“I will be staying at the Peverell Estate,” she started speaking and he sighed, causing her to stop.
“My mother made a deal with Hades’ mother. Mrs. Peverell has offered to take me in over the
summer for my mother to do whatever she is really doing. I highly doubt her reason she gave me was
the truth,” he shook his head, “I don’t think I will be able to see you much this summer.” He was
frightened because he loved Lily with all his heart, and a year prior he would have never claimed
anything else. He had been outcasted in his own house and by all the others, he was good at potions
and knew little of the wizarding world despite his mother being raised purely in that world. He had
been ignorant to many things, but now he had a chance to learn and he had someone who wanted to
care for him. Lily loved him, but Hades offered him things that he felt he could never attain on his
own and things he knew he could never reach by his lonesome. He would never forget Lily, she was
always his best friend, and he would love her forever no matter what (or so he loved the Lily he had
know for the first half of the year and all the years previous), but she could only heal him so many
times before she grew bored and tired of him. She could only put up with him for so long, he didn’t
expect her to want to be around him forever, he wasn’t so optimistic to believe such a thing, he knew
that nobody could stand him for very long. He was truly as burdensome (at least he thought so) and
he knew it, so he wouldn’t make anyone suffer for too long. Even his mother was pushing him
away! Was he that intolerable that his own mother pawned him off to the family she thought could
stand him the longest? Before Lily could say anything, he stood up and left.

He walked down the thin aisle between the compartments and he passed by the Marauders. They
didn’t even move to try and belittle him or mock him, not even to harass him into getting himself into
trouble by trying to fight them or worse. He continued down the aisle. He had finally exited
Gryffindor territory, the front half of the train had always been for the Gryffindors and Severus had
always been fine to endure through his discomfort around such boisterous people to be close to Lily
where she wouldn’t tolerate his silent but manipulative Slytherins where he would be uncomfortable
as well but not as much. He couldn’t find it into him to recognize these faults of Lily’s and if he did
see them, he pretended he didn’t and hid them away in his mind where they couldn’t bother him
again.
Severus knocked on the compartment door and it was pulled open by Hades. Rather than having all his groupies, Hades was just with one of his little puppies. Regulus had just jumped across the seat and off of Hades from the looks of it, but Severus didn’t care that he had interrupted something. They were children, they shouldn’t be doing such things anyway. The door shut behind him and then the compartment door faded from sight and darkened as did the window yet it was still bright enough to see each other.

“What do we owe the pleasure of you joining us?” It was clear that somehow Hades felt slighted by Severus. It was because Severus had been avoiding Hades. This morning had been the first time he dared approach him since the school year started. Hades knew it was because of that muggleborn that Severus was pining after, but he didn’t like being ignored, nobody did unless that was their goal.

“I’m staying with you for the summer,” Severus stated and Hades nodded.

“Yes you are and from what I’m aware of, you will be staying in the same room you resided in during the winter holidays… Let’s talk about something else. How have the changes been affecting you?” Severus flinched, he didn’t want to talk about that. He felt wrong. He had accepted a gift and he had thought about it after he accepted and knew that there was truly no way around it. He was truly indebted to him, he should just get used to it, but he couldn’t. He had been feeling rather inhuman though. He had swore to astral project more than a few times since he took the life-changing potion.

“I’ve been fine? How have they gone for you, Regulus?”

“I’ve been well, thank you,” Regulus looked out the dimmed window as if there was something interesting out there. He was just trying to avoid Severus. He had gained some things from his new whatever it was called, this new power he had. His body had changed but not drastically so. If he hadn’t been so curious of his form, he would have never found out the slight differences of his appearance, but the most prevalent thing he had inherited was the ability to take other’s emotions and feelings and gain energy from them. He wondered if that is what Hades felt when he did that soul-sucking-thing that the common room still whispered about when Farley walked into the room or when he and Hades happened to brush close together or make eye contact. He had asked Hades about it and he had told him that everyone who grew into a quarter what he was would have their natural abilities enhanced, so he must have always been able to feed on others’ feelings but it was just more pronounced due to his shift in humanity. That’s how he could tell what Hades felt when he saw Severus and he wasn’t jealous but he was almost interested to see what happened next.

No, he would never be jealous because he knew that Hades only gifted a few people the gift that he had been granted and therefore he would always be special. He had made him immortal, that meant he wished to have them with him, or at least by his side for eternity, did it not? He hoped so. Regulus didn’t think that whatever it was that he felt was just a crush, he never even considered it. He didn’t need to when he was so sure that it was more than that. He saw the other boys in his dorm have crushes on girls or boys or even professors, and it was annoying and made him anxious because they all acted so stupid around those that they ‘liked’. He hoped he didn’t act in such a horrifically ridiculous manner around Hades, he would be mortified if he had acted like that. There was something about Hades that drew him in, and he noticed that it didn’t affect others, in fact, it had the opposite on most everyone else, all but four people and those people had all been chosen, and he had wished to bless them with the gift of power beyond mortal comprehension, immortality, a thing that many have wished for but only get at great prices, and he offered them companionship, something that all four of his chosen lacked in their lives. Perhaps this made them easier ‘targets’ but Regulus didn’t like to see it that way. They were just better than the others. Otherwise, they wouldn’t have been chosen, right?
Hades reached forward and held Regulus’ wrists before leading him back to straddle his thighs. Severus turned away. The audacity to do such a thing in front of someone unfamiliar to them! He was unfamiliar, he supposed. Hades knew more about Severus than he liked people to know, but he also had things that nobody but a select few have because of Hades. But even better, he had the privilege to see Hades in a different light than the rest, to be able to see him when he wasn’t at his most ‘human’ as he was sure Hades would say. He had such a dislike towards humans, it was amusing because he knew that Hades was half human at least.

“Does this bother you?” Hades looked over at Severus. “Have you not been exposed to such displays of affection before?”

“No, I am aware of it. I just never felt the need to partake in such actions. I will leave if you wish,” Hades reached out one hand to hold onto Severus, sliding his hand down Severus’ arm, from his shoulder to his fingers.

“It is quite pleasant,” Hades leaned forward to press kisses against Regulus’ lips and jaw. “Perhaps you should experience it before you dismiss it as unimportant. I’m sure I could lead you to believe it is enjoyable, or Regulus could show you.” Regulus gasped at the thought of being handed to Severus. He wasn’t sure if it was because of the idea of someone else having control, and being in a relationship with someone (it didn’t even have to be romantic or sexual at this point) who could provide stability and help him grow into someone who didn’t doubt every move they made or thought for hours on the past mistakes they’ve made, someone who made themselves sick worrying over inconsequential things that would go on despite any inconsistencies on his part. He also really enjoyed the romantic aspect because he was being showered in affection and it felt good to be praised and enjoyed. He wasn’t sure if it was because he felt so dejected at home that he was seeking attention elsewhere, or not, but he trusted Hades to do what he thought best (and keep him safe), he wasn’t exactly sure why, because he didn’t seem very trustworthy at face value, but there was something about him that made Regulus feel so protected, shielded from anything bad and lavished in everything good.

“I wouldn’t be opposed…” Regulus said quietly, since it had gone rather silent. There were lips kissing his skin again, along his neck and along his sharp jaw near his ear. Severus huffed and crossed his arms and turned to look out at the darkened glass door in an endeavor to ignore Hades and Regulus. He had seen more than enough to know what was happening, but he didn’t want to… well, there was something that he didn’t want to have to think about when he saw Hades. They were teenage boys, they did things, but it didn’t mean that Severus wanted to witness anything sexual.

The rest of the ride to the platform, Hades and Regulus didn’t snog, thank Merlin, but Regulus clung to Hades like a scared kitten. He didn’t want to leave, he didn’t want to give up someone who made him comfortable so he could go back to his horrid house and even more, his foul family. Hades whispered sweet things into his ears and promised to invite him to the Estate often. Severus just knew it was going to be a long summer.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this chapter!
I took a break in between writing a part of this chapter so I hope everything makes sense. See the end for more notes, that may give this chapter's details away (that's why I put them at the end).

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“*But he who dares not grasp the thorn
Should never crave the rose.*”

-Anne Brontë

That summer went rather horribly. Lily was either complaining to Severus in her letters or criticizing Hades and wizarding culture. He stayed in his room and the library for more than eighty percent of the time he was at the Peverell Estate. He could hear Regulus’ laugh sometimes when the boy was over and they hid under the Dark Arts floor in the library and looked lay out next to the fire despite it being perfectly warm in the house at all times. It was actually quite refreshing to hear laughter. He had never heard Hades give a genuine laugh, only when he mocked someone else or when he was striking fear in others, and his ears remained virginal to the sound of Hades’ candid enjoyment, although he did always seem to be rather happy when Regulus visited, or when Lucius and Bellatrix would come under the facade of coming to help Hades with his duelling or even his understanding of some of the more difficult Dark Arts. This of course was either the other way (as Hades was moulding them into the perfect warriors that he needed, especially after he gifted them with the same potion Regulus and Severus had taken) or they had visited to just spend time with the little brat. They were far from being too sexual with Hades, but Hades did enjoy kissing them, in fact, he thrived on the attention he could give and receive from them.

By their fourth year, people knew to stay away from Hades, even the first group of Slytherins who wanted to be friends with him, they all stayed away. He had grown to be even more intimidating, not in appearance or political influence, but because his magic swarmed around him like a flurry of occamy. The summer was equally as dull for Severus who had only seen his mother twice a month during the breaks and then she was weak and bruised to hell. Fifth year went fine, it was almost too good. Hades had scared everyone away, nobody dared to insult or threaten Severus and he was thankful for that (although he would never admit to such a thing) but it was spring and the world was working in Severus’ favour. It was foolish to think that things would continue to go smoothly.

Severus was fifteen, and he had invented his own spell. He was also already working on creating potions with better results and less side effects. He wasn’t dumb enough to even approach trying to make potions taste better. That would theoretically ruin all the medicinal properties and he didn’t like to be set up to fail. He set himself up for excellence because that is the least he expected of himself academically.

Unlike Regulus, Severus didn’t know what ‘special power’ he got from the potion Hades gifted to him. Bellatrix had gone through a major influx of power as well as heightened senses making her extremely dangerous in battle and duelling. She was by far the strongest witch Severus knew, and the second most powerful magical person he knew, just below Hades who hadn’t proven how
powerful he was in reality, but rather he was so scary, nobody wanted to even try and find out just how dangerous he was. The raw energy that wrapped around him was enough to make anyone attempting to bother him back away and hide with their heads in the sand.

While Bellatrix got something helpful, increased magical talent, Lucius didn’t get such an exponential gift. Rather he grew into inhuman beauty, he was very clearly not just a wizard. Some would call him an angel, but Severus knew that they were all demons. All five of them. Regulus had been sweet, as sweet as he always was. Kind and shy, waiting for others to do what they wished before he took anything for himself. He had always been so different from the rest of the Blacks. After returning for the winter break, after Sirius had caught him in an awkward position, his older brother had been harsh with him.

Now, Regulus didn’t care much for what his family thought about him, because they didn’t know him. So when they thought he was weak or a pushover, he could shrug it off. He wasn’t those things and therefore he didn’t have any problem with them thinking that. He knew better and that was what mattered, as long as Hades knew how he was, that’s all that mattered. So, when Sirius started bullying him in earnest, even bringing his friends, the silly and immature Marauders, to help with Regulus’ torment. Severus had felt that torment at full force, or at least full force what they were eleven and twelve, but he hadn’t been subject to their new abuse. Regulus had been distraught and tried his hardest to try and make Sirius think better of him. While he didn’t care what they thought they knew, when they actually knew about him and hated him sincere passion, he started to change to make Sirius believe him to be different, to be better. Hades had been more than livid with the Gryfffindors but Regulus had pushed him away. It was a month and a few days into the second term and Regulus had avoided Hades like the plague, only hurting himself and Hades in the process. While Severus could always go to Hades, not to be worried about his rage exploding at him, he hadn’t been able to since Regulus had rejected Hades. In fact, Hades only grew to be more approachable and had scared half the professors into just handing out their best marks (although most of his work truly reflected those high marks) to keep him appeased.

The Headmaster had long since given up on Hades and the few that he surrounded himself with. He had always wanted to use Severus, knowing the boy would be driven into the Dark Lord’s arms and then straight back into his, but with Hades, that was no longer a plan that would come to fruition. The Headmaster had tried by manipulating Regulus into leaving Hades, telling the boy horrible things about the other, trying to isolate Hades, in the fourth year, but that hadn’t worked either. Hades was simply too powerful and alluring to make those who he accepted hate him. However, he had heard from his Marauders what had happened to Regulus and he had felt hope for the first time in a quite a long while. Dumbledore had offered Regulus a place on the Slytherin Quidditch team and the boy jumped at the chance to be better, to be someone that Sirius wouldn’t hate. What Sirius had told the boy to make him so unsure of and detest himself was beyond the Headmaster, but he wouldn’t have cared what it was anyway. This was all for the greater good, so there was no problem with doing what had to be done to see his plans, the plans that would bring about the age of Light magic, honesty and goodness to the wizarding world. He would weed out the corrupt and everything will fall into place and be exactly how he wanted it to be.

The poor boy, Regulus, had also stopped attending meals, rather Severus had to bring him food when he started to look sickly, and he wouldn’t accept anything from Hades. When Severus passed the bathroom early in the morning or late at night, as he was going to bathe when nobody would see him, he heard Regulus’ cries and sobs as he hid away and collapsed on himself. Whatever had happened had decimated everything the youngest Black had been and he was now merely a shell of the shy but happy boy he had been before all of the drama with his bastard brother and incompetent parents.

But it was on that spring day, that was when all hell broke loose. Severus had been under his tree,
yes his wonderful place to escape all the other students and work under the sun. He hated the sun, but the tree provided an acceptable amount of shade. He had his potions book open, he was writing a paper but he only used the book in hopes that his ideas would be recognized by Professor Slughorn and he could recommend someone for him to get an apprenticeship under. He refused to stay under Slughorn however, that man was a horrible and impolite teacher, he would definitely be too difficult to work with intimately for something as life changing as a mastery. He had been so busy in his head, hoping for someone great to work under someone like the Johannes N. Moriaen who worked with potions-apprentices, alchemist-apprentices and transmutation-apprentices from Scandinavia. So many places, so many people, he had to ask to work under him now so when he is free he can be chosen and work under him. He had to write something of importance, he had to do something amazing to gain recognition! He was so busy thinking of all these things that when he was suspended in the air, he didn’t know what hit him. It was his own spell, which was even worse.

“How did you…?!”

“We took it from Lily’s diary of course,” Black said with a hint of laughter while Potter just smirked and continued to point his wand at Severus. He had hoped that this would remain a private affair, but it became public torment quickly after Pettigrew started calling round all the Gryffindors and even some of the Hufflepuffs. For the first time in so long, Severus wished that Hades was around because no matter how much he hated feeling weak and unable to defend himself, it was nice when Hades took care of him and kept him from harm. It felt like he spent hours suspended as all the blood rushed to his face. His hair dragged along the grass and his arms were frozen in place. He couldn’t even grab his wand, but if he did he wouldn’t be able to cast properly at such an awkward angle. He saw Lily amongst the crowd. She was as frozen as he was and it took her a second to move. As Black had his hands on Severus’ trousers, about to push them up and off of him, Lily slapped the side of Potter’s head causing him to break his concentration. Severus fell to the ground and brought Black with him. Sirius stood up to yell at James when he saw Lily approach. He quickly moved aside to James, helped his friend up and they gathered the Gryffindors to leave before Lily, the girl of James’ dreams, could get any angrier at them.

For the past year, Lily had been rather distant, but so had Severus. They were still friends at that point and she had been shocked into action. When he adjusted his pants, he pushed her away. She started fussing over him again and he pushed her away again.

“I don’t need your help, mudblood ,” Lily froze again, her body and mind weren’t synchronizing. Her body and heart told her to run away but her brain was trying to reason that he was upset and that Severus would have never meant anything like that. He was not harsh, cold and aloof yes, but he was not mean. She turned and ran off. Severus lay on the ground. There was a time, or several depending on how disorderly your mind and emotions were and how much one let themselves be ruled by their troublesome feelings, when you know what you said was wrong, but you know that the friendship or relationship now in ruin would never be mendable. Something you say and instantly regret, but there was a part of Severus that didn’t know what else to do. He had been humiliated, even the imbecilic rat Pettigrew hadn’t been so utterly mortified. For years he had hoped himself free of their abasement. It was foolish to let his defenses drop, it was partially his fault, if he had only been more vigilant, if he had only be prepared for an attack. Now he lost his best friend, the person who held so many of his secrets. She would never sell those secrets because she was a good person, but he would never be able to talk to her again, not in the same way if they ever do reconcile. He gathered his things and walked back inside and straight down to the dungeons. He entered the common room and made a beeline to the dormitory. Hades’ bed curtains were closed. He had the same charms on them and he could hear a familiar crying.

“He hates me, nobody has ever hated me before,” a voice said. It took a moment for Severus to recognize it, but it was Regulus. Thank Merlin, he was talking to someone! Crying every morning and night while hiding away from everyone else couldn’t be healthy.
“That’s his loss then, isn’t it?” Hades added, and Severus could just see Hades doing things to calm Regulus down like stroking his cheek or rubbing circles against his back, between his shoulder blades. That’s what Severus could see someone doing for someone they loved. Did Hades love Reggie? Did he love anyone? He had been quite adamant that Severus be with him, had he been discarded for an easier target? Is that all this was? Severus climbed into his own bed and put a silencing charm over himself while he kicked his shoes off under the covers and wiggled out of his robe, kicking and tossing the articles of clothing onto the floor.

“Don’t you understand,” sniffles, “he’s never known anything about me, and the first thing he knows for a fact makes him hate me. How can he hate me, I’m his brother. He’s supposed to love me. Now everyone will hate me, I’m be a social leper if he tells everyone. You’ll be affected too. Why aren’t you upset about this? How are you so calm?” More horrendous sobbing. There was an absence of words until Regulus calmed down enough to speak again. Hades held Regulus to his side as he had on the train a year ago and let Regulus cry on him, his tears sticking to his shirt, none of that mattered though. It wasn’t that Regulus was weak, everyone was entitled to cry, it didn’t make anybody a lesser person or like the common stigma, it did not make anyone less of a man or rip away their manhood. It was healthy to cry, it was healthy to express emotions rather than waiting until they built up and you did something you regretted. Hades saw nobody expressing their feelings as weak, he had seen humans enough to know that it was a common issue between them, but they were above humans, and even Hades cried at times. He cried when he had to leave his father, he cried when he first went into a coma and woke up in a scary place (albeit he was a little kid), but Regulus was now the age that Hades had been then.

“I’m calm because I don’t want you to get any more upset. I promise I’m not calm, I want to do things to make you feel better, but I doubt they will actually help. Here,” Hades shifted so Regulus could curl up to the best of his ability and rest his forehead against Hades’ chest. “I know that you’re a smart, powerful, beautiful, nice person because I know you, because I’ve become friends with you, because I have taken time to learn these things about you. Your brother saw you in an awkward position and he took it badly. Right now I want to hit something, but I’m not going to because that upset you, wouldn’t it?” Regulus nodded against Hades’ chest, and Hades brushed Regulus’ long hair from his eyes and out of the tear stains running down his cheeks.

“You came here to be comforted, I’m going to do everything in my power to make you feel better, alright. You are special to me. One day you, and the others, will all stand beside me as we take back our world, as we make it perfect for us. When that happens, I’m sure you won’t be thinking about what your brother thought now. It doesn’t make you feel better right now, but what he thinks will never matter because he isn’t significant to our future, do you understand? I don’t want you to hate your brother, if you feel any respect of love for him then I will not take that away from you because that’s your right but him making you feel this way is unacceptable. He will feel just retribution in good time.”

Nobody could hear Severus’ laboured breathing as he himself tried to keep himself from doing something horribly stupid but he heard Hades and whatever dislike he had towards him melted away. He may act like he doesn’t care, but he had to care for them if he took the time to help them, or at least Regulus, like he did. Nobody would have done that for any other Slytherin. Even their head of house looks down at the homesick first years and sends them for potions rather than trying to help them through their hardship.

“I’m sorry I’ve been avoiding you…”
want to, we will eat and then we’ll come back here and I will help you with your homework.”

“Alright… I did something, I just don’t want you to hate me too. Promise me you won’t think any less of me if I tell you about what I did.”

“It depends on what you did, but I promise to think through everything you tell me and act accordingly. I will never push you away. You don’t have to worry about that,” Hades was propped up on one elbow as he stopped playing with Regulus’ hair and let his hand drift up to his chest to ghost over Regulus’ hands that were embedding in his shirt, holding onto him tightly.

“I went to the Headmaster. That’s how I got on the Quidditch team. I thought that if I did something that he liked then he would think me better than what he thought. He would like me more if I did something that he likes. So, in payment, I had to tell him some things. I didn’t tell him anything about you that is important, I just told him that you were really strong and that you had strong people who would do anything for you because you do. He dismissed me like a dirty handkerchief and… and I didn’t know if you would want to be around me after I sold you out. I’m so sorry,” Regulus started crying again but Hades didn’t push him away. He shushed him and ran his thumb over his knuckles as he cried.

“You didn’t do anything wrong. I’m glad that you knew not to give out more sensitive information. Calm down. You’ll be fine, nothing’s going to change. You’re fine,” Hades waited until Regulus calmed down. “Now, you need to tell me exactly what happened, or would you rather I look for myself. It’s up to you.”

“You can look for yourself -- I’m sorry!” Hades just nodded and reached under his pillow and pulled his wand out. He pointed it at Regulus’ forehead.

“This shouldn’t hurt, if it does, feel free to reject me,” then Hades was pushing into Regulus’ memories. He dug around, as gently as he could which must have been gently enough since he didn’t feel any rejection at his intrusion.

Regulus was taken up the stairs and into the headmaster’s office by Madam Pomfrey who had just given him a calming draught, this was the fifth time in three days and it was only the morning. She went to his head of house but Regulus was rejected by Slughorn for not being nearly good enough for his Slug Club which always took precedence. Hades felt anger starting to make itself known. He had to force it away and focus on the memory, knowing it was not safe to let his anger control him while in such an important place in someone. He would heal, since he wasn’t human but far better, but he would be incapacitated for longer than he could ever live with.

A moment after he knocked, the door swung open and Madam Pomfrey rushed him in, her hands gently guiding him, holding onto his shoulders to lead him to a chair. She pushed him into a seat and stood beside her patient.

“Albus, this is very important. Mr. Black has been having a difficult time. I suggested that he speak with you,” she held a hand on his shoulder, gauging for any change in his body like if he wanted to leave or not. She wasn’t about to let him leave, but she would feel it necessary to restrain him. She was loyal to her students, yes, but she was far more loyal to Dumbledore and she would do what was expected of her as she was helping him. It was all for the benefit of the world, she just couldn’t bring herself to physically harm someone like she had seen Albus do.

The Headmaster looked up with a grandfatherly smile. He nodded and set his quill in the little metal stand, twisting the lid back on top of the little pot of vibrant orange ink. There was a long row of inks on display and the orange was the fifth in from the left, judging by the missing pot and the similarities between the containers. There were eggplant purples and sickly pinks, boogie green and putrid yellow. All looked equally horrible, except perhaps the purple which did offer some form of
normalcy in the highly eccentric office. Regulus had turned his head to the side and looked at all the
titles on the shelves. He started to squirm upon reading the titles and Madam Pomfrey held him still.
He had changed his mind, he didn’t want to do this. His brother wasn’t worth it.

Hades could see the problem with his brother flash through his eyes like a brief cutscene. Regulus
had been with one of the approved friends of his, not Hades. It was Rabastan. Yes that day Bellatrix,
Rodolphus and Rabastan had come to visit. Rabastan was pressed against the armoire and as Hades
had sucked the soul from Farley, Regulus had his mouth open and was extracting blue and purple
mist from Rabatsan. There was no sure known amount of time that Sirius had seen him, but he must
have seen enough because when Regulus pulled away and offered reciprocation/payment for what
had occurred, Sirius slammed the door shut. Regulus had been horrified, but he had been angry and
sad.

Hours after their cousins and in-laws left, Sirius hexed Regulus and called him terrible names. It
wasn’t that they were inhumanly harsh either, to anyone else they would have brushed them off, but
Regulus had never heard Sirius talk like that to him. That wasn’t the only occasion that Sirius had
seen something off with his brother either. There was a memory more sensual in nature that Sirius
had cruelly interrupted before throwing Regulus to the floor and picking him up to continue his
verbal assault before he started to ‘prank’ Regulus into submission. Regulus was left a heap on his
floor and he honestly didn’t want to think of anything else that happened but the memory shifted
again. It wasn’t horrible, but it was detrimental to Regulus which was all that really mattered.

Against him, Regulus started to struggle and he drew himself out of his memories.
“I didn’t want you to see that. I’m sorry--”
“No, I’m sorry. Will you let me try again, to finish what happened with the headmaster?” Regulus
nodded and made eye contact with Hades before he attempted seeing into his mind again. Hades was
standing back in the headmaster’s office, but not Pomfrey was gone. Regulus was a cup of tea and it
appeared like he had drank from it. He felt how hazy the memory had become, this was an effect of
mind magic, certain potions and some spells, none of which were even remotely legal in the United
Kingdom.

“Mr. Black,” The headmaster started with a calm voice, “What can you tell me about your
friend, Mr. Peverell. He is very studious. I’m sure he is quite knowledgeable. Does he ever attempt
to teach you things that you perhaps may have seen your family perform strictly speaking of spells.
Any potions that he has brewed that made you uncomfortable or perhaps felt compelled to drink?”

“No, he wouldn’t do that to me,” Regulus’ voice didn’t sound like it usually did. There was a
gauze-y sound and even more there was a slight echo in the memory when Regulus spoke. Regulus
had been forced to speak, none of what he was saying was given freely. Hades doubted that Regulus
remembered much of this. Her wondered what he had missed but he had a feeling that Regulus
couldn’t remember any of this. Perhaps they had already discussed the placement in sports. Regulus
didn’t sound nor did his memory feel authentic in the fact it was stored without any tampering. Hades
heard Regulus whimper as he tried to break the small blocks in his mind, he felt, although distantly,
Regulus’ fingers curling up and digging into his skin until he relaxed. The blocks were gone.

“Tell me about Hades Peverell. Tell me, what is he? Why does he do what he does?” The
headmaster was no longer calm but standing up and pacing in front of Regulus. His hands behind
his back and his robes dragging along the floor almost hideously.

“H-he’s not h-human,” Regulus whimpered in the memory and fell forward to hold his face in his
hands. “I’m not going to t-tell you anything else!” Then Regulus got hit with another spell but even
with years of experience, Hades didn’t recognize it. It could very well be an original spell. If anyone
could create a spell himself it would be the esteemed Headmaster. Regulus cried out as he fell off the
chair, his body twitched and the Headmaster picked him up, sitting him back in the chair. Regulus’
memory got fuzzy again, he had to be fighting the compulsion charm, at least some variation of a
compulsion charm.

“Regulus,” he was calm once again and on his knees before Regulus. The old man’s beard and hair was a mess as he had been pacing and twitching nervously himself. He was frantic in his search to keep who he wanted safe. Hades was proving to be much more problematic than expected. “Please, tell me who Hades is keeping in his army? What does he plan to do?”

“It’s me, he has me! We’re going to rule the world, make it perfect, make it beautiful and proper. Put things back to the way they should be,” the youngest Black grew more passionate in his convictions, but whatever was causing his fervor was not natural and it felt foreign against Regulus’ natural magical signature. Hades didn’t need to know more to know that he would have to deal with the Headmaster sooner than he had planned, and pulled out of Regulus’ mind. He held his wand between his fingers but wrapped his arms around Regulus and waited until the other boy managed to fall asleep, which took over an hour and a half. Once Regulus was sleeping, he carefully but efficiently detangled himself from Regulus’ needy limbs and got out of his bed. He went to Severus’ bed and stood outside the closed curtains.

“Severus, I would like to speak with you. Should I come back later?” The curtains were ripped open by Severus who looked worse for wear. Hades frowned. He had two people who needed to be taken care of because they clearly had something happen to them that was making their ability to care for themselves inadequate. Severus pulled his legs up so that Hades could sit beside him. Hades took a seat and reached out to touch Severus’ cheek. It was warm and sticky with dried tears. What had he missed?

“What happened?”

“It was the Marauders, and then I only hurt Lily and… what do you need?”

“I felt you enter earlier and I couldn’t come to see if you were alright because you have been avoiding me. I see that you’re not ‘alright’. What did they do to you?” Hades frown deepened and Severus slapped Hades’ hand away from his face.

“Nothing. I’m fine. What do you need ?” Hades took a second to stare at Severus before standing up and leaving the dormitory. He navigated his way through the common room, although it was rather easy seeing as most people went out of their way to avoid him. He needed to speak with Slughorn. While he had Professor McGonagall under his thumb as well as Professor Flitwick, they were not scared of him nor would they let him break rules. Both thought him a prodigy, a genius, the second coming of Merlyn. If they only knew. He was more like Merlin than people knew. Both half inhuman and both insanely powerful with the mind and ability to change the world, except unlike Merlin, he was immortal and he had made four warriors who would be just as eternal. Call them his lieutenants if you will, but they were above the rest of their army and at his sides.

Hades made his way down the corridor, nearly running into the Fat Friar before apologising, to which the man just laughed and thanked him for caring, and then he was back on his way. He found Slughorn flirting with Madam Pince behind the library counter. She looked depressed and irritated. Madam Pince always seemed to look like a grouchy, wet cat and she was harpy when it came to her books. Madam Pince looked through Slughorn’s arms and at Hades, who was always in talking to her about the need for new books. He had offered to donate some and she was excited. When she had taken the offer to the headmaster, he point-blank refused her due to the fact they had no knowledge of how dangerous the books could be and they simply did not have the resources to check for harmful spells on or in any books. She regretted telling him who their donor would be, and when she handed him the parchment with all the titles that would be donated, she only became more adamant about how they would not be taking any books. He then offered to buy two copies of self-updating law books to appease her. She only pretended to be pleased, in reality she was hurt and
grew to hate the man even more.

“Excuse me, Professor Slughorn,” Hades stopped next to the potions professor and gave a warm smile to Madam Pince. She didn’t glare at him, rather she looked indifferent towards him, and that meant she liked him more than she liked anybody else. Slughorn turned and paled when he saw who was asking for him, but he couldn’t just turn him away.

“Yes, Mr. Peverell?”

“I would like to speak to you about something. Perhaps this would be better in your office. Will you be available after dinner? I know sometimes you are busy brewing and I wouldn’t want any of your volatile potions to become unstable and corrupt,” Hades offered a smile, it was clearly fake, but he didn’t have to pretend to like Slughorn, the professor knew his disdain for him. Slughorn, after that night in third year, stopped hounding Hades or even inviting him to any of his parties for his collection. He was free from his pestering and the man was by far too scared to ever try to cross the boy. Slughorn was weak, he knew this, he was not about to try and fight whatever Hades was.

“Oh, yes. Tonight is fine, give me fifteen minutes after dinner and then come to my office,” he looked down at Hades and then back at Madam Pince who just glared at him. He tapped his hands against his chest. “Good day Madam Pince, Mr. Peverell, I must excuse myself to check on some, er, volatile potions, yes, that is what I must do,” he scampered off in the most dignified manner that one could scamper. Hades leaned on the counter and smiled at Madam Pince who just scowled.

“What a silly little man…” he whispered and the crotchety librarian nodded before shooing him away so she could repair some of the books that are worse for wear or let students check out some of the other books. She was still upset about not being able to get new additions for her library. If only someone would rid of the headmaster, he was constricting them all and they were suffocating. The quality of education had fallen and not because of the teachers but because of the materials that the headmaster allowed them to teach and the material he asked them to avoid teaching.

When Hades went back into the dorm to check on Regulus, Severus was reading in bed. He looked up at Hades and sighed.

“Hades, can we talk?”

“Yes,” the half human turned to walk towards Severus’ bed. He stood and Severus pulled his legs up again and motioned for the other to sit down. He closed his book and rested it on his bedside table.

“I would like to apologise for my behaviour earlier. I know that you were concerned, I wasn’t in a good mood, not dismissing my actions, but telling you why I behaved in such a way. I don’t know how I will ever leave the common room again, I was so humiliated, I just want to…” he sighed and brushed his hair back and out of his face. “I want to hurt them so bad, just to make them feel what I felt. I was angry with you, I don’t know when I started to rely on you, and I shouldn’t expect anything from --”

“No, I should have been there,” Severus closed his mouth and let Hades continue. The other didn’t attempt to move or touch Severus, he didn’t want to make the other feel uncomfortable when it appeared that he was just growing comfortable around him again. He wouldn’t have paid him any mind, Severus, but the fact that he was speaking with Hades, make Hades very happy. He wanted to be there for his clan, his pack, pride, whatever one could call the five of them.

“I made it quite clear that I would protect you, and I have failed. It is me who should apologise and I am. I am truly sorry for not protecting you. I have neglected you and that was wrong, I should
have been more attentive. You don’t have to forgive me, but I would like to request that you talk with me when you need or want something. I gave you something, two years ago, and that was binding. I had chosen you, one among the very few, to stand with me, and you had accepted. I know it was out of a place far different than my reason for offering, but now you have your power and much more.”

“If I’m so powerful then why couldn’t I stop them?”

“You have power yes, but untrained it will be wasted. You haven’t given me much of a chance to guide you and teach you. You have not been able to grow, to flourish, like the others… May I touch you?” Severus saw how Hades held his hands, he looked uncomfortable. What harm could come from letting the other do as he wanted. He wouldn’t be mauled nor molested, he knew that Hades was not lowly enough to perform such plebeian acts. Severus nodded and then Hades touched his face, his fingers brushing against his cheek. It was unlike the other times and he saw the crackling blue that connected his fingertips to Severus’ skin. It was like electricity, burning electricity and it stung but it was pleasant. He felt something inside of himself shift, and it wasn’t anything sexual, no, he wasn’t experiencing arousal, at least not in that way. He felt power rising to the surface like blood swelling in a cut.

“So much power,” Hades shifted and sat up on his knees, facing Severus completely. Hades’ hand moved so his entire palm was causing blue sparks to connect their skin. He slid his hand up over his ear and into his hair. Severus’ eyes managed to grow even darker. His lips parted just enough and he leaned closer for more touches, he wanted to feel more energy bubbling under the surface. Severus slowly let himself be guided onto his back as he closed his eyes eventually, feeling completely sated in a way he had never felt before. His body pulsed and thrummed with all this heat.

“What are you doing?”

“I’m calling up those parts you have repressed, those things that you don’t want to be, their pieces of your magic that have been hidden away by some other magical signature. I’ve broken all those little staples that limited your ability to channel magic and not only are you feeling the entirety of the magic you were gifted with naturally, but I am bringing forth your new nature. Do you like the way it feels?”

“Yes,” Severus had a hand over his sternum and through the clothes there was still a steady stream of magical warmth, it was created by Hades’ desire and wish for Severus’ power to come forth. He could only manipulate the magic of those that he had given the gift of immortality to, they were below him but above all other humans, therefore he had a form of control over them. It was more of a safety measure in case one ever truly managed to betray him, he could take his gifts back, likely draining all of their magic and leaving them a squib in the process, a mortal squib. He doubted he had made any errors in his choices though, they would be loyal, even the two that tried to fight their need for him now, they would eventually learn to fall in place.

Hades drew his hand back and let Severus’ body continue to surge with all the new power, with all the new energy and magic that he had never been able to call forth on his own. Hades leaned in close against Severus.

“You are so beautiful, Severus. So strong,” Severus’ chest moved a little as he rose to fit the praise, his shoulders were far pushed back into the pillows and bedspread while his back arched slightly. He had been forcing himself closer to the touches, to the sensual fingers that were bringing forth hot static that crackled and burned him so nicely.

“I need to check on Regulus, if you need me, you will come to me, yes?”

“Always,” Hades smiled warmly, one of the rare occasions where he was not throwing up a mask
to hide himself, rather he smiled genuinely. He had to remind himself that Severus was one of the few people that would likely refrain from spreading his weaknesses, no, he was definitely not someone who would do something like that. He left Severus to dwindle from his stimulation and pushed the curtains of his own bed aside. Regulus had hardly moved at all, the only obvious movement that he noticed was that Regulus had curled around his pillow and it looked as if he had been crying again. He sat down on the edge of the bed and pressed soft kisses against his face until Regulus stirred awake.

“How are you feeling?”

“Better, thank you,” Regulus slowly uncurled and Hades just rested a hand on his thigh.

“You don’t have to get up yet. You can stay here as long as you want, although someone might say something if you don’t sleep in your own bed overnight; we can’t have Slughorn getting all weird about this,” Regulus nodded and reached out to slide his hand against Hades’. Hades took his hand and pressed a kiss to his knuckles. “Do you have any homework? We can do it tonight or we can do it tomorrow, it’s up to you.”

“We can do it tonight,” Regulus pushed himself into a sitting position with one hand, “I can’t wait until the year is over…” To anyone else, this could be a statement about not wanting to do schoolwork, because what child actually enjoyed homework and forced social interaction with people one hated? But when Regulus wished for the school year to come to an end, it was because he wanted to spend time with Hades, Lucius and Bellatrix. All who doted on him almost constantly since he was the youngest. Severus had been ignoring them, even when they were in the same house, but Hades told him not to worry, so he didn’t.

One of the common signs of affection was Hades running his knuckles against your cheek and Regulus indulged, he took and loved every touch, caress and kiss. He scooted over on the small twin bed. They were both small enough to fit on the bed together, although they both knew that Regulus would shift and around until he was mostly on top of Hades. So when Hades kicked off his shoes, to stay off for a few hours at least, and took off his robe, folding it and resting it on the lid of his chest, Regulus tried to look at Severus who seemed to be as upset as he had been. Hades moved back into view, obscuring the other boy from Regulus’ sight before he slid under the covers with Regulus and lay on his back, hooking an arm around the other and pulling him close. The youngest Black did squirm around until he was resting on Hades’ chest, a leg pulled up and resting across both of Hades’ legs. The position was so comfortable, it was warm if not in temperature than in emotion, and Hades kissed him one last time before he nodded off. He hadn’t done much of anything all day, but he hadn’t been sleeping. He had been going into trances to visit his father. They were building their plans. Only a few more human years and then they could start their campaign in earnest. He already had what he wanted, he had goals and plans, he had a core group that he could trust above the others, and he was expanding influence.

Many Slytherins were still leaving Hogwarts and running to the Dark Lord to serve him as their families or friends did/had done, but all students were aware of Hades’ strength and while they were scared of him, he could win them over, he could do anything if he put his mind to it. He had been so determined to keep who he had claimed that he had neglected his other duties. Although it would be like this again because Regulus, Bellatrix, Lucius and Severus were more important. They would strive to reach their goals and do what needed to be done, but if any of his chosen needed him, then he would tend to them and their issues first. They were far more important than any of the others, and while he loved his father, and wanted to allow him to walk on earth and chose a concubine, he also wanted his intimates to always be pleased with where they were, who they were, what they were, and how they would continue on in the future.
Lucius had been presented to the Lord Voldemort by his father and that bastard of a man dared to mark him. Thankfully, such foolish human magic couldn’t taint Lucius, which did cause him to be punished. It made Hades livid, the idea that someone else dared to place their tainted magic and brand one of his chosen; not only this, but he then continued to torture Lucius for his own inadequacy. Abraxas spoke about the ‘Dark Lord’ calling him a mostly benevolent but firm ruler when he seemed like nothing but a bully. Hades knew he had met Voldemort. He had come to his house as Lord Malfoy’s guest. Hades had wanted to challenge him, or at least intimidate him, but it wouldn’t be good to show everything too early in the game. He hadn’t officially become an enemy of the man and he wanted to take him down as quick as possible and take his followers down as well. All those who were still sane and innocent enough to live normal, human lives would be spared but those that were too corrupted by darkness would be sacrificed to his father, preparing for his excursion to the mortal realm.

The next task, after the Lord Voldemort had fallen, was to quickly end the Light Lord, or Albus Dumbledore, and whatever army he had at his disposal, while they all let their guard down as they celebrated the end of their ‘oppression’, their war. Once Albus was dead, Lucius could do as he did best and manipulate anyone important in the ministry into doing what they wanted. Hades wouldn’t make Lucius dish out his own money too often to bribe officials, Hades would help pay for the costs, but if they were to completely raze the Ministry, they needed them to think everything was safe once again and while they settled back into normalcy, they needed to pass the laws that Hades wanted and dismiss the others. He had a lot of power in the British Ministry as a Peverell and he planned to use the advantage fully.

There was just so much left to do, and he still had to wait another three years before even starting his own work. He could direct Bellatrix and Lucius from the sidelines as he had been doing, but he needed to wait until Regulus was out of Hogwarts and ready to learn the secrets of the Black family, just as Bella had. He needed to learn all the different magicks that could be learned with the resources, a very abundant amount of resources, the Black libraries provided. He would continue to push Severus in the right direction but he knew that doing anything too obvious in regards to having him learn what he wanted him to learn, would only make Severus either dislike him or do the opposite of what he wanted out of spite for thinking that he could control him. Severus was a very intricate person with many complex patterns yet a few simple designs; he was very attractive due to his uniqueness. All of his clan were attractive: appealing to the senses, stimulating his and each other’s thoughts and ideas. They would be near unstoppable with all their different powers and knowledges, they were all different and that created a single power, while working together, that was more well rounded than any other.

Hades was gently woken by Severus who looked more nervous than Hades had seen him since his first visit to Peverell Estate.

“What’s wrong?” Hades reached up with his free arm, as the other was around Regulus as the other boy made soft sleeping sounds while he drooled on Hades’ chest, Hades couldn’t blame him and in its own way it was actually quite adorable.

“Professor Slughorn and Headmaster Dumbledore are in the common room, they are heading in here right now. Get up and close the curtain, come on!” Hades didn’t move as fast as Severus would, but he gently pried Regulus off of him, the other boy moaning at the loss of his heat source and pillow. Hades substituted his body with a pillow and Regulus seemed to stir for a second before settling again. When Regulus was assuredly sleeping, Hades pulled his robe on and padded out into the common room. He barely made it out of the dorm when both the headmaster and Slughorn stood before him.

“Hello Headmaster, Professor,” he inclined his head respectfully. Slughorn held his hands, wringing them nervously. He wasn’t entirely sure what had happened to cause such concern with the
Headmaster, but when Albus had asked for Hades and said it was urgent, knowing what the Professor knew, he was rightfully worried. Slughorn had made up his mind that he had hurt another student, probably killed one. He saw the similarities, he remembered little Tom Riddle and he remembered how evil that boy was despite looking so innocent, just like another one of his Slytherins, one that was even deadlier because he was in a position of power as one of the most affluent families in the European wizarding community. He was also something else, something that wasn’t human, there was no way that he was human, yet he appeared to be human. It was beyond bizarre and confusing, but Slughorn was ever so persistent and he was determined to find a way to save the rest of his snakes (and more importantly, get Regulus Black, an important figure in his collection, back into his pocket).

“Mr. Peverell!” The headmaster greeted warmly, almost grandfatherly if Hades wasn’t so observant. There was a glint of malintent in the old man’s eyes, but what struck Hades as odd is the fact that the headmaster didn’t recognize his own feelings of hatred towards him, it was as if he was fighting in a war against himself.

“Let’s take this to my office, shall we?” Slughorn led the way and the Headmaster hummed to himself as he walked behind the potions master and Hades glowered at those Slytherins brave enough to watch him cross the common room as if he were a prisoner in crucifying manacles. Hades entered the office and took a seat on one of the seats in front of the desk and Professor Slughorn took the seat at his desk. The headmaster cleared his throat and stood back behind the chair. Hades ignored it and crossed his legs.

“You realize that your disrespect will not be tolerated, Mr. Peverell. Your family’s influence will not save you here,” Headmaster Dumbledore started and Hades stood up, turning to face the headmaster. He leaned back on the chair.

“I’m sorry for the disrespect sir, I thought it would be more comfortable for us to sit. I don’t mean to be rude, but you are quite old and I wouldn’t want you to get tired. I have a niggling feeling that this conversation might take quite a while… may we have a seat Professor Slughorn?” The professor looked torn, the headmaster looked like he was containing anger, and Hades looked everything but apologetic or caring, in fact he looked like he wanted to eat Dumbledore’s liver or something.

“I don’t see why not,” the headmaster conceded and they both took a seat.

“Also, I would like to note that the professors and yourself seem to use my family against me more than I loom them as a threat over any of you. That is quite alright, I wouldn’t want to get you in trouble however, but let’s not mention my mother or father again. They do not deal with my school life and I do not interfere with their lives. Let us proceed to speak about what you feel we must.”

“Have you been, er, hurting Regulus Black?” Slughorn asked suddenly. It was killing him. Sirius apparently had gone to the headmaster with concerns about his brother and Hades’ relationship, mentioning that Hades was quite dominant and persuasive, that he could easily demand things from Regulus and poor Regulus was simply too weak to refuse, Sirius made sure to exaggerate just how weak he thought Regulus was. Slughorn doubted that Hades would use his power for something as insignificant as sexual gratification or powerplay seeing as he could get both of those things by, routinely, engaging in staring contests with the headmaster or simply having a commanding presence, one that spooked others and made them either too scared to go against his will or made them easily bend to it. Either way, he needed little reassurance of how powerful he was, and so many girls, and boys, would willingly sleep with him if not for love for the assurance that if anything were to go beyond that they would inherit the Peverell fortune.

“Of course not!” Hades sat up, “Has someone hurt him? I know about his brother, but he has been speaking to me about him. I can’t tell you what he said, you can threaten me all you like, but I will
not let his trust be misplaced in me. Was is Potter? I know he hates Regulus because Sirius does, but hurting him is not the answer, he is so… he’s so Regulus, and he is emotionally less stable than others and he needs reassurance, and if they have hurt him then I will just have to--” He purposely let more spill than most would have wanted.

“You will have to what, Mr. Peverell?” The headmaster guided, trying to back him into a corner and get all the information he could possibly want from him.

“I’m sorry sir, but Regulus is my friend, I would… I would want to hurt whoever hurt him just as bad as they hurt him. He’s practically defenseless!” Hades was standing now, and while part of the anger was fake, some of it was real. They had thought him capable to hurt Regulus of all people? Slughorn was a Slytherin and therefore far from blind, even if he was an idiot, he should have been sure that Hades at least held some form of positive feelings for Regulus if he couldn’t make out the fact they were in some form of relationship. Not even Hades knew what to call their relationship, it was different and he shared it with others.

“I see,” the headmaster reached up to stroke his beard from the bottom of the tie around the center of it all the way down to the lopsided ends. Hades slowly sat back down, curling a leg under his bottom. There was only so much time until he was free for the summer and he could spend all the time he wanted with them.

“Professor Slughorn,” the professor’s head jerked up, brought out of thought, to look at the headmaster. “May we have a moment alone? I would like to discuss some things that I feel should remain between headmaster and student. Perhaps you could check on Regulus?”

“He’s in my bed, professor, he was napping…” Hades sounded weak and honestly he felt weak in that moment. He couldn’t very well push the headmaster aside and tell him that he didn’t want to talk nonsense with the barmy old coot and he sure as hell didn’t want their incompetent head of house scaring poor Regulus, the boy was already so fragile due to what had happened. The potions master nodded and left the office. The headmaster stood up, very clearly to Lord over Hades, who he felt unconfident beside anyway because it made the headmaster feel impotent.

“My boy,” he started, “I’ve heard some rather disturbing things about you. I know that you’re not… well, I’ve learned that you aren’t human. Do your parents know? I don’t know exactly what you could be, dear child, but I know that you must be frightened due to the wizarding world’s strict policies on non-humans and part-humans. You will not be sent away from Hogwarts for something you cannot control, but I need to know about what you are so I can help you to my best ability,” he knew this would happen sometime, but better sooner than later he supposed. The only thing he could do would be to play it up and make the headmaster feel in control again, which he obviously felt he didn’t have when he didn’t have anything on Hades.

“I- I… nobody knows, or at least I’ve tried to keep it from everybody. I think only a few people know, to think that they told you, no offense, is rather sad. I thought I could trust them. I also don’t know what I am, I just woke up from my coma but I was different, I didn’t feel human, at least I don’t think I did. I don’t really know what human feels like. I can do odd things, sir. I try not to hurt anybody but sometimes the urges become uncontrollable. I had a slip-up in third year, it was so soon and the stress was getting to me. I can control it now, whatever it is that has made me so… impure. You aren’t going to tell the Ministry and make me register as a creature?”

“No, no. I will not, my dear boy. I don’t agree with the laws myself,” a lie, Hades knew this because the old man had helped pass some of those laws, “and I would like to help keep you and all the other students safe. I would also like to talk to you about some of your ideas, this informant of mine has let me know some rather disconcerting things about what you think about the world. Would
you be willing to share, or should I continue on what I know,” after a long silence, it was clear that Hades wasn’t going to answer. The headmaster continued speaking since the other wasn’t going to offer him anything to work with. “You have views that are similar to another boy that passed through these halls, was in the same house as you, everything. He was even as strong as you,” Hades had to contain a scoff. Nobody in England was as magically powerful as him, that was just a fact. However he did have his suspicions about wizards in Africa and China, they were quite talented and he was sure someone there could possibly rival him one day, but that day was not anywhere in the near future.

“I’m sure rumors have spread about this now man, he is quite famous and just as vicious. Lord Voldemort,” Dumbledore had suspected a flinch but Hades didn’t even bat an eyelash as the name, “and he hasn’t changed the world for the good. He is simply scaring people. He also started with a small group of friends who believed him to be some powerful being, is this something you can relate to? You won’t be punished, I would just like to understand.”

“I don’t have any followers, none beside one, who obviously betrayed me. He can’t be much of a loyal believer if he gave me up to the headmaster, now can he? I do not want to start a war, I would like to change things legally, I will do everything in good time. One thing I know about myself is that I will be living for a very long time, enough time to watch others try and fail at trying to control the Ministry and even Hogwarts. Don’t be threatened by me, though, I am only a fifth year. Would you like me to rethink my ideals? Do you have any books on law that I can read perhaps, anything that can help me? You want change to be for the good too, you want to help the world? Save magic? Could you help me?” Hades saw the victorious glint in the headmaster’s eyes and he knew that he had the old man hooked.

Dumbledore was sure that he had just chained up a dragon, stopped a threat. If he could offer his assistance, he could help guide the boy to work according to his wishes and if people disagree he could isolate the boy and claim he was trying to start a war, he could make him to be evil. Everyone would listen to him, he was, of course, the victor with the battle of Grindelwald, the protector of the British magicals and the ‘only man that Voldemort fears’. He could easily become a saviour from his own tyranny if he could cage that power and use it for himself.

“I am sure we could work something out, dear boy. I would like to speak with you on one last thing before I let you return to your friends. Where did you get your wand?”

“From Mr. Ollivander’s shop. He had to call in a specialist, they said they found the wand in their shop mysteriously and it suited me, would you like to try it? I think it’s a special wand or something, it channels magic so well?” The headmaster nodded and Hades pulled his wand out and handed it to the headmaster. He tried to cast with it. Of course, this wand was not of mortals, or at least Dumbledore thought it was an ingenious invention of the eldest Peverell brother. It had worked for him before and it was notorious for not being faithful, but he couldn’t cast with it. He frowned when he saw Hades smirking in the corner of his eye. The brat knew exactly what this wand was and even more unsettling, it was faithful to the boy, a wand that in legend was created by Death. The boy’s name was Hades, was there some sort of connection? No, he was just a boy, a half-human perhaps, but he was just a child, no evil mastermind, not until he planted it firmly in his brain that he was quite evil and driving him into insanity and cruelty just as he had helped drive Tom Riddle into.

Hades walked back to his room with his wand in hand, Slughorn was across from Regulus who was curled up on Hades’ bed still.

“Why don’t you go to your own bed?” Slughorn tried again.

“Please, let me stay here?” Regulus repeated his answer yet again. Hades cleared his throat and
stalked towards his bed. He sat on the side and reached out to pet Regulus.

“I don’t mind him in my bed, professor, I understand that it wouldn’t be proper for him to sleep in it while I sleep in it, but while I’m not sleeping in it I don’t see a problem. If it makes him feel better, than I see no problem with it at all,” Hades didn’t even have to receive an answer, but he had scared his head of house away again as the man practically bolted from the dormitory. Hades leaned down and pressed kisses against Regulus’ face until the other was laughing.

“So, what happened?”

“Oh, the old man thought he could try and control me. Don’t worry, he won’t be able to. I wish I could make this bed bigger so I could bring Severus in to join us. Do you think I could do it?”

Regulus just nodded and Harry started to cast spacial-disfigurement charms and made the bed a little larger, wider. He pulled the blankets back and promised to get something for him to eat before he walked out of the room. Severus had left the dormitory, so he was probably in one of the abandoned classrooms brewing. He tickled the pear once he got to the portrait and asked the over-eager house elves for something good but light since Regulus hadn’t been eating healthily and he didn’t want him to get sick, but he also wanted him to indulge in a little bit of dessert, which he asked the house elves for and got a lot of happy responses. He left with a basket of food. The rest of the night went quite well, and the headmaster did lend him law books, but they were enchanted to tell what the headmaster wanted him to believe. He was thankful that the headmaster thought him to be stupid because he didn’t have to work at all to appease him and keep him thinking that he was misinformed.

Chapter End Notes

I know that I'm focusing on Hades/Regulus right now. Regulus is also the shy, withdrawn, fragile boy that needs protection. He is younger than them by a year, so that also means that Hades will want to pay special attention to him, just like Bellatrix will likely be trusted with more things since she is the eldest of them all. Severus of course, is just being a little butt. He doesn't really know what he wants, and that's completely okay, but he knows that he needs comfort and help that Lily had stopped giving him and now that his mother had sent him away, to keep him safe but to also because she didn't want to leave Tobias no matter how badly he treated her, he needs someone that cares for him because he's feeling pretty rejected.

Sirius is such an asshole. I honestly see James as the bigger douche, and Remus trying to get them to stop but in the end giving up and just going along with them while Peter just takes the crumbs because he's not really, well, he's just not good at anything, he's just lucky/glad that someone wanted to be friends with him. He's also very impressionable.

Speaking of impressionable, so is Regulus. I don't know how I'm going to use that right now, but he is. There's a whole spiel about being impressionable, influenced and weakness by Oscar Wilde from his only book "The Picture of Dorian Gray" but I forgot what it said and all that, but it exists. It's in the first chapter if anybody is interested and I think that book sort of helped inspire me to write this fic (along with a million other fics), some other books and some music. Obviously the band Chevelle (since the title is from their song 'Jars') and also, at the moment, A Perfect Circle.

Anyway, I hope you enjoyed this chapter!
Hades’ wing of the Peverell Estate was full during the summer. Bellatrix came to visit often in order to escape her husband who was fanatic about the current Dark Lord, Voldemort. She played along well enough but she was truly loyal to Hades, unlike the Dark Lord, he had the power and talent that would let him actually win the war and fight any opposition. Lucius had also stayed in the room beside Regulus’ room during the summer. He told his father he was building political interest, and making friendships that would give him an advantage later in life, and he was mostly doing this; except, unlike Abraxas, Lucius didn’t plan on following the Dark Lord. He felt like all the dark wizards were following the Dark Lord just because he was the only thing that looked remotely hopeful and it was pathetic. He was building his bridges for when he helped dominate the Ministry for Hades, for their nameless, but nonetheless powerful, organization. They were also quite small, only five members total, but they were by far more organized than either faction from what they knew or saw. The Order of the Phoenix, a supposed ‘secret’ organization tasked with bringing down Voldemort was a mess, the Ministry had never been stable to begin with and the Dark Lord was losing his mind a little more every waking second.

Regulus had been staying at Peverell Estate as well, in the room beside Hades’, but he rarely left his room unless he was joining with Hades and/or the others in the library or Hades’ massive bedroom. Regulus had quite noticeably grown into a different being. Where he would have usually been shy and withdrawn, he was becoming forward and demanding, but not in a rude or horrible way. In fact, Regulus was much more sure about what he wanted, how he wanted things, and all the other little details about things that he wanted to happen, do, have, etc. He had packed most of his things and practically moved into the room beside Hades’, into the Estate. While Sirius had run away, he still felt cold and alone when he wasn’t around the people he knew loved him unconditionally. His family came with prices, with a fine print that he didn’t want to deal with when he needed comfort, which was often. He had known that Sirius hadn’t been a very nice brother, but he hadn’t realized how serious Sirius’ behaviour had been. He was more of a terror rather than a misbehaved child, he needed someone to straighten him out, not to be disowned. Either way, Regulus separated himself from the Black family, all beside Bellatrix, and joined his new family, his chosen family.

Within the first two weeks of the summer holidays, Hades had taken his coterie to Diagon Alley for the day and then to the Paris sect for further shopping and relaxation. Of course the Black cousins needed no financial funds nor did Lucius, but Hades had insisted on paying for everyone, he had far more monetary assets than any of his clique and spending a small fortune on them would be nothing, not even close to a dent in his gold. Bellatrix had of course insisted they go to Knockturn Alley as soon as they arrived to the Leaky Cauldron. Severus was following the group rather reluctantly. He hadn’t wanted to leave his room, he had been having a rather hard time this summer, in fact, his mother hadn’t responded to him, hadn’t contacted him, he had heard nothing from, of or about her for several months and it had gone beyond worrying and annoying him into panic although he would rather die before admitting to such a weakness.

Speaking of Severus, Lily had been quite adamant about severing their friendly connection near completely. She blames Hades and he did as well because it was just easier to blame Hades, it was so easy to blame someone else, but ever since Hades had touched him, not even sexually but still wholly sensually, he had felt a stronger desire to be around him and it was infuriating how dependent
he thought himself to be on the little noble. Severus lagged behind the others, hunched over and glaring at the other occupants of the Alley and patrons of the shops. They entered Knockturn and Bella was first in the clothing store dancing with the mannequins on display and cackling maniacally as the shop owner (or perhaps just an employee) watched on, clearly recognizing the eldest Black sister and her crazy ways. Hades stroked his hands down some of the fabrics and just admired them. He had more than enough clothes and he was far from pompous enough to pretentious enough to buy even more garments but he knew for a fact that Severus was desperately in need for more clothing. He was dressed in shabby rags. It wasn’t like Hades neglected him, he had bought him many clothes, but Severus wore them once just to appease his ‘master’ and then he left them hanging in his closet to be abandoned. He wished Severus would wear his nicer outfits but he knew that it was a matter of pride for the other and a flurry of other emotions that made him feel piss-poor to accept Hades’ charity. Although none of the union thought of Hades’ pampering as charity, especially not towards Severus, their less wealthy member, but rather it was exactly that: pampering. He gave them things, gifted them with all they could possibly want, because he cared for him and while he was lacking some social skills he was more than adequate to try and win them over by other means.

Regulus was dragged around shortly after Bella was finished twirling around by Bella who loved clothes in a non traditional way. She wasn’t like the other pure blooded girls, not that she was completely different from them. She loved her clothes, but in reality, she wore the same three outfits, buying clothes because she could and because she liked looking at pretty things. Nobody would be able to tell that Bella was rather insecure, even if they were more than friendly. It was a recent tidbit of information Hades had found out completely unexpectedly. Bella however knew she was strong, that she was wealthy and held political influence, but she highly doubted her looks. She hated her frizzy hair, which all except the most flamboyant of them (Lucius), thought was cute on her and she hated her large bust, Narcissa was always such a small chested girl and she was rather jealous. Do you know how hard it is to duel with large breast getting in your way. Chest fat was so annoying and completely unnecessary. So when Bella bought herself clothes, they had all learned not to expect to see her wearing them often if at all.

While the cousins ran around the store collecting clothing and gossiping amongst themselves about nothing important, Lucius sat on a chair by the window, legs crossed, cane rested against his thigh, and his head propped up on his elbow. He observed the ongoings of his lovers in the shop. He would have never expected himself to even speak to Bellatrix about more than family or political matters, but he found her quite interesting (although he truly hated her frizzy hair, it was cumbersome at the best and worst of times). He enjoyed Regulus as well, although he knew him only over the summers and they weren’t close enough to send each other owls over the school year. He and Severus were at opposite ends of the stay at Hogwarts when they met, and he had protected and taught him how to stay relatively safe and respectable in Slytherin before he left.

Lucius didn’t want to marry Narcissa at all, but she had been out of Hogwarts for two years now and it grew closer and closer to the day that he would be forced to wed her. He would have rather married Bellatrix but she had already been promised to the Lestrange family since shortly after her birth. He had originally been betrothed to Andromeda, but she ‘escaped’ and wed with a muggleborn and then became disowned. It was nearly a reason to start a blood feud but it would have been very inadvisable to start shit with such a powerful family, the Blacks, and while the House of Malfoy was quite formidable, it was a known fact that they were still not as imposing or important as the Black, Peverell, Lestrange and ‘Founder’ (Slytherin, Ravenclaw, Hufflepuff, Gryffindor) Houses/Families.

While Lucius just watched his lover and future lovers, Severus took a seat beside him. They sat in comfortable silence, both of their eyes catching on Hades who had helped Regulus into his own new blouse (because it was definitely a woman’s shirt) and then let the woman pin it and sew it to fit him perfectly. The stitching took but a few minutes and then he removed his shirt and folded it, setting it
on the pristine, glass countertop that held the money box under the wooden board under the glass top. Lucius didn’t notice when Severus shifted around, obviously uncomfortable and soon Bellatrix was getting a new corset, one that she would likely try to wear for at least a day. It truly looked like something that only a place like Knockturn Alley would sell with all sorts of buckles and odd leather pieces between the metal ribs. It came up to wrap around her neck and was cut under her bust because in all honestly she could hardly fit her bust into a corset, let alone a corset that would also fit her waist. She didn’t have to have it sewn up as much, but the strap along the back of her neck and the cut under the bust was adjusted nicely and then she also got a long skirt that looked like ripped up fabric sewn on top of each other, but it flowed nicely. Regulus had purchased a few other things since he had them hidden in the folds of the blouse he had and Hades gave him an odd look but kissed his forehead before paying. He also gave Bella a kiss since he hadn’t had an entire year to be around her. He could get by just knowing that one day he would have the world beneath his feet and he would have his most precious, most loyal, most excellent beside him, taking in the glory with him. He had chosen them wisely. Perhaps he had made a quick judgement, he had chosen within a year, but he was positive that he chose right, even the most moody of them, Mr. Severus Snape.

They left the little clothing shoppe and Hades took them to the apothecary and nudged Severus towards the tall aisles of shelves. The other teen was quite reluctant however and by the time Hades was wanting to leave, Severus had just started to give in and look around. He only purchased one thing but Hades knew that Severus would use the ingredients he either collected for Yuletide and his birthday or stole/received stolen ingredients from the Hogwarts’ potions cupboard. They waited, and Lucius used the snake head of his cane to shuffle through some things, not wanting to dirty his hands with such common things, or something pompous like that, and Bella was looking around as well. She wasn’t as experienced in brewing as Severus, her strong suit was charms and DADA but she was still proficient enough to make herself some potions if she ever needed to and she could admit it was fun and a little calming to just focus on one thing (although it was a little difficult). Severus set a variety of seeds on the counter in one bag. He just wanted these seeds. They were actual seeds, not phosphorus beans, Hades looked at him curiously but bought them. Severus let out a quiet thank you but he was already thinking of a way to pay him back. Bella finished poking the jaw of eyeballs that blinked at her, and they walked down Knockturn. They ran into a group of people who turned towards them and scoffed. They saw Bella and Lucius and addressed them, ignoring Hades, Regulus and Severus. It was clear that Regulus knew who these people were because he shrunk back behind Hades and Bella, both of whom wrapped an arm around themselves to hold onto him and shield him.

“Finally coming back to where you belong. Sick of pretending to be better than us?” The man said and Hades was already angry at him for making Regulus scared and Bellatrix stood up straighter, to look more intimidating, which she was really good at, Lucius did the same thing and Bellatrix let her wand drop from her sleeve.

“I don’t feel that your comment deserves a thoughtful response as it is clearly didn’t have much thought put into it at all. Do you even have the capacity to make decisions by yourself or are you just repeating what you heard someone else say you little parrot?” Bella let go of Regulus and poked her finger into his chest. He was only barely shorter than her, she was just a tall lady and she was wearing heels which only made her seem even taller.

“I don’t like the tone you’re taking with me,” he turned to Lucius. “Are you going to let her talk to me like this?”

“I don’t see anything wrong with the way she has addressed you. You started by rudely commenting towards us, and she simply returned the action. I think you should reevaluate what your next words will be and make sure they aren’t as crude as you usually speak because if they are, then I’m sure Bella would like a new necklace and what’s better to decorate with than your tongue,” the other man called some of his other goons towards him and they let their wands drop into their hands.
The short shit walked up to Lucius, turning away from Bella, because he knew she could wipe the cobblestone with him easily. Lucius at least was probably just too pretty to be all that powerful.

“What did you just say to me?”
“I’ll rephrase in words dumb enough so you can understand. Fuck off or we’ll chop you into tiny pieces. Nobody would even suspect anything was out of the ordinary if we mutilated a death eater piece of filth like yourself,” the first spell was cast but Lucius deflected it with a shield and Bella took over while he gathered up Severus and Regulus and took them away from the battle, mostly because Regulus wasn’t all that skilled in offensive magic and also because they could get hurt due to their inexperience. Hades stayed to fight off the two lackeys and soon they were against the cobblestone, eyes wide, chest’s frozen as they had been hit with the killing curse. Hades could use the killing curse like pure sex, it was seductive how powerful and dangerous he was, how he could take life so simply and Bella knocked the other man down onto his back and he scrambled around looking for his dropped wand. Hades picked up his wand and snapped it in one hand before tossing the twig back to him.

“You’re like ten!” He shouted, throwing his dismembered wand away from him and pushing himself back, away from the danger ahead of him.

“I’m nearly sixteen I’ll have you know, and quite honestly I’m still a lot younger than you. How does it feel to be knocked on your arse by us? Shouldn’t be a surprise, weakling. You cattle, sheep, following your master and what has he done for you? Got you and your friends persecuted and you dare speak to my family in such a way? You are beneath us, beneath mudbloods, beneath muggles, you are beneath dirt, you are filth. Bella?” Bella nodded and ended him. Lucius was the first to notice the eyes from people in the shoppes, peeking out and looking at them. They didn’t have a chance to obliviate them all, but they weren’t likely to testify against them either in front of the Wizengamot. They didn’t trust the Ministry, nobody who frequented Knockturn did and especially not those who ran some of the shadier businesses down the alley.

“Let’s go,” Lucius called and Bella slid her wand back up her sleeve and Hades tucked his wand against his forearm before they both turned, leaving the corpses on the floor. Hades stopped to and turned back to cut their left sleeves open and putting their bodies under a stasis to preserve their marks, as they would likely fade as their magic left their bodies. He then rejoined the group he came with and they went to the Paris branch of Diagon Alley.

“Who were they, at Knockturn?” Hades asked, his fingers carding through Regulus’ hair as he sat between his legs on the floor, leaning back against the chair and then against Hades’ calve and thigh. Bella sat beside him and Lucius to his other side, Severus was almost across the room, or at least that’s how it seemed compared to how close everyone else was to him.

“Johnathan Goyle. Real piece of work. I would have liked to cut out his tongue actually, that was a good idea Luci,” Lucius flinched at the name, his eye twitching, he really hated being called that. “Anyway, the last time I saw him was when I was back with Ruddy, he had his death eater friends over and he expected me to play housewife and serve them. I told him to go fuck themselves. I don’t serve anyone,” she looked to Hades and he only nodded in approval, he didn’t want them to serve him, he wanted them to rule with him, or at least close to being equals.

“How is Ruddy doing?” Lucius asked, his best ‘fake-interested’ voice being used.

“Hopefully not very well. Perhaps in some other world we could have been friends but he’s like a little puppy trailing after the Dark Lord. I don’t like puppies, I much prefers kitty-cats…” She faded out of the conversation thinking about everything that was to come in the future. Just what would
they be gifted with, how would their lives change, what would happen to them all? Would they be consumed by work, purebloods didn’t work hard they worked smart. Purebloods of noble/ancient or noble and ancient houses rarely had problems finding work as they preceded their family’s line of work and were quickly accepted into adult society. However with the uprising of the Dark Lord and the Light Lord, who had distinctly torn the wizarding world apart by calling one form of magic evil and the good when magic was truly neutral, even sentient magic was neutral. The olde families, almost always involved in the Dark Arts, were being singled out and isolated for their beliefs and practices. There were several other reasons why the Dark Arts and the followers of this practice were being persecuted as well, but she wasn’t thinking of those, her mind was on a straight path.

Hades’ curled his fingers in Regulus’ hair and pulled gently, turning his head to rest against his knee. By this point, Regulus had closed his eyes and his hands were on opposite sides of Hades’ thighs. Severus stood up abruptly, disturbing the relaxed environment and went up the steps and into the book covered shelf in the room. He came back with a book and opened it as if nothing had happened and truly nothing had happened.

“I suppose I should go back to the Lestrange Manor,” Bella said, true melancholy in her voice. Hades knew how much she disliked living with the Lestranges. They were nearly as mad as she was but they were far from being as ingenuitive as her and definitely nowhere near as powerful as her. She kissed Hades’ cheek. They hadn’t kissed much after their first kisses and touches, she much prefered to bask in his company and adoration than receive pleasure from him. Rarely did age matter in the magical world, most of the world married their daughters as near children for centuries before modern times (she would sometimes ponder how the world had changed but more importantly, what caused such a change) but she personally didn’t feel comfortable with Hades being so young, he had been younger but so had she. She also didn’t want him to come to regret her or detest her for her actions, she didn’t care what people thought of her, of that’s what she liked to tell herself, in fact, she was fierce, powerful, a lioness just stalking a million antelope, but she was also truly unsure. Hades was young, she should be in charge, age was important, elders were respected and children respected them, but when it was with Hades, he felt so much older, far beyond his years, and sometimes that made her feel less awkward when being physically affectionate. Lucius was almost the same way, although he honestly was so focused on himself and what was going to be happening to him, around him and for/because of him, he couldn’t see very far into the future for them as a whole.

“Will be you able to return tomorrow?”

“I will try to get away,” she left the room, shutting the door behind her quietly and stalking down the hall and to the room she had been given. She locked the door after she entered as she always did and flooed to Lestrange Manor. She was faced with an angry husband and some of his friends, brother, and other Voldemort fanatics. She was unsure what to do, but if she had to fight them all she knew she would have a fighting chance but there were so many of them that it would be so draining.

“Where have you been, Bella?” Rodolphus asked, taking a seat on the sofa in the parlor. The wave of goons all found places to sit or lean against the walls. Bellatrix was saved a seat beside her husband but she didn’t dare to take that seat. She knew that the seat offered to her would make her surrounded and put her in danger.

“I was at Peverell Estate, Heir Peverell has been guiding me in my practice of the Darkest Art,” she put her hands behind her back and let her wand fall into her palm. She gripped it tightly while sweat started to bead on the back of her neck under her mane of curls. Rodolphus nodded, accepting the answer. He pulled out a picture and slammed it on the coffee table violently before sitting back confusingly calmer.

“And how did you kill Goyle if you were at Peverell Estate? Did you take them to Knockturn and
kill our men before them? This is clearly you, no one else has admitted to it and nobody else would dare go against our Lord like you do--"

“I do not like the tone you are taking with me. You will speak with courtesy of your won’t speak at all,” she gritted her teeth afterwards, grinding them as she started to get nervous. There was a wave of silence and she stepped back into the fire, bending down, not looking away from potential opponents and grabbing a handful of floo powder. She flooed to Grimmauld Place and then back to Peverell Estate. Hades met her in the hallway that their rooms were lined down.

“What happened?” Hades started by lifting Bella’s arms and then circling her. He didn’t see any injuries, she didn’t seem hurt, she did however seem terrified.

“Ruddy was there with a group of followers. He had pictures from Knockturn. They didn’t look professional, I bet they cleaned it up before anyone could get Aurors to deal with it. Couldn’t have any death eaters turning up dead, now could they?” She sagged against the wall and wiped the back of her hand across her forehead and over the bags of her eyes to wipe away the sweat.

“I see,” Hades held an arm around her waist and led her back to the living area and half library they had all been in an hour earlier. Regulus was sitting up, hands on the coffee table as he stared at the door awaiting their entry, Lucius hadn’t moved and neither had Severus. Severus however did seem angrier than anyone thought possible, or was that bitterness? Hades led Bella back to the couch where he sat her down and then took his seat between her and Lucius once again.

“I think we need to make a few plans. Voldemort cannot continue. I should have already disposed of him. He has simply grown to be a bigger pain for us…” he thought over a plan that would work, but nothing he could think of helped them very much. He had only known he would rid the world of both menaces, Voldemort and Dumbledore. How he was to do it, though, he had not taken into full consideration seeing as he was sure it would fall into place when it was ready to happen. He could not let Bella go back into danger. She was by no means weak, but she could be overpowered by sheer numbers, an army of ants could take down a cat if they wanted to and Bellatrix was most definitely a cat. Independent, ferocious, and intelligent but she was also battling against her own mind a quarter of the time as well as being at a physical disadvantage to brute strength, she was lithe and graceful, always landing on her feet, but she could be overwhelmed by size of others. She didn’t have to worry about being outmatched for magical potency as she was by far superior to any mortal. Hades almost didn’t know how powerful she was though, she hadn’t displayed much magic for him and the magic she had cast was usually defensive and short but powerful bouts. It was more of a presence thing, her magic swarmed around her nearly as violently as Hades’ and it was as alluring as his as well. Hades felt just as comforted by her and she did him, compared to all of the others she was most like him.

“Here’s what we need to do, and we need to do it within three months…”

Regulus woke up again, sticky and tangled in his sheets, his comforter long lost on the floor when he kicked it off, his body too enveloped in stifling heat to consider more warmth. He started the process of detangling himself from his sheets and then creepy into his bathroom. Bad habits die hard. He had no reason to be nervous of someone catching him going to the bathroom because it was attached to his room, all the bedrooms in Peverell Estate had attached bathrooms of varying sizes. His and all of the bedrooms on the floor and in the wing that Hades stayed were fully equipped and exceedingly luxurious. It was one day until they attacked, or (when Regulus checked the time a few minutes later) about twelve hours exactly, but it was never truly ‘morning’ until the sun rose no matter what the number dictated.
Stripping out of his clothes was the easy part and turning on the shower that magically adjusted the temperature, but when he stepped into his shower, his body always seemed to curve forward, his head pressed against cold tiles, his long hair sticking to his face, neck, shoulders and collarbones. He opened his mouth slightly, just to breathe deeper, reaching down to rinse away the tacky come on his legs and stomach. However everything was still so present and vivid in his mind, and he was surging with hormones and youth, he simply grew hard once again and was forced to handle himself. It was an unfounded fear because it was simply not possible for anyone to hear him over the soft thrum of water against the shower tiles, nor through all the walls and silencing charms, but he was too embarrassed to make sounds, scared that someone would hear him. That he would be caught again, that he would be ridiculed for something he couldn’t really control.

He made soft noises, biting his lips trying to stop himself from making any noises but he wanted to as well, if what his brain was supplying were to happen, he would want to be loud, to let Hades, Severus, Lucius, Bellatrix that they were being enjoyed, that he loved their touches, that he loved their attention and love. He wanted it, he needed it. The noise he made as he shot his load against the shower tiles was possibly inhuman. Some mangled screech/cry before he slumped forward and panted. He ran his hand over the white seed against the tiles and rinsed it away with water before he finished cleaning himself and then dried himself. He usually didn’t bother with getting fully dressed in pyjamas again after his dreams, he just pulled a pair of briefs on and then kicked his sheets to the bottom of the bed before curling up around a pillow pulled flush against his chest.

Severus had been having similar problems but every time he was faced with his nocturnal emissions he wash it away and pretended like it never happened, if he got hard again in the process he just willed it away, which was very trying for a sixteen year old.

By morning Regulus was feeling rested and Severus was grumpy, so nothing out of the usual. Hades greeted them both in a similar fashion before coralling everyone to the terrace where they would be eating breakfast. Regulus took the seat besides Hades and when the sliced and cubed fruits showed up in an ornate, carved crystal bowl, he dished himself a large helping of what he liked. He picked out the grapes, unsure why they were even added, but somebody would eat them. He was sure they were requested by Lord and Lady Peverell or something, maybe Hades never asked for them to not serve grapes but it was commonly known that grapes, once picked from the vine, go soft and soft grapes are disgusting with a texture of the way Regulus thought an eyeball would feel. There was a platter of eggs and toast, sausages and ham, three different kinds of juice (orange, red-grape and some odd mango one) along with tea, coffee, milk and water. Regulus grew up in an environment that was lavish, he was a Black after all, but he couldn’t remember being so spoiled, it was wonderful.

“We will leave for Knockturn Alley in an hour,” Hades announced as he finished his breakfast. He sipped on his tea, having finished his grape juice earlier and not caring for more. It was overly sweet anyway. Bellatrix finished and excused herself for a shower. She showered before bed usually and then again in the morning when she was feeling well enough to do so, but sometimes she didn’t bathe for days and had to either be reminded or forced into a shower. Lucius then excused himself to pamper himself and do whatever he did to keep himself beautiful. Severus didn’t want to be around Hades too often, still between angry but also beyond addicted to his presence. He sat there, trying to fight off his desire but also enjoying the power that radiated from him, the power that rose from inside him when Hades was around to draw it from him.

“Are you finished eating?” He asked and both of his guests nodded. He called for Orphne to come collect the dishes and take them to the kitchen. He stood up and led Regulus away with him, stopping to attempt to gather Severus, just to let him know that he is wanted, only to be shrugged off. He took Regulus to his room where Hades got dressed while Regulus lay on his bed and talked to him about what he wanted for the future. Hades loved listening to his pets about what they wanted in
the future. For example, Regulus wanted to be in a domestic setting, he wanted to do much like his mother had and accompany Hades to events that they had to attend and read all day and drink tea or gossip with other rich ladies. Hades knew that Severus wanted to run an apothecary, at the moment he was trying to shield himself away from Hades. After the night that the trio spent in Hades’ bed, Severus had quickly recuperated and avoided Hades, mentally claiming that Hades had only taken advantage of his moment of weakness. Bellatrix wasn’t too easy to figure out, she didn’t talk about what she wanted in the future, but Hades could see her thinking about it when something was mentioned to remind her of it. Her eyes glazed over in wonder and she zoned out. Lucius was just as secretive but he rarely let his emotions be read, if at all. Hades hadn’t read his mind for a very long time, and he definitely wasn’t going to try then. They all had natural occlumency barriers now that they were inhuman, but that didn’t shield them from each other.

Hades finished buttoning his shirt up, rolling up his sleeves and then pushing them up to his elbows. He straddled Regulus who looked up at him before laughing and stretching beneath him.

“You are so lovely, do you know that?” He asked and Regulus just giggled again, rolling over and pulling himself out from under Hades. He curled up in the center of his oversized bed and looked at Hades who was looking right back him.

“Only when you tell me that I am. Will you always tell me that I’m lovely. I love being lovely for you.”

“I will do everything in my power to make you happy,” Hades leaned forward and wrapped his arm around Regulus. “You will always be lovely, in a few more years you will stop aging and you will remain perfect forever.”

Hades and Regulus lay still for a while before they got up and regrouped with the others in Hades’ study. There were two studies in his wing, but his was to the right of the library that was a little way from Severus’ room. Bellatrix took a chair and Lucius took another while Severus stood reluctantly by the door. Hades took a seat at his desk and Regulus sat on the floor beside him.

“Is everyone ready? We will floo from here and when we return we will floo to the main parlor from Diagon Alley. You have your jewelry on?” There are nods around the room. They had all been given jewelry that hid their identity, like a glamour that only worked when activated on their rings, and then necklaces that deflected most curses and hexes that caused immediate damage to their person. Hades had helped Bellatrix and Lucius with their necromancy, and as expected, Bella was excelling faster than Lucius. Lucius was a master duellist, as was Bella, but he worked best with dark curses and jinxes as opposed to a specified death and life magic. His body was a better conduit for such magic due to the genetic changes, but overall he wasn’t blessed with the talent for necromancy. Bellatrix would be backing them during the mission as she was strong like Hades, the strongest out of them save for Hades actually.

They departed for Knockturn Alley. They would rush their plan forward by years by acting, but Bellatrix was rarely scared into retreating from battle, yet she had been frightened enough to go back to Hades. That was unacceptable. Hades didn’t want to continue with schooling, rather he could take his OWLs and NEWTs and get out of the next two years of Hogwarts, but he had information that was necessary to gather still so he would have to stay until it was the right time to leave. Hades led them to Knockturn and into the bar that was frequented by death eaters. He started by digging into minds to gather the addresses of the followers. He sent all the information gathered to his four commanders. They all stepped into the floo and shouted out their destination.

The killed the first three death eaters with ease, picking off the weak it seemed. However they finally came up against Rodolphus and people who were among the Dark Lord’s top warriors. By eliminating all of these people, they would decimate the pureblood population, but that didn’t matter,
what was most important was ridding the world of scum like them. Hades felt completely just in his
murder of these fighters. The first three were taken down and Bellatrix engaged in battle against her
husband. She knew that the Black and Lestrange families were now tied, and if she did not have
children, then that was fine. She wasn’t the heir, Regulus was, and he would likely have children if
not with another woman, then he would find a way. She blocked a particular nasty cutting hex from
her husband before she tried some of her newer skills and when she struck out, her body moving
forward with the thrust of her arm as she waved it in the pattern of the spell, her walnut wand
expelling a spell of a sickly pink jet of light forced Rodolphus back, knocking over other death eaters
and he convulsed before he started to decay rapidly, his body shrivelling, his fingers turning to
prunes, hair receding, eyes being sucked in like a black hole, until a light blue if not radiant white light
lifted from his mouth and into hers. She regrouped herself quickly to fend off another attack. Hades
was proud of her because that had been an excellent display of one of the fundamental necromancy
spells. He would have Lucius take note later. He focused on attacking others while Regulus attacked
from behind him, his arms and half of his body to the right of Hades as he sadly took cover behind
Hades when attacks rain down upon him. He shot spells, quick killing/fatally maiming spells before
ducking for cover behind Hades who effectively kept him safe. Severus was as quick as Regulus at
firing spells and was highly proficient with defensive spells. He recognized his skills and weaknesses
during previous fights and he stood by Bellatrix and Lucius and made sure they were adequately
shielded from damage as they were high level spell casters while he was much stronger suited to
poison making and defensive magic than offensive charms.

Regulus shot the last curse and in a flash of green light, the man collapsed forward in a pile of limp
limbs. Hades walked around and gathered their wands. He had gathered the wands of all of their
victims and he planned to continue. Lucius pulled out a rather pedestrian list that named all of their
targets. They started to mark off the corpses’ names. They had over half of the names marked off.
Severus looked around, just to see what had all the death eaters gathered in the same place. He didn’t
think that was too safe, but then again, they were all together, they were a force to be reckoned with
however so they didn’t have a high chance of being overtaken like these people.

“They were preparing for a meeting,” Severus said, digging through the pockets of the shrivelled
corpse of Rodolphus. He pulled the coin, which felt like a portkey, out with the date on it. It rang so
loud and persistently that it felt to everyone as if they just developed tinnitus.

“Where are their robes then? That’s awful curious,” Hades whispered mostly to himself as he dug
around the corpses’ belongings. They hadn’t bothered with the other bodies, but Hades was finding
more of these coins. A little too small to be galleons but too large to be any other wizarding or
muggle currency with strange markings marring the fronts and back. He continued to search the
bodies until he was satisfied that they weren’t going to learn any more.

“We have three more people to execute,” Lucius intoned while he let the more common people
dig around the dead bodies, looting their pockets like pirates.

“Good, let’s get it over with,” They used the floo to get to their next few destinations. The great
thing about everyone on their list being elitist pure bloods, or muggle renouncing half bloods, as well
as death eaters meant their floo were all connected. How Hades had come across all of their floo
addresses the four others thought his parents had something to do with it as they were very connected
to the upper society (as most of the most useful and important death eaters were) and therefore able to
get the information for nothing. Knowing the Peverells they also likely left no real trails to lead to
them gathering the addresses of all of these people. They had many resources, some that Hades
didn’t know about or need to find for himself to manipulate to his full advantage (as he would likely
make good with the future generations of his parent’s friends).

The next three victims were a little more difficult, but none more difficult than the last one. A
family was at home, and one of the children was a small eleven year old. It was clear that the wife was nothing more than a pretty woman he wore on his arm and his son was being groomed into the perfect young man, or perfect in his father’s eyes. It was pathetic, but this was a family. The others had families as well, but they hadn’t been faced with actually seeing them all as a family, nor had them separated the children from their fathers (as there were few women death eaters) and holding back their wives and mothers. However this woman didn’t even bother try and save her husband. She took her purse and helped them pry the freshly eleven year old boy away from his father while restraining the man. The son tried to stay but the mother demanded and commanded him to follow her and he did, partly because he knew he would be thrust into a world of responsibility at the death of his father and also because he did know that his father wasn’t the best of men.

Returning home, Hades went to his study to remove any trace spells on the wands before they were activated and then to study the coins they had taken. They were indeed portkeys but how they worked was not known. Hades gave one to all four of his partners, just in case they would be portkeyed to the destination of the Dark Lord. They wouldn’t be able to take the man on, but they would be able to get in and see what they were up against. If they were put in a place where they would have to fight, or they were seen, they could activate their disguises or fight their way back into apparating distance, where Lucius would take Severus and Bella would take Regulus and a reluctant Hades (he could apparate, but not legally until he was seventeen).

There was a knock on Hades’ study door and he called for the person to enter. Regulus pushed the door open and crept in, closing the door behind him and stalking towards the desk. He did as he usually did and kneeled beside his chair. Hades absently reached down to pet his hair. Upon seeing it was Regulus he turned his attention back to the blueprints to Hogwarts according to what Lucius was able to snag from the Board of Governor’s files, since his father was the head of the Board. He had to find a way into and through the castle that was indiscreet but efficient for travel. He needed a way for outsiders to get inside untraceably as well as moving within the castle, preferably from the dungeons up to the headmaster’s tower. He didn’t have a plan of the wards, as those were secret to the headmaster and the headmasters/Founders of the past. He could search and find the holes in the wards himself during his sixth year though. He made a note for himself.

“Hades can I ask you something?”

“I believe you just did, but you may ask another thing… you may ask whatever you want whenever you want, precious,” Hades turned in his chair, drawing his index finger down from the small widow’s peak of Regulus’ hair over the curve of his cheek and down to his chin.

“I don’t know how to ask, but I just, today was really,” he paused. Was ‘fun’ the proper word? Was he crazy for thinking their day had been pleasant. Murder shouldn’t have been pleasant, but it had been. He had fun, and he was still pulsing with adrenaline. He was sure the things making him feel so euphoric would dissipate soon enough, but he wanted to extend the feeling for as long as possible. “It was electrifying, and I don’t want this to end right now. I just thought that maybe,” he paused again but he saw Hades’ smile warmly, but that was often the smile that mother’s gave their children when they did something ‘adorable’ he wanted a surly smile that a lover gave their intended before they ravish them. Hades stood up and motioned for Regulus to stand as well.

“Follow me,” Hades led him out of the study and to his bedroom. He shut the door behind Regulus and leaned his back against it.

Hades took his ring off and slipped his shoes and socks off. They hit the floor, but he knew they would be picked up by a house elf as soon as he let one in to collect his things. He continued to take his clothes off, first his shirt, then he unbuttoned his slacks. He slowly unbuttoned Regulus’ shirt since the other seemed too stunned to move. He sat on his knees on his bed as Regulus stood, his
knees connecting with the side of the mattress. Hades lay back and pulled Regulus down over him, spreading his legs to accommodate Regulus between them. Hades kissed Regulus so softly, but his lips began to move faster as he seemed to devour Regulus. Regulus’ eyebrows knitted together and he tried to keep up, his hands fisting in the covers on either side of Hades. Regulus heard the other boys in the dorm and people at school in general talk about gay sex, but he never knew anything beside what he had heard. He was sure that whatever was happening was different from the way the students and Slytherins saw it, at least the Slytherins Regulus’ age. Hades pulled away from Regulus’ lips and he took a second to look up at Regulus who was hazy-eyed and rocking slightly as he wasn’t focused on trying to balance himself. Hades sat up and shifted them around so he could rest over Regulus. He nuzzled the other’s head to the side before kissing and marking up his neck. He hoped that nobody in the Black family would be angry at Regulus for this, although he was sure the marks would heal before any of the Black family would have a chance to see their son or nephew.

Just like Regulus had always imagined it, he made soft noises that seemed to encourage Hades. Hades finished suckling his neck, which only made Regulus look like a vampire-attack victim, before kissing his collar bones and chest. Regulus whined as he reached up to hold onto Hades, one hand on his shoulder and the other in his hair. Regulus spread his legs as Hades guided them apart and pushed them up so they bent at the knee. He had finished guiding Regulus’ trousers off as well. He teased Regulus’ nipples, both of which were already hard and waiting for attention, and ran what blunt nails he had down Regulus’ sides marking him not only with purple/red bruises but long pink marks. Regulus didn’t know how to respond to the attack on his sides, but fire erupted under his nails as if he had been cut but he felt no blood. Hades did the same thing over his hip bones before soothing the warm marks with his tongue. Did people talk during sex? Regulus didn’t know, it wasn’t like he had any references to check out or anything. Hades didn’t mind to just listen to his panting and mewling, so Regulus didn’t disrupt the comfortable semi-silence.

Hades had never done this before. He came off as a highly intelligent teenager, but he was in fact just as inexperienced to pleasure as Regulus was, just like Severus and perhaps even Bellatrix since she didn’t seem the type to have much intercourse. Lucius however was very much experienced and he had heard him speaking of his conquests in the library often when they should have been talking about their plans for taking over the world. Perhaps he would have to study this art, as he studied most things in order to be the best. Could one really become the ‘best’ as something as subjective as sex. Hades pushed Regulus’ legs apart, just a centimeter more than they already had been, he ran his hands over his inner thighs and pressed his palm against Regulus’ hip before looking up, he saw Regulus but much closer in his perspective was Regulus’ leaking length. He had seen humans perform before, the few (surprisingly more than one would expect) humans die during or just after intercourse. He knew what to do, but nothing of how he should do things. He licked Regulus’ member, just as a test and Regulus responded in a positive manner. This only encouraged Hades to do this again, before he tried something different. Regulus’ leaking head was licked before being sucked into Hades’ mouth and in that moment his spilled himself. His body shook slightly, his muscles tensing before everything relaxed.

The come in Hades’ mouth was an oddity. What did he do with it? Where did it go? Was it rude to spit it out? He decided to not spit it out just in case it was considered rude. With a grimace, as it wasn’t the most delectable of things, he swallowed. Regulus closed his eyes but then remembered, through his fogged mind, that Hades was waiting for him. Regulus looked up, sitting up against his elbows and saw Hades in time before he moved to lay beside him.

“Thank you.”

“No need to thank me,” Hades smiled and stood up before picking out a clean robe as well as a shirt for Regulus as well as some briefs. He set them on the bed before using a refreshing spell on
them and he got dressed as did Regulus. How Hades wasn’t aroused, Regulus didn’t know, but it did make him self conscious. Did he not do enough? Had he done something wrong? How could he make it up to Hades? He stopped Hades as he was about to go back to his study to continue looking over their plans and then maybe going to his parents in an attempt to gain some more information about Hogwarts or even the Dark Lord Voldemort. Hades almost got angry thinking about someone claiming to be a Dark Lord because he was surely the true Dark Lord.

“Hades!” Regulus walked up to Hades and reached down hesitantly to take his hand. “I don’t want you to think me a milksop--”

“I wouldn’t think that.”

“Then don’t think of me as a pushover,” Hades opened his mouth to protest, “Don’t argue, just listen for a minute… please?” Hades smiled down at him, snaking an arm around Regulus and pulling him close to him, his other hand still being held by Regulus.

“I’m listening.”

“Please don’t think I’m a sissy, I’m not. If you started thinking things like that, I don’t know what I would do,” and before long, Regulus was panicking. Hades sat down on the floor, taking Regulus with him before he hugged Regulus and rubbed his back. Regulus closed his eyes as if that would stop the tears.

“Reggie,” Hades combed his fingers through Regulus’ hair. “I don’t think that of you, I would never. I feel like you forgot what we did today. You held your own. Why would I think of you as anything other than my friend, my lover, my follower, my equal…?” He trailed off thinking about all of the things he considered the four of his chosen to be. He would have to take them to meet his father since his gift was bestowed upon them. It upset Hades, not that Regulus felt bad (although he wished he didn’t) but rather that someone had planted those thoughts in Regulus’ mind. Nobody sees themselves in a negative light unless it is pointed out by someone else first.

“Who told you that you were a ‘milksop’, ‘pushover’ and ‘sissy’? It was Sirius wasn’t it?” Regulus just nodded against Hades’ shoulder. Hades let Regulus cry until he felt better and then he took him to his study with him. Regulus sat on the floor besides Hades’ legs and turned around to look at the books on the bookshelf behind him. He found one on what seemed to be mermaids but when he opened it, it wasn’t on mermaids. He checked the spine again and it did say *Mysteries of the Merfolk* but when he opened the cover it was a Soul Magic. He flipped through the pages.

“You said we would never die, is that true?” Hades stopped writing and looked down at Regulus who was skimming over a random page in the Soul Magic book.

“We are immortal and nearly invulnerable, but we will die if we are killed. We will not die from old age nor disease. You will find that normal illness will not affect us unless it is particularly powerful. Our immune systems are near flawless and our cells regenerate in a similarly excellent fashion. That books is not like the others. There is more to Soul Magic than humans are allowed to know. That’s why that book is in here, where only I and my chosen are allowed to enter. My parents know not of this room, even the floo is only connected to my personal wards and open to a select few. By now I’m sure you realized that you have all gotten a talent from your transition to a creature beyond human. Bella got stronger magically and physically. Lucius grew to be more attractive in the entirety of the definition. Severus, well, I’m sure he has gained the ability to retain knowledge much more efficiently. You, what do you feel like you have gained?”

“You. I’ve gained you. Do you think I have truly gained anything else? I hardly feel a difference.”
“I think you will be sure of your new talents soon enough,” Hades motioned to the book in Regulus’ hands. “That book. Do you know what a lich is? Well I’ll tell you. It’s a person, or even a creature or undead person, who has a piece of their soul tethered to this plane. Wizards know of Horcruxes, I know you know of them,” Regulus nods, “Yes, well, a lich, or a being greater than a wizard tied by a horcrux, must first start as a necromancer or any other knowledgeable person when it comes to the dead or the undead. These people are scholars, they are great wizards, creatures, people, they are amazing. Even muggles can become a lich, don’t give me that face. They are just like wizards, we of course are better than both wizards and muggles, but it doesn’t specifically mean only a wizard with magic can become a lich. Through persistent study and proper channelling of divine and undivine energies, any sentient being can perform the ritual to make a phylactery, the stronger version of a Horcrux. So we, liches, make these and we will never die, even if we are killed we will be given a new body by our phylactery. It doesn’t require a messy ritual as Horcruxes need, but it uses the combined energy of all the mystical deities, ghosts and spirits collected by Death, for it is he who grants one the power to become a lich and allows energy to help one create a phylactery, to create a replica of your previous body. You will be forever as perfect as you are right now if you chose to become a lich. You would have many years to study and I will help you if you need it. I have the power and knowledge to create a phylactery, but I have no place to place my phylactery do I? I may make it in here, this is a very protected room and hidden to most.” Regulus shut the book and slid it back into its place on the shelf. He got up on his knees so he could look at what was on the desk. Hades turned and resumed what he was doing. The sweep of Hades’ hand as he wrote perfectly smooth lines with opulent round curves, but not too much, just enough to look beautiful, was enthralling.

Later, the three male residents of Hades’ wing of the Estate were served dinner by house elves. Severus was silent, lost in thoughts about their activities of the day. He thought about the thrill of power that coursed through him, just like when Hades ran his hands over his skin. Severus ate the stew before him in silence while Hades sat quietly as well, taking small bits of bread and dipping it in the thick soup and eating it once it soaked up all the juices. Regulus was talking quietly and infrequently, as if he said something the moment it came to his mind, and then went blank for a moment before another thought surfaced which he would then verbalize.

By nightfall, Hades was in his library, on a sofa with a sleeping Regulus tucked into his side and Severus was missing, but likely in his room. Bella walked through the floo a second after it flared to life. She was followed by Lucius who was in a completely different outfit than what he had been wearing earlier. They sat in the library with Hades.

“We made quite a bit of progress today, did we not?” Lucius asked, starting their conversation.

“We did,” Hades marked his place in his book before setting it on the coffee table. He knew he wouldn’t get much reading done in their presence. Bella crossed her legs and leaned forward, wrapping her arms around her knee.

“We should do it again. It was extremely refreshing,” she added before receiving a nod from Lucius and Hades. “Mother said it is a tragedy, that I’m already a widow. I let her cry on me, while my father tried to console her. How pathetic.”

“Yes, my father decided to make sure I was aware I was joining the Dark Lord in a week’s time. He is now low on minions and I have been hand picked from the scarce amount of idiots willing to follow him.”

“We should just kill your father,” Bella said rather haughtily. She relaxed and hunched over and leaned to the side, her head resting against the winged back of the chair. Hades opened his mouth to try and deescalate the situation he was sure would arise, but Lucius just nodded and hummed before
“I agree. He has run out of my good graces. He is best off dead, he is nearly as useless already,” Lucius held his forehead as if he had a headache, like the world brought him such pain. Really, his father was an awful man and he disliked him greatly, he had never had the courage to say anything against him before, Malfoys had never prided themselves on things as foolish and pointless as courage, but he realized that his father was very much disposable and probably better off in the ground than bothering him. He had never had the chance to try independence, he had to learn to be exactly like Abrahas and through beatings, curses, hexes and horrible words, he was shaped nicely into his father’s ideal. He however, was breaking out of that ideal just as quickly as he had fallen into it as a safety mechanism. He no longer had to worry about safety, he had very little to worry about now that he was basically being cared for by an evil genius. It didn’t bother him, any more, that his new caretaker was six years younger than him just as it didn’t bother Bella that he was eight years younger than her.

“This is an interesting development,” Hades voiced, looking up rather lasciviously towards Lucius. He was indeed very attracted to the person unafraid of death, murder, being away from his father, someone who was shaping nicely into a person worthy of his gifts. Bella had never had to ‘shape up’, she had always been perfect, but Severus also had a little ‘shaping up’ to do. He didn’t mind waiting though, he had eternity and at least three more months until October, when he would take his chosen to his father’s realm to show him the champions to assist him in ruling the world.

“When would you like us to rid you of your father problem? We have a month until Regulus, Severus and I return to Hogwarts,” Hades combed his fingers through Regulus’ hair to give himself something to do rather than stare at his guests. He wondered if they would be staying the night or if they would rather go home. He would ask when the more important issues were discussed.

“As soon as possible. If we do it within four days, it will look suspicious, but it’s not like my father isn’t a known Death Eater. He would also be exposed and I will look innocent. I, Lucius Malfoy, beloved son of the great Abraxas, could never be so violent as to harm my loyal and wonderful father,” Lucius picked at the billowing sleeves of his white shirt. He did this consciously, unlike he would have normally, he honestly wasn’t sure how badly he wanted to exterminate his father. He hated the man, and he hated him mostly because he had turned his childhood into something akin to training a dog to be good rather than how he should have raised him. And then, very much like a dog, he paraded Lucius, his beautiful, prize-winning show dog, off to all of his political friends only to sell him to the King of the region, the Dark Lord. It was insanely wrong, but how right was it to murder your family. It was the most important thread in the pureblood world, and here he was discussing his father’s planned demise, by his hands no less, as if he were ordering the finest tea he could find from the most pompous establishment he could find. Being in Hades royal company always felt like being at the wealthiest castle in the presence of a God. He radiated decadence and oozed dark radiance, it was magnificent to be within close proximity of him because he emanated power and one could soak it up through their greedy pores.

“So two days from now, we will break into your home, you will expect us, do not leave, and you will let us corner Abraxas, you may deal the fatal blow, but make sure to erase the spell history on your wand if you do. They will turn to you for answers at the beginning, but then the Ministry will see his Dark Mark and he will be villainized, we will not have to worry about his death after that. If you are approached by the Dark Lord, you will act aloof as you have been taught, but don’t lose yourself in your charade, you will report back to us when you finish all the drama the Ministry, Dark Lord and frivolous public throw your way. I hope that you stay, out of our families’ friendship and as an act of goodwill from my family to yours, or that is how it will look. We will continue to plan the downfall of the Dark Lord. Once we have eliminated him, we may work on ridding the world from a meddling old man. That is truly the challenge as the Dark Lord is intelligent, but he does lack experience. He had experience with death, with darkness, but so do all of us; we will be against a
totally foreign entity with Dumbledore. We know little to nothing of him. I will ask Severus to use his blatant dislike of me to get in league with the headmaster, since it is well known that he dislikes me and so does the Headmaster.

“They will connect their hatred of me, real, fake or otherwise and when the man least expects it, we will attack. Now, he is a powerful wizard and strange to our ways, but he is nothing to one of us, hardly a speck of dust to five. We will discuss this more when the time approaches. For now, this is enough. Do you have any questions?”

“Can I go to bed?” Regulus asks quietly. Hades hadn’t realized that his little lover had woken up, but he nods, kissing his forehead. Regulus waves to his cousin and Lucius before wishing them all sweet dreams. He leaves quickly so he could be enveloped in the warmth his bed provided. It was always cold at the Peverell Estate, and despite being externally colder around Hades, and cooler overall after his transformation, he also felt warmer when he was around the others. Bellatrix and Lucius shake their heads, not having any questions relating to their current (now past) topic. Bella twirled her wand in her fingers thinking on the day’s events.

Like any living creature, Bellatrix was not violent out of nature, but violent out of circumstance. She was not raised into a murderer, but now that she technically was one, it didn’t bother her in the least. In fact, she liked the feeling of being in control, of power, of the thrill of killing others. There was something to be said about being the victor of a brutal battle, it was a feeling indescribable by human words, but she didn’t need those words to describe herself, she wasn’t even human, not anymore. Out of all five of the inhuman beings, Lucius was the least affected by the bloodshed. He was used to cruelty and abuse in large doses. Murder, slaughter in particular, wasn’t so abhorrent and it was even less shocking. So many deaths occured at the hands of other wizards and witches, especially at the hands of those under the Dark Lord (and the rare occasion where the Dark Lord did he own dirty work) and these deaths were swept under the rug at the Ministry in an attempt to hide their own failures. He knew because his father was a master at serving the Dark Lord having known him since before he was the Dark Lord.

“So Severus hasn’t left his room since we came back?” Bella asked and Hades nodded before waving her next question off. Severus and his moodiness shouldn’t have been any of their concern. Hades would deal with him when it was time. Bellatrix wrapped her already curly strands of hair around her wand as if she were attempting to curl them even more.

“My mother doesn’t know I’m gone and dear Cissy is hellbent on hurting Lucius. It is so sickly sweet how jealous she is,” Bella looked at Lucius who narrowed his eyes at her before turning away. It wasn’t that they didn’t like each other, in fact they were something as close as friends (hey were friendly towards each other anyway) but Bella knew too much about Lucius for Lucius to be comfortable around her. While Bella continued to talk, Hades stared at them, his eyes moving slowly between them in an attempt to glean any information they gave with their posture, movements and expressions, but he couldn’t find much. They were well trained to be perfect heirs as opposed to beings with feelings. Hades stopped Bellatrix gently, standing up and resting a hand on her shoulder. He kissed her forehead. He had listened -- heard -- to everything she had said and she was well on her way to working herself up into a state.

“I’ll take you both to your rooms, come on,” he took one of their hands in each of his, knowing fully well that neither would initiate contact if left to do it themselves. He led them out of the library and down to the hall full of rooms. He stopped by Lucius’ room and kissed his knuckles. Lucius looked partially offended but mostly grateful. He nodded before turning and entering his room. The door clicked shut behind the soon-to-be Lord. Hades turned and walked across the hallway to Bella’s room. He offered a warm smile and stroked his thumb over his hand.
“If you need me, for anything, you know where my room is. Just rest for the night, we will discuss how we will deal with the outcome of our slaughter tomorrow after we have all let ourselves recuperate from such draining activity,” he pushed himself up on his tiptoes to kiss her forehead before watching her walk into her own room.

Hades stopped beside Severus’ room but after a moment, he continued on towards his bedroom. When he opened the door, he found Regulus on the chaise longue under the window and Severus was sitting up near his bookshelves, candles flickering slightly as he read. He looked as if fighting with himself in an internal battle. Hades started to strip out of his clothes and sat down on the chair across from Severus.

“Are you alright?”

“Yes I am, thank you. Regulus came in just a moment ago, said he couldn’t sleep because it was much too cold by himself but he didn’t want to ‘ruin’ your bed without you already in it,” Severus didn’t look up from the book, but Hades knew that he wasn’t being dismissed or rejected but it was just easier for Severus to speak without making eye contact or seeing who he was speaking to. Seeing is believing and sometimes seeing that you are speaking with someone can make one even more nervous. Severus slowly closed the book and set it in his lap, his eyes following the magically perfected script on the cover of the book. It was very nice; the book, on rituals, was taken care of with pristine pages and vivid ink despite the age. It had either been transferred from another book that was much less taken care of, or someone had put a charm on the book to keep it safe.

“I’m glad you are alright… why are you here, Severus? Not that I dislike your presence, I actually enjoy your company greatly, you are always so reclusive that I rarely get to see you.”

“I’m,” he paused and took a deep breath. It was becoming harder and harder to picture his mother alive. She had never severed contact like she had before. “I’m worried about my mother. I haven’t gotten a letter from her in weeks, months actually. I don’t know what to do, I’m so scared that she has been killed, you don’t know Tobias, he would kill her, he could, she would never raise her wand to a stupid muggle, she was above torturing muggles, but she wasn’t above letting them torture her,” it seemed that Severus had forgotten all the trauma he had experienced as well at the hands of his father. Severus rarely thought himself important but his mother was everything he had ever had, he loved her dearly and it was scary to have her just not respond for months. He was so scared, but he wouldn’t admit to how truly terrified he was.

“We can check on her tomorrow, if you would like. I will go and request some information from the hospitals around your old house. Let me go do this now,” Hades stood up and stood beside Severus.

“I didn’t want to be a bother…”

“You’re never a bother,” Hades got down so he could cup Severus’ cheeks. “Would you like to come with me? Or you could watch over Regulus for me? It is up to you, but don’t think that I would prefer one or the other, I don’t wish to control you or have you try and conform to what I want. I chose you and the others because you are powerful and can lead in your own right, I never want for any of you to become completely submissive to my rule, to our rule.”

“I’ll stay here with Regulus,” Severus stood up as well and levitated the book back to its place on the shelf before levitating Regulus onto the bed and getting him under the covers. In his sleep, he reached out and waved his hands in search of another body but didn’t find one.

“You may sleep here if you wish. The bed is big enough for all of us,” Hades informed as he
changed into his pyjamas consisting of a pair of cool cotton pants and a shirt in the same fabric. He left the buttons on his night shirt undone and he slipped into bed. Regulus almost immediately found his body with his hand and like a moth to a flame, he pulled himself towards him, placing one hand against the side of his face as he cheek was pressed against Hades’ shoulder. Severus looked down at them both and Hades looked back up, reaching an arm out to him. “Please, join us?”

With this development, Severus kneeled on the bed before unfolding himself and pulling the blankets over his body. They were charmed to keep them warm but never to be too hot. Severus soon found that he too, despite not consciously wishing to, gravitated towards Hades to the point that he was practically on top of the other boy, who didn’t seem to mind. Severus’ skin felt like he was tingling all over and he fell asleep like this just after Regulus let out a soft coo and Hades ran his fingers through his hair.
Éliphas Lévi

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“In olden times gold was manufactured by science; nowadays science must be renewed by gold. We have fixed the volatile and we must now volatilize the fixed—in other words, we have materialized spirit, and we must now spiritualize matter.”

- Éliphas Lévi

Lucius was waiting at home, two days after the massive Death Eater slaughter, in his library with a book in his hand and tea on the coffee table before him. He checked the time with a tempus and set his book down. He walked into the floo room just as Bellatrix, Hades, Severus and Regulus stepped out and started to brush each other's' clothes off, ridding of soot from the floo. They all nodded to each other besides Regulus and Severus who looked around as they were either the youngest or suffered from horribly low self confidence (or both). So, Bellatrix stepped out of the floo room with Lucius, their arms in each other’s, and Regulus walked with Severus, to whom he held onto, and then Hades walked behind them all, his wand at the ready, just under his sleeve. He crossed his arms as he walked.

As the coterie made their way into the sitting room, they saw both Abraxas Malfoy and one of the most respected Death Eaters, Evan Rosier, Bellatrix’s mother’s brother. He stood up to greet his niece and Abraxas stood up with an angry but confused look aimed at Lucius.

“This is highly inappropriate Lucius,” Abraxas started before Hades shot off the first binding curse at Evan and disarmed him of both wands in his possession. He slid them in his boot, inside a holster. He then cast an incarcerous at Mr. Rosier who promptly fell to the floor with a thud. Abraxas drew his wand and when he expected Lucius to help defend him, his wand went flying into Lucius’ waiting hand. His son had just disarmed him.

“I would just stay still while we take your daggers from your hips, father,” Severus made fast work, with nimble fingers, removing the belt with daggers charmed with poisonous tips. He presented them to Bellatrix who fastened it around her waist with a giggle. She took out a blade and threw it at Abraxas. It caught his sleeve and pinned him to the wall. She threw two more, pinning his other sleeve and nearly piercing his cheek, off by less than a hair, as Bella drew her wand.

“How dare you side against your family. You are no son of mine! I will remove you from the family, you will not sully the Malfoy name with your vileness. You disgusting blood traitor,” and for the first time, Lucius saw his father do something vulgar; Abraxas spit on the floor, missing Lucius’ shoes just barely. Lucius quickly moved into an offensive duelling stance before he sent a curse at his father. Bright green light shot from the tip of his wand as Lucius nearly shouted the spell, only silenced by Evan’s screams to be released. Abraxas hung limply once the spell struck his chest. Hades straddled Evan’s waist and traced down his face with his wand.

“How dare you side against your family. You are no son of mine! I will remove you from the family, you will not sully the Malfoy name with your vileness. You disgusting blood traitor,” and for the first time, Lucius saw his father do something vulgar; Abraxas spit on the floor, missing Lucius’ shoes just barely. Lucius quickly moved into an offensive duelling stance before he sent a curse at his father. Bright green light shot from the tip of his wand as Lucius nearly shouted the spell, only silenced by Evan’s screams to be released. Abraxas hung limply once the spell struck his chest. Hades straddled Evan’s waist and traced down his face with his wand.

“You are far too dangerous to go back to your master, we will have to take you with us, but first, let’s make sure you can’t tell anyone your lies,” Bellatrix handed Hades her non-poisoned dagger in her belt and Harry forced Rosier’s mouth open before cutting out his tongue, healing the wound and stopping the bleeding with a simple charm. He then cast a diffindo at both ankles, removing his feet before Severus charmed the wounds to stop bleeding and scab over. Bellatrix helped Hades up before levitating her uncle behind him. Hades looked at Lucius who was still glaring at his father’s corpse. “I apologize, but this must be done, I would sit if I were you, it is quite painful,” Lucius
waved it off before turning to look at Hades.

“I’ve been under the curse before, enough to resist and manage the pain; cast it.”

“Crucio,” Hades held Lucius under the curse for just long enough before lifting his wand and slicing his shoulder and cheek. They then left, leaving Lucius to call the Aurors; Lucius didn’t even care about what shame his need in assistance would make him feel like, his father was gone, he no longer had to marry Narcissa and he definitely didn’t have to get the Dark Mark or be tortured by that horrific bastard ever again. Hades had always done the things in their best interest.

The Peverells went to Abraxas’ funeral along with the Blacks and the rest of their friends. Even the Potters showed up out of nothing more than respect for a pureblood peer. They all dispersed, Bellatrix and Lucius left Narcissa standing behind with Druella and Cygnus before meeting with Regulus, Severus, and Hades. Hades leaned forward to kiss both of Lucius’ cheeks.

“I offer my sincerest condolences, my friend,” Hades said with a false sincerity that could impress and fool some of the most skilled legilimens. Lucius accepted this gratefully before Bellatrix, Severus, and Regulus offered the same. After the wizard’s body was buried and the officiant left with his condolences for Lucius and the Malfoy family and general before leaving. Then, everyone dispersed. The quintet went back to Peverell Manor where they all collapsed on a large sofa hidden in the corner of the library. Lucius lay on the sofa and Bella kneel beside him, her head resting on his shoulder while Regulus kneeled beside his cousin, one arm under his head as he rest against Lucius’ flat stomach with the other arm wrapped around Bellatrix; Severus sat in a at Lucius’ feet, wrapping his arms around himself and pulling away from the others. While he had started to open up to Hades and Regulus, he was very much intimidated by both Lucius and Bellatrix who were older and much stronger than he. Hades straddled Lucius’ thighs and lay forward, his face buried in the crook of Lucius’ shoulder and neck. He closed his eyes before soft laughter emanated from his chest.

Soon they were all laughing, whether it was soft giggles or maniacal cachinnating it all made them smile. The elder Peverells, if they had heard the laughter coming from their son’s library, would be concerned. It was the day of a funeral, laughter should be far away from them, but the quintet could only be joyful about how their plans played out. Lucius threaded his fingers through Bellatrix’s mane while his other hand found the small of Hades’ back.

“That was great!” Regulus finally said, his arms stretching over his head as he slid them under Hades’ and over Lucius’ stomach.

“It was amazing,” Hades agreed while Lucius’ laughter calmed to a deep rumble in his chest and finally ceased. He closed his eyes.

“I agree,” Lucius hummed when he felt fingers in his hair, pulling just so and combing through it. He would kill his father again if it allowed him the comfort that it brought with his friends, his lovers, his equals. He couldn’t look over at the four people surrounding him and think of them as beneath him as he had originally done. They were all pureblood, besides Severus, but it didn’t matter because they were all beyond mere wizarding standards and ideals. They were Gods! And they took life as well as giving it to those who deserved such gifts. Though, as most things, the rush was fleeting and they all moved around until they were more comfortable. Hades had patted his thighs and Regulus took it as a sign to sit in his lap; which was what Hades had wanted. He wrapped an arm around Severus and Lucius sat up, crossing his legs and looking as regal as always while Bella hiked up her skirt and sat cross-legged on the floor near the fire, throwing little pieces of junk into the flames and cachinnating along with the crackling of the fire. Her loud laughter didn’t bother any of the others, in fact, all of them found it endearing and adorable no matter how ‘insane’ it sounded.
Orphne, Hades house elf, was called to bring them lunch and they ate and discussed the small and seemingly unimportant things happening in their lives. Bellatrix was back to living with her parents, a widow, Narcissa had been planning to get Lucius away from them and had caused a schism between her and her eldest sister with her plotting against Lucius. Regulus hadn’t been back home since school let out but he had heard that Sirius had permanently left Grimmauld Place. He couldn’t go back and face his mother alone however, he felt so horrible, as if it was his fault that Sirius left them. Severus’ mother had been silent and he was worried but would rather die than voice his insecurities. Hades couldn’t hear his lovers’ thoughts but he knew that something was troubling all of them. The silence, although comfortable, had a tinge of hopelessness. A feeling that Hades had not expected so soon after such a wonderful murder and bonding experience. He thought of one thing that could bring them all closer. He waited until they all finished eating, and once everyone was full he started to lead them all into his room. He enlarged the already large bed in order to fit them all. He stripped out of his robes, unbuttoned his pristinely starched shirt, kicked off his shoes and crawled into bed. He smiled, waving the other four beings towards him. Regulus and Severus were the first, no matter how unlikely it seemed, to strip out of their constraining clothes and get into bed. Bellatrix was next and she kicked off her shoes and discarded her skirt in a pile before crawling in bed, her cute black lace panties just peeping out from under the bottom hem of her shirt. She slid under the covers and Hades pulled her closest to him. He started to tug on the lace of her corset and she let him until the leather piece came off from around her waist. He handed it to Severus who levitated it onto her skirt. She giggled before extending her arms and pulling all of the three men towards her. Lucius looked down, almost as if he was judging them for their behaviour.

Now, out of all of them, despite similar upbringings as pure blooded wizards and witch, Lucius had the strictest and most severe father with the most severe punishments if he broke any of those rules. It took him a moment to remember that Abraxas was dead, and he was now the Lord to the House of Malfoy, and if he wanted to get in bed with three men and a woman, he would dammit. So, he set his cane against the desk in the corner and unbuttoned his shirt, popping the button on his tight trousers after removing the heavy velvet robes he wore despite it being hot outside. He slipped his shoes off and joined the others in the enlarged bed. He hadn’t imagined how nice it felt for Severus to run his fingers through his hair, but he found himself relaxing quicker than expected because of the halfblood’s ministrations. Eventually, they all curled up around one another no matter how ‘undignified’ it seemed, and they were all comfortable and content; they felt safe within each other’s embraces.

“Watch it, Hades grumbled into Bellatrix’s hair. The only woman in their group held back a laugh but it didn’t hide her snickering and she sat up. Her beautiful bosom was now showing as her shirt had somehow lost it’s way and was now on the floor. In fact, most of their clothes had been removed, on all of them. Lucius was completely nude, but what else would they expect from their personal Adonis? (One that knew he was ‘hot-stuff’ too; the egoistic bastard.)

“I’m hungry!” Regulus announced before cuddling up against Lucius’ chest, “But I’m too warm to move.”

Severus nodded his head against Hades in agreement. Lucius groaned, very uncharacteristically, and blinked his eyes open slowly. He sputtered, as regally as possible, since Severus’ hair was in his mouth and really crowding his entire face. Severus sat up and realized that he was much less clothed than he had been when climbing into bed. He looked down to see Lucius’ completely bare body and Regulus who wasn’t that far behind in nudity either. They slept soundly throughout the rest of the day and night.

Just because they slept together, didn’t alleviate the annoying morning arousal. So, Regulus
wiggled free of Lucius’ arms and the straining erection pressing against the cleft of his rear and pulled a robe on before rushing to the bathroom. The problems with being a fifteen year old boy. This of course was extra humiliating for Lucius when he woke up. He hadn’t expected this to happen (like anyone really expects for moring wood to happen). He also grabbed a robe, careful not to wake Severus who was pressed against his back keeping the blond surprisingly warm. Lucius went to his own room and bathroom to relieve his issue, but this didn’t mean that Severus wasn’t effected either. He blamed Hades and his magic touch or whatever it was that he could do. Hades was their source of love, happiness, sadness, pleasure, fear and all the inbetween it seemed and the closer proximity that they were to him and the longer the time in his presence, they were all affected differently (if not shockingly similar) Severus looked around the room for his clothes before realizing the bloody house elf took their clothes to be cleaned. Severus grabbed one of Hades’ robes (which upon inspection it seemed there were two already missing meaning Regulus and Lucius had both done the same) and went to his own room to try and will his hardness away and if that didn’t work then he supposed he could give in. He wasn’t against pleasure, but he was definitely against feeling pleasure for no reason, he wanted a reason. Odd for teenage boy, but nonetheless, he didn’t want emotionless sex, he wanted to be pleased and to feel good not because of the fucking he imagined himself participating in, but the emotions that ran and fuelled their movements and actions.

Feeling like a complete ‘bitch’, Severus went to his room, closing the door behind him with a soft click.

Hades wasn’t oblivious to all the movement around him and he had moved so he could pulled Bella to him in the center of the bed, wrapping and tucking the blankets around them so they could stay warm. Hades was in a similar boat as he fellow lovers, and even Bellatrix wasn’t spared the sharp arousal that overtook them. Hades finally got up out of bed, kissing Bellatrix’s cute, blushing cheeks until she opened her eyes. She turned her head away and shifted her shirt properly. She had never done something so truly scandalous before and now she felt as if her entire body was on fire. She loved it but at the same time it was quite improper. She pressed a kiss against Hades’ lips before sliding out of bed and pulling her shirt down over her breast and down over her pert ass. She nearly skipped out of the room and back towards her room. Hades stretched, his own hardness clear through the comforter over him as it was tented. Hades thought it was a truly wonderful to wake up, with his lover(s) in her arms and completely aroused. Now only if they grew comfortable enough to consummate their bond and please each other.

Breakfast was a little awkward, but not because of Hades, rather because everyone else was so unused to waking up with so many people in such close proximity. Bellatrix ate orange blossom crepes and sipped on tokaji 5 puttonyos wine while Lucius indulged in something similarly fancy and aristocratic. Severus was fine with a plate of strawberries and whipcream along with a few orange slices while Regulus was delving in the decadent with chocolate chip pancakes with chocolate sauce and powdered sugar while gulping down huge quantities of chocolate milk. Hades seemed to be the most common with toast with blackberry jam and tea, but hey, he was a traditionalist.

They were all dressed and had asked Orphne to wash and hide the fact they had taken Hades’ robes (even though Hades was well aware of them taking his robes). Regulus was had his hair tied back with a ribbon and was wearing that beautiful blouse Hades had purchased for him in Knockturn. He was kneeling at the coffee table while eating his food, but every now and then he would come back to himself and wipe his face off. Why did they need to have manners in front of such close friends? Bella was as elegant as ever and Lucius just as regal while Severus was dressed in the usual plain black robes with little to no finesse besides the distinct potion-maker’s cut along the sleeves and sides. For a moment, Hades could only admire all of those that he loved, because he did decide he loved them. They were his equals, his friends, his lovers, his companions through thick and thin, they were family; far more familiar than any of them were with their actual families.
Offhandedly, Hades wondered what his parents thought of him locking himself away with four beautiful beings such as the ones he dined with, but then he knew his parents wouldn’t question him. He was by far the most talented wizard in the family for decades and just that fact made them quite proud. Proud enough to leave him alone out of respect for his skills. Purebloods were much different than mudblood and even half blood families since they did not show too much affection but rather they would pride themselves on each other’s accomplishments and grant them space out of respect. His parents loved him, but they didn’t seek him out because they knew he relished in privacy and solitude (at least from the outside world including his parents).

“What would you like to do today, my loves?”

“I have to go check on all of the properties I will receive. I am willing to have any if not all of you accompany me if you wish. I’m sure one place or another would suit our needs once we decide, if we do, to have a proper headquarters with followers. The Malfoys do have a castle in France, which could be very useful for us,” Lucius offered, finishing his wine and pushing the plate to the center of the table only for it to disappear thanks to the house elves. Hades nodded, taking in the idea. They had Slytherin Castle at their disposal, but from what he had heard, The Dark Lord Voldemort was currently residing in that castle despite it belonging more rightfully to Hades than anyone else. Bellatrix nodded along with Lucius.

“I like that idea,” Bellatrix chirps. Regulus shrugs and nods when Hades looks at him for his opinion and Severus just shrugs before pushing his plate forward. Regulus soon finished as did Bellatrix. Hades munched on his toast at a leisurely pace, just because they had time.

“It’s decided then, we will go to see the Malfoy estates. Perhaps we could visit the Peverell estates while we’re at it. I’m sure that we could find a place for each of us to live for a while, like you Bella. If you wanted to stay away from that horrid sister of yours, you could live at our first or second headquarters, plus we could have several safe houses and supply bases,” Hades said as he pushed his plate forward only for it to disappear with a pop. They all went to get their shoes on and met in the floo room. Lucius had a list of all the properties as well as their floo addresses while Hades had something similar to a file with all of his properties and addresses.

Malfoy Castle was deemed proper for their safe house, during an emergency in the war. They were wary of using any of the Malfoy properties because of how close Abraxas had been with Voldemort, but they were planning on casting the fidelius charm on the properties they chose to keep and up the wards, even put some guards out if need be. They travelled to the Peverell estates and found that Peverell Castle was much larger than Malfoy Manor and that is where they would build up their base of operation due to it’s square footage and natural largeness rather than relying on spatial charms. As Sirius was removed as heir to the House of Black, Regulus and Bellatrix now were the heirs. It really fell into Bellatrix’s hand since she was the eldest, but Regulus also had some say since he was male, Regulus decided to give it all to Bella since he didn’t like politics and Bella was a much more opinionated person with the willpower to stand and fight for what she wanted where he felt like he was far too submissive to try and hold a position in the wizengamot or manage the Black businesses around the world.

Once they returned to Peverell Estate, it was almost awkward since nobody wanted to mention what had happened that morning. Finally Hades tried to talk about the situation.

“You were all so adorable and beautiful as you slept this morning, you know,” he sat down in the middle of the sofa, the two Blacks curled up against his sides, Bella resting her head on his shoulder and Regulus leaning his cheek against his chest. He truly did enjoy them, all four of them.
“Yes. It was so warm this morning, I felt so loved and safe!” Regulus didn’t mind Hades’ hand that stroked his bare side absently, in fact he raised one hand to touch Hades’ sternum just beside his cheek. There were nods all around of everyone agreeing, even Severus who didn’t seem as uncomfortable as he usually did. Lucius looked as proud as ever, his back straight and his father’s cane, passed down to him now that he was the head of House Malfoy, against his leg, his ringed fingers, covered in precious and expensive stones, tapping against the silver snake head.

“I’m glad. I felt the same,” he smirked since that wasn’t the only thing he felt. He was very aware of the different hard lengths pressing against his thighs and back as the others kept leaving and curling up around him or curling up for him to envelop in his arms. Hades didn’t notice when Orphne brought them refreshments, but hands of the people around the room started to take what they wished, honestly comfortably enough to do so without the need to be seen as entirely proper. Orphne dropped a pile of letters into Hades’ lap with a bow before popping out of the library once again. Hades dished the letters out to the people they were addressed to; Severus didn’t receive a letter from his mother, once again. He was truly worried for his mother, but he also knew she was far too independent and stubborn to ask for help in regards to herself. There was a piece of him that was thankful for Eileen for asking for help and to get him away from the horrible situation he was stuck in, but there was another part that was bitter and lonely -- abandoned actually -- from his mother’s actions; she had discarded him with others. He knew logically it was safer, but his illogical and emotional side, no matter how repressed and hidden, was pained by his mother’s actions. He was still a child, no matter how old of a child he was.

“What of you Severus? Lucius?” Hades hadn’t expected either of them to answer.

“I did enjoy the warmth, I honestly detest being alone,” Severus whispered as he picked up his tea cup. His eyes were focused on his feet but he looked up at Hades soon after, waiting for rejection or acceptances. Hades only smiled, he was glad that Severus was finally feeling better, perhaps he would fully open himself up to the power that he now had, to the abilities he possessed rather than rejecting the affection and connection they all shared, the only thing that could fuel their new magic as it was truly coming from the connection they had to Hades and by extension, the Underworld where Hades’ true father and in a similar sense, mother (as Hades was one half of Death and a quarter of his wizard parents). But soon, they would ascend even that little weakness by advancing to the bodily representation of their power by becoming liches.

“Yes; I wasn’t going to say anything, but I really enjoyed the presence of all of you beside me,” Lucius added. Hades crossed his legs and kissed Regulus’ forehead and the boy moved away from him, sitting by Lucius’ legs, his head resting against Lucius’ knee and Bellatrix sat up, but her hand still rested on top of Hades’.

“I’m very pleased that you all enjoyed yourselves,” Hades summoned a book to him, a book that would have hit Regulus if the boy hadn’t of moved. He opened it in his lap single-handedly.

“I have… something to tell you, all of you,” as Hades announced this, Lucius grimaced and Severus tensed. What was about to happen? Neither of them enjoyed being dangled on a hook, and that’s what being with Hades felt like. “Regulus was in my study, and he found a book. It was in my study, and he found a book. I was doing research, and I have yet to tell you where your powers truly come from. As you know by now, I am an innate Necromancer. It comes from my father, he is the personification of Death, Thanatos some may call him, but I call him Morty, after Mortem which literally means death. The phials I gave you where filled a part of my essence, and our father’s essence. Take it as a blessing. It gives you a piece of our power in exchange for your cooperation and support, your love is what I have asked for as well as your loyalty, just as I love and am loyal to you all,” despite being given news that could be considered shocking to the majority of wizards, he had to remember he was in the presence of Dark Wizards and not just any dark wizards, but his chosen. He looked around, preparing himself to see fear, but he saw none of that, just intense looks reminding him of how the people around him looked
up to him in their own ways. “To gain our full power, we should take the path I have chosen, but I will not force it upon you. I highly -- highly -- encourage you to follow the same path as I. I have begun the transformation into a lich, and while liches are most notably necromancers, not all liches take the path of a necromancer. Most notably Sepris, she was a witch dedicated to knowledge and did not practice any magic that she learned, although necromancy was one of the many branches she has learned of, she does not cast or practice the art, therefore she is not a necromancer, nor does she specialize in any sort of magic besides the magic of knowledge and of course the process of becoming a lich, which is inherently magical. Another lesser known lich are the twins Dreverra and Mikras of the Guile. While Dreverra is not known for being a lich, she was a powerful necromancer, but her brother, also a lich, wasn’t. He was a fighter, in fact, he fought on a thestral during the battles of Dreverra’s choosing. They still hold a special place in this realm, but they are far too powerful to live entirely on this plane of existence alone.

“So, you see, you don’t have to be a necromancer to be a lich. I would like all of us to become liches, but I will not force this decision upon you. We will not be affected like a normal human or creature would, instead we will retain our appearance and our base ideals as we are above the mortals that usually and most commonly attempt their hands as lichdom. To start the process of becoming a lich, you must meet Death, or Morty, and I plan to take you to him on Samhain, when the barrier between our worlds are the thinnest. I could also send your soul or ask him to call your soul to him, but that is usually horribly painful. I bring this up now, because our plan shouldn’t be entirely dependent on our advanced magicks and immortality, but we should strive for invincibility and power beyond mere mortal comprehension,” Bellatrix nods.

“I think I would like to be a lich,” she offered. She, out of all the chosen, was the most proficient in necromancy beside Hades. Lucius would never be inclined to the art as his magic was not cooperative with his learning. He was still a dark wizard with a dark magical core, but he was much more inclined on soul, body and mind like possession, illusions, shapeshifting, glamours, occlumency and legilimency. He was also proficient in curses and hexes. Severus was best at potions but also great at spell creation, occlumency, legilimency, and a variety of other magic dark in nature. Regulus was similar but best at defensive magic as opposed to offensive magic. Hades was best at necromancy, of course, and other death magic.

“Me too,” Regulus said. Eventually, everyone agreed on becoming liches. Hades was very pleased with this outcome. He wasn’t sure what tempted them most about becoming liches, but he was sure the idea of power and remaining beautiful forever was Lucius’ reason, eternity of safety due to invincibility to Regulus, inhuman (more so than now) power to Bellatrix and a combination of it all for Severus.

School seemed to start too soon, far too soon for any of their liking. Severus and Hades were in their sixth year and Regulus in his fifth. Regulus was shunned by the other Slytherins for being related to Bellatrix who had supposedly killed her husband, and Hades was constantly busy with Regulus, shielding him from curses and fighting off the seventh years who were already initiated into the Dark Lord’s ranks like idiots. Severus excelled at potions, so much so, that he was offered two potion apprenticeships. With advice from the ever and all-knowing Hades, he chose Magnus, the French alchemist and potions master who was one of the most renowned after Cleopatra the Alchemist and Nicholas Flamel.

On October thirty-first, Lucius Malfoy used his position on the Board of Governors to grant him access to Hades, Severus and Regulus, and Bellatrix used her position as Regulus’ cousin and now Head of the Noble and Ancient House of Black, to arrange meetings with Regulus for training on how to perform his new duties gifted to him by her. With the name of Black behind her, Bellatrix
was easily the most powerful woman, simply in name, in Great Britain.

Gathered in the Chamber of Secrets, Hades began to ritual and rite in order for them to pass into the Underworld and speak with his father. They pass over, their physical bodies shuddering from the intense coldness and emptiness before as their souls departed to visit Hades’ father, Death. As they entered the world of Death and the departed, they followed behind Hades who seemed to be holding the only light. They were led into a lavish castle and up a winding stairwell. Hades knocked upon a heavy wood and iron door before it swung open to reveal a massive library with all the tomes of old, in languages new and death all the same, nearly every book in existence and all the books of the past that had been lost to age were stored in his library. Death was sitting on a plush wingback chair near a roaring fire, burning brilliantly, emitting pure white light yet the purple flames licked the brick and stone furnace leaving behind rotten black scorch marks. Like acid, it eroded the stone in which the flames touched and flicked viciously.

“Father,” Hades greeted before willing a sofa large enough to fit all five souls. “Little Hades,” Death replied, not looking up from his book, made from reeds and papyrus and letters written with kohl and carvings. It looked ancient. “I see you’ve brought your chosen. I’m excited to finally meet them,” Death added in serious monotone. It sounded as if he clearly didn’t want to meet anyone else. However, when the man looked up, through the pitch blackness under his hood, he was smiling (despite nobody being able to see).

“Take a seat, please,” Death put his book down, folding the reeds together as they were crudely bound with yarn made from wool and plant fibers. His skeletal hands were crossed on his lap, as his robes shifted in a way reminiscent of crossing one’s legs although there were no legs nor feet to be seen. “So, you have all been given a gift. I assume you’re here to meet me, as companions to my only child and successor,” he didn’t wait for anyone to respond, “Yes, I enjoy your activities. Killing those Death Eaters,” he let out a rumbling chuckle at the name before he settled. “Nobody can eat death besides maybe Hades. Not Little Hades, my son, but Hades, my God and Master… So, you have all decided to become liches? I’m glad, not many have the spirit to do such a thing. I’m glad you have been chosen, all of you. Great companions for my son, and great warriors to help him rule the overworld.

“I wish you all the best of luck, but I must get back to my reading, this is the only night I can catch a break since all the souls are busy haunting around. Son, I miss you, visit more often and assist your old man sometimes. To you all, I give you my greetings, and touch your souls with my power, granting you the ability to continue on with your transformation… I await my arrival to the overworld to take my concubine soon, do not disappoint me child of mine,” Death picked up his book and resumed reading.

“I love you father,” Hades stood up and waited for everyone else to stand before banishing the chair. Then like being shot through a cannon, they hit their bodies causing them all to fall back on the ground. They looked around them, the candles all burnt out in the Chamber. They were back in their semi-mortal bodies. Bellatrix stood up and helped Reggie and Lucius up with Hades was assisting Severus who was a little more disoriented than the most, his body was honestly the most frail out of all of the chosen. They left the Chamber and were on their way. Lucius stopping by to inform the Headmaster that he was displeased with the lack of traditions shown at Hogwarts, and Bellatrix going to inform Professor Slughorn of Regulus’ scheduled time with her every Monday after classes and Thursday during his break to complete their lessons on his new status and position beside her. Slughorn was not going to deny the most infamous Black (most infamous since the murders of her husband and the slew of Death Eaters).

Hades, Severus and Regulus went to their dorm, narrowly avoiding Mrs. Norris, who would likely smell them and alert with a monster warning rather than a student-out-about warning. They were already more-than-human, but they were about to not only be immortal but the most powerful in all
the overworld and invincible. Hades was proud of his chosen and Death was proud of his son. All around, they would soon be the best.

Chapter End Notes

* I looked up the difference between egotistical and egoistic because I was confused. While egotistical is used more commonly, I decided that in my story at least, Lucius would be must more like an egoist than an egotist. But, honestly, I would consider him a little of both.
Egotist - a person who is excessively conceited or self-absorbed; self-seeker.
Egoist - excessive concern for oneself with or without exaggerated feelings of self-importance

Also, I know it was confusing to where each person was in bed, so I drew myself a diagram and the order from left to right is Bellatrix, Hades, Severs, Lucius and Regulus. I'm sorry if it was confusing, I'll try to edit it and make it less confusing later :>

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed chapter 1
Remember to review! c:

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!