Growing Legacy

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Growing Legacy

by DebsTheSlytherinSnapeFan

Summary

SEQUEL TO FIXING PAST MISTAKES. Now that the past has been fixed what of the future? Will Harry be able to secure a growing legacy as he ages? Will Dumbledore find out who they are and make life uncomfortable or will he only find out just as they leave never to be seen from again? What of Voldemort? Has he already returned working quietly from the shadows or not?
Chapter 1

Growing Legacy

Sequel to Fixing Past Mistakes I cannot give a overview of what happened in the story on this chapter, and might not be able to at all so my suggestion is you should definitely read that one first.

I do not own any of the characters except the ones I created.

Chapter 1

Three years had passed since ‘Septimus’ had put one foot in the British magical world, longer still since he had stepped foot within Hogwarts. Yet here he was about to do just that, it was complete and utter madness. They’d had many meetings with the ICW but the last one, it had been during the summer holidays, and the babysitter both he and Talin had planned on using had backed out at the last minute, due to severe injury so the three boys had to come with them. Talin’s daughter Madelyn had instead spent the afternoon with her friends. He had only wished he had sent Harry to his friends, instead he had single-handedly goaded the ICW into an agreement.

----------0 Flashback 0-----

“This is boring!” Jaden grumbled, it was really hot outside and inside too, and their dad had made them wear really stuffy dress robes. “I don’t see why we couldn’t stay on our own! We aren’t babies we don’t need a babysitter!”

“Yes, I agree,” Harry sighed, “Dad could have used the House-elves,” listening to old men arguing with their dads wasn’t exactly their idea of fun. Especially since it had been going on for years now, meeting after meeting, the ICW just kept putting it off, despite the fact they’d already been inspected, the school had been deemed outstanding and quite deserving of being internationally recognized.

There only problem was the age in which they graduated, the old men didn’t think they were mature enough to handle being a fully-fledged grown adult at the age of fourteen. They didn’t want to be embarrassed if anything happened so they were being observed further while they made up their mind. It wasn’t what they’d said, but his dad had read between the lines.

“Can’t we ask then go home?” the youngest asked them, his legs going back and forth, hitting the underside of the chair he was currently using in boredom.

“No,” Jaden informed his younger brother, shaking his head. “We best not interrupt,”

“We wouldn’t have a chance to get a word in edge wise,” Harry snorted, they were bickering like a bunch of first years who couldn’t decide what to name their Quidditch team.

“It’s a bit insulting listening to this,” Jaden grumbled, as they spoke, “What do they think we are hooligans?”

Harry laughed at that, “It would seem so,” they could hear every word from within the room, the people within were either unaware that they were there or just didn’t care if they heard or not.

“…have no time for this, we are in the midst of bringing back the Triwizard tournament, to create international cooperation.” Bathurst explained while barely clinging to his patience.

Harry glanced thoughtfully at the door, an idea sparking within his mind, a way to prove once and for all that his school deserved everything. Green eyes gleaming brightly, he paused momentarily, his
dad wouldn’t like this, perhaps he shouldn’t…but he knew he could do it, he could prove to everyone that his school was the best. If this backfired his friends were going to go mental at him, his dad and Headmaster too.

“Where are you going?” Jaden blurted out in surprise when Harry stood up. “Our dads told us to stay here, remember?” blinking in confusion when Harry went to the doors…not in the opposite direction to leave the building.

Harry held up his finger to his mouth, using the universal language to tell him to keep quiet. Ever so slowly he began to press the handle, until the door was ready to open, quite well timed, in fact, as they begun discussing the tournament yet again. Which did annoy Harry, this was meant to be a meeting about his school, and they were using it to brag about how they’d revived the fabled Triwizard tournament.

“So if we could prove ourselves you would willingly admit defeat and give us the status we deserve?” Harry called out, causing everyone to jump, completely startling everywhere there.

“Harrison Regis, just you wait until I get you home,” Severus muttered under his breath, giving Harry a stern look.

Harry flushed, his dad rarely used his full name, although it isn’t really his full name, Harrison James Severus Potter-Snape-Regis was it. His dad had no intentions of going back to using the Snape name, he would always be Regis now, and Harry was happy to be Harrison Regis too. “We could participate in the tournament! Just as well as any of the other schools! It would show them! All of them!” not just the ICW but the other schools they weren’t to be underestimated.

“Harrison, please go outside and wait on us finishing up in here,” Talin said after a moments of silence. “I am proud that you would defend the school, exceedingly so, but this is something that they, your dad and I need to work out together.”

“Just hold on a minute,” Bathurst said, raising his hand, “Are you trying to tell me little boy, that you think you’re better than three seventeen year olds from other schools?”

“My name is Harry, not little boy,” Harry told him firmly without being cheeky, “I’m not saying I’m better, just as good as them, plus there is no guarantee I would be picked if we went,” yes, he knew about the tournament, the announcement that the ICW were trying to bring back the tournament had been in the newspaper. He had read up about it, having to use the library since there was no books about the tournament for sale, just old newspaper clippings. “But my friends are just as good as well.”

Severus groaned inaudibly, his eyes closed in exasperation, his son was going to give him grey hairs if he kept this up. These people were old and traditionalists, the worst kind too, they were going to try and prove a point with all this and Harry had just fed them the idea on a silver platter. Pinching the bridge of his nose, he opened his eyes observing the reactions of the ICW, who were all conversing quietly amongst themselves, Bathurst looked undeniably smug at the moment.

Graham Winsor cleared his throat, “We have came to a decision,” speaking for the group, while Bathurst just sat there with a smarmy look on his face. “You will be entered into the tournament as the fourth school, fourteen year old and up if you win then there will be no contestation of your school being given international recognition.”

“I will not,” Talin refused immediately.

“Then we are done here,” Bathurst informed them, lips twitching but he refused to show how happy
he was at this declaration.

“Why not? This will give you what you want!” Harry protested in disbelief.

“Harry, you are currently doing your NEWTS in a dozen classes, your friends in your year doing pretty much the same thereabout, do you honestly think that this tournament is a good use of your time? My students come first before any desire of my own.” Talin said sincerely.

Bathurst deflated listening to the Headmaster speak to his student, something inside of him gave a little at the knowledge that Talin Addison was well and truly a better man. Here he was all smug about trying to prove Hogwarts was truly the better school and that fourteen year olds couldn’t be as good as seventeen year olds…and Albus liked to say he was old and wise beyond his years. He definitely didn’t feel it right about now.

“Please, let us do it,” Harry begged, “At least let us try,” he would do anything for him, Talin had been part of his whole life, and would have under normal circumstances been called ‘Uncle Talin’ if he hadn’t had the unfortunate pleasure of being Headmaster and in a position of power. Harry would certainly go to Talin before Remus, who said they had been called ‘Uncle Remy’ and ‘uncle Siri’.

“The parents won’t go for this,” Talin shook his head, his resolve wavering but still held to a higher standard. Glancing at Severus for help, to help convince everyone even him, that it was a bad idea.

The ICW wizards listened intently to the conversation going on in front of them. They honestly didn’t know how to feel about it now they’d spoken. It had been a fun idea on how to get Talin to back off, none of them wanted to allow a school with so many Muggle subjects taking prominence. Yet as they listened, they realized subjects had nothing to do with it. Just pure unadulterated passion, not just from the Headmaster of the school but the students too.

Severus wasn’t the slightest bit happy with what his son had started, unfortunately, he seemed very passionate about making sure the school was recognized for what it was. Everyone always thought they attended the best school, it was just the way it was, well almost everyone. He certainly would have said Hogwarts was the best school despite his own experience there, that was before he found out about Grand Riviere. He knew how much Talin wanted this as well, giving a single terse nod. He wasn’t about to let his son go on his own so he was damn well going. With a little luck Harry wouldn’t be picked. He liked the odds of his son being picked very much.

If only he knew.

------------0 End Flashback 0--------

It may not have shown, but Headmistress Minerva McGonagall was extremely excited for the tournament to proceed. Traditionally only three schools competed in it, thus it was usually called Triwizard tournament but this year, this year was special, four schools would be competing for the cup and prestige that came with winning the tournament. Since it wasn’t a three way competition, the official name for it was Quadwizard tournament.

“Miss Patil, fix your hair!” Minerva called as she made her way through the crowd of students all clamouring for a look at the students that was about to descend on the school. “Mr. Weasley straighten yourself up! You are representing Hogwarts!” she scolded the redhead. When he didn’t move quickly enough a spell left her wand and his clothes righted themselves causing him to squeak in discomfort.

Any minute now the three schools would make an appearance. She would get to see Severus again after three years, talking over the mirror just wasn’t the same.
“Look! Look! Look!” was called out by all the students, “They’re here!” excited babble poured from the students of Hogwarts as they waited all crowded around the steps and along the gravel and grass in the hundreds, even the Slytherins were excitedly watching, admittedly with a lot more decorum than the other houses.
Chapter 2

Growing Legacy

Chapter 2

Rampant speculation began to take hold of the students at Hogwarts as they watched the large silhouette come closer. From dragons to millions of broomsticks, all were wrong, although Dennis Creevy had the most accurate guess, it wasn't a house, but extremely large carriages, being pulled along by horses, pale blue they realized as it got closer to them and they were able to differentiate it from the darkening sky.

"Flying horses!" called a first-year Muggle-born called out in awe.

"They're Palominos," Hermione corrected the girl with a roll of her eyes.

As one the student body began to back away in worry that they may end up being crashed into as it loomed fearfully close. The worry was for naught as the carriage landed at tremendous speed, causing the ground to shake as it crashed into the gravel.

Minerva stepped forward as a young boy fiddled with the carriage - producing gold steps for the students to descend from the large carriage. Her lips twitched as her students all gasped in amazement at the sight in front of them. The Headmistress of Beauxbaton was a sight to see indeed. Resplendent in black satin with many magnificent opals gleaming from her throat, wrists, and fingers.

"Ah, McGonagall," Madam Maxime called as she stood beside the Headmistress, "I hope I find you well?"

"Very well," Minerva explained a small welcoming smile on her face. Despite the fact she had to make small talk, she wasn't one for long drawn on conversations unless it struck her fancy.

"My students," Maxime said gesturing towards her students, male and female, all in blue satin, standing shivering in the Scottish weather decidedly not used to it. All were gazing apprehensively at Hogwarts as if they weren't sure what to make of the beautiful castle yet.

Minerva gave a nod to them as they stood there, she rather hoped they had brought along warmer weather. It was wrong of Maxime not to prepare her students for the colder weather, they should have cloaks on.

"Has Karkaroff and Addison arrived yet?" Maxime continued her conversation, staring down at Minerva, while the Scottish professor stared up, or at least tried to, for it was deeply uncomfortable on her neck.

"No, they should be here momentarily," Minerva stated, "Would you prefer to go inside and warm up?" she eventually asked, they looked so miserable standing there shivering utterly freezing cold.

"Warm I think," Maxime decided after a single glance at her students, "The Horses…"

"We have someone who is more than capable of handling them, have no fear," Minerva interrupted
her; "Hagrid will see they are put comfortably into stalls with something to drink."

"Very well," Maxime said giving the Headmistress a short bow. "Come," she added to her students, and they immediately obeyed her as they walked in a single file up the stone steps and disappearing into Hogwarts with gratitude.

"You think they'll all be coming the same way?" Lee asked the twins in interest.

The twins who wore identical grins shrugged, they didn't know any better than the others after all. Although considering how the schools liked to show off when they came, he knew it would be something just as spectacular.

The entire school was on the lookout for what was coming next, but it wasn't until someone called out that they found themselves looking in the right direction.

"Look! A Mast! Out on the lake!" Colin called out; his hand dramatically pointed towards the great lake as if calling out wasn't enough.

The Hogwarts students all shivered at the magnificent sight before them, the ship looked oddly skeletal, as if it were a resurrected wreck returning to the surface for the first time since its sinking. Even over where they were they could hear the loud sloshing noise as the water parted way forceful for the ship. It was still moving, making its way towards the banks, the sound of another plop as the anchor was put down to keep it in place before another bang was heard, they saw the plank smacking against the bank surrounding the water.

Then one by one the bulky figures emerged from the ship, wrapped in thick fur coats, all matching except the figure leading them - presumably the Headmaster. Who was tall and thin just like their Headmistress, with gray hair to match but without the goatee of course, which Karkaroff supported.

"McGonagall, how are you, my dear lady?" Karkaroff asked, shaking her hand heartedly.

"I am very well," Minerva answered immediately, returning his handshake, regardless of the fact he was gazing at Hogwarts with a cold shrewd look.

"Dear old Hogwarts," he said, "How good it is to be here, how good…Viktor, come along, into the warmth…you don't mind do you, McGonagall? Viktor has a slight head cold…"

"Bloody hell!" Ron cried eyes wide, "its Krum!" gazing at Seamus and Dean in wide-eyed wonder.

"Of course," Minerva said generously, giving permission for them to enter the school, she believed he just didn't want to be there to greet Talin, he had thrown a big stink over the whole thing, but the ICW had been adamant about four schools competing, he had been given the opportunity to back out, and thus make it 'the Triwizard Tournament' once more. Which of course, he had not done.

"Only Grande Riviere now," Hermione said some excitement breeding into her voice. She stood nearby McGonagall, as did Luna Lovegood on the other side.

Minerva shared Hermione Granger's excitement, but didn't show it, she honestly couldn't wait to see how they would make their entrance. Severus had refused to say; perhaps she should think of him as Septimus, she really didn't want to screw up their lives. Neither Harry nor Severus would forgive her. The beating of wings gave away their entrance before hey appeared, Minerva's lips twitches, of course, two sets of Pegasus' flapped their wings, as the magic keeping them invisible dispersed as they made their entrance, the Pegasus was carting a mobile home, as soon as the mobile home touched the ground, it became significantly bigger.
"Wow!" many of the students exclaimed, the loudest came from beside Minerva, as Luna exclaimed and cooed over the magnificent beasts.

The hall vision of Headmaster Addison soon made an appearance, a genuine smile spreading across his features as he opened the door. He made his way straight to Minerva, extremely pleased to see her again. "Minerva, I hope you're well?" greeting her, shaking her hands with an emerging grin replacing his smile.

"I am," she replied, shaking his hand, becoming distracted by the immediate exclamation from Granger.

"They're far too young too young to be in the tournament!" Granger protested eyeing the students in shock; they looked her age not seventeen!

"The other Headteachers and students have already entered Hogwarts, the feast will be ready momentarily," Minerva explained, ignoring Granger as she usually elected to do when she began endless comments, as though the professors were wrong.

"That's good, my students are quite hungry, it's been a long journey," Talin explained.

"Make yourselves at home," Minerva said with a welcoming smile.

"One of my students would like to know if their familiar will be welcome?" Talin enquired, he didn't need to explain further for Minerva to realize who and what it was.

"Of course, one cannot forbid familiars from Hogwarts, so long as they are not a danger to anyone," Minerva explained, knowing the Hogwarts charter inside and out. It would certainly give something for the students to talk about tonight.

Turning around Talin gave a single nod to Harry, who would be known as 'Harrison' here to further pull him away from any accidental occurrences were someone found out who he was born as. With that the fourteen-year-old who was in the middle of taking their N.E.W.T's made their way to Headmaster Addison a white wolf trotting alongside one student, in particular, paying no attention to anyone, despite their reactions both good and bad…mostly bad.

There wasn't a single student over the age of fourteen amongst Talin's lot, but nobody could expect there to be, for anyone that remained at Grande Riviere after that age, were in fact not students, but apprentices, and this was a tournament for students. Harry gazed at the school, his dad and parents had attended this school, had walked up and down these steps millions of times, trudged around the school even more than that, they say seeing where your parents had been helped you feel closer to them…but Harry didn't, was it because he knew so much about them already? That he'd had a very happy upbringing that he couldn't imagine any other life?

"Where should we sit?" Josh asked since he was closest to their Headmaster, gazing around in curiosity, he could tell the students from the other schools apart, not only by their numbers but the uniform they had on.

"Either of those two, I guess," Dylan pointed them out, the Hufflepuff and Gryffindor tables since Durmstrang had sat with the Slytherins and the Beauxbaton had sat at the Ravenclaw table.

"Er…how about that table," Harry suggested the black and yellow scarf-clad students sat at.

"Go on then," Talin said, urging them to take their seats, waiting until they had sat comfortably before he headed to the teacher's table at the top of the Great Hall, it seemed as Minerva had conveniently ensured he was next to both Filius and herself. Dumbledore, of course, had a seat as
well, his magenta robes were unmistakable, he hadn't seen him outside, but he hadn't paid much attention.

"That thing doesn't belong in the Great Hall," Zachariah Smith bit out glaring daggers at the wolf sitting at the end of the table with his owner. Nobody missed the subtle shaking of his hand as he pointed at Luna. Neither did any of the others, they weren't old enough to be in the tournament, why should they get to if he wasn't going to be granted the same favoritism.

Harry bit his tongue, refraining from commenting that he didn't belong there, with that look on his face he looked more like a pug than anything else right now. He wasn't a bully, not like this guy was, and he definitely was, he could see the younger students who had been gazing at the wolf in awe flinch and find their plates interesting. His dad had been bullied, he detested people like that, it wasn't fair or fun to do that.

The food suddenly appearing caught everyone's attention and prevented any tension from surfacing so soon.

"Wow!" Josh exclaimed, "Is this what you normally get?"

"There's more on each table, but yes, it's what we usually have more or less," Cedric Diggory explained with a happy-go-lucky grin.

"I'm just glad my parents aren't here to see this," Dylan chortled gleefully as he dug into the food, there was so much food there, hardly any of it healthy, if his parents had been there they would have tried to fill his plate with vegetables.

"I don't think they agree with you," Harry said in amusement, they were looking at the food with distaste, Beauxbaton was in France, they were known for eating snails and frogs legs, he wasn't sure why they were so disgusted by the food.

Dylan and Josh glanced to where Harry pointed to and saw what he meant.

"You're awfully young, how is it that you were allowed to enter yourselves into the tournament?" one of the Ravenclaws asked, sitting the wrong way around on the House table to question them.

"They might be young, but they're taking their N.E.W.T's," Susan chimed in to defend them.

"So you're what geniuses or something?" Smith asked barely disgusting his scorn.

"No, we just start school earlier than you that's all," Josh explained, the guy was already getting on his nerves. He could see his best friends were getting irritated as well.

Harry had grabbed a plate and filled it with as much meat as he could before putting it on the floor for Luna.

"May I pet her?" came a dreamy voice to his right.

Harry turned around, knowing it could only be him that they were talking to, he found a shockingly blonde haired girl, with a face that made her look forever startled or surprised. She had a serene look on her face regardless, when she looked at Luna he could tell she had a deep fondness for animals just like he did. "Not when she's eating," Harry explained, "She's domesticated but not to that extent, she's a wolf, it would be natural to her to defend what's hers." only he, Talin, his dad and Talin's kids, Alejandro, Jaden and of course, Madelyn since they were the people closest to her.

"What's her name?" the Ravenclaw asked, the wolf was breathtaking, she'd never been so close to
one, she just had to write to her dad he would love this.

"I named her Luna, because of her color and the fact she's a wolf," Harry explained, a wolf was most associated with the moon. He saw the look of surprise filtering over her eyes as she beamed.

"That's my name too," Luna said awed.

"Nice to meet you, Luna," Harry said politely, "Please excuse me, I am rather hungry," he added regretfully, but his stomach growled conveying the truth of his statement.

Giving him a small smile she turned around, going back to her own meal and being ignored by the majority of her classmates and Housmates.

"What's it like?" Susan asked after a brief interval where they ate their dinner.

"Hmm?" Deacon questioned, swallowing the food he'd been chewing.

"Taking your N.E.W.T's so early," Susan explained further.

"It's not early for us," Deacon pointed out thoughtfully, "It just is." he couldn't explain it, it was just normal to him. His classmates all nodded in agreement with Deacon's statement, they might find it odd, but to them, they'd worked hard to get to where they were.

"Will you be staying in the castle?" Hannah queried.

"No, we have our own rooms in the mobile home," Chao answered, the girls question patiently. Thank goodness for that, as fun as it was to meet so many new people, find out about a different way of life, the questions would eventually get annoying. Especially since they were all being asked the same thing from different people further down the table. Josh had just been asked the same thing if he was right.

From the Gryffindor table, a bushy-haired teen watched the newcomers from Grande Riviere magical school with a hopeful look on her face. She had been at Hogwarts now for four years and hadn't made a single friend. She hadn't even been able to keep the Pen-pal she'd been assigned, she wasn't sure why they'd stopped responding, but after a few letters, they'd just stopped. She'd sent a few more before deciding to call it quits and got a clue, they obviously didn't want anything to do with her which had hurt greatly, and she'd spent the afternoon in the bathroom crying. She just wanted a friend, one who could keep up with her superior intellect.

It had surprised her when they had chosen to sit with the Hufflepuff's instead of the Gryffindors. Gryffindor was the best house in Hogwarts, everyone knew that. It's why she'd argued with the hat about her placement. Even if she didn't get along with them, not all Ravenclaw's were smart anyway, look at Lovegood, she was a nutcase, always staring into space, saying silly things and talking about animals that didn't exist.

Maybe they would change their seating arrangement every day? Get to know everyone while they were here? She could only hope so, she'd love to speak to them, get to know them, they were smart after all and would be able to have spirited debates with her regarding many subjects of magic. She felt quite excited, would they be attending classes at Hogwarts she wondered or would they be taught by their Headmaster/mistress? Oh, she hoped they attended lessons in the school; it would afford her more time to spend with them.

Pursing her lips thoughtfully, she decided to go to the library after dinner, she didn't understand how they could be allowed in the tournament, not only was it dangerous but they were only fourteen, Headmistress McGonagall had said only those who were seventeen could enter and that an age line
would be drawn up to prevent anyone underage putting their name in.

There were many people laughing at the fact they were facing fourteen-year-olds including those from the other schools. Going on about having to 'compete with little children'.

Later that evening

"I'll get it!" Harry called, scrambling from the communal living room; through to the kitchen where Talin and his dad sat having a cup of coffee waiting for Minerva and Filius to come, they'd quietly made the arrangements during dinner a few hours ago. When he opened the door he couldn't help but shiver a little, it was extremely cold outside. Luna quickly dashed around the visitors and bound out into the night. "Dad and the Headmaster are inside, excuses me!" he added giving them a grin as he too dashed out after Luna to make sure she didn't wander too far away or go into the Forbidden Forest, he didn't want anything happening to her after all.

Filius and Minerva curiously entered the house, unsurprised to see it was significantly larger on the inside than on the outside. It was very homely, to their right was a hallway with a few doors, presumably leading to the bedrooms, and to their left was a kitchen and sitting area by the look of it. The students were sitting near the fire conversing happily and drinking cups of hot chocolate with marshmallows in it. "It's very good to see you again, Septimus," Minerva said giving him a fond smile, "How have you been?" knowing he had been anxious about the tournament.

"I am well, would you like something to drink?" Severus questioned, as Talin cast a silencing spell to give them some privacy as they spoke, not wanting young ears to overhear.

Minerva paused, wondering if she did want something to drink, it was exceedingly cozy in here, perhaps even a little too hot for her taste but the others seemed fine with the current temperature. "Something cold wouldn't go amiss," Minerva admitted as she removed her tartan cloak and put it on the back of the seat she decided to occupy.

"Filius?" Talin questioned as he put his wand away.

"I too would benefit from something cold to drink I think!" Filius said cheerfully, levitating himself to his seat and getting comfortable.

"We have many different drinks, both non-magical and our usual kind," Talin explained, opening the fridge to show off the contents. "Whiskey?" he suggested after a few moments. He had a charm on it to alert him if it was touched; with fourteen-year-olds around he felt it was a necessary precaution to take.

They were quick to agree to that, with a flick of his wand he had glasses and the bottle out for them to use, magic filling them up and the ice clinked into the glass afterward.

"I am surprised you'd want to host the tournament given the last few years have been rough," Talin commented, wanting their thoughts and reasoning for their decision. Raising his glass in salutation before sipping it, one glass was all he'd allow himself; he had children to look after.

"Let's go Luna," Harry called as he opened the door, whistling to get her attention, shivering in the cold, wishing he had taken his cloak with him. He was warming up already though; he closed the door as soon as his familiar was indoors and out of the way of the door. Waving at the three teachers and his dad he bound back over to his friends reclaiming his cup of hot chocolate while Luna lay at
his feet contently.

"It has been quite tough," Minerva agreed, after the trial and the removal of the obstacles and stone, Minerva had refused to allow it to remain in the school, and since she was now in charge, she could get rid of it before something happened. Regrettfully that had not been the case the students had found Quirinus Quirrell dead on his classroom floor with the back of his head missing. The classes had been canceled and the Aurors called in to investigate. To their horror the magical signature was known to the Aurors, it was the same signature that was at the Bones, Dorcas Meadowes, and the Potters residence in Godric's Hollow. The Dark Lord, it became apparent after a lengthy investigation that Voldemort was back in Britain and had possessed Quirinus and for some reason had ripped himself away in a burst of angry magic.

This wasn't known to the public, of course, since it would only cause fear, suspicion, and chaos. It did span an intensive search that included the Unspeakables as well as Aurors, who had been forced to make an oath before they were let in on the case. Even to this day, they were continuing their search, but they'd only had one instance of success, but that was all down to Albus Dumbledore. Who had regained favor in the eyes of the British Ministry of Magic. Somehow the Dark Lord had regained corporal form, not just any body either, but his teenage body, he had become Tom Riddle once more, when the Aurors felt his magic they had descended upon Hogwarts in droves, and Dumbledore had successfully saved Ginny Weasley's life, by destroying a diary causing the wizard to explode in a fierce white light.

As if that wasn't enough to deal with, Minister Fudge in all his wisdom decided to place Dementors around Hogwarts to 'protect' the school 'just in case' of any further attacks from 'You-Know-Who' no further attacks had been forthcoming and for that she was grateful. Although Poppy and her new Potions Professor (it was only the beginning of his third year teaching after all) had been extremely busy due to the affects the Dementors had on her students. Nearing the end of the year she'd had enough, and exploded at the Minister to remove the Dementors or she was going public with the affects the creatures were having on her students. They had exams to study for, for Merlin's sake, and the depressed state or over-cheerfulness were affecting their sleep and grades. With that threat in place, Fudge had conceded to her demands and removed them back to the island.

"Last year was only because of the Dementors," Minerva conceded, "It's been quiet on that front, and I am grateful for It." the lines of worry evident across her face.

"I'm assuming that it's the sole reason for Dumbledore's presence remaining within Hogwarts?" Talin enquired, a displeased frown crossing his features, "His house arrest was over two years ago, he has no reason to remain here,"

"The stipulations were overturned," Minerva sighed shaking her head as she drank from the glass.

"That it was, fortunately, he couldn't return as the Headmaster, it seems Hogwarts quite prefers Minerva and didn't return to Albus," Filius commented, "Not that he was given a chance, they didn't overturn that particular decision, nor the other titles come to that."

"Yes, that is true, he's allowed contact with children, I am keeping an eye on him, which is where I prefer him if I am honest," Minerva admitted, "So long as he has no decisions when it comes to the students I'm quite content to let him stay, you know Voldemort won't attack with Albus there," plus, she honestly wouldn't feel right about forcing him out, it was true what he'd said at the trial, it was his home, he'd lived at Hogwarts for most of his life now. Perhaps it was knowing that Harry hadn't truly died that made her feel sorry for him a little enough so he could remain.

"Tell that to Quirrell," Severus said dryly causing Filius to snort into his drink decidedly amused by Severus' dry wit.
"Dumbledore was at Hogwarts during that time, correct?" Talin queried, he spoke to Filius more than Minerva and he didn't speak about the troubles, Severus did occasionally keep him up to date regarding such things though.

"He was," Filius admitted, watching the Grande Riviere students all talk away on the mirrors, "Their parents?" he guessed, gesturing towards the living room.

Talin turned around to see what Filius was talking about, even though he had his suspicions already. "Yes, and their friends no doubt," he said amused. He would need to ensure that Josh, Dylan, and Harry did not spend all night talking to Jay, Rowena had not wished for her son to come let alone be entered into the tournament. Jay had spent the week before pouting constantly, hating the fact he would be separated from his friends for an entire year, he wasn't the only one thankfully and would have the rest of his classmates to spend time with.

"Still using the old design I see?" Filius commented.

"Yes, they're quite happy with them, although the parents do have the new design, it's becoming more popular than the Floo, so it's no surprise really," Talin explained. Sirius Black and Remus Lupin had designed a different version, one that only required the single mirror with a 'Mirror name' charm on it, and anyone with the name and the password could speak to you from their own mirror anywhere. It meant they didn't need a different mirror for whoever they were calling, which is what turned out to happen until Sirius had asked Harry's permission to use the premise of the idea to make a new one. Harry received fifty percent interest on that design, acting as a 'secret investor' of sorts. "We have one on the fireplace; it helped sooth the worries the parents felt about their children being gone for so long. They aren't used to it, at least most of them aren't only five percent of my school's population remain all year around, and those are from quite far away countries and asking children to Portkey every day would be quite tedious."

"The boys were always quite inventive, lazy but inventive," Minerva said lips twitching just remembering the things they'd all get up to in school.

"Do you know the new design is based on Harry's idea?" Talin questioned, as always eager to speak about his students, pride deep in his voice.

"It is?" Filius squeaked, rather excitedly.

"Yes, he wanted to be able to converse with all his friends, the one mirror could call all three of them," Talin answered, drinking the remains of his whiskey.

"Has Sirius been behaving himself?" Minerva queried, she knew it had been difficult, to begin with, for both Sirius and Harry who found the wizard a bit too childish for his taste.

"Surprisingly yes, Harry got through to him," Severus replied, "That as well as Remus and his mind healer I believe," Remus had forced him to continue seeing a mind healer after their move to St. Lucia, refusing to relinquish the progress Sirius had begun making with someone to talk to.

"Good," Minerva said, nodding in relief slightly surprised that neither wizard was here, but they had no reason to so it wasn't as though they could just show up.

"Will you require aid teaching your students?" Filius asked, well aware that this was an extremely busy year for them, with it being N.E.W.T's and all.

"I am not teaching them alone," Talin said amused, "The mirror has been installed in all classrooms; they will be taught by their teachers, except in Potions and Alchemy, of course, which requires more
than being taught through a mirror. Those classes will be overseen by myself and Severus personally." that's not to say he won't be there to keep an eye on things from this side.

"That is…very well done," Minerva admitted it's certainly not something she would have thought off that's for certain.

"It was Severus' idea," Talin confessed.

"That is too bad, I would have greatly liked to teach a class," Filius mused, "To observe and see how well they do,"

"You may do so if there is a slot in which you are available," Talin answered, "With us being five hours ahead here, the teachers are taking time out of their schedules to teach them." it wasn't as if they could teach them at the same time as their classes would have been, since it would be the middle of the night when they were due to take their first class.

"It would be my greatest pleasure to teach them," Filius said solemnly, meaning every word. Ronald Weasley could learn something about these teenagers worth ethic. He had been held back a year, after failing nearly all his classes at the end of his first (first year). Repeating his first year for a second time, much to Molly and Arthur's shame, as well as Ronald's who had classes with his younger sister, who outdid him at absolutely everything. He had passed his second go of his first year by the skin of his teeth; he was currently starting his third year now. He had better up his game; otherwise, he would end up failing once more and being kicked out of Hogwarts. He had been warned, both by his teachers as well as the Headmistress. Hopefully, the message would sink in.

"I know a student or two who could learn from them," Minerva stated, they were still talking into their mirrors she observed, but that wasn't a surprise, everyone in Hogwarts, almost everyone in Hogwarts had one as well, she wasn't sure how many times she'd instructed the students to put them away in class.

Filius snorted, "My thoughts exactly," it should have been scary how they were on the same wavelength sometimes, but it wasn't, it helped run a tight ship, as Deputy Headmaster he had to think quickly on his feet.

"How is the Potions Master I recommended?" Severus questioned after a lull in the conversation.

"Professor Magee is perfect, we've seen a significant rise in Potion grades, more people also took Potions for their N.E.W.T class, and I had ten students come to me wishing to take it after the school year began," Minerva replied honestly, smiling grimly at the wince from Severus. "He's using your book; I believe he may have been questioning my sanity when I laughed at that one."

Severus chortled, "I can imagine," he had been aware that he wasn't the best Potions Professor to have, he wasn't teacher material, and being forced to teach had left him bitter. As he had told his son, he hadn't been living...he'd been existing, coming back and saving Harry hadn't been his second chance, it was raising him, living life the way he wished for the first time in life and he'd want it no other way. "I suspected he would be a good fit." he hadn't attended Hogwarts, and had met the young man at Potion conferences and read about his success.

"He is also Gryffindors Head of House," Minerva added.

"And the Defence position?" Severus queried, "Any problems on that front?"

"Surprisingly not, I'm not sure if it's because there was nothing to the curse…or if it was tied to Dumbledore being headmaster…either way, he's been here four years nearly without a problem."
Filius was the one to reply, it was another Scottish professor for Transfiguration, Professor James Frazier, Head of Slytherin House well liked, although it had taken the Slytherin's a while to warm up to him.

"He has," Minerva continued after, "The grades for Defence have also shot up, and as you know a few other classes have been added to the curriculum here. I am seriously considering having the students begin Hogwarts at a younger age, so with a little luck your student will do well enough that I am able to convince the Council of Magical Law to permit it." she'd added Wandless magic classes and Alchemy was back on the list of classes they could take.

Severus groaned, "I do not even wish to think on that," he sincerely hoped that Harry wasn't chosen, "It's giving me gray hairs just thinking on it."

Talin agreed, "Yes, it is quite nerve-wracking," his sons were here, only one old enough to participate, and Jaden was determined to put forth his name and help just like Harry. He believed Jaden had a desire to take over the school when and if he stepped down, however, his daughter Meghan wanted to teach, and she was actually gaining her Mastery in Charms and Transfiguration at the moment before planning on taking on a job as a teaching assistant with each subject to see what it was like.

"Ah, I assume both your sons have a desire to participate?" Filius asked, decidedly amused.

"They do," Both replied immediately with a deadpanned note to their voice, unimpressed with Filius' amusement at their predicament.

"I'm sure they would do both of you proud," Minerva said solemnly, and she knew that without a doubt.

"Yes, yes, they would, no matter what happens," Talin replied immediately, he honestly didn't care, the fact they were willing to come here, to enter the tournament to help him meant more than whether or not they won.

"Indeed," Severus stated in agreement.

"Excuse me, I think it's time to get my students to bed," Talin said amused, standing up, this was going to be fun. Not only for those here with him sake but the others in St. Lucia who were up at three o'clock in the morning talking to their friends. Each of the students had a room of their own, except Harry and his sons. His sons would be rooming with him, and of course, Harry with Severus.

To Minerva's surprise, there was absolutely no complaining, but they did look on the tired side, regardless of how tired they were, the students were polite and respectful enough to cheerfully say goodnight to them as they passed.

"Where could I find a bathroom, Sev-ptimus?" Minerva asked as her bladder made its demands known.

"First door to your left," Severus pointed it out.

"Excuse me," She said vacating her seat and making her way to the spacious bathroom to take care of her needs.

They remained for a few more hours, talking about everything and anything just happy to see each other again after a year apart, mirrors not included, of course.
There we go! So who will be Hogwarts champion? Usually, it's always Cedric but will we spice it up and add someone completely different? Or even different students from the other schools? If it's someone different for Hogwarts who would you like to see do it? Will it be the same quests or will I think of something completely different for the tournament this time around? Will Voldemort even be behind the tournament at the end? After all Pettigrew wasn't unmasked so to speak and obviously Crouch Junior is still under the control of his father...or is he? :D R&R please
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

Growing Legacy

Chapter 3

Halloween, October 31st

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Harry groaned as Luna began to slobber all over him, yanking his face away to stop her as he muttered incoherently. Sighing in resignation, Harry pouted; he'd been having a very good sleep and wasn't amused at being woken up. Unfortunately, sleep wasn't for him, not now, he knew if he wanted to he could go back to sleep, but Luna needed the toilet, he knew all her tells, so still half asleep, he slid his feet into his slippers and grabbed a warm winter cloak before shuffling out of the room, not before noticing his dad was still asleep.

A small smile appeared on his face as he closed the door, and padded to the front door of the cabin they'd be using until they returned to St. Lucia. He jumped when he heard barking, and it definitely wasn't Luna, it was a dog's bark. Glancing around, he found himself confronted with a massive - perhaps not when compared to Luna - black dog, it was a boarhound, or rather a Great Dane, he knew his animals. He'd seen one before, he liked visiting the vets. Ever since Mark had tended to Luna, he liked to visit the veterinarian at least once a month, and Mark didn't seem to mind. Mark didn't own the practise anymore, mostly just provided the potions for them, but occasionally he would go in, at least ten times a month.

"Don't yeh worry, he ain't gonna harm you none," a loud booming voice insisted, looking star struck at the sight of Luna.

"I'm not worried or afraid," Harry explained craning his neck upwards to see the giants face, and he wasn't being metaphorical when he called this man a giant, he definitely was one. This must be Hagrid, Sirius, Remus, Minerva, Filius and his dad mentioned him quite often. "Luna won't hurt him either, she's just curious!" he explained with a grin, hearing her thoughts, Luna was used to being around people and animals and had never hurt anyone unless they were trying to harm him.

"She's a beauty!" he boomed, "I'm Hagrid, keeper of keys here at Hogwarts, and the care of magical creatures professor, it's nice to meet ya, you a Grande Riviere student?"

"I am, professor," Harry said politely, giving him the respect his station deserved. Teachers put up with a lot, and didn't get much in the way of monetary compensation at least that's what his dad says.

"None o' that now, call me Hagrid," Hagrid said, beaming in happiness. "I didn't expect anyone up so early," he was still doing his rounds.

"Luna needed out," Harry shrugged, his way of explaining. "Oh, my name is Harrison, Harrison Regis, you can call me Harry though!" remembering his manners.

Hagrid's eyes gleamed a little and he sniffed, "its nice ter meet ya Harry," thinking of another little boy taken before his time. Oh, he held a lot of regret for what happened to the little tyke.
"You too!" Harry chirped.

"Yeh be careful now, there are a lot of dangers in the forest," Hagrid warned him.

"I will be," Harry said solemnly, taking the warning to heart, his dad would kill him if he did anything stupid like that. Headmaster Addison had already warned them repeatedly until it took about the dangers in there. He wouldn't be surprised if Talin had added some wards to prevent any mischief from happening probably his dad too.

"Come on, Fang, let's go," Hagrid called out to his hound, "Yeh take care o' yer self, Harry!"

"Bye, Hagrid!" Harry called out, mentally calling out to Luna through their bond, both of them bound back into the cabin again, and into the warmth. Despite the fact Luna was used to the heat, she didn't seem even the slightest bit daunted by the cold weather that was normal in Scotland.

"Good morning, Harrison," Talin said, looking up from the newspaper in interest to see who it was.

"Good morning Headmaster," Harry replied, he no longer found it difficult to differentiate what to call Talin most of the time, at home it was always Talin, and most of the time in his head too. At school though, or even here it was definitely Headmaster, even though all his friends knew his dad and the Headmaster was close, it was about time and places as well as respect.

"The House-elves are making breakfast, it should be ready soon," Talin explained, watching as Harry prepared Luna's breakfast.

"Everyone will be disappointed," Harry sniggered in amusement, "They liked dining at Hogwarts last night."

Talin hummed in agreement, "Yes, indeed they did," and he'd had to give out six potions to soothe stomach-ache to prevent it from actually leading to being sick. They tended to eat a lot more healthily at home, most of the food at Hogwarts was fried, almost swimming in grease, and the amount of meat they consumed...he doubted even the moon wolf's would have been able to consume it.

Harry swiped his hands together, having completed his first talk.

"How are you feeling?" Talin asked, his stomach in knots just thinking about last night. He had at ten o'clock led them up to Hogwarts again, letting those who actually still wished to enter the tournament to do so. To his immense pride and anxiety none of them had stepped back, even his sons had put their names in. Harry was like a third son to him, so like when Ale and Jaden put their names in he'd felt his heart pounded like a never ending drumbeat.

Harry turned around and slid into his seat, having been taught not to lie, Harry rarely did, especially because his dad always seemed to know or find out. He hated being grounded or going to bed early, it sucked, especially when he got his mirrors taken off him. "I haven't thought about it," he answered honestly, showing how smart he was that he knew what Talin was referring to. They'd returned back to the cabin right away after submitting their names to the goblet and had an extra hot chocolate to warm up before heading to bed. He'd fallen asleep almost right away, if he didn't know any better he would have thought there was something in the hot chocolate to help them sleep.

Talin nodded, today was going to be exceedingly long, tonight they would find out which one of his students would be competing in the tournament. Removing his wand from his holster he held it out at the corridor before using a spell to make a loud noise, like a bell for a short moment before food appeared for their breakfast.

Toast, butter, strawberry jam, an assortment of fruit, eggs done three different ways, scrambled,
omelettes, boiled and Benedict made the usual way with half muffins, each topped with Canadian bacon, and hollandaise sauce then there was some bacon, sausages all done the healthiest way possible.

Harry dived right in, not realising just how hungry he was until the delicious smelling aroma penetrated his still groggy mind. He picked two egg Benedict's, waving to Dylan as he walked in, his hair sticking up at all ends, still in his pyjamas like Harry was and slouched down.

Harry made an enquiring noise through pursed lips, gesturing towards the hallway, not even needing to say anything properly for Dylan to understand.

Dylan sniggered as he scooped up two portions of omelette with pepper and onions in it. "Shower," he murmured, and that was the last of the conversation as they began to eat their breakfasts, waving or nodding to their friends as they too made appearances. Josh was last to come in, already dressed his hair still damp.

It was half an hour later before anyone spoke.

"Are we doing anything to celebrate Halloween? Headmaster Addison?" Chao questioned curiously, after the House-elves cleared the table leaving only the juice behind for them to drink. Normally they had at least a party, ones that everyone in the school attended, dressed up or otherwise, so that those at home could have fun just as much as those who stayed full board while at Grande Riviere.

"Why? It's not like we can dress up, I mean I didn't bring anything with me!" Deacon said in half panic, wondering if the others had.

"Wait, Hogwarts is bound to be having something happening tonight, other than the tournament announcements surely?" Dylan pondered.

"I wonder what they normally do?" Josh mused, as everyone tried to give their own questions.

"Hogwarts doesn't do parties or dressing up for Halloween, it's a grand feast nonetheless, but that is all they do." Severus answered their questions as he entered the room. "Do not go crazy with the sweets," he warned them, but his tone wasn't scathing, but concerned.

"That's just boring!" Josh groaned, "A feast? It's supposed to be about dressing up and having fun!" revealing their age, sure they might be what people here called 'Advanced' for their ages intellectually but the reality was, they were still just fourteen-years-old.

"Every school has their own quirks and has different ways of celebrating things," Talin said soothingly, "I think once the announcements have been made this evening you won't be bothering overly much about dressing up."

"I can't wait!" Ale said practically shaking with excitement.

Talin just groaned at his son's words, his son might not be able to wait but he was dreading it. Glancing at Severus he saw that his own emotions were reflecting in those black eyes, yes, he wasn't the only one.

"Did you hear the rumour about Durmstrang?" Chao exclaimed, eager to share.

"What do you mean? What rumour?" Harry asked curiously, everyone looked Chao's way quite excited to know too.

"Well, they've said that only one student put his name in the goblet! So, he's like guaranteed to end
"That can't be right…" Harry frowned, glancing at his dad to see what he thought.

"It isn't," Severus explained for his son, always up to sharing any shred of information with him so that he knew what was what. "There has to be at least three participants put forth, and no name can be the same, the line has a spell that absorbs magical signatures, so nobody could their names in more than once or for someone else."

"Two others could have put his name in for him," Harry pointed out.

"They could have," Severus agreed.

"How cool is that Mr. Regis!" Deacon grinned.

"Not very, it's not so much of a competition if the others are already cheating to get their own way," Severus replied, his distaste at the thought already showing on his face. It wouldn't surprise him if Igor had done exactly that, he had already shared with his son what Igor is, demanding that he keep away from him as much as possible without rousing suspicion. Only fellow Death Eaters would know of Igor's defection, or those high up in the Ministry, if Harry avoided him for no reason, suspicion would be roused, and he wasn't risking it. He was going to have to be cautious anyway with Dumbledore around.

"Not only that but they say it's Viktor Krum who's only put his name in!" Chao ended her titbit with flare.

"KRUM!?!" they called out half excited half terrified, "But he's brilliant!"

"Yeah," Harry muttered, he had to be, in order to play Quidditch you had to keep your grades up, he'd imagine he was under immense scrutiny due to the fact he played professionally not just for a school team."

"Oh, man!" Josh groaned, "Maybe I shouldn't have put my name in! He has the best grade for Defence in his year!"

"So do we!" Dylan stated right back.

"I guess," Josh mused thoughtfully, ignoring all the chatting going on around him. "What do you think, Harry? Do you think the rumours are true?"

"I would say so," Alexis whispered, braiding her long brown hair, "I was leaving the Great Hall when I heard the Headmaster offer mulled wine to Krum, he sounded really gentle, parental even like my mum is with my older brother, Adam when he gets home from work…Krum said no, but when another student asked…" Alexis shuddered, "It was like he became a whole different person, he was so cold, and then he embarrassed him just for having food down his clothes!" Headmaster Addison would never do such a thing to them, he was always kind.

Harry ducked down so they could hear him, before starting slowly, "I…wouldn't put it past their Headmaster to set something like this up, maybe thinking it himself…or the ICW helping him." there was no doubt Krum was absolutely the best not just at Quidditch either. It looked like the Headmaster also favored Krum too.

"You think they're trying to sabotage us?" Josh's jaw tightened in anger.

"I don't know," Harry said quietly, frowning, "If anything you'd expect them to help Hogwarts…"
they are biased in favour of this school…but the Headmistress is very fair, she wouldn't allow it, everyone probably knows that so they might have decided to go to someone else…honourable?"

"Bloody hell," Dylan groaned, rubbing his head.

"Well if anyone knows Karkaroff then yes, he's definitely capable of it," Alexis admitted, her blue eyes filled with fire. She believed it completely, that wizard...there was something about him she'd never trust him.

"It could be just a rumour though," Harry said unhelpfully, and it was obvious he didn't believe what he was saying.

"There's always some element of truth in rumours though," Josh pointed out pensively.

"Guess we'll find out tonight," Harry stated determinedly. "Whoever gets picked, we'll stick together, help each other through it."

"Hell yeah!" Deacon chimed in, "One for all and all for one!"

The two adults watched possessively over the students, eye gleaming with pride, this was what the competition was meant to be about. Sticking together, helping each other, becoming strong, united in face of trials and tribulations.

The students all laughed, relaxing in their seats, they were right, they had each other, and they would do their school proud, no matter what. They had agreed to this wanting to help their Headmaster, strongly believing that their school deserved international recognition, although in hearts of hearts some of them did indeed desire eternal glory, the money that came with it. It was why Jay had wished to come, one thousand galleons was a lot of money, it would have helped his mum cover the cost of attended Grande Riviere, but she wasn't having any of it. She'd rather work around the clock than risk her son for anything, he was all she had, and Jay had been gutted.

It was a Saturday so they didn't need to worry about school or classes they just enjoyed their day.

The anxiousness didn't return until night fell.

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Once the Grande Riviere students were once again sitting at the Hufflepuff table, they began to absorb all the talk of the day. Apparently, Fred, George, Fawcett who was a Ravenclaw, Summers - who flushed at the attention - who was a Hufflepuff, had all tried to fool the Goblet of Fire into accepting them, an aging potion apparently. Only to be flung after successfully getting over the circle to grow enormous beards.

The Grande Riviere students had all laughed in amusement.

"It's curious, isn't it? How the age line worked for us?" Josh said, his eyes twinkling brightly like they usually did when there was a mystery presented to him and his three best friends. They liked to know how everything worked.

"That's easy, when we stepped into Hogwarts our magical signature was collected by the age line before it was activated, we are the exceptions," Harry breezed through the answer, the Great Hall was packed with people, pumpkins and candles floating through the air, ghosts bobbing up and down speaking to the students or doing their own thing.

"Whoa!" a few Hufflepuffs murmured in awe having heard Harry's reply.
"That must have been some intricately designed work, I wish I could have seen it!" the fourteen-year-olds breathed, "Can you imagine having to tweak the original works like that?"

"It's not easy, but once you get the hang of it..." Dylan said thoughtfully, "I suspect it was runes, they're always best when tweaking certain spells."

"I agree," Harry nodded, "Definitely runes," absently patting at Luna, ensuring her tail was tucked in so she didn't get stepped on, glancing at her bowl, she was nearly finished with her food.

The fifth through seventh-year students at the Hufflepuff table gaped at the fourteen-year-olds for a few moments. Runes was an exceptionally difficult subject, they should still only be on the basics never mind advanced work like tweaking Runes, the seventh years actually understood the implications more than any others. Just watching them, they realized the others laughing had been premature, these students were actually going to be very good contenders for winning this.

"Hey, Harry, where's your dad? I've not seen him at Hogwarts yet?" Alexis queried, they all liked and respected Mr. Regis, he may be stern sometimes but he always answered any questions they had, helped with their homework when they were at Harry's and attended all his games and his books were a major help for those like her who just didn't get Potions like the advanced class group - or she hadn't back then, but with the book...she'd understood it better and ended up in the advanced group a few years ago. It was a good thing because she wanted to be a Herbologist, and that required an EE in potions. She also wanted to do well in Alchemy, which was also steeped in potions knowledge since it was half...more than half potions.

"He's back at the cabin, he's coming for the announcements though," Harry answered her immediately, he had gone off to the goblins to find out about tweaking the pendant, to make his features less prominent, but to prevent anyone who had seen him from seeing any of the changes. Like Harry himself and everyone from his school and maybe even Minerva and Filius to everyone else he will be just different enough nobody could say he was Severus Snape or related to the Princes. He wouldn't be different enough to call any attention to him and his friends though. Even the thought of trying to figure it out baffled even him. He definitely wanted to see and inspect the pendant when he returned home though.

"I really hope its Cedric!" Summers admitted, still put out her plan had failed, "A Hogwarts, Hufflepuff victory!"

"It would show them all what we can do!" agreed Bones sagely, they were looked down upon for being loyal, "That just because we're Hufflepuff's we aren't idiots or spares!"

"What do you mean by that?" Chao asked, who was sitting closest to Susan Bones, they were already friends, pen-pals really, they'd been writing then talking through the mirrors for years now. It was odd being at the school but she was looking forward to spending proper time with her when she could.

Susan took a deep breath and told Chao about everything they endured by the other students within the castle just because of where they were sorted. That there were fewer students wishing to be with them because of it or feeling embarrassed, bullied and ostracised due to their placements. She never said this when they wrote, other than the first few letters the school hadn't been mentioned again, it had just been a factor for breaking the ice between the girls.

"Do you know if the other schools work the same way?" Sophie asked, joining the conversation, shaking her head, glad Grande Riviere didn't sort its students, it sounded like blatant permission to just be a horrible person and judged because of their placements.
"Only one other school sorts the students," Josh explained, having spent weeks looking them all up after Harry told him about Hogwarts and how they had to wait until they were eleven to attend. "It's the American school, um, what it is called…"

"Ilvermorny," Harry imputed as he slowly ate his food, he wasn't in the mood for a gigantic feast. He was definitely taking some of the treats back with him though. He made a mental note to remember cauldron cakes, they were his dad's favourite.

"That's right! It's mirrored after Hogwarts! Four houses, four animals, even the subjects are the same, with some alterations," Josh went right back to it. "At least when I read it, I know Hogwarts is starting to make more classes available to its student's now." none came even close to the number of choices they had at his school though he thought with satisfaction. "It was fascinating to read about all the diff…" Josh trailed off when every golden plate in the hall reverted back to their normal spotless states. As soon as this happened the noise cut off completely, as every student in the hall including him turned to the Headmistress of Hogwarts, to hear what was going to be said.

"The Goblet is ready now to make its decision," Minerva stated calmly, as she stood up, not even the slight bit apprehensive to see so many students gazing at her impatiently, the desire to know who the champions were was written across their faces. "When I call out the name of the champions, please come up to the top of the hall and walk along the staff table, and go through into the next chamber," Minerva gestured towards the chamber for those who weren't familiar with the school. "This will be where you will receive your first instructions."

Minerva removed her wand, just as Severus stepped inside giving her a nod and every candle in the Great Hall was extinguished, and darkness descended, except for the pumpkins and the glowing Goblet of fire.

Severus closed his eyes feeling quite anxious, before opening them and breathing out, whoever it was, he would help them as much as he could. They were fourteen-years-old and the others competing where seventeen, magically they were all the same level, in fact, he'd say Harry and his friends were magically stronger having been using magic longer, but physically and mentally…well that was the difference. Especially when met with the students of Durmstrang, it made Harry and the others look exceedingly younger. The Beauxbaton students though didn't have the same intense - probably intimidating to others - presence.

Severus straightened his spine when the Goblet sparks turned red, Minerva was already summoning the charred paper towards her, he could tell she wasn't completely confident about the tournament, he'd known her long enough to see her tells. Her eyes were narrowed a little more than usual, mouth slightly tenser, it gave away her anxiety.

"The champion for Durmstrang will be…." Minerva called out, "Viktor Krum!" without too much dramatics.

Harry and the others all glanced at each other, no surprise showing, but they nonetheless cheered politely for the champion. Alexis gave Harry a pointed look when even over the cheering they heard Karkaroff bellowing out his own congratulations. Harry just smirked and shrugged his shoulders, before both were once again distracted by the Goblet and more red sparks.

"The champion for Beauxbatons," Minerva called, "Is Fleur Delacour!"

Harry craned his neck to see who she was, a blonde girl rose from the table next to their temporary ones. Oh, she was a Veela, well, half-Veela, he'd definitely know if she was a full one, everyone would. Still, the pull would be quite immense, especially to those who don't have strong magical cores, she was like a siren, had an allure about her. He was quite glad he'd managed this, between
giants, Veela's, half-goblins this was going to be so much fun. He definitely wanted to talk to her at some point, he had quite a few questions about her lineage if she'd permit him.

"This is it!" squealed Susan, her red hair shining like a beacon even in the darkness.

"The champion for Hogwarts is…"

Chapter End Notes

My apologies for the long wait between updates, I was in an accident and I'm still recovering (I was hospitalized for three weeks) and I'm still trying to get back to normal - sorry to those who've already heard this-this is just for those who don't read my slash stories! - I am doing good though and I hope soon I can get back to writing the way I used to...but with RL and the accident getting in the way it might not happen (for a while) BUT I'll still update as often as possible and it's more than some people can so I have to content myself with that.

Soooooo who will be the Hogwarts champion? Cassius Warrington from Slytherin...Cedric Diggory from Hufflepuff or Angelina from Gryffindor? AND who will be the champion from Grande Riviere? Jaden Addison? Josh? Dylan or Harry? R&R! please!
"Cedric Diggory!" Minerva called out, and there was an immediate roar of triumph and happiness from the Hufflepuff table, as they cheered and hollered out their support for the newly elected Hogwarts champion. It drowned out the groans, the boos from a few of the more disrespectful students. Harry and his classmates remained seated as the Hufflepuffs stood, applauding as Cedric Diggory stood up, looking bashful and a little overwhelmed with the support shown to him.

"Yes! Now we have a chance to prove ourselves!" Susan exclaimed, her face twisted in victory. She was very passionate about her house, all her family had been Hufflepuff's, and she hated the rampant bullying they received because of their penchant for being loyal. A lot of the Ravenclaws were decent though, but the Gryffindors and Slytherins were unbearable.

Once Cedric Diggory disappeared through the antechamber, silence once again reigned over those within Hogwarts walls. Talin and 'Septimus' became tense once more, Minerva hadn't un-tensed since she begun reciting the names from the slips of paper.

"Here we go," Harry and Alexis muttered quietly, each student from Grande Riviere glancing at each other, hearts pounding as they waited.

"Last but no means least, the champion for Grande Riviere is…" Minerva snatched the last slip of paper from the goblet, noticing both Severus and Talin's tense states, but since they were the only two with actual children here and potential champion candidates there was nothing suspicious about it. "Harrison Regis!" oh, boy, poor Severus, he was in for a rough year, but she suspected he would have been regardless, Severus cared a lot about children, especially those he considered under his care, even if his attitude conveyed the complete opposite.

"You've got this," Dylan said, squeezing Harry's shoulder in support.

"We're with you," Josh added, patting him on the back, as they all stood up cheering for Harry, giving him their unequivocal support.

Harry gave them all a wry grin, his stomach was twisted in knots, he felt undeniably nervous. This was all on him now, he wanted so badly to help his Headmaster get his biggest wish, and he too wanted Grande Riviere to be given international status, it deserved it - that and more - in his book. He would give it his all and hope it was enough, he felt anxious and worried but the cheering and strength of his friends made him feel like an immovable force to be reckoned with.

With their strength giving him courage, Harry was finally able to get his limbs to move after what felt like forever. Fortunately for him, it wasn't any longer than any other student who had just been called forth, so no odd looks or laughing thinking him weak. Fur brushed his fingers, Luna was following him. He didn't even think to force her to remain behind, the noise had startled her, it had her on edge.

The polite cheering seemed to fade into the background as Harry searched the crowd for his dad. His brow was furrowed, a sure sign on worry, but when his dad noticed him watching, it smoothed out, a comforting nod was then given, causing Harry to grin more genuinely, he suddenly realized he could
do this, maybe not win but he could compete.

"Congratulations, Mr. Regis, go and join the other champions, we will be through momentarily," Minerva informed Harry as soon as he stepped in front of her.

Harry gave a nod of understanding, sound finally coming back to him, hearing the buzzing of over a hundred students all talking about the results of the goblets decisions. The cheering and applaud had died down, and they were all seated again, Harry observed before he lost view as he turned into the antechamber, feeling utterly dwarfed by the two male champions, who were standing arms crossed, leaning on the wall waiting impatiently to learn what happens next.

Harry didn't dwell on his fellow competitors, he turned to look around the room in a curious manner. He hadn't been in this part of the school - obviously - like the majority of the school it seemed to house a lot of portraits. Was there anywhere in this school you could actually get any privacy? Only a few rooms at Grande Riviere had portraits, and it was only one or two, he'd never seen a building so burdened with a great many portraits before.

It was cold in the antechamber, even with a fire roaring in the large fireplace. Then again the three other champions were already huddled around it, claiming all the heat for themselves. He rather hoped they weren't going to be here for too long. The only warmth he felt was where Luna was leaning against his leg keeping close to him. Showing her teeth to Krum -slummed and brooding as he was - was eyeing the wolf as though he wanted nothing more than to kill and eat it.

Harry patted Luna's back, soothing her from her earlier fright, if it had been loud to him he could only imagine how loud it had been for her. That and he was stealing some of her warmth his hands were cold. Her attention was diverted to the door, Harry glancing with her, just a few moments before the door opened again, and a large group of people began to trickle in, including his Headmaster and his dad, the noise of all the students was heard until Headmistress McGonagall, the last to enter, closed the door once more.

"How are you feeling?" Talin asked quietly, leaning down to whisper into his student's ear.

"I'm fine," Harry replied, "I'd like to know what the first task is though," perhaps that would completely settle his nerves.

"I'm sure you're all eager to get back to your friends and classmates, so let's crack on, shall we?" Ludo Bagman said with a cheerful smile on his face, looking thoroughly happy with the outcome of the tournaments announcements. "Barty? Would you like to do the honors of giving the instructions to the champions?"

Mr. Crouch, who none of the champions had noticed due to their attention being focused on their Headmaster/Mistresses. They did notice the extremely tall wizard who stepped forth, the light of the fire splashing across his face. His eyes were cold and his face was lined harshly, a deep contrast from Ludo Bagman that was for sure.

"The first task is designed to test your deductive reasoning," Crouch informed them, his voice sounded so old but just as cold as the rest of him. "It involves a hunt, a total of ten puzzles will be placed in and around Hogwarts, each puzzle will hold a clue leading to the next, in the end, you'll find the last puzzle holds a clue to the second task."

Harry's eyes lit up, buzzing with excitement, he loved the sound of that, he just knew that this was Talin's design. They did these logic puzzles each Easter, in the end, you got a chocolate egg if you succeeded in finishing it.
Talin cleared his throat, "I think something vital has been forgotten, don't you?" his tone smooth with a subtle rumble in his chest that wasn't discernable to everyone.

"Ah, yes, of course, my fault!" Ludo said apologetically, face going red, "I volunteered to give the information to our champions,"

"What information is this?" Fleur demanded, her accent making it difficult to understand her words fully. What could be gleaned from her though was that she was perplexed, maybe a little worried at the way they were being squirrely about revealing the information.

"During a meeting after tying up the remaining loose ends for the tournament, one of the Headmasters decided that there should be more tasks during the tournament, protesting the unfairness of only three of the head teachers getting to set up a task." Ludo explained patiently, nobody missed his gaze going very briefly to Karkaroff when he aid 'one of the Headmasters' not that Harry would have had difficulty figuring it out due to the fact the logic puzzle was definitely something Talin would design.

Karkaroff not perturbed at being called out, merely straightened defiantly, refusing to be cowed by the looks thrown his way. That was until he me 'Septimus Regis' gaze and it waved very briefly, as he observed the death spit firing from those eyes, it gave a whole new meaning to 'if looks could kill'.

"So four tasks, one by each of your Headteachers," Crouch explained, "Depending on how you do in these tasks, you will be judged by the tournament panel at the end of these tasks."

"This is unacceptable!" Fleur argued, "We entered the competition with only three tasks, it should remain that way!" they had no right changing it at the last minute.

"Legally you can just compete in the three tasks, just because they alerted it at the last minute… doesn't mean that the rules of the contract were changed. which means you're legally only obligated to see through the three tasks, albeit with the only exception being gravely injured." Harry pointed out, "If the contract was changed, you can challenge it, you were not informed of its changes so it was misleading and misadvertised."

Dumbledore and the others stared at the fourteen-years-old surprised and impressed, it wasn't often that children knew the rules that governed their world. Usually, when they picked a career in the Ministry they had to read everything in order to pass the tests to get into their chosen profession. Dumbledore thought it was extremely worrisome and foolish to allow fourteen-year-olds to compete alongside seventeen-year-olds in a tournament that is known for its violence and danger. Now he pondered on this school and what it was teaching its students, why teach them about law at such a young age? They had no need for it, another foolish waste of time, and he was fighting Minerva to tooth and nail over the changes to Hogwarts, he didn't like it. For the most part, he was failing spectacularly, it seemed even the purebloods were happy with the changes, especially the school Governors backed by Lucius Malfoy. A wizard who seemed to take great delight in deliberately goading him by agreeing to anything he disagreed with, not that he had a say in anything on those matters anymore. He was staying here on Minerva's say so at the moment, and when and if it changed…he had no idea what he would do. Hogwarts was the safest place, and his base for all things - especially war-related - and he knew sooner or later that Tom would return. Without Harry, the prophecy had been nullified, and the world would be in grave danger.

"Quite right, quite right," Ludo agreed, "Do you wish to challenge the contest, Miss. Delacour?"

Everyone in the room glanced over at Fleur who flushed red at the attention, it most certainly hadn't been her intention when she spoke. All of them looked quite worried if they postponed the tournament…it was quite possible it may take longer than the school year to see it through. It would
screw everything up, but the adults there all knew she was perfectly within her rights, they had changed the rules of the game - without altering the contract too - without informing them, it was their bad.

Karkaroff looked ticked off, both annoyed that someone was contesting the changes he'd fought for and the prospect of it being drawn out. They would need to leave at the end of the year for the exams, his students wouldn't be able to take them here, then they would need to return when they were no longer students, it was messed up.

Fleur looked up at her Headmistress, looking to her for guidance, all she got, in turn, was a small smile and a pat on the shoulder. It was obvious that Maxime was going to support whichever step she took. "No, I will compete," Fleur decided, deflating utterly, her earlier anger was gone. She did feel a small margin of embarrassment that she was the one picking a fuss when a fourteen-year-old remained unperturbed by the turn of events.

"Mr. Crouch?" Minerva prompted the wizard to continue explaining what was going on.

"The first task will take place on November the tenth, in front of the other students and the panel of judges. The champions are not permitted to ask for or accept help of any kind from their teachers to complete the tasks in the tournament. The champions will face the first challenge armed only with their wand. Owing to the demanding and time-consuming nature of the tournament it has been decided that the champions are exempt from the end-of-the-year tests."

"I think that's all, isn't it, Minerva?" Crouch turned to the Hogwarts Headmistress.

"I believe so," Minerva agreed. "Go on, I'm sure your friends are all waiting eagerly to celebrate with you," she informed the student with an amused lilt to her voice, it was going to be a long and loud night tonight.

"I have no doubt," Talin said sounding just as amused at Minerva, gripping Harry's shoulders he began to lead his student out of the antechamber, Septimus following very closely along with of course, their four-legged sentry, the others doing the same, speaking in their own languages, Fleur and Maxime conversing in rapid French, but Krum and Karkaroff were silent but excited, Cedric and Minerva were talking also, mostly just Minerva making sure Cedric was truly alright and not worried about the upcoming task.

Septimus and Talin didn't glance back, they knew they would see Minerva and probably Filius for a nightcap once Minerva's duties were seen to. Not only did she have her own champion to deal with but the panel of judges to tend to while they visited the castle.

"Students, please line up in an orderly fashion, we are returning to the cabin for tonight," Talin called out to his students, who immediately obeyed him, positively vibrating with excitement, and true to Talin's thoughts and words, they didn't seem to care about the lack of party this Halloween. He knew they were going to be up well past their bedtime discussing this, and quite honestly, he was against ordering them to go to bed at their curfew due to the unique circumstances, they wanted to help Harry, the school, and who was he to prevent that?

They were thankfully able to get out of there before the older students from Durmstrang began to pull themselves away from the Slytherin table to make their way back to the boat. Karkaroff and Krum led the way, all of them quite smug and pleased with themselves.

The Beauxbatons were the same but doing so with considerably more grace than the Durmstrang students.
Everyone was quite glad to leave behind the utter cacophony of noise coming from the Great Hall of Hogwarts.

Chapter End Notes

I was very tempted to have it be someone from Slytherin I must admit, but Severus/Septimus is going to have enough to worry about without worrying about his Slytherin's who we all know he cares for very deeply, and he would know that student since it's not been that long since he left...(it would have been Warrington to be sure! With the Slytherin's being ostracized by everyone Severus would have felt torn so yeah, no Slytherin's so Cedric Diggory it was, although I did contemplate using Angelina to even it up two boys two girls but noo it's already going to be different anyway :D and it's going to be so much fun!

Admittedly if anyone wants to help me create some magical logical puzzles please feel free (credit will be given where its due!) since it's going to be quite difficult to come up with ten of them! Should have made it less I think but hey I'm sticking with it, need to carry around a notepad and think of some really good puzzles that can make everyone really think of an answer :D R&R PLEASE and I'm so sorry for the long wait and to make up for it the next chapter will be extremely long and I promise the wait won't be as long! Hopefully I can keep it despite the fact I need to come up with ten puzzles ;)}
"Eat," Severus stated softly but firmly, placing two pieces of unbuttered toast on Harry's currently empty plate. Absently petting Luna as he moved to sit down opposite his very nervous son. It certainly brought him back to when Harry was a child, the day of the championship Quidditch games, no matter how many times he played, on those days, he always felt nervous despite the fact he wasn't what one would call extremely competitive. He was, but not in the fanatical way a lot of others are, Harry didn't believe it was the end of the world if he didn't win, and always encouraged his own players to play their best game. Win or lose, it didn't matter. Severus always made sure to let his son know he was proud of him no matter what and that parental wisdom and advice had been heeded and distributed in turn by his son to his players when he became captain.

"I think I'll be sick if I do," Harry said, staring down at the food, his stomach rumbling hungry despite the fact it was twisted in knots.

"Yes, as always, at least until you've had a few bites," Severus said dryly, his lips twitching despite himself. He wasn't worried about this task, he had no need to be. There was nothing dangerous going to be at work, it was the other task he'd end up feeling the same as his son did right now, if not actually worse. "You'll do just fine, so long as your mind doesn't go blank at the most inopportune moment."

Harry stared horrified at the thought, it would be just the thing too.

"Eat," Severus told him again, giving him a pointed look, one that said he wasn't moving from this table until he had.

Harry sighed, very familiar with that look as he picked up the toast and began to eat.

"In twenty minutes you'll meet the others on the Quidditch pitch with the first puzzle," Severus explained, "As you know there are ten in total, the last puzzle once complete, will give you a clue to what your next task will be."

"Do we all have different sets of puzzles or will we all know when we get to the first one how ahead we are of the others?" Harry questioned as he absently

"They are different," Severus replied, lips twitching, "It wouldn't be much of a puzzle if you could just follow each other now would it?"

"Doesn't sound fair," Harry pointed out biting his lip thoughtfully.

"You each have the same logic puzzles, just in different orders, so you go in different directions," Severus corrected Harry's assumptions. "Each one you read from the first clue and all thereafter will be different to each other." elaborating on what he had meant the first time.
"Oh, that makes sense," Harry murmured around a mouthful of toast, wiping his clothes of gathered crumbs. Absently picking up his second piece, suddenly finding himself utterly ravenous.

"How is our champion doing?" Talin queried as he entered through the front door, the sound of hundreds of students, talking unintelligibly, sounding extremely excited for the task to commence before it cut off as the door closed tightly behind him. "Trouble eating?" he guessed at the discernible lack of food on his plate. Harry had always been a hearty eater, so you always knew something wasn't quite right when he didn't eat or ate little of what was on his plate. When you got to know someone you picked up on little nuances like that.

"I'm fine," Harry said sincerely, and he was, the first few bites had been difficult, but he was more than ready to get started now.

"The weather is quite cold today, remember your cloak," Talin informed him seriously, he'd seen Fleur walking with her Headmistress just not five minutes ago. Wearing a silk cloak, shivering in obvious cold, it was winter here in Scotland, the fact the Headmistress had not prepared her students adequately was quite infuriating to him. Yet he knew it wasn't solely the Headmistress' fault, the parents should have very well known better too. He had done all his research on both Scotland, Hogwarts and potential tasks that the tournament might employ. Not only to ensure that his son - if he'd been chosen - had been more than prepared. Admittedly most of his information came from Severus himself, and of course, the books, he'd trudged through in order to learn everything. It had been then written down and sent out with each student, to give to their parents after they'd signed up for the tournament so they too could prepare their children.

None of his students had come ill-equipped.

"And what has you vexed?" Severus asked Talin, standing up, letting his son eat his breakfast in peace as he moved towards the small kitchen, putting on the kettle.

"Oh, just the idiocy of some people," Talin waved it off but seeing Severus' determined gaze never wavering he sighed, "The Beauxbaton students, they made no adequate preparations for the winter weather here. The students are all quite chilled, wearing naught but thin silk uniforms it's little surprise."

"If they do not have the smarts to cast heating charms…then I pity the fools," Severus snorted wryly, shaking his head, "Honestly, you wouldn't think they were witches would you?"

Talin grinned sheepishly, "I er…honestly forgot that they could apply them,"

"Perhaps broaching the topic in passing might dissuade you of any misplaced guilt," Severus informed him, pouring two cups of steaming hot water, both adding what they wanted, how they wanted it absently.

"I'm going to get my winter cloak!" Harry exclaimed, as he lurched over Luna and ran towards his bedroom, looking much better than he had when he woke up this morning.

"What should we do with Luna?" Talin asked, staring at the wolf, "She will try to follow Harry, and that will definitely not be allowed. I'm pretty sure if we kept her in here she would find a way to get out, these weren't truly built to keep anyone out or in for that matter bar a few spells."

"She will remain seated with me," Severus stated, he knew as well as Talin did if they left Luna in here she'd find a way out.

Talin nodded once, glancing shrewdly at his friend from around the cup of coffee he had at his lips,
"Did you sleep at all, last night?" observing the wizard with a sympathetic look.

"Not very much," Severus admitted, leaning back against the worktop. A sigh of relief leaving him as he gently unwound after an unsettled night. The coffee helping him a great deal, he'd scarcely added a drop of milk to the brew, wanting it as strong as possible. Thankfully it wasn't scalding hot, otherwise, his tongue would have paid for it.

"I myself found it rather difficult," Talin confessed, his hands rubbing over his small amount of hair that was growing on his head, he had decided to grow it out a little, experiment. He had been shaving his head now for over twenty years, long before his little girl came around. "It's just anxiety and excitement I'm sure," he knew the task he had assigned to the champions weren't difficult.

"Excitement?" Severus arched an eyebrow, but his severe look didn't quite win, due to the subtle smile that was twitching at the ends of his mouth.

"It is not the first task we have to worry about," Talin explained, his brow furrowing, "I would say Karkaroff is the most concerning one of all."

"And that task is?" Severus queried, anxiety crawling up his spine, to have Talin actually convey concern definitely indicated that he was worried about whatever it was. He knew a lot, more than he probably should as a parent of a student in Talin's school, but he was also a good friend, and a confident, it went both ways. He hadn't had anyone quite like Talin for a friend before, the closest he could say would have been Lily. She hadn't stuck around through the bad days, Talin knew everything and had stuck by him, there was a difference though, both he and Talin were adults, Lily had been a teenager, everything had been black and white for her, perhaps things would have gone differently if she'd had been given the opportunity to grow up.

"Dragons," Talin whispered, "In all his wisdom he decided he wanted dragons to be his task." at the end of today's task they could find a miniature crate numbered for each one, first, second, third and fourth, inside they'd find the dragon they would be facing. The dragons themselves wouldn't be brought to Hogwarts until it was time.

Severus' eyes widened, staring in disbelief, he would have expected Talin to laugh and say he was kidding but he wasn't that sort of man. He wouldn't kid when it came to the safety of his son. "What the hell is he thinking? Why on earth would they agree to it? Do they want to have it canceled after only just reconvening it?" if someone did die that's exactly what would happen, the tournament would be thrust back into the obscurity from whence it came, only remembered as history.

"He was extremely irate that he wasn't given the opportunity to pick a task, it very nearly made my ears bleed, he was speaking in two languages, insulting everyone and everything. Thankfully most people couldn't understand him, otherwise, I believe they would have been a lot more insulted and less likely to agree to his demands." Talin replied darkly. "I've never seen such a thing in my life, an adult complaining and whining like an impudent child."

"I wonder if it was solely his idea," Severus pondered suspiciously, "From what I've seen Karkaroff seems very fond of Krum, there's no doubt about it. If anything happened to Krum in the tournament not only would he face a backlash from Britain but Krum's parents are steeped in politics, they could make his life a living hell, one that would make his short time in Azkaban seem like a pleasure cruise."

"Have you been talking to the students?" Talin questioned, "They seem to have the same idea, albeit not about the dragon,"

"Excuse me?" Severus asked perplexed, his hands wrapped around his coffee cup, the warmth
coming from the fire wasn't warm enough yet.

"You were there, they were conversing about the possibility of cheating going on by those in Durmstrang?" Talin pointed out, draining the last of his own cup.

Severus rolled his eyes in exasperated fondness, "The goblet is a very powerful magical artifact, I doubt very much they could get away with bending the rules to fit there needs. At least two others in Durmstrang definitely put their names in, even they knew this by the end of the night." gulping from his cup now that it was beginning to get a bit too cool for his tastes.

"It had to be alerted in order to allow my students to put their names in," Talin pointed out with a mild retort not meant to offend but argue the point.

"Touché," Severus conceded wryly, his lips pulling into a smirk.

"But you may have a point," Talin added after a few moments of silence, "I wouldn't put it past Bathurst to try and set the bar too high for one of my students." but to risk it with introducing a dragon? Surely they were barking up the wrong tree? They were professionals, just because they didn't want his school to gain international recognition it didn't mean they'd go to such extreme lengths to ensure they don't? It was quite concerning, and quite frankly he didn't want to think more about the prospect never mind find out if it was quite true or not.

"Nor I," Severus stated sharply, "Do you know the stipulations for this task?" just because Talin wasn't able to help, it didn't mean that he wouldn't be able to help his son. He would do whatever it took, even if it meant bending the rules a little, although truthfully he was bending not a single rule or breaking one. The teachers weren't allowed to help and he wasn't a teacher.

"No, we won't find out until the end of the task that comes before it," Talin shook his head, flicking his wand to place the cups into the sink, the tap turned on as they began to be washed. "I am unsure of which order they are in, perhaps it's within all the paperwork I've received?" he'd kept it all, he was very organized about that sort of thing. As a Headmaster, it was habit really, when he was younger he'd been beyond messy, but necessity was a mother of invention.

"You've read it at least twice, I very much doubt it's something you'd forget," Severus said, chuckling in amusement. The paperwork was extremely boring, he'd barely got five lines into the documents sent over, and this was coming from him. It hadn't been meant for him, but when it came to the tournament and the whole 'International recognition' pursuit he was very immersed in it.

"No, it's not," Talin sighed, glancing at the clock on the wall, they would need to depart soon. Looking at his half-full cup, he began to drink a little quicker. He was rather looking forward to seeing how everyone did with the task he had decided upon. Logic wasn't for everyone. Of course, he wanted Harry to be the best, the quickest, but that was just because Harry was his student. That didn't mean he wasn't curious about how the others would do.

"I will be sitting with the judges today, part of me is rather grateful, Dumbledore has a way of...way of making you say more than you intended. It's quite burdensome if I didn't know all I knew...I would seriously like the wizard." Talin admitted, his voice dry a bit of a peeved expression on his face. "There's only so many times I can make excuses and avoid him without gaining naught but suspicion from him, and that is something I do wish to avoid. You said it yourself he has a way of making life uncomfortable for anyone he suspects of wrongdoings,"

"He doesn't have that sort of power anymore," Severus informed him before finishing off his brew and placing it in the sink. "He only gained enough respect back to avoid being followed around by Aurors day and night, but they will never fully trust him again. Not with the students to be
Headmaster, he's there on Minerva's say so, she feels sorry enough to let him remain in Hogwarts but monitored carefully." and Severus knew it was only because Harry wasn't actually dead that she let herself feel sorry for him. If she didn't know Harry had actually survived…there would be no going back for the old fool. Minerva had adored the ground both Lily and James walked on, although he highly suspected Slughorn had been fonder of Lily than even Minerva and that said a lot since Lily hadn't been a Slytherin.

"I do notice Minerva keeping an eye out whenever they're in the same room," Talin conceded, he too placing his mostly empty cup in the sink.

"I'm ready to go!" Harry said, having changed out of his pajamas and had taken his Headmaster's advice and was wearing a short open cloak, gave him plenty of room to maneuver and run.

Severus noticed that Harry also had his running trainers on, he hadn't been aware that he even brought them. They were usually tucked away in his Quidditch bag, with the rest of his gear. Brought out only during training, and when the team was running practice laps. "Just remain calm and centered, you'll do wonderfully, and I will be proud of you no matter where you place, be it first or last," Severus stated seriously, only to grunt at Harry flung himself at him.

"Thanks, Dad," Harry said quietly, slightly muffled from where he was burrowed in his dad's chest, arms tightly wrapped around his back. Taking comfort from the hug, he would never get tired of hearing his dad say he was proud of him no matter what. He knew everyone else wasn't quite so lucky. He knew some of his friends were constantly pressured by their parents. To succeed, to do better, anger and disappointment when they didn't do as well as their parents expected them to. It left them nervous wrecks come exam time. He'd snuck a calming draught for them to share once, he'd told his dad it was for him, but his dad had known he was lying. It had helped actually, so each year they usually went to the medic ward to acquire one for themselves.

"I'll be watching every step of the way," Severus informed his son, squeezing his shoulders tightly before stepping back, checking to make sure Harry's wand was on his person, but as always, it was. Not that he necessarily needed it, with his ability to use Wandless magic, but he'd rather safe than sorry.

"It's time," Talin said, a fond smile on his face, "Keep an eye on the boys won't you?"

Severus knew Talin meant his sons, "Of course," he was actually responsible for all of them, and the only reason he was allowed to take part in the proceedings since they weren't yet off age yet. By taking part was be in areas that usual spectators wouldn't get to see. If it were a Muggle thing, he'd have an all-area access pass. "Don't worry about them, they'll probably be watching just as avidly as the rest of us, plus you know Luna would alert me if I do happen to miss them sneaking off." Luna was without a doubt most loyal to Harry and him, she was also very protective of Talin, his sons, and daughter. They had been such a big part of her life since she was a cub.

Talin chuckled in amusement, giving a nod of gratitude to Severus, "They're already sitting with everyone else around the Quidditch pitch. I informed them to keep a seat free for you, and near the edge…I had a feeling Luna would be going with you."

Harry was bouncing on the edge of his toes waiting patiently.

"Go on," Severus said, shaking his head, giving his son a nudge towards Talin, "I'll see you both later."

"Stay," Severus stated sharply, as Luna scrambled to get up in order to follow her master. She froze at his words, whining a little before slumping back down with a grumble. Severus' lips twitched, she...
did not like being parted from Harry, but thankfully she was used to it. She couldn't follow him to school, after all, he was sure she'd survive a few hours until the tournament was over. Moving to put his own shoes on, he had a few minutes before he had to go.

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Harry was waiting impatiently bouncing on the balls of his feet, Talin hadn't come in, instead of making his way towards the judges' seats. Everyone else was just as nervous as he felt, not as nervous as they'd all be if they didn't know what the task actually was. The fact it wasn't dangerous probably helped their nerves a little. He had overheard his dad and headmaster talking earlier, and he was quite baffled by how one of the tasks could be about dragons. Real, live, fire-breathing dragons? He'd definitely need to remember and ask later today. Right now he wanted to get this task done with so he can relax a little.

Merlin, he really hopes he didn't go utterly blank in the face of the first puzzle.

"Good afternoon, champions, welcome to the first task," Headmistress McGonagall called out as she entered the tent along with a short pale wizard. "When the bangs sounds, you will all vacate the tent and make your way to the table out in the middle of the Quidditch pitch. Once there you will find your puzzle and a map of the school once complete it will lead you to the next and so on. You have exactly one hour to complete this task. Do you have any questions before we proceed?"

Everyone resolutely shook their heads.

"Good luck, ladies, and gentlemen," Minerva added, before she wandered out, Ludo Bagman hot on her heels, glancing back very briefly with an odd look on his face, as he gazed at each of them.

Three resoundingly loud bangs heralded the end of their wait, Harry and the others immediately stepped out and found the table each with an identical box on them. The sound of the cheering was drowned out, all of them overly focused on their task. Once Harry got closer he realized what it was "Runes cube!" he murmured grabbing a hold of it and sitting cross-legged on the Quidditch pitch grinning from ear to ear. Harry had gotten a few while he was growing up, took ages to complete - he just hoped it wouldn't today.

On a classic Runes Cube, each of the six faces is covered by nine runes. For the puzzle to be solved, each face must be returned to have only Rune kind. Rune cubes were actually very popular, sold all over the world, next to chess and Gobstones it was quite high up on the list of the most purchased toy. Each side had to have their identical runes packed together for it to be considered complete. So round and round, Harry went, trying to gather them all to their appropriate sides.

The cheering intensified, someone had obviously completed it, Harry paid no mind, nor did he let it bother him. He could hear swearing being uttered under someone's breath. Cedric had been closest to him so he was assuming it was him. Twisting and turning, he was down to the last two runes, which were being utterly stubborn.

Two more twists, the cube glowed blue, finally, he'd completed it.

"GO HARRY!" was roared with glee from his friends as the glowing ceased, one of the middle square runes slid to the side, revealing a small wad of parchment. Plucking it out, Harry began to read the words upon on the parchment.

I cannot myself see, as blind as night
yet am commended when all seek the sight
revealing love, and war, a dog, the dragon's eye

you need my lack of sight for all you scry

Blinking, his mind whirled to try and figure out what the clue meant, love, war, a dog, the dragons eye, planets, and stars? Scrying the night sky, a telescope! Scrambling to his feet, Harry noticed the map of Hogwarts on the table, snatching it up, Harry grinned gleefully, the astronomy tower. His eyes roamed over it, mapping out the best way to get there, folding up the map he bolted towards the entrance hall. Avoiding the large mirrors that were giving everyone a good view of what they were doing and where they were going.

Harry only had to check the map once when the damn stairs went in the opposite direction on what he wanted. Which probably added Harry reckoned five minutes to his run, added with the time he'd had to stop to find out a way to get to the astronomy tower. He was definitely glad he had decided to wear his running trainers.

Puffs of breath left him as he ran up the remaining steps to get to the astronomy tower. He stopped for a few seconds to gather himself, before opening the door, relieved to see he hadn't misinterpreted the riddle at all. Stepping into the room he walked straight up to the large scroll of paper. Stuck to the wall, directly below it was seven potion vials. Jumping in fright as fire suddenly surrounded him on all sides, his wand automatically falling into his hand.

Danger lies before you, while safety lies behind,

Two of us will help you, whichever you would find,

One among us seven will let you move ahead,

Another will transport the drinker back instead,

Two among our number hold only nettle wine,

Three of us are killers, waiting hidden in line.

Choose, unless you wish to stay here forevermore,

To help you in your choice, we give you these clues four:

First, however slyly the poison tries to hide

You will always find some on nettle wine's left side;

Second, different are those who stand at either end,

But if you would move onward, neither is your friend;

Third, as you see clearly, all are different size,

Neither dwarf nor giant holds death in their insides;

Fourth, the second left and second on the right

Are twins once you taste them, though different at first sight.

Harry arched an eyebrow, scoffing at the riddle, which wasn't much of a riddle at all. Kneeling before the vials, his eyes roamend over them all, before he plucked one from its place, uncorking it
and sniffing it, a sly smirk appearing on his face. This would let him pass over the flames without being burnt. His dad was a Potions Master for Merlin's sake, why use such an easy riddle? Grabbing the rolled up parchment next to the desk with his name on it, he pocketed it, knocked back the potion, before making his way back through the flames, which immediately died down as soon as he stepped back over the threshold.

Too easy.

Harry pondered on whether the first rune cube was the first clue along with the riddle or if he was merely now just finished his second and not his third? Shrugging his shoulders, he grabbed the parchment from his pocket and opened it up, to see what was next.

In the space that's underground your next prize can be found

Look in the space down below where herbs go for storage

Look in the space down below the cold air likes to go

Storage? Oh, basement, the potions labs perhaps? Harry groaned audibly when he looks at the map again. He sort of wished this tournament was happening at his school, it meant he'd get the task done much quicker. Unfortunately, due to the fact he did not know the school all that well, he was having to rely on a map. He only hoped that this clue was in a potions lab, if not he was going to be looking for ages.

With a resigned sigh, Harry began to run down the stairs, trying to avoid any that moved, how was it that nobody was late for class with stairs that moved whenever and wherever they liked? Unfortunately, Harry wasn't able to avoid them completely, but gratefully they didn't move allowing him to head straight down to the next floor without too much trouble.

Skidding to a halt, he realized there was a quicker way to get to the lab, so he bolted in the opposite direction. Down the spiraling stairs, and coming down just outside the 'Slytherin common room' he gave the portrait of Salazar Slytherin a grin as he listened to the hissed complaining he was doing under his breath. The look he got, in turn, made him laugh, it appeared as though Salazar Slytherin had realized he could understand him.

He ended up getting lost once, but only very briefly, before he found his way again. Opening the door to the first lab, he found nothing, there wasn't even another door. Giving it another speculative look, his mind pondering on whether his dad, father or mum had worked in this room. He found five rooms to be very similar, all without cupboards.

He was beginning to feel despondent when he opened the last door, to find that this was the proper classroom. Now, this was where his dad had definitely taught students for years. Smiling impishly, he made his way through to the storage cupboard to find he was in the right place. "Yes!" Harry cheered happily, he didn't care that two were already gone, he plucked up the one with his initials in it.

Opening it curiously, finding another puzzle, lancing around he decided to go out into the classroom, and sit on the teachers' chair and figure it out. This one was a Chinese puzzle box, it was hollow, that required certain ways to open it and find out the hidden message. Hollow or not, he knew if he tried to stamp on it - it would not move - probably spelled unbreakable.

Fifteen minutes of fiddling around with it, he finally figured out how to get the lid open. Placing it aside, he unrolled the parchment.
I have seas with no water,
Coasts with no sands,
Towns without people,
And mountains without land.
What am I?

Harry frowned, his mind mulling over the riddle, his eyes widened when he finally got it! A MAP!
"A Map," Harry stated, but the parchment didn't glow or anything. What? Was he supposed to go and find a map? Where the hell would he find one here? He knew there was no geography classroom. They didn't really have any Non-Magical studies, wait…there was one, they had Muggle studies…was that supposed to be where he goes? This was the suckiest clue ever.

At least if he was wrong it was only one floor, he consoled himself as he sprinted out the classroom, up the steps into the main entrance. Twirling around the post and up the stairs, straight to the first floor. Having to look at the map yet again, to find this Muggle Studies classroom.

"Aha," Harry breathed out, sliding into the classroom, actually quite enjoying the challenge and forgetting it was a competition and the others may have already finished. "Why Muggles need electricity? Weird," Harry said noticing that a few homework sheets had been put up for all to see. There was a gigantic map at the bottom of the classroom. Grabbing his H.R inscribed parchment he unrolled it.

I have many names
Many purposes
I am poison but only if dealt with incorrectly
I come in 250 species
Legends says I come from the slavering mouth of Cerberus
What am I?
Where can I be found?

Harry nodded, rolling up the parchment before exiting the room, giving the Muggle studies room a once over, finding it completely ridiculous. That was an essay an eleven to seventeen-year-old had to write? Why Muggles used electricity? It wasn't just Muggles anyway, he and dad lived in a place with electricity, not just them everyone at home did too. Although the school didn't have a lot of electrical appliances due to the amount of magic that was cast every day.

Harry retraced his steps until he got to the entrance hall before actually going outside, jogging towards the greenhouses. The riddle had meant a plant, Aconite, it has many names and many uses, and very poisonous if dealt with incorrectly, has 250 species. Although legend saying it came from the slavering mouth of Cerberus was something he hadn't known. Greeks and Romans believed in gods in the old days, before science truly began to take over, giving a real reason not mythical one for things that happened.

His feet and legs were starting to hurt from the constant running, how many puzzles had he completed? How much longer would he be running around like a headless hippogriff? Entering
greenhouse one, he began to browse up and down the plants and herbs on display but found only basic ones he'd been dealing with since he was seven.

After repeating the process it was the fifth greenhouse that heralded results, he noticed the purple plant almost immediately. Aconite, there was only one parchment left, his, picking it up, he unrolled the binding before reading what was written.

We are eternal and ever-changing,

We need no voice, but require countering,

Come seek us where darkness is fought.

For without us it cannot be beaten.

Scratching absently at his chin, Dark Arts, those were the first words written in his dad's DADA book, from two years ago or something. For those who wished to have an apprenticeship in Defence, he had difficulty following the book it was written for someone who wanted to dedicate their time and life to the Dark Arts or rather the Defence of them.

The Defence Against the Dark Arts classroom.

Another classroom. Harry internally groaned, trying to mentally calculate how many puzzles he'd worked on in total. He wished he'd also put his watch on, that way he would know how long he still had to complete the task…or whether he had gone over his allotted hour slot. Removing his map, his eyes roamed over it, there, the Serpentine corridor, third floor, Defence Against the Dark Arts classroom.

He needed a drink, he thought as he bolted from the greenhouse, he was so thirsty he'd drink from the dirty pond in Hogwarts. He was grateful that it was cold, it helped with the sweating too. He found it odd that he hadn't come across any of the others yet, but they had been sent in different directions in the beginning he supposed, so maybe it was made to play out that way.

By the time he was done running up the stairs and into the entrance hall of Hogwarts, Harry was positive his feet were about to fall off. Breathing heavily, he stared upwards towards the steps he had to go up with distaste. His thoughts turned to Talin, and his dad, it gave him strength and determination. So without further ado, Harry began to run as fast as he was able up the steps.

Working through the pain in his thighs and lower legs as he pushed himself further than he had ever before. By the time he was up the steps to the second floor, he was basically using his arms to hoist himself along, going steadily slower.

He walked up the last level slow, regulating his breathing, trying to make his lungs not feel as though they were about to explode. His chest felt uncomfortably tight, when this was over, he was going to plant himself down on the nearest surface and he wasn't getting back up, no way no how.

Finally, on the third floor, Harry lit up seeing the Defence classroom, thank Merlin for that. Opening the door he stepped forward seeing four boxes only to end up extremely disorientated as he found himself standing on the ceiling. Red words appeared before him.

"Oh, bugger," Harry groaned, what was it? Something about a dragon isn't it? Come on, he knew this, what was it? Closing his eyes tightly, he had seen his dads books, cloaks, the cloaks had the Slytherin emblem on them though, not the Hogwarts motto. Then his eyes popped open, wider than normal, he had a picture of his mum and dad before going to Hogwarts with their Hogwarts robes
on, on the train, the Hogwarts emblem stitched onto the cloaks, well before their sorting. 'Draco dormiens nunquam titillandus' and being so good at Latin, the words smoothly left his lips, "Never tickle a sleeping dragon,"

An 'oof' left him as the ground came up to meet him, the floor wasn't as hard as normal, thankfully, otherwise, that would have hurt worse. Standing up he approached the boxes, instructed to remove only one item from it and head to the Quidditch pitch. Perplexed he slowly put his hand in, jumping when he felt scales, was there a snake in there? Why couldn't he hear hissing? His fingers wrapped around the scaly item and removed it.

It was…. "A Peruvian Vipertooth," Harry whispered in awe, he had a statue of one in his bedroom back home, along with a whole slew of other figurines and statues. Yeah, he wasn't so much in awe at the thought of seeing one fully grown, they couldn't be serious about letting them face an actual dragon though?

Finally, it was over. How long had it been? It felt like a whole lot longer than an hour.

"Harry! Harry!" Josh shook his best friend, staring down - hovering over - him in concern.

Harry's eyes snapped open, a groan leaving his lips, "Wazzit?" he murmured, yawning tiredly.

"Er… the scores are going to be read soon," Josh explained, "You alright?"

"Yeah, just tired," Harry stretched out, groaning in relief.

"Here, drink this," Dylan thrust a bottle of water into his hand, "Your dad's coming too,"

"How long was I in here?" Harry asked scrambling to get up, greedily drinking the water his best friend had given him. He'd gone straight to the tent and sat down, he must have fallen asleep.

"Ten minutes, or thereabout," Josh said, "Krum got burnt, he's with the healer right now getting fixed up."

"Burnt how?" Harry frowned, what did he do? Try and run through the fire circle?

"Tried to get out using 'Aguamenti' his leg caught fire, it's not too bad though, he put it out quite quickly." Dylan told him, "What do you reckon the dragon means? What kind of clue is that?"

"I er…think it means the next task is facing an actual dragon," Harry explained, opening his hand showing the miniature dragon.

"That's the same one you have at home isn't it?" Dylan asked peering at it curiously.

"Definitely, he's got every single one, same with Pegasus' and wolves." Josh nodded in agreement.

"Not every single one," Harry said sheepishly, a wry grin on his face. He'd been collecting them as far back as he could remember. "Man, my feet hurt so much," he just wanted to sit back down again.

"Wait, what the hell do you mean you think you're facing an actual dragon?" Dylan whispered heatedly, eyes wide.

Harry laughed, "Just realized what I said huh?" grinning widely.

"You're really serious aren't you?" Dylan asked, looking aghast.
Harry nodded solemnly, grunting as Luna's body barrelled into his legs that were already feeling weak as it was. Bending down he hugged her close, his arms clased around her body, burrowing his face into the side of her neck, the warmth of her heating him up.

"Has the others already got their scores?" Harry asked, his voice muffled by Luna's hair.

"Yeah, they're just waiting on you," Josh explained peering out of the tent. "Come on,

"Did everyone get it done in time?" Harry asked as he walked side by side with his two best friends out of the tent, the bottle of water still in his hands. Luna walking protectively in front of him, causing Harry to have to walk oddly in order not to end up kicking his familiar.

"Depends, on whether the clock ended in the Defence classroom or whether it was when you get to the pitch," Josh called out over the noise. "If it's the last classroom I think everyone made it just in time if it's the pitch, then the girl from Beauxbaton and Krum were just out of time…they had a hard time figuring out the motto, the Hogwarts champion got through that one real easy."

Standing before the judges, grinning happily at his Headmaster, he waited impatiently for his scores.

Madam Maxime was first, her wand was raised, and a silver ribbon shot from her wand, twisting itself into a large figure of 9.

Crouch went next, shooting a 9 into the air as well.

Karkaroff was next raising his wand, pausing for a moment before shooting out a 5 from his wand.

Minerva's lips pursed unhappily with Karkaroff's put up her own wand and the longer than usual ribbon split into two, making a 10.

Ludo Bagman followed, another 10 was raised in the air.

Talin who had yet to let up his disgusted glare at Karkaroff for his utter prejudice and inability to play fair. He too put gave Harry full marks.

53 points in total.

"Head back to the tent, Mr. Bagman has something he wishes to tell you all before its officially over with," Severus stated from behind his son, causing Josh, Dylan, and Harry to jump in fright and spin around.

"Bloody hell, dad!" Harry gasped, grabbing a hold of his dad's arm, his legs wobbling a little.

Severus narrowed his eyes at his son, cupping his chin, his pride fading to concern, "Are you alright?"

"Just ache from running so much," Harry said truthfully, which was true.

"Go on, in you go, be quick, I'll have something for you when you get out, drink some more," Severus gestured for him to head on into the tent again. "Josh, inform the students we are returning to the cabin, we have a few hours before lunch, we will eat at Hogwarts this afternoon,"

"Will do, Mr. Regis!" called Josh running towards the pitch.

"Mr. Regis? How do you feel about the judging of the scores? How you son did?" a blonde haired, red-lipped woman said with a shark-like smirk on her face. "Being the youngest contestant and all?"
"No comment," Severus stated sharply, he knew better than to talk to Skeeter. "Let's go," he called to Dylan keeping the teenager close to him. He saw the curious look his sons best friend gave him, but he seemed to understand the undercurrents and remained quiet and stuck to his side.

"So, how did I do?" Harry asked as he came out of the tent, the other champions with him, temporarily blinded by flashbulbs going off.

"You came second," Severus told him, a scowl lighting up his features, "Karkaroff ensured that the prejudice idiot," he seriously wanted to kill the wizard for that. Not able to call him what he actually wanted to in the presence of teenagers who would be liable to repeat his words.

"If he graded you fairly you would have been first!" Josh explained just as angry as Septimus was on his sons' behalf.

"All the judges were furious though," Dylan explained, "I don't think Krum is going to be fairly marked for the rest of his tasks."

"It's not really Krum's fault though, he apologized in the tent, to all of us, so I guess it wasn't just me?" Harry said as everyone made their way towards the cabin.

"No, it wasn't just you," Talin stated, joining everyone, looking displeased, eyes roaming over his students until he found his sons and relaxed completely. He was fuming over Karkaroff's score, Harry had finished first, had figured out the majority of the clues first, sure Krum had figured out the Rune cube first but Harry had done nothing to deserve such a low score. He was very tempted to repay the favor during the next task, see how he likes it.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks to Slytherinsal for help on one of the puzzles (the astronomy one) of course, the fire one is from JKR herself from HP1 and the last DADA one was from Snow Leopard Pasha thanks, guys!

SO! What did you think? Boring enough you want the original tasks put in place LOL? the dragon one will happen I'm thinking dueling for the third one but if you would like to see the underwater task happen then I'm all for it! I guess that's what happens when you try something different huh :) turns out boring! R&R please
“Ah, Mr. Regis, I’m glad I caught you, I was just on my way down to the cabins to inform you,” Minerva called out to the entrance hall, Harry and everyone with him – which was the entire group of students from Grande Rivière – who she knew they had all been visiting Filius Flitwick for classes when he had free time. Their normal professor had presumably watched the proceeding class as well, through a mirror so that Filius who was teaching them knew what was required for them during their N.E.W.T classes. Every teacher had a different style of teaching after all, and there was no point to learning the same thing twice especially during an exhausting year. “You must chose someone to accompany you to the ball as a champion.”

“Could you repeat that please, Professor?” Harry asked, blinking at the sight of McGonagall in slight confusion at her abrupt statement. Wondering if he had misheard her as she approached him and his friends who all lingered to gossip.

“The Yule Ball is being hosted this year for the first time in centuries,” McGonagall informed him, now close enough for them to hear without her call out, her lips twitching in amusement. “On Christmas day, you will all be allowed to attend the ball, but Mr. Regis here will be opening it with a partner and a dance. There are classes available for those who wish to learn to dance before the date.” She was unfortunately one of those professors, but she would see that they made a good impression on their visitors.

“Four days isn’t exactly much help,” Dylan pointed out a wicked grin on his face as he remembered the time he’d had of it.

“Especially when it came to you,” Josh laughed, “I think the professor was so glad you decided against taking more classes!”

“Her poor feet!” Harry teased, his grin somewhat impish. It was true though, Dylan was absolutely horrendous at dancing, he just didn’t have the grace for it. Which was odd, since he was so good at Quidditch and running, you’d think he would be able to do it. His mom had helped him though, it had made Dylan actually learn so he could get it over with and spend more time with him and their friends.

“Wait are we all invited?” Chao asked, eyes widening in horror in a way only a fourteen-year-old teenager could dramatically accomplish.

“You are indeed, anyone fourteen-year-old and up can attend or those invited by one,” Minerva informed them.

“But we didn’t bring anything!” Chao exclaimed glancing at Alexis who was the same size as her in hopes that she had brought something stylish. Alexis knew what she was asking and shook her head, no she hadn’t brought anything with her. She had grown some since she’d been fitted for anything, so the chances were none of her dresses would fit her anyway.

“We’ll have to ask Headmaster Addison if we can go shopping,” Alexis pointed out calmly, “It’s four days, might cost for a rush order,” she had enough coins with her though, her parents had seen
“I'll have to call my mum, see if she can send some money over,” Chao said, she hadn’t brought much of anything with her, just a few galleons for sweets and the like.

“That’s assuming we can get anything and the Headmaster agrees,” Harry said mildly, he didn’t understand the urgency, something could be transfigured for the evening, wizards and witches do it all the time. Then again boys weren’t as crazy as girls when it came to having the ‘right’ attire. Which was crazy, they didn’t even like wearing the same thing to different parties anyway, yet they’d pay a lot of money for it anyway.

“Of course he will,” Jaden said with a smirk, his dad would do anything for them, and they wouldn’t need to beg too much. He had seen how overwhelmed his dad had been at the signatures turning up to allow the students to participate in the tournament. He had wrongfully assumed that nobody would sign up, no matter how brave they were. Yet nearly the entire year had signed up, thankfully not all, otherwise Jay would have been left to study his N.E.W.T’s alone and he reckoned Harry, Josh and Dylan would have hated that. The four of them were the absolute best friends. They all had their own social groups and best friends, but lately…since coming here, the groups were melding into one strong unit instead of the four or five individual groups they used to be.

Jaden just laughed as his brother groaned dramatically, Ale was the only one here who actually couldn’t join in due to the fact he was younger than them. Unfortunately Ale hadn’t wanted to remain away from his brother and father – not that Talin had contemplated it – and so he had travelled with them. He was the only one who hadn’t put his name in and it wasn’t because he didn’t want to, he was just unable to.

“Come on, if we go now and ask, we could be finished in time for dinner,” Deacon suggested, after glancing at the time on his wristwatch. Well, the guys would be…the girls though…the girls could spend all day at the shops looking for the ‘perfect outfit’ hopefully the Headmaster would split them up, boys and girls go their separate ways, he could hope anyway. He definitely wanted something to wear though, his parents were very social conscious and he’d inherited that from them.

“Don’t worry Ale, you can come with me,” Yasmin declared, thumping him on the back, due to the years on the Quidditch she was treated like one of the guys more than the girl she actually was. Sophie was treated the same way.

“OUCH!” Ale exclaimed, rubbing his shoulder and back, “Bloody hell, lay off the spinach!”

Yasmin grinned, honestly Ale was like a younger brother to them all, had been since he was a little kid following his older brother around. Jaden didn’t mind, especially after their mom died, both of them had suffered from that. A lot of people pushed those they loved away when they were suffering, but Jaden had pulled everyone closer.

“Come on,” Sophie exclaimed, “Let’s go!”

“Thank you, Professor,” Harry said politely, “Bye!” seeing Dumbledore approaching, and not wishing to be in his presence for even a moment. Not after everything the old man had done to both him and his dad. Dumbledore had left him to die at the hands of abusive relatives, no, he had died at the hands of his so called relatives. It was hard to contemplate, since his dad was all he knew. He only had an abstract concept of what would have happened, and it didn’t paint a pretty picture. He also knew his dad was worried about him being caught out, being found out as Harry Potter, and everything he had done to keep him safe unravelling. So, yes, he would avoid Dumbledore and allow his dad to keep his peace of mind.
It was the main reason Sirius and Remus had not been allowed to come. They would not have been able to keep their emotions to themselves, and would have unavoidably given Harry away. After all, everyone in Britain knew Remus, Sirius and his dad did not get on, to see Remus and Sirius getting on so well with his ‘son’ would have raised very heavy suspicions. They might not be the brightest but they were far from stupid. Sirius was sulking though, barely talking to him as if it was his decision, which to be fair he had been part of the decision. Ultimately though it had been up to Talin and his dad.

Minerva watched them leave rather confused by Harry’s quick departure, until she heard a voice beside her. “I still think having Fourteen-year-olds competing in a tournament is extremely dangerous,” he said clear disapproval in his voice. He had made his displeasure known to everyone who would listen, he was just waiting for the shoe to drop, they wouldn’t allow Minerva to remain Headmistress when something happened to that child. He wasn’t sure it would lead to him being replaced as Headmaster once more…but if it didn’t whoever became the next headteacher might not let him remain in the castle which was unacceptable.

“It’s dangerous full stop,” Minerva stated curtly, and it was true, especially now, with dragons being brought to the school. She honestly could have killed Karkaroff his stupidity. If anything happened to any of those competitors she would need held back, not that Karkaroff was playing fair, all the judges were still furious with him over his low scores. Especially with Harry being the youngest competitor in the tournament it had roused everyone’s ire and she pondered on whether Mister Krum would be judged fairly after his Headmasters dubious actions. “They will do their school proud,” of that she had no doubts.

“One can only hope,” Albus declared, glancing at Minerva who wouldn’t even look at him, and he felt a slither of sadness deep in his gut. She had at one point been his most vocal friend and defender. She had sided with him even if she didn’t fully agree with his actions, how he wished they could return to those times. He had so many things he wished changed or changed back, yet each time he opened his mouth with a suggestion, it was taken with a grain of salt and she continued on with her course of action. It wasn’t just Minerva either, it was everyone.

Without another word, Minerva moved away, steadily making her way towards and walking up the stairs, presumably returning to her classroom. Albus sighed, shaking his head, it would change one day he knew that. He would just have to patiently wait until that time came, sooner or later Voldemort would return – if he hadn’t already – and the world would need him. It would just be like the time with Grindelwald, everyone begging him to take action, to save their lives. There was no alternative really, he would need to do what has to be done, he refused to let Voldemort take over the magical world. He just wished Harry Potter was still alive to take care of it for him, he was the one who must do it after all.

Perhaps the young boy had already played his part, maybe, all along it had been his destiny to defeat the resurrected mad man.

Part of him wondered as he glanced out at the vastness of Hogwarts grounds wondering if it would be enough to elevate him to what he had once been. Or had his reputation being completely besmirched forever due to one little mistake he had made, he knew the Dursley’s wouldn’t love him, but to kill him? No, he hadn’t expected that at all, but there was nothing he could do short of resurrecting the child which of course he would not do. Not for anyone, it was dark tainted evil magic that always came at a price. He missed being who he used to be, even if he had been constantly busy, between the Wizengamot, international confederation of wizards, Headmaster and of course the Head of the Wizengamot and constantly written to by all, especially the Minister of Magic. With nothing to do, he had too much time on his hands, time he hadn’t had in decades.
The boredom was making him nostalgic for better times.

Of course, he was quickly brought out of that by the students unashamedly ignoring him and avoiding him like he had the plague when he was used to awe, speechless and reverence. Barely suppressing a scowl or a growl Albus, turned swiftly and made his way back to his quarters, grateful at least that the Ministry had called off the Aurors they had watching him day and night after the incident with Tom Riddle’s diary. At least something good had come out of him finding just how Voldemort did not die that night.

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“Headmaster you have to take us shopping! Please, please, please, please, PLEASE!” Alexis pleaded with the Headmaster the moment he stepped through the doors to the cabins they were temporarily using for the year. They didn’t even wait to let him catch his breath or sit down, all of them were milling around, the other girls nodded just as eagerly.

Talin’s lips twitched as he observed his eager fourteen-year-old students, who were not only working hard to complete their N.E.W.T’s but also doing everything they can to help Harry through the tasks. Each year as he handed them their graduate certificates he wondered if he just felt older that they looked younger each year or if it was just the way it was. They did deserve to relax and have fun, especially since they had missed out on their usual Halloween get together. They celebrated the solstices, one could say they were pagans and did the rituals religiously.

They would be celebrating the Yule as is customary, if the other schools did not appreciate that then it was their problem.

“We don’t have anything to wear to this party, I didn’t think we’d need anything of the sort!” Yasmin complained, but her tone wasn’t one of whining like Alexis just more of a statement. “I assumed they didn’t celebrate the solstices,”

“They do not,” Talin answered seriously, “But we will continue our tradition, but in the morning as apposed to the evening.”

The group cheered extremely happy with the answer they had just received from their Headmaster. Talin waited patiently for them to calm down and let him speak again.

“Very well, be ready to leave in twenty minutes, I shall have the carriages brought to us,” Talin said, once again listening to the cheering and squealing, mostly from the girls as they immediately took off towards the rooms, very eager to get something nice. He knew Septimus wasn’t going to attend the event this evening, it most certainly wasn’t his thing, but between all the teachers there, he knew the teenagers would be safe. He would keep an eagle eye out anyway, just to be on the safe side. He knew with the inevitable inclusion of drink…things could get out of hand extremely fast.

It didn’t even take fifteen minutes for the students to be standing outside the cabin, impatiently waiting for the carriages he had summoned to take his students to Hogsmeade. He rather hoped they found what they were looking for, he didn’t want to take them to Diagon Alley, that was a bit more open than Hogsmeade was. That and he didn’t know either area all that well, so many nooks and crannies they could get into.

“Some rules before we leave students,” Talin called out to them, “You remain in sight at all times, otherwise we will all return as soon as the culprit is found, regardless of whether we have robes to wear or not.” They all knew he was serious of course, he never joked about the safety of his students, or rather joked full stop when it came to giving rules or warning to them.
“Can we go to the candy shop?” Ale asked, “Please dad!” giving his dad a wide eyed pleading look, his brother had eaten his candy, all that was left was a few chocolates and that wasn’t going to last him for the whole duration of the trip. He would need to find a better hiding place for his treats otherwise his brother would steal them again. A scheming look came on Ale’s face knowing just the perfect place to put them, his dad’s trunk, Jaden wouldn’t think to look in there for them.

“That’s them coming!” Sophie called out, noticing the horse drawn carriages immediately, they didn’t get a chance to get excited before their Headmaster was speaking again. As they always did, they listened to what he had to say, even if they were tempted to ignore it, they knew if they did, they’d be left behind and it wasn’t something they contemplated.

“If everyone behaves themselves at the end of the trip, then, yes, we will go to Honeydukes sweet shop before returning for the evening,” Talin said loud enough for them all to hear. Added incentive to actually be good and take a telling, his students were usually well behaved, but he never forgot that at the end of the day, they were teenagers. Teenagers constantly pushed boundaries and of course, without their parents here they would be more tempted to spread their wings and take risks as well as explore. “Split into the two different carriages, no fighting, it’s a very short ride to Hogsmeade!”

Talin entered the first one, along with Harry, Jaden, Ale, Sophie, Alexis and Jason. Once Talin was sure all the students were in the coaches he was literally just about to close the door before barking caught his attention before a white blur jumped into the coach causing everyone to giggle and pet Luna. She was just as much a member of the group, albeit a honorary member. In fact it had been a close call, she’d almost became their quidditch mascot instead of the Pegasus’ but outvoted by just a single one.

Talin gave a long suffering sigh, not even attempting to get Luna to remain behind, once again wondering how she managed to get outside the cabin. Then again, Severus had often wondered the same thing at home, she was just too good at being an escape artist, even with magic at their disposal. He was just grateful Luna hadn’t come to school with Harry every day. It would have been a great distraction that the students couldn’t afford. Tapping the wand on the roof, as he’d been informed was the correct procedure for the horses to move.

“Why do they call them horse drawn carriages?” Sophie questioned, “Sounds pretty dumb to me, considering they’re not really horses…”

“What’s more stupid though…the carriages moving on their own apparently or believing they are…” Jaden snorted, he glanced up when his father cleared his throat, giving him a pointed look, “What? It’s true! Why would anyone believe the carriages pull themselves?”

“They do not begin their education until they are eleven,” Talin said, his tone disproving, “It’s not completely their fault, especially Muggle-borns new to the magical world.”

“It’s true, I don’t think they even have a library here for those who wish to know more before they begin Hogwarts, which doesn’t help those not well off to get a head start.” Harry sighed, and they definitely had nothing to say regarding that. Jay was one of the few people who’s parents or rather mother wasn’t well off. Although truthfully he had been smart and with an education at Grande Riviere he had come into his own properly.

“Wait, what? No library?” Jason gaped, “Not even the place we’re going to? What was it called… Hogsmeade?”

“No, the only library is the one at Hogwarts,” Talin explained, which didn’t sit right with him at all. Knowledge should be encouraged, children should be able to take books out and educate
themselves, learn things especially before attending school.

“Although there is a second hand bookstore,” Harry piped in, “I’m definitely going to have a browse during one of the trips!” he declared passionately. He had found some of his favourite books in second hand stores, two of them were written in parseltongue in fact, not that finding them itself had been unusual, it was just most definitely his favourite books.

“Oh, it looks pretty from here,” Alexis said, glancing out the window, careful to avoid Luna who was sprawled out on the floor of the carriage. “Can you imagine how pretty it would be covered in snow? With those lanterns lit?”

“I do believe they have postcards with picturesque photos of the village,” Talin informed her with a small smile, she was quite right, it was a beautiful place, if one could ignore the smell of course. “In the post office if I recall correctly,” he added. Which is probably how they would have communicated with their families if not for the mirrors that were so prominently a part of their lives now. Each of his students seem to have one, and always carried them with them no matter where they went. Even his own kids had their own, and he was rather happy he had the means to communicate with them if they ended up hurt or lost or anything of the sort.

“That’s right! You came here before didn’t you Headmaster?” Jason said, “Did you get to see everything? Visit Stonehenge? Oh! What about the…” blinking owlishly, trying to think of anything else that was renowned here, to visit while you were abroad. He could think of nothing, absolutely nothing, he’d drawn blank. Then again, the UK wasn’t one of the places he was most passionate about, there were other places he wished to visit, Egypt and Italy were amongst his top five on the list of priority visits when he was old enough. He wanted to see all the sacred magical sites and learn everything he could about them. To write about them, and educate others of the best places to visit.

The others in the carriage giggled and sniggered at his silence.

“I visited many places when I was here, yes, it was very…educational,” Talin explained with an amused smile, “And it looks like we’ve finally arrived.”

“Will we be able to visit anything like that while we are here?” Alexis questioned, “Stonehenge I mean, it’s said to be very powerful!”

“I am afraid not,” Talin replied, “It would have been a good outing,” he had to say, and it was true, very educational, but it wasn’t something he could allow. Their parents had only allowed them to come to Hogwarts and Hogsmeade for the duration of the year long expedition. He would need to get everyone’s permission and it wasn’t easily done from across the pond. Verbal permission just didn’t sit well with him alone, he needed written permission otherwise it didn’t happen. It didn’t just risk him but it also risked the school, and he could not allow that to happen.

“Come on Luna,” Harry whistled, getting Luna to jump down first so everyone else could actually move.

Everyone piled out quickly after that.

“So who are you asking as your date?” Jaden teased, causing Dylan and Josh who had dismounted their own coach to laugh as they swung and slapped Harry’s back in greeting. “Yeah, who are you going to take?” it was Dylan who taunted him.

“Does it have to be someone from our school?” Josh questioned as he walked back occasionally looking over his shoulder to ensure he wasn’t going to hit anyone.
“Good question, Headmaster Addison?” Harry called out, “Do I need to take someone from our school to the dance?”

“No, the whole purpose of the ball is to make friends, you may take whomever you choose,” Talin explained patiently, after he counted out the students, relaxing when they were all there, standing in groups of two and together waiting uncomplainingly.

“But someone will have to ask Ale,” Jaden explained, “Since he’s not our age he’s not allowed to come, she did say fourteen didn’t she?” he was speaking of course, of Minerva McGonagall, Headmistress of Hogwarts.

“Yeah, she did,” Josh confirmed.

“Don’t worry, you can come with me,” Chao said, grabbing him and pressing her knuckles into his hair, and rubbing for only a second. Giving a laugh she backed off as he scowled petulantly at her.

“What about Luna?” Dylan said thoughtfully, as they began walking towards Madam Malkins shop, “I mean the human one,” sniggering as Luna glanced up at him when she heard her name.

“What age is she again? She’s a third year isn’t she which means she’s thirteen unless she started a year later…” Chao, “Which means she won’t be able to go unless she’s invited,” she liked Luna the best out of all the Ravenclaws, maybe because she spent quite a bit of time with Harry’s wolf, Luna, and in turn Harry, Josh and Dylan and the others herself included.

“Yeah, she’s thirteen,” Harry confirmed with a nod of his head. “It’s not a bad idea actually,” Luna got bullied a lot, even by those who were in her own house. Not so much now with the fact she was hanging out with them, but he’d caught it happening a few times and cut them all down verbally, and a few threatened spells that had them running for the hills with a description on what they do.

“How about you and I go, Sophie?” Josh called out, a boyish grin on his face.

“Ask me properly and I just might,” Sophie declared with a wink in his direction, before she entered the shop with a jump in her step.

“You know…I’ve just realized, there’s more boys than girls…someone is going to be left out,” Dylan pointed out, “Unless a few of us as those from the other schools.”

“True but you’ve spent some time with the Beauxbaton girl,” Alexis pointed out.

“Her names Doriane, I think she’s going to go with Louis,” Harry corrected her, as he too entered the dress shop, which was now packed, Louis was one of the male students of Beauxbaton, there weren’t many male students, just the two. He wasn’t sure if they were the only two in the entire class back at their own school or if they were the only two that chose to come.

“Actually she said no,” Sophie informed them, “She’s already going with Enzo,”

“I don’t think anyone would say yes to us anyway, not seventeen year olds, they won’t take us seriously,” Jaden said, while he looked around the shop thoughtfully, looking for a set of dress robes he liked the look of.

“Good point,” Dylan called out his voice slightly muffled as he grabbed a set of robes he saw and wanted. “Which sucks by the way!” he added in way of complaint.

“It does,” Harry agreed, glancing between two different sets of dress robes. His dad always said green went best with his eyes, but he didn’t have green eyes right now, they were more like hazel,
green and brown mixed together. After all everyone knew his parents here, and he didn’t want any comparisons and none of his friends saw the need to mention his looks to outsiders. They all knew he was a metamorphamagus, much like they hadn’t mentioned him talking to snakes, it was just normal for them. So in other words there was no need to talk about it, it is what it is. He hadn’t bought a set of green dress robes for about two years now, so he decided on the green robes, not the disgusting lime green ones next to it. He sighed when he noticed they had his size, relieved.

“Hey, Harry what are those robes you’ve got?” Josh called out.

“What do you mean?” Harry called back, glancing at his own robes.

“The ones you wear outside, they’re really warm,” Josh added, he’d grabbed Harry’s by accident when he ran out to get Dylan and Alexis for dinner the other week.

“Ohhh,” Harry made a noise of understanding, “They’re just closed winter robes, I put a heating charm on them…it’s freezing when I have to let Luna out at night.” Which was true enough, and he didn’t just let her out he went with her to make sure she was safe. There was too many creatures in the forest, that might hurt her. He knew she could defend herself, but he was very protective of his familiar just as she was of him.

“Excuse me, ma’am can you tell me where your closed winter robes are?” he couldn’t see anything resembling the robes Harry bought, but the store must have known about the ball, because everything in the shop was orientated towards attracting customers with such wear, dresses, snazzy suits, robes, shoes, everything you’d need for a night out for teens.

Talin remained at the door, overseeing his students with Luna sitting calmly at his side, eyeing her Harry the entire time, keeping him in sight.

Thirty-five minutes later, all students were quite happily traipsing towards Honeydukes to get something sweet to eat.

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Later that evening, those from Grande Riviere sat at the Ravenclaw table, often alternating between the Hufflepuff table and the Ravenclaw table. Even if it meant a tighter squeeze due to the fact the Beauxbaton students sitting with the Ravens too. By now each student from Grande Riviere had someone to attend the dance with, choosing from the third and fourth year Students at Hogwarts due to their close proximity in age. The elder students already had asked their boyfriends or girlfriends to attend the ball.

“Hey, Cedric who are you taking to the dance?” Harry heard one of the fellow Hufflepuff’s ask his classmates.

“I asked Cho,” Cedric called back with a smirk on his face. He’d also asked her to be his girlfriend which she had accepted hence the smug satisfaction written across his face.

Harry shook his head, that explained why Cho was sitting giggling with her friends incessantly from a few seats down. “Have any of you seen Luna?” Harry asked the closest Ravenclaws. Most of them he did not know by name, but their faces were becoming familiar to him. He avoided sitting near the ones who seem personally offended when he spoke of ‘deviations’ from the books, they didn’t seem to like it much. He also avoided the bullying tormenters.

“She was in the dorm the last time I saw her,” Harry got his answer, he was positive her last name was Patil, but he couldn’t say he knew her first name in all honesty. This school seemed to actually
use their last names more than their first names, even the teachers all did it and outside of class.

“Which was when?” Harry queried, hearing her friend calling her Padma so that was her first name.

“Just before dinner,” Padma answered, shrugging her shoulders looking apologetic that she couldn’t help further.

“You going to ask her then?” Dylan asked, from where he was squashed in-between Josh and Harry, it was going to take some getting used to when they went back. This food was just amazing, he loved it all, his parents would have probably had a heart attack at the sight of it. They were eating healthy breakfasts and lunches though, lately they’d just been having dinner in order to socialise. According to Doriane they had their own breakfast and lunches too.

“Yes,” Harry answered, “Only if I can get a chance!” he didn’t know where the Ravenclaw dorms were, but he didn’t want to be rude and go find it and ask, it didn’t seem right to him. He didn’t think any of them would be happy if a Hogwarts student just came to their cabins and wandered in, trying to find a date.

“Best hurry, everyone seems to be asking for a date,” Josh murmured through a mouthful of food, and it wasn’t a lie, even now during dinner he’d heard a few Gryffindors asking Fleur Delacour to the dance. It had been hilarious, they’d been red in face, presumably under the lure of the Veela. In the end he had been red in the face as he suppressed his laughter. He wasn’t sure why they were so affected by the Veela, and she wasn’t even a full one, could it be their lesser magic? Those who are more powerful were less affected? There was a lot known about Veela’s but why they affected only certain people – even without purposely using their lure – was still quite a mystery.

“There’s nobody else I actually want to ask,” Harry admitted his lips pursed thoughtfully, he did wonder if Luna would like to attend the Samhain ritual they would be doing on Christmas morning. If she was there, then he’d need to give her a little gift at least, it was only the proper thing to do. He wasn’t about to give his friends gifts and leave her without one.

“What about that bushy haired girl? What’s her name…Granger…Hermione! That’s it! Hermione,” Chao suggested, causing Jaden to groan dramatically, “She’s smart, she’s curious and I think she’d make a perfect date someone to keep up with you,”

“She’s smart but self-righteous,” Jaden corrected her grudgingly. “She believes she’s right and doesn’t take anything else into consideration even after you prove her wrong.”

“Oh my god! Granger, that’s a name I recognize she was your pen pal wasn’t she?” Jason whispered hastily. He’d gone on about it for weeks after he decided to ignore any correspondence from her.

“Yeah, she was,” Jaden grumbled under his breath, “And seeing her in real life made me realize she’s worse than the letters made out.”

“Good job dad can’t hear you,” Ale insisted with a wicked grin on his face, the thirteen-year-old knew their father didn’t tolerate disrespect, especially towards girls or women. He was very old fashioned that way, which was why Jaden had never told their dad that he had stopped writing to his pen pal until a year had gone by.

Jaden grimaced, that was true, he conceded with a nod of his head. “True,” he admitted, “Also doesn’t make what I said any less true either,”

“I kept talking to mine,” Alexis said, “Susan and I get on rather well,” her name wasn’t a surprise to them, since Alexis had said she had became good friends with Susan who she spent a great deal of
time with and sat next to her when they were at the Hufflepuff table.

“She is really nice,” Harry agreed, “Smart too,” and very passionate about her school, which was something they all understood all too well. It was the reason they were all here.

“Speaking of smarts, Harry did you bring your Runes Master book?” Sophie asked.

Harry blinked, “Um, I think so, I brought most of my books…I thought we all did?” he questioned confused.

“No, my book isn’t in my trunk, I must have forgotten it at home,” Sophie said in exasperation, “Since it’s my weakest subject I really need to brush up, I won’t have the chance when he return home.”

“Wait why are you discussing exams?” Cedric asked, standing behind them with a curious look on his face. “Didn’t you hear? The exams have been cancelled? It’s not just for us either, but everyone.”

“You’re not going to take your N.E.W.T’s?” Sophie asked incredulously, staring at Cedric stunned.

“Strictly speaking you really don’t have to, even if you attend school until the last day,” Patil pointed out, “Although I would and will definitely be taking all my exams.” She added seriously.

“You really aren’t going to take them?” Sophie repeated, still staring at Cedric. “How did your parents react?” they paid a fortune to give them the best education they could get, yet those two years were about to be in effect be put to waste? She was shocked that someone could take their education so casually as if it was nothing in the grand scheme of things. “Why not just leave after taking your O.W.L’s and focus on the mastery of your choosing if that is the case?”

“They said we didn’t need to take them,” Cedric defended himself, feeling very judged by those fourteen-year-olds who were staring at him evidently horrified and shocked by his decision…which again, wasn’t his decision.

“The tournament will be over by the time the exams are to be done, we’ll be back home just in time for them,” Alexis said, “Everyone including Harry will be taking them.” As if his father would let anything less be done, Mr. Regis was nothing if not a determined wizard, stern but not too strict. He was always willing to help if they were stuck with their homework, although she was seeing less of him not more since they came here which was odd. He was helping them with their Potions and Alchemy work, and he definitely enjoyed himself.

“Hey, Regis? Luna’s coming,” Patil called out loud enough for Harry to hear, once again, his wolf’s head rose from her meal to see what was going on. Giving them all an unimpressed look before she returned to her meal, crunching loudly on the chicken bone.

“Why does he want to know when she’s here?” Cho asked, staring up her nose at the blonde haired teenager who she felt wasn’t good enough for Ravenclaw.

“Nice date you’ve got there,” Harry said scathingly to Cedric, before he stood up, and approached Luna, who was wearing two different shoes looking rather upset.

“What did they do this time?” Harry asked her softly, his tone sympathetic and annoyed at the same time.

“It’s nothing. I’ll find them eventually,” Luna said, her tone as always was serene and warm as if nothing could affect her. Which wasn’t true, Harry knew that they upset her a great deal.
“Them? They took your shoes I take it?” Harry stated resignedly.

“Yes,” Luna agreed simply, and it was to her, she had endured it not for three years, it was worse at the end of the year. During the year it was only a few of her things, so it wasn’t too bad.

“Luna, would you do me the honour of accompanying me to the Yule Ball?” Harry asked her, asking her the way his dad had said to ask a girl out especially to an official function.

“Are you sure you want to take me?” Luna asked, her jaw slightly unhinged showing her shock at being asked. “It isn’t a pity date is it?” she asked, eyes narrowing in suspicion.

“Yes, I’d very much like to take you and no, this isn’t a pity date, I promise,” Harry said sincerely, she deserved better than this damn school. It was just a shame she hadn’t attended Grande Riviere, she would have found friends and fitted in. She wouldn’t be able to take her O.W.L’s and then a year later her N.E.W.T’s to graduate his school at least he didn’t think so. He was going to ask Talin if it was possible, for some reason he didn’t want to leave her here at the mercy of these bullies she was determined to protect – except the occasions where he’d seen the bullying himself – probably out of self-preservation, he knew, the second he left it would probably get worse for her.

“We’ll help you get a dress! Do your hair and make-up and have a girly day!” Alexis gushed as she basically forced Luna to accept them.

Harry pursed his lips in amusement at the alarmed look on Luna’s face, at the same time it hurt to see that she didn’t have friends to do girly things with. He could have kissed Alexis for her forethought, Luna needed something like this, the experience would be good for her. She wouldn’t always be at Hogwarts and this would aid her in getting friends maybe in Hogwarts or afterwards.

“Definitely, it will be fun, I promise! We paint each other’s nails and do our hair, make-up and play games and listen to music!” Sophie was gushing as much as Alexis.

“Don’t overwhelm her!” Chao joined in, but all of them were practically vibrating with excitement, “You have to come, the boys outnumber us,” and the day they joined was the day the world ended.

“So what do you say? Will you come as my date?” Harry asked her after a few moments of silence, well silence to them, but the rest of the hall was being loud as always, everyone having their own conversations, the clattering of cutlery and the general hum that was somewhat soothing.

“I’d love to,” Luna said eventually, still unsure if the girls meant what they said or if they were going to bully her, they hadn’t yet. Unfortunately, she had been burned numerous times in the past, and didn’t trust anyone at the face of value even if it didn’t look like she did.

“Well thank goodness for that!” Chao said, beaming at Luna in delight. “Come on, lets sit down! We need to discuss dresses!” she finished with a near squeal.

“I guess you don’t want that book anymore?” Harry said slyly to Sophie as they all climbed back onto the benches, grateful for the girls keeping Luna between them.

“Yes, tonight, if you’ve brought it with you,” Sophie answered, poking her tongue out at him.

Harry laughed and nodded his head, giving both Josh and Dylan a nod, letting them know he had a partner for the ball, which was imperative due to the fact he was opening the ball with a dance along with the other champions. Something Talin had only told him while they were in Honeydukes, but it hadn’t made him panic too much. He’d already chosen someone to take with him to the Ball. If that fell through he knew one of the girls would have had the dance with him at the very least before going back to their chosen partner.
They grinned in happiness, everyone had someone for the night, all was good.

At least for them.

Rumour was Ronald Weasley had tried to ask Fleur Delacour and Hermione Granger (the only girl he assumed wouldn’t have a date) and been humiliatingly cut down with sharp words leaving him as red as his hair.

He had not been seen since.

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There we go! I wanted to show you them being teens...and also wanted to show the Ball in this chapter but unfortunately if I do the entire chapter will be longer than the story so far! Do you want to see more of Beauxbaton and Drumstrang in the story? So far it’s just been Harry's school which I wasn't sure whether it would be enough for all of you! Will Hermione be going with Krum? Would the Hermione in first year have gone with someone like him? or did Harry and Ron truly have an affect on her to make her different enough? Do you want to see the Samhain ritual and the girls having fun before the ball? or will we cut right to the ball? I essentially wanted to show how close Harry and the others are to each other without the houses and the prejudice that comes with it... Will Minerva do the same? Will Severus attend this ball? (he didn't in the books) or will he remain out of sight? He doesn't want to end up talking to Dumbledore after all ;) Read and Review Please!
Chapter 7

Growing Legacy

Chapter 7

Luna knocked on the cabin door belonging to Grande Riviere magical school, bundled up against the bitter cold. She had been invited to breakfast with them, it had taken her ten minutes to convince herself to come. She half expected to be completely ignored, to hear giggling coming from the back of the door. Everyone made fun of her, it was just the way it was, mostly because she was odd. Or seen as odd, Luna just didn’t want to change to please anyone, least of all her classmates. The snow lay thick on the ground, giving Hogwarts an even more majestic appearance, even the cabin looked regal.

The door was suddenly yanked open, and the wolf – Luna – ran out into the snow bounding about like a mad thing. Harry, who had opened the door laughed at his familiar with a rueful look. “Hey, you’re early,” Harry said, giving her a reassuring smile, “Everyone’s still getting dressed, they’ll be down soon, there’s hot chocolate available, come on in, I’ll be back in a few minutes.” Not needing to explain since Luna had bound out seconds before. He wasn’t about to close the door and leave her out there on her own, not this close to the Forbidden Forest. He’d die if anything happened to Luna on his watch.

“I’ll come?” Luna offered, still unsure, but not displaying it for all to see. Although she might not be showing it, Harry and the others could still see it. It saddened them all to see her so unsure of herself, it was why they were going to such great lengths to make her see not everyone was the same. That her being different, unique wasn’t necessary a bad thing. Once Hogwarts was done with, she’d find her own niche in life. One that didn’t involve the students of Hogwarts, who couldn’t see how great Luna actually was.

“Sure,” Harry answered, closing the door and gesturing for her to come. “Have you ever celebrated Yule?”

“Every year,” Luna replied, giving Harry an odd look.

“Not Christmas, Yule,” Harry said as he walked, the snow crunching under his feet as he moved, Luna’s added to it too when she began moving. “They’re different, similar but different.” Just like most of the Celtic holidays actually, but that’s why it had been done in the first place.

“Oh,” it dawned on Luna what he meant, “My mum used to celebrate the Yule, daddy hasn’t celebrated since. We exchange gifts, but that’s the extent of our contribution to this holiday.” It was not an easy time for the Lovegood’s, both of them missed their mother/wife sorely.

“I’m sorry,” Harry said quietly, rubbing at his hands, deducing what she didn’t say, “For your loss.” He had lost his mum and father but it was so long ago he didn’t remember it. His dad spoke of them often, made him feel as though he did know them. Yet he couldn’t imagine how it would feel to lose his dad, he’d almost lost him once, years ago, due to an incident at the zoo. He only vaguely remembered the incident though.

“Thank you,” Luna replied with a smile, which looked more like a grimace really. “Daddy can’t really talk about her…it still hurts too much.” Not sure why she said this, but she so desperately needed someone to talk to. She’d only ever had her daddy and at one point Ginny, who she’d later found out had been forced by her parents to befriend her. She’s swiftly ended that budding friendship.
after she heard the girl whining about having to play with her.

“I’d imagine so, how did it happen?” Harry asked, as they continued to walk, talking quietly.

“My mum was…beautiful you know, smart too,” Luna said, a slight glaze in her eyes, “She was a spell creator, an inventor…one of her spells went wrong. It backfired, she chose in that few seconds to protect me bodily rather than try to cast a spell to shield us.” She didn’t resent her mum for that, she just missed her, wished she was with them but didn’t all children who had suffered such a loss in life?

“It’s always a parents first instinct to protect their children,” Harry stated, a sad smile on his face, “Even from themselves.” Which is exactly what his dad had done, given him the best childhood a boy could ask for, protected his innocence, and hated himself for having to reveal the truth to him. Harry would rather the truth though, than being kept in the dark, forewarned is forearmed. “Luna!” Harry called out in warning, seeing her nosing closer to the Forbidden Forest.

A quiet huff was all he got in reply, before she bound off in the opposite direction.

Luna giggled despite the conversation, she loved animals, probably liked them a whole lot better than she did humans. They didn’t care what you wore, what you were like, what you looked like…they just liked who they liked and that was the end of it. There was no manipulation, no ulterior motives, they just liked you, that was what Luna liked about them most.

“We celebrate the Yule,” Harry changed the subject, “Every year, usually during dinner but today with the Yule Ball we’re hosting it at breakfast. We should have said something last night…but we didn’t think, this is normal for us…if you’d prefer to head back to the school we will understand.” Nobody was going to judge her for not wishing to partake especially after losing her mother.

Luna didn’t reply straight away, merely turned around when Harry did, and began the short – but cold – walk back towards the cabin. The wolf was running all over the place, definitely getting enough exercise if she was to be inside a small cabin all day. “Is she domesticated?”

“No, no she lives with her siblings that the back of our property, well some of the time, the rest she spends with me,” Harry confessed, slightly surprised by the change in subject. Perhaps she didn’t want to say no in case she felt she was insulting them. “She’s my familiar, she always listens to me,” nobody else though, not unless Luna felt like it anyway. She’d be more liable to listen to Josh or Dylan not even Jay could get much out of her. Jay hadn’t been around the length of time Josh or Dylan had, they’d seen her as a cub, under careful supervision of course.

“Oh,” Luna’s mouth shaped an ‘O’ in surprise.

“No, she lives with her siblings that the back of our property, well some of the time, the rest she spends with me,” Harry confessed, slightly surprised by the change in subject. Perhaps she didn’t want to say no in case she felt she was insulting them. “She’s my familiar, she always listens to me,” nobody else though, not unless Luna felt like it anyway. She’d be more liable to listen to Josh or Dylan not even Jay could get much out of her. Jay hadn’t been around the length of time Josh or Dylan had, they’d seen her as a cub, under careful supervision of course.

“Wolves aren’t made to be domesticated,” Harry said, repeating the words his father had said to him, even after finding out that she was his familiar. She was very protective, and in turn, Harry was extremely protective of her. She deserved it being so loyal to him after all.

“No, no they’re not,” Luna agreed wholeheartedly. She didn’t believe in domesticating animals, especially not ones that were wild to begin with, or born to be. The wolf is most definitely born to be wild, beautiful magnificent creatures that they were, should be observed from afar. Yet being so close to one, Luna was quite frankly in awe of the beautiful beast. “What made you name her Luna?” already suspecting the answer. The cabin looming in the near distance heralded an oncoming end to their conversation.

“After the moon,” Harry replied, a sweet smile lighting up his features, he’d always been obsessed with wolves and winged horses. “Her colouring, I was young at the time of course, but I loved her
from the moment I set eyes on her.” His magic of course, letting him know that she was his familiar.
Not that he’d understood that at the time, no, it took his dad to figure that one out.

Stopping outside the cabin, Harry turned to face her properly, “So? Coming or going?” he asked
nonchalantly, allowing her to see from his tone and demeanour that there was truly no wrong
answer.

“Coming,” Luna agreed, it had been so long since she’d seen a Yule celebration, and it didn’t take
long at all.

“Come on in then, everyone should be up already….,” Harry said, opening the cabin door and
clambering in, yanking his wellington boots off, transfigured by his dad when the snow began to
make an appearance. He had repeated the process – with Talin joining in – on everyone else’s, so
they weren’t going to have sodden feet wherever they went. Sure, they could spell them dry, but
prevention was better than a cure. “Yep, everyone’s up!” he stated after seeing everyone already
surrounding the table.

Cries of Luna echoed around the table, all of them expressing delight that she’d made it.

“Hi,” Luna said, warmth invading her heart and body, at their acceptance and of course, the warmth
of the cabin getting rid of the chill. Behind everyone sat an altar, the table had a whole plethora of
items on it, leaving hardly any of the table showing. Red, silver, gold and white candles, sun disks.
White pouches that were poultices back in the day, filled with all manners of herbs she’d bet. White
snowflakes, with evergreen plants, wreaths, holly, pines, fir, juniper and cedar. A small bowl of fruit
and nuts, Mistletoe, quite a few bells in various sizes strewn about, even hanging up on the wall with
mistletoe attached. A wood etching Celtic symbol, and a book, the smell of burning wax wafted
through the air.

The alter was…not the most professional she’d ever seen, but it was obviously done with thought
and care. Just like her parents had done in the past, it wasn’t about making it look pretty after all.

“We bid thee Crone farewell, and gratefully accept the Maiden back into our lives,” was murmured
quietly by all, giving their own prayers for a good year.

“Headmaster, where do we put this years donations?” Queried Chao, glancing at Talin and
incidentally Septimus too, who was a massive contributor to the donations received. “Are we
sending them on to the school?”

“This year…I have something else in mind,” Talin said, sharing a look with Severus.

“What do you mean donations?” Luna whispered to Harry, clearly confused by their conversation.

“Come on, sit down and eat breakfast before its gone,” Harry ushered her towards an empty seat.
“And each year, we run a donation, it’s modern Paganism I know, but I like the idea very much. We
have a large stall set up for donations, food, clothes, toiletries even books.” Harry explained as they
both piled food on their plates. “They’ve probably already done it back home and ready to give it to
those in need. We believe in helping those who need it, usually after doing a formal blessing on the
items.”

“The school has a competition of sorts, to see who can gather the most,” Dylan entered the
conversation.

“Nothing official, it’s not a competition,” Talin said with mild rebuke.

“Harry always wins anyway,” Chao laughs, “His dad is one of the biggest contributors to the
donations,” he never handed over money, but gave a great deal of items over, both used and just bought. He didn’t believe in handing money over to others according to Harry. He would help them in any other way, food, clothes, and more importantly signed books, which could theoretically fetch a decent price if they were that desperate for funds.

“That…sounds good,” Luna said in admiration, “I’d like to help if I can,” the thing was she wasn’t sure what she could give. Her daddy kept everything, never got rid of anything. Maybe she could donate a few of her old toys and some food?

“Everyone is welcome to do so,” Severus informed Luna, “Even the most littlest helps go a long way,” and it was true, it was just a shame the community didn’t do something like that here. It would have been greatly welcoming, his mother had struggled for years to see them surviving, which they’d done so, barely. He refused to give money to anyone though, it was his own experience that it wasn’t spent on the necessities. Perhaps after seeing his father spending so much on drink instead of food had ingrained that into him.

“I’ll write to my dad, Mr. Regis!” Luna declared, even if it was only a few items, it would brighten someone else’s day, as Mr. Regis said, every little helps.

“Call me, Septimus,” Severus answered, the response automatic, he was far more used to the name Septimus now than Severus. He honestly didn’t know whether he would automatically respond to Severus now. His life as Septimus had been more fulfilling than it ever had as Severus. Even if he had been the youngest Potions Master in the world. He hadn’t regained that as Septimus Regis, but he honestly didn’t care about the title, not when he had such a good life.

“Um…Yes, Si…Septimus,” Luna practically stuttered, she was as good with grown wizards as she was with students…that is to say not at all. She preferred being with animals, at least there was no necessities to be obeyed.

Talin chuckled at the endearing look on the young teens face.

“Once you’re finished breakfast, why don’t we bless the tree?” Septimus suggested, having finished his own long ago. It was going to be an extremely long day. Not only were the girls going to spend all day getting ready, but the Ball would be running all the way to midnight, despite it only being until eleven. All due to the fact it would take the teachers that long to get all the students out of the hall and seen to. They were going to be exhausted tomorrow morning, but they’d enjoy themselves, that was all that mattered.

“Finished!” they all exclaimed, which was lies of course, they all still had at least one thing on their plates. Talin was torn between telling them to eat everything on their plate or letting them have their fun. He decided to let it slide, just this once, they’d be eating enough junk food tonight to more than make up for any piece of forgotten food. He made a mental note to have more fresh fruit and vegetable available for breakfast tomorrow.

Standing up, Severus approached the tree they – by they he meant Talin and every single one of the students – and not to forget Luna who had peed against nearly every single one of them. They had cut down yesterday together. Which had been a headache on its own, due to the fact everyone had different opinions on what tree was appropriate. After three hours, they’d finally all agreed, but Severus personally believed it was due to the cold and weakening warming charms. Nobody wanted to take their gloves off to grab their wand and reapply the charm. It had been that cold.

When they’d finally decided the noise had been…atrocious “Evergreen, evergreen, big fat tree! I ask you now please to come home with me! We’ll cover you with ornaments and lots of pretty lights, and let you shine about our house at Yule, the longest night! Thank you, tree, thank you, tree, for the gift
you give today, we'll plant another in your name, when spring comes our way!” they all sang out of tune. Afterwards he’d doused the area with fertiliser to promote and renew growth.

Severus lit the candle with his wand, the smell of incense filled the air.

He said nothing, allowing the students to enjoy their ritual, Severus had never celebrated either Christmas or Yule, not until he was eleven. Celebrate was a strong word, he’d spent it with Lily, he gave her a difficult potion he’d brewed and she gave him a potion book or other gift, mostly books though she knew how much he’d loved to read. He celebrated them with Harry, even though he didn’t much care for the holidays, it’s something he reckoned was ingrained into you from childhood.

By the powers of earth, I bless this tree, that it shall remain sacred, a symbol of life, stable and strong in our home throughout the Yule season. By the powers of air, I bless this tree, as the cool winter winds blow away the baggage of the old year, and we welcome the brightness of the new into our hearts and home. By the powers of fire, I bless this tree, as the days have gotten shorter, and the nights grown dark, yet the warmth of the sun is returning, bringing with it life. By the powers of water, I bless this tree, a gift I give, that it may stay bright and green for us a bit longer, so that we can enjoy the harmony and peace of Yule.

One by one, they got up and circled the tree with the salt they removed from the bowl. Positively beaming with excitement, as they did so. It had taken ages to memorise the words, but their teachers had been very patient with them, they did the Yule rituals before school ended for the holidays in Grande Rivière even those who remain over the holidays. Which wasn’t at all that big a group, most went home for the holidays, especially Christmas if no other time – except summer but that was a given – before school was closed.

After that the seriousness died off, as each of them begun to decorate the tree. Levitating ornaments or candy canes and placing them where their small statures could not. Luna began to relax and just enjoy the time she was spending with this close knit group of people she was coming to really like. The cinnamon salt dough was in a variety of different shapes unlike the ones decorating Hogwarts with Christmas-y coloured baubles. Shaped like stars, trees, pentangles, there were even Patronus’ swirling around large glass vials hooked to the tree. Herbal sachets, sun disks wooden disks that look like they were made years before. Fertility symbols, anglers, with cups and eggs dangling blow. Created ‘gods eyes’ with green, red white and gold threads.

“It’s beautiful,” Luna observed, watching as the last of the items were floated to the top of the tree, the large sun disk gleaming with gold and silver. The homily smell of cinnamon, fresh baked goods, pine and wood was just a blast from the past and it didn’t upset her at all.

“Yeah, we did good this year!” Sophie declared proudly.

“Gather round everyone,” Talin called out, nobody so much as twitched, as they begun to gather around the tree, cuddling into each other so they all fitted together. Luna found herself wedged between Dylan and Harry, as they all smiled and grinned for the photo Talin was about to take. The flashbulb went off a few times before he lowered it, two was more than enough. They would be copied and sent out to the families. “Now, why don’t you go and speak to your family now before you get too busy?” and they would be too busy, they were already overly excited for this evening but
it was always the same way things went back home. It was a good thing they weren’t expected at lessons, otherwise nothing would get done.

“Would you like a copy, Miss Lovegood?” Talin asked the teen, who had relaxed considerably since she’d entered the cabin. He suspected she was just a little overwhelmed, the times he’d seen her she’d been very much on her own. Even while welcoming the school, she’d stood just a little apart from the rest, the closest person to her had been Minerva if he recalled her correctly. She most certainly stood out in a crowd. Her blonde hair was quite distinctive even if she was on the short side. Then again everyone was on the short when compared to him, he was a rather tall man after all.

“Can you…call me Luna please?” Luna asked Talin, she noticed he used his students first names. Dumbledore had only done that with his favourites and McGonagall was a stickler for the rules, she called everyone by their appropriate title.

“Only if you answer the question,” Talin teased her, a small smile twitching at his lips. He hoped that his students would make her feel welcoming and happy. That it would encourage her to come out of her shell more. She was much too quiet and reserved. This…this was the happiest he’d ever seen her. Although, true he didn’t know her well enough to really comment, seeing her from afar didn’t mean he knew her. For all he knew she had a situation in her life that was taking a heavy toll upon her person. He could only read from her what he had seen this far.

“Yes, please,” Luna said, her daddy would love the picture, he was always so worried about her. Or rather her lack of friends, she refrained from pointing out her daddy didn’t have friends either. Except all the animals he befriended, her mum had been the social one, and when she passed…people stopped coming around, as her daddy’s more exuberant displays weren’t tamed by her mum. This would keep him happy for a while, maybe she’d be able to have a summer without him bringing it up. She knew he was only concerned about her, but she had not told him anything about what happens in Hogwarts walls. There was just no point to making him worry more, they didn’t have the funds to send her to another school, her mum had paid for her Hogwarts education before she was one years old. After her first display of accidental magic, which was her summoning her milk bottle, she’d been seven months old apparently.

Even if she’d been tempted to move school, she didn’t’ want to attend a school so far away, Ilvermorny, it was all the way in America. She loved going on holiday, don’t get her wrong, but living in America nine months out of the year? No, no thank you.

“Then you shall have one,” Talin replied, his gaze moving towards the ‘sitting area’ where most of the students were now situated wishing their families well, thanking them for the gifts they’d received and telling them everything that had happened in the past twenty-four hours since they had last spoken. Telling their relatives that they miss them and can’t wait to come home, that the weather here was ghastly.

“Come on, Luna, try the hot chocolate, it tastes lovely.” Harry called her over from where he sat, placing a salted Caramel hot chocolate in front of his dad and Talin’s spot at the table before serving himself. There was whipped cream and marshmallows as well as a dash of powdered chocolate on top.

“Mmm, it is good!” Luna exclaimed, lovely and chocolatey and the caramel flavour wasn’t too overwhelming.

“You’re dress robes are on top of the wardrobe,” Severus informed his son as he claimed his seat, grimacing a little at the sight of the hot chocolate, he’d very much prefer a coffee at the moment. He unfortunately, had to attend the Yule ball with Talin due to the fact there was nobody else there to help him with the students. It was a bit too much for him to deal with alone, both could only hope
none of the students got their hands on any alcohol or there would be hell to pay. They were only fourteen after all, but there were those who could bring drink to the Ball and were legally allowed to drink. It was fact, and nothing anyone could do to stop them.

“Thanks dad,” Harry said with a grin, he was actually looking forward to it. It was nothing new, they had Yule parties every year, nothing as fancy named as a ‘Ball’ or anything. They didn’t dress up super fancy like they were tonight, but they did put on clothes that were nicer than everyday wear.

Severus nodded, he felt like his son was growing up much too quickly for his tastes. Then again, he thought that nearly every day, Merlin, the years had gone by so quickly, it astonished him. During that time he had accomplished so much, but nothing would beat out raising such a wonderful young man. Lily would be proud of how their son had turned out, James may be slightly disappointed that his son wasn’t into pranks and having a good time, but ultimately…he would have been proud of Harry too. He’d been unable to hold onto the hatred he felt for the wizard. James had been twenty-one years old when he died, protecting his family, and he’d unknowingly given him the greatest gift conceivable. A son.

One that Severus loved with all his heart.

“Coffee, Septimus?” Talin asked, standing at the coffee pot, pouring his own.

“Merlin, yes,” Severus replied immediately, floating the two hot chocolates back onto the tray, a small smile appearing on his face at Harry’s pout. He’d drink hot chocolate with his son, but preferred a coffee first thing in the morning…then a few more after breakfast to get through the day. More out of habit than any real need, since he no longer taught children and kept to his own schedule.

“Luna did you bring your dress?” Chao asked, running over and plonking herself down next to the blonde.

“Um, no?” she murmured, “Should I have?” she’d just get dressed in the dorm before the party.

“Then we’ll need to go get it!” Chao insisted, “We’re all getting dressed here!”

Talin cleared his throat, “Only if she wishes,” he added, he wasn’t about to let the others push their will upon the quiet girl. It didn’t look like she was going to say anything in her own defence regarding what she actually wanted to do. Just agreeing with everything someone asked wasn’t a good way to make friends in his opinion. It just caused more problems down the line.

“Yes, sir!” Chao said, calming herself down a little, “We all plan on getting dressed up for the Ball here, you could join us if you like? We’ll do each other’s hair, make up and everything!” she’d thought they’d already planned this, unless Luna didn’t want to do it?

“Okay,” Luna agreed, she hadn’t planned on anything really, not sure whether they were just teasing her or not.

“Okay!” Chao exclaimed happily, clapping her hands together eagerly, “Sophie and the others can come with us to get your stuff, stop them from trying anything.” Her eyes narrowing in on the unhospitable assholes those Ravenclaws tended to be with Luna. She would never say that out loud though, the Headmaster would be extremely displeased with her language…and she was not missing out on tonight, not for anything.

Luna wanted to reassure them that it would be okay, but honestly? She liked the thought of someone having her back. She rather hoped they hadn’t messed with her things again, she didn’t want to
spend the day trying to find everything. Luna honestly wouldn’t put it past them to hide her dress or her shoes. They weren’t to everyone’s tastes but Luna liked them very much.

“Soph, we’re going to get Luna’s things from the school, you coming with?” Chao called to the sitting room where everyone other than Harry was.

“Remember you have a lesson with Septimus today,” Talin reminded them, glancing at his watch, in exactly forty-five minutes time he realized.

Chao wanted to groan but Harry’s dad was sitting right there, so she refrained, it would be rude to do that after all. He wasn’t a teacher, and was giving up his free time to educate them. To make sure they were ready for their N.E.W.T.S but why today of all days? At least it was only the one lesson though, there was that. Holidays or not, Septimus had plans for a certain potion that had to be brewed near the end of the month where the ingredients were available. In fact, that’s where he had been, in the forbidden forest collecting what he needed. She was curious how he knew they were in there, but not enough to ask.

“I’m coming,” Sophie called out, reluctantly closing the book she’d just begun to read yet again. Harry had given her the runes book last night. She’d been reading it on and off since then, Runes was her weakest subject, so she had to read up in time for her exams. Revision sucks, especially when you wanted to do so many other things. Yet everyone stressed how important the results were, what jobs she could get if she passed them all, with flying colours. So, she would do her damn best to make sure she didn’t fall behind or worse…fail the exam.

“Me too!” came from Alexis, and another “Me too!” came from Daisy, she was definitely the quietest of the lot, but no less excited for the party like the girls.

So the four girls quickly grabbed their cloaks and transfigured wellington boots. Ensuring they explained where they were going and how long they’d be to their Headmaster. He had demanded that he always be informed of their whereabouts even if they were only going to the school. If anything happened he said, he wanted to know where everyone was.

“Be back in time for your lesson,” Talin informed them, “Do not make me have to send someone to retrieve you.” He cautioned them.

“We will, promise!” Chao replied, before they all trudged out into the snow, keeping the door closed as often as possible so not to let Luna get out again. She might be Harry’s familiar, but all of them loved her to bits, they didn’t care that she was a wolf. although the same couldn’t be said about Harry’s other familiar…Mishi was a snake and not many liked them up close and personal. Although they loved hearing what the snake had to say, always eager for information on that.

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The girls had just barely managed to get back in time to stop their Headmaster from sending Harry after them. Harry had sensed the malcontent exuding from them. Unfortunately, Harry hadn’t been able to get a chance to ask as they headed straight for their lesson. Harry didn’t talk during that particular lesson, his dad didn’t tolerate such things when they were brewing. He’d had it drummed into him that potion brewing required one hundred percent of your concentration, anything less was dangerous. That potions were dangerous if handled incorrectly, in fact it was something they were all aware of and it had more or less been a silent two hours as they worked hard on the difficult potion. Yes, difficult even by their standards. Not surprising since it was a N.E.W.T’s potion after all.

Once they had bottled up their potions and cleaned their workstations, Harry immediately drew Sophie aside, “What happened?” he’d be able to get a proper answer from her, Chao was too tightly
wound at the moment. Luna would just say she was fine, so there was no point to asking her.

“Those…those bastards stole her clothes,” Sophie said, righteous anger gleaming in her eyes. “We found the majority of her clothes hidden around the castle but…Her dress was…cut up, burnt in different places and utterly irreparable!”

Harry winced, no doubt she was very upset, “I have half a mind to go up to the castle and return the favour,” he scowled, having no doubt about who probably did it. Cho Chang, the girl was a nasty piece of work. “Hopefully the shop will have a dress for her.”

“She doesn’t want anyone to go into ‘any trouble’,” Sophie rolled her eyes, quite honestly, Luna looked as if she didn’t care, and she would have bought it if not for the disappointment and unhappiness in those blue eyes of hers. “Chao is going to ask the Headmaster if she and Luna can get escorted there to get a dress for the ball.”

Harry nodded, wondering if he was going to have a date to the dance after all. “I’m glad I didn’t end up attending this school,” he said, staring out the window to the magnificent castle.

Sophie scoffed, “Tell me about it,” thinking Harry was just being figurative, not literal. Not that he would have had a chance to attend school, if his dad hadn’t saved his life…he would be six feet under.” His ‘grave’ was still attended to by many people, always flowers and plants set down. Sophie wandered away when she noticed Chao’s conversation with their Headmaster was finished. To think his dad had endured that sort of abuse for seven years too, maybe not quite the same way as Luna but abuse was abuse.

The smell of food began to waft from the small kitchen, as food was prepared for them, not dinner since they’d be having that in the castle. It must be just something to tide them over, since dinner was hours later than normal, or going to be. His stomach grumbled at the smell, he hadn’t realized how hungry he was.

“You alright, Harry?” the shoulder nudging his brought Harry out of his reverie.

“Hey, yeah, I’m fine, just annoyed,” Harry admitted to his best friend, “How did your potion turn out?” he had been totally focused on his own, and hadn’t even glanced at the others. He’d worked too hard to brew the potion so he wasn’t about to screw it up by looking at the others while preparing it.

“The colour wasn’t as consistent as I would have liked,” Josh admitted, “But it didn’t blow up so there is that.” Which was disingenuous, he was quite good at potions, for the most part, but not compared to Harry. Harry had a potions Master as a father, so that was self-explanatory as to why he’d be better than the others. He’ll he’d been watching his father brew since he could walk probably.

“Ah, you crushed the bean instead of cutting it open and let the juice slow in then put the bean in whole.” Harry said expertly, “As Crane and Wren have said…go with your gut not always the recipe since there’s sometimes better ways to do things.”

“I’ll need to remember that for the next time,” Josh nodded absently, making a mental note to change the information on his workbook. He wasn’t one for writing in his workbook often, but this was information he definitely wanted to have written down and memorised before his N.E.W.T’s exam. Which was dauntingly less than a year away and drawing closer with alarming accuracy.

“Yep,” Harry agreed, “I plan on brewing a few more…after the holidays’ of course, if you’d like to join us,” he knew potions was important nine times out of ten when it came to careers outside of
school. Especially his, he wanted to work with animals, perhaps be a Vet or Zoologist, he hadn’t made up his mind yet. That required a good knowledge of potions due to the fact he’d be administering them to animals. Then there’s the fact animals could be poisoned so he’d need to know how to counteract it.

“You’re going to take a Potions Mastery?” Josh asked, not quite surprised by that.

“Well, I think so, I’m going to ask Mark if I can work there part time,” Harry said, Mark was of course, a part time vet himself. He had been the one to see to Luna each time she needed help, or even just checked over to ensure she was healthy. Mark was patient with him, explained things in a way he understood as a child. He often went to see the animals too, and Mark and his dad got on well due to the fact.

“At the vets? Well it’s good work experience I suppose…but you’ll be stretching yourself a bit too thin, with a Mastery and a job.” Josh pointed out. A few people actually did that, and he had seen how exhausted they were all the time. Almost falling asleep in their lunches at school. “I think you’re nuts,” he added, even though he would probably end up doing the same thing.

A light smack to the back of his head caused Josh to squeal and jump in surprise.

“Don’t go dissuading my son on working hard,” Severus informed Josh, his lips twitching, showing that he wasn’t saying it to be harsh. The few years after school was the toughest, he’d worked hard to gain his Mastery, becoming the youngest Potions Master in the world – which nobody of course knew – and set himself on a career, out of necessity than desire. He’d had no choice but to become a teacher, something he’d detested doing especially full time and at Hogwarts. He was always meant to create potions and spells, not teach. Something he’d been able to do when he came to St. Lucia’s. Ironically enough, his dreams had taken second place in his life when he realized it was more fulfilling raising a son. Not something he’d ever foreseen. To begin with it had been difficult doing both…but since Harry didn’t need him quite so much, both fitted comfortably in his life.

“I’m not!” Josh rasped out, dramatically clutching his heart.

“Indeed,” Severus replied dryly, “Go ahead and eat, Talin will return when he can.” Basically telling them they could eat now and they weren’t to wait until the Headmaster returned.

The statement caused Harry’s stomach to rumble, “I’m so hungry,” already making his way to the table.

“Remember to feed Luna,” Severus threw out absently, but he knew his son wouldn’t forget to feed his beloved familiar. Heck, Luna wouldn’t let him forget, she’d tell him herself.

“I will,” Harry called back, already giving her the large hunk of meat on the table, placing it at his feet so she could eat. After that he was quickly drawn into conversation with Josh and Dylan and everyone else who sat and ate merrily, conversing while they could before they had to split up for the evening to get ready for the ball.

That time was fast approaching.

Severus watched over them all for a few moments before turning to face the school, once again struck on just how different everything was. Being here was bringing up his nostalgic side, more and more frequently. He just wished Dumbledore wasn’t here so he could relax and allow this tournament to play out. Or as much as he could relax with this tournament in play. One thing to worry about was certainly better than multiple. Fortunately, he didn’t think Harry had been in Dumbledore’s proximity for more than a few seconds. He’d always worry about them being caught
It wasn’t out of fear for himself, it’s what Dumbledore could do. The irony wasn’t lost on him. Fearing what Dumbledore would do over what Voldemort could. Fortunately, Voldemort was gone, and Dumbledore’s warmongering had no place in society at the moment. He didn’t believe for a second Voldemort was gone for good, but he refused to let his son become a scapegoat for the masses. If they wanted Voldemort destroyed for good, they’d all need to stand up and do something about it.

The magical world in Britain had become…complacent due to the fact people kept bailing them out. Becoming hero’s when they refuse to do anything. Dumbledore with Grindelwald, Harry’s other parents with Voldemort…yes, it was as if they felt too safe to care about the suffering of others. With a little luck, Voldemort would remain a spirit unable to wreak havoc in their lives.

So far each attempt had proven futile and been dismantled before it amounted to anything. The stone. The diary. How many other ways could he have? Hopefully, none.

“Dad, I’ve saved a plate for you!” Harry called over, his green eyes – with black flecks in them – watched him in concern. He often did that since he learned everything that had been previously unknown to him. He would re-apply the changes to his eyes later.

“Do you want a drink, Mr. Regis?” Josh asked, as he collected one for himself, glancing at his best friends father.

“I would, thank you, Josh,” Severus said, giving him a small smile in thanks as he wandered over, his fretting forgotten for the moment as he just enjoyed his life.

If anything happened he’d deal with it when it came, he refused to let his Christmas be spoiled by his fears.

“Here you are, Sir,” Josh said, giving him a goblet over, no matter how many times he’d been asked to call Mr. Regis ‘Septimus’ nobody actually did. He was quite imposing despite his personality, which they found calm and soothing really. He was always the first to help them if they needed it, and he explained it properly and didn’t just give the answers like he didn’t really care about their education.

It was the same with all their parents though, his best friends still called his mum and dad by their titles. Although his dad was a teacher, so he sort of expected it. They’d all been taught by him when they were younger after all.

“Thank you, Josh,” Severus said, sipping on the Christmas-y brew it’s warmth sliding down throat allowing him to relax. He listened to the chatter of the students around him, all of them eager for the Yule Ball. Then he said the Yule blessing as they finished eating.

“May all who need a miracle be blessed. May all those feeling unwell and weak be given strength. May all those who have heavy burdens have their loads lightened. May all those who have worry find peace.” Severus recited the words slowly, everyone became silent listening to him say the blessing.

“May your Yule be filled with happiness, Joy and Love.” He finished lugubriously.

“May the Yule be filled with happiness, joy and love,” the other recited the last verse in sync.

Then afterwards they immediately began to chat, as Severus cleaned up the mess everyone had just made. Keeping the extra food he’d had set aside for the three latecomers warm.
I wanted to keep writing this chapter - it was actually quite difficult to stop lol - but it's already 7k words long so I'm ending it here, the next chapter will be posted quicker this time around you have my word! I already have so many ideas for the tasks that people on my facebook group kindly suggested :D I'm going to have fun with it...the only thing I'm actually unsure about is whether to have Voldemort come back or wait until down the line...until Harry is older I suppose :D I'm honestly very conflicted on it. Read and Review please!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!