Harry Potter and the Light in the Darkness
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Summary

After defeating Voldemort in the DOM, Harry learns that everything in his life had been a lie so he embarks on a new life in a new country, with a new mate. Upon learning there is more than one Dark Lord he's prophesied to defeat, Harry must learn to put his faith in others if he's going to overcome the darkness.
The Aftermath

Chapter One: The Aftermath

Sunday, 16th of July 2006 – Little Whinging, Surrey, England

After defeating the Dark Lord, life was supposed to be smooth sailing. Life should not have him back at 4 Privet Drive inside Dudley's second bedroom lying on a twin bed with a lumpy mattress with nothing to do but stare at the ceiling while contemplating how badly fate had screwed with his life. Death would be preferable than living with the despair of knowing his stupidity had caused the death of his godfather. Not only had he lost Sirius, but he had also learned that everything he had thought about himself, his life, his friends, had been nothing but a lie.

Harry James Potter reached for the wand underneath the too thin pillow and twirled it around his fingers. It would be so easy to put the wand to his temple and utter the unforgivable. He knew he could do it, he had enough power, enough hate for the curse to work. Doing so, would ensure that the next time he opened his eyes he'd be with his parents and Sirius and then everything would be over and he'd be blessedly free.

He had never been free.

An angry, high-pitched hoot cut across the silence, breaking his somber thoughts. Harry flinched and looked across the darkened bedroom to see the white of Hedwig's coat as she sat perched on the edge of his desk. Even in the darkness, piercing amber eyes glared at him. Hedwig snapped her bill and made clacking sounds before she flew over and used her wing to cuff him on the back of his head as she knocked his wand out his hand.

"I know, I know. I'm being stupid," Harry told his only friend, his voice raspy from disuse. "If I do it, if I end everything, they'd win. I can't give them the satisfaction of knowing they hurt me."

Pleased he wouldn't do anything stupid, at least for now, Hedwig nipped his ear affectionately before she flew back to the desk.

Harry placed his hands back under his head and continued staring up at the ceiling unable to relax and fall asleep. Maybe a large mug of tea would help. He turned to Hedwig.

"I'm going down to make tea, coming?"

Hedwig barked softly in response and together they crept down the stairs avoiding the creaky step. The door was unlocked. When Harry returned to the Dursleys Friday Uncle Vernon tried his usual crap and attempted to lock away his trunk and lock him inside his bedroom. In a burst of wandless magic, Harry waved his hand, silenced his Uncle, and stuck him to the ceiling. The Dursleys hadn't spoken a word to him since, which was just what he wanted. So far, he had made sure to skirt around his relatives as much as possible and use the kitchen and bathroom when they were otherwise occupied. Despite what he'd done, he knew Uncle Vernon would get over his fear any day now and try something else. Hoping to prolong the inevitable, Harry made as little noise as possible as to not awaken his relatives and tempt fate. Once inside Aunt Petunia's immaculate kitchen, Harry put on the kettle and searched the cupboards for biscuits. Several minutes later, he returned carrying two mugs of builder's tea with plenty milk and sugar for him and Hedwig and a plate of chocolate digestive biscuits for them to share.

Stepping inside his bedroom, Harry froze. In the few minutes it had taken to make tea, someone had
invaded his space. It hadn't been the Dursleys, they wouldn't have been able to get past the ward he'd placed on the doorway. It had been someone magical. Since his defeat of Voldemort at the Ministry of Magic, his magical power had quadrupled thanks to Voldemort unlocking his magical potential and removing the blocks placed upon him during his attempt to possess him. Now, Harry was more in tune with his magic than he'd ever been. He could literally feel the magical disturbance in the air, though he couldn't pinpoint the cause. Turning on the light and grabbing his wand, he cast several diagnostic charms around himself and the room and couldn't find any traps or anyone lurking unseen in the corners, though an envelope sat on his pillow.

Running his wand over the envelope, he went through every detection charm he could come up with. The letter appeared clean. He took the letter in his hand only to gasp when he recognized the writing on the heavy, expensive parchment.

Sirius Black. This letter had been written by his Godfather. He shuddered and blinked back tears.

Was it real?

Could it be a joke?

Sirius had died four weeks ago inside the Department of Mysteries at the Ministry of Magic. He could not be alive no matter how much Harry wanted him to be. According to the Unspeakables who worked inside the Death Chamber, once you fell through the veil that separated life from death there was no returning. Yet, here he sat with a letter from Sirius in his shaking hands.

Uncaring if it was a trap he'd been unable to decipher, Harry ripped open the letter and began to read.

Dear Pup,

If you are reading this, I have died and you are back at the Dursleys. No matter how I died, do not grieve for me. I knew my time would be short the moment I realized what your living conditions were truly like and how little you knew of your heritage and the magical world. Frankly, I saw it coming. But, what type of godfather would I be if knowing my time was short, I didn't prepare my godson for life without me. I wasn't a Marauder just because of my good looks!

I cannot say more in this letter though.

Harry this is the most important thing I can ever tell you. No matter what, no matter who trust no one. No one, pup. Peter was not the only friend who turned into a rat. Do not eat or drink anything you did not prepare yourself. Be careful what you say or do. You are being watched, always.

It will happen the Monday after your return from Hogwarts.

Be ready. Be prepared to leave.

Love

Sirius

Tears streamed down Harry's face as he clutched the letter to his chest and curled up on the bed.

"Sirius," he whimpered.

Sirius had known and sought to protect him. Sirius hadn't been a part of the plans against him. To have proof that Sirius had really been on his side meant more to Harry than anything in the world.
Harry had already learned that there was no one he could trust, not Ron, not Hermione, not Remus, not Dumbledore, not the Weasleys, not anyone. His entire life had been a lie. A lie orchestrated by one Albus Dumbledore.

After Sirius had fallen through the veil, Harry chased after Bellatrix Lestrange, only to meet Voldemort. When Voldemort attempted to possess Harry, he had ripped through Harry's weak defenses. Snape had spent a year weakening his mind either for his inevitable confrontation with Voldemort or for his own selfish purposes. Whatever his reasons, because of Snape, Voldemort had an easy time tearing through his shields. Voldemort had wanted to know everything about the boy who had caused his downfall, so he had ripped through his mind going through Harry's every memory from the time of his birth. But what no one had suspected that while doing so every oblivation, every mind-altering spell Harry had been placed under from the time of his parents death had been destroyed. Once that happened, power Harry had never known surged through his body and he became strong enough to fight back. Not only had Voldemort gained all Harry's knowledge, but Harry had gained all Voldemort's. Harry had used his new power to turn the tables on Voldemort. He returned the favor and entered Voldemort's mind destroying the Dark Lord from the inside out. Once finished, the Dark Lord had fallen at his feet a shell of what he'd once been.

When everyone seen Voldemort's dead body cheers erupted throughout the crowd. Harry had defeated Voldemort in the Ministry Atrium in front of the Minister of Magic, his staff, and a crowd of reporters. Drained, Harry stumbled over Voldemort's body and went to Madame Bones, the monocle-wearing witch he remembered from his disciplinary hearing. The only one who spoke up and attempted to support him.

"St. Mungo's please, I can't trust anyone now." he whispered before collapsing in her arms.

Harry came to a week and a half later inside a private room at St. Mungo's under heavy guard. To Harry's relief Madame Bones took his words to heart and no one was allowed in to see him. The aurors guarding him, his caregivers, and any hospital staff who entered his room were under magical oaths to not harm him or hinder his medical care. During his weeks in St. Mungo's, they repaired his core, fixed the malnutrition he'd suffered from all his life, restored his eyesight, flushed the controlling potions from his system, and worst of all removed the blocks and potions that hid his true gender.

All his life, Harry had assumed he'd been born a Beta Male like the majority of the world's population. Unlike Alphas, who were typically leaders and warriors, Beta's were the worker bees, the soldiers the intellectuals, the majority of society. Alpha's and their Omega counterparts were rare and only made up of thirty percent of the world's total population. The rarity of Alphas and Omega, which were even rarer in the magical world were the reason that the Weasley's were not completely shunned from magical Britain for the family's shady business dealings, which Harry had never known about.

Mr. and Mrs. Weasley, a beta couple, had managed to produce seven children, which was unheard of for betas who were lucky to produce one or two children. Even more amazing, out of the seven children the Weasleys conceived, Ronald was the only beta, which was why he had severe inadequacy and jealousy issues. Out of the six remaining Weasleys, five were alphas and one was an omega. Of the five alphas, the Weasleys produced, they also managed the rarest of the rare, an Alpha Female.

Alpha Females were females born with a male appendage that rose where a clitoris would normally be in Beta Females and Omega Females. Alpha Females also had more dominate personalities and aggressive tendencies. Alpha Females made up two percent of Alpha/Omega magical populace, and four percent of the muggle one.
In addition to an Alpha Female, Mr. and Mrs. Weasley also conceived an Omega Male, George. Omega Males were born with an internal vagina and womb in addition to male appendage and testicles. Because of their wombs, Omega Males were capable of childbirth. Omega Males were four percent of the magical Alpha/Omega populace, and eight percent of the muggle one.

The Weasleys wanted to use their fertility to raise their status in the wizarding world and bargain good marriages for their children to improve their social standing and get out of poverty. However, they were willing to do this by any means necessary and without any set of morals or basic integrity. They also wanted the ultimate prize, The-Boy-Who-Lived. Dumbledore had been more than willing to help them succeed.

Dumbledore it had appeared had not only hidden him away from the magical world, but he had also hidden and locked away his true gender. Like George, Harry was an Omega Male, and not a Beta Male as he always assumed. In two weeks, on his sixteenth birthday when he reached sexual maturity, he was going into heat for the first time.

After assuming he was normal his entire life, and not part of sub-species with insane wolf-like tendencies, Harry was frankly terrified.

Once he began oestrus, which lasted up to a week, he would send out pheromones attracting alphas from miles around. The pheromones would let the alphas know he was ready to be bred and mated. For the week of oestrus, he’d be in a sexual frenzy and being unbound he’d have to lock himself away and take care of the situation himself with toys he had blushingly purchased by owl order. Luckily, the Dursley’s were Betas and not affected by his biology. He’d be able to use his wand to dampen his scent and ward his room against passing unbound alphas attracted to an unattached omega going into heat. Because of Dumbledore and the Weasleys he only had a couple weeks to adjust to his true gender and not a lifetime like everyone else.

Harry had learned Dumbledore had wanted to hide his gender until Ginny turned sixteen and came into her sexual maturity as an Alpha Female. They had planned to lock him and Ginny together so she could mate and claim him and then they—the Weasley’s, Dumbledore, and Ginny, could claim his inheritance. Luckily, Madame Bones uncovered their plan once all the spells he’d been under had been discovered. She had immediately charged the conspirators, but Dumbledore had escaped prosecution and was on the run. Mr. and Mrs. Weasley, and Snape, who had provided the potions Dumbledore and the Weasleys had fed him, were in Azkaban. The rest of the Weasleys and Hermione who had also been part of the plan were free.

And Sirius had guessed that something had been going on and had taken measures to protect him. Smiling for the first time in weeks, he closed his eyes and went to sleep. Thanks to Sirius, for the first time since he discovered their deception, he felt something other than hopelessness at his situation.

Sirius Orion Black had loved him. Sirius had cared.
Monday, 17th of July 2006 – Little Whinging, Surrey, England

Harry wished he had a camera, because the neighbors' reactions were priceless.

At seven in the morning, several panda and response vehicles pulled in front of Number 4. Mindful of Sirus's letter, Harry woke early, showered, dressed, ate, and was back in his room looking out his window before the Dursleys stirred. So, he had a bird's eye view of the patrol cars arrival. Wide-eyed neighbors attracted to the noise came outside their homes and stood in the street gossiping wondering if that evil Harry Potter had finally crossed the line and was going to get what was coming to him.

"Mr. and Mrs. Dursely," a voice echoed from downstairs after an irritated Petunia let the officers inside her home. "I am Detective Inspector Carrick and I am here to investigate the claims of child abuse and neglect against the minor child Harry James Potter."

The police cut through the shrieks and bellows emanating from Aunt Petunia and Uncle Vernon, quickly intimidating them into silence. It always amazed Harry how his aunt and uncle could be so hostile when anyone magical condemned them, but turn meek if it were muggles. Now that his aunt and uncle were silenced, Harry heard officers going through the house and soon there was a knock at his half-closed bedroom door.

"Come in," Harry called.

A young, female officer, an unbound Omega whose hair was in a short bob that brushed the collar of her uniform walked into the bedroom and looked around the shabby space horrified.

"Mr. Potter," she questioned. Harry nodded. "I'm PC Fiona Nield; can you join us downstairs?"

Her voice was gentle as if she were speaking to a wild animal. Harry snorted and she flushed. "I apologize that was a little . . . this . . . your relatives."

Harry chuckled dryly. "I understand. There are no words."

She relaxed and smiled and Harry turned from the window and followed the officer out his bedroom and downstairs. As he walked out, he passed another constable who held a camera he used to snap photographs with. He was currently standing in front of the cupboard beneath the stairs, Harry flinched. PC Nield's face tightened as she caught the gesture.

"Ken," PC Nield called out to the photographer. "His bedroom has numerous locks on the outside and a cat flap."

Ken nodded grimly.

They entered the living room where Aunt Petunia and Uncle Vernon sat on the sofa glaring daggers at him. From the look in their eyes, Harry knew that this was his last day in the Dursley household, because if for some reason the charges against them didn't stick it was not going to be pretty once the officers left. Thankfully, the DI did not believe their usual lies about his juvenile delinquency. Fed up with the answers he'd been given, the DI sent Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia out the room and turned to Dudley with a raised brow.
"Now are you going to tell the truth or lie, despite all the evidence surrounding us," the DI asked coolly gesturing around the living room at the family photographs and other souvenirs that held no evidence Harry lived in the house. "Do you want to go to lock up, which is where your parents are headed or tell the truth about what has gone on inside this home? Keep in mind the numerous reports I have against you for bullying, theft and other wrong doings we gathered against you that you and your parents tried to blame on Mr. Potter."

Harry gawked at his cousin when in a monotone voice, Dudley Dursley told the truth for the first time in his life. Harry couldn't help but stare open mouthed as they sat on Aunt Petunia's plastic covered sofa and the muscular teen confessed everything Harry had endured from the moment he'd been found on their doorstep. It was as if someone had given Dudley veritaserum. Harry's head whipped around looking for a glass Dudley could have drunk or a spark of magic emanating from a hidden wand but found nothing, or sensed any magic coming from the DI nor the other officers.

After Dudley's surprising confession and the evidence the officers gathered from the cupboard and his room, Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia were led out of Number 4 in handcuffs much to their horror and the neighbors' fascination. Once they left, Harry was told to pack his belongings, which he had already had done so and soon he and his things were in the DI's police vehicle and he was being taken away from Privet Drive forever. Harry wondered how he could talk the man into letting him go.

"Where am I going?" he asked the DI.

"I'll drop you off at the Leaky Cauldron, you have an appointment with your account manager at Gringotts." Harry gasped at the man who grinned. "My parents are squibs, my father was a Black before he was disowned. Luckily, the Blacks never revoked control of his trust vault, which helped pay for his schooling. Dad graduated from Westminster then went on to Oxford, and is a judge now," the DI said pride in his voice. "He took the name of his foster family, but agreed to help his nephew Sirius when he contacted him. Sirius had been the only family member that sought him out before he had been thrown in to jail and Dad tried to fight for him to get him a trial. Because Dad's a squib, he couldn't do much. Stupid system you wizards have."

"Oh." Harry was overwhelmed and had nothing to say to that as emotions overwhelmed him again as he became aware of all Sirius had done for him. More than anyone in his life ever had.

The DI smiled. "This should explain more."

He handed Harry a letter and his heart skipped a beat the moment he saw Sirius's handwriting.

"Thank you," he said earnestly.

The DI shrugged. "The Dursleys are scum."

"What will happen to Dudley?" Harry said relaxing back into his seat now that he knew he didn't have to hide the fact he was a wizard.

"Despite what I said, I wasn't going to arrest him. He's made great strides in the last year to change his life around and to stop bullying others. From what my sources have said, he began to see what his parents were really like. While he won't be declared an emancipated minor like you have, he'll be staying under the guardianship of his wrestling coach's family and have access to the savings accounts his parents set up for him, which will get him through school with no problem."

Harry breathed a sigh of relief, then gaped. "I'm an emancipated minor?"
The DI smiled and handed him the paperwork, which Harry took with shaking hands. It was as if every dream he had when he was young and locked in the cupboard had come true. It meant a lot.

"Dad authorized it. With your level of maturity and financial status, it was easy to push through. In the muggle world you're considered an adult. Not sure how much weight it'll have in the magical world, you'll have to ask the goblins. Better open your letter."

Harry flushed, how could he have forgotten about that? He riffled through the paperwork in his hand and opened Sirius's letter.

Dear Pup,

If you are reading this, then the first stage of my plan is complete and you are free from the Dursleys. I can't say more because I am not sure how many tracking and compulsion charms are on you. The last time I checked you were covered in them.

Please trust me. Make your way to Gringotts. Ask for Clawblot, the Black account manager and Bearstone, the Potter account manager. I also arranged for a medical team to look you over.

Love Sirius.

Once the DI dropped him off in front of the Leaky Cauldron, Harry shrunk his trunk and transfigured a hat to hide his scar before making his way to Gringotts. He was quickly ushered into a medical chamber and thoroughly examined by Goblin and foreign wizard healers. Harry submitted to the medical exam with grace and amusement as he could tell that neither the goblins nor the foreign wizards thought much of St. Mungo's or British wizards in general. They didn't tell him if they found anything more just ushered him into a conference room where his account managers waited.

"Mr. Potter finally, I've been attempting to meet with you for ages." Bearstone said as he introduced himself.

Harry slumped into his seat wearily. "Really."

"All mail addressed to you had been blocked and routed to a room beside the Headmaster's office at Hogwarts."

Harry sighed. "Another thing I have to address."

"When you were in St. Mungo's Madame Bones had the ward rerouted to a Gringott's vault. We have people sorting through the mail and presents and will begin forwarded them to you once the sorting is finished and the mail is organized. You have been bequeathed a lot of items and monies from people's wills that we have to organize as well as fan mail. We will continue to do so with any new mail that comes in, for a fee of course."

Of course, Harry thought sardonically. They haggled back and forth and finally came up with what Harry thought was a fair price, or at least felt as if he weren't being robbed blind. Once the fee had been agreed on, Harry let out a huge sigh of relief, one less thing to worry about. "Thank you."

"Let's get started," Clawblot said impatiently.

Two hours later, Harry's mind reeled. The Potters, he learned, were wealthy pureblood family who had made their money in farm management. Harry owned several magical farms across the United Kingdom that fed magical and muggle Britain as well as provided animal hide used for things such as parchment and clothing. The Blacks, a far older family part of the wizarding aristocracy lived off
the profit of their investments, while they hoarded the rest. In other words, while Harry wasn’t the richest wizard in the world, or even Great Britain, he wouldn’t need to worry where his next meal came from.

"Once Sirius Black escaped Azkaban and learned you believed you were a Beta, he became suspicious. As your godfather, he had known your true status. He met with us, was healed of the effects of Azkaban, and hired investigators. With the assistance of Percival Weasley he discovered how deep the manipulations ran."

Harry gaped. Had anyone appeared who they seemed? "Percy!"

"Yes." Clawblot riffled through papers in front of him. "It seems that Percival Weasley discovered plots his family had been involved in with Dumbledore, refused to participate, and walked away from his family. That was the true reason of the rift, not his refusal to believe Voldemort had returned as the Weasleys' widely reported. Sirius however, learned the truth of the rift and contacted Percival to help him gather evidence at the ministry and uncover anything he could about how deep Dumbledore and his families manipulations ran. It was Mr. Percival Weasley who went to Madame Bones after your defeat of the Dark Lord who went by the name Voldemort and stopped her from allowing Dumbledore and his family to talk her into allowing you to heal at Hogwarts despite your request to go to St. Mungo's. He also convinced her to refuse them access at St. Mungo's and suggested she force magical oaths from your caregivers.

Harry knew he must look stupid sitting there with enlarged eyes and his mouth gaping open, especially as he'd been repeating the gesture all day, but he couldn't help it.

"Sirius break in his investigations came when the Order of Phoenix took up residence in the Black townhome," Clawblot continued. "As the head of the Black family, Sirius could monitor all communication inside his home and overheard several conversations, which helped him discover the many manipulations surrounding you and who was involved. With how deep everything went and how powerful the players were, he couldn't pull you out until his plans were in place. He also knew his days were numbered. To Dumbledore, he was a loose cannon, a person close to you whom he couldn't control, so he had to be eliminated."

"Here's what Mr. Black and his investigators discovered."

Harry looked over the parchment though he knew most of it. He only didn't know the depth of his friends' betrayal. And here it was in black and white, the proof of the betrayal and plans against him as well as McGonagall, Remus, Tonks, and Kingsley's silent compliance even if they didn't actively participate. Harry froze when he came across the horcruxes and how Sirius had tracked them down and destroyed them with the goblins help once he overheard a conversation between Dumbledore, Snape, and Mrs. Weasley and how he accidently came across one inside Grimmauld Place that his brother had attempted to steal back from Voldemort and destroy, but died in the process.

A side effect of destroying Voldemort's mind and magic Harry absorbed not only the dark wizard's magical core, but also most of his memories. He had known about the horcruxes, and didn't understand how Voldemort could've died during their fight. He hadn't known he had been a horcrux, but the report explained the lingering questions Harry held about his defeat of the Dark Lord.

"So all his horcruxes are gone? Even me and the snake?"

"Yes. Sirius destroyed the snake two weeks before your battle. He figured out it was a horcrux once you were able to visualize Mr. Weasley's attack. And as for yourself, once Thomas Riddle broke through your shields, you actually died."
"What!"

"Mr. Potter, you were under so many mind altering spells in addition to a horcrux, if you hadn't been as powerful as you are, you wouldn't have lasted an hour after what had been done to you. You died the moment Voldemort attempted to possess you," Bearstone informed him. "Luckily, you had two souls within your body, so it wasn't your soul that passed on, but the weaker soul inside Riddle's horcrux. Once you technically died, the horcrux as well as the blocks Dumbledore and others placed on your mind were destroyed. Your soul was able to overtake your body, which enabled you to come back, more powerful than you had been, though your physical body was still weak and needed repair hence your long stay inside St. Mungo's."

Harry breathed a sigh of relief.

"What Sirius hadn't anticipated was that Thomas Riddle would be defeated so soon, so he had additional measures set up to protect you. Measures that we believe you should still go through with, despite Riddle's defeat. After all, there is still the threat of his followers who have managed to evade capture as well as Dumbledore and your former friends. Would you like to know what else your godfather prepared for your safety?"

Harry nodded. "Absolutely."

Before they went over that, they first went over his medical report. His core was triple than average, the horcrux in his scar gone, as well as the mind and emotional control his brain had gone under and all the damage done to his body as a byproduct of having been forced into being a Beta instead of the Omega Male he was born as. In the end, the healers verified he was a Pure Omega, which meant he was a virgin, was in good health free of all charms and potions.

Then they went over his parents wills. Harry was shocked to discover his parents had arranged a marriage between himself and the heir to the Potter's foreign counterpart. This family should have gotten him out of England and raised him after their deaths if it weren't for Dumbledore. All their attempts to find him were blocked by Dumbledore as he had headed the Wizengamot and the ICW. The family couldn't physically find or approach him because of how Dumbledore altered his physical and magical signature and the wards he'd placed around Privet Drive, which probably explained why he had only left the neighborhood once or twice before attending Hogwarts.

Sirius upon learning of the contract met the family after researching them. They then devised a more binding contract. Harry read through it. The contract basically traded him as a powerful male Omega to their heir for his fiancé families protection and ability to get him out of England. His fiancé was responsible for his education and training. He got to keep his assets and would only have to pass them down to any children he had who he felt was worthy of them. As he was the heir to two families and his intended was the heir to one, they had to have at least four children to carry on their families names although their first Beta or Alpha Male child would be named Lord Black. It was better than he could've hoped for.

Harry read the report on the family. His fiancé and his fiancé's father were warrior class Alpha's whose wizard ancestry dated back centuries. Over five hundred years ago, the family entered into a magical contract with a noble family to serve and protect, which they had even though that family's magical line had died out due to inbreeding and the noble family had become squibs. The magical contract between the two families had ended in 2000, but the families were so interconnected through marriage, it no longer made a difference.

As a result of their vow, and their protectors squib status, his in-laws had become powerhouses in the muggle world and ran a multibillion-dollar farming, market, and auction house enterprise that supplied cattle, vegetables, tuna, and other fish around the world.
Harry's intended was eighteen years old and in his last year of muggle high school. He was top of his class and had been privately tutored in magic since he'd shown his first bout at the age of six. He was a world champion dueler in muggle and magical arts, who was widely known for his honor and integrity. Harry couldn't find fault with what he read about his fiancé.

"He sounds perfect on paper," Harry said hesitantly.

"You don't want to enter into the contract your parents and godfather set up for you," Clawblot asked incredulously.

Harry didn't answer. He knew that it was best for him. He doubted he would get a better deal, unless he was able to go and fall in love with someone, which with the Boy-Who-Lived, now Boy-Who-Conquered crap, would never happen. He would never know if someone wanted him or his fame. Yet, this boy . . . man and family were as far removed from wizarding Britain as one could ask for, but he was a boy.

Harry had never really thought of men in that way, granted he always thought Oliver Wood and Cedric Diggory were hot and to be honest several other male Quidditch players as well, but being a Beta he had pushed those thoughts to the back of his mind and developed a crush on Cho Chang who was the next best thing. Now that he was supposedly an Omega, he could never see himself being with an Alpha Female in that way. The thought of a woman doing that to him with her thing, didn't seem right to his admittedly still Beta Male mind. But, he wasn't ready to think of a man in that way either. Merlin it was confusing.

"Mr. Morinozuka and his son are here; would you like to meet them?" Bearstone asked.

Harry nodded nervously.

The goblin nodded to the warrior who stood at the door. A few minutes later, the goblin returned with two men. Harry jumped out his seat.

Both Alphas wore designer suits, were same height and build, and had beautiful deep, dark almond shaped eyes. It was obvious they were father and son. Power swirled around both men and Harry knew they were nearly as strong magically as he was and were not to be trifled with nor underestimated. The older wore a suit with a waistcoat, a moustache, goatee, with a pointy beard. The younger, despite being an obvious alpha was beautiful instead of handsome. His fiancé was clean-shaven with a face filled with smooth angles, a pointy chin, and short, spiked hair. He wore a gray suit with a skinny tie, a pumpkin colored shirt and had designer boots on his feet. His suit jacket had buttons undone. The shirt was haphazardly tucked into his pants as if he couldn't be bothered. Despite the haphazard dress, it fit him. He looked elegant and powerful with strength and grace. Intense eyes examined him from head to toe before hiding behind strong occlumency shields that hid all emotion from his face and gave off the impression that he had no thoughts inside his mind.

Harry flushed under the scrutiny knowing that in his baggy jeans and t-shirt there was no way he'd compare to his intended's casual elegance. Harry's only redeeming quality was he no longer needed glasses. His hair still looked like someone had taken hedge clippers to it. Now he wished he had listened to Luna last year and cut his hair super short and just let everyone see his scar. Luna said it was a part of him and he shouldn't hide behind it. She had also tried to get him to order new clothes during one of their Hogsmeade weekends. Luna had once confided to him that she was a medium and could sometimes see a person's past, present, and future. Harry suspected she had known his true gender and saw this moment, which is why she tried to fix him up. He wished he had listened.

"Takashi," he stuttered nervously.
"Tak-a-shi," the boy/man corrected in a richly accented baritone.

Harry flushed. "Sorry."

Takashi shrugged carelessly.

"Can we sign the contract now," the goblins asked.

Takashi approached the table and Harry noticed his intended was a half a foot taller than he was. They sat down and the goblins went over the contract, Harry's hand shook as he held the quill to sign, and he hesitated over the document. Takashi's hand pressed atop his and stopped him from signing.

"Leave us please," he told the others.

The room quickly cleared of everyone except the goblin standing guard by the door.

"We can wait," Takashi told him.

Harry shook his head. "My birthday is two weeks from today."

"You'll have another heat in six months."

Surprised Harry's head jerked up to see if he were serious. He was. Harry's breath caught in his throat as he met his intended's calm gaze and realized Takashi still had hold of his hand and his thumb gently caressed the back of Harry's hand. The touch felt nice and Harry didn't know what to think about that. He shook with nerves.

"With everything, I - - I'd prefer to sign now and leave England."

"I can make an oath to honor and protect you."

"It's already in the contract and it's magically binding. Everything is taken care of, it seems."

Taking a deep breath and gathering his courage, Harry pulled his hand away and signed the contract. Takashi quickly did the same and Harry felt the magic binding them together. He was now a married man, married to a stranger. Takashi cupped his chin in his hand, tilted his head up, and pressed their lips together in a gentle kiss. Harry's magic tingled from the tips of his hair to the tips to his toes. It was weird. This was a guy, a guy shouldn't be making him feel like this. Harry shivered and leaned into the kiss, when he felt Takashi nibble on his lips to encourage them to open. He opened his mouth and shuddered when he felt Takashi's tongue sweep inside and dominate his mouth. Dear Merlin, what was he doing, what was happening to him. Harry stiffened and pulled back gasping for breath as he stared up at his intended. Takashi had the nerve to look amused, his normally calm eyes sparkled, and a small smile curved his lips.

"Not too wet?"

Harry gasped and felt his face heat up as he recalled his awkward kiss with Cho Chang. "How?"

"We couldn't pull you out but kept tabs the best we could. Your friend Neville was a big help and did what he could considering the charms you were under."

Harry gasped. Neville's actions and their private late night talks about gender dynamics as well as wizarding customs when their roommates were sleep took on a completely new meaning. While Harry was reeling from Takashi's revelation, Takashi went into his pocket and pulled out a ring box.
Inside was a platinum wedding band lined with emeralds.

"Which is your dominate hand?"

"My right."

Takashi slid the ring on his left hand and kissed his palm.

"Wizards in Asia don't use wands." He showed Harry his ring, a stunning amber band that looked simple but pulsed with power. Harry stared at it mesmerized, wondering how it was made. "Well get you one, your wand probably isn't a good fit now since you're free from the enchantments."

"When will we leave?" Harry asked softly.

"Saturday," Harry flinched and Takashi squeezed his hand. "You can come back to visit anytime, Harry."

"Can I say goodbye to—"

"I am not your jailer. You'll need guards for your safety until that Dumbledore is found and the Death Eaters are all captured though."

Harry let out the breath he'd been holding, he didn't like it, but he supposed it was a fair compromise. "Okay."

"Ready to go to the hotel?"

Harry nodded. They quickly finish their business and were escorted to a private exit to the muggle world Harry never knew existed. They were soon in a limo and on their way. Takashi had taken out his mobile phone, and began texting the moment they were inside.

"Satoshi?" Takashi's father who introduced himself as Akira Morinozuka asked his son.

"Dresser," was his son's short response.

Akira nodded. "That'll take the rest of the afternoon. Join your brother and I for dinner at seven, Harry probably missed lunch."

"Ah." Takashi fingers flew over the small keyboard.

Harry flushed. "I can pay for my stuff."

Now that Harry was married, he was considered an adult in the magical world and had access to his inheritance and not just his trust vault, which frankly had been nearly decimated thanks to Dumbledore. The two Alpha's ignored him.

"Potatoes or vegetables?" Takashi asked.

Harry sighed. "Vegetables."

"Soup or salad?"

"Soup."

Takashi nodded and continued texting. They pulled in front of a luxury hotel on Park Lane. Walking through the lobby Harry felt like a charity case. They got out on the eighth floor after saying
goodbye to Akira who was on the penthouse a floor above them. Their room looked amazing, the suite had floor to ceiling windows that overlooked Hyde Park and a private balcony. On a table in the living room was their lunch, Harry's stomach growled. Takashi chuckled and let him to a table where he uncovered dishes. Inside was a whole lobster over rice. They sat down and began with their soup.

"I don't know anything about you?" Harry said. "Just what I read in the file, tell me about yourself?"

"Not a big talker."

"Well, the documents said you'll take over your father's company?"

"Eventually."

It was like pulling teeth. "Do you want to?"

"Ah. Law and Business school first."

Harry sighed. "I don't know enough to run mine."

"We'll hire tutors."

"Okay." Harry took a deep breath. "The contract said we had to have kids, do you like them?"

"Ah."

"Would you like to have some?"

"Ah."

"Now?" he squeaked. Takashi chuckled pulled out his phone and began texting. "What are you doing?"

"Birth control. Best not to breed during first heat anyway. Takes time for Omega's bodies to adjust to the changes it goes through during maturity, even more so for you considering what you went through."

Harry realized he could breathe again. "Thank you. I'm not ready."

"School first, then kids."

Takashi's declaration made Harry feel a lot better about his silent husband.

After lunch, a maid came and cleared the table then dressers from Harrods came and helped Harry select a wardrobe. Takashi sat in the room texting away on his phone while allowing Harry to choose his new wardrobe with the dressers help, although he would occasionally pull one of the ladies aside and add to the order. Finally, the dressers left but promised they'd be back with his selections. Once they left, Takashi led him to the bathroom and adjusted the water inside the glass-enclosed shower for him. Harry took a quick shower and when he stepped out he saw that Takashi had ran him a hot bath and left him with a kiss on the forehead. Harry managed not to flinch at his husband's touch. The cool, dry lips actually felt nice on his skin.

Once Takashi left, Harry sunk in the tub and closed his eyes marveling at how fast his life changed. He didn't know Takashi well enough but so far, he seemed honorable, though quiet, but you never knew. After a long soak Harry stepped out the tub, slathered cream on his body wrapped himself up in a big fluffy robe and exited the bathroom.
Takashi sat on the bed and was engaged in a staring contest with a very irate snowy owl.

"Hedwig!" Harry exclaimed happily.

Hedwig flew over to him and nipped him on the head affectionately.

"I missed you too girl." Hedwig cut her eyes to Takashi. "He's okay, he's my husband, Takashi."

She barked a we'll see and deliberately turned her back on Takashi. Takashi chuckled at Hedwig's antics and went into the bathroom to get ready for dinner himself.

"Hed, today's been crazy. It seems like my parents and Sirius really were prepared. They arranged my marriage and managed to get me out the country, I'm moving to Japan. I know you've been feeling cooped up from sticking by me at the Dursley's but I'm okay now." Hedwig's bark sounded like a snort. "Okay, I'm mostly okay and alright enough to where you don't have to be on suicide watch anymore." At this she barked in agreement and nipped his finger. "Love you too, Hed that's why you need a break. Why don't you fly around and have fun for a few days, just make sure you're here Saturday when we leave for Japan." She huffed exasperated. Hedwig hated traveling inside her cage. "I promise to get you a bigger carrier and even a decent perch, alright? Do you want a gaudy gold one like Fawkes?" Hedwig cut her eyes at him and Harry laughed. "Okay, I was just joking. But it'll be something nice." She nodded. "Can you come back in the morning and send a couple letters for me?" She rolled her eyes and Harry laughed. "Okay, stupid question. Have fun and I'll see you tomorrow, girl."

With a last affectionate nip to his finger, Hedwig flew out the window leaving him alone. Harry sat at the desk and had taken out parchment from his trunk to write his letters when someone knocked on the door to the suite when he was halfway through. Harry went to answer and saw several of the housekeeping staff with his clothes. He let them in and they immediately put away the purchases. It felt weird seeing his clothes next to Takashi's.

Twenty-four hours ago, he was at the Dursley's ready to give up, now he was inside one of London's most exclusive hotels with a husband and staring at the first clothes beside his school uniforms that actually fit his body. He even had pants, which he had never worn before, because the last thing he had wanted was to wear Dudley's cast off undergarments. Smiling happily, Harry went to the underwear drawer to pull something out to wear to dinner and he flushed upon seeing some of the sexy designs Takashi picked out for him. Harry grabbed a more sedate pair of tiny, black sexy cotton boxer briefs with a thick elastic band and dressed in a white suit with a light green silk shirt. Takashi exited the room with his hair done and a towel wrapped around his waist. He stopped short when he saw Harry.

"Nice."

Harry flushed too busy eyeing his body to reply. Though he was confused as to who and what he was and who and what attracted him, Harry couldn't deny Takashi was handsome. If he had to be an Omega Male married to an Alpha Male, he was glad it was someone as handsome as Takashi Morinozuka. It didn't help that Takashi nonchalantly dropped his towel and began rooting in the drawer for pants. Harry went completely red when he saw Takashi's member. It was thick and long and not even aroused, what would it be like aroused with the knot flared out? And inside him. Was that what he wanted? Could he handle it? He never thought about the actually physical aspects of sex. Harry began to hyperventilate as he watched Takashi slip on a pair of boxer briefs and looked up catching Harry's white face. Takashi walked over and hugged his stiff body and rubbed circles on his back.

"Sorry, didn't think. I know you probably still think like a Beta but you aren't one. You're an
Harry barely heard him. Takashi tilted his face up and kissed him until Harry relaxed in his arms. Takashi pulled back and nibbled on his ear.

"Do you like it when I kiss you Harry?" he whispered next to his ear.

"I, umm . . ."

Takashi pulled his body against his, grabbed him by the hair, tilting his head back at a better angle and kissed him again. This time, the kiss was more dominate and Harry could feel every line of Takashi's body against his and could even feel his rising member against his boxers. Harry's body began to shake and felt his own penis harden as he moaned and melted in his husband's arms. Harry wasn't sure if he should be happy or sad when Takashi pulled away and went back to dressing.

Harry flushed. "Sorry, I know I'm all over the place."

Takashi shrugged. "Big change. And you're so obviously innocent, it's cute."

Harry actually pouted at that which made Takashi laugh. Takashi then went to the closet pulling out a black suit with a green shirt. Once Takashi was dressed for dinner, he pulled Harry in the bathroom where he redid Harry's hair and brushed it which displayed the unruly mess to its best advantage. Satisfied Takashi took Harry's hand and led him out the hotel room. They made it to the ground floor to a steakhouse appropriately named Cut and were led to a table where Akira and a younger Beta version of Takashi and Akira were waiting.

"Taka-ni."

The younger boy jumped up and engulfed Takashi in a hug while chattering a hundred miles an hour in Japanese.

"Satoshi," Akira snapped.

Satoshi's body straightened at the rebuke and he turned to Harry and bowed.

"I was rude. It was probably intentional. I don't like this. We don't know you. You are probably not good enough for Taka-ni he's exceptional. But it's not personal, you could be the Imperial Princess and I'd probably hate you." This was said very fast in halting English.

"Satoshi," both Takashi and Akira snapped at the boy.

Harry stared at him, not knowing what to make of the boy or the hostility emanating from him despite the apology. The boy didn't like him for some reason, but was honest about it. It was better than what he faced with some people, so he returned the boy's bow.

"I always prefer honesty, so thank you."

Takashi sighed. "Harry, my younger brother Satoshi. Satoshi, my husband Harry."

They all sat. The silence after Satoshi's display was uncomfortable and Harry couldn't imagine a lifetime of living like this. So he looked to Satoshi, who was the most talkative out of the group, even if he wasn't the nicest bloke and attempted to break the ice.

"Satoshi, do you attend mug . . . non-magical school like Takashi does?"

"Yeah." He said frowning. "We are tutored in our other studies, but not Takashi. He passed his
magical exams last year."

The waitress arrived and quickly took their orders.

"While Takashi seems to thrive in both environments, Satoshi like my wife and daughter prefers the magical side." Akira informed him. Harry noticed that Takashi stiffened when his mother's name was mentioned. "My wife rarely enters the non-magical world and my daughter only attends magical school although her school does have several non-magical subjects like English, Science, Math, and History. So our family is a mixed bag. We're to arrange your schooling. Is there anything you'd like to focus on, magical or non-magical?"

"Both. I don't know much about Asian magic, but I think I could pass my magical exams here in the UK now that my blocks are off. The main focus should be on non-magical subjects." Harry shoulders were set with determination. "I need to catch up."

Takashi smiled and squeezed his hand under the table.

Dinner was interesting. Harry was able to see the family dynamics. Takashi was stoic and kind, Satoshi energetic and hostile, Akira stern but loving, but they were all blunt and honest. Even though Harry didn't agree with some of what they said, especially Satoshi, after years of being manipulated Harry appreciated the honesty.

After dinner, Takashi pulled him out the hotel and inside Hyde Park where they went on a leisurely walk holding hands. Harry curiously looked down at their clasped hands. It felt nice, comfortable.

"Do you not get along with your mother?" Harry asked curiously after several minutes of silence.

"Yes."

"Really," he asked surprised.

"Haha loves us, but she is not a good match for father. Very intelligent, book smart but not always adaptable. She has very firm views and is hard to sway if your opinion differs, even if she is in the wrong." Harry had a disturbing picture of an older, Japanese version of Hermione. "She doesn't like the way we mingle in the non-magical world and that I prefer it, even though she reaps the benefits, ninety percent of our business profits come from the mundane world."

"What does she think of you marrying me?"

"Likes that you're powerful, that you are an Omega Male, hates that you're a foreigner." He shrugs. "She can help you navigate the magical world in Japan. You're family now, family comes first."

"Why did your family agree to the arranged marriage if your mother wanted a Japanese mate?"

Takashi shrugged. "You're an Omega Male. Magical Omega Males are rare and more powerful magically than most; and being a foreigner you'll bring new blood into the Morinozuka line. Every few generations it's best to bring in new blood to infuse power back into any family line. It's why your father married your mother."

"What," Harry cried out hurt. "Was that a lie too? I thought my parents loved each other."

Takashi squeezed his hand. "They did, but from what Chichi told me from conversations he had with your father, he went to Hogwarts specifically looking for a first generation or half-blood witch to mate with per your grandparents' orders. Your grandparents could tell their line was dying out, as your grandparents had your father late in life and your family only produced Betas for several
generations. Your father said his parents were surprised he was even magical, which is why he was so spoiled as a child. Their magical line was becoming weak. Then your father marries your mother and their first child is a rare Omega Male and the most powerful wizard of his generation. It makes sense that your mother brought new life back into the Potter line." Takashi frowned thinking. "Think of it as being told to ignore the purebloods, because they're your cousins, and too closely related."

Harry nodded relieved.

"The Potters from my understanding had already intermarried within most of the main magical families in Britain over the last few generations, just like the Morinozukas have in Japan. Infusing new blood is what keeps most magical families from producing squibs. The Haninozukas didn't adhere to this principle, stuck to only pureblood Japanese, and eventually breed the magic out their line. We learned from their mistakes."

"So all I am to you is a breeder," Harry asked hurt.

"A cute breeder," Takashi countered with a small smile.

Harry snorted at his husband's attempt at a joke.

"We don't know each other Harry," Takashi continued. "But, from the little I learned about you, I like and admire you. You're a survivor. Respect is more important than love. My parents are attracted to each other, but they don't respect each other and their bond isn't a happy one."

Harry took a deep breath and nodded. Takashi was right. "From what I was able to see about you, I admire and like you as well. It is a start."

"Ah," Takashi mouth quirked into a gentle smile and squeezed his hand. They continued walking and Harry mulled over Takash's words. His husband was very smart. Most wizards he knew didn't have a lot of common sense. Harry wondered if it was because Takashi had been educated in the muggle world.

"So, you prefer socialize and live mostly in the muggle world?"

"Ah, more straightforward."

"I can see that. Do you have friends?"

Takashi nodded. With a fond smile on his face, he described the five Alpha Males and Beta Female that made up his closest friends and the Host Club they created at their high school and how their club catered to charm bored Omega and Beta Females. Harry found himself laughing at the illusion of love they presented and the way Takashi described his friends' personality quirks and the antics they got themselves into with their club.

"Wait. I though it Betas were incompatible with Alphas?"

"There is the rare Beta that can be compatible, but I doubt Haruhi would be one who is. She's very tiny and petite. Most betas sexually, are... we just don't fit." Here Harry flushed as he thought of Takashi's member and wondered if he could... His mind blanked out before that thought could fully process in his mind. "It's nearly impossible for an Alpha to have a physical relationship with a Beta without hurting them. But Tamaki and the twins are fascinated with Haruhi. I can understand that, she's unusual."

"Is she in love with them as well?"
Takashi snorted. "Doubt it. I think Haruhi thinks we're all are spoiled idiots."

Giggling, Harry managed to keep Takashi talking until it got late and they decided to make their way back to the hotel and their room where they got ready for bed. Harry hesitated on the side of the bed, not sure what to do, he had never slept with another person before. Seeing Harry hesitate, Takashi picked him up in his arms laid them down in the middle of the large mattress, wrapping his body behind Harry's. It was the most comfortable Harry had ever felt in his life. But knowing that, only increased Harry's confusion. Why was that? Harry normally hated having people touch him. Why didn't he feel that way any longer? Harry felt safe, comfortable, protected. Was it an Omega thing? Why was he so comfortable in this Alpha's arms, a man's arms? What was going on with him?

"Sleep," Takashi said groggily.

If only it were that easy.
My Omega

Chapter Three: My Omega

Tuesday, 18th of July 2006 – City of Westminster, Central London, England

If it weren't for the telephone, Takashi would've gotten laid.

Or a close approximation, but in the state he was in, he wasn't in the mood to quibble over minor
details. However, he was in the mood to throw the telephone against the wall and bemoan the fact
that he had been stupid enough to arrange a wakeup call.

Sometime during the night, Harry snuggled in close. Takashi opened his eyes to find himself on his
back and Harry's body curled half at his side, half on top of his. Harry's knee rested over his groin,
his face buried in Takashi's neck where his Alpha scent was the strongest. Harry's hand rested over
his heart, while the other wrapped around his waist. Takashi's body was hard and aching at finally
having his Omega, the boy he'd fantasied about for so many years in his arms. When Harry
murmured his name in his sleep and nuzzled his mouth against Takashi's neck, his body hardened
even further, desperate to claim what was his.

While Harry wasn't the first Omega he'd slept with, Harry was the first Omega who belonged to him,
his to cherish, his to provide and take care of. It was a heady feeling, especially coupled with Harry's
beauty and obvious naïveté and innocence. It took all his willpower to ignore his instincts and hide
his lust behind occlumency shields so he didn't claim his long-awaited Omega. He had to be patient.
Harry belonged to him and no one else. He wasn't going anywhere.

No one would hurt him again or they would feel his wrath.

As if his little mate heard and agreed, Harry rolled atop his body his hands clutched to either side of
Takashi's face. Still asleep, Harry jerked Takashi's head back and nibbled at his ear causing Takashi
to moan and tighten his arms around Harry's waist. So, he was more than a little perturbed when the
telephone rang breaking the morning quiet, especially when Harry came awake with a gasp and
stiffened in his arms. Sighing, he reached over, picked up the hotel phone, listened to the recorded
voice, and then hung up the receiver.

Harry scrambled off Takashi's body, unable to look him in the eye.

Takashi sighed.

He wondered what Chichi would say if he skipped training. Granted, it wasn't time for Harry's heat,
but technically, he was on his honeymoon. So, Takashi pulled Harry back on top of him and placed,
gentle, undemanding kisses across his mate's face.

"Good Morning."

The early morning light drifting in through the drapery covering the expanse of windows made it
easy for Takashi to see how Harry's body flushed bright red in his embarrassment.

"Hey," Harry murmured.

Takashi placed one last kiss on his mate's lips, this one deeper and kept it up for several minutes until
he felt Harry relax and cling to him. Takashi groaned and pulled his mate away from him. Chichi
owed him mightily for this.
"Training," he said reluctantly as he climbed out the bed.

Takashi felt Harry's eyes on him as he riffled through the closest for something to wear. Deciding against wearing a dogi and not knowing what Chichi had planned today, he pulled on an orange muscle t-shirt and black sweatpants before grabbing his carrying case and slipping his shinai and bokuto inside before heading out the door. Chichi and Satoshi were waiting for him inside the hotel's exercise room.

"You're late," Chichi's voice was harsh, but Takashi could see the amusement in his father's eyes. Takashi shrugged in response.

"Eww."

Takashi's eyes narrowed and he smacked Satoshi on the back of his head.

"Oww. Okay, I'm sorry. It's just weird."

"Be nice."

"But you're leaving and it's his fault," Satoshi whined.

Takashi sighed sometimes he forgot how immature Satoshi could be. He ruffled his brother's hair.

"Baka, you're my brother. You, me forever."

Satoshi huffed in response, but he was smiling. Crisis averted, they began their training. They used the equipment inside the fitness center to warm up before going out to Hyde Park to work with their shinai's and bokkun. Takashi helped Satoshi with his Nito Ryu techniques before he battled Chichi while having to defend himself against his nito-two swords-attack while only using his one. Their match lasted until Takashi knocked one of Chichi's swords out his hand and got him with a strike to the heart. Grinning, Takashi offered his father his hand so he could get to his feet and noticed they had drawn a crowd of morning joggers who had stopped to watch their sparring session. Chichi seeing where Takashi looked, grinned.

"We haven't gone on a run for a while."

Satoshi groaned and Takashi sighed, knowing this was probably payback for being late and besting Chichi in their match.

When he returned to the suite, he was sweaty, his muscles ached, and it felt as if he developed a shin splint. But Takashi still smiled when he saw Harry sitting at the dining room table writing letters. His ornery owl was perched on the back of his chair peering over Harry's shoulder and offering an occasional bark of agreement or disagreement as he wrote. The television was on the morning news and it looked as if Harry though dressed in black trousers and a sleeveless, collared green zippered shirt with black leather lapels was fresh out the shower. Takashi was tempted to drag his little mate back into the bedroom and finish what they began that morning. The only downside to Harry's appearance was his hair. It was wet, matted to his head in strange angles, and stuck up all over the place. As awful as it was, it did look as if Harry had just been thoroughly debauched and caused Takashi to harden imagining it.

"Have you ate?" he asked barely managing to keep the want out his voice.

Harry shook his head and reached for the in-service dining menu. "Any requests?"

"Nothing heavy, hate English food."
Harry chuckled and went order breakfast while Takashi went into the bathroom to shower. On the way, he grabbed his cell phone and texted the staff assigned to their suite to schedule a haircut for Harry and spa treatments for them both. As he did, he saw he had missed texts from his little sister and Mitsukuni and replied to those before getting in the shower. Once dressed he walked back into the dining room and dragged Harry back into the bathroom to tame his hair, much to Harry's amusement.

"Potter hair. It grows like this. Sirius said an ancestor was cursed for vanity."

"Needs cut."

"If you say so," Harry said dubiously.

A knock on the door announced the arrival of their breakfast; Harry used the distraction to dart under his arm and run away. Soon they were sitting at the table eating, a Japanese breakfast for him and cereal with juice and pastries for Harry.

"I sent Hedwig off with letters for my friends, but I probably won't hear back until tonight. Do we have to do anything today?"

Takashi bent down and rubbed the front portion of his leg. "Spa. Massages and haircuts."

Harry chuckled. "Fruitless endeavor."

"We'll see."

After they ate, Takashi led Harry to the hotel's spa. The workers pounced on Harry and dragged him away, excited to have an Omega Male as a patron. Takashi sat in reception, waiting his turn texting his personal assistant in Japan when he received a return text from Mitsukuni.

No sex yet? MH

Pervert. TM

I have to live vicariously through you. Are you going to wait for his heat? MH

Yes. TM

Have you at least gotten a peek? MH

Yes. TM

Kono Yauro (You shxit), no need for short texts you don't have to talk just type. So . . . how does he look? MH

Amazing. TM

Is he okay? MH

No. Confused, these English really messed him up. He's not used to thinking like an Omega. TM

Does he push you away when you get close? MH

Freezes. Takes awhile to relax. Not used to receiving affection. TM

What! He's an Omega, he needs touch to survive properly. Poor boy. Make sure you take care of
him Takashi. MH

Of course. He's mine. TM

Possessive, he must look hot. MH

Damare (Shut the f up). Stop harassing me and go annoy the Hosts or those little girls into thinking you have the mental capacity of an eight year old. TM

Well, I have to take my fun where I can. Hurry back, boring here without you. Speaking of hosts, Tama-chan's in full diva mode. School will be out soon and he'll be stuck in that mausoleum with the servants all break. I anticipate many 'field trips' in our future. The only recourse we have this summer is to leave the country or submit to Tama's delusions. Hey, let us evil neighbors drag 'his daughter' and my new cousin out the country for vacation. Switzerland? MH

Let's see how Harry settles first. TM

Okay. I'd feel too guilty kidnapping Haruhi under Tama-chan's nose anyway. Poor Tama-chan. Even if we're stuck with the hosts this break, it'll be a good way for your Harry to get used to his new home if he met them and came along on whatever 'commoner adventures' Tama-chan drags us on. MH

Acting like a four-year old has finally gotten to you, cousin. Your brain has rotted. It must if you think I'll allow my mate around those bakas before our union is completely binding. TM

Married one day and you're turning into a caveman. Next thing you know, you'll be dragging your poor Omega back to the cave by his hair? Possessive much? MH

Uzai (Annoying) much? TH

"Mr. Morinozuka?" As he and Mitsukuni's texts devolved into meaningless insults, Takashi packed away his mobile and looked up to where the spa attendant, an older Beta woman waited patiently. "We're ready for you now."

"Harry?"

She beamed. "He's fine. A real sweetheart, you're very lucky."

"Ah."

Takashi made his way to the changing room where he was undressed and led to a room where Harry sat on the second massage bed. His Omega's face went bright red when he saw him.

"Harry?"

Harry bit his bottom lip in response but the young girl, an Omega standing beside him giggled. Who only knew what they had been gossiping about that got his innocent little Omega in such a state. Takashi decided to ignore it for now and laid on the table. He received a deep tissue massage, while Harry received a full body oiled massage that included a facial and scalp treatment. Every time, he attempted to engage Harry in conversation, his mate would either blush and look away or murmur one or two sentence answers, which wasn't like him and made him curious to discover what the workers said to rile him. After their messages, they both had manicures and pedicures and Harry got his haircut. The sides and back of his hair was buzzed close to the scalp while the top was left a little longer gelled up and away from his forehead and styled messily, but in a controlled manner instead of the typical bedhead matted mess his hair normally looked like. Takashi loved it, especially as the
new hairstyle showed off the angles of Harry's face to better advantage. Harry of course, was oblivious to his admiration, but the workers weren't. They laughed, giggled, and patted each other on their backs when they caught him staring at his mate. Happy to leave, Takashi paid for their treatments and dragged his Omega out the hotel and into London to look for a place to have lunch.

"What happened?"

Harry flushed. "I got a body wax." That wasn't an answer, so Takashi just continued to stare down at his little Omega whose flush turned brighter. "They said it was a necessity so my body hair wouldn't be a distraction when . . ."

Harry trailed off and looked away.

"Oh," Takashi thought it would be in his best interest not to laugh right now.

"They also went into a little too much detail about how it felt to have a . . . never mind."

Takashi figured it was a good thing that Harry wasn't looking his way as he found it hard to keep a straight face. The boy was so innocent you'd think he hadn't spent several years living in a boys' dormitory.

Takashi remained quiet and when he figured he had enough command over his mirth, he pulled Harry inside the first decent looking restaurant he saw. Once Harry gotten over his embarrassment they had a nice lunch then toured London. Harry was like a little kid in a candy store, as despite being a native, he never had a chance to do many of the things people took for granted. They stayed out all day and after dinner with Chichi and Satoshi returned to their room where Harry had several letters waiting for him. They sat in the main room of their suite and watched television while Harry read his letters. His owl Hedwig prowled about the room and glared at him as if he were an evil pervert looking for the first opportunity to debase her innocent charge. Smart bird.

"They'll be free tomorrow." Harry told him happily once he finished.

Takashi nodded and reached for his phone to begin texting.

"You're addicted to that thing aren't you?" Harry asked causing Takashi to snort.

"Notifying your guard."

"Really, you found someone already?" Takashi shrugged and Harry laughed. "Very loquacious you are. I'll be in Diagon Alley, are they magical?"

"Elite squad of first generation magicals trained by the Haninozuka's."

"Your cousin?"

"Ah."

Harry sighed and leaned back on the sofa. "I hate feeling like I can't go anywhere without a bodyguard, but it's probably for the best. I'm sorry you have to go through all this trouble."

"No trouble. You're my mate."

"But this situation isn't normal. Do you regret being stuck with me?"

"No." Takashi answered. Harry glared at Takashi until he decided it would be best to elaborate. "Admire you. You have a warrior's heart."
Harry flushed though Takashi saw the pleased smile on his face. "Oh."

Takashi grinned. "And you're still so . . . pure. It's a turn on. Want to be the one who debases you."

His grin turned into full out laughter when Harry's face, neck, and body turned red with embarrassment. "See."

Harry glared and gave a half-hearted shove into his side. "Prat. I assume you're not pure? Have you been with many Omegas?"

"A few." Takashi shrugged. "Some aren't ready to bond, but are uncomfortable going through a heat alone."

"What about the frenzy? Don't Alpha's go crazy around an Omega in heat?"

Takashi snorted. "Willpower. Weak Alpha's let animal instincts control them, forget their human. Strong Alphas can resist the pull, especially if they scent the Omega is unwilling to bond."

"I'm sure there were Omegas you had sex with who wanted to be your mate, right?"

"Ah. I'm handsome, rich, powerful, and good in bed."

Harry giggled. "And so modest. We should put that on your CV." Takashi shrugged in response. Everyone already knew, especially magical Omegas who knew his family's history and wanted him to be their Alpha, but he didn't think his mate would appreciate hearing that. Harry rolled his eyes. "You never felt the urge to claim an Omega you shared a heat with?"

"No. Weren't my type, besides I always knew about you."

Harry cocked his head and looked at him curiously. "What is your type?"

Takashi smiled and pulled Harry into his arms and kissed him. As always, it took a couple minutes for Harry to relax and return the kiss fully. When he did, Takashi picked up his mate and carried him into their bedroom where he laid him down on the bed burying his face in his omega's neck at the junction where he would eventually bite and bond them together body and soul. In the meantime, he kissed, licked, and breathed in his Omega's scent. This was the first step in the bonding process where you breathed in your mate, infusing your Omega's scent into your psyche so you knew when he was near and his general mood.

"You," he said finally answering Harry's question. "Can't you tell? You're my type."

As he spoke, he ground his erection into Harry's.

"Dear Merlin," Harry breathed.

Takashi chuckled darkly and removed Harry's shirt from his trousers before bending down to nibble and lick at his nipples delighting in the moans that escaped from Harry's mouth or the erection Takashi felt pressed against his body. Eager to see his mate unclothed, Takashi trailed kisses down the line between Harry's chest to his belly button where he nipped and licked at the appendage, before curling his fingers in the waistband of Harry's trousers. He was just about to pull them away when Harry stiffened in his arms before jumping out their bed and bolting into the bathroom slamming the door behind him.

"Shit."

Groaning deeply, Takashi buried his face into the bed as he willed his erection to subside. He pushed
too far, too fast. Damn. Mitsukuni was right, the smug bastard. Harry turned him into a lust infused, instinct driven, prehistoric Alpha.

Takashi had known from earliest memory Harry would be his, and was eager to claim him, but Harry hadn't had that luxury. Forty-eight hours ago, Harry hadn't known he existed and four weeks ago, he hadn't known he was an Omega. Closing his eyes, Takashi meditated and once he felt he'd gained control of his emotions and libido, he rose from the bed and made his way to the bathroom where he found Harry sitting on the floor in the front of the shower still in his trousers. Harry had his arms wrapped around his drawn up knees and his face tucked in the space between his chest and legs. The shower was running, but it looked as if Harry made no move to step in. Takashi settled down beside him.

"Rushed you. Sorry."

"I didn't mind. I umm . . . liked it." Harry flushed not looking up from where his head was buried. "I was stupid. I . . ." Harry sighed, lifted his head, and met Takashi's eyes despite the fact his face was red. Takashi was proud at how strong his mate was to be able to do that. "I forgot Omegas self-lubricate when they're aroused, so when I felt . . . I freaked out. It scared and confused me. I keep forgetting I'm an Omega. It shocked me. I'm sorry Takashi. I keep screwing up, acting like a baby."

Takashi wrapped his arm around Harry pleased when Harry rested his head on his shoulder.

"So you liked when we're intimate?" he questioned just to be sure.

"I always believed I'd marry a Beta Female and do things the normal way . . . well normal for Betas," Harry said instead. "This is hard to get used to and even harder to realize that when it comes down to it, I'm just a needy Omega who craves his Alpha's touch."

"Ah. Didn't realize you were prejudiced."

Harry glared and pushed him away. "What! I'm not prejudiced!"

Takashi was grateful he had superb occlumency shields as he bit the inside of his cheek to stop his smile from showing and affected a confused expression. "No? Why else would you feel that way about Omegas? Do you think all Omegas are needy? What about Sophie Germain, Joan of Arc, Boudicca, Imagawa Yoshimoto, or Julius Ceaser? Or what about you? You a mere Omega just defeated an Alpha Male Dark Lord who's reputed to be the most powerful European wizard in recent history. Should I think less of you?"

Harry narrowed his eyes and punched Takashi in the chest. "I liked you better when you didn't talk." This time Takashi allowed his laughter to escape. He received his reward when Harry still grumbling climbed into his lap and wrapped his arms around Takashi's chest. "Prat. I get your point. I . . . my whole life has changed and now I have to confront things I always pushed to the back of mind."

"Like?"

"Like, I think you're handsome. Like, I've always thought certain boys and men to be handsome. It isn't exactly a popular view for a Beta Male to have."

"But not unheard of and luckily, you're not a Beta Male."

"Yeah."

Harry flushed and squirmed in his lap. Takashi's nostrils flared as he scented the arousal that still clung to Harry from their earlier make out session and was becoming stronger as they talked.
"So how many Omegas have you actually slept with," Harry asked crankily.

Takashi grinned at the jealously he heard in his Omega's voice. Things were looking up. "A few. It's not like I can constantly skip school for a week at a time to cater to the heat of Omegas who I'm not bonded to."

Harry huffed. "But if you could constantly skip school?"

Takashi was not stupid enough to answer that question.

"Harry," Takashi murmured as he lifted Harry's chin with his fingers so their gazes met. Harry gasped.

"Yeah," he breathed.

Takashi figured his desire must be displayed clearly from the shocked but aroused expression on his Omega's face.

"Earlier, I was scenting you," he said as trailed kisses down Harry's face and gently nibbled at his mouth, "marking you. I wasn't done. It's an Alpha thing. Need to make sure your scent markers are infused in my brain. Need to mark you with my scent, so others know you're taken even though we haven't bonded yet. Need everyone to know you are mine. You are the only Omega I've felt the desire to mark, to claim. Can I? I won't enter you or bind us together until your heat, but I'll make it worth your while."

Takashi's desire to mark his Omega was at its boiling point especially when Harry shivered as the pads of Takashi's fingers glided up and down the soft skin of Harry's torso. The shivers racking his little Omega's body turned into shudders when Takashi bit Harry's bottom lip, before moving down to his neck and collarbone, doing the same there while pressing his hand against his Omega's erection and fondling him through his trousers. Harry's member eagerly leapt into his palm.

"Harry?" Takashi questioned when Harry didn't answer.

"Yes," he whimpered. "Oh Merlin, yes."

Finally. Takashi picked up his mate, shut off the shower, and carried him back to their bedchamber.
Handsome, rich, powerful, and good in bed was how Takashi described himself and he was not wrong, especially about the good in bed part. Though Harry was still a little unsure of how Takashi would fit inside of him, Harry had no doubt Takashi would pleasure him while doing so. After last night, Harry found himself craving Takashi's touch. It was embarrassing how needy Takashi made him. Maybe it was his Omega genes and the magical contract that helped speed along the bonding, or it could be that Takashi was just so handsome that he was able to make anyone want him?

Harry barely reacted upon finding he had climbed atop Takashi in his sleep again, though he did lift his head when Takashi kissed him goodbye before snuggling into the most comfortable bed he'd ever slept in and drifting back to sleep. In what was becoming routine, Harry dressed and ordered breakfast while Takashi showered, dressed, and redid Harry's hair. While they ate and listened to the news program, Takashi gave him a magically expanded satchel that slung over his shoulder, a mobile phone, a sack full of galleons, a leather wallet filled with pounds, an identification card, and several credit cards.

"Be back in time for dinner, Chichi's fanatical about eating as a family every night."

"The guards?"

"Disillusioned outside the door."

"I could use my money; you don't have to give me yours."

Takashi shrugged. "I have enough. Invest yours and save it for the kids."

Harry flushed. "I always wanted a large family."

"We'll probably have one," Takashi said calmly. "Male Omegas typically have multiples. With how powerful you are, I wouldn't be surprised if we had quads or quints."

"I . . . I," Harry shivered and wrapped his arms about himself as he thought of becoming pregnant. It was one thing to speak hypothetically about kids the reality was overwhelming. Harry had a hard time thinking of one baby in his stomach, let alone five. He wanted to throw up. He should've read that book on Omega Males from cover to cover instead of skipping the chapter that explained how a male Omega became pregnant thinking it didn't apply to him.

Takashi conjured a paper bag for him to breathe into. When he got his breathing back under control, his Alpha laughed at him.

"School first."

Harry nodded enthusiastically. "I'm getting a doctorate, just so you know." Takashi snorted in response and Harry decided a change in subject was in order. "What are you doing today?"

"Business meeting with Chichi then I'll spend the rest of the day with Satoshi. He's jealous."

"Sorry."
Takashi shrugged. "He needs reassurance. He's annoyed I'm moving out."

"We're not staying with your family?" Harry grinned pleased by that fact.

"Omegas feel safer in their own den. I brought an apartment in an international neighborhood, thought you'd be more comfortable there until you became more familiar with Japan and the culture."

Takashi pulled out his phone and began texting.

"What?"

"Need more staff; housekeepers, chef, driver, interior designer."

"For an apartment?" Harry asked incredulously. "Why can't we just do it?"

Takashi sniffed. "You and Haruhi would get along. The apartment is a five bedroom penthouse duplex."

Harry gaped. "Well I don't think I'd be comfortable with live in staff and I have a wand, so what's the point? It won't take much to get a book on household cleaning spells. I'll look for one today. We don't need a chef, I can cook, just not the Japanese food you prefer, I wouldn't mind learning how to cook it though."

Takashi nodded as he typed. "I'll take care of it. Your driver is out front."

Harry looked at the time and gasped. They had been chatting for over an hour. He jumped up and raced to the door only to stop when Takashi grabbed his hand and pulled him in his arms where he hugged Harry and kissed him goodbye.

"Have fun."

Harry flushed and nodded. Walking outside the suite, he saw the shimmering outline of disillusioned bodies.

"Do you have to be disillusioned?"

They cancelled the spell and three men stood before him, two Europeans and an Eurasian came into view and bowed at him.

"No Master, but it would be wise if at least one of us were in case of an attack. There are still Death Eaters and Voldemort sympathizers after you."

Harry nodded in agreement and the Asian man disillusioned himself. In no time, he was in front of Gringotts where he found Neville and Luna holding hands waiting for him.

"Harry!" She rushed towards him and held him tight. "You look amazing. I told you all you needed was a haircut and a change of clothes. The wrackspurts are finally leaving you alone."

Laughing, Harry returned Luna's hug and smiled brightly at Neville who stood a couple paces away from them.

"Hey mate."

"Harry." Neville grinned. "I'd hug you but it'll be unwise for you to have the scent of another unbound Alpha on you before your birthday."
Harry sighed. "I'm still not used to that. All these rules I know nothing about. Not even sure if I'm acting correctly."

"There is no way to act." Luna, a fellow Omega wrapped her arm around his waist and leaned into him as they walked down the street with Neville on Luna's other side. "Just be Harry. There is nothing wrong with being an Omega, just the opposite in fact. We are very desirable, especially you."

"As a breeder," Harry said bitterly.

"Has your Alpha made you feel that way?" Neville asked sharply.

Harry flushed. "No. Takashi's been great, really patient. He's even arranged for me to see an Omega Specialist when we get to Tokyo so I can get on birth control. Though the prat laughed when he told me I'd most likely have multiples someday."

"Good." Neville grumbled, his Alpha protectiveness settling down. "So you two are getting along?"

"Yeah," Harry mumbled.

Luna and Neville laughed seeing him blush. He glared at them.

"So," Harry said slyly looking at the two. "You're together?"

It was their turn to blush.

"Yes," Luna finally answered. "We've been talking about bonding when I turn sixteen in January."

"Are you sure? I mean not to be a hypocrite or anything, but you're young."

Luna's protuberant eyes took on an otherworldly glow. "I'm sure."

Neville nodded with a smile on his face. They wandered into a magical travel shop when he realized he needed something other than his standard Hogwarts trunk to take everything to Japan.

"How did you meet the Morinozukas?" Harry asked Neville curiously.

"Akira Morinozuka and your mate came to us when I was seven to see if we knew where you were. They knew our parents were close and were in the Order and that the prophecy could've meant either you or me. I've been friendly with Takashi since then. He visits whenever his father comes in town on business. We've had a lot of kendo versus fencing sparring sessions. Takashi is one of the few people outside my family and Luna that I never had to pretend with."

"You knew about the prophecy?" Harry asked so surprised he focused on the most important revelation. "I never heard what it said."

"Sorry about that. I dropped it on purpose so Voldemort couldn't get his hands on it," Neville said sheepishly when Harry gaped at him. "It said... The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lords approaches... born to those who thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies... and the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal, but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not... and either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives... The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord will be born as the seventh month dies... wily and cunning the Dark Lord will be but he will underestimate the power of the one... not even the elder can save him... One will be vanquished and the world will be reborn for good or for ill."
Harry gaped. "How . . ."

"Uncle Algie is the head of the Unspeakables. The Head Unspeakable has the ability to read prophecies in addition to whomever the prophecy is about. Once the prophecy came to the Unspeakables he knew The One could've been me or you."

"You?" Harry gasped.

Neville nodded. "My parents fought Voldemort to a standstill three times like your parents. I have a little know ability, and I was born a couple hours before you were on the 30th. Our mothers had actually talked about a marriage contract between us, but James Potter was still terrified about inbreeding, his line was close to being obsolete or squibs before you were born. He was insistent that you bind with an Alpha outside English pureblood circles to strengthen the Potters magically, which is why he entered you into the contract with the Morinozukas, especially with the prophecy hanging over our heads."

Harry was sure his eyes had bugged out as he listened to everything Neville told him. Overwhelmed, he paused to look at a four-compartment steamer trunk as he thought over everything Neville had said. His eyes widened and he straightened to turn back to Neville.

"Wait. Dark Lords in plural?"

"Yeah. Uncle Algie believes the other Dark Lord is Dumbledore. That's why I do my training at home and why I always underplayed my abilities at Hogwarts. It's also why Gran sent me to Westminster before Hogwarts. Westminster is where wealthy purebloods abandon their squibs. Gran sending me to Westminster reinforced the belief she had written me off as a squib who was not as good as an Alpha as my father despite the fact that squibs are usually betas. It fooled everyone. Dumbledore's weakness is he believes everyone is as secretive as he is. My parents told Gran and Uncle Algie everything from the moment Dumbledore told our parents the prophecy. After they were attacked, Gran and Uncle Algie stopped believing in Dumbledore. They suspected he knew Mum and Dad would be targeted and didn't warn them about the attack because he wanted them out the way. I've been in training ever since as Dumbledore knows I'm the backup Chosen One. I was next on his to be manipulated list if things with you fell through."

Harry groaned. "I'm going to have to fight Dumbledore. I thought my life was going to be normal now Voldemort was gone."

"The Morinozukas know. Takashi was raised with the knowledge that it was his job to help protect you when the time came. They will train you in how to use your new powers. They will help you and so will I. It was what I was trained for as well."

Neville's gaze grew fierce, his body straightened. For the first time Harry saw beyond the façade of the insecure, chubby boy to the muscular, powerful Alpha Neville truly was. And to know all these people had been on his side, quietly working behind the scenes to help him and undermine Dumbledore's manipulations was humbling.

"What's your power?" Harry asked softly.

Neville grinned. "I can manipulate plants, soil, the earth. They speak to me telling me how to make them strong and grow, how to use them to protect myself. Herbology was the one subject I had a hard time dumbing myself down in, because it's so natural to me."

Harry snorted. Somehow, he wasn't surprised. He paid for his trunk and shrunk it to fit into his satchel. Once they exited the store a crowd of reporters, witches, and wizards who had seen him
walking down the alley crowded around him shouting out questions. It was overwhelming. Neville quickly drew his wand and pushed him and Luna behind him. His guards threw up a magical barrier between their small group and the crowd.

"I better get this over with," Harry told them before he stepped to the edge of the barrier and crossed his arms over his chest. "Yes?"

"Nothing has been heard from you since you entered St. Mungo's," a reporter said. "What have you been up to since your defeat of the Dark Lord?"

"If I answer that question will I be considered an attention seeking brat who does nothing but tell lies?" Harry answered silkily.

The crowd shifted uncomfortably, many refused to meet his eyes. Until one brave soul stepped forward.

"How do you feel about learning your closest friends and associates used you."

"Everyone has used me. The press, the wizarding public, the teachers at Hogwarts, I'm used to it. You expected a child to handle the Dark Lord while you cowered in your homes and had the nerve to berate me when I didn't conform to what you expected, despite my only being a child. I expect betrayal. However, I am happy to learn that the truth has been exposed and their plans didn't come to fruition. Now, if you excuse me, I have a busy day ahead of me."

The guards flanking him dropped the barrier and they continued walking down Diagon Alley.

"Have you . . .," Harry began.

"Hermione's parents were horrified by her actions," Luna began knowing what he was afraid to ask. "The DMLE has her under house arrest and confiscated her wand. Her parents pulled her out of Hogwarts and signed her up to a military academy not that it will work."

"Why not?" Harry asked with a chuckle. "I think it's brilliant, Hermione will hate it, especially the exercise."

"She'll turn seventeen in September and be an adult in the wizarding world," Neville explained. "While she'll still be on magical restriction, the ministry can't prevent her schooling. So she can walk away from her parents, re-enroll into Hogwarts, and get her wand rights back on a limited basis."

Harry scowled. "Oh."

"The Weasleys are wandless and under house arrest as well. The twins are at the shop. They're allowed their wands because of work, but they are heavily monitored and the spells they can use are restricted. Ron and Ginny are living with their Aunt Muriel, but they have permission to go help the twins part time at the shop, but aren't allowed their wands. Bill lost his job at Gringotts and his fiancée, Fleur Delacour from the Tri-Wizard Tournament. She's been fond of you since you saved her sister from the lake."

Harry snorted. "They wouldn't have let her drown."

"Harry," Luna explained patiently. "Fleur and her sister are part veela, they have an affinity with fire, and being submerged into water for too long can be fatal to a veela. You did save her."

Harry gaped. "And they let her sister be taken as a hostage?"
"Dumbledore," Neville said as if they explained everything and it did.

"In any case, you should write her," Luna continued. "If there is anyone on your side it's the Delacours. Bill Weasley was bald for weeks after Fleur blasted him with a fireball when she found out he had known what his family had done and did nothing. Charlie is still in Romania. Being so far away for so many years, he had no clue what his family had been up to and was disgusted, but he's always been like Hagrid and preferred animals to people and you know about Percy."

Harry nodded. They continued to shop and chat for the rest of the morning before heading to the upscale French Restaurant where they were meeting Percy for lunch. Percy waited for them outside wearing a staid, three-piece suit. The suit, tailored to his body, made him look like a middle age man instead of a boy recently graduated from Hogwarts. Still, Harry went up to Percy and hugged him.

"Thank you. Thank you," he murmured repeatedly. "I know everything must be terrible for you now."

"They were breaking the law. It was the right thing to do." Percy replied pompous as usual, but Harry felt the tension released from Percy's body and how he immediately relaxed into his embrace and how pleased he sounded underneath the façade. Neville had told him Alpha's needed approval from Omegas as much as Omegas needed it from Alphas. He grinned up at the older boy as he grabbed his hand and dragged him into the magical restaurant. Of course, Harry was recognized and led to a secluded table right away.

"How have you been, Percy?"

Percy spoke with excitement of his position as the Junior Assistant to Madame Bones, all the positive changes she's made and his role in helping make the wizarding world a better place.

"Wow mate," Harry told Percy. "I've never seen you so animated."

Percy beamed and paused spoon in hand. "I'm finally doing what I always wanted, affecting a positive change in our world. Plus, I'm seeing someone." Here he blushed and took a bite of his soup. "Her name is Audrey," he said after a moment, "a muggleborn Hufflepuff working for the revitalized Department of Magical Education. She's amazing. She's not ready to bond yet, but I hope to convince her we should before her next heat."

"That's awesome Percy even if it does put a crimp in my plans." Percy cocked his head curiously. "I need a business manager to oversee my farming operation, someone who can manage my farms and report to me how they're doing and what could be improved."

"Hmm. Normally, I would've have recommended Casius, he's a squib cousin of Mum's who's an accountant, but he's the new Chief Financial Officer for the Ministry."

Harry gaped. "The ministry is hiring squibs?"

Percy chuckled. "I told you Minister Bones is making positive changes and with the money she got from fining the Death Eaters and confiscating money officials like Fudge and Umbridge had taken for bribes. She now has the budget to change wizarding Britain for the better and stop us from being a laughingstock in the magical world. With Dumbledore gone, we've learned that wizarding education is severely lacking. That is something Audrey's department is changing."

"What are they doing?" Luna asked curiously.

"Building a Pre-Hogwarts school. The kids will have classes in subjects like Muggle History, Grammar, Math for wizards and Wizarding Customs and History for muggleborns. It'll run every
Saturday during the school year and have a two-week camp during summer break. They'll take the kids on field trips to magical and muggle sites. They're also revamping the Hogwarts curriculum, adding more teachers for the core subjects and specific social workers for the head of house positions, and adding additional electives. Instead of the two standard electives they'll be four and one of them must be in a non-magical subject."

Harry snorted. "How's McGonagall taking that?"

"She retired," Neville said. "Flitwick's the new headmaster and Sprout is his deputy."

They continued to talk all through lunch until it was time for Percy to return to work. After they paid the bill and walked out Percy turned to Harry.

"Your best bet for getting a manager is to put an ad in the Daily Prophet. Most squibs and muggleborns who've left the wizarding world still receive the Prophet to keep up on what's going on, even if only to mock us. That's how the ministry was able to quickly interview and hire new personnel. Gringotts could run the ad for you anonymously so you won't get bombarded with CV's from people who only want to work with you because of who you are."

Harry smiled and hugged Percy goodbye. "Thank you Percy for everything. You'll keep in touch won't you?"

Percy smiled. "Of course. Good luck, Harry Potter."

They decided to spend the afternoon in muggle London to get away from the wizards who had taken to following them around Diagon Alley. After shopping, they stopped at the Dorchester for afternoon tea. After a tearful departure and promises to owl each often, Harry made his way back to the hotel. Takashi wasn't back yet, so Harry unpacked everything he'd brought and opened the balcony door when he saw Hedwig outside.

"I thought I told you to go have fun and say your goodbyes to your friends?" He said as she flew around and looked at him expectantly. Grinning, Harry pulled out the new owl perch and carrier and stepped back as Hedwig examined them closely. The carrier expanded magically and had two rooms and an automatic water and treat dispenser. The perch was actually an elaborately designed log complete with moss that sat upon a magically configured tree trunk so it sat up in the air. Hedwig flew to sit on the log and gave an approving bark. "I'm glad you like it. So what do you think of Takashi?" Hedwig's wing lifted in a shrug. "Well, I think I like him, but look at all the people I've liked before, Ron, Hermione, Remus, the Weasley's. Maybe it would be better if I didn't like him." Hedwig gave a hoot of disgust. Harry sighed. "Well duh. Of course, I know I was fed potions and hit with charms to like them, but still. It's hard to trust yourself." Hedwig tilted her head and stared into his eyes intensely. "Well he makes me feel special. I guess I'm going to have to trust that feeling and hope that the contract we signed will see us through until we develop feelings on our own. It'll be nice, if I was loved." A sharp hoot was his answer and Harry rolled his eyes. "Well of course, I know you love me Hed, but it's not the same thing. Sorry."

She shrugged and let out a warning hoot before flying to the door. A few seconds later, the suite opened and Takashi stepped inside wincing when Hedwig pecked him on top of his head. Harry chuckled.

"She's decided to give you a chance. Did you and Satoshi have fun?"

"Yes, we –"

Takashi froze and his nostrils flared. He stalked towards Harry and sniffed him. Taking a deliberate
step back, Harry watched as Takashi closed his eyes and tried to gain control of his Alpha natural
instincts. This action would've seemed weird to Harry if he hadn't had a long talk with Neville about
what Takashi was probably going through now since technically they were married and bound
together magically if not naturally yet. The talk had him picking up several books on Alpha and
Omegas. It was time he stopped burying his head in the sand and faced facts.

"Sorry," Harry muttered remembering the hugs he gave Percy and the hug goodbye he couldn't resist
giving Neville.

Takashi nodded still breathing heavily. "Need their scent off you and replaced with mine."

Takashi's voice was deeper, darker nearly feral, his eyes blown wide and slightly red. Harry had to
admit it was a huge turn on to be so wanted. And there was no doubt Takashi wanted him.

"Sorry," Harry said, his eyes widened innocently. Merlin, Luna and those ladies at the spa were
right, it was fun to play with an Alpha. "I should've realized. I guess I didn't worry about it too much
because you always boast about how much control you have."

"Harry," Takashi growled warningly taking a step forward.

"Okay, okay. I'm going. I don't know what's gotten into you. It's weird, but I'll take a shower so you
can turn back to normal."

Repressing a smile, Harry made his way into the bathroom and stripped off his clothes knowing
Takashi was standing in the doorway watching his every move. Naked and face flaming, Harry
hummed as took his time adjusting the water temperature before stepping inside the glass-enclosed
shower and letting the water pour down his body.

Harry couldn't keep his façade when a deep rumble erupted from Takashi's chest and he burst into
giggles in response. Moments later, Takashi entered the shower and slammed him against the wall.
Harry's head fell back onto the stone surface, which made it easy for Takashi to bite his neck right
where his bonding mark would be. Since, he wasn't in heat and releasing pheromones, the mark
wouldn't take, but that didn't stop Harry from going limp in Takashi's arms as pleasure overloaded
his senses.

"I thought you didn't want to touch me while I smelled of another Alpha."

Takashi growled at the mention of other Alphas and deliberately stepped back his eyes still red.

With his gazed locked on Takashi, Harry grabbed the body wash and a sponge and slowly rubbed
the soapy sponge over his naked body making sure he didn't miss an inch of skin, even going so far
as to turn his back to Takashi, spread his buttocks, soapy water from the sponge dribbled between
the folds.

That's when Takashi snapped. The Alpha pulled him out the shower and dropped him on the bed
and proceeded to spend the rest of the evening leaving his scent on Harry's body so there wasn't any
doubt who he belonged too. They never made it to dinner with Akira and Satoshi.

"Do I smell like you now?"

Harry asked some time later. He was a mess. Boneless, covered in sweat and semen, his body littered
with bite marks. He didn't have the energy to move a finger, but he was smiling. Takashi found the
stash of toys Harry had brought in preparation of going through his heat alone and had tested them
out on Harry. That among with the other things Takashi had done to his body made Harry aware that
despite still being a virgin, he now knew he'd be able to take his Alpha when the time came. Takashi
really hadn't been lying about the good in bed bit.

"Yes."

Harry's stomach rumbled hungrily, but he didn't have the energy to care. He vaguely saw Takashi reaching for his cell phone and texting furiously, but he didn't ask who or why. Takashi eventually put away the mobile and picked Harry up carrying him in the bathroom where he set him underneath the shower. Very gently and carefully, Takashi washed his body clean before doing the same for himself. Then he ran a hot bath filled with scented oil. He sat in the tub then reached for Harry pulling him into his lap. Harry moaned the moment the water touched his skin. It felt so good. Takashi chuckled and turned on the jets, which only made Harry moan louder as he settled against Takashi.

"You're a genius. Are we going to get in trouble for skipping dinner?"

"Ah. Chichi will make me pay during training tomorrow."

"Sorry."

Takashi nuzzled his neck. "Worth it."

Harry could hear housekeeping outside the bathroom door rummaging around cleaning their bedroom, but he didn't even have the energy to be embarrassed about the mess they'd left behind, let alone the toys.

Takashi eventually carried him back to their spotless bedroom. Beside the bed were trays of food, filled with chocolate dipped strawberries and other fruits, whipped cream, other marinated fruits, hot chocolate, mini crab cakes, shrimp, oysters, scallops wrapped in bacon, caviar, and other stuff too numerous to name. Harry stared wide-eyed as Takashi laid him back in bed, slid on a pair of the sexy underwear he'd purchased for Harry, and fed him. It was the single most romantic, selfless thing anyone had ever done for him. Was Takashi doing it because he was an Omega? Was this something he did for any Omega he was with or was Harry special? Takashi had said that Harry was the only Omega he had the desire to mark and mate with and Harry supposed he just have to trust that and enjoy the attention he was given instead of constantly second guessing it. After all, nothing in their contract said that Takashi had to be as considerate and thoughtful as he was being.

"Thank you," Harry whispered between bites.

"You're mine," Takashi answered simply before bending down and nibbling on his lips.

For the first time, Harry realized that being Takashi's wasn't a bad thing to be.

The rest of the week sped by with Harry and Takashi spending their days together getting to know one another. Harry discovered the Morinozukas had legitimate business in London and weren't in town just to retrieve him. Akira was actively grooming Takashi to take over his empire, which made Harry think about his company and the desperately needed business manager. While Takashi was out in meetings with his father, Harry followed Percy's advice and met with his account managers and had them post the ad for a manager so he could avoid the crazies.

Harry also stocked up on money from his accounts and discussed how he'd have access to his finances in Tokyo since their magical banking system while affiliated with Gringotts was not run by goblins and set up differently. When asked why, the goblins informed him that only European wizards were so prejudiced and goblins were more integrated into magical society in the rest of the
world, which only intrigued Harry. In preparation for his move, he obtained muggle credit cards from his accounts and a refilling galleon pouch, though he was pleased to learn that in Japan their magical district accepted credit cards and used the same currency muggle Japan used. He also was able to discuss his options in dealing with the Weasleys, especially the twins.

After his business with the goblins, he made his way to the twins shop at 93 Diagon Alley. Weasley Wizarding Wheezes was bustling with customers. It also looked like Ron and Ginny were acting as shop assistants for the day. It was a good thing Neville and Luna had warned him they may be there, because he didn't know if he would've been able to resist the urge to take out his wand out and blast them. The shop went silent the moment he stepped inside as if the customers expected a show down. For once Harry was glad for the silent presence of his guards surrounding him. Knowing they were there grounded him and helped Harry get his emotions under control. He used the magical knowledge he siphoned from Lord Voldemort to strengthen his occlumency shields and was able to resist the urge not to do anything reckless.

Seeing Fred, Harry stalked toward the boy who had a shorter and stockier build than Percy, Bill, and Ron, though he was still an inch taller than Harry.

"I need to speak to you and George," he told him.

"You reek of another Alpha," Ginny growled as she appeared at his side.

Harry turned and glared down at Ginny, glad at least he was taller than her. "And what business of that is yours," he sneered.

"You're mine."

She made a dive toward him but his guard shot out an arm, caught her in the neck, quickly brought her to the floor, and placed a foot on her chest.

"Hey!" Ron yelled as he came barreling over to defend his sister.

Harry whipped out his wand, silenced Ron, and stuck him to the ceiling with a permanent sticking charm. He stepped up to where Ginny laid on the ground.

"Ginevra Molly Weasley you have never been luckier in your life than the moment my bodyguard stopped your pitiful attack. Come near me again and you will receive an in depth demonstration on exactly how I destroyed the Dark Lord without using my wand. Do you understand?"

Ginny glared defiantly up at him, his guard increased the pressure of the foot on her neck until she whimpered out a 'yes'.

He dealt with her the same as Ron before turning back to Fred. George had joined them by now.

"We can go into our office," George said.

Harry nodded and let the twins lead the way office where they sat behind the desk. His bodyguard stood just inside the door and Harry stood in front of their desk. He slapped the contract on the surface.

"This contract details the one thousand galleons I gave you as a startup loan. In return, you will give me twenty-five percent of the profits of WWW."

"What!" Fred growled. He rose from the desk, his body vibrating with anger as he released Alpha pheromones, pheromones his Beta guards wouldn't be able to detect as he attempted to intimidate
him. However, after being flooded in Takashi's scent, Fred releasing his in an attempt to overpower him just felt sad. Now, he finally understood what Takashi meant about the difference between strong and weak Alphas.

Harry snorted. "Please Frederick. I am one of the most powerful Omega Males in the world. You are not a strong enough Alpha to make me cower." He pushed the contract towards him. "Just so your aware, the Potter Charity Office has gone out of business never to reopen again. But, that does not mean you don't have options. Of course, you don't have to sign. All that will happen is I will call my attorneys and bring you before Magical Law Enforcement. I thought 25% of the profits was fair considering that without me, you and George would be shopkeepers at Zonkos. If you would like to fight it, we can go before the DMLE and maybe even the Wizengamot. I think they would say I'm entitled to more than 25%, especially when I provide proof that Dumbledore brought your families loyalty by plundering my trust vault and using it to pay for all seven of you Weasleys education at Hogwarts. So, either sign that or I'll go after your family and reclaim every galleon your family stole from me. Imagine the media attention; your family really can't afford to get into any more trouble with the law. How will that help your business?"

George pulled the contract forward and signed.

"George!"

For the first time since Harry had known the twins, George ignored Fred and looked at Harry Omega Male to Omega Male. With his new senses, Harry sniffed out that George was also a virgin though the faint scent of a non-Weasley Alpha clung to him.

"Your birthday is soon," George said quietly. "I too smell an Alpha on you. You aren't rushing into a bond are you? While it is unsatisfying and downright uncomfortable going through a heat alone, being stuck in an inadequate bond for the rest of your life would be far worse. Don't rush a relationship. If anyone deserves happiness it's you Harry."

Shocked, Harry only stared at George he really seemed concerned. He shook his head as he tried to reorganize his anger at the Weasleys to this unknown feeling he had for George.

"The betrothal contract we signed is solid and the match was arranged by my parents and Sirius well before Dumbledore sunk his claws into my life."

George chuckled. "So Sirius knew. Dumbledore was sure he didn't."

"Sirius was a Marauder. He knew everything. He was just smart enough not to show it." Harry turned to Fred. "Are you going to sign or will I need to call in my attorneys?"

Fred growled but signed. Harry felt the magic accept their signatures, rolled the contract, and placed it in the satchel slung across his shoulder.

"Will you be okay," he asked George?

"Yes. Now that my parents are in jail and Bill ran off I'm free to pursue the Alpha I want."

"Not Pucey," Fred growled. "I'll never allow you near that Slytherin bastard."

Harry silenced Fred, opened the office door and floated the older twin out into the shop and stuck him next to Ginny and Ron.

George rose from the desk going to the fireplace. "Thank you. I think I'll close the shop and floo Adrian to see if he can get off work and visit before I call the aurors to get them down," George said
calmly. "Good luck."

"You too. I remember Pucey, he was hot."

George laughed. "Yes he is. Owl me if you have questions about being an Omega Male. I should be moving in with Percy soon. He's working on getting my house arrest transferred to him and a retrial. They only questioned Fred under veritaserum. Being an Omega, I'm usually ignored and lumped with him."

"I'm sorry your relationship with your family suffered."

George looked pained. "Not your fault. It's mine. I never stood up for myself and did the right thing like Percy had. I am sorry Harry. You never deserved any of this. You do deserve to be happy. I hope that whoever this Alpha is will make you happy."

Harry hugged George goodbye.

When he got back to the hotel it was time for dinner. After dinner, he and Takashi decided tried to stay up as long as possible to adjust to the nine-hour time difference they'd be facing the next day. Despite taking a potion to help their bodies adjust to the time difference, they began to wane at about two o'clock in the morning. Takashi suggested taking a walk and they ended up walking through Hyde Park despite it being closed. Harry wasn't in the best of moods. The potion made him nauseous, he was tired, but restless and had a hard time staying still. Plus he was nervous. He wanted to go to Tokyo, but at the same time was terrified wondering how he'd adjust to the dramatic change in his life. He wanted to leave, but what if it was bad? He would be on the other side of the world, alone.

Takashi squeezed his hand. "It'll be fine."

"We'll see."

"I'll make you happy Harry," Takashi promised.

"You're a good man, but . . ."

"Everyone close to you has betrayed you."

"Yes."

Takashi pulled him in into a hug and they stood in the middle of Hyde Park in each other's arms. It felt good. But, they both stiffened when they heard the sharp crack of apparition. Takashi's katana appeared out of nowhere and Harry drew his wand. He and Takashi stood back to back as they scanned the area for intruders. Out of the shadows stepped the Carrows, though Harry never met them, from the faint echo he received from Voldemort's memories he knew they were a particularly nasty set of siblings and devout followers. Takashi pushed Harry behind him and faced the duo.

"What do you think that sword is going to do, muggle," Amycus sneered at the muggle sword not realizing Takashi was a wizard as well.

"Kill you."

Amycus raised his wand, the killing curse on his lips. In a flash, Takashi pivoted on his feet, disapparated, and apparated directly behind the wizard. Takashi sliced Amycus's head off his shoulders in a single strike. Alecto screamed in horror and attacked Takashi but he chopped her wand arm off just below the elbow before she could utter a single incantation. When she was on her
knees, he slammed the sword in her skull and waved his hand muttering an incantation. Harry recognized the Latin and realized the spell sealed the injury and made it incapable of being fixed by magic. With another flick and mutter, he had her body bound in thick, heavy ropes.

From start to finish, the entire incident lasted less than two minutes. Harry hadn't had time to move. Takashi hadn't even broken out in a sweat. Harry stared at his mate wide eyed.

Takashi stared at the expression on Harry's face and sighed. "Okay?"

"Yeah."

"I scare you?"

Harry snapped out of his trance and smiled ruefully as he stared at his seemingly unassuming mate who looked relaxed in his light weight beach khaki pants and graphic t-shirt. He flushed. "No. I was actually wondering if it was inappropriate for me to think how sexy you look now."

Takashi smirked. He straightened and did a couple of sharp sword movements while he muttered another incantation. Harry could see blood disappearing from the blade before he put the sword away. "Good. Fighting always makes me horny afterwards."

Harry flushed deepened and spread to his neck and shoulders, which only made Takashi chuckle.

"Prat," Harry grumbled. He had to get over his embarrassment whenever Takashi said something sexual.

"What now?" Takashi asked.

Harry snapped out of his daze and sent a talking Patronus to the on-call Auror force. It was sort of like making a magical emergency call. Fifteen minutes later a team of aurors including Kingsley Shackelbolt and Nymphadora Tonks appeared. Harry could've kicked himself, of course Tonks and Shacklebolt would've recognized his patronus.

"Are you okay, Harry?" Tonks asked looking at the grisly scene horrified.

Harry ignored her.

"Harry, we need to know what happened," Kingsley told him.

Takashi nodded down at Harry's shoes, Harry swiped them with his wand and swore as his sneaker glowed.

"I was in Diagon Alley today. Someone must have hit me with a tracking charm. The Carrows appeared. Amycus tried to hit my friend with the killing curse. That was his last mistake as my friend is a sword master. Alecto took exception to my friend's actions, which was her mistake. She's lucky my friend has morals. I called the emergency hotline, you arrived." Harry said in clipped tones.

The aurors gaped at Takashi, who despite the protective Alpha vibe he now gave off, looked like a young, innocent teen on his summer break. If only they knew.

"Your name?" an auror asked him.

"Takashi." Harry knew his mate was responding to the tension Harry felt by not giving all his information. Harry felt grateful for that. Grateful that despite being an Alpha he was willing to let Harry take the lead.
"I will need you to come down to Auror headquarters for –," Kingsley began, but Harry cut him off.

"No. As you can tell by the Dark Mark on their arms and by previous witness statements the Carrows are Death Eaters. You've seen how they tracked me and if you check Amicus's wand you can see the spell he attempted to perform. Nothing further is needed."

"You need protection Harry and this only proves that." Tonks told Harry chidingly. "We can provide a protection detail for you."

"Who will be on that detail? You, the wolf?" Harry snorted. "As you can see, I have adequate protection from someone I actually trust to protect me. Goodnight."

Harry removed the tracking charm, grabbed Takashi's arm and stomped away.

"You're shaking," Takashi told him after they got a good distance away from the aurors. Takashi stopped and pulled him into a hug. "Adrenaline rush is over."

"Yeah," Harry breathed as he realized Takashi was right. He was shaking. He jumped into Takashi's arms, wrapping his legs around his Alpha's waist and buried his face in his neck. For once, not caring how needy he appeared. His instincts were demanding he seek reassurance from his Alpha and take comfort in his scent. "Don't want them to know where we're staying.

"Who were the officers you didn't like?"

Takashi sat down on a park bench and sat Harry on his lap. Harry snuggled in his lap, tightening his legs around his Alpha's waist. "They were in Dumbledore's Order. While they weren't a part of the conspiracy against me, they knew about it and were compliant. . . How are you, you just . . ."

"You're my mate," Takashi squeezed his waist. "We are married and magically bound. My instincts tell me to protect you, to prove myself worthy for you to claim as your Alpha."

Harry snuggled into Takashi's neck breathing in his scent. "I'm not a good bet. I have tons of baggage."

"Ah."

"I have nightmares."

"You haven't all week."

"Yeah, you're right," Harry said surprised. "When I've fought Voldemort, I somehow absorbed some of his magical core."

"Ah."

"I never told anyone, but I also absorbed his knowledge and memories."

Takashi's arms wrapped around his waist and kissed his forehead. "Magical knowledge is good, the memories are probably scary."

"Yeah."

"Mind healer?"

Harry let out a breath. "Yeah."
"I'll arrange that."

Harry nodded and nuzzled his neck. "You're not freaked out? I'm damaged."

Takashi chuckled and tugged on the little bit of hair gelled up on the front of Harry's head, before he moved Harry's head forward for a kiss that curled Harry's toes. When Takashi pulled back, Harry was gasping breathlessly and Takashi had a satisfied smirk on his face.

"Bruised not damaged."

"If you're sure." Harry went into his bag and pulled out the ring box handing it to Takashi. "Part of the reason why I went back to Diagon Alley. I used my money," he rushed on. "Felt weird buying you a gift with your money."

Harry removed the thick platinum wedding band triple twist ring. A round emerald signifying Takashi's birthstone was inside the center twist with round rubies on the two outside twists for Harry's birthstone. He slid the ring on Takashi's finger.

"Do you like it?"

In response, Takashi kissed him fiercely, stood, and apparated them directly into their suite.
Chapter Five: The In-laws

Saturday, 22nd of July 2006 – City of Westminster, Central London, England

Thanks to the Carrows, Harry was more than ready to put Great Britain behind him. Last night confirmed it was time to move on.

Even so, Harry was sad as they stood on Park Lane and watched porters load their luggage inside the limo. Harry scanned the busy road, taking in the sights and signs, the double decker buses, and Hyde Park wondering when he'd see it again. Takashi sensing his mood, climbed beside him in the limo and held his hand the entire way to the airport. Harry caught Satoshi looking at their joined hands with a scowl on his face. Harry was relieved he wouldn't be living with the boy and have to deal with him on a daily basis.

Once they arrived at the magical transportation section at Heathrow he, Takashi, Akira, and Satoshi went to the magical departures clerk who stamped their passports. The young girl's mouth dropped open and she half rose from her chair once she saw the name listed on his passport. Harry didn't need to use his new legilimency skills to see the dollar signs dancing in her eyes as she asked in-depth personal questions about his travel. The clerk's attitude, in addition to what he had to put up with Satoshi caused Harry to snap and release his worry and frustrations on the girl. He crossed his arms over his chest, leaned forward, and got in her face just as much as she had attempted to get in his.

"I'm sure you have a good reason for asking me those asinine questions, do you not ma'am?" Harry asked his voice lowering by several octaves. "Personally, I do not recall you asking the same of the rest of my party. Or maybe I'm mistaken, did she ask you this?"

Harry turned to the others, Satoshi stood behind him holding back guffaws, Takashi and Akira held it together better but Harry could tell they were amused as well.

"No Harry, I don't recall being asked if I was running away from the wizarding world and if I had plans to return to Great Britain any time soon," Akira Morinozuka answered in amusement.

"I thought so," Harry turned to glare at the clerk. "Well, is there a reason why you're asking me this?"

The girl gulped and fear replaced the greed shining in her eyes. He could see she had only just recalled Harry had defeated a Dark Lord and she was no match for him if he turned violent. "No sir. I apologize, I was only curious."

"Hmmm. Curious enough to run to the Daily Prophet and inform them of whatever answers you managed to provoke me into answering? You do realize what happened to the last people who attempted to manipulate me?"

Sweat poured down the girl's face and Harry felt bad he was enjoying this so much. At least his husband and in-laws were impressed by his display though Satoshi still pouted around him. The young clerk rushed them through check-in and Akira made the clerk take a magical oath not to reveal anything about seeing Harry today nor his destination, which impressed Harry. He honestly had forgotten to demand it.

Five minutes after touching the port key, which was a model airplane with the Japanese national flag as a logo, they landed inside the arrivals section of Tokyo airport where the Morinozuka staff greeted
them. After checking in, they were ushered to vehicles that took them to the Morinozuka home.

Harry found it hard to hold back his gasp when they pulled up to the estate. The traditional Japanese home was surrounded by acres and acres of trees and ponds that made the house seem as if it just appeared from the middle of a forest. The house actually looked like four or five four interconnected homes linked together by long corridors. Harry counted seven great, sloping roofs of various sizes and design. The estate was beautiful and completely different from what he’d seen before, even in pictures or television. He definitely wasn’t in England any longer. Overwhelmed, Harry sat in his seat inside the limo once Akira and Satoshi exited the vehicle and just goggling at the mansion. How was he going to adjust to this? How was he supposed to act? He knew nothing about being Japanese and Takashi's family was obviously very Japanese. Takashi reached out and squeezed his hand.

"We'll eat dinner and go home. Our home is more modern than this and not as overwhelming. It'll be fine."

Harry snorted. "Easy for you to say."

"Father is no doubt reminding them that it is an Alpha's nature to leave his family and cling to his bond mate."

"So I'm the evil foreigner who is taking away their son and sibling?"

Takashi shrugged. "Haha, Satoshi, and Hoshimi are ethnocentric like most Japanese. They believe Japan and the Japanese magical community is superior to any other in the world, similar to the purebloods you deal with in England."

Great just great, Harry thought. "And you? What do you believe?"

Harry watched as Takashi paused, his eyebrows furrowed as he thought of his answer.

"I love my country and can't imagine living anywhere else. But I am open to new experiences and am not condescending to others like they are."

Harry sighed. "I guess I better put learning Japanese and Japanese cooking above all the tons of things I have to learn."

Takashi chuckled. "Ready?"

Harry nodded and Takashi tightened his hold on Harry's hand as they left the vehicle. Once they walked into the front door, they paused inside the entranceway and removed their shoes before stepping inside, Harry gasped at the traditional minimalistic design.

"It's stunning."

"Thank you." A beautiful woman who stood only a little over five feet in height with her hair cut into a pageboy appeared quietly at their side. "I am Sora, Takashi's mother. Would you like a tour? Perhaps if you enjoy the home you’d like to live here instead of the tiny apartment Takashi purchased. After all, this will be yours one day."

"Haha," Takashi warned.

"Musuko, it was just a suggestion." She answered serenely before turning to address Harry. "Would you care for a tour?"

Harry knew it was not in his best interest to turn this woman down, not with the look in her eyes. So,
he summoned his inner Gryffindor, swallowed his nervousness, grinned, and bowed. "Thank you, very much so."

She turned to Takashi. "Run and tell your father we'll join you shortly."

Takashi stiffened but Harry squeezed his hand in reassurance. Better to get the nastiness out the way before dinner. But, Sora-sama was all politeness as they walked through the fifteen bedroom estate that had been with the family for over a hundred years and crafted with the idea to house a large family.

"The several interconnected homes were specifically designed to function as a multi-generational home for an Alpha/Omega pairing. This family set up is tradition in Japanese culture. We are not like Westerners who abandon their elderly. We take family and maintaining familiar bonds very seriously."

With that one little dig, she told him the magical history of the Morinozuka family, which stood unbroken since the fourteenth century. She even took him through magical rooms filled with family relics warded against anyone not a Morinozuka, which Harry did not expect. But, as his full name was now Harry James Potter-Morinozuka maybe she had no choice?

"I was against your match," Sora-sama said in a softly accented voice, which made Harry realize that both Takashi and Akira were fluent in English. He never noticed the difference when they spoke. "I still am. You are not Japanese. You were not raised with our values or customs. You do not understand our traditions. Furthermore, you strengthen Takashi's ties in the mundane world when I would prefer he embrace his magical ancestry. I would've felt better about your marrying my Takashi if you came to us as your parents had intended. Nevertheless, I will sheath my claws but I would like something from you in return.

Curious, Harry cocked his head.

"I would like for you to encourage Takashi to interact more in the magical world to gain strong friendships and contacts and for you to excel in your studies especially in Japanese history, language, and customs. My children are brilliant and Morinozukas only marry the best. Your substandard work of the past is unacceptable."

Harry flushed even though he longed to point out that he had been drugged and beaten his entire life to make his work substandard as she called it. "Yes ma'am."

"Good. I don't like being disappointed."

They entered the dining room and by the expression on everyone's faces Harry knew they were surprised he made it out alive. Harry was introduced to Takashi's younger sister Hoshimi, who was a female version of Satoshi, including the attitude. When Sora-sama saw Takashi help him handle chopsticks, she launched into a lecture on the history of Japanese cuisine. It was an in depth account that went into the history of Japan, how food had originally been segregated by the person's social rank and structure. As Sora-sama spoke, Harry felt as if he was sitting in front of Hermione during one of her endless lectures. Fortunately, like Hermione all Harry had to do was stare wide-eyed, nod, and throw out an occasional awed comment regarding Sora-sama's brilliance while letting his mind wander.

Patience was a virtue. Harry made it through dinner and promised to stop by every Sunday and Wednesday night once he finished his oestrus. Soon they were in the vehicle heading toward the city and their new home while Takashi chuckled at his side.
"What?" Harry finally snapped not in the mood for his husband's antics. He wondered what his new home looked like and if he'd feel comfortable there. He hadn't felt comfortable at the estate, no matter how beautiful it was.

"Nothing." Harry glared at him until Takashi let out a final chuckle and answered. "Chichi, you impressed him with how you dealt with Haha. I think he actually took notes."

Harry flushed and crossed his arms over his chest rubbing his hands up and down his arms. "She reminded me of someone. Are we almost there?"

"Soon."

Finally, they stopped at a four-story limestone building perched at the top of a hill. Large modern floor to ceiling windows were everywhere and so was greenery. Harry liked it. An older bond Alpha Male his forties with glasses, salt and pepper hair and dressed in an immaculate suit opened the car door and bowed.

"Master Takashi, Master Harry."

"Harry, this is Yamamoto, Osamu. He organizes my life. He's been with me since I was five."

Harry chuckled. "So you are who he's been texting all week to do his dirty work?"

Yamamoto-san's mouth quirked in a smile before he went into a spiel about the building and the international neighborhood called Moto Azabu as they walked up to the glass doors of the building. He gave them the code to the door and introduced him to one of the 24-hour bilingual concierges that worked inside the building while explaining the services they performed. He showed them the underground garage, service elevator, bike entrance, and fitness center. Everything was new and modern with bamboo flooring, light walls, and silk print screens in the common areas. Once the tour of the common areas was complete, they took a private elevator to the penthouse duplex.

"The building has seventeen apartments. Being in the penthouse duplex, you have the only private elevator. In addition to the building's non-magical security, I took the liberty of hiring warders."

They reached the door and they set their palm prints to be coded into the apartment's system. Harry stepped inside the large entrance way and everything the two other men said became background noise.

He was home.

This was the first place that was actually his to do what he wanted. It was a heady feeling and Harry's mind was awash with possibilities. Leaving the large entrance hall, he stepped into the living area. The floors were bamboo, walls white. Seventeen-foot ceilings and floor to ceiling windows surrounded the massive, open living space. During the day, the apartment would be flooded with light. Harry ran his hands over the walls as he wandered the expansive great room, kitchen, and terrace before making his way upstairs to the bedrooms. The duplex was sparsely furnished and he couldn't wait to put his mark on the place. But one room was complete, the master suite.

A bamboo platform bed dominated the room. The headboard had floor to ceiling bookshelves on each side. Books were already unpacked and sitting on the shelves. His books were on the right by the windows, Takashi's by the door. They each had a nightstand on their side of the bed. An ancient Japanese print of a male Alpha/Omega pair being intimate was used as wallpaper on the opposite wall facing the bed, which would be the first thing he saw upon waking. The master suite led to a rooftop garden terrace with a hot tub. Inside the dressing room, his trunk was stowed away, his
belongings unpacked, and clothes hanging coordinated by type and color. It was perfect. Harry couldn't imagine a better home to start his new life in.

When Harry finally made his way back downstairs, he saw that Takashi and Yamamoto-san hadn't moved from the entryway and were talking quietly in Japanese.

Harry flushed. "Sorry."

"You're nesting," the older Alpha Male waved off his apology. "May we come in and have a seat?"

Harry nodded and led them to the living room where Takashi sat with him on the sofa, while Yamamoto-san sat in an adjacent chair.

"The home as you can see is sparsely furnished. Master Takashi has informed me you would prefer to do your own cooking so I've taken the liberty of providing several meals in the stasis cabinets until you've had the opportunity to stock the kitchen. Besides an interior designer, the first thing you should focus on is hiring an assistant."

Harry frowned. "Do you think I'll need one?"

"Yes." Takashi said. "Its tradition and you'll need a guide to help you navigate the changes in your life."

"Okay."

Yamamoto-san handed him a folder of information. "I have set up appointments for you to interview assistants in the morning,"

"On Sunday," Harry said surprised.

Yamamoto-san shrugged. "The applicants are bonded Omegas Females who speak English. Your healer appointment is Monday morning with interior designers' interviews afterward. I've given them a general profile of you and Master Takashi and the designers have been through the penthouse to get measurements and to come up with design plans to present to you."

Harry nodded. "Thank you for arranging everything."

Takashi stood and shook the man's hand. "I think we're well for now, I'll text you if I need anything."

Yamamoto bowed and left the apartment.

"You like?" Takashi asked.

Harry smiled. "It's not as impressive as your family's home yet, but this feels like mine."

"Good."

It was surprising for Harry to wake up in the morning and have Takashi lying in bed next to him. He relished the warmth emanating from Takashi before slipping out of bed to the shower. He was downstairs riffling through the endless picnic basket and had breakfast on the table when Takashi walked in and shook his head as he ran his fingers through Harry's hair. He took the phone and began to text.
"What now? It can't be that bad." Harry asked amused.

"You shouldn't be allowed to touch your hair. You ran through the hair supplies already."

Harry snorted and sat at the table riffling through the CV’s and background checks on the Omega assistants, his first interview would show up in a half hour.

All the candidates were squibs or non-magicals related to muggleborns. They were all nice and Harry could see himself working and interacting with any one of them. He didn't know how he would choose. Then the last candidate, a Japanese girl in her late twenties with long hair dyed red, and glasses framing a pretty face walked in. She saw Takashi on the terrace practicing with his katana in sweats and a tank top, stopped, and stared for a moment.

"Lucky boy," she murmured quietly thinking Harry hadn't heard.

He did and snorted a laugh. Harry liked her immediately. Her name was Kaori Hinds, she was a twenty-nine, had two young children, was married to an American foreign television correspondent, and actually lived in the neighborhood in a high-rise near one of the international schools.

"You and your husband seem fairly comfortable, why are you looking for employment?"

Kaori rolled her eyes. "Have you had a chance to see how much tuition to the schools in this neighborhood cost? I have a six and four year old. I love them, but they're expensive."

Harry chortled. That set the tone to their so-called interview, which quickly deteriorated into idle chitchat and gossip. Kaori gave him the best places to shop in the area and had him cracking up over her disgust with Western food and the gluttony that was Christmas and the American holiday of Thanksgiving. Harry was surprised to learn that Christmas wasn't celebrated in Japan, which wasn't surprising once he thought about it and realized the majority of Japanese weren't Christians. Despite that, December 24th, Christmas Eve, was a big family and friend celebration in Japan.

She also had him nearly rolling on the floor with laughter as she complained about her husband's appalling habit of taking cold showers in the summer instead of hot ones. She found the prospect disgusting as she firmly declared cold showers didn't get you clean. Her annoyance increased when she discovered taking cold showers was not some weird Western custom as she assumed upon learning Harry loved hot showers, but was just a disgusting-her words- quirk of her husband and her in-laws who did the same. Thanks to Kaori, Harry now understood why Takashi was fanatical about taking showers and being clean before getting into the bathtub to soak, which Harry had assumed was just a weird quirk of Takashi's. It turned out it was a weird quirk of most Japanese.

"When is your birthday?" she asked.

Harry flushed. "The 31st."

"Do you want to have children right way?" Harry shook his head furiously, which made her giggle. "Don't blame you, I went crazy with a single birth, you'll have multiples. Have you seen a healer yet?"

"Tomorrow."

"Are they magical? I know your Alpha's family despite being magical is big in the mundane world."

Though Kaori was non-magical her brother was a mundane born and Japan's version of an auror. "Yes, it's a magical healer."
"Good. I made the mistake of going to a regular Omega Specialist. Although my brother is the first magical in our family in generations apparently we're descended from magicals and some of us could be classified as squibs instead of non-magical. Unfortunately, I'm classified as a squib and have enough magic to use potions and be subject to magical healing. I was told theirs something in magical and squib DNA that doesn't work with mundane Omega birth control which is why my birth control failed and I was presented with my two unexpected little monsters." Though the words were wry, her eyes sparkled with affection as she spoke of her children.

Harry however was horrified. To think of getting pregnant by accident. Five kids. Harry kept repeating to himself in horror. It was enough to put him off sex. "Really."

"Yup," she said cheerfully. "Monster 1 was conceived on our bond night. I figured it was a fluke. Monster 2 was conceived during my first heat after Monster 1. I finally went to a healer and learned why. Good thing, I kept my legs closed and suffered through my heats until I met my husband. Can you imagine what my life would've been like if I had been a slag."

They both shuddered at the thought. Knowing him, with how he felt about magical Britain, he probably would've just went to a regular doctor and Harry imagined himself alone with five freaking babies and nearly threw up.

Takashi entered from the terrace and hung up his katana.

"Two hours?"

Harry looked at the clock on the wall in shock then looked to Kaori. "You're hired."

Takashi rolled his eyes, sat down, and told Kaori what her actual duties would be, salary and actually conducted a mini job interview. Which made Harry wonder if it was really a job interview if the applicant had already been hired? Between Takashi and Kaori, they agreed that she'd begin right away and come back in the morning for his healer and interior design appointments along with Yamamoto-san who would be there to train and assist her with any problems she may have. Once Kaori left, Takashi took a shower and they had a quick snog session in the dressing room before wandering the neighborhood to find a place to each lunch. As usual Takashi texted away on his phone as they walked.

"I can't hold Mitsukuni back much longer. He wants to meet you."

"Dinner tomorrow?" Harry questioned. "I can cook something."

Takashi nodded while he typed. "You'll be busy most of the day so I'll spend the day with him. I'll invite Haruhi as well, you'll like her."

"Sound's fun. I'll have to stock the kitchen. Do you mind if we go after lunch."

Takashi shook his head and put his phone away in his pocket.

Harry had a grand time picking out pots, pans, and other supplies for his kitchen. For once, it was his, not Aunt Petunia's or Mrs. Weasley's domain. Harry admitted he went a little crazy and made a huge dent in Takashi's credit card but his husband was unfazed. The only time Takashi put his foot down was when they went food shopping. He turned his nose up at the produce, meat, and seafood. With a quick text, Takashi set up a weekly delivery from his family's business, so all Harry purchased from the store were items for the cupboards and dairy products. Still he raked in a several thousand pounds worth of items. Thankfully, their driver followed behind them and placed their packages in the car as they shopped.
When they got back from the apartment, their delivery had arrived but that was not the only surprise. Satoshi and Hoshimi were sitting in the living room in front of the television playing video games. Harry wasn't thrilled to discover his in-laws could just walk in his home but he bit his tongue, greeted the pair, and went into the kitchen to sort out his purchases and arrange the kitchen how he wanted it. Seeing it was nearly dinnertime and it looked as if his guests weren't departing soon, Harry used magic to put away his purchases and quickly made salt roasted shrimp that could be dipped in olive oil and very soft polenta topped with shrimp and scallions. He placed everything on the dining room table family style for them and went in the kitchen to clean up. Harry hated cleaning so he used his wand remembering some of the spells Mrs. Weasley used in her kitchen and what he learned from the household cleaning book he brought in Diagon Alley. Takashi entered the kitchen and stood in the doorway in the middle of his cleaning spree.

"You're not eating?"

Harry nodded to his dishes on the kitchen table. "I will just want to finish cleaning and getting organized."

"Harry."

"I'm fine. Go, enjoy your family, the change is hard on them."

After staring Harry down for several moments, Takashi turned and left the room. Despite how childish it was Harry stuck his tongue out at Takashi's back. By the time Harry cleaned and put everything away, the siblings were watching a Japanese movie the youngsters on either side of Takashi using him as a pillow. It was a big message saying he was not welcome. And a pretty obvious ploy. A lesser man would've left the room, but Harry refused to let the brats know they got to him. He'd kill Takashi later.

So, Harry compromised and grabbed a book on Omegas and curled up in the chair to read. When the siblings began talking quietly in Japanese, further excluding him from the conversation, Harry snorted and pulled out the iPod he'd brought in muggle London. Hedwig flew in the open terrace door, and landed on his lap. Harry grinned and stroked her feathers; she always knew when he needed her.

"Hey girl. Are you settling in okay? I'll have some letters for you soon."

"Wow," Hoshimi said. "They still use animals as messengers."

Of course, this was said in English when everything else had been in Japanese. Harry ignored the comment, using his iPod as an excuse. Hedwig barked irritated at the girl, and Harry bit his lip to keep from laughing. At least someone had his back. He picked up his book and highlighter.

The next thing Harry knew Takashi lifted him in his arms, carried him to bed, undressed him, and tucked him under the covers. Takashi did the same himself and pulled Harry into his arms. They were both sleep seconds later. The next morning, Harry heard the alarm and buried under the covers pulling the pillow over his head as he heard Takashi moving about.

"Harry?"

"Hmm."

"I'm meeting Mitsukuni at the dojo. I'll be gone most of the day."

"Okay."
"You're acting weird."

"Yup."

"Last night . . ." Harry growled and Takashi sighed. "Harry, you told me to spend time with them."

"Idiot."

"Harry."

"I'm sleepy. Figure it out, yourself."

Harry rolled on his stomach and pulled the covers over his head. He heard Takashi leave. Harry cried into the pillow feeling very alone.

When get got himself together enough, Harry climbed out of bed to shower and dress. Walking downstairs, he found Kaori and Yamamoto-san at his table their computers open and Yamamoto going over things with her. He could still smell Satoshi and Hoshimi's scents in the air and whipped out his wand using every cleaning charm he knew of to clean the home and get the bitter scent of the Betas out his home.

"You've been crying," Kaori stated.

Yamamoto's head snapped up as he peered at Harry.

Harry flushed. "Yeah."

"Alphaholeness?" she asked.

Harry burst out laughing. He loved that girl. "Yeah."

"Deliberate?"

Harry snorted. "Completely and totally oblivious."

She laughed. "Those are the worst. Blunt objects to the head help."

Hiring Kaori was his best decision ever. Chuckling, Harry entered the kitchen with a spring in his step and decided to splurge by making a spinach mushroom, and cheese omelet with French toast. When his guests declined breakfast, he sat at the table eating offering occasional comments while the two organized and arranged his life for the next several years.
Chapter Six: Reparations and Introductions

Monday, 24th of July 2006 – Tokyo Metropolis, City of Bunkyo, Koishikawa Locality, Tokyo, Japan

"Come on Takashi," Mitsukuni soothed, "Haruhi will know what to do."

Takashi allowed Mitsukuni to pull him out the car and up the steps to Haruhi's apartment as if he were a toddler, which looked weird considering Takashi towered over his older cousin by a foot and a half. But what did it matter if he looked like an idiot? He was one.

One week. He lasted a single week before making his Omega miserable. He had always been smug, sure of himself as a man and as an Alpha and look at him now. Even Chichi had a better record with Haha. What had he done? Could it be fixed?

He had to find a way.

They reached the door to Haruhi's apartment and Mitsukuni knocked firmly. Haruhi opened the door wearing a pair of atrocious Bermuda shorts that actually had a rip on the side and a t-shirt. Large, brown eyes blinked at them in surprise.

"I wasn't expecting you until later."

"We couldn't wait," Mitsukuni said apologetically tugging on Takashi's hand to pull him forward. He turned back to Haruhi with a serious expression on his face. "Takashi needs your help. Can we come in?"

Haruhi's mouth dropped opened as she stared at Mitsukuni as if she'd never seen him before. Takashi didn't blame her. People saw Mitsukuni's boy Lolita façade, or the dark aura that overcame him when he was in a fighting mood. Not many people saw the real Mitsukuni, the serious minded, intelligent man, not boy, with a wicked sense of humor. Shocked by Mitsukuni's words, Haruhi quickly backed away from the front door opening it wide as she ushered them into her apartment before going into the kitchen to make tea.

Haruhi's living room was traditional in design for a commoner apartment. Tatami mats were on the floor and the furniture was minimal. A futon sat against the wall and a low table sat in the middle of the floor, Takashi struggled to maneuver his large body to sit on the floor cushions beside the table. Finally settled, he accepted the cup of tea she gave him with shaking hands. Of course, Haruhi noticed his discomfort and placed her hand on his.

"Mori-senpai?" Her eyes were wide with sympathy and concern.

Tongue-tied and not knowing where to begin, Takashi looked to Mitsukuni imploringly.

"Takashi's married," Mitsukuni began baldly. Haruhi choked on her tea and Mitsukuni giggled, which clued in Takashi that his cousin purposely waited until she had the mug to her mouth. He glared at Mitsukuni but the baka only blinked innocently before turning back to Haruhi. "His husband is an Omega Male who turns sixteen next week." She gasped. "Yeah. Takashi thought you two would like each other, which is why we invited you to dinner tonight. None of the hosts know Takashi's married, not even Kyo-chan."
Haruhi took hold of the hand that held his wedding band. Takashi smiled as he thought of the night Harry gave it to him and what happened once they'd gotten back to the hotel.

"Do you love him?" she asked softly.

"Too soon," he muttered absently as he stared down at the ring twisting it around his finger as he felt the comforting magic pulsing around and encasing him. What had he done to hurt Harry?

"Takashi's marriage was arranged weeks after Harry's birth by their fathers. Harry's British. He comes from a wealthy family but his parents were patriotic and worked for a living and . . . they worked for their government. Terrorists killed his parents when Harry was one. Harry witnessed his parents' murder, they're his first memories, I believe." Haruhi stared at Mitsukuni, her large eyes shiny as she tried to hold back her emotions. She grabbed hold of Takashi's hand and held it as she listened to Mitsukuni speak. "Harry should've came to us. His parents had known their death was possible and made arrangements for Harry to come to us if they died, but corrupt individuals hid him away before we learned of their deaths and could get to England. They hid Harry so well we couldn't find him even with all our resources. They even fed him experimental drugs that masked his Omega traits and instincts. He grew up believing he was a Beta Male and not an Omega Male." Haruhi gasped. "So although Harry is rich and descended from nobles he was raised as a commoner in a very unloving environment. Even in school, kids were placed around him, goaded by their parents to befriend him. They had plans to trick him out his inheritance and force him to bond with another. But a month ago, Harry learned the truth."

"Is that why you missed school last week?" Haruhi asked gently.

"Ah."

"Harry's here now. Takashi moved out the estate and brought a modest apartment in an international neighborhood so Harry wouldn't be so overwhelmed with the changes in his life and would feel more comfortable, especially as he doesn't speak Japanese yet."

Haruhi beamed. "That's very insightful, Mori-senpai."

Takashi flushed. "Thought of you, how you'd feel."

Haruhi chuckled and squeezed his hand.

"But today after Takashi left for the dojo his man told him Harry came down for breakfast looking as if he'd been crying and began cleaning the apartment compulsively. Harry said Takashi did something that upset him, but Takashi doesn't know what he did."

Haruhi tapped her index finger to her chin. "Hmm. Did you sense a mood change from Harry-kun?"

"Last night," Takashi answered. When he didn't say more she looked at him patiently waiting for him to explain. Takashi sighed. "Satoshi and Hoshimi were in our apartment when we got back from shopping."

Haruhi knowing he reached his capacity for speech looked to Mitsukuni for elaboration.

"Although uncle arranged the match, aunt, Satoshi, and Hoshimi are upset Harry's foreign. They're nationalists. Of course they can't complain because Uncle is the head of the family."

Haruhi snorted. "Mori-senpai, what happened while they were there?"

Takashi shrugged and rolled the mug of tea in his hands staring down at the pattern in the tealeaves
that clung to his cup. "Talked, played video games. Harry stayed in the kitchen. He loves to cook and we had just gotten back from shopping. Harry cooked, but didn't eat with us. After dinner, we watched a movie. Harry joined us later, but he read a book. They left after the movie and I carried Harry who had fallen asleep to bed."

"What movie did you watch?"

"Appurushido."

Haruhi looked at him sadly and shook her head Mitsukuni bounced excitedly beside him.

"You know what Takashi did wrong, don't you Haru-chan?"

"Yes."

Takashi straightened and looked at Haruhi hopefully. "Ah?"

She rolled her eyes and shook her head giving him a look she usually reserved for Tamaki or the twins when they said or did something particularly idiotic. "I'm sorry Mori-senpai, but you messed up so bad."

Takashi flushed. "Tell me."

"I know they're your siblings Mori-senpai and you love them, but you have a mate to think about now. You have to think about things from Harry-kun's point of view. You allowed two known hostiles in an Omega's Den uninvited when you know Omegas are territorial about their living space. They don't like Harry-kun but you allowed them such access to your home that they were allowed in even when you weren't there? Two people who are hostile to your Omega, having unrestricted access to your Omega's Den?" she said incredulously shaking her head. Takashi's eyes widened and he bit back a curse. She was right. "An Omega's Den is their safe place not to be violated. Then you exclude your Omega from his home by speaking a language he doesn't understand and watching a movie he couldn't enjoy because he doesn't know the language. You alienated him in his den, an Omega you admitted never felt wanted or safe anywhere. You provided a safe place for him, Mori-senpai and then you violated it by encouraging people who are hostile to him inside his safe place. An Omega close to heat, whose hormones are unbalanced, an Omega who you say up to a month ago never had to deal with his hormones because he had been drugged into thinking he was a Beta. Omegas kill to protect their dens and their pups, and Omega Males are especially vicious. Look at what my father did to Tamaki-senpai for just tripping and falling on me in his den when he was close to his oestrus cycle. No offense, but your brother and sister were probably hoping he would react angrily to their presence and drive you to stop and discipline him and drive a wedge between you two. The only reason he didn't react I think is because he was raised a Beta and forced to repress his nature. Of course he cleaned the moment he woke he wanted their scent, the scent markers of those who invaded his space out his den."

Takashi's face lost all its color before he jumped out his seat and fled Haruhi's apartment. He had to get to Harry. He had to make things right. He dimly heard Mitsukuni chasing after him telling Haruhi he'd pick her up tonight. Takashi doubted there'd be a point. He'd be surprised if Harry would bother coming back. Entering the car, Takashi slumped back in his seat burying his face in his hands his body shaking. He felt Mitsukuni pat his head.

"We'll fix this, everyone loves flowers and presents." Mitsukuni pulled out his phone.

Takashi dropped his hands from his face before clenching and unclenching them on his thighs. "Problem still there."
Mitsukuni blinked then nodded solemnly before leaning forward to tap the glass that separated them from their driver.

"Morinozuka Estates please."

Takashi collapsed back in his seat his body shaking as his two halves warred with each other. Takashi loved his family, but Haruhi was right, he had a mate to think about now. A mate he hadn't claimed, a mate who had every right to reject him. Takashi felt tears fall. He failed Harry, after he promised not to. What kind of Alpha was he?

"Yellow roses, Lily of the Valley, and Star of Bethlehem are good apology flowers," Mitsukuni said scrolling through the screen on his telephone.

"His mother's name was Lily."

"What about presents? What does Harry like?"

"I don't know," Takashi admitted. He didn't think Harry really had the time to develop a hobby, besides cooking and that was probably done out of necessity. "He likes to cook, but we got stuff for the kitchen yesterday."

"Hmm. Well he's probably homesick."

Takashi half listened to Mitsukuni prattle all the way to the estate. When they arrived, Takashi slid out the car with shaky feet but resolved. He had to do this. He had to make his Omega safe. He found them in the sitting room.

"Taka-ni."

His siblings jumped up and ran to embrace him as normal but he froze them in place with a single glance.

"I am ashamed of you both," Takashi's voice was harsh, but the tears falling down his face portrayed his true feelings. "Being a Morinozuka is about honor and integrity and you have shown none of late."

"Musuko!"

Takashi glared at his mother. "I see your hand in this. The plan was too subtle for them to conceive. How could you? Did I ever know you at all?" Takashi straightened to his full height and glared down at the three. "As you cannot accept my Omega, my Omega picked for me by father, I am breaking ties with you."

"Takashi!"

"Musuko!"

"I nor my Omega will step foot in this house until you make amends. And unless father disinherit me, your future looks grim."

He turned and stalked away, bowing to his confused father who stood in the doorway. The wards must have alerted Chichi to his presence in the mansion. Chichi grabbed his forearm before he could stride away from him.

"Takashi explain," Akira demanded.
"I'm sorry father, I don't have time. Thanks to Haha and my siblings, I have to try to repair my relationship with my Omega before it's too late. Ask them what they've done, maybe they'll tell you the truth, but I doubt it. They have no honor."

He turned and strode purposely towards the front door. He hoped what he had done and what he and Mitsukuni had planned would be enough to appease Harry. He wasn't losing Harry. Harry was his.

He and Mitsukuni stepped into the apartment, their hands loaded down with presents for Harry. Takashi froze in place as he stood in the doorway that separated the genkan (entryway) from the main living space. The apartment was not only spotless, but smelled faintly of disinfectant. Takashi blanched when he realized that not only had his siblings scent been eradicated from their home, but so had his. Harry had rejected him.

"Takashi?" Mitsukuni piped up nervously at his side.

"I'm too late," Takashi said. He fell to his knees in despair, his heart pounding heavily inside his chest, his throat tight. He found it hard to breath. It was over. "He removed my scent."

Mitsukuni placed a hand on Takashi's head for a second before he stepped fully inside the apartment, touring it as he scented the place before going upstairs and doing the same. After a couple minutes, he came back down and rolled his eyes.

"Kono Yarou (you shixt)."

"Ah?" Takashi asked hopefully.

"I'm glad I'm short as shxit and probably won't find an Omega of my own, because finding one makes you lose all reason and common sense." Mitsukuni quipped dramatically. "There's no scent anywhere downstairs noromo (twit), not even Harry's, but I have been scarred for life by what I smelled upstairs in your bedroom. I mean really Takashi, on top of the dressing table? How is your Harry still a virgin, you horny dog."

Takashi able to breathe again rolled his eyes at his smirking cousin and rose to his feet. "Thanks."

They began decorating the apartment. With the use of Takashi's magic and Mitsukuni's frenetic energy it didn't take any time to get everything done. Once they were finished, Mitsukuni jerked his body down so he could pat him on the head goodbye.

"Good luck. I'm going to go home and change and pick up Haruhi, ne?"

Takashi nodded and soon he was alone in the apartment with his own disturbing thoughts. He pulled out his cell and texted Harry's guards and received the reply that Harry was fine and shopping in magical Tokyo with his assistant. Takashi resisted the urge to run after Harry and beg his forgiveness. When his stomach rumbled, he realized he had been too worked up earlier to eat and went into the kitchen, found food in the stasis cabinet, and waited for his mate to return to their den.

Harry walked in the apartment and blinked. Lilies were everywhere, more than a thousand pounds worth. Flowers hung from pots around the great room. The scent of flowers and the slight breeze from the open terrace door made it quite pleasant. Harry stepped cautiously into the open living, dining room area. On the wall, a historic map of England hung over the mantelpiece. Across the sofa was a throw blanket of Windsor Castle with Union Jack pillows. A silver tankard was on the mantle.
and in the kitchen was a red tea set shaped into an iconic London telephone booth. A gift basket filled with English chocolate and other English mundane and magical candy sat on the table. It was cheesy and a little overkill but Harry couldn't help but smile.

"Takashi?"

"Ah."

A hesitant voice came from the open terrace. Takashi stood uncomfortably in the doorway a wrapped gift in his hand.

"Some apology." Harry smiled.

Takashi made a tentative step forward. "I messed up. Surprised you returned."

"Where would I go?"

Takashi closed his eyes pained. "I hope you're with me because you like me, not because you have no choice."

Harry stepped forward. "Takashi."

Takashi stepped back. "I deserve the misery. You're my Omega and I failed you. I don't deserve you."

"Idiot." Harry said fondly stepping up to his stiff husband and wrapping his arms around his waist. "You messed up, everyone messes up. I was planning to beat sense into you, but I wasn't going to do it around your family, moron." Harry half-heartedly hit him in the chest. "I mean really!"

Takashi smiled and slowly reached up his hand to massage Harry's scalp. "I went to the estate. Until they can accept you, we will not be returning there or them here."

"Takashi," Harry chided.

"You are mine," Takashi growled. "I protect you, I make you safe. I can't do that if my own family treats you less than you are. Allow me to protect you."

Harry's shoulders relaxed. "You didn't have to be that extreme," he muttered. "Just telling them to back off would've been sufficient."

"You're mine. I promised no one will hurt you again and I meant it."

Takashi lifted Harry's chin and devoured Harry's lips. Harry shivered and melted in Takashi's embrace. Takashi lifted Harry in his arms and carried him up the steps.

"Dinner," Harry protested weakly.

"I'll help."

Takashi spent the next hour showing Harry how much he valued him. Afterward while Takashi was in the shower, Harry lounged on the bed when he saw the present. Opening it, he smiled. That idiot, he thought fondly. Inside was a silver charm bracelet with a Celtic knot between an English and Japanese flag charm. Smiling, he slipped the bracelet on his wrist and went to the bathroom to make himself presentable for their dinner guests.
"Senpai," Harry heard murmured from the entranceway. "I live in a modest apartment; this is not a modest apartment. My apartment could fit inside your genkan."

Chuckling, Harry entered the entranceway in time to see Takashi shrug his shoulder towards a petite girl in a pink dress and short hair with a cherry blossom comb attached to it. Next to her was an equally short Alpha Male dressed more stylishly. Upon seeing Harry in the doorway, all three looked up and the boy skipped over and engulfed him in a hug.

"So glad to meet you, I've been waiting years." Mitsukuni stopped and sniffed Harry before laughing and smirking up at his cousin. "Really Takashi? I think it would be less obvious if you just lifted your leg and pissed on him."

Hearing the surprising words coming from the seemingly innocent looking boy's mouth, caused Harry to laugh so hard he clutched the wall to keep from doubling over. Takashi flushed and the girl rolled her eyes at the boys' antics and bowed.

"Potter-kun, I am Fujioka, Haurhi, a classmate of Mori-senpai's."

He grinned. "I'm just Harry. Call me Harry please."

After greetings and the customary host gifts were exchanged, they entered the apartment. On the table were appetizers including Takashi's favorite salted shrimp. Haruhi loaded a plate and followed Harry into the kitchen.

"Wow," she said looking around the modern, western style kitchen.

Harry grinned proudly. The large kitchen had vaulted, beamed ceilings, a wall of windows over the sinks and glass countertops, every conceivable modern stainless steel appliances including built in coffee and espresso makers, bamboo cabinetry, and a sliding screen door that separated the kitchen from the open living area, which gave him the option of privacy when he wanted it.

"Yeah. One time when I don't mind Takashi's excess. I love this kitchen. I'm still not finished stocking it the way I want."

Haruhi looked to the tuna on the cutting board. "Need help?"

"Just company," Harry said. "I hope you like dinner despite my not being familiar with Japanese cooking."

"The tuna looks excellent."

"Takashi said it was your favorite and I think Takashi would leave me if I brought subpar fish. He refuses to let me buy fish, meat, fruit or produce from anywhere except his market."

"Market?"

Harry cocked his head and stared at Haruhi surprised she didn't know. "The Morinozukas have owned the Tsuda Market and land for centuries. They also own several farms that raise Kobe cattle and various other fruit, fish, and farming operations throughout Japan."

Haruhi sighed and slumped in the chair at the glass island that held L.E.D lights infused inside of the glass. "I have no idea why I still get surprised. I am surrounded by rich bastards."

Harry giggled. Takashi was right he liked her.
"Rich bastards who adore you because you see them for who they are and not what they have."

"Yeah, they're beyond annoying but it's nice to have friends who look out for you."

Harry grinned only to stiffen when the doorbell rang, suddenly finding it hard to breathe. Haruhi jumped up and rubbed his back gently talking him through his panic attack.

"Takashi told you about me?" He asked resigned once he got his breath back.

"Yes. It helps that despite being a beta I'm familiar with Omega Males. My father's one. He's very territorial over our home, especially when he's close to oestrus."

"I need to meet more Omegas I don't know half the stuff I'm supposed to."

"I'd introduce you to my father, but he's loony and I doubt you'd get anything relevant out him."

Harry chuckled. Takashi appeared in the doorway his face more solemn than usual.

"Harry, Chichi is here. He'd like to talk to you."

Harry nodded fighting back his nerves as he removed his apron before going out to the entranceway where Akira engulfed him in a hug.

"I'm sorry Harry," the older man rumbled quietly into his ear as he rubbed the muscles on the back of Harry's neck. Harry couldn't help but relax in the older Alpha's embrace despite knowing the man was deliberately releasing pheromones to soothe him. Akira Morinozuka smelled too familiar too like Takashi to be tense in his arms. "If I had taken my family in hand you wouldn't have had to deal with this mess. I will get things under control. You will feel safe in my home."

He pulled back and kissed Harry's forehead.

"I see where Takashi gets his pessimism from," Harry said amused wiping at his eyes. This wasn't what he had expected. "Would you care to join us for dinner?"

Akira Morinozuka smiled gratefully. "Not tonight, but I hope to have an invitation soon."

Harry looked to Takashi who nodded. "After my . . . heat?" He blushed. "The house should be finished then."

Akira nodded, a smile still on his face before he slipped out the door.

"Thank you, Harry."

"It's hard to resist. He's an older you, not just in looks but in personality as well."

Takashi chuckled, kissed Harry, took his hand, and led him back into the great room where Haruhi and Mitsukuni were sitting at the table devouring appetizers.

"These are good, Harry," Mitsukuni said stuffing his face.

Harry smiled. "Thank you."

"Harry is an excellent chef," Takashi said proudly from his back.

Takashi pushed Harry in a chair at the head of the table and made him a plate. The three kept him entertained by telling him stories of their school, Host Club antics, and their friends, which had Harry
laughing throughout dinner. And dessert, Takashi had told him Mitsukuni loved cake but it was one thing to hear but quite another to watch the four foot nine Alpha devour a cream and strawberry filled cake with perfect manners then stare at him with large, puppy dog eyes when he was done.

Harry sighed. "As long as Haurhi and Takashi don't want another piece you can have the rest of the other cake."

Harry shook his head as Mitsukuni squealed and pulled the cake toward him.

"We're used to it." Haruhi assured him.

"So what are we going to do for the rest of break?" Mitsukuni asked. "We can go to our chalet in Switzerland. It'll be fun Haruhi."

"I don't have a passport," Haruhi told them.

"We'll get you one." Mitsukuni waved off her protest. "Kyo-chan isn't the only one who can work miracles. It'll only take a couple days for us."

Takashi grunted in agreement.

"I still can't. I'm spending most of summer break working at a pension in Karuizawa."

"And I start my language immersion soon," Harry said.

"You do," Takashi said surprised.

"Mmm. Kaori took me to sign up today I begin the Monday after . . ."

Blushing, Harry jumped up and cleared the table before going into the kitchen to clean up. Since Haruhi was there, he couldn't use magic so he did everything manually. Harry shuddered when he felt Takashi come up behind him, his hardness pressed against Harry as his hands ran down Harry's bare arms until they intertwined with his soapy fingers.

"You got a focus ring," Takashi whispered in his ear lifting his hand out the soapy water to examine the jade ring on Harry's right hand. "I should've taken you to do that," he said sadly. "So what else did you do today? How was your healer appointment?"

Harry flushed. "I'm on birth control and have scheduled an appointment with a mind healer."

Takashi nuzzled his neck where his love bite was.

"Good. Thank you for tonight."

"I like them."

Takashi licked a trail from the curve of Harry's neck to the shell of his ear. "They're the only sane ones."

Harry shivered. "Are you going to help clean or seduce me?"

"Both."

But Takashi backed away and began to rinse and dry the dishes Harry handed him. They walked back into the Great Room to find Mitsukuni arguing with Haruhi over the DVD's. They settled on iRobot and Takashi pushed him in the loveseat next to him. Harry could tell Takashi was attempting
to erase his memories of last night. It was sweet.

"I do want to take you somewhere before school starts," Takashi said.

"Okay, but this is so new to me, I feel I am on vacation. I would like to tour the market."

"So would I actually," Haruhi piped in. "I always wanted to see the auctions. I heard a lot about them."

Takashi took out his cell phone and began texting. A few minutes later, he received a returned ping. "You're going to have to get up early Harry." Harry stuck his tongue out at Takashi who smirked before turning to Haruhi. "Harry will be at your apartment at 4:00 tomorrow morning. A guide will meet you in front of the market."

Haruhi and Harry nodded excitedly.

"Buy more shrimp."

Harry grinned.

The next morning Harry had trouble waking. When the alarm went off, instead of turning over and pulling the covers over his head as usual, he had to get out of bed. Well, Takashi had to pick him up and set him down feet first in the dressing room where he clothed Harry in jeans and a shirt before pulling Harry in the bathroom washing his face. Harry drew the line when Takashi attempted to brush his teeth and batted his hands away. Takashi laughed and moved away as he prepared for training. His Alpha's alertness so early in the morning was annoying. By the time Harry stumbled down the stairs with his satchel slung over his shoulder, Takashi had thrust two travel-sized mugs of tea in his hands and had a mug of espresso for himself.

"When I rule the world, I'm going to make it illegal to get up this early."

Takashi smirked. "Drink your tea, Tenno."

"Huh?"

Takashi chuckled and pulled them out the door to the waiting vehicle. The moment they settled in the car, Harry stretched out across the seat, put his head in Takashi's lap and fell back to sleep.

"Harry," he heard Takashi murmur some time later, "I have to leave."

"Mmm okay." Harry lifted off Takashi's lap and scooted down some, curling on the bed wondering why it was so tiny. He reached for a blanket only to come up empty and freeze when he heard giggling. Blinking, he opened his eyes and saw Haruhi laughing at him. Flushing, he sat up and took the mug of tea Takashi handed him. "Morning."

"Good morning Harry-kun," Haruhi chimed with a smile.

"Vance Archer, one of the managers will meet the car and be your escort for the day."

Harry nodded still half-asleep. Takashi kissed his forehead and slid out of the car.

"So," Harry began after he downed half the mug of tea Takashi had charmed to remain hot. "What does Tenno mean?"
Haruhi blinked surprised. "Umm, heavenly sovereign, it's how we address the Emperor of Japan."

Harry scowled. "That prat. This is annoying. I have to learn Japanese if it's the last thing I do. So Takashi basically called me a drama king this morning, huh?"

Haruhi's hands covered her mouth as she giggled uncontrollably.

For the rest of the ride, they talked about school, the classes Haruhi took at Ouran, her mother an Alpha Female who passed away when she was five, and her dreams of following in her mother's footsteps and becoming a lawyer.

"Your father is an Omega Male?" Harry questioned hesitantly.

"Mmm."

"Umm . . . do you have any brothers or sisters? Sorry, I always heard Omega Males gave birth to multiples."

Haruhi nodded and blinked her large, shiny eyes. "I had a fraternal twin brother. My dad had a rough pregnancy and we were born premature. The doctors were able to save me, but not him."

Harry's eyes widened and he scooted over to the other side of the vehicle to hold Haruhi in his arms. "Sorry, I was insensitive."

"It's okay, it was a long time ago," Haruhi said as she swiped at her eyes.

They spent the rest of the car ride in silence squeezing onto each other hands.

Once they reached the Tsuda Market, which was the largest wholesale market and auction house in the world. Vance Archer, an Australian, took them on a tour of the market explained the auction procedures. At five, the famous tuna auctions began. Vance and Haruhi did a great job translating so he knew what was going on. Once the tuna and fish auctions were complete, the fruit and vegetables were next. The prices that the tuna went for were surprising enough, but Harry watched amazed at how much the fruits went for. Vance explained that quality fruits were considered a luxury item in Japan and were often used for gift giving. Morinozuka Farms had special growing techniques so intensive that with most fruits they restricted only one fruit to a vine so a single fruit would receive all the nutrients. That attention to detail made their produce the best in the world making people in Japan spend several hundred pounds for a single piece of quality fruit. After the fruit and vegetable auction was the beef, pork, and other livestock, and after that the flower auction. It was a long morning, but Harry had a great time bidding on several items, including the shrimp Takashi wanted.

By the time the auctions were over it was eight and he and Haruhi were starving. Vance ushered them to a restaurant in the market where they had an exquisite breakfast. Haruhi went crazy over the ootori and Harry tried raw fish for the first time. He was shocked at how delicious it was. They then wandered the retail and consumer stalls gorging on the free samples and picking up odds and ins, kitchen supplies for Harry mostly. Haruhi helped him purchase several Japanese kitchen implements and explained what they were used for in cooking. They stopped for lunch at a ramen shop and Harry bribed her with some fresh ootori he had at the house for her come over teach him to cook Japanese style rice. She caved and they had a great time back at the apartment cooking. Not only had he learned how to make Japanese style rice and onigiri with the rice molds he brought, but also miso soup, and Japanese omelettes. Once they finished in the kitchen, they walked the neighborhood with Haruhi clutching her small cooler with the tuna inside with a pleased smile on her face. Harry picked up a Japanese language CD and some toddler books written in Japanese before walking Haruhi to the train station and hugging her good-bye.
Harry made it back to the penthouse where he found a children's program on the telly and wrote letters to everyone telling them what he'd been up to for the last day or so. He used his new laptop computer to do so, which he had barely recalled how to navigate since it had been years since he used one in muggle school or snuck into Dudley's room to play on his when the Dursley's weren't around. He finally got the hang of the computer and printed off his letters, signed them, and sent them off with Hedwig.

By the time Takashi arrived home, Harry was shocked at how long he'd been working with the language program.

"I lost track of time, I'll make something quick. I have rice and soup in the stasis cabinet."

Takashi pushed him back down on the sofa, pulled out his mobile and texted the concierge to order dinner for them before laying down on Harry's lap to watch him use the program, piping up occasionally to correct his pronunciation when he said something wrong.

"Weird."

"I never learned another language before so I don't know if this technique is good or bad. It looked interesting when I saw it when I was out. When I start the immersion program I'll just use this as a supplement."

"How?"

"Four weeks. Monday through Friday eight to five." He chuckled. "Hey, I'm becoming fluent in Takashi speak."

Takashi rolled his eyes good-naturedly, pulled Harry's head down, and nibbled on his lips.

"What did you do today," Harry asked when he got his bearings back.

"Training then worked with Chichi. Did you have a good time with Haruhi?"

Harry smiled. "I can see why all you big, bad Alpha's turn into putty around her. How are your father . . . and the rest of the family?"

Takashi frowned and Harry leaned down to kiss his Alpha and run his fingers through his hair hoping to soothe him.

"Chichi is stressed, disappointed, guilty. Said he'd spent so much time with me as his heir that he let Satoshi and Hoshimi slip through the cracks and as a result, they didn't adhere to the same values he pounded into me. He's spending more time with them and he's taking them to one of our farming operations in Kobe in the morning. He wants them to understand where our wealth comes from. He's not told them but he's going to take their focus rings and have them spend the month working on the farm."

"Wow."

"Yeah. Haha already lost her ring and she's restricted to her suite and private gardens for the month. The only books she has access to are books on ethics."

Harry gaped. "Remind me never to get on a Morinozuka's bad side."

Chuckling, Takashi pulled him atop his body. They snogged until dinner arrived.
Oestrus

Monday, 31st of July 2006 – Tokyo Metropolis, City of Minato, Moto-Azabu District, Tokyo, Japan

Harry sat on the bed inside his darkened bedroom. The only light peeked in from the stars shining through closed curtains and the alarm clock illuminating on Takashi's nightstand.

Takashi lay beside him fast asleep. Harry was disappointed. The next few minutes would be monumental, his first oestrus cycle. How could Takashi sleep? Didn't it mean anything to him? While Harry knew his and Takashi's marriage wasn't a love match, he hoped they had gotten to the point where they liked each other and cared about the other's feelings. Why would he sleep now? This was important. Takashi's nonchalance hurt. Harry wiped the tears from his eyes, cursing his hormones. They've been all over the place lately. One moment he was happy, the next crying, and Takashi had been avoiding him all week as a result. He'd been home, but he'd been hiding out in the dojo he made out of one of the spare bedrooms or out on the terraces. He must have gotten so annoyed about the outbursts he no longer cared Harry was about to go into heat! Wrapping his arms around himself and shaking Harry watched as the clock struck midnight.

Nothing happened.

No heat. No embarrassing sexual thoughts careening through his body, no out of control feelings, no loss of control. No heat!

Where the healers wrong? Maybe because of all the damage done to his body he was no longer an Omega and couldn't go into heat? Would Takashi want him if he never had an oestrus cycle? If he couldn't go into heat, they couldn't bond. If they couldn't bond, what kind of Omega was he? Takashi wouldn't want him and his family definitely wouldn't approve. Could Omegas who couldn't go into heat have children? Would Takashi dissolved their marriage? Could he? It was magically binding.

It was over. Harry turned on the bedside lamp and shook Takashi awake. "Takashi!"

His husband, and how long could he call him that, jerked upright and looked around the room as if expecting an attack. Once he realized there was no threat, his wide-eyed gaze took in Harry and immediately pulled him onto his lap burying Harry's face in the crock of his neck.

"Why are you crying?" he asked huskily rubbing his hands up and down Harry's bare back.

"The healers were wrong, I'm defective. You should just leave now," he sobbed.

"Harry?"

Harry pulled him away from his body and pointed at the clock in answer.

"It's my birthday."

Still confused, Takashi leaned forward and gently kissed him. "Happy Birthday. But, what do you mean about being defective?"

Harry wondered if he had been wrong about him and Takashi really was an idiot. "My cycle," he said slowly. "It should've happened by now. I'm defective!"

Takashi blinked at him in confusion, before he bit his lip to keep from smiling.
"Harry, you've skimmed the Alpha/Omega books instead of reading them, ah?"

Harry glared at his soon to be ex mate. "I've read them," In response, Takashi only stared silently for several moments. Harry growled and hit his mate's bare chest. "Okay, so maybe my eyes skimmed over some of the boring bits."

The smile Takashi held back broke free. "Inside some of those 'boring bits' it states that an Omega's first oestrus cycle begins on their sixteenth birthday on the anniversary of their birth."


He waved his hand between he and Takashi's bodies.

Takashi bit his lip, Harry glared. He knew the prat was trying to hold back laughter. "The anniversary of your birth is the actual hour you were born not the physical date."

Harry flushed. "Oh. I don't know my time of birth."

"I do. We have time. Plus, you were born in England and we still have the time difference between here and there. You won't go into full heat until Tuesday morning."

"Well crap," Harry muttered feeling like a total idiot. He rubbed his hand over where he had half-heartedly hit his husband. "Well why didn't you say something sooner? You saw how I've been freaking out."

"Harry, you've been 'freaking out' all week trying to get the apartment ready. How was I supposed to know the difference?" Takashi pointed out slightly exasperated.

"Point," Harry grumbled. "Sorry, I've been a mess."

Takashi chuckled and reached over to turn the light off. He pulled Harry to lie back down wrapping his arms around Harry to keep him still. "Hormones. It's expected. You're cute. Sleep."

Harry woke the morning of his birthday to the sound of the shower running. Stretching, he froze in place once he smelled Takashi's scent clinging to the sheets. Unable to stop himself, he buried his face in Takashi's pillow breathing in his mate's scent. Unable to stop himself, he buried his face in Takashi's pillow breathing in his mate's scent. Before Harry knew it, he had a raging erection while lubricant leaked from his backside, and he couldn't stop himself from humping the bedcovers as he sniffed the pillowcase. Once he realized what he'd been doing, Harry flushed and jumped off the bed, fixing the bedcovers to distract himself and cool his overheated body. He felt hot, itchy, and restless as if something was attempting to crawl out his skin. Yet he felt extremely lethargic, as if he were coming down with a fever. He desperately needed something to drink his head was dizzy.

Harry froze as Takashi's scent infiltrated the bedroom. Swinging around he saw Takashi standing in the doorway staring intently, a robe loosely wrapped around his body.

"Taka?" he asked confused biting his lip and flushing once he saw Takashi's member spring to life underneath the robe. "I thought you said it wouldn't be until tomorrow morning?"

Instead of answering, Takashi came up to Harry and pulled him in his arms nuzzling his neck. "Not yet. It's starting. Your scent is stronger and your glands are swelling in preparation for my bite."

Takashi ran his hands down Harry's body while his teeth and lips and teeth nuzzled Harry's neck. His neck was ultra-sensitive and he whimpered as Takashi teased him. Biology demanded he melt
into Takashi's arms and present his neck to his mate for claiming.

"Alpha."

Takashi growled in response and pushed Harry back on the bed climbing atop him, his teeth sucking and biting Harry's neck as his body grinded down on Harry's pajama clad bottom. Harry felt as if needles were poking on every inch of his skin and the only way to get rid of them was for Takashi to enter and claim him. But he wouldn't. Takashi pulled back with a deep sigh ignoring Harry's frustrated whine as he got to his feet then pulled Harry to his, pushing him toward the bathroom.

"Get ready; I have a surprise for you."

Harry sighed. It sucked being married to a man with the will of iron. "Surprise? Why?"

Takashi rolled his eyes in response and stepped away to go into the dressing room. Looking after his mate curiously for a moment he made his way to the shower. Wondering what the surprise was he took extra care with his clothes and hair before making his way downstairs.

Harry couldn't help but smile as he took in all the changes to the apartment. Over the last week, he worked relentlessly with Kaori and the interior designer to get the apartment ready. He wanted his den perfect before he went into heat. Tradesmen had been in and out the home constantly to get everything done on time. It had been a circus, but once Harry had seen the final result the drama was worth it.

Japanese architecture and interior design was all about minimalism, clean lines, and monochromic colors. Harry had to find some way to respect that while making it homey enough that it felt as if it were his home instead of a designer's showroom. The natural bamboo wood, white walls, and blending furniture where brightened up with accent walls in yellow, blue, and red throughout the apartment. While Harry brought comfortable monochromic furniture, he mixed that up with a large, yellow storage ottoman, with throw pillows in red and blue as well as other colorful accent furniture. Paper lantern globes hung from the ceilings giving light, but instead of the typical colors of white, brown, or black, they lined the ceiling in alternate primary colors. The shelves were filled with Takashi's extensive mundane book collection. The magical books were kept upstairs in their bedroom. Japanese glass art as well as colorful glass vases the goblins sent from his vaults brought in additional color and character. The upstairs bedrooms had shoji print screens with scenes from Japanese history as doors. The best part was the portrait of him and Takashi hanging in the living room.

He loved his den, and he felt he was ready, but that didn't stop him from still being nervous. He hoped he was good enough for Takashi. Takashi had done a lot for him and he didn't want to disappoint him.

Hearing Takashi in the kitchen, he nervously played with his hair and slid open the sliding screen.

"Okay, there is nothing you can say about my hai . . ." Harry's voice trailed off as he saw his surprise. His mouth dropped open and he swung around the room in a circle. "Oh . . .," he breathed in disbelief.

"Happy Birthday."

"Yeah," Harry nodded stupidly as he blinked and bit his lip. In all his worries about his heat, he'd forgotten today was his birthday and he should get presents. Not that he'd ever really gotten presents before. He discovered he had paid for the presents Hermione and Ron had given him over the years, even the money for the Nimbus Professor McGonagall had given him had come from his vault. Not
to mention the replacement Firebolt they purchased when McGonagall and Flitwick destroyed the one Sirius had sent him by stripping the charm work. The only real presents he received where the ones he'd gotten from Sirius and Hagrid. And no one had ever done anything like this for him.

Takashi outdid himself. The number sixteen hung on the wall in enormous black lettering, vases of yellow daisies sat on the shelves on each side of the number. On the kitchen island was an elaborate buffet of every type of breakfast food set on elegant black and yellow serving dishes. A cake covered in yellow and black fondant with presents surrounding it sat on the kitchen table.

"It's perfect. Thank you."

Smiling, Takashi pushed a plate in his hand and led him to the food. Harry saw fruit he'd never seen before beautifully displayed on a three tiered dish stand. He grabbed some and turned to feed it to Takashi so he could judge the expression on his face and determine if it was something he wanted to try. Takashi of course caught on to his antics and smirking began to find the most foreign looking fruits to feed him by hand. That led to them ignoring the plates and feeding food to each other as they laughed and talked. Everything was wonderful, it was the best breakfast he'd ever had.

When they both declared themselves full, Takashi pulled him in his arms, holding him against his taller body by his bum, while they kissed. Takashi's lips tasted of syrup, cream, and French toast. Harry moaned and went lax into his Alpha's embrace letting him take control of their snog session.

"You smell so good. Taste even better," Takashi said his voice guttural.

Harry blushed. "We can start early."

Takashi growled before stepping back and closing his eyes breathing heavily. "Want to do it right. It's your birthday, we're going out."

Harry's eyes lit up. "Really?"

"Ah. It'll be somewhere secluded, just you and me. Sorry but I can't bear to have others near you so close to your heat."

Harry grinned. "Sounds lovely. You worked so hard on everything that I'd like a piece of cake before we leave though."

Smiling, Takashi led him to the table and sat Harry down on his lap while he cut the cake and fed it to him. Once finished, Harry reached for the presents but paused when he felt Takashi stiffen beneath him. He remembered what Kaori had told him about Japanese gift giving practices.

"Is it okay to open these in front of you?"

"Ah." Takashi nuzzled his neck. "Want you to like them."

Harry swung around in his Alpha's lap and gave him a brutal kiss before taking the first present in his hands and carefully removing the elaborate wrapping.

"They're wrapped so beautifully, I don't want to mess it up," Harry said softly as he slowly unwrapped the present. Harry gasped. There were tickets to a magical zoo and dragon reserve in Kyoto. "Wow."

Harry turned to give Takashi another hard, open mouth kiss before opening his other gifts. He also received subscriptions to international Quidditch magazines, a magical wireless radio that had enough of a magical booster to play programs from England, hair care and beauty products, and the
last gift, a 24k gold necklace with a matching pendant of a lion with ruby eyes. Takashi's face flushed red with embarrassment when Harry gasped excitedly.

"It's perfect."

Takashi shrugged, though Harry could tell his Alpha was pleased. "It's your sign and your house at school."

Harry grinned and smashed his lips against Takashi's before holding out the necklace for Takashi to fasten it around his neck. Once the necklace was on, he engulfed Takashi in a tight hug and nuzzled his face in the side of his Alpha's neck, inhaling his potent scent.

"Best birthday ever. Best Alpha ever."

Takashi smiled. "I think you're high. No more sugar for you." He kissed him before pushing him toward the shoji screen. "Get your things while I put up the food."

Harry beamed happily and ran out the room only to pause when he saw Hedwig glaring at him from the closed terrace door. Running to open the door, he took his ornery owl in his arms and relieved her from her heavy burden before carrying her to her perch.

"Sorry girl. I know you must be tired after that long flight. I missed you though."

Hedwig rolled her eyes and gave him her 'of course you did' look. Harry snorted and ran his hand down Hedwig's flank only to stop short when he found the platinum encrusted band with the Potter crest around her leg. Startled, he let his magic flow as he felt for the spells on the band. Notice-me-not charms to prevent her from being seen by non-magicals, a carrying case with shrinking and feather light charms that made it easier for her carry large packages over great distances, strengthening and endurance charms so she wouldn't get tired over long journeys. It was an amazing gift and Harry felt stupid that he'd never thought of it before.

"Where did you get this? The goblins?"

Hedwig barked the negative and jerked her head toward the kitchen where Takashi was.

"Really," Harry grinned. "Isn't he amazing. Look what he got me for my birthday." Harry pulled his necklace out to show her and she shrugged her wing as if to say 'meh, mines better. Harry stuck his tongue out at Hedwig. "You know it's great and stop acting like you don't like him. I know you do."

Hedwig rolled her eyes. Laughing, Harry set her down on her perch where she immediately turned her back on him and went inside where her food and water were.

By the time Takashi walked back into the living area, Harry had his satchel draped across his chest though he didn't know where they were going and if he had everything he'd need. He bounced up and gave him a tight hug.

"You brought Hedwig a present too!"

"You'd be upset if something happened to her," Takashi shrugged.

Harry squeezed Takashi tight and felt tears fall down his face. He was so lucky. He couldn't believe how lucky he was to have Takashi in his life. Harry couldn't remember the last time he felt this carefree. Had he ever felt this way before? Blinking, Harry felt his Alpha palm under his chin and opened his eyes as he lifted his head to meet his mate's concerned gaze.
"Harry?"

Harry smiled through his tears. "I'm happy. Thank you."

He buried himself back in Takashi's chest and Takashi maneuvered them to the sofa and sat Harry on his lap, burying Harry's face in his neck while he rubbed soothing circles on Harry's back so his scent would calm his hormonal outbursts.

"Hormones are getting worse," he told Takashi wryly while using his lips to nibble at the base of Takashi's throat.

"We should go," Takashi growled.

"Wouldn't want to ruin the lovely day you planned out for us," Harry said jumping off Takashi's lap with a laugh.

Takashi shook his head in amusement and grabbed his bag that was sitting by the genkan before taking Harry's hand and leaving the building where their car awaiting them. It wasn't too long before they pulled up to an elegant mansion.

"Where are we," Harry asked intrigued.

"Haninozuka Compound."

"Hmm."

The Haninozuka Estate wasn't as old or as traditional as the Morinozukas'. While it was in the Japanese style, it was more modern with a strong hint of American rustic. The home was a long single story estate filled with floor to ceiling windows, Harry was curious to go inside and explore the home, but Takashi led him around the back to the surrounding forest like gardens until they came to the private garden, jungle-inspired playground, and elaborate natural swimming pool. Harry gasped.

"Wow."

"Swimming pool has an adjacent lazy river that runs through the back gardens of the estate."

Takashi said as he dug into his bag and pulled out a scrap of fabric he handed to Harry. Harry looked at the tiny fabric curiously before realizing it was a swimsuit.

"Seriously?"

Takashi shrugged and pushed him into the changing room. Harry sighed down at the swimsuit in his hand. It was a tiny bikini with a wide yellow band and yellow and blue panels. The crotch area was sheer black mesh that hid nothing. He might as well go out naked. Harry put on the bikini and stared at himself in the mirror in disbelief. This was fashion? Though Harry supposed it could've been worse, Takashi could've given him a thong.

Stepping outside he saw Takashi waiting for him wearing orange swim trunks that fell to his knees. Pissed, Harry placed his hands on his hips and glared at his Alpha.

"Pervert."

Takashi smirked and pushed him down on the lounger where he took his time rubbing suntan lotion onto his body. Soon they were on inflatable tubes spending the day floating side by side down the
pond that weaved around the estate. It was hard to stay peeved at his Alpha on such a beautiful, relaxing day. It helped that the soft breeze, great company, cool water, and lazy but enjoyable experience helped reduce the fever igniting his body due to his upcoming oestrus cycle.

For lunch, they sat under a cherry blossom tree for a picnic and Harry was able to put his shorts back on though he goggled when an old man in traditional dress with an elongated, gourd shaped head appeared and set out lunch for them.

"Takashi?" Harry whispered once the man left.

Takashi chuckled. "He's a nurarihyon. They're spiritual beings who have a habit of breaking into wizard homes when they're away and act as if they own the wizard's property. Ages ago, he dared to break into the Haninozuka's home and was caught. As penance, he has to serve the family for the rest of his life, as he is a supernatural creature he has a long life span."

Harry gaped. "How long has he been serving the family?"

Takashi shrugged. "250 years?"

"He doesn't look exactly human and the Haninozukas are squibs now. How can he not be noticed?" Harry frowned, "what keeps him from getting his revenge and harming the family? I don't think I'd want a servant who was only with me because he had been trapped into it."

"Magical oaths make it hard to rebel. Nurarihyons' are natural shape shifters, non-magicals just see him as an eccentric butler. They can't see through the glamour. He's very loyal and especially close to Mitsukuni, he's the one who realized Mitsukuni was a squib and not non-magical and got him to healers."

Harry nodded. He thought about the tickets Takashi had given him to the magical reserve and wondered what else he'd see that wasn't taught at Hogwarts.

"What other type of magical creatures are here in Japan?"

Takashi spent the rest of the lunch explaining about different magical creatures and spirits native to Asia. After they ate, they walked through the gardens hand and hand with Takashi showing him the bonsai garden while explaining the process of growing and cultivating them. They spent the rest of the afternoon touring the gardens and playing on the playground. Close to dinner, they got in the car and made their way back to the apartment where Takashi had catered in a candlelight dinner outside on the terrace. After dinner, private masseurs treated them to massages, then they sat in the hot tub on the private terrace outside their bedroom. Harry was surprised. He had assumed the hot tub would make the burning feel worse, but it was surprisingly refreshing. A very relaxed Harry climbed to bed and tangled himself in Takashi's arms.

"You made this day the best day in my life."

Takashi flushed with embarrassment and pulled Harry's body against his, curling his legs around Harry's before closing his eyes.

"Sleep."

Takashi deserved a medal. No, he deserved for the gods to build a shrine in his honor so others could visit and acknowledge his greatness. No one, no one would've been able to do what he's done and kept Harry innocent. No one.
He opened his eyes early Tuesday morning to discover Harry had climbed atop him in his sleep again. Inhaling, Takashi could nearly taste the pheromones Harry's body produced. His Omega smelled heavenly like pastry, tealeaves, and wind. Only a couple more hours now and he'd finally be buried inside him. It took all Takashi's power to not roll Harry over and plunge into him. The feeling was made worse when Harry moaned in his sleep and ground his groin against his.

Willpower snapped Takashi swung Harry around, pressing him against the mattress taking control of his mouth with sloppy, desperate kisses while slamming their clothed groins together. Harry still half-asleep whimpered at the contact and called out his name even as he wrapped his legs around Takashi's waist meeting his thrusts. It was too much. Takashi had spent too much time denying himself, after a few thrusts, he came so hard stars exploded behind his lids and he slumped boneless atop Harry's equally spasming body.

When Takashi came back to consciousness after the multiple orgasms that were a curse to his nature, he was shocked to find himself lying on his back, Harry's lithe body straddling him as he held a plate of food in his hands.

Harry smirked. "Good morning."

Takashi flushed. He had never lost control like that before. Never blacked out while pleasuring another person, it had always been too dangerous. When an Alpha climaxed, they were at their most vulnerable because it took between ten to twelve minutes for their orgasms to cease and their knot to deflate. This was unacceptable. He couldn't loose control, what if he hurt Harry?

He scowled. "Morning."

Harry chuckled and peeled a kyoho (Japanese grape) before slipping it into his mouth. Takashi allowed his Omega to feed him and soothe his frazzled nerves. Once full, Harry leaned forward and placed his mouth next to Takashi's ear.

"Thank you."

"Ah?"

Harry chuckled darkly and bent down to lick juice clinging to Takashi's bottom lip before he continued speaking. "I was close to giving up. The day before we met, Hedwig knocked my wand away from my temple. My whole life was a lie. Everyone I was close to betrayed me. I didn't see the point of going on. Thank you for showing me there was a world outside the box I'd been trapped in. Still life to live."

Takashi's eyes popped open wide in shock. "Harry."

There were no words.

His Omega grinned as if he hadn't just blown his mind, hadn't just struck fear in his heart. Harry pecked his lips before jumping off his body and heading towards the bathroom. In his wake, Takashi felt frozen in shock, unable to move or process what he'd just heard. It was inconceivable to him that Harry would've given up, would've taken his own life.

Before meeting Harry he'd been worried about how they'd interact. While he always felt honored to be promised to an Omega Male, his experiences with Omegas before Harry had been with Omega Females. He had both wanted and feared Harry before they met. Would he be able to protect, desire, and care for Harry as he promised? After all, despite his biology, Harry was still a man. Then he'd met Haruhi's father Ranka and his fears went into overdrive. Despite reading the reports, despite
knowing Harry wouldn't be the same, he had nightmares for weeks after meeting Ranka. Haruhi’s father was not the kind of Omega Male he wanted to spend his life with. His doubts were thrown out the window the first time he spied Harry at Gringotts staring at him like a defiant kitten. At first glance, Harry became his.

When Harry returned fresh from the shower, Takashi pulled him atop his body and kissed him desperately.

"Don't do it," he managed.

Harry smiled. "I promise."

"First I wanted to help. Angry over what happened to you. Now that I know you . . . Don't."

"Promise. You showed me how interesting life can be. You showed me if I just opened my eyes their was a new life awaiting me, new people to meet, new places to explore, new experiences to be had. Besides, I'd miss you. Just wanted you to know why I'm grateful, why I appreciate you . . . before this starts."

Takashi crushed Harry in his arms. "Lucky."

"Yes, I am."

"Meant me."

"Oh . . . wow."

Harry tightened his arms around Takashi holding on to each other for a very long time.

They still had time. To try and keep his mind off the enticing body and smell in the bed next to him, Takashi worked on his summer homework ignoring Harry’s obvious attempts in trying to figure out the exact time his heat would began. Takashi watched amused as Harry pouted and pulled out his computer to work on his Japanese program.

"Takashi," Harry suddenly called out an hour before his heat was due to commence.

Takashi looked up from his book and his body instantly stiffened as he saw Harry staring at him with darkened, lust-filled eyes.

"Chikuso (oh shxit)!" Takashi breathed.

Harry crawled onto Takashi's lap. Takashi could smell his mate's arousal and the fluids dripping from his penis and entrance. Takashi bit his lip until it bleed. It wasn't time yet. He couldn't hold back a shiver when Harry nuzzled his neck.

"You smell good Taka," Harry said huskily. "Like choji oil, miso, and sweet dumplings."

Takashi groaned as Harry nibbled on his neck. He wasn't going to be able to hold out. He wasn't a saint. His chest rose and fell erratically as the two sides of himself, the primitive wolf who wanted to claim his mate, and the human who didn't want to rush things and hurt Harry warred with each other. His erection throbbed beneath his pajama bottoms and his hands were fistd on the sheets, not daring to move as the alluring Omega ground his utterly perfect body in Takashi's lap.

Harry whined in frustration and slammed his mouth over Takashi's.

"Taka, please."
"Not ready yet . . . we still have a little more time," Takashi gasped out.

"Do you even want me," Harry whined. "You're so restrained, sometimes I'm not sure."

Oh, that was it. Takashi growled and rolled over until Harry was underneath his body. He waved his hand with the focus ring on it and ropes appeared, tying Harry's hands over his head. Takashi then spelled off Harry's clothes, taking his Omega's leaking member in his mouth. The moans from Harry's mouth and the hips thrusting demanding he go deeper only fueled the fire.

"More!" Harry demanded. "Please more!"

Takashi chuckled around his mate's member loving the growls and whimpers falling from Harry's mouth. He'd leave an offering to the spirits of his ancestors for blessing him with a feisty mate. He inserted three fingers inside his Omega's hole and massaged his prostate, which caused Harry to scream and ejaculate in Takashi's mouth. Yet still, Harry remained hard.

"Please," Harry begged.

"Almost," Takashi groaned as he squirmed on the bed, desperately trying to find relief. "Not there yet."

Harry threw back his head and groaned. "How can this not be ready! It's here!"

Takashi chuckled and went back to Harry's body using his lips and hands to heighten Harry's pleasure while Harry squirmed and pleaded underneath him.

"I need to touch you," Harry whined.

"Your pleasure," Takashi countered huskily.

"Then give me what I want," Harry demanded.

"Not there yet."

Takashi continued to pleasure Harry, slowly climbing up Harry's body as he peppered him with kisses. Takashi used his teeth and tongue to turn Harry on, from sucking on the toes of Harry's feet to dragging his tongue seductively up the length of his thigh.

Then Harry attacked.

Harry regained his sanity and managed to use the last of his strength to surprise Takashi by flipping him over. Grinning in triumph, he bent down and kissed his husband's lips before slowly kissing down Takashi's body his hands still tied above him. Though he refused to be deterred as he got to finally kiss, touch, analyze Takashi's luscious body.

Before in all the snogging sessions, Takashi had taken control and overwhelmed Harry and Harry never got to really explore. Harry was determined to make Takashi cry out, do something to show he could affect Takashi as he affected him. He kissed his way down Takashi's chest pausing at Takashi's nipples, mimicking Takashi's movements using his teeth, lips, and tongue doing his best to get a reaction from him. Though Takashi moaned and twisted, it seemed he still kept a tight rein on his control. Smirking, Harry made his way down to Takashi's member, opened his mouth, and swallowed the head of Takashi's cock.

"Harry!"
Takashi attempted to lift Harry off him, but Harry shook his head and opened his mouth wider attempting to take as much as possible. It was difficult, Takashi wasn't the smallest man on the planet, and his Alpha genetics only made him larger. Remembering the sex books he read, Harry relaxed his throat when he felt his gag reflex kick in. He stopped a moment then pushed further a little more. Takashi began to shake uncontrollable as his hands fist in the sheets as he babbled constantly in Japanese. Finally, Harry thought proudly. To reward his mate for finally letting go, Harry used his throat muscles to swallow. Takashi screamed in response.

Pleased, Harry removed his mouth, raised himself over Takashi, lined himself up, and quickly dropped down on Takashi's penis.

Harry screamed.

Pain. Hurt. Agony. What the hell? His insides were on fire. It was as if Takashi's member was a giant, hot knife thrust inside of him, searing the inside of his body. Tears poured down his face as he breathed shallowly attempting to control the unexpected pain rocketing his system.

"Harry!"

Takashi attempted to lift Harry off but Harry shook his head and squeezed his thighs against Takashi's feeble attempts.

"Okay, okay." Harry gasped through his tears. "Startled. Hold on."

Harry had a hard time catching his breath. It hurt. He didn't think it would hurt with the lubrication his body naturally produced. Damnit, Takashi was right he should have waited. It wasn't too bad though, he thought between frantic gusts of air released from his mouth. Frankly, he'd been in more pain in his life, and the pain lessened the longer he sat. The knife pricks slowly faded and Harry began to like the feeling of fullness. It felt weird. Alien. Curious, Harry shifted his hips and Takashi flung his head back and muttered words he couldn't understand. Pleased, Harry did it again and watched Takashi groan.

Oh, he got it now. He knew why Alpha's were such control freaks. This was amazing. What a powerful feeling it was to watch your partner come apart beneath you and know you were the cause. Harry wanted more.

Harry grinned. "I like you like this all ruffled. It's sexy."

Harry rose a little and dropped back down hard and fast.

"Kuso!" Takashi shrieked. Gasping, Takashi waved his hand, releasing the bounds around Harry's hands and then clamped his own hands around Harry's waist stilling him. "Not in full heat yet," Takashi gasped.

Duh, Harry thought internally. But, he smiled and wiggled in Takashi's grip. Takashi's English, usually flawless was horrible now.

"Feels like it."

"Regular . . . intense arousal. Not heat . . . must produce . . ."

Harry squeezed his inner muscles and Takashi moaned losing his train of thought.

"Mmm." Harry reached down with his hands and tangled their fingers together. "Well you are sexy. So beautiful you are hard to resist. Now you know it's you and not the hormones. I like you under
me like this."

Harry used his knees as traction before raising his hips and slamming down again.

"Merlin!" Harry screamed.

Something happened. The pain was gone and all he felt was pleasure, blinding all consuming pleasure. Fluid leaked out his body in embarrassingly copious amounts. The powerful feeling Harry felt of being in control disappeared. All he felt was need. He needed Takashi inside of him. He needed Takashi to take control and dominate him. He needed to be filled. Was he inside of him still? Something was missing. The fullness he felt inside was gone. Why? Takashi was still inside him, why didn't he feel full? Harry keened shifting his hips desperately, wanting, needing that feeling of fullness.

"Taka," he cried, scared wondering what was going on. He felt so empty. Gasping, Harry pleaded for Takashi to fill him to make him feel full once again.

Takashi sniffed then roared, flipping Harry over he withdrew his member from Harry's body then thrust back into him. Repeating the gesture over and over again. It was if a wild animal had been unleashed inside his mate. But, it wasn't enough. He wasn't full.

"Taka?"

In response, the thrusting increased and a sort of hip twisting grind was added into the equation. It felt so good.

"Mine!"

"Yes!" Harry gasped wrapping his legs around Takashi's waist meeting his furious thrusts. "More please!"

"Waited was good."

"You were. Good. More Taka." He needed it. He needed that full feeling again and only Takashi could give it to him.

Takashi pulled all the way out then slammed back in hitting Harry's prostate. Harry screamed out a string of intelligible words as he begged and pleaded for Takashi not to stop. Takashi continued to pound into him as sweat poured down his body. Each thrust was pure bliss, but somehow it wasn't enough.

"More!"

"My Harry. So beautiful. So perfect."

Harry felt tears gather in his eyes at Takashi's words. He lifted limp arms and ran them up and down Takashi's body trying to get at anything he could reach. Then Takashi stopped thrusting.

"Taka," he whimpered too needy and too strung out to say anything else.

"I'll fill you. But first tell me your mine, Harry."

"I'm not," Harry whined. "Not yet. Really. Make me yours."

"Yes!"
Harry bared his neck and as Takashi slammed into him hitting his prostate again and bit at his neck, drawing blood. It hurt like hell, but the pleasure was like nothing Harry experienced before. All consuming. And finally he felt it. He was full. Finally full. It was perfect. Harry's legs shook and his eyes rolled in the back of his head as he climaxed. Dimly, Harry felt Takashi achieve his own orgasm and his knot flared inside Harry tying their bodies together.

"So good Taka."

Takashi shuddered through another release and Harry shuddered at the intense emotions ratcheting through his body as he felt Takashi's member inside him. His own gave feeble attempts to come back to life, but Takashi had destroyed him, wrung him dry. Takashi bent down and licked at the open wound on Harry's neck.

"Mine, forever," Takashi's voice was guttural, his wolf was in control for the moment.

"Yours."

They were entwined for over ten minutes, Takashi went through several more orgasms, each getting progressively less intense than the last until his knot finally deflated and Takashi was able to pull out Harry's body as copious amounts of semen flooding in his wake. Once he recovered, Takashi cleaned the mess with magic and summoned the basket of food to the bed where they gulped down bottles of water and ate a meal. Drained, all Harry could do was lie limply in Takashi's arms and allow his Alpha to provide for him. Just as Harry finished his treacle tart, he felt his pheromones flare up again and his body shake with want. He needed to be filled.

Takashi's nostrils flared and he growled.
Sou-Sofu

Chapter Eight: Sou-Sofu

Friday, August 4th, 2006 – Tokyo Metropolis, City of Minato, Moto-Azabu District, Tokyo, Japan

Do you know where I can buy a new mattress? HJP

LOL. I should've warned you. David and I always switch to a cheap futon mattress we throw away afterwards. It's 3 o'clock, so five days? Pretty long for a first heat. Have fun? KH

Four days, had to account for the time difference between here and England. And I'm not answering that. HJP

Aww. It's cute how you're still acting like a blushing virgin. KH

You're fired. HJP

Are you sure? Who are you going to get to sort and address the fan mail the goblins sent you? KH

Ignore my last text. HJP

Thought so. Since you're in such a good mood, I'm assuming your muscles aren't aching and you took the potions? If not do it now. KH

I've taken my potions mummy dearest. HJP

What a good minion you are. The best place to get a high quality mattress is in Roppongi Hills, it's a ten-minute walk from your penthouse. There are tons of high-end shops and restaurants where you can have dinner. It would be good for your and your sexy Alpha to have a night out after being cooped up in your bedroom so long. KH

You're a genius. HJP

Of course I am. Gotta go. I turned away for one moment and the boys decided to try and kill each other. I'll see you Monday after I drop the kids off. KH

Okay. Have a great weekend. Thanks. HJP

Not a problem. And don't think I won't pry the details from you when we meet! KH

Harry groaned, set aside his phone, and swung his feet over on the sofa so they sat in Takashi's lap. Beside him, Takashi texted furiously on his own mobile but Harry smiled when Takashi absently rubbed his feet in between texts.

Harry leaned forward to grab the mail off the coffee table, ignoring the four waist tall mailbags in the corner. The bags were the first of his back logged fan mail he had to go through. Poor Kaori. Thankfully, the goblins already forwarded the cursed mail to the DMLE and sent the personal and business mail that had been mixed with the general mail with Hedwig. Even with the screening, he still had an avalanche of letters and birthday presents to go through. Thank Merlin he had hired Kaori.

"Okay, so I did need an assistant."
Takashi looked up from his phone, his mouth turning up in a smirk. After double-checking to make sure no spells, charms, or potions were on the mail, Harry scanned through the stacks Hedwig delivered. The goblins divided the mail by normal mail, physical gifts, monetary gifts, business requests, and letters from friends, acquaintances, enemies, and strangers. He went through his personal stack while stroking Hedwig's feathers once she'd flown over and landed in his lap.

Viktor Krum had sent him a nice letter along with a pair of special omnioculars that recorded what the person viewed. The set Viktor given Harry was this year's Quidditch World Cup, which Bulgaria won. Viktor had also sent him the Firebolt he'd flown during the match that had autographs of the Bulgarian and Spanish teams on the handle. Needless to say Viktor was his new best friend. Fleur Delacour sent him a long letter and a line of magical hair and beauty products, which of course amused Takashi. Neville and Luna got him Japanese cookbooks and supplies common in a Japanese kitchen. Percy sent him a book that listed the history of old pureblood families including the Potters, which brought tears to Harry's eyes. George sent him products from WWW and a long letter to let him know he'd been released from house arrest and married Adrian Pucey. George's happiness exploded across the parchment. In the letter, George warned him of the mayhem Ron and Ginny planned when the new school year began, pleading with him to watch his back.

He showed the letter to Takashi and opened his letter from Hogwarts that listed his O.W.L results. Results Harry was less than happy with. Now that the blocks were off and he had Riddle's memories and knowledge inside his head, he knew he could've done better. Harry felt as if he had wasted five years of schooling and had to start from scratch.

"I need to have Kaori draft a letter to Hogwarts and tell them I won't be returning."

Takashi scowled as he scanned George's letter. "Those two need to learn a lesson."

Harry shrugged and pulled out Percy's letter to read. While he adored the gift, one had to wind their self up to actually read any treaty Percy decided to write. "I'm just glad I don't have to deal with them any longer."

In addition to the gift, Percy had written a dry missive about the political climate and warned him Bellatrix Lestrange was on the move and the Carrows had been working with her and wanted revenge for him killing Voldemort.

"I haven't given a thought to all the issues back in Britain," he said aloud, which caused his husband to lift his head from where he had begun texting again. It seemed as if Takashi controlled the world with only a few clicks of his mobile. Harry only hoped he hadn't organized Ron and Ginny's murders.

"Settle first."

"Do I have time to settle? I need to be ready when they come after me. I have a lot of Voldemort's knowledge but no experience. Plus, I'm having trouble using the focus ring, it works differently than wands."

"It's only been a week. Adjust first, train later," Takashi said firmly. "Tutors?"

Harry smiled. He really was getting used to Takashi speak.

"I was going to begin interviewing after I finished the language course, which starts Monday and lasts until the first of September."

Takashi nodded and put away his mobile. "Good plan. For now self-study with magical theory..."
books, we'll cast translation charms on them."

"Wish I could put a translation charm on myself," Harry muttered. He tilted his head and squinted as he attempted to sort through the pile of information floating around his brain. "Hmmm. I know one that will translate everything people say, but I would have to do the charm on everyone I encountered. Annoying."

"Wouldn't retain anything."

"You're right. There is no easy way," Harry groaned. "Let's go out. I'm feeling restless and Kaori told me we could get a new mattress and dinner in Roppongi Hills. Do you know where that's at?"

"Ah."

"While we're out maybe we can go to magical Tokyo and get the theory books first then come back here to go to the place Kaori told us about to get the mattress and eat dinner?"

Harry stared into magnetic dark, gray eyes and gave his best-kicked puppy look. Takashi chuckled and pulled Harry into his arms, covering his mouth over Harry's. One would think after spending the last few days doing nothing but having sex, Harry would get tired of Takashi's touch. He wasn't. Harry melted into his Alpha's arms. Takashi was a wonderful kisser. Harry could never get tired of the way he tasted. Harry felt the loss when Takashi rose off the couch and gathered their things to leave.

They had a wonderful time wandering the shops in magical Tokyo looking at things that caught their fancy. As they explored, Harry learned his Alpha had a passion for small animals and art and filed the information away for future reference. Harry was also amazed at the respect and reverence that followed Takashi wherever they went. It was weird after seeing Takashi so relaxed when it was just the two of them only to watch him slip into a more formal, public persona as strangers stopped, bowed, and used any excuse to spend a couple minutes in Takashi's presence. It was liberating to be ignored. In Britain he was the one everyone clamored to speak with, now he could slide into the background and be unnoticed like he always wanted.

When they reached the bookstore, Takashi grabbed several books that explained the history and use of focus rings. While wandering Harry found magical flashcards in the children's section that taught children Kanji, hiragana, and romanji.

Harry sighed as he looked at the flashcards. It was overwhelming, three written languages. How did they ever keep things straight? "I'm never going to learn this."

"You're smart, determined, and have my help."

Harry opened his mouth to make a comment about Takashi's ego, when someone spoke up behind them.

"Mori-senpai?"

They swung around, a petite young girl in her early teens stood behind them in traditional dress an armful of books clutched to her chest. An Omega Female. Harry smelled youth, innocence, purity, and the scent of fresh juniper. She was beautiful.

Takashi bowed. "Hori-chan. How are you?"

The girl frowned when Takashi addressed her in English and flicked Harry a wide-eyed look of startlement. The girl stiffened once she scented his and Takashi's bond. Harry could have sworn he
saw a look of deep disappointment flash across her face before she smiled at Takashi. During their conversation, which was in rapid Japanese, Harry caught a couple words like friend, sister, and Hoshimi. She was apparently a friend of Takashi's sister and from the way she gestured, he supposed she was in the store looking for books for a homework assignment and wanted to know where Hoshimi was. Takashi informed her in English she was away learning the family business.

"She has a crush on you," Harry said once she walked away. "Was disappointed you were mated."

Takashi shrugged. "It's a crush. She's a baby, a baby who's disappointed I only saw her as a child."

"Really, I missed that."

"I deliberately called her Hori-chan. Chan is an honorific used for close friends or family members, which she is not or young children."

Harry smirked and straightened feeling better about the encounter. His Alpha was a subtle genius. "Poor girl. I almost feel sorry for her. Does that happen a lot, you being accosted by fan girls?"

"Remember, rich, good looking, powerful, good in bed."

Harry snorted. "More like huge ego."

"Really," Takashi drawled out his voice deepening. He bent down and whispered in Harry's ear causing shivers to race up and down Harry's spine. "So you're saying I'm not good in bed? Apparently I didn't do a good job satisfying you and will have to spend tonight proving otherwise."

"Dear Merlin." Harry managed.

He hoped he still had potions left because from the determined look in Takashi's eyes, Harry didn't think he'd be able to walk in the morning.

Harry walked into a beautiful, new world and it was mind-blowing.

Walking ten minutes from their flat was like going from Surrey to Piccadilly Square, only more put together. Roppongi Hills in Midtown Tokyo felt as if you entered a different world. Piccadilly could never be as amazing as Tokyo at night. Buildings rose in the sky while tree lined streets with Christmas lights draped upon them lit up the night. Every few feet were elaborate art sculptures decorating pristine sidewalks. Despite the huge crowds, not a lick of garbage, dirt or dust could be seen anywhere. Delicious scents from the various restaurants in the area filled the air and made Harry's stomach growl with envy. It was beautiful, overwhelming. Harry found himself spinning around taking in everything with eyes as huge as Hagrid's dinner plates.

"Wow."

Takashi frowned. "I didn't know you'd like it so much. I should've purchased an apartment here instead."

Harry looked about, at the crowds the noise and finally shook himself out his stupor as he grabbed hold of his Alpha's hand. "You did good. Our place is peaceful. This is great to visit, even close enough to walk to but I doubt I'd be comfortable living in such a busy area on a daily basis."

Takashi smiled and led the way inside the tower and to a home interiors store. Harry shook his head as clerks jumped to attention the minute his Alpha crossed the threshold. They treated Takashi and
by extension himself as if they were royalty while they tested several mattresses before agreeing on one. The sales clerk swore to have it delivered to their penthouse within the hour. Afterward, they wandered other shops hand and hand before stopping for dinner at an Italian restaurant.

The restaurant they stopped in was beautiful. Vines of what looked like cherry blossoms were hanging from the ceiling. A large fresco fireplace dominated the room, and thirty circular tables surrounded by club like chairs. Takashi ordered a ravioli dish with seafood meat and vegetables. Harry ordered braised pork with polenta and vegetables. Everything tasted divine and it felt wonderful to be out and about with his mate.

"I'm not ready to go home yet," he told Takashi looking about him in excitement as he saw the fashionable people enjoying their evening meal.

"Movie or nightclub?"

Harry cocked his head as he thought about it. "Will the movie be in English?"

"A lot of foreigners live in this area, so you'll find new releases in English with Japanese subtitles."

Harry grinned. "Movie."

They were going over the dessert menu when four wizards dressed in black suits with gun holsters strapped to their bodies entered the restaurant. The patrons gasped as they watched the wizards who made no pretense of hiding their non-magicals weapons. Harry looked at Takashi alarmed, but as always his Alpha looked utterly calm as if their appearance didn't faze him. Sometimes it sucked to have a stoic mate. He subtly palmed the wand hidden in its invisible holster and twirled the focus ring on his hand when the men stopped at their table and bowed respectively towards Takashi.

"Our master requires your presence," they said politely in English.

Harry stiffened, but Takashi merely nodded before going into his pocket to grab his wallet to pay for dinner.

"Your meal has been taken care of."

"Thank you." Takashi rose from his chair before helping Harry do the same.

"Takashi?" Harry whispered worried as they followed the men out the restaurant to the curious stares and whispers of the diners.

Takashi shrugged carelessly as if they hadn't been abducted. "Probably just got tired of waiting to meet you."

"Who?" Harry asked confused. He then thought of the huge sign outside the skyscraper and the plaques and signs inside the building. The building they were in was called Mori Tower. He sighed. He was an idiot. "Your family owns the building?"

"Great uncles," Takashi answered.

Harry stopped and stared at his mate who just shrugged and took his hand pulling him so they could keep up with the guards.

"Really," Harry asked for the first time fully understanding why Haruhi uttered rich bastards whenever her friends casually dropped mind-blowing details about how much money they had.
"Ah. Grandfather's brothers."

Harry never thought of Takashi's extended family, but he supposed since Japan hadn't been decimated like Europe due to back-to-back wizarding wars it made sense that Takashi would have a large extended family. Wizards lived longer than non-magicals, after all Dumbledore was over a hundred years old.

"Your grandparents are still living?"

"Ah, on both sides. Great-Grandfather as well. Didn't want to overwhelm you."

Harry nodded relieved. "So your family is involved in more than farming and food distribution?"

Takashi shook his head. "Not my immediate family. Grandfather as oldest son inherited the farms and auction houses, which has been in our family for generations. Great-Uncles used their inheritance to start a real estate and development company. They developed the twenty-seven acres around Roppongi Hills as well as numerous projects across Asia."

"Wow."

"Ah. Together they're richer than Bill Gates."

Harry tensed wondering what he'd gotten himself into. No wonder Takashi's mother, Satoshi, and Hoshimi were such brats. Harry was frankly amazed they were as normal as they were now he knew Takashi's family's status in the world.

"What about your father, does he have brothers or sisters?"

"Ah. Twin brothers and a sister, which is unusual since my grandparents are betas. One uncle is a professor at the magical college; the other heads Japanese Magical Diet. It's like the American Senate and House of Representatives. My aunt is a homemaker. Her husband is a squib and an executive in Great-Uncles company."

They entered a private elevator with only the buttons to three floors displayed on it. Harry felt the magic wash over them as they entered and the elevator rose through the air stopping on a hidden floor at the top of the tower. Harry followed quietly as they walked down the hallway. Not knowing what to expect, he gripped his husband's hand tightly.

"Family apartments," Takashi soothed.

Considering how well everything went the last time Harry met Takashi's family, he wasn't holding his breath. They stopped at a door at the end of the hallway before the guards bowed and walked away. Takashi took a deep breath and opened the door to an elaborate penthouse apartment decorated as if it was a relic from feudal Japan. Elaborately painted shoji screens, knick-knacks that looked as if they were family heirlooms were placed around the space. Harry felt as if he had entered a museum. Harry looked around dazed as he removed his shoes and allowed Takashi to pull him down hallways until they came to a magical greenhouse where an older gentleman with short salt and pepper hair in a buzz cut and glasses tended to the fruit and vegetables.

Takashi stopped in the doorway and bowed deeply upon seeing the man in traditional dress.

"Great grandfather. I was unaware you were in town."

The older man smiled fondly as he set down his garden implements, wiped his hands on a cloth, and gathered a bowl filled with fruit.
"I returned yesterday." The old Alpha smirked. "I imagine you were busy. Follow me."

Flushing at what the older Alpha implied, he and Takashi followed his great-grandfather and stopped in front of a doorway. The shoji screen in front of the room was an elaborate historical painting of what appeared to be several people having a tea break. The half-open room showed a Japanese style room filled with tatami floors and scrolls hanging on the walls.

"Since I interrupted your dessert, I'll serve dessert and tea while we talk. I'll join you shortly."

Takashi's great grandfather bowed and left them outside the room. Harry turned to Takashi who stared at his great-grandfather's retreating back his eyes popped wide with shock.

Harry sighed. He was tired of always feeling as if he missed something. "Taka?"

"Just go with it," Takashi whispered. "Follow me and repeat what I do, I'll explain later."

Takashi transformed in front of him, becoming reverent and awe-struck. He removed his slippers and ritualistically rinsed his mouth, bathed his feet, and hands with the provided stone basins while Harry did his best to mimic Takashi's actions. Afterwards they donned special socks that were in a cabinet for their use that looked as if they were used with flip-flops. Takashi took and handed him several items out of the antique cabinet outside the door to include handkerchiefs and an elaborately painted fan. They were in a small reception room when his grandfather appeared and bowed before them, then he and Takashi bowed, before being moved into what Harry supposed was the dining room. They weren't allowed to walk on the tatami mats and Harry knew he probably looked like a fool trying to imitate the elegance Takashi had shown as they made their way inside the room where they sat crouched down on their knees on a low table. Soon Takashi's great-grandfather entered the room through another door and joined them.

Takashi chatted with his great-grandfather in an oddly formal manner while the man seemed to heat water for tea. They spoke about the room, the design, the artwork hanging on the walls and the tools his great-grandfather used for preparing their tea. Every movement of his great-grandfather seemed oddly formal though soon, he began talking to them explaining, probably for Harry's benefit, everything he was doing and the significance behind it. Soon, he and Takashi were drinking bowls of a bitter, green tea while his great-grandfather looked on proudly.

Once they finished the tea, it became less formal though still very confusing. They were served delicious desserts made with the freshest fruits while they talked.

"I understand you've had trouble with your new in-laws," the older man said to Harry.

Harry flushed, how should he supposed to respond to that? "Yes sir."

"I suppose that's partly my fault," he answered sadly. "I was the one who insisted on the marriage contract between Takashi's parents. Akira is the first Alpha in the family since myself and I meddled a little too much in his life. As a young man, Akira became infatuated with a non-magical Omega Female he met at Ouran. I discouraged the match, causing him to break off the relationship. As years passed and it looked as if he wouldn't enter another relationship, I arranged the contract between Takashi's parents. She was seventeen, he twenty-eight at the time. Not a huge age gap when you consider the lifespan of magicals, my wife and I had a similar age gap and were very happy. However, I failed to take into consideration the difference in their maturity levels. Akira became frustrated with his wife's immaturity, which I admit she never really outgrew. I discouraged Akira's original choice because of what I had been through with my Omega, who had been a squib from the Haninozuka line."
Harry was curious, but didn't know if he should ask further questions. Morinozuka-sama seeing the question in his face, smiled somewhat sadly.

"My mate was not magical. I lost her before she turned fifty and because of my magical genes, I looked much younger than she did. Once Morinozukas leave puberty they tend to look the same as they did as teenagers until they reach their forties. I've lived without her longer than I lived with her. An Alpha without an Omega is a lonely life, a life I didn't want for my grandson."

"Oh," Harry said with dawning realization. "That would suck."

"But as my grandson recently pointed out, it is better to have a short life with someone you love than a long one with someone with whom you can't respect or love."

"Good point," Harry whispered.

Harry felt Takashi's hand grab and squeeze his underneath the table.

"How are you getting along with my great-grandson, is he treating you well?"

Harry flushed. "Yes sir."

"Hmpf," he said shooting Takashi a fierce glare that said he better be treating Harry correctly. "I'm glad."

They spoke for another half-hour where the older Alpha grilled Harry on his plans, hopes, and dreams for the future, before he dismissed them to enjoy the rest of the evening. Harry found him his shoulder's relaxing and breathing once again when the door to the apartment closed behind him.

Takashi chuckled. "He has that effect on everyone. Ready for the movie?"

Harry nodded firmly anything to take his mind off that nerve-wracking experience.

Harry woke the next morning to discover two things. He was sore from he and Takashi's nightly activities and he was alone. The bond he had formed with Takashi let him know his mate was not in their apartment. Not that he could fault Takashi for leaving, it had been over a week since his Alpha last visited the dojo. It was time they got back into their routines, including him. After showering, dressing, and downing potions to ease his sore muscles Harry cooked breakfast. For once, he skipped the healthy breakfast fare Takashi preferred and made a big breakfast consisting of a vegetable omelet, thick French toast, and mounds of bacon. While he ate, he wrote out thank you letters for his birthday presents. He was half-way through his meal when Takashi returned.

"Want to go to Karuizawa?"

"Where Haruhi is?"

"Ah." Takashi sat down and ate the rest of Harry's omelette instead of making his own plate. "Tamaki called the Hosts this morning. He found out she's there and decided we should go as well."

"Poor Haruhi."

"Ah. We have a cottage in the area. We can stay there, or in Mitsukuni's family's cottage, which is closer to the pension where Haruhi works. The others will probably stay at the bed and breakfast with Haruhi."
"But don't you want to be with your friends?"

"I'd rather be with you Harry."

Harry sighed. "You don't have to baby me. I'll eventually find my own way and make my own friends. Maybe I should stay here. I start my language course Monday anyway."

"I want you to come."

Harry looked at Takashi and nodded when he realized he was serious.

They packed for the weekend and soon Mitsukuni's car arrived to take them to the private airport to meet the rest of the Hosts. Harry was nervous meeting Takashi's friends. How would he a newcomer fit into established relationships. What if they hated him for being English like Takashi's family had? Takashi must have felt his nervousness as he held his hand as he talked with Mitsukuni.

All too soon, they reached the airport. A helicopter surrounded by luxury Rolls Royces', Mercedes Benz's and the like stood waiting for them while Takashi's friends milled about in designer outfits leaning against their vehicles. Mitsukuni jumped out the car and raced toward the other Alphas, a pink bunny clutched to his chest.

"What's up with the bunny?" he whispered to Takashi.

"His grandmother gave it to him a month before she died. They were very close."

"Oh," Harry whispered softly thinking of Luna and her radish earrings, earrings she had made with her mother before her mother passed away. He suddenly felt great empathy towards the other Alpha.

"Ready to meet the Hosts?" Takashi asked.

Harry took a deep breath and nodded. Takashi stepped out the vehicle and held out his hand to help Harry step out. The minute his feet stepped on the tarmac, the group of Alpha's nostrils flared and their bodies stiffened and went on high alert. Alpha's scenting prey. The expressions on their faces went from hunter scenting prey to twisted in confusion once they saw he and Takashi's joined hands and scented their mating bond. If Harry hadn't been so nervous he would've laughed at the expression on their faces.

"Hey guys," Mitsukuni piped up. "This is Harry-kun, Takashi's mate. He's still learning Japanese so speak English, ne?"

It was amazing to Harry that a man who didn't reach five feet and held a stuffed pink bunny could be so menacing that the other, taller Alphas flinched. The blond, Tamaki, rushed him and engulfed him in a Hagrid worthy hug, squeezing the life out of him as he swung him about only to freeze and set him down quickly when Takashi growled. Which Harry didn't understand. Now that they were mated, Takashi's scent was infused into his skin, which meant that another Alpha's scent wouldn't cling to his pores like it did before they mated. Was Takashi jealous? Tamaki seemed unfazed by Takashi's reaction and dramatically held out his hand for Harry to shake.

"I am Tamaki Suoh, leader and Prince of the Host Club. I'm glad our neighbor has met his mate."

Harry arched an eyebrow at Takashi, was this guy serious?

"Ah."

Harry gulped and took Tamaki's hand. "Nice to meet you."
"Well this is a surprise." A slim dark haired boy with glasses said, addressing him with a potent stare while adjusting the glasses on his face.

"Well what do you know," a pair of red haired twins approached Harry and circled the group while talking a mile a minute with mischievous grins on their faces. "A secret the Shadow King wasn't aware of."

"He must be slipping."

While their red hair came from a bottle and they could never be as in sync as the Weasley twins, it was eerie for Harry to see the identical twins.

"We have to leave now." Tamaki waved his body about like a ballerina, jumping in the air and landing gracefully on his feet as he posed as dramatically as a bad actor in a stage play. "Even now my darling daughter is being conscripted into indentured servitude."

"Seriously?" Harry asked gaping at the blond.

"Yes," the boy in glasses, Kyoya, told him. "But he means well."

Takashi and Mitsukuni nodded with long suffering expressions on their faces.

They headed to the helicopter. Thankfully, the copter was so loud it was difficult to speak so Harry curled up at Takashi's side flipping through the cookbook Neville and Luna had given him while Takashi pointed to his favorite dishes. Karuizawa was fifteen minutes from Tokyo by air. Harry was jerked out of his relaxed state when Tamaki hung out the open door of the helicopter and began shouting into a microphone in Japanese.

Once they landed and the boys had harassed Haruhi enough he went up to her and gave her a hug.

"You're right, annoying."

Haruhi lifted a hand to her mouth to cover her giggles, which only riled Tamaki more.

"Neighbor, why is your mate hugging my daughter."

"Friends."

Then they began speaking Japanese. Harry wasn't able to catch the rapid fire exchange that followed, the only word he was able to catch was that Tamaki kept calling Haruhi his daughter.

"Daughter," he asked Haruhi incredulously. "Really?"

She rolled her eyes, pulled away from his embrace, and glared at the hosts.

"Can you go now so I can get back to work?" she asked them in English.

Kyoya adjusted his glasses with a smirk on his face and flipped through a small booklet. "Well, according to the Ouran Academy charter, Section 9, no student can have a part-time job."

Haruhi flinched and Harry glared at Kyoya for trying to manipulate her. Harry had only known Haruhi for a short time but he knew how important her scholarship was to her. He stepped up the Alpha and glared at him pocking his finger in the Alpha's chest.

"Bullocks."
The twins who had been performing some type of dramatic skit stopped and gaped at Harry.

"Excuse me?" Kyoya said calmly.

"I thought Haruhi was your friend, why are you manipulating her? What kind of friend are you anyway? One, she's not being paid. Two, that rule is stupid. If that rule was true everyone at your school would break it when they helped out in their family's business."

"Senpai," Tamaki cried dramatically. "Get your mate."

"Harry's correct," Takashi's deep voice intoned quietly.

"I can spend my vacation anyway I want," Haruhi beamed.

"And so can we," Tamaki said just as brightly.

The next few minutes were a blur. Unable to understand the rapid fire Japanese, Harry took a set on the porch surrounding the backyard the bed and breakfast. Kyoya ended up sitting next to him and explained that the rest of the hosts were having a contest. They would help around the pension and the winner would get the pension's last free room. Why they were having a contest to pay for a room when they each had homes in the area, Harry couldn't understand.

"Idiots."

Harry pulled out his correspondence from his backpack and began reading through business manager applicants.

"What is that?"

"Work. Good thing I don't go to Ouran," Harry snarked still annoyed with the Alpha.

Kyoya's glasses glinted. "You are unlike any Omega I've ever met, even the rare male one's like Ranka-san or the twins father."

"You must not get out much." Harry told the Alpha. Kyoya looked amused and Harry shrugged. "I'm a foreigner."

"It's more than that."

"I'm looking at CVs for business managers for my company that my account manager forwarded to me," Harry explained changing the subject.

"Your parents must be proud of you to give you such responsibility at . . . sixteen?"

Harry chuckled. "Is it a Japanese custom to beat around the bush instead of just asking someone what you really want to know?"

Kyoya laughed merrily. "Yes. You are interesting. So who are you and how did you become Mori-senpai's mate?"

"Our fathers were business associates," Harry explained. "When I was born our father's arranged our bond. My parents were murdered shortly thereafter and nefarious individuals attempted to control me and fortune for a while."

"Mori-senpai saved you."
Harry snorted. "I'm an Omega, not helpless. I saved myself. Takashi gave me the opportunity to leave England and have a fresh start . . . So do those three really believe they could have a relationship with Haruhi?"

Kyoya laughed. "Their delusions astound me. But it is more Tamaki and Hikaru, Karou is along for the ride."

They spent the next couple of minutes in companionable silence while Harry wrote his account manager to let him know who he wanted to interview and requested they perform background checks on the candidates he was interested in. After a while Haurhi joined them at the table.

"Sorry for barging in and ruining your peace and quiet."

She sighed. "I'm used to it, though I did hope I could use this time to catch up on my studies, but that doesn't look feasible now." She reached over and rubbed his back. "How is everything with you?"

Harry flushed. "Good. Something did happen yesterday that I didn't understand, but in all the excitement, I forgot to ask Takashi what it meant. It seemed important." He went on to describe the weird tea ceremony and both Haruhi and Kyoya were gaping at him once he finished. "I knew it, it was big deal?"

"Yes," Kyoya said solemnly. "The head of the Morinozuka family has formally acknowledged your mating by inviting you to such an intimate ceremony. It would be foolish for any member of his family to openly go against you when you have the head's support."

"And here I thought it was just some religious thing."

"That too," Haruhi said. "Tea ceremonies are an important part of Buddhist rituals. It is a way of showing the utmost trust and respect to the one you are serving."

Speechless, Harry pondered what the two told him, but he soon became thoroughly distracted from his musings when Takashi began chopping firewood with his shirt off. He quickly pulled out his mobile and snapped a series of photos, before getting up and handing Takashi a bottle of water from his satchel, which Takashi gulped down gratefully while giggling girls looked on.

"Sexy," Harry said to Takashi's smirk.

"Kyoya bothering you?"

"He's curious."

Takashi nodded. "His father is not a good man. Out of all his brothers, he treats Kyoya the worst, despite Kyoya being the only Alpha in the family. To compensate Kyoya likes to be in control. He'll have his team do a background check on you."

"He won't unearth much at most he'll find out about the Dursleys and my emancipation. The goblins did something where they control the information spread about me and my background to non-magicals. You really don't want to win this contest do you?"

Takashi shook his head. "My Alpha is trying to impress you."

"Just your Alpha, huh?"

Takashi flushed. "Well, me too. Am I succeeding?"
"Yes."

"Blow job?" Takashi asked hopefully.

Harry chuckled, his face suddenly bright red in response. "Pervert."
The Bounds of Friendship

Chapter Nine: The Bounds of Friendship

Saturday, August 5th, 2006 – Nagano Prefecture, Kitasaku District, Town of Karuizawa, Japan

The Alphas of Ouran High School Host Club were complete and total knob heads. Harry had no idea how Takashi, let alone Haruhi put up with their antics. It took all Harry's willpower not to curse the wankers. He even went for his wand a couple times; unfortunately, Takashi saw and took it from him. The Alpha was so not getting a blowjob tonight.

The twins won the contest and the last available room at the pension to Tamaki's horror. The hyperactive active blond's reaction to losing consisted of sulking in a corner, glowering, and throwing temper tantrums for the rest of the afternoon. After the second hour of Tamaki's dramatics Harry snapped. Wandless and unable to use the focus ring on his hand with consistent results, Harry at the end of his patience threw a quick, nonverbal, wandless stinging hex the moment Tamaki passed close enough to do so. Harry smiled with glee when the blond yelped and leapt in the air. He tried to look innocent when Takashi glared at him, but knew he had failed miserably and would hear it later. And to make matters worse, Mitsukuni had caught on to what he'd done and giggled, which made Kyoya eye them suspiciously. To cover his blunder, Harry gave a huge sigh and dug into his satchel quickly transfiguring one of his books into fake stun gun, which he pulled out and flashed Kyoya. When Kyoya chuckled, Harry breathed a sigh of relief, despite knowing he was still in trouble with Takashi. But seriously, how much nonsense must one person endure for a day?

The simple act of going to dinner even caused problems. Tamaki and the twins fought over which vehicle Haruhi would ride the short distance to town in. Fed up, he pulled Haruhi into the vehicle he shared with Takashi and Mitsukuni glaring at the wankers daring them to say something. He had never been so fed with another person in his life and considering he spent his formative years surrounded by Ron and Hermione that said something. Pleased they got his point, he stomped inside the car behind Haruhi. Once inside he slumped against Takashi and placed his head in his Alpha's lap. Takashi took the hint and massaged his temples.

"They aren't bad once you get to know them," Mitsukuni chirped.

Harry snorted in response. Haruhi giggled.

"He's right Harry."

"I'm giving that Kyoya the eight million yen you owe as soon as we get to the restaurant," Harry groused. "I'm worried for your sanity."

Haruhi chuckled. "No thanks. They are a bit much, but they're very loyal and it's nice to have friends no matter how crazy they are."

Loyal friends. Harry couldn't really argue with that, it was something he'd never had. Well, besides Neville and Luna. One could never forget Neville and Luna.

"Mitsukuni and I never really had anyone except each other," Takashi told him. "This is the first time we've been around people who had no ulterior motives."

"Kyoya has no ulterior motive?" Harry asked in disbelief.

Mitsukuni chuckled. "Kyoya, despite what he believes, is very honest and oddly transparent in his
manipulations."

Even Haruhi looked skeptical at that.

"He is. You just have to watch and get to know him. Compared to some of the more mean spirited
people we've dealt with, he's a pussycat."

Harry vowed to keep his opinions to himself and observe. He felt Takashi glaring at him feeling the
gentle knock on his occlumency shields. Lowering his barrier, he had a silent conversation with
Takashi where he swore to not do magic around the others. After Takashi's lecture, Harry decided he
wouldn't allow his act now ask questions later tendency expose Takashi as a wizard especially as it
was Takashi's secret to tell and he and his family had lived in the muggle world for generations
without exposing themselves. He wasn't going to be the weak link.

"I'll be good," he said aloud after his and Takashi's silent conversation.

They ate at a restaurant in town where they stuffed themselves on miso soup, tempura, and soba. As
they ate, everyone loosened up. It was hectic, loud, and great fun and allowed Harry to see different
facets of the Host Club. Of course, they all had an air of entitlement about themselves, which grated
on Harry's nerves just as it had with Malfoy, but unlike Malfoy, they were generous, fun loving, and
curious about the world outside their own. Harry finally saw why Takashi and Haruhi put up with
them despite their idiosyncrasies. It was hard to be angry with people who were genuinely curious
and wanted to get to know who you as a person and what made you tick.

After dinner, they with the exception of Haruhi and the twins descended on Mitsukuni's cottage.
Once inside, Mitsukuni leaned against him and used his best, innocent, wide-eyed expression until
Harry sighed with resignation.

"How you can still be hungry after all we ate tonight I'll never know," Harry said giving in. "But you
and the others are going to have to help. One mere baker can't keep up with your cake fetish."

Mitsukuni whooped and pulled everyone into the kitchen. Harry plugged his iPod into the speakers
and soon his rock playlist with bands such as Oasis, Nirvana, and Alice in Chains blasted throughout
the kitchen. He had everyone helping him make different cakes while they chatted and he prevented
disasters from the Alphas who with the exception of Takashi and Mitsukuni never done any type of
manual labor.

"You're very talented," Kyoya began. "Where did you learn to bake?"

Harry chuckled. Takashi was right, when you got down to it, Kyoya tactics were pretty obvious.

"My aunt, my relatives had large appetites and exacting tastes."

Harry snatched Tamaki's mobile out his hands and thrust a bowl filled with fudge cake batter for him
to stir. Tamaki spent the time since they arrived calling and texting the twins on their mobiles and
making a pest out himself, the twins should've just stopped answering their phones.

"What do your relatives think of you mating so young and moving to Japan?"

Harry smiled wryly and decided to answer because he knew this was information Kyoya could
easily find including him leaving home at eleven to attend the aptly named Medies Youth Academy,
an ultra-exclusive invitation only boarding school in Scotland, Hogwarts cover in the non-magical
world.

"Not much since they're in jail for child abuse."
Kyoya and Tamaki stopped what they were doing and gaped at him.

"Against you," Tamaki whispered horrified.

"Yes." Harry shrugged. "My aunt and mother did not get along." He pulled out an ice cream maker and began putting together ingredients for nashi (pear) ice cream. "My mother was like Haruhi actually. She was beautiful, intelligent, and determined to make a name for herself despite her working class upbringing. When she was eleven she was offered a scholarship to a posh boarding school. Among her group of classmates were four annoying, self-important rich boys who loved to harass her and try to involve her in their pranks, which she thought were stupid and immature." The Hosts rolled their eyes at Harry's smirk. "Despite annoying her to death, and calling the most annoying a toe-rag, she eventually fell in love and married him upon discovering the annoying exterior covered a heart of gold. They were very much in love. My aunt on the other had was not beautiful nor intelligent and ended up marrying an overweight, midlevel salary man, I believe you call them. She and her husband's hate and jealously towards my parents transferred to me when my parents died and I was left in their care."

A low-pitched, deep, rumbling howl erupted from Takashi's throat before he pulled Harry into his arms. Takashi's hands rubbed circles on Harry's back while he bent his body to nuzzle at the bonding mark on his omohyoid muscle. Harry relaxed into his Alpha's embrace and wrapped his arms around Takashi's waist.

"I'm okay," he whispered before kissing his husband and backing away.

Harry watched amused as Takashi flushed when his friends stared at him in wonder. Harry quickly got the others back on track with baking as he maneuvered around and began singing to the songs from his iPod to distract from Takashi, who was a private person and embarrassed by his public display of affection.

Soon they were sitting around eating the triple layer fudge cake, Dorset apple cake, and Victoria Sponge cake, along with his homemade ice cream. Getting the sense that the boys wanted to interrogate Takashi, he excused himself so the friends could hang out before making his way upstairs to the bedroom allotted to he and Takashi.

Out of habit, he warded the bedroom and prepared for his bath. One thing he became addicted to in his short time in Japan was the Japanese custom of Ohuro. He had never felt as clean and refreshed before experiencing Japanese bathing practices. After showering, he put fragrances into the tub and soaked for a half hour before getting out and pulling on his boxers. The room felt a little warm, so he opened the balcony door for fresh air before climbing in bed and pulling out his book on focus rings.

By the time Takashi returned to the room, Harry had fallen asleep sitting up with his book in his lap. His eyes opened when he felt Takashi pressing kisses up his thigh.

"Hey," Harry murmured shuddering at the feel of cool lips on his warm skin.

"Blow job?"

Harry chuckled though laughing was hard when Takashi's nibbled up and down his legs and thighs.

"You were mean to me," Harry pouted.

Takashi lifted up and blew his breath out over his clothed erection. "You performed magic around non-magicals, non-magicals who are suspicious idiots."

"You're point."
Takashi cocked his head at him. Grinning, Harry wrapped his legs around Takashi's torso and using magic was able to catch his Alpha off guard and flip him on his back. Scooting up he nibbled on Takashi's bottom lip.

"Meanie. Well, if you want a blow job, I think I'm due some payback first," Harry smiled.

Takashi groaned. "When you smile like that I know I'm in trouble."

Harry bent down and scraped his teeth on the curvature of Takashi's neck. "You know you love it."

"Yes," Takashi breathed.

Harry took a moment to gather his bearings before stepping inside the pension the next morning. It was a good thing he had. All hell had broken loose. Tamaki and the twins had lost their minds. The wankers had just realized the world did not revolve around themselves and Haruhi had a life outside of Ouran Academy and the Host Club.

They weren't taking the revelation well. They bakas foamed at the mouth as they jealously watched Haruhi chat with an old friend, a handsome Beta Male named Arai-kun.

The longer he watched Tamaki and the twins reactions towards Haruhi having a friend other than themselves, the more annoyed Harry became.

"Harry-chan's about to blow," Mitsukuni chirped.

Takashi mouth quirked into a smile. "Ah."

"Someone should," Harry snapped glaring at his Alpha who just shrugged.

Fed up with them all, Harry stomped over and pulled the three idiots into the corner. Harry allowed his magic flare. To non-magicals, it appeared as if he were surrounded by a dangerous aura, which is what he wanted. Harry took great satisfaction watching the three Alphas shrink back and cower under his gaze.

"Someone has to drag you bakas back to reality. Since your friends will not, I must." Harry crossed his arms over his chest and glared up at them. "While Mitsukuni pretends to be immature, you three really are. In your immaturity, you don't realize you have romantic feelings for Haruhi. Since you know you can't have a romantic relationship with her because of her designation, you've transferred your feelings into strange, obsessive behaviors you should be thrown in jail for. Tamaki-senpai, I don't know where your Daddy complex comes from but it's weird and perverted. Whoever led you to think or believe your behavior is normal is not leading you in the correct direction. Your Daddy antics doesn't endear Haruhi to you, in fact it annoys her and makes her not want to be around you." He glared at the twins. "Neither does acting jealous and possessive as if she owes you something. She does not. Bottom line, you are an Alpha Haruhi is a Beta. You don't fit. If you try, you will hurt her. Do you want to hurt her or do you want Haruhi to remain friends with you? Stop being selfish, spoiled brats and support your friend."

Harry turned and stomped away from them to plop down at the table in a seat next to Takashi pulling out a book from his backpack.

"Mori-senpai," Kyoya said in a soft voice that didn't fit his personality.

"Ah."
"If I had met Harry before you bonded, I would've stole him from you."

"Ah."

"As if I'd let you," Harry told Kyoya flipping through his book. "I'm more the strong, silent type over the sly, manipulative bastard hiding a heart of gold type."

Takashi's mouth quirked.

Kyoya's eyes gleamed behind his glasses. "You are interesting."

"That's Kyoya's code for you have a great ass and he wants to get inside it, Harry-chan," Mitsukuni said with a chuckle causing Takashi to bop his cousin on the back of his head and glare over at Kyoya.

"Mine," Takashi growled wrapping his arm around Harry's shoulder, pulling him close.

"Oy," Harry snapped elbowing his mate in the stomach but not leaving his embrace. "I'm not a toy to be fought over. Kyoya find something else to amuse yourself with instead of trying to provoke my mate before he snaps and slams his sword in your gut."

Kyoya smirked. "Very interesting."

"How long will those three sulk?" Harry changed the subject. Tamaki was in the corner rocking back and forth while the twins pouted over at the bar throwing glares at Haruhi and her friend then at Harry.

"Tama-chan will get distracted and join us if we ignore him long enough, but the twins will wait until someone pays attention to them and if we don't they'll cause a scene to get attention back on themselves." Mitsukuni said cheerfully twirling his bunny around in his lap.

Harry rolled his eyes.

"People deal with trauma differently Harry," Takashi lectured. "Some mature earlier than they should, some create and cling to new family ties, and some turn inward never trusting others but a select few."

Harry nodded and noticed Kyoya gaping at his husband.

"I mean really," Harry glared at the boy. "Just because he doesn't care to doesn't mean he can't speak more than a word or two. I mean really, it's not as if you don't know he's second in his year and only a couple points behind Mitsukuni in your school rankings. He's not an idiot. How do you think we maintain a relationship if we don't talk to each other? Did you think we spent our days in silence?"

"Well, when you're not copulating like bunnies, yes I did," Kyoya snarked back.

Harry blushed, especially as he thought about last night. He had warded the room, hadn't he? Mitsukuni seeing the expression on his face guessed what he'd been thinking and giggled.

"You left the balcony door open. You're a bossy little Omega aren't you?"

Harry banged his head on the table refusing to look up. He didn't think he could ever meet the other Alphas' gazes again. He had opened the balcony door for fresh air after he had initially warded the room, which negated the ward. They probably heard everything.

"Harry-chan don't be embarrassed," Mitsukuni continued happily hugging his bunny close. "You
have nothing to be ashamed of. It sounded like you strung Takashi out just as much as he did you.”

His head still resting on the table, Harry turned his head and glared at his Alpha. "What is with your family, they are all closet perverts!"

Takashi shrugged.

The twins and Tamaki stopped sulking once they realized Haruhi had inadvertently crushed Arai-kun's heart by being oblivious when he attempted to confess his feelings for her. While the hosts surrounded Haruhi for more information, he sat next to her friend and patted his hand.

"It's not you," he said softly. "Haruhi wants to honor her mother so she's focused on her education right now and pretty oblivious to anything else. If you really like her, stay in touch and be her friend. She'll come around."

He smiled. "Thank you."

"They're idiots." He said nodding to the Hosts. "But they're protective of her, so she's safe at Ouran."

He nodded rubbing the back of his head with a smile on his face.

Everyone joined them around the table listening to Arai-kun relate tales of Haruhi in middle school. Since Arai-kun's English wasn't good Harry only caught a couple words. But Hikaru's mutters increased. He must have said something bad because Haruhi stomped over and smacked him after giving him a lecture on proper behavior. Hikaru snapped at her before the twins rushed upstairs to their room. Harry looked to Takashi but he was glaring at the twins backs.

"Bad?"

"Ah."

They eventually left the pension to spend quality time together before Harry headed back to Tokyo. Leaving Takashi's friends to their antics, they walked into town and rented bikes to sightsee. The only problem with this plan was Harry had never ridden a bike before and crashed to the ground the second his feet left the ground.

"Harry!"

Takashi was at his side in an instant lifting him and the bike off the ground and hugging him.

"Well," Harry began embarrassed face red. "That was a lot harder than Dudley always made it out to be."

"You've never ridden?"

"No."

Takashi spent the next hour patiently showing Harry how to balance himself on the bike. After he mastered balance, it was easy to pedal, break, and ride the bike. Although, Harry was a little wobbly, he was able to ride on his own.

"This is fun," Harry beamed. "Where are we going?"

Takashi smiled. "The lake."

He and Takashi rode through town with Takashi pointing out different sights along the way until
they reached Kumobaike. Harry stopped his bike and gasped in awe once they reached the entrance to the park. Taking out his mobile, Harry snapped photos of the lake and the leaves with their different hues of deep red, yellow, and green. Putting his mobile back in his satchel, he reached over and kissed his mate.

"Thank you. This was a great idea. It's beautiful."

Takashi flushed. "Theirs more to see."

Pedaling their bikes along the bike path, they weaved through tourists, wedding parties taking pictures, photographers with cameras on tall tripods, and the occasional swan that had wandered out of the lake and stumbled along their path. Takashi pointed to one of the houses across the lake, a Victorian looking estate.

"Our cottage. Next time we visit, we'll stay there."

Harry nodded eagerly, his eyes wide. They had a great time chatting as they biked around the lake. Since Harry was getting used to the bike and didn't want to stop, they decided to keep going and biked to Shirato Falls. Once they arrived at the waterfalls, they stopped and had lunch at a food stall before entering. Harry loved the waterfalls and spent several minutes watching water that seemingly flowed directly from the mountains. They jumped off their bikes to wade through the various waterfalls and take pictures, even getting lucky enough to have a fellow tourist take a picture of both of them standing in front of one of the waterfalls.

Once they left Shirato Falls, they biked to town, returned the bikes, and wandered around. Harry dragged Takashi into a furniture store that specialized in carved wooden pieces. Harry brought a couple things to ship back to the apartment including his favorite piece, a unique mix of a sofa and buffet table that would perfect for storing fancy dinnerware that had stair chest of drawers on the side for other storage. He fell in love with the piece at first sight and couldn't walk out the store without it. They spent the rest of the afternoon wandering through the mall and picking up whatever caught their fancy. After dinner, they headed back to the cottage where a very possessive Takashi spent over an hour marking him and making sure his scent was infused inside Harry's pours as they made love before he allowed him into the car to head back to Tokyo.

That night, alone in the penthouse Harry found it hard to sleep without Takashi's body curled underneath his, and had his first nightmare in ages. So it was a very groggy Harry that stumbled out of bed Monday morning. Kaori met him inside the car and rode with him to his lessons. He shoved the customary souvenir gifts into her hands and took a deep gulp of his tea hoping the bold flavor would wake him up.

"Tiring week," she asked with a cheeky grin.

"Are you going to answer the mail at my place or yours?"

"Probably yours, less distractions. Speaking of distraction, did you really think that pitiful one would work on me?"

Harry stuck his tongue out.

"Careful, who knows where that tongue's been."

"Why did I hire you?"

"You love my charming personality? Seriously, you enjoyed yourself right." Kaori's cheerful masked slipped and she peered at him worriedly. "You're not acting like a blushing virgin because you're
embarrassed and didn't enjoy yourself are you."

Harry flushed. "I am embarrassed because your making me embarrassed with all your questions not because of what . . . I did enjoy myself, very much so."

Kaori relaxed and smirked. "Good. It would've been a waste if a man as handsome as your Alpha was a dud in bed."

Harry snorted with laughter and turned the conversation back to business.

His language lessons were actually cram sessions to see how much practical Japanese they could force down his throat in a month of intensive, daily classes from eight in the morning to five in the afternoon. He sat in a room with a Japanese tutor who refused to speak English. They communicated by gestures, pictures, and repetitive speech patterns as he listened to the woman tell him about herself. She then expected him to return the favor with perfect grammar and elocution. That took several hours and once done, Harry reviewed what he had learned by going through workbooks before switching tutors.

The second teacher took him to lunch while explaining the meal and talking about himself in Japanese and Harry did the same before they went back to the classroom. By the end of the day, Harry felt as if his head were about to explode from information overload.

Not relishing heading back to the empty penthouse, he asked his driver to drop him off in a non-touristy area where he walked around, wandered in shops, ate at local food stalls, and chatted with locals practicing his limited Japanese before heading back to the apartment when he couldn't put it off any longer. Takashi called on his way back to the penthouse and at Harry's insistence, they conducted a somewhat nursery school conversation in Japanese where they discussed their day and how much they missed each other. But unlike his tutors, Takashi would actually explain things in English when he got words wrong or didn't understand, which reinforced his earlier lessons.

The rest of Harry's week went the same way but during his nightly wanderings one evening, he walked into a bookstore hoping to get more language materials and scented another Omega Male. The other Pure Omega Male was a somewhat feminine looking Asian male with long, Farrah Fawcett hair that hung past his shoulders. He wore jeans with chains dangling from the pockets, black trainers, a black tank top, and several necklaces, wrist cuff, and a watch as accessories. He looked cool. The boy beamed and dropped the books he'd been shelving once he sniffed out Harry and ran over to give Harry a hug.

"Konbanwa (Good evening)," Harry laughed and spoke in stilted Japanese. "Nice to meet you."

"Sorry," the boy said pulling back with a smile. "You're the only other Omega Male, I've come across and your my age too. I'm Nakamura, Atsuya."

Harry laughed. "Morinozuka, Harry."

Atsuya-kun introduced him to his curious parents, a Beta couple who ran the bookshop. They helped him pick out Japanese language books while they chatted. Harry had an enthusiastic if somewhat stilted conversation in an odd mixture of Japanese and English.

Atsuya-kun was seventeen and his English was of course better than Harry's Japanese was, but they enjoyed each other's company despite the language barriers. Harry didn't want to leave so he sat in the shop and chatted with the other Omega while he worked. Atsuya-kun was an unbounded virgin and wanted to wait to bind himself to an Alpha once he finished University. He was in his second year of the typical three-year Japanese high school system and hoped to enter University and receive
a degree in architecture, which his parents fully supported. Since it was getting late, they made plans to meet up Saturday and spend the day touring Tokyo by bike checking out various buildings Atsuya-kun wanted to photograph. That night, Harry excitedly told Takashi he might have found a friend.

Friday instead of doing his usual rambles about the city, he rushed home to find Takashi awaiting him. The moment Harry entered the genkan his Alpha pulled him into his arms, pushed him against the wall, and snogged to him death, actions Harry fully participated in.

"I missed you too," Harry said in Japanese one they came up for air.

A small quirk of the lips was Takashi's reply. His mate took his hand and walked him into the great room where Harry stopped short and felt his eyes well with tears. Prominently displayed was a bike, protective gear, riding outfits, and trainers. Knowing Takashi, he would bet they were the best money could buy.

"You spoil me," he whispered.

"Need it."

Harry just wrapped his arms around Takashi's waist and held tight. Takashi tilted Harry's head up, raked his hands through Harry's short hair as they kissed until Harry's stomach grumbled which made them laugh.

"I'll make something quick. Hungry?"

"Ah, missed your cooking."

Grinning happily, Harry dragged Takashi into the kitchen and grilled steaks with mushrooms and onions with vegetables while Takashi leaned against the counter and watched. It didn't take long before they were sitting at the table eating dinner.

"What else happened in Karuizawa that you didn't have time to tell me on the phone?" Harry asked not realizing he still spoke in Japanese.

Takashi rolled his eyes good-naturedly and described the fallout of Hikaru's actions and the disaster of a date Hikaru went on with Haruhi and Tamaki's fury at Hikaru leaving Haruhi alone during a thunderstorm when Haruhi was terrified of them. Through blunt force and scathing honesty employed by Tamaki of all people, Hikaru learned to be less self-absorbed, but he was still possessive over Haruhi, leery of any friends she made that weren't part of their group. He acted like a jilted lover, especially when Haruhi spent the day with Arai-kun, and Takashi and Mitsukuni had to stop the others from following her. Takashi relayed all this in Japanese, using basic words but Harry had to stop Takashi several times to get him to slow down and explain what he had been saying.

After dinner, they lounged in the living room while Takashi watched a news program and Harry worked on his textbook.

"New book?"

"Hmm. Atsuya-kun no otosan recommended it. It's a big seller with English exchange students from the nearby university. Teachers use it as a textbook for foreign students. I like it because my tutoring focuses on conversational Japanese, this explains grammar and the writing better so I'm getting the bigger picture even if it's from several different sources."

"Working too hard."
"I'll feel better once I can speak the language and can follow what's going on around me."

"You're doing excellent for only a week, I'm proud of you."

The Omega Male in Harry flushed at his Alpha's praise and curled into Takashi's side. "So find anything bad on the Nakamaras?"

"No. Typical Japanese intellectual Beta family, his grandparents are Beta's as well, your friend is the only Omega in his extended family." Takashi stopped and flushed when Harry smirked at him. "Yes, I checked."

Harry moved forward and nibbled on his lips. "Figured you would. You're good at being protective without becoming overbearing."

The next morning things returned to normal. Takashi went to the dojo and returned in time to eat breakfast with Harry.

"I feel bad deserting you today." Harry told him.

"Don't. Mitsukuni's coming, we're finishing our summer homework, then I'm meeting Chichi for a luncheon meeting."

"Invite him to dinner tomorrow."

Takashi nodded. "Make that shrimp."

"Of all the things I make, your favorite is just me throwing hot kosher salt over some shrimp and roasting it in the oven for a couple minutes."

Takashi shrugged. Harry quickly cleaned up and used magic to make sandwiches and cake for Mitsukuni before jumping on his bike and traveling the eight miles to Atsuya-kun's. His new friend was outside waiting.

"Kakkou ii bike, ne."

Since Atsuya-kun often talked in slang, it was hard to decipher what he said. "Kakkou ii?"

Atsuya frowned in concentration as he thought. "Cool?"

Harry grinned. "Yeah kakkou ii. It's a present."

Atsuya-kun chuckled and climbed on his own bike. "So your Alpha spoils you, huh? Speaking of spoiled Omegas my parents want you to come to dinner tonight so they can get your perspective on being a mated Omega Male before they decide if I'm free to live my life or be locked up until I'm forty."

Harry chuckled. "I'd love to eat dinner with your family, even with the interrogation."

"Are you sure? Anika (older brother) and Aneki (older sister) will be there as well. They will pester you with dozens of questions."

"In the polite, indirect Japanese way."

Atsuya-chan chuckled. "Is there any other?"
The spent the morning biking through various neighborhoods in the Bunko ward where Atsuya lived. Whenever Atsuya found an interesting building during their rambles, he would take pictures with his camera so he could draw them later. Harry gasped when they came to Ouran Academy and he saw the large, pink monstrosity.

"This is Takashi's school."

Atsuya-kun snorted. "Then you're really spoiled. This school was built for kids in the imperial family and the nobility. The wealthiest kids in Japan go here."

Harry laughed as Atsuya-kun continued taking pictures without missing a beat. What a difference Atsuya was from Ron who would've been burning with jealousy at the thought that Harry had more than he had. To Atsuya it was nothing, only something to tease him about; similar in the way Haruhi was with the Hosts who all had more than she had. Smiling, Harry followed Atsuya as they continued biking. When they got hungry, they stopped for zaru soba and vegetable tempura. After lunch, they met up with friends Atsuya knew from school while the boys taught Harry cool bike moves, laughed at his bad Japanese, and helped him make it better as they chatted while he helped them with their English.

Hanging out with Atsuya and his friends reminded Harry that the majority of the population was Betas not Alphas like the Weasleys or the Host Club or not Omega Males like he, Atsuya, and George. Alpha's outnumbered Omegas, Omega Males like he and Atsuya were rare, and it was unique for Harry to know other Omega Males beside himself.

Once it got late, they biked back to Atsuya's where his family lived in the floor above their shop and rented the other floor to tenants. Harry begged Atsuya's mother to let him help with prepare the meal when she was reluctant to accept help from a guest. He finally got her to agree when he informed her he wanted to learn to make more Japanese food his otto (husband) preferred and he had little experience with. With her help, he learned a couple more Japanese dishes. Dinner was served family style. Atsuya's family was interesting. His parents owned the bookshop and building and made their living that way, his older brother was on his summer break from graduate studies at MIT, an American University dedicated to math and science. His older sister was in her first year at Tokyo University for a degree in accounting. They Nakamuras were all math wiz's, which made Harry feel stupid for his year 6 education. His brother Sakuji's English was the best out the family as he had lived in America for two years and was more than happy to help with translations, because while the others all learned English in school they were better with writing it rather than speaking it. So it was an interesting and weird experience of having a half Japanese half English conversation with the family with Sakuji being the only one who completely understood both sides. The older boy spent the evening translating whenever someone missed the point.

"Was your bond arranged?" his sister Chikako asked. "Is that why you're married so young?"

Harry nodded and with a lot of help from Sakuji gave them the non-magical version of his life story. They asked him very pointed questions about his future, education, and what his Alpha felt about his goals in life.

"He's been great actually. I'm the one slowing down his plans. Right now, I'm focused on learning enough Japanese to walk around the city comfortably. Once I finish my cram course, I'll hire tutors to catch up on my education, which is sadly lacking and I want to have enough knowledge to run the business my parents left me."

The Nakamuras looked at him horrified.

"You're behind in your schooling?" Nakamura-sama who had been quiet the entire evening looked
Harry flushed. "I didn't live in the best environment in England. I'm happy to be in Japan."

"And be spoiled by your Ouran boy," Atsuya cut in with a grin when he saw Harry was uncomfortable with the direction their conversation headed.

"Your husband goes to Ouran?" Sakuji exclaimed. "I tried to take their entrance exam for scholarship students and didn't pass. It was brutal."

Harry nodded. "Haruhi, a friend of Takashi's is a scholarship student at Ouran. She was the first person to pass the exam in years. She wants to go to University and study law."

"Do you intend to go to University?" Nakamura-sama asked.

Harry nodded excitedly. "I should be caught up by the time Takashi finishes University here. We talked about going back to England for a couple years. I want to go to Oxford. By then I would have taken my A levels while he sits for an international law and business degree at Oxford as well. We decided to finish school before starting a family, especially when I discovered Omega Males tended to have multiples."

They laughed and continued to chat for the rest of dinner. After dessert, Harry went to Atsuya's bedroom where he looked through his friend's sketchpads of buildings and other pencil sketches he drew.

"This is amazing. You have great talent, don't let anyone tell you differently."

Atsuya flushed. "That's what worries my parents. That if I choose incorrectly my dreams will die."

Harry chuckled. "I can understand your fears, I had them myself, but bonding with an Alpha is not a slavery bond. It's like any other relationship with some weird rituals you occasionally perform." Atsuya snorted and Harry grinned. "Well at least it's like that with me and Takashi. I guess I'm lucky my bond was arranged because my parents knew the character of Takashi and his family. I still have free will even . . ." Harry flushed. "For me Takashi was my salvation, not my destruction."

"You don't feel a frenzy like you've lost all reason during your heat?" Atsuya sat up intrigued.

Harry shrugged though his face was red. "Umm, I felt the frenzy, but I still had my wits about me. Aside from the physical desires, it felt as if I was light headed and had drank too much. Kaori, my assistant who is an Omega Female told me when you're mated to a compatible Alpha the frenzy calms somewhat." The doorbell rang. "That's probably my car. You'll call?"

"Of course. I had fun and you are the only Omega Male I've met before. It's nice to hang with someone like me who understands."

They walked back to the living room but instead of his driver, Takashi waited for him, he looked handsome wearing one of his casually thrown together but immaculate designer suits.

Harry grinned. "Takashi, you and your father finished already."

"Ah."

Harry introduced Takashi to the Nakamuras. The father's eyes widened when he heard Taksahi's full name.
"It's a pleasure," the Nakamura patriarch looked more excited than Harry ever seen him as he bowed to Takashi. "I saw your match, it was amazing. Congratulations on your title it was well deserved."

"I tried my best."

"You never said your Takashi was Morinozuka, Takashi the World and National Kendo Champion," Atsuya complained to Harry in a loud whisper.

Umm, because I didn't know, Harry thought. He shrugged instead.

"I suppose he better have something to show for getting up to go to the dojo at the crack of dawn every morning."

Takashi's mouth quirked, and eventually they left the family and headed to the car where Takashi loaded Harry's bike in the trunk. Harry had a lot to think about. He was tired of being different.

"You're quiet Harry."

"Mmm. So are you."

Harry couldn't help but smile when Takashi quirked an eyebrow at him.

"Are you mad, I didn't tell you about Kendo," Takashi questioned. "I honestly didn't think about it."

"Mmm. No, of course not I know you're not one to brag, why would you think I'm upset about that?"

Takashi stared at him for a couple seconds before pulling him in his arms and stroking his hair. Harry shamelessly cuddled in Takashi's lap and closed his eyes.

"You didn't have a good time today?" Takashi tried again.

"The best."

"So what's wrong Harry?"

Harry shook his head but remained quiet. The rest of the trip was made in silence. When they returned to the apartment, they showered and Takashi led him to the hot tub off their private terrace. Harry groaned when the hot water hit his skin, even more so when Takashi grabbed his foot and massaged it. Harry sat back and closed his eyes as the tension left his body.

"I don't have a passion for anything." Harry told Takashi. The hands on his foot stilled. "You have Kendo, Atsuya has architecture and art. Haruhi has her drive to follow in her mother's footsteps, Neville plants, Luna magical creatures, George pranks, Percy rules and service, even Ron's desire to outdo his Alpha brothers and Ginny her obsession with the Boy-Who-Lived. Even people with bad obsessions are passionate about something and that passion forms their personalities drives them in life. I don't have a passion for anything. So who am I? What am I? Nothing."

Takashi straddled Harry's lap and bent down reigning kisses on his face before he grabbed Harry by his hair and pulled his head back.

"You are not nothing. You are Harry James Potter-Morinozuka, the most intriguing person I've ever met, and one who I am honored to have as my mate and husband." Takashi nibbled on his ear, Harry shivered. "You are dedicated to learning to improve yourself," he whispered before going down to nibbling at his lips. "You are passionate about justice, you are passionate about protecting others
from injustice," he whispered against his mouth. "You don't want anyone to suffer like you have. You are a vigilante who wants to right the world's wrongs." He pulled back a little and kissed his eyes. "Open up."

Harry opened his eyes and nearly shivered at the intensity in Takashi's gaze. "If nothing else know you are mine Harry Morinozuka. Mine to worship, cherish, and protect."

Takashi picked up Harry, dried him off magically, laid him on the bed, and proceeded to show Harry how cherished he was until Harry was so wrung out from pleasure he didn't have the energy to speak, moan, or gasp as Takashi took everything and gave it right back.
Chapter Ten: Back to London

Sunday, 13th of August 2006 – Tokyo Metropolis, City of Minato, Moto-Azabu District, Tokyo, Japan

Harry woke to the sounds of flesh hitting flesh. Alarmed, he leapt out of bed and ran down the hall to the dojo. Takashi and Mitsukuni were sparring, his mate was losing . . . badly. The shorter Alpha pummeled Takashi and tossed him over his shoulder before throwing him across the room. Takashi's body hit the wall with a thud. Crying out, Harry raced to Takashi and helped him to his feet. Takashi smiled to reassure Harry he was okay, but Harry didn't buy it. He could feel Takashi's pain through their bond. Annoyed, he stepped in front of his Alpha and snarled at Mitsukuni.

"Mitsukuni," Harry said with forced pleasantry. "It is important to me that my otto remain in one piece."

Mitsukuni straightened from his crouch and turned towards Harry. Harry's heart stopped. His heart hammered and it took everything in him not to turn tail and run away. He forcibly reminded himself he had faced Riddle and won and had nothing to be scared of, but Mitsukuni . . . the dark, angry aura surrounding the tiny Alpha terrified him. And now Harry knew what he had only suspected before: the tiny Alpha's cheerful and bubbling personality was a complete and utter smokescreen to mask this. Just when Harry braced himself for an attack, Mitsukuni blinked, his eyes, which had went a solid black cleared, and his countenance returned to normal.

"Okay Harry," Mitsukuni said cheerfully. "I won't hurt him too bad."

Takashi squeezed his hand in reassurance.

Harry took several clarifying breathes. He was going to let it go for now but he and Takashi were definitely going to have a serious chin wag (chat) about this latter.

"What would you like for breakfast?"

"Hmm, I can't say," Mitsukuni smirked as he gazed roamed down Harry's body. "I don't think anything can top seeing you in those tiny briefs."

Harry flushed as he looked down and saw to his horror that in his panic he rushed out the bedroom without dressing. Bowing, he ran out the room only to hear Takashi growl at his cousin and Mitsukuni's cheery laughter in response.

For breakfast, Harry made steamed rice bowls with soft-boiled eggs, Japanese pickle, with soy sauce and other pickled vegetables along with miso soup, natto, and boiled fish for him and Takashi as well as placing several potions besides Takashi's water goblet. For Mitsukuni he made an omelette, French toast, and home fries as well as placing a calming draught by Mitsukuni's glass. Hedwig flew over, dropped off his mail, and ate the left over fish while they chatted before she went to rest from her long flight. After everyone ate, and the boys drank their potions while calling Harry a mother hen, they went back up to the dojo. Harry cleaned then sat at the table and went through his correspondence. As it was obvious something was bothering Mitsukuni, he left the two to their own devices and spent the morning focused on his work jumping in surprise when his mobile rang.

"Moshi moshi?"
"Moshi moshi Harry-kun," Atsuya voice came across the telephone line. "Are you busy?"

Harry grinned, threw his quill down, and eagerly sat back in his chair lifting the two front legs in the air. "Nope saikin do (what's up)? All I've been doing is reading business reports. Why don't you come over? Takashi is hanging out with his cousin and they're doing the Alpha equivalent of banging their fists against each other's chests."

Atsuya chuckled. "Sure, where do you live?"

Harry gave Atsuya his address and directions on how to get to his building from the train station.

"Cool. See you soon."

Harry called the concierge to inform them he had a guest coming so they'd let Atsuya into the private elevator without hassle. An hour later, the doorbell rang. Harry went to answer it and laughed upon seeing his friend. Today Atsuya wore a pair of jeans and a white button up that held a picture of a blinged out baby wearing a top hat, with tattoos running up and down the its body.

"Ossu (hey dude)! Love the shirt. Come on in."

Atsuya walked inside the apartment and looked around wide-eyed. "Nice. The architecture is a great mixture of east and west, which is understandable given the neighborhood. I like it. It's huge but homey. Love the color."

"Thanks." He grinned proudly and led him to the kitchen. "My favorite room. Do you want a snack?"

"Are you kidding, I'm a growing boy, I can always eat."

Atsuya sat at the table as Harry made Knickerbocker glories. Once done he sat across from him as they ate. Atsuya played with his sundae for a while and Harry didn't need to use legilimency to know the Omega needed to speak to him.

"My parents are Betas as is the majority of everyone I know. Everything I know about being an Omega is from my doctors, books, or the occasional girls at school." Harry nodded understandingly and watched Atsuya twirl the sundae around the palms of his hands. "Being unmated sucks. My heats are awful. I go to a special ward in a clinic designated for Omegas. I have very little recollection of what goes on during that week, just the frenzy. The knowledge that there are days out my life that I don't know what I did or how I acted . . . that I would've welcomed sex with any Alpha that would've walked in the room. It is terrifying being so out of control of wanting something so bad and never getting it. My next heat is coming soon and I don't think I'm strong enough to go through another alone."

"But I thought you didn't want to mate yet."

"I don't."

Harry flushed. "Oh. What do your parents think?"

Atsuya face went red as well. "Horrified. Said I wasn't a prostitute. That I was meant for great things to be patient."

"I kinda agree with them."

"I know but it I . . . can't do it."
Harry sighed and rose from the table to begin his baking for tonight. "I'm not an expert, but for me sex is very intimate, very emotional. You aren't just exposing your body to someone but a big part of your mind as well. You're at your most vulnerable and if you don't know or trust the person . . . I can't imagine being intimate with anyone I wasn't bonded too."

Atsuya still looked mulish. "You haven't gone through a heat by yourself."

"True. But every Omega I've spoken to, even my friend George who is an Omega Male cautioned me to wait until I bonded despite the discomfort. His said it was better to go through a heat alone than rush and have sex and maybe bond with the wrong person."

"There are guards you can place around your neck to prevent accidental bonds," Atsuya said stubbornly.

Harry sighed as he thought over his heat and the desperate feeling of needing to be filled despite what Takashi had done. What if Takashi hadn't been there? Harry now had enough experience to know toys wouldn't have been enough. He shivered as he thought of being in a constant state of unfulfillment for days on end. At least he had gotten some respite and little breathers between bouts. What if he hadn't had that? Harry shivered wrapping his arms about himself. He supposed he could see Atsuya's point. It must be awful. Harry took a deep breath.

"Do you know any Alphas?"

"None that would be acceptable, who wouldn't take advantage."

Harry nodded. "Takashi is friends with a group of Alphas. They're idiots, but they're honorable idiots. I can arrange an accidental meeting and I'm sure once they've met you they'd be clamoring to make a good impression. But be sure this is what you want. It is awful, but it's only a couple of days out your life and birth control isn't 100% effective. Some Omegas have bad reactions to birth control without knowing why. My assistant had two kids while on birth control before doctors found a way to stop her from conceiving. At least she waited until she bonded to have sex, what would happen to you if you got pregnant with an Alpha you weren't bonded too? And you're an Omega Male. We're not talking one kid but several. The specialists I saw before I went through oestrus with Takashi warned me that because of my physiology I'd have at least triplets each time I got pregnant, maybe even quintuplets."

Atsuya's naturally pale skin went white. "Good point."

Hoping he scared some sense into his friend, and wishing that the non-magical world was as old-fashioned regarding sex as Britain's magical one, Harry made up batter for several different cakes and pies and got them in the oven. While the desserts baked, they went into the great room and Atsuya taught him a song he remembered from primary they used to teach kids their hiragana. They were giggling and laughing as he taught Harry the song when a large thump and Takashi's grunts filtered down from the dojo. Harry sighed.

"Umm, what's going on up there? Are you sure you are your Alpha's only Omega?" Atsuya joked.

Harry snorted and rolled his eyes. "He better not even think about it." Some unscrupulous Alphas had been known to bond with more than one Omega. "My Alpha has a healthy fear of me. He knows I'd kill him and hide the body parts." Atsuya laughed making Harry smile. "That's Takashi and his cousin trying to kill each other for sport." The timer in the kitchen dinged. "I've got to get the cakes out the oven. Do you want to check out the neighborhood and get lunch? My treat."

"Sure."
"Come on. Once I get the cakes cooling, we'll tell Takashi we're leaving."

They headed up the stairs and Harry sighed when he saw Mitsukuni bring Takashi to the ground and the visible bruises on his husband.

Atsuya gasped and stared at Mitsukuni wide eyed. "Wow."

"Can't you take your frustrations out in a way that won't cause damage to my otto?" Harry snapped.

"Sorry Harry," Mitsukuni said. He waved hello to Atsuya who waved back with his mouth open.

"You sure you're fine?" Harry asked Takashi resigned knowing Takashi wouldn't admit it.

"Ah."

"Atsuya and I were going to hang around the neighborhood, grab lunch. Theirs food in the kitchen."

"Remember Chichi will be here for dinner."

Harry nodded, waved, and headed out. Atsuya brought along roller blades which Harry had always wanted to try so after they ate they found a sports store where he got fitted for skates. As he tried a pair on, a group of four foreigner Alphas walked in the store. The Alpha's nostrils flared and they made a beeline to he and Atsuya. The ringleader came up to Atsuya and smirked down at the shorter boy.

"Naka ni hairu niwa ikura kakarimasuka? (How much does it cost to get inside?)"

Harry only caught that the jerk asked about the cost of something, but from the way Atsuya stiffened and glared, he could guess what the hentai meant. The way the Alphas crowded around them didn't bode well. Harry still sat on the bench wearing his skates and couldn't be much help. He didn't want to use magic and give himself away. He struggled to unlace his skates quickly, especially when Atsuya slammed the ringleader in his gut and brought the Alpha to his knees before glaring at the others.

"Leave." Atsuya said clearly.

They didn't listen. Just as the Alphas reached grab them a group of Beta Males in black snuck up behind the Alphas. They grabbed the back of the Alpha's necks and slammed their heads together before bowing to Harry and carrying the downed Alphas out the store. Once the threat was over, Atsuya sunk beside him on the bench and let out a relieved breath.

"You have a security detail?" Atsuya asked after several minutes of silence.

"Apparently," Harry said dryly. "I hadn't noticed really, they're very discreet. Does that happen to you often?"

"A bit, especially since I turned sixteen. I've been practicing martial arts all my life though. My parents insisted on it. I'm the baby of the family, the Omega and they're terrified of something happening to me. My mother keeps thinking that someone is going to steal me away for some weird Omega sex ring. She prays every time I leave the house by myself." Atsuya rolled his eyes and Harry chuckled at the annoyed expression on his face. "The few Alphas at school learned long ago not to mess with me, but when I'm out in public, I'm often stopped and flirted with. This is the first time it's turned physical though."

Harry sighed. "Another thing to add to the to do list, martial arts training."
"Well that guy, your Alpha's cousin could teach you. I've never seen anyone so skilled, especially a
kid. He must be amazing to easily bring down your Alpha."

Harry grabbed the skates and pads and made his way to the front to pay. "Mitsukuni? Oh, he's
seventeen and in his third year like Takashi. He's just short. Takashi said the majority of his family is
short, but that Mitsukuni isn't finished growing and will eventually reach 164 cm in two years.
Martial arts are his family's business, they own a chain of dojos and train the military, private security
firms, government officials and people like that so that's why he's so good."

"What's their name?"

"Haninozuka."

Atsuya stopped and stared. "Only you Harry-kun. No wonder you're surrounded by money. Next
time warn me before introducing me to a National treasure."

"Oh Mitsukuni's famous too?"

Atsuya rolled his eyes and just shook his head so Harry supposed he was.

They spent the rest of the afternoon in the park where Atsuya taught him how to rollerblade while
helping him memorize his hiragana and the greeting Harry wanted to perform for his father-in-law
tonight. When it began getting late, Harry walked Atsuya to the train station before slowly skating
back to the penthouse and falling down several times. From the amused chuckles he heard, he knew
that his guards were disillusioned close by, but he was too busy trying to focus to pay attention to
where they had hidden themselves.

Of course, Takashi had been informed about their encounter with the Alphas and pounced the
moment he stepped into the penthouse. Harry didn't think to protest when Takashi tossed him over
his shoulder and carried him to the bedroom.

"Hentai (pervert). You're helping me cook," Harry said when he could speak again.

"Ah."

They barely made it on time, even with magic and Takashi's help, which didn't help Harry's nerves.
He made ravioli stuffed with shrimp and tofu on a plate of olive oil with parmesan on top, and the
prep for shabu shabu, the dish Atsuya's mother showed him, which was thinly sliced beef dipped in
boiling broth and kelp that is served with tofu, rice, and vegetables. He also made appetizers, which
included Takashi's favorite salted shrimp.

"Is it enough?" Harry fretted. "Maybe I should've said yes to the chef. He'll hate it won't he? I don't
know enough about Japanese cooking. Or maybe this isn't high-class enough? Will he think it's
common?"

"It's fine."

Harry huffed and went over to clean the already spotless kitchen using his focus ring, which he
finally gotten the hang of. Takashi pulled him into his arms and kissed him.

"Relax."
The doorbell rang. Harry tore himself out Takashi's arms.

"I need to set out the appetizers and drinks." He rushed around grabbing dishes.

To Harry's relief Takashi kept his father in the genkan chatting, which gave him time to set the table and get the appetizers and drinks ready. The extra few minutes, also helped to calm his nerves just enough so by the time they came in he wasn't a stuttering mess and was ready to greet his father-in-law. Smiling nervously, Harry bowed respectfully to the older Alpha.

"Harry, your den is beautiful." Akira-sama had a wide smile on his face as he looked around. "Of course, I saw the pictures when Takashi purchased the apartment, but you transformed it. It feels like you." Akira-sama glanced at the picture of he and Takashi over the mantle place and chuckled. "I'd like a copy."

"Mochiron. Watashi wa, watashi ga appato ni nano o yatta ka no yo ni koeida. Yokoso Anata ga seki o riyo shitai to omoimasu."

Startled, Akira-sama followed his advice and sunk into the chair in front of him.

"Takashi told me you were working hard but that's very impressive for a week."

"Arigato gifu," Harry flushed. "Though I had help."

Takashi sat at the head of the table, Akira-sama on one side and Harry on the other, while they nibbled on appetizers.

"Do you like your classes?" Akira-sama asked still speaking Japanese.

"Hai. I wish it was focused more on grammar and writing, but sore ga sutatodesu (it's a good start)." Harry answered slowly in a mixture of English and Japanese. "It helps that I'm self-studying on my own as well. I usually go over with my tutors what I've been working on as well as what they've been teaching."

"So, you do not regret moving? You're adjusting to living in Japan?"

Harry nodded. "I haven't seen much, butwatashi ga mite kita mono ga sukidesu (I like what I've seen)." Harry stiffened and turned to Takashi his face flushed. "With everything earlier, I forgot to tell you. I need to be in England next weekend to interview business managers."

"I'll make the arrangement for us to leave after your classes Friday. You can schedule the appointments Friday afternoon, London time."

Harry shook his head. "I want to tour the business before I interview anyone. It'll help me know who will be the best fit instead of just going by the reports I've read."

"Be careful," Akira told him. "Great Britain is still in upheaval and the magical community seems to think you're their Messiah who can fix anything from hangnails to the English National Debt."

Nodding, Harry's fist tightened in anger. "I still receive the Daily Prophet. While the article about my Mad Muggle Protector was amusing, I wasn't especially pleased to see the Special Edition on my birthday that speculated on how I spent my oestrus."

"Yes, I saw that as well. Which reminds me, I still have your birthday present to give you." Akira gave a predatory smile before he dug in a hidden pocket inside his waistcoat and pulled out a large envelope, which he handed to Harry. "Happy Birthday Harry, welcome to the family."
Curious, Harry opened the folder and riffled through the papers only to gasp when he realized what was inside. Tears formed in his eyes. "This is amazing . . . no one . . .. Thank you. Excuse me, I need to get the next course."

Harry jumped up and ran into the kitchen so he wouldn't lose his composure in front of his father-in-law. He collapsed in the kitchen chair shaking. He felt Takashi pick him up and sit him down on his lap. Takashi rubbed his hands up and down his back in a soothing gesture as Harry buried his face in his Alpha's neck and breathed deeply as he attempted to calm his rioting emotions and the tears. Merlin, finding out he was an Omega turned him into such a pansy.

"No one besides Sirius tried to fix anything for me before and Sirius could never do anything openly. Just you and your father," Harry whispered. "Your dad brought me the Daily Prophet."

"Typical Chichi. It's a crappy present," Takashi said dryly his voice a deep monotone. "You'll have to fire everyone, create a new mission plan, then hire and train new staff. I'd say no thanks and ask for a watch."

Harry began laughing and couldn't stop.

"Prat," he said affectionately through watery eyes and a raw throat. He slid off his husband's lap and pushed him towards the sliding shoji doors that led back into the great room. "Keep your father company while I get the first course out."

Takashi nodded and left with a smile on his face. They spent the rest of the evening talking on how to revamp the Daily Prophet and where to find reputable people to staff it. Harry decided to change the name of the paper to the Howler and model the format after a muggle newspaper. The other big thing he wanted to change was to make the paper bi-weekly with a big Sunday edition and mini Wednesday one. Frankly, there weren't enough magicals or magical news in Great Britain to justify a daily paper, which could explain why the Prophet put so much junk in its pages because they lacked real news. With Takashi and his father's help, he sketched out ideas to give Kaori so she could write up a preliminary business plan he could show his account managers Friday.

Harry had a long week of lessons. The sessions got more intense and he'd gotten a good grasp of hiragana on his own. One night after classes, he trolled music stores with Atsuya and found some decent rock bands, though it was hard. Japan seemed to idolize the overly sensationalized cutsey pop music, which made him gag. But to Atsuya's horror Harry developed a liking for Enka music, which was easy listening ballads the older generation favored, but the music helped him get a grasp of the rhythm, flow, and more importantly the feeling behind the language. The added benefit of singing the music, besides helping him learn was he drove Takashi crazy with his bad singing not to mention his horrible dictation, both, which made Takashi cringe when he thought Harry wasn't looking. Of course, Harry only giggled and sung louder to rattle his unflappable mate.

By the time Friday arrived, he was eager for the week to be over. Takashi picked him up from the language center and they stopped at a ramen shop for an early dinner before making their way to the airport and the port key to England. A half hour later, they were on their way to the private, non-magical entrance of Gringotts for their 10:30 Friday morning meeting London time with his account managers.

He had a long meeting with Gringotts as they updated him on his financial status and the progress they've made going through his back logged mail. They cackled when they realized he owned the
Daily Prophet. He hired a Haninozuka security team to make sure no one ran off with files until he
could get new staff in. The goblins set up the interview times for business manager applicants and
gave him a list and background information on the properties he owned, which added another item
for him to check off before he left Sunday, do a walk-through of all his property in Great Britain.

After they left Gringotts, he made surprise visits to the various Potter farming operations and ended
up firing a manager at one of his farms for the way he treated his subordinates. After putting the fear
of God into the man, he turned everything over to the foreman. Once he toured all his farming
operations he had a full staff meeting with all his employees where he outlined the behavior he
expected from each member of the organization and where he wanted to take the company.

It had been a long day. There was a potion that helped your body adjust to the massive time
difference, but he and Takashi decided to tough it out and not take the potion since it made you
nauseous. They just planned to adjust their activities accordingly. Therefore, although it was only the
afternoon in London, for them it was nearly midnight and they were exhausted. They checked into
the same hotel and suite from their last visit closed the curtains to block out the afternoon sun and fell
asleep the moment their heads hit the pillow.

Harry worked at eleven in the evening London time, gasping with pleasure once he felt Takashi's
mouth engulfing his penis.

"Takashi."

"Good morning."

Takashi lowered his head and went back to what he was doing. Just when he was about to burst,
Takashi lifted up and slammed into him causing Harry scream with pleasure. His body arched, and
toes curled as he exploded with his first orgasm. Once they both found final completion and
Takashi's knot relaxed, they ordered breakfast and dragged themselves into the shower leisurely
washing each other's bodies before dressing, eating, and making plans for their day.

They spent the early morning hours touring Potter and Black properties throughout the English Isles.
Their first stop was Potter Hall in Lincolnshire. Death eaters destroyed the property during the first
wizarding war. Despite the damage, Harry could see what it should look like. A classic English
manor house, Harry half expected to see the Bennet sisters walking through the walled Victorian
garden in their muslin gowns. He loved it.

The three hundred and fifty acres surrounding the estate was one of the Potter's largest farming
operations and how the family first made their fortune.

"I want this restored. I'd like to live here someday," he told Takashi.

"Do you want to hire contractors before we leave?"

Harry nodded and made notes in the non-magical notepad he carried. "If we can squeeze it in this
trip. The earlier we start the better."

They toured what was left of the Hall and gardens making notes of what he wanted done, exploring
the fishing lake, duck ponds, and deer sanctuary. Afterwards, he and Takashi continued touring
various properties all the while making notes on what they found. But nothing compared to what he
discovered when he and Takashi apparated in front of the small three bedroom, two bath cottage the
Potters owned in a small market town near the Lake District.

Harry froze. "Someone's inside. The goblins never mentioned renters."
Takashi spread out his arms and two tanto blades appeared in his hands. As they stepped up to the cottage, Harry could feel wards surrounding the property that had a different magical signature from the ones placed by his family and the goblins. Luckily, surprise was on their side. For he and Takashi it was nearly lunchtime, when it was just after two in the morning here in England. Using his pilfered knowledge from Riddle, he dismantled the wards. It took less than five minutes. The bad news was in those five minutes he had alerted the occupants to his arrival, but anticipating that Harry had thrown anti apparition wards and used his status as owner of the home to lock down the floo so they couldn't leave.

"Upstairs," Takashi whispered.

Harry nodded and crept up the stairs where the bedrooms, ensuite, and additional bath were. Once inside the master it became obvious they'd disrupted someone's sleep. Harry scanned the room and saw the telltale shimmer of someone under a disillusionment charm. Really did they think he was stupid or did most people not see the shimmer? With a wave of his arm, Harry disarmed them, stuck them to the wall, and removed the charm. It was Remus and Tonks.

"Hello," Harry said pleasantly, though he was seething inside. "Can you please tell me why you're sleeping in my bed?"

"Harry," Remus growled struggling against the sticking charm, "let me down. Why are you here? What are you doing out so late?"

Harry rolled his eyes and looked at Takashi. "What is with people trying to dom me and Remus has nerve, he's only a Beta." He turned back to Remus. "Or do you still think I'm under compulsive charms and had to submit to you?"

Remus flushed. Harry pulled a chair forward and swung it around so he straddled it backwards draping his arms over the back as he glared at the pair.

"You're squatting on my property? Why? And I suggest you answer quickly before my mate decides to do to you what he did to the Carrows."

"Mate!" Remus snarled. "You're sixteen Harry; you're too young to mate!"

"And why do the decisions I make concern you?" Harry asked softly attempting to cover his hurt and anger.

"I was best friends with your father, Harry," Remus said as if he were speaking to an idiot.

"My father had terrible taste in his friends, Remus," Harry snapped mocking Remus's tone, losing his patience. "Now, why are you in my home?"

"James knew that with my condition I would have trouble finding work, so he gifted me the cottage."

"Really," Harry snorted. "Do you have proof? Do you have the deed to the property, perhaps? A letter from my father explaining why he would give you the cottage my grandfather brought for my grandmother as a wedding present and the cottage where my father proposed to my mother in?"

Remus remained silent. "I thought not."

Harry raised his wand arm and waved it over his head while muttering the basic DMLE charm, which alerted Hit Wizards he had an emergency and required their immediate presence.

Tonks gasped. "Harry, I'll lose my job."
"Nymphadora why should I give a damn?"

"Harry," Remus snapped, but immediately fell silent when Takashi straightened from where he'd been leaning against the doorway and made threatening step towards Remus his blades drawn. "You don't scare me, boy." Remus snarled to Takashi.

"Good," Takashi said, "makes it more interesting."

Harry put out his arm and stopped Takashi from decapitating Remus.

"Wolf, shut up before I let Takashi kill you."

"Harry, you've grown dark and are being manipulated," Remus said sadly.

Harry snorted. "You're so used to pathetic Harry, you don't know how to deal with a Harry who isn't doped up on potions and compulsion charms. Now, while we are waiting for the Hit Wizards tell me where Dumbledore's hiding? Can I expect to find him squatting at another one of my properties?"

"We haven't seen Dumbledore."

Harry snorted and stepped up to Tonks pointing his wand arm to her face. "Legilimis."

"Harry," Remus shouted.

Harry ignored him. Of course being an auror, Tonks was an adequate occulumens, but Harry had learned from the knowledge he absorbed from Riddle. She fought him, but Harry tore through her defenses. She hadn't seen Dumbledore but she'd been in contact with him and Harry now knew how to do the same, at least until the old man changed his methods of communication. Harry also learned that Dumbledore wanted to be informed when he'd been spotted and was attempting to sow seeds proclaiming him the next dark lord. Harry snorted at the typical Dumbledore ploy and sat back down in his chair. He didn't bother attempting legilimency on Remus, with his creature blood it would be harder to break his defenses.

"Just out of curiosity, are you guys insane as well as lacking in common sense, logic, and decency? You are the ones who left me a one year old in an abusive home. You are the ones who stole from me, continue to steal from me, and even fiddled with my biology and yet I am the dark lord?" Harry snorted and glared at Remus. "I can't wait until you die. Sirius and my parents will make your afterlife hell for eternity. The people who accepted you are the people you betrayed, just like Peter. You are a betrayer, a wolf without honor. And you," he turned to Nymphadora. "You're just a little girl trying to feel important who picked the wrong side. Your parents must be so proud after everything your mother did to escape from that life, the sacrifices they've made, and you their only child is a woman without honor, who just turned around and shamed your parents who have always acted with honor no matter the costs to themselves."

Tonks whimpered defeated. Remus growled and attempted to break free of his restraint using brute force. It didn't work. They heard the quick knock at the door and the Hit Wizards arrival.

"We're up here," Harry called pleasantly.

Before the Hit Wizards entered the room, Harry snapped both Remus and Tonks wands. Snapping someone's wand was the ultimate taboo in the wizarding world, very few death eaters resorted to performing that act, but Harry did. It was petty, but they deserved some consequence for betraying him. Remus and Tonks were so shocked and horrified by his actions they didn't cry out. Two wizards appeared in the doorway wands out only to flinch when they saw Takashi with his swords.
Harry smirked at his husband. "Look dear, your reputation precedes you."

"Ah."

"Gentleman," he said addressing the Hit Wizards. "Earlier this evening, I thought it would be a good idea to check out one of my properties. This place has sentimental value to me, as it's where my parents became engaged. When I arrived, I discovered I had squatters on my property and one of them was an Auror, and the other who has been here for how many years, Remus?"

"Fifteen," Remus flushed.

Harry snorted and turned to the Hit Wizards. "So it appears that right after my parents were murdered and he watched Dumbledore hand off his so called best friend's son to child abusers, he came here to steal said child's inheritance. Auror Tonks is an accessory, I believe it's called so I'll be pressing charges on them both. I demand they be questioned under veritaserum as they're also harboring information on the whereabouts of a known fugitive of justice, Albus Dumbledore."

"Of course Mr. Potter," one of the hit wizards said solemnly. "If you wouldn't mind removing the charm, we'll escort them to headquarters. I was one of the wizards who responded to the call at the joke shop. We couldn't undo your charm work and the Weasleys had to remove their clothes to get down."

Harry chortled with laughter. "Cool." He waved his hand and they came undone. "There you go."

They quickly put on magical suppression cuffs and detained the pair.

"Their wands?"

Harry gave them their broken wand pieces and shrugged at the looks of horror on the Hit Wizard faces. "A werewolf and an auror. I'm not stupid enough to underestimate them. Because of my notoriety, I'm living off the radar. If you could please forward any information about their case to my account managers at Gringotts, they'll know how to get in contact with me."

They nodded and left. The minute they were gone Takashi gathered him in his arms and Harry realized his body shook and tears had fallen down his face.

"I'll handle this," Takashi told him. "I'll get the cottage cleaned out, remove their scents and remodel it to where you won't even remember what it looked like before."

"It'll still look like a small English cottage right?" Harry whispered. "Nothing crazy or extravagant? I'd think it'll be a cozy place for the two of us to getaway someday."

"I'll make it that fun place for just the two of us. Promise." He kissed Harry's lips. "Hungry?" Harry nodded. "We'll eat and go to the hotel for a nap. You'll feel better after a break."

"I need to shower. Their scent." Harry shivered and Takashi held him tighter.

"We'll do that too. Let's get out of here."

Harry nodded in agreement.

After eating, showering, resting, and informing Percy on how Tonks kept in contact with
Dumbledore Harry felt renewed and ready to once again deal with the insanity of magical Britain. They made it back to Gringotts where he spent Saturday morning England time interviewing and hiring a business manager to oversee Potter Farms. In the end, he hired a squib with extensive business qualifications.

The hard part done, he and Takashi met Luna and Neville for lunch, well dinner for them. Wanting privacy, they decide to meet in muggle London. Luna was curious about sushi so they met at Takashi's favorite London restaurant. His friends were already waiting outside when their car pulled up. Neville looked like a young, English Lord in his suit and Luna a fairy princess in a shimmering sky blue dress that looked like someone dumped it in silver glitter. Harry found himself smiling just looking at Luna and unable to stop himself he jumped out the vehicle before it came to a full stop and ran up to her. Of course, Luna being Luna knew he was there and swung around with a wide smile on her face. They embraced and laughed in each other's arms.

"Hello Moonglow."

"Hello Dark Lord Hunter."

Harry laughed. Luna held his face in her hands and beamed. "You're happy."

Harry flushed. "Yes."

"You deserve it. Don't look guilty because you are."

"Thanks Luna."

"Of course. Sometimes there is still the occasional wrackspurt floating around your head."

Harry snorted. Then smiled sheepishly and hugged Neville. "Sorry mate."

"No problem. Luna's right, you look great. Bonding agrees with you."

Neville stepped back, grinned, and waved at someone over Harry's shoulder. Harry beamed and reached back to pull Takashi forward.

"Neville." Takashi bowed to Neville.

"Takashi. Do you have time to spar this trip? We haven't gone against each other in some time."

"Don't want to embarrass you in front of your girlfriend."

"I think you're forgetting who wiped the floor with who during our last match, kendo boy."

Harry and Luna stared at each other and laughed at the stupidity of posturing Alphas. They each grabbed their respective mate's hand and dragged them inside the restaurant. When the hostess saw Takashi her eyes widened and they were quickly ushered to a table and served green tea. Harry rolled his eyes at Takashi who just shrugged. Harry smirked and turned to his friends.

"What have you two been up to? Done anything fun?"

In answer, Harry received an exciting recap of a trip to Austria with Neville's Gran, which made Harry remember the villa in Vienna the Blacks owned. They chatted only pausing when the chef and owner of the restaurant came to their table and bowed to Takashi before beginning a conversation in Japanese. Takashi nodded and said a few words in appreciation before the chef bowed and returned to the kitchen.
"Takashi's family owns the largest fish, meat, and produce market in the world," Harry explained to his friends. "Our meal is free and the chef will probably cook with extreme care to try and impress us."

"You caught all that after only a couple weeks in Japan?" Neville asked amazed.

Harry flushed. "Only a couple phrases to get the gist. Japanese isn't that hard once you figure out the basic sounds and meanings."

"Harry is exceptional. Works very hard." Takashi told them.

Harry flushed at the praise and reached underneath the table to squeeze Takashi's hand in thanks, which caused Takashi's face to color as well. Takashi looked handsome unraveled. Well, he looked handsome no matter the expression on his face.

Harry didn't think he'd ever get used to how lucky he was to have Takashi in his life. He still had a hard time believing he wasn't cooped up inside Dudley's second bedroom on Privet Drive. No locked door, no cat flaps. No carefully orchestrated tasks to prove his worth before being locked back in hell. If Dumbledore had had his way, he'd still be at Privet Drive, or at the Weasleys where Molly Weasley would've been throwing Ginny in his direction and Ron would be pretending to be a friend. It was hard to believe he was free. Free to be out in the open, free to enjoy his day, free to enjoy his life as he sat with his mate and friends catching up and preparing to eat an awesome meal.

He felt like a prisoner let free after years of solitary confinement.

And all this was due in part to Takashi. Takashi allowed him to shine, didn't mind standing in the background showing his support and giving guidance as needed. Takashi always made time for him, despite his family business, his martial arts career, and the stress of dealing with his family. Despite all the pressure Takashi was under, he never made him feel as if he weren't important.

He was very lucky.

The chef and his wait staff returned with a massive family style feast with a sampling of various foods for them to try. Takashi explained to Neville and Luna how to use chopsticks, etiquette, what each of the dishes were and how to eat them. They had a good time chatting and getting to know each other and Harry was happy to learn that Takashi and Neville despite the Alpha posturing, really seemed to be good friends.

After they ate, they wandered about on the streets of London going in and out of shops. At some point Neville and Takashi became bored of it all and hung back several paces talking quietly.

"I got a letter from Hermione a few days ago," he told Luna. "It was very interesting."

"I imagine it was. Hermione is not one to admit when she's wrong. What did she say?"

"Nothing much. It was obvious her parents made her write. The letter was insulting and very cold. The only remorse Hermione felt was remorse she'd been caught. After showing the letter to my healer and talking it over with him, I sent the letter back to her parents with a short note that told them that their desire to reform their daughter severely impacted my recovery from the abuse I suffered under her hands and please not do that again."

Luna took his hand and swung it between them as they walked. "Good for you."

Harry snorted. "Doubt it'll do any good, but I did warn them about what would most likely happen on her birthday when she'd run away and get some of her wand rights back. I sent them protection
"You're a good person Harry Potter. Hogwarts is going to be interesting," Luna's eyes took on a dreamy cast, which let Harry know she went into medium mode. "Without Dumbledore and McGonagall at Hogwarts, Hermione Granger will return to school and be startled she is no longer the golden girl. The teaching standards will be stronger and her habit of not analyzing what she reads will make her grades suffer. Then the students will turn on her and she'll realize the only reason they put up with her was that she was your friend, which she obviously isn't any longer. They'll blame her and the Weasleys for you not returning to the castle. She'll realize how insignificant she is and hate it."

"I'm glad I'm going to miss all the drama."

Luna blinked out her daze. Her eyes cleared and returned to normal. "Oooo. Pretty!"

She dragged him into the psychedelic façade of the London Beatles store, and began to browse the music and merchandise.

"Handsome," Luna said holding up a kelly green t-shirt with a portrait of a young John Lennon on it.

Harry grinned and handed her John Lennon's Imagine album. "I think you'll really like this."

Luna smiled and added it to her pile. Harry noticed Takashi and Neville standing by the doorway talking quietly with their heads together. Luna leaned forward to whisper in his ear.

"Neville's asking about sex and your heat. He doesn't have any experience and is worried about disappointing me. So how is it? Sex?" Luna whispered.

Harry flushed. "Nice. Very nice. Intimate. Special when it's with the right person, which Takashi is."

Luna beamed. "Do you love him?"

"I... I don't know," Harry flushed. "I admire him more than anyone though."

"Give it time, you guys looked very much in love playing with my god children when I see you visiting Neville and I at the Manor." Harry gawked at Luna as she slipped on a pair of purple John Lennon style sunglasses, and twirled about the store a wide smile on her face.

"Luna!" Harry exclaimed. "Focus. Godchildren?"

Luna stopped spinning around and looked at him startled as if she hadn't just dropped a bombshell on him.

"Mmm-hmm. You'll spend Christmas at Longbottom Manor and we'll spend New Year's at Potter Hall. It's tradition. One of your sons will marry one of my daughters," she said absently. "What fun!"

By this time, Neville and Takashi came near and overheard Luna and they all gaped at her, but no one had the nerve to contradict her, least of all Harry and Neville. They learned a long time ago never bet against Luna.

They spent another two hours chatting and spending time with Luna and Neville at Longbottom Manor. Harry watched Neville and Takashi have a fencing against Kendo sparring match. It was fantastic, of course, Takashi won, and Harry made sure he kissed the winner. Then Takashi and Neville paired up and Harry had to battle them while they used magic and their swords. It was unfair as he only had magic at his disposal. He used every prank or non-lethal spell he could think of, but
they defended against it all with ease. Their spells and attacks came quick and fast and it was all he could do to throw up a shield charm and dodge. As they attacked, he found himself on the defensive, which exhausted him. He had underestimated Neville to his cost. Neville sent a jet of water to the floor then froze it, the spells got underneath his shield charm, which caused him to trip and crash to the floor hitting his head. As he lay on the floor sweaty and gasping for breath all he could do was stare dazed up at the ceiling and be happy the duel was over.

"Well that was embarrassing." Some Boy-Who-Conquered he was.

A house elf popped in and gave them water. Before he could grab his, Takashi was there assisting him. Takashi sat Harry up so his back rested against Takashi's chest. Takashi wrapped an arm around his waist to hold him up while he fed him the drink and occasionally ran his fingers through his hair.

"You rely too much on magic," Takashi said softly gently caressing his face and hair. "You're out of shape and tire easily which made it easy to get past your defenses. You need training. I'll arrange it."

Harry nodded. He felt Takashi pressing kisses to his face and neck, it wasn't until he heard Neville's chuckles and Luna's giggles he realized they weren't alone and flushed. Being a typical Japanese male, Takashi was not keen on public displays of affection, but all bets were off when he became tired. His staid and proper mate became affectionate, grabby, and once he realized later how he acted, embarrassed. Stiffening, Harry jumped up, pulled his Alpha to his feet.

"It's late for us, after midnight our time," he told Neville and Luna hoping to hurry Takashi out the room to preserve his dignity. "We'd better get back to the hotel. Thanks guys."

He pulled Takashi towards the receiving room. Neville and Luna who purposely didn't take the hint to leave them alone followed their eyes bright with amusement as they watched Takashi nuzzle his face and neck while mumbling not so sweet nothings in his ear. Luckily, the words were in Japanese so Neville and Luna couldn't understand what he said. Despite the situation, Harry found himself in, he became turned on by his Alpha's words.

Harry literally dragged Takashi to the floo.

"Have a good night, Harry," Luna chirped giggling. Neville bent over chortling with laughter.

"I hate you guys right now," he muttered but they were laughing too much to hear.

Harry flooed to the Leaky Cauldron then apparated them to a side street next to the hotel. Luckily, it didn't take long to reach their hotel room where Takashi dragged him to the bedroom quickly stripping off Harry's clothes.

"You're sleepy. You know you only act like this when you're sleepy. Maybe we should wait and sleep first." Harry murmured once they finally had privacy.

"Sex first, sleep later." Takashi tossed Harry on the bed, he bounced a couple times before the horny Alpha spread out his hand and banished his own clothes with magic.

"Hentai."

"Ah. Always around you." Takashi's hungry gaze roamed up and down Harry's naked body. "You're the perfect mate, my perfect mate, and I'm glad your mine."

Harry pretended to scowl to cover how pleased Takashi's words made him.
"Am I yours?" Harry asked smiling inwardly as he stretched seductively on the bed flashing his arse at his mate. "You're so possessive. Don't I get a say in this? After all, it is my life. I belong to no one. The only one who owns me is me."

"No. Mine!"

From the way Takashi growled, Harry knew he'd be in for it tonight. That belief became reality when with a dramatic wave of Takashi's hand Harry found his hands bound. He laughed, but the laughter stopped when Takashi smirked and conjured a silk scarf to cover his eyes. When Harry opened his mouth to protest, he found he was silenced and unable to speak. Shocked, Harry thrashed against his bounds. He should have known. Never tickle a sleeping dragon, indeed.

Harry struggles abruptly ceased upon feeling the soft caress of Takashi's hand sweeping down his chest, barely brushing over his straining erection before he gently cupped his testicles in his palm. Harry shuddered. The sensation became worse once he felt Takashi's warm breath against his ear.

"It appears my little Omega needs a reminder on who his Alpha is. Who he belongs too."

The darkness, the silkiness of Takashi's voice caused a shiver to run down Harry's spine. The next thing he knew buzzing sounded in his ear and he could no longer hear. He was at Takashi's total mercy.

Teeth bit sharply at Harry's ear. It hurt, but before the pain could register in Harry's mind Takashi's tongue soothed the sting. These sharp bites followed by soothing licks were repeated all over Harry's body. He knew he'd find bruises on his skin later. It was maddening it was exhilarating.

Harry couldn't speak, see, move, or hear. He was completely under Takashi's good will and mercy. All he could do was be completely dependent on Takashi no his Alpha to take care of him. Harry had never believed he could submit to another person as easily as he had just submitted to his Alpha.

Suddenly he was flipped on to his stomach. His Alpha hands maneuvered his body so he was propped on his knees, his face pushed down into the mattress resting on bound hands clasped together in a fist. Another soothing swipe of Takashi's hand traveled down Harry's skin. Harry shuddered at every touch, every breath blown against his skin.

Takashi's fingers then moved to his bottom cheeks, fluids dripped down his thighs. If he weren't so aroused, he'd be embarrassed. Instead, he squirmed an Omega needing his Alpha to fill the emptiness burning inside him. In desperation, and unable to speak, see, or hear, Harry arched into the hands playing with him.

"So hot," Takashi whispered harshly. Shocked to learn he could hear Takashi's voice, Harry arched further into his Alpha's hands, shivering, and reveling in the guttural moans escaping Takashi's mouth. "Mine. My Omega. I am yours, you are mine."

Sweaty skin covered sweaty skin as Takashi bent over his body over Harry's. Harry heard the scrap of teeth grazing over the bond bite on his neck, felt his Alpha's member teasing at his entrance, heavy testicles brushing against sensitive places between his thighs. Harry's body trembled in response to the sweet sensations, pre cum leaked from his impossibly hard erection just as lubrication leaked from his entrance. Silenced, Harry felt free to scream knowing no one, not even Takashi could hear. He wanted, wanted so bad. He didn't think he had wanted anything more in his life than for Takashi to enter him, to make him feel complete.

"Have to mark you, have to make sure everyone smells me on you a mile away, so they'll know you belong to me, so they'll know I'll kill anyone who gets too close, who thinks they can take you away
If Harry could whimper he would, especially as he felt Takashi thrust two fingers inside him, butting them up against his prostate as his husband, his Alpha tested his readiness. It became too much. He squirmed trying to get away, if only his knees would give out, he could fall to the mattress, grind against it and get some relief from the sensations overpowering his body.

"No none of that." The grip on his body tightened, making it impossible for Harry to move. "Your mine, you can't get away. Don't pretend this isn't turning you on my little Omega," A dark voice whispered. "I haven't seen you like this since your heat."

Harry whimpered. He was turned on, turned on beyond belief. This was so unlike Takashi. While the Alpha had always been possessive, Harry had never seen him so rough, so raw, so filthy. Harry shuddered again and bit his lip hard, he tasted blood as he felt Takashi's member poke at his entrance, but not enter.

"Tell me love, do you want me to continue?"

Harry felt the wash of magic as the spell that silenced his voice released. Harry whimpered calling out Takashi's name.

"Not good enough my Harry. I don't think you're ready. I don't think you really want me."

Then he pulled away.

Harry screamed. "Takashi!"

"Not good enough my Harry. I want you undone, begging for me. Prove to me you are my Omega Harry."

Harry's body shook, he whimpered. It was so unfair. He didn't have the ability to say anything but . . . "Taka."

"Beg me."

Before he could answer, Harry felt his cheeks spread and the pressure of something inside him. He moaned when he realized it was Takashi's tongue. Desperate for any kind of friction Harry attempted to impale himself on Takashi and failed as his mates hands clamped on his waist restricting his movements.

So, Harry was left receiving only what Takashi was willing to give. The results left him moaning, begging, and whimpering to be taken. Energy depleted, Harry's knees gave out, he fell flat on his stomach tears of frustration running down his face. Takashi crawled a top him, turned him over onto his back, and then his hands and eyes were unbound and Takashi bent his head close kissing the tears from his face.

"Tell me Harry," Takashi ordered.

Summoning the last of his strength, Harry wrapped his legs around Takashi's waist and exposed his neck for his Alpha.

"I am yours. Your Omega." Harry rasped as he met Takashi's eyes and tried to put his burgeoning feelings in one look. "You complete me. I only feel safe in your arms and only feel joy when you're inside me. Come inside me."
Takashi's eyes widened and his eyes changed becoming less feral, softened. "Mine. You are mine."

Takashi bit the side of his neck as he slammed into Harry's body. Harry whimpered too strung out to do more than shudder and moan as Takashi pounded into him while he clung to his husband's sweaty body.

"Kiss me," Harry begged needing more connection, more emotion.

Takashi took his mouth in his and sucked down his tongue as a hand wrapped around his erection. He shuddered and arched into Takashi's embrace. Takashi pulled back and whispered in Harry's ear.

"Never leave me."

"Never."

"Swear."

"I swear Taka," he gasped. "Never."

Takashi pulled back and slammed inside him, hitting his prostate head on. Harry shuddered and exploded whimpering Takashi's name. Takashi gave a few more thrusts to Harry's abused prostate and stilled as his knot expanded. His Alpha howled out his name as he came. Takashi's voice calling out his name was the last thing he heard before he lost consciousness. He didn't know how long he'd been out, but he came back to awareness to see Takashi brushing back his hair and placing gentle kisses across his face.

"Too much?" Takashi looked worried.

Harry smiled tiredly. "No. It was intense. You are an intense person."

Takashi waved his hand, muttering a spell to clean the mess from their bodies before he swung around so Harry was in his favorite sleeping position, sprawled atop of his Alpha. Takashi pulled the blanket around them and cradled Harry in his arms. Smiling Harry cuddled in his husband's embrace, closed his eyes, and slipped to sleep their bodies still joined.
Chapter Eleven: Shock and Awe


This was the time Takashi liked best. Opening his eyes and discovering his mate's body laid atop his. The soft sounds of Harry's breathing echoing in his ear, and more importantly, smelling Harry's intoxicating scent filling the room seeping into his pores comforting as well as inflaming the wolf inside. When Harry was safe in his arms, Takashi knew everything was right in the world.

Reaching up, Takashi tangled his fingers through Harry's hair reveling in the peace flowing through his body at having his mate close and safe. Takashi often battled with his wolf's desire to keep Harry locked away. Being in England didn't help. He hated England, especially magical England. Whenever he visited, his wolf demanded he drag Harry back to Japan, back to safety. Safety where he knew the rules, games, and players.

But that was not to be. Despite the wolf's Alpha instincts, he was a man first and as a man, he knew Harry needed freedom.

Harry stirred in his arms, rolling off his body disrupting his thoughts. Takashi moved as well, spooning Harry from behind his hands curled around Harry's lithe form resting atop his mate's stomach, his palms caressing the place that would one day hold his pups.

Smiling and nuzzling his chin atop Harry's head, his hands still on his stomach, Takashi felt Harry awaken. They laid in silence for several minutes snuggled into each other's embrace.

"Taka?" Harry began hesitantly.

"Ah."

Harry placed his hands atop Takashi's and sighed. "You're projecting quite strongly. I can literally read your thoughts. You're thinking about what Luna said. You want kids?"

"Ah," Takashi answered squeezing Harry's stomach a little tighter.

"You wouldn't care if I got pregnant during my next heat would you?"

Takashi swallowed. "Ah."

"I know as an Omega, I'm supposed to become this baby breeding machine to prove my fertility and power, but there's a lot I want to accomplish before becoming pregnant with multiples," Harry stated matter-of-factly.

"Ah."

"I do want a large family, but just not now." Harry said slowly removing his hands from where they rested atop Takashi's. "You're disappointed I'm not ready?"

Takashi could feel his throat getting tight as panic set in. No, Harry couldn't think that of him. He
quickly lifted his hands from Harry's stomach to raise them to tug gently on Harry's hair until his head jerked back and their eyes met. Still grasping Harry's hair, Takashi bent down and sucked harshly on their bond mark before he let go and met Harry's tense gaze.

"Iie (no). Want family, but want you happy more," he informed Harry summarizing his earlier thoughts. "If you're unhappy the pups are unhappy. If my mate and pups are unhappy, I'm unhappy. We'll wait."

Takashi knew he answered correctly when he watched green eyes flood with relief and the tension seep out Harry as he snuggled back into his embrace. Takashi slid his hands down the sides of Harry's body and tickled causing Harry to groan and bat his hands away.

"Stop. I guess it's time to get out of bed?" he muttered miffed as if it were Takashi's fault the world spun along and it was his duty to spin along with it.

"Ah," Takashi bent and kissed the top of Harry's head. "Long day."

"I'm not moving until I get tea, toast will be nice as well." Harry grumbled snuggling underneath the covers, pulling them over his head.

Takashi chuckled and climbed out the bed. He slid back the heavy golden drapes along the wall to let in the moonlight before moving to the kitchenette beside their bedroom to brew Harry's tea and call down their breakfast orders despite it being midnight. After Harry downed his tea, Takashi pulled his resisting mate out of bed and into the shower. Once dressed, they moved into the main room, sat around narrow the oval dining room table to eat breakfast watching the stars come through floor to ceiling windows, and planned their day.

"I don't really need nine properties in the UK," Harry frowned flipping through his notes.

"Ah."

"I'd hate to sell, maybe rent them out?"

"Ah. Save them for our pups, especially if one of our sons marries Neville's daughter," Takashi said with a smirk when Harry rolled his eyes. "Which will you keep?"

Harry frowned thoughtfully. "Potter Hall obviously. The cottage would be a nice get away for the two of us once you fix it up and one of the London properties so we don't have to stay in a hotel every time we visit."

"Makes sense."

"Godric's Hollow, Bath, Brighton, and Hogsmeade are in prime locations; they can be fixed up and turned into bed and breakfasts or small hotels."

"Need more staff. And a business model, you're all over the place."

Harry banged his head on the table causing the basket with his croissants to upend. "You're right, first farming, now publishing, and hotel management."

"Set up a corporation."

"Me!" Harry squeaked. "This is a lot of work. I'll need another manager won't I?" Harry turned towards Takashi and he nodded. Harry sighed dramatically in response, his face still resting on the tabletop.
Takashi smiled fondly at his mate and unable to resist, reached out and ruffled Harry's hair. "You have a manager for the farming side, need someone to set up and oversee the corporation as a whole. Someone to do the dirty work until you can take over, a President."

"Damn Dumbledore. I'm not prepared for this." Harry lifted his head from the table and rubbed his temples. "Not only do I have my businesses to deal with I have to worry about Dumbledore, vengeful death eaters, and Order members coming after me."

Takashi slid his chair over and rubbed Harry's tense shoulders, feeling pleasure when his mate relaxed and submitted to his ministrations. "Harry?"

"Hmm."

"You are my Omega. It is my duty to protect you. To ease your burden. Worry about your education. You keep forgetting you're not alone any longer."

"One step at a time," Harry breathed. "You're right."

"Of course I am."

Harry punched his shoulder. "Prat."

They packed their bags and apparated to the next house on their list, a property in Nottinghill. Once they left Nottinghill, they apparated to Black House in Hampstead. Takashi hummed in appreciation. It was the nicest property they'd seen so far. The neoclassical villa sat surrounded by seventy acres of land, the front entrance had a neat, manicured garden filled with cone shaped trees, and rounded shrubs that directed guests toward the steps and the front door.

"Wow." Harry looked about the pristine white villa with an attached magical orangery his eyes as wide as a Japanese spider crab. "Wow. Why didn't Sirius live here? Maybe the inside isn't as nice as the outside?"

It was. Despite the sparse furnishings and lack of electricity and modern utilities, which was expected for backward, British wizards, the Black House was the most livable property they'd seen so far.

"I like it," Takashi told Harry as he scanned books on library shelves while magical portraits waved at them.

"Merlin. This is night and day compared to Grimmauld Place. No elf heads, no feeling of oppression."

Takashi chuckled. "Let's finish looking around."

The basement contained elf quarters, wine cellar, as well as a potion lab. The first floor had four reception rooms with fireplaces so one could floo in, drawing rooms, two grand dining rooms, a large library, as well as magical portraits arranged throughout covered with sheets, as well as a massive kitchen, and library with rare magical tomes. The first floor was clearly for visitors. The second floor held the master suite, four other bedroom suites, living areas, study, another library, as well as another smaller kitchen. The third floor seemed to be for kids. It had five bedrooms, a game room, dueling room, and schoolroom with its own age appropriate library.

"I don't understand. The house is spotless. Is someone living here?"

Takashi shook his head. "The wards around the property are locked down. The only reason I'm here is because I'm with you."
But Takashi began to doubt his words when they toured the property. The property had a manmade lake with a bridge crossing it, and several Egyptian inspired temples, as well as a Quidditch Pitch. But what really raised his suspicions was upon seeing the working dairy farm. Someone had to feed the cows, milk them, and make the cheese. He turned to look at Harry with a raised brow.

"House elves?" Harry questioned uncertainly. "Though I can't see Kreacher taking care of this place and he's the only Black elf I know."

"We can ask."

Harry nodded though Takashi could tell he was reluctant. "I don't have good memories of Grimmauld Place."

Takashi squeezed his hand. Taking a deep breath and closing his eyes in concentration, Harry apparated them in front of Grimmauld Place only for Harry to gasp. On instinct, Takashi drew his sword and felt around with his senses and magic, but saw nothing out the ordinary.

"What?"

"No. The house, the outside is different. It's still tall and narrow, but instead of looking black and dingy, it's a clean red brick. It shouldn't look this nice. Squatters may be here, even Dumbledore. He placed the property under the Fidelius Charm."

Takashi frowned. "I can see the house."

Harry's head jerked in Takashi's direction. "Even though Sirius died, he wasn't the secret keeper Dumbledore was so it should still be under the charm, unless Dumbledore lifted it after Sirius died, but why?"

Takashi sheathed his blades. "Let's find out."

Takashi's wolf was in control. He ran on instinct as they climbed the steps to the property. He pushed Harry behind him the moment they reached the front door and cast several spells to see who was inside. Satisfied, it wasn't a trap, he turned to Harry.

"The only being inside is a magical creature, most likely the house elf," Takashi said.

Harry nodded and touched the door, which immediately gave way and allowed him entrance. Takashi followed watching with amusement as Harry spun around in shock.

"Not how you remember," Takashi asked wryly.

"Definitely not."

Takashi looked around curiously. The marble entryway floor gleamed black, the walls were white, a small stand with fresh flowers sat beside a stained dark wood staircase which rose three stories in the air. A drop chandelier made from crystal and lit with an everlasting lumos charm hung from the ceiling to the entranceway several stories below. A wizarding portrait of a regal witch nodded her head respectfully from her frame. When she did, Harry nearly passed out and stumbled back into Takashi.

"Kreacher!"

There was a short pop and an elderly house elf dressed in a neat tuxedo with the Black crest on its pocket appeared before them and bowed.
"Master Harry. You look healthy, Master Sirius would be pleased. And you are Master Harry's Alpha. A noble pureblood for Master Harry. Have you eaten breakfast?"

"We are still on Tokyo time," Takashi answered when Harry seemed struck dumb. "It's nearly time for lunch."

"Of course. Come, come."

The house elf led the way to the kitchen while a dazed Harry followed. They went through rooms decorated with modern furnishings and came upon the kitchen, a long narrow space that held modern furnishings mixed with Victorian appliances. The room was painted white with hanging pendent lights in alternating gold and silver with the same everlasting lumos charm cast on it. A long, narrowed table and island dominated the room. Kreacher motioned for him and Harry to sit in the club chairs at the island while he whistled happily while preparing their lunch.

"So you were part of Sirius's plan?" Harry asked finally finding his voice. "Last summer, you acted awful to us on purpose?"

"Master Sirius orders, easy orders, the filthy interlopers," the old elf grumbled. Takashi quirked his lips unable to hold back his amusement and saw Harry doing the same. "Master Sirius was Lord Black, although his mother disowned him, his father and grandfather hadn't and as Lord Black, his orders overrode old Mistress's. Master Sirius knew that despite everything Black interest must come before the whims of mad men. We purposely made the house look derelict before allowing any member of the Order of Phoenix inside."

As he cooked, Kreacher informed them of how Sirius returned to Grimmauld Place after Harry's third year of school and found him under the influence of the horcrux Regulus Black had stolen from the Dark Lord. Sirius had gotten them both healed by the goblins and the horcrux was destroyed. They came up with the plan to manipulate the Order of the Phoenix to learn as much as possible of their schemes so they could help Harry.

"But Master Sirius knew his time was limited. Although he claimed head of House Black, he didn't have the power the Blacks once yielded. He was one man, a fugitive from justice, up against wizards more powerful magically and politically. His one ally, you, couldn't help because of the nasty charms and potions they fed you. He knew he wouldn't make it out alive, but he was determined that if he couldn't beat them magically or politically, he'd be smarter so you'd at least gain your freedom. Once Master Sirius died, I was under orders to lockdown the Black properties to everyone except you, restore the house back to the way it was, remove the fidelius charm, and contact the goblins."

"I thought only the castor could remove the fidelius charm?"

Kreacher stared at him as if he were an idiot. "And I thought they removed the spells on you. I am an elf. Our magic works differently than wizards. We were enslaved eons ago, because we were too powerful magically and attempted to rule over wizards." Kreacher shrugged. "When we lost the final battle, we lost our magic. The only way we retain our magic is to take magical oaths to serve a wizarding family. The more tasks we're given the stronger our magic."

"I apologize," Harry said to the elf with a slight blush. "Binns never covered that in the History of Magic. It appears I have many gaps of knowledge about the wizarding world."

"That is understandable," Kreacher acknowledged. "Filthy wizards."

"Do you take care of Black House as well," Takashi asked the elf.
"With the other remaining Black elves, there are seven left."

"You're the one who delivered Sirius's first letter to me!"

Kreacher nodded just as regally as Walburga Black had. "Yes. I was pleased you destroyed the Dark Lord and discovered the truth on your own. It made my task easy. Master Sirius would've been happy to learn that, I had to stop him several times from poisoning the filth in his home."

Takashi reached over and rubbed Harry's back when he saw the sad smile flash across Harry's face at the mention of his godfather.

"What about you Kreacher what will you do now Sirius is gone." Harry asked once he gained control of himself.

Amused, Kreacher sat down a bowl of hot soup, salad, thick crusty bread with chunks of butter and cheese. The simple meal was expertly prepared Takashi was impressed.

"Thank you," he told the elf.

He received a nod in response.

"This is good," Harry exclaimed cheerfully, devouring his meal.

"Thank you Master Harry. To answer your question, I belong to you now at least until you give birth to the next Lord Black."

Harry's eyes widened.

"Kreacher I," Harry began only to stop. He looked as overwhelmed as he had this morning. "Since I won't be in England for anything except a short visit for a few years, I was going to turn several of the properties I own into magical and muggle inns or bed and breakfast places, but I need someone to manage the household staff. Can you oversee and manage the staff for me?"

Kreacher straightened to his full height. "Of course Master Harry."

"Once everything gets set up, it makes sense to staff the properties with house elves. Maybe ones like Winky and Dobby who were abused, have no place to go, or freed by their families though some guests will be muggles. Can house elves blend in?"

Kreacher rolled old elf eyes and transformed into an aging butler.

"Wicked," Harry grinned.

They spent the rest of their lunch discussing ideas for the properties with the house elf. Kreacher through speaking with other elves knew the gossip surrounding Britain's pureblood families and helped Harry on where to go next. As a result, Harry had Kreacher deliver a note to his friend George requesting a meeting between him, his Alpha, and his Alpha's best friend, the heir to a magical construction and design firm. Kreacher popped back in a few minutes later with a reply inviting them to lunch, dinner for them, with the promise to set up a meeting with the Higgs family afterwards.

As they prepared to leave, Kreacher handed Harry a package from Sirius. Harry opened it and looked at Kreacher confused. Takashi peeked down and saw a copy of the Tales of Beedle the Bard and a folder filled with reports, and a rock with the etching of a triangle with a circle inside and a line etched through the middle of it.
"I forgot," Takashi groaned disappointed with himself.

"Forgot what?"

"When Sirius met with us to redraw our marriage contract he told father and I about the myths surrounding your family, he mentioned that your family history became the basis for a children's story, the Deathly Hallows, I believe. Sirius wanted to make sure you knew a part of your history."

"Really?"

Curious, Harry flipped through the book a bookmark was in place of a story entitled The Tale of the Three Brothers. Once finished, Harry dug inside his satchel and pulled out the cloak he always carried with him, and then touched the stone before looking at Kreacher amazed.

"Is this for real?"

"Yes. The Potters are descended from the third brother Ignatus Peverell, the Dark Lord was descended from the second brother Cadmus. Being raised by muggles, the Dark Lord had no idea of the significance of the ring he'd stolen from his family, because he turned it into a horcrux. Luckily, Sirius hired the goblins to remove the curses and destroy the horcrux. As the last surviving member of the Peverell line, the Deathly Hallows rightfully belong to you."

Curious, Takashi took the book and read the story. Once finished he examined the cloak and the stone and slipped on the cloak watching as his body disappeared underneath while his head which had been uncovered remained.

"Makes sense," he told Harry. "If this cloak has been passed down in your family, the charms should have faded by now, but this is brand new." He held the stone. "I don't feel any magic; it feels like a regular pebble. I wonder where the wand is."

"Dumbledore," Harry growled. He had been reading through the packet Sirius had sent with the items. "Sirius hired investigators from America to research Voldemort, Dumbledore, and the Deathly Hallows."

"I'll need to see that."

Harry nodded still reading and growled. "It appears Dumbledore sensed the power in the Dark Lord as he did with me and tried to manipulate Voldemort when he was at Hogwarts. Unfortunately for him, Voldemort was a typical Slytherin and never trusted him, which is why when it came to me he started his manipulations much earlier and made sure I was always surrounded by his followers." Harry made a face as he continued scanning through the paperwork. "Eww, that's a picture in my head I don't want."

"What?"

"Dumbledore and Gellert Grindelwald were lovers despite the fact that Grindelwald's an Alpha and Dumbledore's a Beta."

"Unusual."

"Yeah," Harry sighed and stuffed the paperwork, the book, cloak, and stone into his bag. "More stuff I have to muddle through." He nodded to Kreacher. "Thanks, you've been a great help."

The house elf bowed low with a pleased smile on his face. "Of course, Master Harry."
They used the floo at Grimmauld Place to reach Gringotts where they rented a small conference room. Harry hated the floo, it was hard to step through the flames without looking as if you worked as a chimney sweep in your spare time. The moment they reached Gringotts Takashi waved his arm and removed the soot. Several patrons inside the entrance hall gaped at Takashi's display of magic and it was then Harry remembered that because of the Prophet everyone assumed Takashi was a muggle. Several of the braver witches and wizards surged forward and attempted to speak, but stopped at Takashi's glare. They were able to enter the conference room without molestation and once the door closed behind them, Harry slumped back in the seat and banged his head against the back of his chair. Takashi sat beside him rubbing his back.

"Harry?"

"How am I going to beat the man who owns the most powerful wand in the world?"

Takashi sighed. "Need to stop thinking like a Westerner."

Curious, Harry turned his head to stare balefully at his mate wondering how he could be so calm at his possible demise when he was usually the most possessive Alpha on the planet. "Huh?"

"The myths say no wand can beat the Elder Wand," Takashi nodded to the focus ring on Harry's finger. "We don't use wands."

Harry's mouth dropped open. "Right."

"And who says Dumbledore conquered the wand."

"What do you mean?" Harry asked curiously.

"The Elder Wand has a thestral hair core. Thestrals are extremely tricky, which is why their ingredients are rare and expensive. Just as you cannot see the animal if you haven't experienced and accepted death you cannot harvest or work with thestral ingredients unless you truly accept and are comfortable with the idea of death. Most people who want power aren't comfortable with the idea of death, do you really think Dumbledore accepts the idea that he is infallible."

The mere idea of Dumbledore believing he was wrong about something was laughable as the man projected the image that he always knew best.

"You're brilliant." Awed, Harry lifted his head from the table.

"Ah."

Harry snorted and rolled his eyes. Feeling better, he was ready when the guards Takashi hired to oversee the transfer of ownership of the Daily Prophet arrived. Their main job was to make sure files weren't destroyed and removed and update him on the chaos his anonymous ownership caused the company. Harry was impressed with their report they were very thorough. Though what really impressed Harry was when one of the guards, Sadao Jovici gave a detailed summary about the financial holdings of the Daily Prophet as well as problems he'd seen with the day to day running of the paper. Harry felt he had just finished listening to one of Hermione's dissertations, but in a good way. He blinked once the man finished his report.

"Okay, you're hired."

The guard looked confused and turned to Takashi for elaboration, but Takashi shrugged.

"You are the new president of the yet to be formed Marauder Corporation, which by the way will be
your job to form and head, just in case you were wondering." Harry told the shocked wizard. "I'll double your salary to start."

Sadao looked to Takashi his eyes wide.

"Harry is a Morinozuka," Takashi shrugged. "The Morinozukas and Haninozukas are family. It is not a betrayal but a promotion from a family member who has acknowledged your worth."

The lanky Eurasian grinned and bowed to Harry. "I am honored. Thank you for the faith you have shown in such an unworthy person."

"Yay!"

Harry jumped up and gave the startled Beta a hug. Out of the corner of his eye, Harry saw Takashi pull out his mobile, probably to text Mitsukuni that he'd just stolen one of his employees. Harry grinned sheepishly at his mate, who only shook his head in amusement as he typed.

The goblins set up the employment contract between he and Sadao as well as a created a business vault to the new Marauder Corporation. Harry happily spent the next several hours foisting the majority of his responsibilities off on Sadao to include introducing him to Kreacher, as well as the new business manager of Potter Farms. They then toured the different properties he planned to turn into inns (as Kreacher was insulted to think that the elves would be overburden if they cooked more than breakfast). They left a happily overwhelmed Sadao who had pages and pages of notes to floo to the Three Broomsticks in Hogsmeade Village.

"Do you think I made a good choice," he asked Takashi as his mate once again removed the annoying soot that accompanied floo travel.

"Ah. He went to Hogwarts but became disillusioned after he graduated. He caught up on his non-magical education and even went to Cambridge, before moving to Japan to learn more about Japan's magical community. It's how he began working for the Haninozukas, but from what Mitsukuni texted me; it's known he misses his family here in England, which is why he was chosen for this assignment."

Harry breathed a sigh of relief. "So Mitsukuni and his family aren't mad."

"No, though Mitsukuni has given me a list of cakes he'd like for you to bake upon our return."

Harry snorted. "Of course he did."

The first thing Harry felt upon stepping outside the Three Broomsticks and into the blinding sun was freedom and he breathed deeply reveling in it. For the next couple of hours, he'd be free. He didn't have to stress. He didn't have to be terrified of being the Potter who ruined hundreds of years of financial and family prosperity. He didn't have to stress about how far behind he was in his education. And, he especially did not have to stress about how he was going to acquire the skills to beat a wizard a hundred years his senior. Feeling free from his burdens, Harry squinted under the brightness of the sun and dug into his satchel for a bottle of water. Taking a big gulp, he handed the glass bottle to Takashi who did the same.

"Want to explore before walking to George's," he asked looking around High Street. "We have time?"

Takashi looked curiously at the cobbled streets and thatched cottages arranged in a haphazard manner, which Harry knew was quite different from the modern magical community Takashi was used to.
"Ah."

Their first stop was Honeydukes. Harry dragged his mate inside the sweet shop. Mrs. Flume, the proprietor's wife eyes widened dramatically upon recognizing him before handing he and Takashi free samples of the newest flavor of no-melt ice cream she had been placing in a display case.

"Thank you," he said gratefully. It had been like walking around in a sauna outside.

The older Omega smiled bashfully. "Congratulations on your mating."

Harry grinned, pleased that for once someone in England actually seemed genuinely happy for him. Takashi bowed his head respectfully to the woman before Harry, suddenly overcome with excitement grabbed Takashi's arm pulling him through the shop filling the basket he carried with cauldron cakes, sugar quills, Bertie Botts, Treacle Fudge, crystallized pineapple, and various other sweets he had a hard time getting in Japan.

After fifteen years, Harry now had a sixth sense whenever he was the focus of someone's attention. It was knee jerk reaction for him to stiffen whenever he heard whispers, he knew was directed towards him.

"Cal look," a pre-Hogwarts aged boy whispered urgently to his friend. "There's Harry Potter, let's ask for an autograph."

The boy attempted to tug his friend their way, but Cal twisted in his grip stopping the enthusiastic fan in his tracks.

"No way," Cal hissed. "He's with that mad muggle. Mum says Harry Potter's Alpha sneaks into homes at night and chops off the heads of kids who don't finish their dinner."

Harry couldn't help it; he buried his head in Takashi's chest and chortled with laughter. His shoulders shook with his amusement, tears of merriment rolled down his face, a face that had turned red as he choked whenever he tried to stop laughing or attempt to talk. All Takashi could do was roll his eyes and rub circles on Harry's back but even that was interrupted when Harry dashed to the loo before he peed himself. Finally, they were able to continue with their day. Though, little Cal's words were the nicest whispers they'd heard about themselves during their trek through Hogsmeade.

Shopkeepers bent over backwards to help them while shoppers gawked and whispered about he and Takashi's relationship and the obligations they felt he owed magical Britain. Despite the whispers, he managed to introduce Takashi to Hogsmeade and pick up a few items. Takashi spent a lot of time inside Dervish and Bangs buying several magical gadgets. Inside Scrivenshafts Harry put in a special order for a white phoenix quill set, in which the feathers had to accept him much like a wand, as well as special ordering parchment. They both brought a stack of books inside Tomes and Scrolls. As the shop assistant put together their orders, the bell above the door ringed as a new customer entered the shop. Looking up, Harry flushed when he saw who walked inside. The girl froze in her tracks and did the same.

"Hello Harry," she said shyly.

Swallowing his nervousness, Harry went up to the girl and gave her a hug. "Sorry, I was a piss poor boyfriend."

Cho's laugh was like tinkling bells and Harry breathed a sigh of relief to realize she no longer had any ill feelings towards him. "Well you were filled with potions and going against all your instincts. Ma Ma said she was surprised you managed to circumvent them at all and pay any attention to me."

"I'm sorry, I wasn't thinking.

"It's okay."

Harry was about to speak to the girl in the mirror when the door opened and the lady from the counter waved to him. "There's a box for you, Harry."

Harry walked to the counter. "What's in it?"

"It's a gift from the proprietor, Mrs. Flume. She's enjoyed your visits to her shop."

Harry thanked her and reached for the gift wrapped in a blue ribbon. Inside he found a special order for a white phoenix quill set, in which the feathers had to accept him much like a wand, as well as special ordering parchment. Harry was touched by the gesture and thanked Mrs. Flume again for her kindness.

Harry and Takashi continued their shopping, enjoying the attention they were receiving. They managed to purchase a few items before heading back to the castle, eager to spend time with the people they cared about.
Besides, I wasn't exactly in the best frame of mind either. I cared for . . . Cedric a lot."

Harry tugged gently on the shiny, black hair he always admired. "Well you look beautiful, and much more relaxed than I've seen in a long time."

Cho's flush deepened. "I've finally accepted things, I think. You defeating You-Know-Who and having the opportunity to spend time with my parents and talk about what I'm feeling helped." She pulled back from the hug but they still keep their arms around each other. "I am sorry for the way I acted Harry, I was a bit of a mess these last few months." She shook her head as if to clear her gloomy thoughts and smirked. "But at least I was right about how awful Ron and Hermione were."

Harry snorted a laugh. "Big understatement there, come on and meet my mate."

"Your mad muggle?" Cho asked her eyes twinkling in amusement. "Never figured you to be one who suffered from Yellow Fever, Harry," Harry looked confused and she giggled. "Muggle term for Whites who are only attracted to Asians."

Harry rolled his eyes and dragged her over to Takashi who was at the counter paying the shopkeeper.

"Takashi, come meet my old girlfriend, Cho. Cho, this is my mate Takashi Morinozuka."

Takashi shoved the shopping bag into his satchel and walked over to where they stood and bowed to Cho.

"Ms. Chang, a pleasure."

Cho leaned over and whispered in Harry's ear. "Handsome." She straightened and looked at Takashi curiously, her eyes widening when she saw his focus ring. "I see the papers are wrong again, you're not a muggle are you?"

Takashi chuckled. "You recognize my ring?"

Cho nodded. "Mother has one. She grew up in Hong Kong and came to Scotland to escape an arranged marriage where she met my father who is a muggleborn." Cho smiled proudly as she pointed towards the medical clinic. "Ma ma is a lead healer at the clinic and Ba Ba runs the family's import business in Glasgow, where we live."

"Wow Cho, I didn't know that. What are you doing in Hogsmeade? Shopping?"

"Lunch with Ma ma. I'm a little early, so I thought I'd come and purchase my books for Hogwarts." She cast a shrewd gaze in Harry's direction. "You're not returning are you?"

"No. Even with the reforms, I just had too many bad experiences."

Cho nodded sadly and hugged him. "Good luck." Her eyes widened when she saw Harry's focus ring. "From what I've seen with Ma ma Eastern magic has a totally different feel than ours. My parents are talking about taking me to Hong Kong next summer to reconnect with my family and heritage so I can learn their magic and history."

"It is different. I had to throw out everything I knew about wands to get my ring to work for me. I'll owl you and let you know how I'm progressing so you'll be more prepared than I was."

She smiled. "I'd like that."
Harry pulled Takashi's arm forward and looked at his watch. "Sorry, we can't stay and chat we have our own lunch date to get too. Take care Cho."

They separated and he and Takashi left the main business section, passing Hog's Head following George's directions to his cottage, which sat at the end of a private lane in an area with upscale traditional cottages. George's den was a large, pale yellow thatched cottage surrounded by neatly trimmed hedges. A small garden rested underneath the windows. A manicured lawn surrounded the cottage with a crab apple tree out front just waiting for a tire swing and a gaggle of kids to run about the fenced yard. Despite not wanting kids now, the Omega wolf inside Harry purred upon seeing the perfect family home.

Pushing open the front gate they walked up the stone path, before they could reach the front door, it opened and George burst out running towards him.

"Harry!"

George engulfed him in a hug, picked him up, and twirled him around. Harry laughed and hugged his friend.

"Mate, this is stunning."

"I know," George beamed happily. "Adrian's parents gave him the house as a graduation present. Adrian says the only reason I married him was to get my hands on the cottage."

"I would. Of course it doesn't hurt that Pucey isn't bad to look at."

Chuckling, George wrapped his arm around Harry's waist and led him inside. "Come see my den."

Harry paused long enough to see the former Slytherin Chaser and Percy introducing themselves to Takashi.

"Handsome," George said following his gaze. "You reek of him little Harry. You must have fun climbing atop that?"

"George!"

Harry's face went bright red. Laughing George pulled him into the cottage decorated with large, mission style furniture. The entire cottage felt warm and welcoming. George in Omega Den mode gave Harry a tour of the four bedroom, four-bathroom cottage. The last room he showed Harry was the master suite, which reeked of the Alpha/Omega pair. Harry immediately sniffed out that the couple hadn't held out for George's next heat like he and Takashi had. Granted they had a few months wait compared to he and Takashi's few weeks.

"So how was it?" George asked sitting cross-legged on his and Adrian's large four-poster.

Harry flushed. Why was he always asked that? "Good."

"So you remember? All my solo heats passed by in a blur of frenzied haze of desperation and a huge sense of unfulfillment."

"I remember." Here Harry flushed. "I felt the frenzy and desperation . . . but I feel it nearly as much when I'm not in heat, only this time it just went on for days. My mind was hazy, but it was like 3rd year when we got drunk on fire whiskey after the Quidditch final."

A look of extreme relief crossed George's face. "Thanks. Makes me feel better since Adrian and I are
trying for pups."

"Already!" Harry sunk on the settee at the foot of the bed.

George shrugged. "I've been in love with Adrian since I was eleven. For us it's a long time coming. I think it's the Weasley in me that wants a large family." He frowned. "I hope I'll see my kids as individuals instead of a set like Mum and Dad saw me and Fred. I hope since it appears as if my and Adrian's relationship doesn't resemble Mum and Dad's our and our children's lives will be different than what I experienced with my parents."

"How is everyone," he asked genuinely and snorted at George's look of surprise. "George, I was conditioned for years to think of your family as my own. Those feelings are still there even if I feel betrayed and doubt I'd trust you guys again."

George nodded though he looked sad. "Fair enough. Bill's somewhere in Egypt working as a freelance warder, Fred said. Charlie is still with the dragons, but now that Mum isn't sending him howlers to keep in touch with the family, we barely hear from him. Ginny and Ron are delusional and ignore any faults they have and feel no remorse. I think Fred is coming around. It shocked him when I stood up to him and left." George looked down at his hands. "I never spoke up for myself before. I was supposed to be in Ravenclaw but was terrified of Fred's reaction, the family's reaction of having a Weasley not in Gryffindor. I'm not brave. I never stood up for myself, so I didn't stand up for you Harry." He shuddered. "I am sorry. I should've done something, should've figured out a way to help you somehow. But with Mum on one side and Fred on the other, I never . . ."

Harry clambered on the bed and engulfed George in a hug. Harry could image how awful it was for George, in some ways George had been just as trapped as he had been. George shuddered in his embrace and tears fell down his face.

"Does Pucey love you?" Harry asked changing the subject once George calmed down some.

"Deeply. He proves it every day. He's very patient. I'm a mess emotionally, he's my pillar of strength, my everything."

"Then allow yourself to be happy in this beautiful home."

"And babies." George said with a smile patting his stomach longingly.

"Scary."

George only chuckled smiling contently. "I can't wait."

"Doodle!" Pucey called from downstairs. "Mimsy said the food is ready."

George wiped his eyes. "We'll be down in a moment."

"Doodle?" Harry questioned with a smile.

"Hush," George climbed off the bed and went to the attached bath to wash his face. "What does your Alpha call you?"

Harry thought about it and flushed. "Mine."

George's head popped out the bathroom with a smirk. "Possessive, huh. Well, everyone knows what happened to the Carrows, freaked Gin out for days before she turned back into her regular spoiled self. He's good to you?"
"Amazing. Never realized how sexy the strong but silent type was."

George chuckled and they made their way downstairs. Pucey waited at the bottom with Takashi and Percy his eyes filled with concern and love as they lit on George, but the tension in Pucey's shoulders eased when George gave him a blinding smile. Adrian went to George and kissed him lovingly. Takashi came to him and squeezed his hand. Harry smiled at him, then turned and greeted Percy with a hug.

They went to the dining room where a house elf brought out their meals.

"So how are things going with your girlfriend Percy?" Harry teased.

Percy blushed. "Very well, thank you for asking."

"You should've invited her; I would've loved to meet her."

Percy smiled. "You're a good kid, Harry. I will introduce you the next time you're in town. Actually, even I can't see her for another week she's in Sicily visiting family."

"Ooo. You didn't tell me you managed to snag an Italian beauty, Percy!" Harry laughed.

Percy was caught between glaring at Harry and flushing with embarrassment.

"So, what about you two?" Harry asked George and Pucey curiously turning his attention onto them. "How did you get together?"

Adrian and George exchanged fond glances so full of love that Harry felt envious.

"First year. Fred and I caused so much destruction in Charms that Flitwick split us up. I ended up next to Adrian. You know how chaotic Flitwick's classes are, the best place to have private conversations under the radar." Harry nodded with a smile. "Snape found out we were separated and thought he'd be sadistic and pair the class up a Gryffindor with a Slytherin. I got Adrian again. We became friends and kissed for the first time third year."

Here Adrian snorted. "Your fault Potter, so thanks."

"Me?"

"It was after your first Quidditch Match, where you swallowed the snitch. George was gloating about Gryffindor's win afterwards. I kissed him to shut him up."

Harry giggled. George smiled and leaned over to kiss his husband; they seemed to communicate with their eyes before George relaxed and turned back to Harry.

"Things got stressful this year. Not only was their Umbridge, but also Dumbledore, my parents, and Fred." He looked worriedly at Pucey, before he continued to speak. "Adrian knew something was wrong, but I couldn't tell him what. I kept having panic attacks and felt as if I were being pulled apart. Even without knowing what was going on, Adrian wanted to run away with me, but I was too scared. How can you run from Dumbledore let alone my family? My family scared me more than Dumbledore. Once after we had been snogging, I forgot to remove Adrian's scent. Fred sniffed me out and had a fit demanding to know who the Alpha was. The only Alphas in our year beside Fred were Adrian and Montague. When I refused to stay who, he assumed it had been Montague because Montague had a habit of making snide comments about me being an Omega while Adrian and I ignored each other in public."
Harry's eyes widened as he thought of the Vanishing Cabinet incident. "Oh No. So that's why . . ."

"Yeah. I got scared after that, stopped meeting Adrian. That's when Fred planned our 'escape' from Hogwarts."

Adrian rubbed his hand up and down George's arm Harry noticed George was shaking. "When you defeated the Dark Lord and I learned what Dumbledore and his family had done, I understood his stress and panic better. I left Hogwarts and found him at his Aunt Muriel's. We began seeing each other again. " He turned to George with a broad smile on his face. "Now we're married and will bond during his next heat and begin a family."

After that, their conversation was fun, light, and airy as they discussed Quidditch and reminisced about the silly stuff that happened during their time at Hogwarts. It was through Adrian Harry learned that with the fines levied against Lucius Malfoy, the reparations the family had to pay to those Lucius had harmed as well as to the Ministry that Narcissa and Draco were in danger of losing Malfoy manor. They had actually looked into moving to a smaller property here in Hogsmeade until Draco finished Hogwarts and they could leave the country.

"Wow, that's a step down."

"Not really," Pucey shrugged. "The Malfoys were always wealthy, but being a family who immigrated to England to escape the witch hunts, they didn't have the clout and status Draco loved to brag about until Lucius Malfoy married Narcissa Black and she became the only Black that wasn't dead, disowned, or jailed. Lucius used his connection to the Blacks to consolidate his power base as everyone assumed Draco was the Black heir and would inherit the Black fortune and title." Pucey grinned and raised his goblet to Harry. "It seems that once again, everyone was wrong."

"Imagine that," Harry deadpanned to everyone's amusement. "So your family are purebloods?"

"For the most part," Pucey shrugged. "We're not snobs about keeping our blood pure like most and like the Potters have mated with muggleborns or half-bloods. My sister-in-law is a half-blood. Also like the Potters, the Pucey's are farmers and grow most of the fruit and vegetables used in magical Britain. But I'm the second son and my brother will inherit the family business."

"What do you do now that you graduated?" Harry asked Pucey curiously, still unsure of all the available careers for wizards.

"I'm a junior clerk at the ministry in the Committee on Experimental Charms Department. I'm also working on my Charms mastery."

"Adrian's brilliant. You know he was Head Boy, right?" George cut in with a smile, shooting his mate an adoring look. "He helps me nail down a lot of the issues we have with product development in the shop and helped me with the charm work on the fireworks, which was why they were so hard to get rid of."

It was hard not to smile, George had it bad. It was sweet.

After they ate, they floo'd to the village Wimbourne to the headquarters of Higgs Magical Construction, a magical construction and design firm owned by Bertie Higgs and his son, Adrian's best friend Terrence resided. Sadao already waited for them. They met in the conference room with the two Higgs men who were both Beta's and Terrence's older sister Marin the firm's interior designer. Marin was an Omega who bonded to a muggleborn Ravenclaw and who had sat for a muggle degree in interior design at Chelsea College of Arts. Harry was impressed with the Higgs family and wished he had gotten to know Slytherins better while he'd been at Hogwarts instead of
assuming they were all like Malfoy.

They looked at magical blue prints that were 3D and discussed design plans for the remodel of each of his properties. The Higgs blinked in surprise when Harry informed them he wanted the properties wired for electricity and the charms the magical world outside of Europe used to prevent magic from interfering with modern technology. Instead of being outraged like most purebloods, the Higgs were intrigued with the possibilities and had already began making plans to tour magical construction companies in America. Once they finalized plans and determined the priority of the properties Harry wanted remodeled, Harry told them to stay in contact with Sadao to tour the properties and if they had any questions.

After the meeting they floo'd back to George's where they said goodbye. Pucey managed to pull him aside once George and Percy went into big brother mode and were grilling Takashi.

"Thank you," Adrian said earnestly. Harry looked confused. "For meeting with George. He's seeing a mind healer, but he still has nightmares about you and is deeply ashamed for never speaking out on your behalf. That you're here and appear to forgive him will go a long way towards his recovery, I hope. Will you continue to write? He feels better after getting a letter from you. He laughed for an hour after reading your rant about those red-headed Alpha twins your mate is friends with."

Harry snorted. "Anyone would, those two are mess. Of course, I'll write."

Pucey let out a relieved breath and nodded regally. "Thank you."

"I'm glad he has you."

Pucey looked at George his expression so full of love it couldn't be faked. "I always knew he'd be mine. I'm glad were married now and I can protect him. That twin of his still tries to dominate him when they're working. He and his sister are weak Alphas who are controlled by animal instincts rather than human reasoning. But since George is their family, he's susceptible to their tricks when he otherwise wouldn't be. They destroyed his self-confidence. It'll stop soon."

Harry suddenly felt scared for Fred and Ginny Weasley. After leaving the picturesque cottage, and seeing they were alone, Harry wrapped an arm around Takashi's waist and leaned against him as they walked through the residential area of Hogsmeade and back to the business district.

"Thoughts?" Harry asked.

"The renovations?"

"No."

Takashi nodded. "Fragile."

"George?"

"Ah. Doesn't have your strength of mind or character. His twin, in a sense had been his Alpha and he wasn't a good one. Too domineering and stifled his development. He's a submissive."

Harry rolled his eyes. "All Omegas are submissive."

Takashi stopped walking and stared at Harry incredulously. "Harry when have you ever submitted to me?" Harry flushed as he thought about what they'd done earlier in their hotel room. Takashi snorted a laugh. "Sex doesn't count. So other than that, when have you submitted to me?"
Harry bit his lip and shrugged. "I tend to be emotional and cling to you a lot."

"Baka," Takashi muttered frustrated. "That's not being a submissive, that's being an Omega who is in a relationship with an Alpha and getting the required emotional support all Omegas, all humans need. A submissive is a person who shies away from what they think and feel. A submissive remains silent out of fear of what other people would think or do to them. Tell me Harry, when have you ever shied away from letting anyone know what you think or feel about them?"

"Well, I never told Ronald that I thought he was a big, fat jealous git and I hated his guts," Harry said stubbornly.

Takashi rolled his eyes. "I think your Ronald figured your true feelings towards him when you usedwandless magic to silence his rant and stuck him to a wall with a sticking charm the most seasoned wizards could not remove."

Harry pouted and purposely knocked into Takashi's shoulder. "I got your point. I don't have a submissive bone in my body except when you manipulate me sexually."

"Exactly." Takashi nodded amused. "You're friend George is a true submissive. He constantly looked for his Alpha's approval before he spoke."

Harry thought over their meeting and gaped at Takashi. "You're right."

"Of course I am."

Harry sighed dramatically. "What am I going to do with you?"

"Blowjob would be nice."

"Hentai, one track mind you have," Harry said punching Takashi playfully in the arm. "Do you think Pucey would hurt George?"

"No. He's besotted. He asked for my and Percy's advice on how to get George to become more assertive. I gave him some ideas and invited them to visit after they bonded. I think seeing us in our den will help George break out of his shell."

Harry beamed at his mate. "Maybe, you have earned a blow job."

Harry reached up on his tiptoes to press his lips against his mate's. As he did, Harry felt a magical disturbance in their air that caused him to flinch and stiffen in his husband's embrace. Takashi noticed the change immediately and pulled out his katana. A bright flash enveloped them. Takashi struck at the disturbance and ended up lopping the head off Dumbledore's phoenix Fawkes. The bird exploded and reformed at their feet as a baby chick sitting in a pile of ashes, a burning letter at its side. Takashi waved his hand over the letter dismantling the tracking and port key spells before pulling the burning letter out the pile.

"Dumbledore's phoenix."

Takashi nodded, took Harry's hand, and continued down the street ignoring the increased stares as people came out their homes to gape at them. Finally reaching the business area, they returned to the quill shop. The shop was packed with customers and a reporter harassed the stalwart owner about Harry's previous visit. The reporter squeaked when he saw Harry and dropped to the floor in a faint when he saw Takashi holding his katana, traces of Fawkes blood still clinging to the blade.

"Mr. Potter," the owner's voice was filled with amusement.
"Mr. Emmett," Harry infused his voice with power for the benefit of their audience. "Is my order ready?"

"Of course, one moment please and I'll gather it for you."

While Harry finalized his order, Takashi conjured a chair and sat down. In a show of dominance among the shoppers, he ritualistically cleaned his blade. Seeing Takashi wasn't done with his show, Harry looked over other items Mr. Emmett had in his store and added an antique globe and stand from the 1700's and a writing desk that would look good in his office. Mr. Emmett seemed ecstatic to the additions in his order. Harry was positive the man was a former Slytherin. The amused mutter of 'Gryffindors' to his and Takashi's antics sealed his suspicions. An hour and half later, they checked out the hotel, taken the port key back to Japan, and were inside their apartment.

Harry collapsed on the sofa exhausted. For security's sake, they decided to forgo the limo and apparated to the London airport and from the Tokyo airport. It was eleven pm Tokyo time and Harry was tired, but first. . .

"The letter."

Takashi sat down next to Harry and in familiar loopy handwriting were the eerie words.

"You cannot hide."

Shuddering Harry stared at the words in shock, which had Takashi putting the note away in his pocket.

"He's a senile old man who is desperate. Let's get cleaned up and go to bed. It's late."

Wooden, Harry allowed Takashi to pull him upstairs, wash him, pull him to soak in the bathtub, and put him to bed without a word. Shivering in his Alpha's arms, it took a long time for Harry to realize he was safe and not laying in a too small bed on a lumpy mattress that should've been thrown out years ago.
Takashi wanted to hit something. He didn't like it. Harry had changed. Masking his worry underneath strong occlumency shields, he trailed after his Omega as he walked to the genkan to leave for his language lessons. Harry had turned quiet since their return from England. His feisty mate had morphed into a quiet stranger who constantly looked over his shoulder. He wanted to murder that monster Dumbledore for having the power to play mind games with his Omega.

Grabbing his mate's hand, he pulled Harry against his body and ran his hands up Harry's sides until he gently clasped Harry's neck and tilted his head back. He then used his thumbs to swipe the bags under Harry's eyes, a byproduct of his nightmares and lack of sleep. Harry reached up and covered his own hands over Takashi's.

"I'm fine," Harry murmured. Takashi raised a brow. "I am," Harry insisted. "I'm going to Koenji tonight with Atsuya and his family to watch the festival remember?" Takashi nodded. "It'll be fun. I'll have a good time and will probably get back late."

Takashi nodded. "Me as well. Back to school shopping with Mitsukuni."

Harry wrapped his arms around Takashi's waist and leaned into him. "I'm fine."

Takashi scowled he didn't like Harry lying to him. "Want him dead."

A faint smile curled Harry's lips before he lifted up on his tiptoes and pressed his lips to Takashi's in a gentle goodbye kiss.

"Soon," Harry promised. "Stop being a worrywart and go have fun with Mitsukuni."

Takashi buried his face in Harry's neck, nibbling at the bond mark while wrapping his hands tight on Harry's waist.

"Study hard and have fun."

Takashi let go and Harry walked out the door with a wave. Takashi stared at the closed door for a long time only moving when he felt Hedwig land on his shoulder. Takashi dug into the pocket of his soccer shorts and pulled out treats for the owl who gobbled them up.

"I'm worried," he told Hedwig who barked in agreement. "Too bad you weren't able to find the old man's location for me Hedwig. I'd have you poop on his head."

Hedwig gave an amused hoot before flying away. Takashi stood inside the genkan deep in thought until Mitsukuni pounded on the front door. When he opened it, Mitsukuni stepped inside wearing one of the 1920 style American gangster suits he preferred. His cousin scanned him critically.

"I've been texting you."

Takashi frowned and dug into his pocket for his cell, it wasn't there.

Mitsukuni sighed. "You've been standing there since Harry left, ne?"
Takashi flushed looking at his watch realizing it was nine already. "Ah."

"So when are you going to tell your mate you love him?"

"Need to change," Takashi muttered before leaving the genkan without welcoming his cousin inside his home and ignoring his laughter.

When Takashi made his way back downstairs showered and dressed in a suit similar to Mitsukuni's he found his cousin at the dining room table gorging on cake with three of his men posted sentry behind him. The men bowed when they saw Takashi. He arched a brow at his cousin.

"Your research and first response team," Mitsukuni informed him waving a hand towards the men. "Their job is to discover Dumbledore, Albus's plans and whereabouts." Mitsukuni sighed, pulled out his phone, and began typing. "Jovici-san would have been perfect for this assignment. It seems I need to recruit more European wizards."

"I can put you in touch with someone."

Mitsukuni nodded towards the guards. "They need everything you have on the man."

Takashi pulled his files and briefed the team. Once done and the men left for the airport to begin their assignment Takashi felt more in control of the situation and smiled gratefully at his cousin.

"Thank you."

Mitsukuni waved off his gratitude and jumped up grabbing Usa-chan, his stuffed bunny. "Business over, let's have fun. Time to shop, ne?"

He and Mitsukuni spent the rest of the day shopping to include stopping at the tailors to order more school uniforms. Takashi smiled at his cousin when Mitsukuni had the tailors send Haruhi a full set of uniforms using the measurements he flinched from the twins during their last cosplay event. After they completed shopping, they dumped their purchases at their homes before making their way to the airport to meet up with the architect and interior designers Takashi hired before everyone took an international port key to London. At Heathrow, Takashi made a local port key from a discarded coffee cup that deposited everyone in front of Potter Cottage in Eamont Bridge outside Penrith, Cumbria.

"Nice land, river view," Mitsukuni commented looking around. "Cute, ne?"

"Ah," Takashi took Mitsukuni and the Japanese architect and design team around the ten -acre property. "Important to retain the traditional English cottage and estate feel," he glared warningly at the team. Takashi hadn't missed how Harry's eyes had glowed with envy upon seeing George's small cottage.

"On it, cuz," Morinozuka, Masakazu, Takashi's elder cousin and the firm's owner saluted him.

"Needs color," he told them looking around the dull gardens and plain landscaping. "The gardens should feel whimsical, the surrounding lake and lands . . . Harry loved the floating river at Mitsukuni's. Make it look natural." He frowned looking at the tacky plastic model. "Get rid of that."

"So the rumors are true," Masakazu said amused, "Cousin Takashi is in love with his gaijin."

Takashi ignored his cousin and led them to the home; they all frowned when the front door led directly to the living room.
"Westerners make no sense," the designer gaped horrified.

"Genkan?" his cousin asked drawing and making side notes on a pad as he talked.

"Ah." He pointed to the windows. "Harry hates feeling closed in, need more windows, but in the same style."

"The leather?" the interior designer asked looking at the furniture. "It's in good shape."

"Iie." Takashi remembered Harry comment once that sitting on leather reminded him of sitting on his aunt's plastic covered furniture. "Comfortable pieces that fit with the style of the cottage."

Takashi finished showing the house and pointing out the changes he wanted. When he finished and his cousin's team were outside surveying and measuring the property Takashi called Kreacher to his side and asked him to have he and the other elves box everything for storage and set aside anything they deemed important enough for his or Harry's attention.

Upon leaving the cottage, he apparated himself and Mitsukuni to the corner of Great Scotland Place and Scotland Yard in London, the visitor's entrance to the Ministry of Magic, Mitsukuni was amused by the telephone booth, the code to get inside, and the harrowing ride underground. The booth drooped them off at an atrium lined with large, gilded fireplaces on each side and a dark hardwood floor that led to a fountain, where Percy said he'd be waiting.

After checking in with security and getting goggled eyed looks for not having wands, they navigated around the packed atrium to the fountain where Takashi spotted Percy chatting with a beautiful brunette. Takashi stopped short in greeting Percy, his eyes widening in shock upon viewing the lightning bolt sculpture sitting in the middle of the fountain.

"Does Harry know?"

Percy shuddered. "Haven't had the balls to tell him. Harry doesn't get angry easily, but when he does . . . well let's just say the Dark Lord was the last one to get between Harry and the object of his rage."

Takashi snorted at the dramatic redhead and looked closely at the sculpture; the piece was engraved with the names of the victims of Britain's civil wars. Thankfully, it wasn't as bad as it first appeared.

"They wanted a statue of Harry with his wand pointing to a quivering Voldemort at his feet. I managed to get that idea shot down, this was the compromise."

Takashi shook his head at the stupidity of British wizards and bowed to the woman at Percy's side.

"I apologize for being distracted."

Percy grinned and introduced his girlfriend with a puffed up smile on his face. It was obvious that Audrey Murino although muggleborn and highly intelligent came from money. Her robes were of the finest silk, expensive make up was smeared across her face, and the earring, necklace, and bracelet combo she wore were of freshwater pearls surrounded by swirls of 18k rose gold and diamond accents. Despite her appearance, she appeared warm and friendly as they chatted, even promising Mitsukuni to speak with the new Deputy Headmistress at Hogwarts for a list of first generation magical alumni who would be a good fit to train with the Haninozukas.

"We'll be late for the trial if we don't hurry," Percy said regretfully to Audrey after a few minutes. Audrey smiled goodbye to Percy before walking away.
"High maintenance," Takashi commented.

"I know." Percy still had a besotted grin on his face. "She's amazing. Ambitious like me, intelligent, and pushes me to do better, be better. Just what I need."

Takashi nodded. The Omega wasn't his type, though he knew there was someone out there for everyone. He, Mitsukuni, and Percy walked to the lifts that led to the courtrooms.

"Any surprises?" he asked.

"We gathered enough evidence to have Kingsley Shacklebolt fired although we couldn't find proof that he's still in contact with Dumbledore."

Takashi nodded and pulled out his cell to make a note to have the man followed when the crazy lift stopped and opened up to the hallway outside the courtroom where a crowd of spectators and reporters milled about waiting to be let inside. The moment they approached, the crowd stared and went quiet for a few seconds before normal conversation once again flowed around them. Takashi saw Neville and Adrian Pucey leaning against a wall chatting and nodded to the others to head towards them.

"I hope you don't mind," Adrian said once they approached. "Percy informed me what was going on today and that you'd be here."

Takashi shook his head.

"Takashi," Neville grinned.

Takashi bowed. "Neville."

Takashi introduced Mitsukuni to the other Alphas as the doors opened and everyone made their way inside the courtroom for the trials of Remus Lupin and Nymphadora Tonks.

Chairs resembling ones used for non-magical electrocutions sat in the center of the courtroom and looked up to the Wizengamot who sat in their seats wearing plum colored robes with a large 'W' embroidered on the front. The guests and spectators sat in benches at the sides and back of the room. Remus Lupin and Nymphadora Tonks were chained to their chairs with guards posted to keep an eye on them.

The trial was straightforward as the new Chief Warlock questioned the accused under veritaserum. Takashi knew the most likely answers that would come out their mouths, though the spectators and reporters were horrified by the additional betrayals heaped against their hero. Several of the more fanatical demanded the two be thrown inside the Veil of Death. In the end, Remus Lupin received three years in Azkaban for breaking and entering and fraud. Nymphadora Tonks because she never profited from Harry but had evidence of conspiring with a known fugitive was fired from her job as an auror. All in all Takashi was pleased with the outcome and the complete ruin of the two's reputation. Though he did wonder if Nymphadora Tonks would just run towards Dumbledore or repent and turn over a new leaf. Takashi pulled out his cell phone and made a couple notes to have his team track her movements and notes on how he should get vengeance on Harry's other former friends before slipping it inside his pocket.

"Hungry?" he asked the others.

He received nods of agreement. They left the courtroom discussing various places to eat when Takashi felt it.
When a witch or wizard performed magic, there was a distinct signature, a manipulation of energy. At an early age, Takashi had been trained to recognize the tell-tale signals when someone performed magic, so when he felt the swirling energy that let him know someone had cast a spell he went into immediate action. Takashi called his katana to him a fraction of a second after Mitsukuni became a blur beside him. In the blink of an eye, Mitsukuni dodged and weaved his small body through the packed corridor, finally stopping a couple feet away where a circle of spectators formed around him blocking Takashi's view. Alarmed, Takashi raced to Mitsukuni's side annoyed with himself for underestimating British wizards and letting down his guard. Pushing his way through the crowd, he saw Mitsukuni and breathed a sigh of relief when he appeared unharmed. His cousin had a woman on her knees, her arms pinned behind her back.

"She attempted to shot a spell at me," his cousin growled in English, his eyes flashing solid black.

Takashi saw red. In a matter of seconds, the woman at Mitsukuni's feet was silenced and bound in thick ropes. Takashi held his katana at the whimpering woman's throat. Mitsukuni gave an approving nod and stepped back, the black rage clearing from his gaze.

Takashi looked down at his feet and bowed formally to Mitsukuni. "Moushiwake arimasen (formal apology)."

Mitsukuni waved him off. "You're good, I'm better."

Takashi snorted at the arrogance, but did not dispute the truth of the claim.

Percy approached, took the woman's wand, and used his own to discover the last spells used. It was a tracking charm.

"Since you appear to have Ms. Jones well in hand," Percy said, "can you follow me and escort her to the DMLE."

Mitsukuni lifted the now silenced and bound women over his shoulder as if she weighed nothing. Takashi rolled his eyes at the crowds shocked gasps at the seemingly child toting a grown woman about and trailed after his cousin. They reached the Department of Magical Law Enforcement where Percy spoke to a frowning man leaning on a walking stick who resembled a lion. The man barked out orders for a scribe and truth serum before limping their way with a determined stride.

"Follow me."

The man led them to an interrogation room where Mitsukuni dumped the woman in a chair and shook his finger at her.

"Bad, bad lady!"

Mitsukuni climbed up Takashi's back and Takashi bit back a smirk knowing Mitsukuni was going to milk the cute, innocent act for all its worth. Another wizard in auror robes walked in and handed the lion a vial of veritaserum. The newcomer sat in the corner with an auto dictation quill and parchment, the lion sat at the table across from the woman while they stood against the wall. The lion poured three drops of truth serum down her throat.

"If you want to stay you will have to remain quiet," the man said making Takashi nod. "Rufus Scrimgeour, head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, interrogating Hestia Jones, senior auror. Present for interrogation . . ."

"Drew Williamson, senior auror and scribe."
"Percy Weasley, Assistant to the Minister of Magic."

"Adrian Pucey, Junior Clerk, Committee on Experimental Charms."

"Neville Longbottom, heir to the Noble and Ancient House of Longbottom."

"Takashi Morinozuka, mate to Harry Potter, member of the magical samurai house of Japan, and personal guard to Heir Mitsukuni Haninozuka."

"Mitsukuni Haninozuka, heir to the magical imperial house of Japan."

Hestia Jones went white while the others turned to gape at Mitsukuni who giggled and shrugged.

"Right," Scrimgeour cleared his throat. "We'll be getting started then. Hestia Jones, did you attempt to place a tracking charm on . . . Mitsukuni Haninozuka?"

She gulped. "Yes."

"For what purpose?" the man growled.

"He was with known associates of Harry Potter. As a child, he appeared to be the safest bet in not noticing the charm and I needed to determine the location of Harry James Potter."

"For what purposes are you attempting to find the location of Harry James Potter?"

"Albus Dumbledore has requested we discover Harry Potter's whereabouts and attempt to detain and question him."

Takashi howled in fury, Mitsukuni squeezed his shoulders to quiet him.

"Why is Albus Dumbledore attempting to kidnap Harry Potter?" Scrimgeour asked after shooting Takashi a warning look.

Hestia Jones squirmed and compressed her lips together clearly reluctant to answer the question.

"Headmaster Dumbledore is determined to meet with Harry Potter and lead him back to the right path."

Takashi was not the only one rolling his eyes at that answer.

"Are you aligned with Dumbledore?"

"Dumbledore is a great wizard." Scrimgeour scowled and asked the question again, telling her to answer with a yes or no. She finally answered. "Yes."

"What are Dumbledore's goals?"

Hestia Jones clearly struggled with the answer as she attempted to answer the question without telling the full truth, in the end she sighed and gave in. "To repel the International Statue of Secrecy and create a benevolent global order ruled by wizards."

"Similar aims that the previous Dark Lords such as Lord Voldemort and Grindelwald had."

"Without the slaughter," Hestia insisted.

"Of course," Scrimgeour replied sarcastically, "just kidnapping, bribery, theft, child endangerment,
and exhortation. What will happen to those who go against this world order?"

"Who wouldn't want it?" Hestia answered confused. "Once everyone understand our aims, it's only logical that they agree with our wisdom."

British wizards really were idiotic, Takashi thought.

"What has Dumbledore done or intend to do with those who disagree with his goals?" Scrimgeour clarified.

Hestia flushed. "I do not know."

"What did Dumbledore say he would do to Harry Potter upon capture?" Scrimgeour asked continuing his questions.

"Talk," Hestia said immediately causing Takashi to snort and Hestia to glare at him. "As the Boy-Who-Lived and the boy who defeated Voldemort, Harry would be a great advocate to our cause and increase support for our views among the general wizarding population."

"After everything Albus Dumbledore has done to Harry Potter, you believe that all he wants to do when he captures him is talk?" Scrimgeour asked incredulously.

"Of course," Hestia said firmly. "The problems between them were just a big misunderstanding. Once Dumbledore has a chance to explain, Harry will realize that being the chosen one meant he had to be protected and what Dumbledore did was done to make sure former death eaters and people of that caliber wouldn't use him. It was for the best."

Scrimgeour stared at the auror incredulously for several minutes as if he were expecting her to laugh and say she'd been joking, before he gave up, shook his head, and continued with his questions.

"Name any other members you know or suspect of being part of Dumbledore's order."

Takashi noted the names that came out of Hestia Jones mouth with interest and the secret ways they used to communicate with each other. In the end, Hestia Jones was charged with aiding and abetting a criminal and was locked up in ministry cells and placed under a gag order until her trial before the Wizengamot.

They were finally able to leave the ministry of magic and get something to eat, but they were a much subdued group than they were before the incident with Hestia Jones. The moment they were seated inside the French restaurant and spoke their orders to the menu sitting on their plates, Percy sighed and slumped back in his seat.

"Just what Britain needs, another Dark Lord attempting to control the world."

"Yes," Neville agreed. "And he's worse than Voldemort and Grindelwald combined. They used brute force to carry out their agendas. Dumbledore's more subtle, more patient, and manipulative. Who knows how many people he's corrupting with them being none the wiser."

Everyone hummed in agreement, except Adrian who seemed to shake out his stupor once he realized he had everyone's attention.

"Sorry, I'm still stuck on the magical imperial house of Japan."

Mitsukuni giggled and waited until the waiter appeared and deposited their appetizers on the table and walked away before talking.
"It's more of a courtesy title," Mitsukuni told them cheerfully. "I would be the Magical Emperor if I weren't a squib. If I have magical children they'll restore my family's magical heritage and head magical Japan once they come of age, though it'll probably be a governmental position similar to your Minister of Magic only instead of being elected it'll be heredity."

"And you're his bodyguard?" Adrian added amazed.

"Ah."

"As my line had always been the magical rulers of Japan, Takashi's line has always been our personal guards," Mitsukuni explained with a shrug.

"Will you marry a witch?" Neville asked curiously.

"My father has been talking of arranging a betrothal contract," Mitsukuni answered a little morosely, his eyes flashing dangerously for a moment. "The talks seem to be getting serious lately. Though I doubt I will be as lucky with my Omega as my cousin has been with his."

Everyone laughed at that and Takashi felt his cheeks heat.

"Adrian," Takashi changed the subject. "How are you and George?"

When Adrian didn't answer, everyone looked to him curiously making him flush.

"I don't know what to do," Adrian sighed helplessly and slumped back in his chair. "Last night I was in the middle of a tricky experiment and was distracted. George walked in and I snapped at him to be still and silent until I was finished. When I looked up an hour later, George was still standing there. I couldn't believe it, the whole time he hadn't moved or said a word."

"Lucky bastard," Mitsukuni groaned.

Of course, Mitsukuni's comment caused everyone to look at Mitsukuni cock eyed who in turn looked to Takashi who shrugged.

"Insular society with Victorian age sexual morals and no knowledge of the advancement of the non-magical world or the magical world outside Europe since Dumbledore came to power after World War II."

Mitsukuni looked appalled. "He has no clue?"

"Ah."

"I have no clue about what," Adrian snapped. "What's going on with George, tell me!"

When no one answered, Takashi looked to Mitsukuni to answer for him as he normally would but his cousin was too busy moping to be of any use.

Takashi sighed. "George is a natural submissive. Mitsukuni who is a natural dominate is horrified that you've been 'lucky' enough to have a natural submissive and don't know how to train him."

Percy frowned. "Is this another aspect of Alpha/Omega relationships we aren't aware of?"

Takashi flushed. "Not exactly."

"Sex." Mitsukuni's eyes gleamed. "Dominance, submission, role playing, mind games, physical and psychological sexual games."
Percy's ears and neck went red. "This is my baby brother we are speaking of."

"Ignore Mitsukuni. It is not always about sex."

"George wants this?" Adrian stuttered out blushing.

Takashi shrugged and pulled out his phone to search the area for shops that specialized in sex and BDSM.

Mitsukuni bounced excitedly in his seat. "You're so lucky. From what you said, your Omega takes comfort in being given direction and orders. We can go shopping so you can buy some background material. Most submissives take comfort when their dominate gives them some type of structure, especially submissives who have been hurt in the past. With clearly defined submissive/dominant rules, the submissive knows that they only have to take orders from their dominate and no one else and actually gain a sense of power and security.

Neville flushed. "Merlin."

"Scared," Mitsukuni teased.

"No. My Luna is a medium. She told me to listen to our lunch conversation closely and said that it'll be a fun thing to try occasionally."

Takashi chortled. The waiter arrived with their food and gaped at Takashi's cell.

"How does your mobile work here?"

Takashi sighed. Coming to England always gave him a headache. Thankfully, Mitsukuni had snapped out of his sulk by now and he didn't have to answer.

"Magical communities outside Europe are not so insular and behind the times with non-magical technology," Mitsukuni said cheerfully.

The waiter walked away looking contemplative.

Neville sighed. "Probably a muggleborn who graduated Hogwarts top of his class and realized after graduation that he couldn't get a good job because of prejudices."

"Then he's a Gryffindor," Percy said. "Audrey told me Sprout and Flitwick pull aside the muggleborns in their houses and inform them of the prejudices of the magical world. Most end up doing their muggle schooling by owl order but with the new structure at Hogwarts they can now take their magical and non-magical classes and exams at the same time and potentially go to a non-magical university if that's what they desire."

"I understand that there hasn't been a future for muggleborns with all the prejudices," Neville commented softly, "but I'm leery of so many magicals leaving the wizarding world and potentially threatening the statute of secrecy."

"Then you'll have to change your world so they don't want to leave," Mitsukuni piped up sagely and causing an inner light to appear behind Neville's eyes as he straightened in his chair.

After they ate, Takashi and Mitsukuni took the shocked wizards to a shop that specialized in BDSM.

"You and Harry are into this," Percy asked looking around at the BDSM devices and gear with goggle eyes.
Mitsukuni snorted. "It takes all Takashi's skill to just to be able to top Harry."

Takashi glared at his cousin and pulled the innocent wizards away from the more extreme BDSM gear to the book section where Mitsukuni promptly thrust several beginner books on dominance and submission into Pucey's hands.

"Umm no offense," a shell shocked Adrian asked. "But how old are you exactly?"

Mitsukuni laughed.

It was after nine local time when Takashi entered his and Harry's den. The stress of the day disappeared and his shoulders relaxed once he saw his Omega curled on the sofa in his pajamas. Harry looked fresh from his bath as he frowned in concentration at the Japanese television drama, the Man who Can't Get Married. Takashi spread across the sofa laying his head in Harry's lap, smiling contently when Harry's hand went to his head and massaged his scalp.

"Have fun with Mitsukuni?"

"Ah. Festival?"

"Wicked!"

Harry handed over his phone, a wide grin on his face and Takashi flicked through the pictures seeing a smiling, happy Harry dancing in the street, eating street food from vendors, and having fun with his friend and his friend's family. Takashi breathed a sigh of relief.

Harry nodded at the bags Takashi set on the floor by the table. "I hung up the bags of clothes I saw sitting in the dressing room," Harry's nose scrunched up in distaste. "Is that all you guys did today was clothes shop?"

Takashi looked up at his smiling, relaxed mate and decided against telling Harry what had went on in Britain.

"Mostly."

Harry chuckled and focused back on the television, his fingers still massaging Takashi's scalp.

"Atsuya likes this show. He ran home to watch it, so I was curious. He says he's addicted because the actor plays an architect. I think he's full of it. I might not understand everything he's saying but that Abe Hiroshi is sexy."

Takashi growled playfully at Harry who giggled and bent down to nibble at Takashi's lips. Takashi smiled. Life was slowly returning back to normal.
A Commoner Adventure

Chapter Thirteen: A Commoner Adventure

Sunday, 27th of August 2006 – Tokyo Metropolis, City of Minato, Moto-Azabu District, Tokyo, Japan

By the time, Harry had truly returned to normal the last day of Takashi's summer vacation arrived and his husband went off on a 'commoner' research trip with the Host Club. Alone in the penthouse with his music bouncing around the high ceilings, Harry remembered his promise to Atsuya and telephoned his new friend.

"Moshi, moshi Harry! How are you?"

"Moshi moshi. I'm fine, just busy with language school," Harry said as he grabbed his satchel and began to empty then repack the expandable space. "Takashi and his friends went to the Regional Specialties Exhibition at Josco's and I'm bored. I was thinking of going there as well. Want to come? We'll probably run into them there and you can meet Takashi's friends."

"Do you mind if Anika (older brother) and Aneki (older sister) come too," Atsuya said in an hesitant voice that sounded off from the confident Omega and relieved Harry.

Harry laughed. "Not at all. Maybe they'll knock sense into you. I haven't known you for long but I have the feeling this is one of your more stupid ideas."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," Harry could literally see his friend's eyes rolling. "We'll meet you outside the mall in an hour."

Laughing Harry hung up the telephone and called for the car to pick him up. Harry was the first to arrive and stood outside anxiously scanning the busy street until he saw the Nakamuras heading his way from the nearby train station. Grinning at the stylishly dressed trio, he listened as Atsuya's brother and sister berated him for throwing away his honor.

"You guys don't understand," he said grumpily as they entered the building. "And Harry you bonded during your first heat."

"You're right none of us can understand your struggle." Harry said in stilted Japanese as he struggled to find the correct words. This was important to get right. "But you're only thinking damage to your . . . body, we are thinking of damage to your . . . soul if you go against . . . principals for only tiny relief." Here Sakuji and Chikako shot him grateful looks. "But we friends, family support you even if you are an onara atama (fart head)."

Atsuya's siblings laughed while Atsuya groaned. "I hate being an Omega."

"It's not bad actually."

"Says the Omega with the Alpha who spoils him."

Harry smiled as he conceded the point. "True. But Takashi spoils me emotionally more than he does materially." Harry paused as realization dawned and his eyes widened before he reached over, wrapped his arm around Atsuya's waist, and leaned into him as he looked at Atsuya's family. "Before Takashi, I was in a bad place," he said slowly still speaking Japanese. "No one touched me, hugged me. I was hated, used. It was so bad it stunted my development and I had to stay in the
hospital for a while. Omega’s need touch. Takashi always touches me when where alone, plays with my hair, massages my feet, hugs me. My wolf loves that, but you don't have to be an Alpha to show affection. Maybe if Atsuya was given more physical affection at home, he wouldn't look for it elsewhere.”

Sakuji and Chikako looked devastated at the thought they may have inadvertently caused distress to their baby brother. They exchanged determined looks before nodding firmly at Harry.

"Harry-kun," Atsuya protested weakly.

Harry ignored his friend and kept his arm around Atsuya’s waist as the older siblings went a little crazy clothes shopping. He and Atsuya trailed after Chikako and Sakuji browsing through the exhibits while occasionally picking things for themselves. Despite Atsuya's rants complaining of Harry's gaijin (foreigner) tendency to show public displays of affection and embarrass him, Harry felt his friend's body relax into his embrace.

They spent awhile shopping until Harry overheard an announcement on the loud speaker for a missing child and choked back laughter. Only Tamaki.

"A child who's 181 cm tall?" Sakuji asked in disbelief.

Harry sighed heavily. "I know where we can find my mate and his merry band of idiots."

They laughed and made their way to the Information Desk. By the time they got there, the entire Host club had assembled. Tamaki was on the ground being humped by a dog while Haruhi handed Kyoya a bag before turning to leave. But Harry's eyes were on Takashi. His mate appeared more mature and masculine standing next to his friends. He looked especially sexy wearing the haphazardly layered casual clothes he preferred. The three small hoop earrings in one ear gave him an edge. Even the baby chick perched on his shoulder didn't detract from his sexiness. He owed his Alpha a lot for putting up with him during his meltdown and Harry was now thinking of things he could do to his mate to repay him.

"You're drooling Harry-kun," Atsuya snarked causing his siblings to laugh.

"Shush," Harry snapped loudly blushing, but drew the attention of the hosts.

"Harry-kun!" Haruhi exclaimed with a smile.

Harry smiled and went to hug her and sniff her familiar jasmine scented perfume before dragging her to the Nakamuras. "Come meet my friends. They value sanity more than the folks you're usually forced to associate with."

Haruhi laughed as he pulled her to the Nakamuras. After introductions, she and Sakuji immediately fell into a discussion about the differences he experienced in an American university versus a Japanese one. Chikako hovered over Atsuya while glaring at the Alphas. Harry giggled while Atsuya rolled his eyes. Takashi approached and tugged on the little fringe of Harry's hair and Harry reached up to pet the chick resting on his shoulder.

"We'll have to have a talk with Hedwig or else she'll bully the poor thing or mistake her for dinner. Have you named her?"

Takashi chuckled. "Piyo-chan. Done?"

Harry flushed. "We were going to get ramen and go to Odaiba so Sakuji-san can finish picking up souvenirs for his friends before going back to America."
Takashi nodded and bowed to Chikako.

"Do you mind if I and my cousin join you?"

"We'll all come!" the twins said joyously making Chikako cringe.

Takashi didn't even bother to glance in the twins' direction. "I apologize for my friends."

"Mori-senpai," Tamaki whined. "You are ruining our commoner research trip. You can't have a commoner experience without us," he said shaking his finger. "We are a family. We do everything together, even meet new friends."

"Not when a new friend is an unbound Omega. You are all unmated, it is inappropriate."

Tamaki and the twins pouted while Kyoya's eyes flashed behind his glasses as he stared at Atsuya.

"I apologize for their rudeness as well." Kyoya bowed to Atsuya before approaching the Omega and holding out his hand. "Ootori, Kyoya."

Atsuya cautiously took the hand held out to him and his eyes widened and his face flushed as Kyoya kissed the back of it. "Nakamura, Atsuya."

"Pleasure. I look forward to speaking with you some time in the future at a more appropriate venue."

Harry rolled his eyes at Kyoya's dramatics, Kyoya caught the gesture and smiled at Harry and bowed.

"I'd kiss your hand as well, but I think Mori-senpai would run me though with his katana."

Harry laughed. "Baka."

"Eloquent as always, Harry-san," Kyoya smirked. "It's always a pleasure to see you. I trust business is going well."

"Everything's coming together, still on track for world domination?"

Kyoya chuckled. "Everything is coming along splendidly, thank you for asking."

"If anyone can do it, you can."

Kyoya gave him a genuine smile this time. It took several more minutes before they left. Eventually, he, Takashi, Mitsukuni, the Nakamuras, and Haruhi were in their vehicle. The three Betas spoke eagerly to each other about their educational experiences and career goals. Atsuya spoke to Mitsukuni about his martial arts training and got advice from Mitsukuni on how to improve his forms. Since Atsuya trained at a Haninozukua dojo, Mituskuni promised to come to his next session and assess his skill level. Harry leaned against Takashi and watched everyone interact taking comfort in his Alpha's presence.

Odaiba was wonderful. Harry brought a camera and took pictures. They had a replica of the Statue of Liberty on an artificial beach. The beach was filled with families enjoying their last day of summer vacation. He also took pictures of a futuristic looking boat that looked as if it came from a sci fi movie.

"Cool."

"Want to take a trip?" Takashi asked.
Harry looked at their friends who were getting along splendidly and shook his head. "Not now, maybe some other time when it's just you and me."

Takashi got a determined glint in his eye as he nodded. They moved on their walking tour and stopped to watch a street performer with incredible balance do tricks. It was awesome despite Mitsukuni saying he could do better. No one doubted him.

They made their way past a gigantic Gundam statue to the decks to wander the shops there. Takashi chuckled when Harry brought a lightning bolt charm for his phone. Mitsukuni had a field day sampling all the snacks and dragged Atsuya along with him as he stocked up.

"Must be hard on him," Harry murmured as he gathered his own candy stash.

"Harry?"

"Mitsukuni. Although you haven't said, it's obvious something's been bothering him. And added to that he's an obvious warrior class Alpha who looks like a prepubescent child when he's obviously a man. Must be hard to be taken seriously though I suppose the hyperactivity and bunny don't help."

"Ah. Mitsukuni is superior to his family in power, intelligence, and skill but they underestimate him. Even though he is better, there is no guarantee his father will name him head. It's creating friction in the household. His father is attempting to mold him into a person he's not instead of respecting the power he does have. Mitsukuni adores his family, his father especially so the animosity is hard on him."

Harry nodded. "And how is your family?"

"They are back. We had lunch Friday at the private club inside Mori Tower while you had lessons."

Harry stiffened. "How did it go?"

"Stilted. Satoshi and Hoshimi apologized, but did only because they know I'm not happy with them. Haha doesn't feel remorse. We won't be visiting the estate."

"It's Sunday," Harry said shortly, eyes narrowed.

"Harry?"

"Something major happened to you Friday and you're telling me three days later only because I specifically asked. What does that say about how much you value our bond?" Harry glared at his Alpha. It took everything in him not to punch his mate or stomp off and leave him. "You expect me to give everything of myself but you are not sharing with me Takashi," he hissed. "That is not fair. Why don't you just way a big sign saying that you don't really give about me except for what I do for you in the bedroom!"

Harry found himself getting emotional and tearing up. He walked away before he could say something he'd regret and joined Mitsukuni and Atsuya.

Mitsukuni frowned. "You okay Harry-chan?"

Harry shrugged. Mitsukuni frown got stronger as he caught the expression on Takashi's face. "Excuse me."

He rushed over to Takashi. Atsuya wrapped his arm around Harry.
"Bad?"

"Alphaholeness." Harry said burying his face into Atsuya's shoulder as he cried. "Unavoidable with any stubborn Alpha. We're in public so I can hit him over the head with a baseball bat like I want to so my wolf is compensating by turning me into a pile of emotional goo."

Atsuya chuckled and wrapped his arm around Harry moving him to a public restroom so he could wash his face.

"Once you cleaned up, we'll find something silly to buy to cheer you up."

Leaving the restroom, they roamed the shops away from everyone else and Harry did end up buying several things just because they made him smile or laugh until they eventually met up with Atsuya's siblings and Haruhi in front of the Hello Kitty display. They hung with them while Takashi and Mitsukuni hovered protectively in the background while chatting intently with each other.

"What's this?" Harry asked curiously stopping along a row of boxes sitting on a shelf. Some of the boxes were plain, some were designed with cartoon characters and other designs.

"Bento Box," Haruhi explained. "It's what you put lunches in to take to school and work."

"It's a cultural thing," Sakuji explained. "We go crazy showing off elaborately prepared bentos. Most Japanese take their lunch meal to school or work and it's become a thing to see who brings the most beautiful and creative bento box. It's supposed to show how much their parents and mate cares for them or some such rot." Sakuji found a bento recipe book filled with pictures and handed it to Harry who flipped though it and gasped at the meals that looked more like art instead of food. "In elementary we were given a school lunch we ate inside the classroom with our teacher, but in middle school and high school we brought our lunches to eat in the classroom and everyone compared whose lunch was the best decorated."

Harry sighed. "Another thing I don't know about and school is tomorrow."

"Ouran has a cafeteria." Takashi said more restrained than usual.

"Yeah," Mitsukuni said cheerfully. "No one except Haruhi brings their lunches as we have chefs that have worked in the top restaurants cooking for us."

"Like everything at Ouran, its expensive and over the top," Haruhi agreed.

Harry and the Nakamuras exchanged looks but Harry still gathered several bento boxes and the recipe book into his pile to buy even though he couldn't read it without a translation charm. Haruhi guided him over to a pile of furoshikis, which were wrapping cloths used to wrap bentos, gifts, and other things inside. He thought they were beautiful and went a little crazy picking out several of the silk cloths in various designs, colors, and sizes, some as large of bed sheets and gave Haruhi his best puppy dog look. Fallen for the infamous Potter charm, she caved and gave him an impromptu demonstration of how to wrap things in the cloth as well as how to tie the cloth so it turned into a backpack or purse.

They continued to wander around more until they eventually had enough and dropped Haruhi and the Nakamuras at the train station and Mitsukuni at the Haninozuka Estate. Then, he and Takashi were alone in the back of the limo sitting on opposite sides of the vehicle.

"Harry." Harry looked up from the kana workbook he'd been going through, which comprised of the hiragana and katakana writing systems to see Takashi staring intently at him. "You were right."
"I know."

Harry went back to the book, tracing the characters and redrawing them over and over like he had down in his handwriting lessons back in primary.

Takashi sighed. "Harry."

"I busy trying to figure this out Takashi, but why I don't know. I'm putting all my energy into changing my life when you won't even share yours with me. You know everything about my life while you only tell me the basics of yours.

"Harry."

Takashi made a move to reach out to Harry but stopped when Harry backed away and hovered in the corner of the vehicle the book to his face. He knew he was being mean, but he knew Takashi enough by now to know he would, while being remorseful, apologize just to make things right but not really understand why Harry was so hurt nor change his behavior and open up to him.

When they got home, Harry went into the kitchen to make dinner while Takashi warned Hedwig what he would do to her if she harmed one feather on his chicks head. Hedwig of course rolled her large, yellow eyes at him, huffed, and disappeared inside her magically expanded perch.

"Harry?" Takashi hovered in the doorway.

"Hmmm."

"You are the most important person in my life."

"Strange you can say that as you don't allow me to be a part of your life."

"I'm sorry."

Harry snorted and turned his back on his mate not seeing his shoulders slump. "Sorry doesn't help when you won't open up to me."

"I love my family," Takashi admitted starkly. Startled Harry paused in what he was doing and turned, giving Takashi his full attention. "I have been the golden son. My father's favorite, my mother's proof of her fertility that she was such a good Omega she bore an Alpha on her first try. And my siblings look up to me. Most times, they see me as much as a father figure as Chichi. To be estranged is hard. Everyone was so polite but it hurt that they didn't really understand how much they had hurt me, or in Haha's case didn't care."

Harry went to Takashi, wrapped his arms around his mate's waist, and leaned into his Alpha. Takashi held him close and bent down to nuzzle Harry's neck where the bond mark rested.

"I didn't want you to worry Harry," he whispered. "You are under so much stress right now. I didn't want to see you worried about something else. You've been off since we got that note from Dumbledore."

"Doesn't matter. We are bonded. We are in it together, okay?"

"Ah."

"Don't shut me out again. It makes me wonder what else you've been hiding from me." Takashi stiffened and Harry backed away from Takashi his eyes narrowed. "Takashi?" Takashi's face pined
and Harry glared at his mate. He had never wanted to hit someone so bad. It was time he brought a bat. When Takashi remained silent, Harry stomped his foot atop Takashi's, hard. Takashi flinched but didn't move. "Spit it out," Harry snapped. "Waiting and not saying anything is making it worse Takashi!"

Takashi nodded. "Percy owled me the date of Remus Lupin and Nymphadora Tonks trial. I saw how hurt you were when we found them at the cottage and was afraid you'd want to go to their trial and have to go through all that hurt again. Then with your state of mind after that letter Dumbledore wrote, I didn't want you to be bothered with it, but wanted to make sure justice had been done. I went to the trial. Afterwards, one of Dumbledore's supporters, a Hestia Jones, attempted to hit Mitsukuni with a tracking charm hoping it would lead back to you. We caught her of course. She was questioned and trialed as well. Hestia Jones and Remus Lupin are in Azkaban, while Nymphadora Tonks was fired from her job as an Auror."

"Hmm," Harry muttered his arms crossed over his chest and his foot tapping dangerously close to where he had already stomped on Takashi's. "I suppose this was the day you and Mitsukuni spent 'most' of the day 'shopping'?" He used air quotes around the words most and shopping while glaring daggers at his Alpha.

"Yes," Takashi said solemnly. "Harry, the last thing I want to do is add to your burden."

"Sonogo, orokana yaro wa watashi o amayakashi shiyou to shite teishi shimasu (Then you stupid bastard stop trying to coddle me)!" Harry poked his finger into Takashi's chest as he continued to curse at him in Japanese, until he ran out of words he knew and he turned away to continue cooking. "If you would have told me, explained what you just explained just now, I probably would have agreed with you. I probably would have stayed behind and let you attend the trial if you wanted. But you didn't give me a chance to do that did you? The point is that as usual, you took matters into your own hands and did not consult me. You took my control away from me, Takashi."

Takashi's shoulders slumped he dropped to his knees and with his head bowed scooted forward until he was close enough to swing Harry around to face him and wrap his arms around Harry's waist and rest his face in Harry's stomach.

"You're right. Forgive me. Yell at me all you want, but please don't go silent on me again. I hate it."

"Pot calling kettle," Harry muttered venom gone and cursing himself for being a sucker for falling for his pitiful looking mate.

Takashi nuzzled his stomach and nipped at his belly button through his shirt. "Your Japanese is getting better, I especially enjoyed being called a poop sniffer."

Harry flushed and shivered as Takashi lifted up his shirt and continued nibbling at his stomach.

"New tutor," he said breathlessly. "She goes to Ouran University, Soga, Tamura. Her father is making her work to pay him back for going over her credit limit. She said her little brother is in the same class as Haruhi and the twins. When she found out I was married to you she dragged me to the fancier restaurants in town and makes me pay the difference to what the language school gives her for our lunch. She pretends to be the perfect lady, but she swears a lot. She's funny."

"I remember her."

Takashi pulled Harry to his knees, licking and gently biting up and down the side of his neck and collarbone.
"You're making it hard to concentrate."

"Good. I adore you Harry. You are the best thing that happened to me."

Harry shuddered. He felt Takashi smile against his neck and began to nibble and lick at his ear.

"Taka," Harry whined, composure completely lost. "Dinner."

"Leftovers. I'll feed you dinner in bed."

Takashi lifted him up in his arms and rose to his feet before going into the stasis cabinet to gather food for them.

Takashi left the penthouse at four thirty to head to the dojo. He came back so they could eat breakfast together before he showered and dressed for school. Then Mitsukuni picked him up in his vehicle while Harry took their car. His first stop was to retrieve Kaori from in front of her building, Motoazubu Hills. He and Kaori spent the ride to the language immersion center catching up on business issues.

"You begin your training at the dojo next week." Kaori sat back in the vehicle and crossed long legs clad in a bouncy skirt paired with a silk top before pulling the digital organizer from her purse. Harry groaned. "So I'll be leaving the house at the crack of dawn with Takashi from now on?"

She snorted not looking up from where she flipped through her notes. "Yes, but in addition to learning martial arts on Tuesday and Thursday morning, on Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning, you will be learning Japanese and Asian history as well as magical combat. Then you'll return to the penthouse where you'll be tutored in Math and Science. You're free in the afternoons, at least until October."

Harry frowned. "What's happening in October?"

"I enrolled you into a Japanese Language School. It's an international school for foreign university students studying Japanese in college. They normally only accept university age students but made an exception for you after I spoke to them. These are university level language immersion courses and more intensive and academic than what you're learning now. The good thing is you'll be poised to fulfill the foreign language requirement for your GCSE and A levels even before completing the course."

"Yippee," Harry groaned. "Don't get me wrong, love, but I was under the impression that when an employee took the initiative to handle things on her own it was so the employer could work less not more."

Kaori looked up from her organizer, smirked, and smacked the back of his head affectionately. "Don't be a brat. It's for your own good."

Harry slumped back in his seat and pouted. "You are so mean to me. How long are these classes?"

"Your math and science tutoring lasts until the end of January before you switch to business and economics, which lasts until May. You'll study English grammar and English non-magical history in June and July. Your language course runs the next two years from October to June. If everything goes well you may be able to take the GCSE next August."
Harry gasped. "Really!"

"Yes. You'll be poised to take all the classes, even the Japanese for your GCSE and then spend next year on intensive tutoring for your A-Level's. If you stick with the Language school for two years, you'll be ready to take the Japanese Language Proficiency Test and have the option to attend university in Japan. You'd be in the same year as your friend Haurhi and could attend University with her if you wanted to stay in Japan a couple more years before attending University in England."

Harry sat back in his seat as the possibilities overwhelmed him. The Japanese government had just pushed a law forward that stated all students interested in becoming solicitors had to complete law school. This new requirement added an additional two to three years to Takashi's academic schedule and their plans to move to England. Before Takashi was going to finish university, take the bar examination, and they'd move to England where they'd both sit for their Economics and Management degree at Exeter College, Oxford. Now instead of sitting around waiting for Takashi to finish his required schooling, Harry could get a university degree in Japan as well. In what, he didn't know yet, but that wasn't the point now. Grinning, he reached over and engulfed Kaori into a massive hug.

"Best assistant ever!"

"The next two years are going to be hard. You'll need a lot of dedication if you want to get caught up with your education and pass your exams, especially the Nihongo Nouryoku Shiken Language test so you can enter university," she warned.

"Ruin my buzz and I'll fire you."

"Sorry kid, you're stuck with me. I already paid the first installment for the kids schooling. Term began at the end of August and it's costing me nearly 60k a year to educate both my brats at the international school. With what I'm paying for the little buggers schooling, I might as well sent them to Ouran."

Harry gasped affronted and looked up at Kaori with big shiny eyes, though he couldn't prevent the amusement from seeping out his voice. "And to think I thought you worked for me because you liked me. You don't. You are using me."

"Damn right. And as an added bonus, I get to make you miserable. Making you miserable makes me happy because I'm miserable I'm reduced to working to support my brood, so don't you forget it."

Harry giggled and leaned his head on Kaori's shoulder. "I love you. Let's dump our Alpha's and run away and get married."

"I'll decline," she deadpanned. "While you are wealthy, I prefer a male with a knot and big chinko (penis)."

Harry choked on his laughter. "Meanie! You're breaking my heart."
Chapter Fourteen: Little Brothers

Wednesday, 30th of August 2006 -Tokyo Metropolis, City of Bunkyo, Hongo District, Tokyo Japan

"You have no right to bear the Haninozuka name!" Yasuchika, Mitsukuni's younger brother ranted in the middle of Music Room Three.

Shocked silence met Yasuchika's declaration. The Hosts gawked at Yasuchika with varying expressions of confusion (Haruhi), amusement (the twins), intrigue (Kyoya), and sorrow (Tamaki). Appalled, Takashi listened as Yasuchika divulged private, family business to the Hosts. The more he listened, the more he was ready to adopt Satoshi's method in dealing with the boy and whack a shinai upside his younger cousin's head.

Takashi whipped his head towards Mitsukuni and saw how tightly he clutched Usa-chan to his chest. Mitsukuni's hands were balled into fists, his eyes flashed black, before he forcibly calmed himself only to become angry once again as his eyes pupils darkened then lightened in a continuous cycle as he battled for control over his wolf. Mitsukuni was close to his breaking point. If Yasuchika didn't stop, Mitsukuni would snap and they'd all be in trouble.

Thankfully, Satoshi stepped in and berated the idiot in his typical blunt manner.

Once Yasuchika ran out the clubroom wailing like the spoiled drama king he was, Mitsukuni's rage disappeared, but Takashi could tell Yasuchika's harsh words still affected his cousin. He made a move to go to Mitsukuni but Satoshi stood before him and blinked up at him with a glassy eyed expression that had been his downfall ever since Haha first placed a newborn Satoshi in his arms. Takashi nodded and moved out the room, Satoshi quickly following. Once they were alone, he waved his hand and created a privacy ward so the twins and Tamaki couldn't eavesdrop.

"Ah?"

Satoshi reached up and sheepishly rubbed the back of his head. "I'd like to apologize to Harry for my behavior."

"Why?" he asked suspiciously.

Satoshi looked startled. "You said we couldn't hang out until I did. I miss you."

Takashi sighed. "Yet you don't believe what you, Haha, and Hoshimi tried to do was wrong."

"I agree with Haha," Satoshi look mulish. "Yes, I shouldn't have taken things that far, I was wrong for that. I disrespected you, father, and our family name by acting like such a brat, but I firmly believe father made a mistake in making you marry him. Goodness, Takashi, look at who you are. You're brilliant," he said passionately. "You can have any Omega in Japan, even the Imperial Princess if she's who you wanted. You can certainly do better than some gaijin who knows nothing about our family and our culture."

Takashi tensed and he glared down at his younger brother.

"I can't," Takashi replied firmly.

Satoshi's eyes widened. "You . . . are you serious? What . . . don't tell me you actually like him? It
hasn't even been that long."

Takashi shrugged.

Satoshi looked floored. "Chichi and Haha's bond was arranged they . . ."

Takashi sighed knowing what Satoshi was getting at. His parents bond while not miserable was not happy. They had separate bedchambers and ignored each other until Haha's oestrus cycle.

"Harry and I are not Chichi and Haha. With the life Harry had been forced to live, he will never become a spoiled, pampered Omega."

Satoshi flushed. "Haha isn't . . ."

Takashi raised an eyebrow at Satoshi who flushed and rubbed his hands over his face.

"Okay, you're right. Can I come and apologize? It is hard for me to see how you can be happy in an arrangement with someone totally different from yourself, but I, we shouldn't have interfered."

"No, you shouldn't have. It wasn't just me," Takashi growled, his instincts demanding he protect his Omega, even from his own brother. "You hurt Harry. It took a lot for him to feel comfortable in our home after your stunt. I won't put him through that again. I will talk to him but if he is feeling uncomfortable, if you utter the wrong thing in your normal harsh manner, I'll call it off."

"Okay, but can we hang out again after? I miss my big brother."

Takashi's face softened. "I miss you too, but my first duty is to protect my Omega."

"Chichi . . ."

"Haha's behavior embarrasses father," Takashi snapped. It was time Satoshi faced facts. "Surely, you've noticed he never takes her out in public with him? Chichi is usually in Alpha discipline mode instead of the protective stance most Alphas take with their Omegas. Harry hasn't done anything to embarrass me or make me feel ashamed of him." Takashi's anger deflated, he looked sad. "Actually, it's quite the reverse."

Satoshi frowned. "I don't understand."

"I'm the one ruining our relationship," Takashi whispered with dawning realization.

Yes, Harry had forgiven him for keeping secrets, but he had not forgotten. It was subtle, but Harry had not been the same since Sunday. Harry, who had been betrayed by everyone, only waited for him to hurt him again. Takashi blinked back tears as he finally realized the truth. How could he fix it? How could he prove to his husband he was truly sorry and would change? Could he change or would he just prove to be just as stubborn, just as thick headed as his mother and siblings, by refusing to see how his actions hurt others?

"Taki-ni?" Satoshi called out concerned.

Takashi shook his head. This was not the time or place. He focused back on Satoshi. He wouldn't understand, couldn't understand his situation. The only experience Satoshi had with Alpha/Omega relationships was what he'd seen between Chichi and Haha.

"Alphas' instincts are overwhelming, it's hard to understand or explain. Did you notice Mitsukuni clutching Usa-chan so he wouldn't attack Yasuchika when he belittled him?"
Satoshi nodded waving his hand impatiently. "Of course, that's way I stepped in."

"Yes, you did good." Takashi praised his brother and Satoshi shoulders squared at the compliment. "But take the anger and hurt you suspect he felt and multiply it by ten and that's what we as Alphas battle with every day," Takashi explained tiredly. "Normal feelings are multiplied tenfold. It's the wolf inside us, fighting for dominance with our human side. A strong Alpha doesn't let the wolf control him, but at times, when things become too much... the wolf, our Alpha instincts take over. It's hard to explain if you never experienced it." He pressed his lips together and chewed on his bottom lip with his teeth as he thought. "I'll talk to Harry, but right now I have to go back inside and find a way to calm Mitsukuni down that doesn't involve sparring. Harry nearly attacked Mitsukuni the last time he caught us sparring and saw my bruises. He'll murder us if he finds any more bruises on me."

Satoshi looked skeptical, but shrugged and left.

xxx

The news that if he studied hard enough he'd catch up on his education buoyed Harry and he took to the last week of language tutoring with renewed vigor. Harry was shocked when at times he found himself thinking in Japanese. That surprising development gave him confidence he'd eventually become fluent. From what the instructors said it was as if he received three years of typical high school foreign language lessons in four weeks, minus the grammar and writing. When he began his new school, he'd learn the grammar and writing so he could become fluent.

He loved his new life. He loved the freedom, he loved the challenge, he loved the opportunities, and most of all, he loved Takashi for making it all possible. But... there always was a but wasn't there. It had been hard to be around Takashi these last few days. He knew Takashi was sorry, he knew he didn't mean to be a dominate, controlling... well warrior class Alpha protecting his Omega. Even though Harry knew Takashi didn't mean it, that didn't stop him from doing it and he knew Takashi would probably do it again. As an Omega, he supposed he should rejoice in the fact that he had a big, strong Alpha who cared and wanted nothing more than to protect him, but Harry was more than an Omega, he was a man as well. As a man, he just couldn't. Takashi didn't see him as his equal, and frankly, that pissed Harry off.

"Boss man?" Kaori said concerned.

"Huh?" Harry leaned his head against the glass of the vehicle and blinked at his assistant.

"I've been speaking for the last ten minutes."

"Sadao found a building in Hogsmeade to set up headquarters," Harry responded immediately, mechanically.

She sighed. "And...?"

"No clue." He sighed and rubbed his forehead back and forth against the cool glass as he felt the beginnings of a headache.

"What's wrong?"

"I don't want to go home."

"You guys fighting?" Kaori asked her voice laced with sympathy.

Harry snorted and dropped back against the seat, closing his eyes and wrapping his arms about himself. "Takashi and I don't fight. Fighting involves two people actively engaged in a heated
discussion," he says bitterly. "I yell, he apologizes then seduces me until I forget what I was mad about."

Kaori chuckled. "And then you later come to your senses and know nothing was resolved."

"Exactly!"

"Well my young padawan." Kaori began causing Harry to snort. Kaori shrugged. "It's all David watches. Our television is on a continuous rotation of Star Wars, the Godfather, Jerry Seinfield, and the Sopranos. This month it's Star Wars. I guess I should be thankful he's not an anime otaku like most foreigners living here. But back to you my young padawan, you have two choices. Option one, be the foreigner you are and talk to him. Harass him, make him understand why you feel the way you are and demand he listen to you and consider your feelings. Option two, give him the benefit of the doubt. Wait a couple days watch his behavior like a hawk. Is he processing what you said during your argument or is just going back to the way things were before? Is he really thinking about what you said and attempting to understand your feelings or is he just going about as if nothing's happened? Give it a week or two, if you don't notice a change by then, go to option one."

He really needed to give Kaori a raise.

"Run away with me and have my babies."

"Brat, stop trying to foist your baby making responsibilities off on me, I've served my time. Keep it up and I'll make sure your next birth control potion just has water in it. Sextuplets anyone?"

Harry couldn't help but laugh. "So what else were you trying to tell me about Sadao earlier?"

She opened her notes and began again.

Thanks to Kaori, Harry walked into the penthouse after class with a smile on his face. Leaving the genkan, he walked into the somewhat familiar sight of Mitsukuni sitting at the dining room table stuffing his face with cake. To Harry's surprise Atsuya was there as well. Takashi had his books spread out doing homework and so did Atsuya. Mitsukuni quizzed Atsuya on a book he needed to write a report on and helped the Omega sketch out his outline. When Takashi saw him enter the room, he stood and pulled him into the entryway, kissing him hello.

"What happened to your proclamation that it's not appropriate for an unbound Omega to be around so many Alphas?" Harry teased.

He thought it was cute the way Takashi's cheeks flushed pink when he got embarrassed. "They were annoying me." Harry snorted and Takashi looked mulish. "It wasn't just me, his siblings were uncomfortable as well."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," Harry said amused. "So, what's going on?"

"I invited Mitsukuni and Atsuya for dinner, sorry I didn't warn you. It was an emergency. Atsuya is releasing his pheromones and keeping Mitsukuni calm . . . that and the cake. Mitsukuni was close to turning feral several times today."

Takashi, his usually stoic mate looked to be at his wit's end and that alone told Harry that whatever happened had been bad. His eyes widened. "What happened?"

"Little brother drama. They came to club today, Yasuchika was brutal of his disdain for Mitsukuni and aired personal family issues to the whole club. Mitsukuni eyes went black and he was seconds away from attacking his brother, when Satoshi stepped in and diffused the situation." Takashi took a
deep breath. "Satoshi and I had words as well; at least he had the sense to speak to in private. He wants to apologize to you. I told him it was up to you."

Harry bit his lip. He really wasn't in the mood for more drama, but he should at least try to be friendly for Takashi's sake.

"He can come for dinner tomorrow."

"Thank you Harry." Takashi looked relieved that Harry knew he'd done the right thing.

"Atsuya?"

"We left club early to watch Atsuya's training. When I saw the calming effect Atsuya has on Mitsukuni I invited him to dinner as well."

Harry's eyes widened. "You think Mitsukuni likes Atsuya?"

"Yes, but I doubt he'd pursue a serious relationship with him. He's worried, not only about his stature, but also about his family and possible marriage contracts. They want him to mate with a witch or wizard, his father is actively looking for a magical Omega for him. Healers told his family that if he mated with a witch or wizard theirs a seventy percent chance his children will be magical and his children will be able to reclaim the magical land and titles the family lost."

Harry sighed. "What a mess. I know Atsuya respects him, but I don't know if it's more than that. I guess we can just see what happens."

"Ah."

"Before we go, is there anything else I need to know and forgot to ask?"

Takashi flinched. Harry immediately regretted the words that came out his mouth. It was a bit mean.

"Sorry."

"I deserved it." Takashi closed his eyes and sighed before opening them and meeting Harry's apologetic gaze. "We'll talk tonight."

"Okay."

So much for following Kaori's brilliant plan, he was a bumbling gaijin.

They went back to the living room. Atsuya and Mitsukuni had their heads bent together as they went over their homework.

"Hey guys," Harry said. "How was training?"

Mitsukuni looked at him with a bright smile on his face. "Hey Harry. Aty-chan is really good."

Atsuya snorted and playfully shoved Mitsukuni's shoulder. "You wiped the floor with me in under thirty seconds."

Mitsukuni casually waved away his win and finished answering Harry's question. "He's ready for more specialized one-on-one training. If his parents agree and he can switch to morning sessions before school I can train him on the days I'm not training you, Harry."

"Really," Atsuya looked to Mitsukuni with glowing eyes. "Thank you. I'm honored."
"You're a good friend to Harry and a good martial artist. I'm glad to help."

Atsuya glomped Mitsukuni only to pull back with a blush, Mitsukuni was beaming.

Harry had to suck his lips into his mouth and bite them to keep from smiling. "I'll get dinner started."

"I'll help," Takashi quickly replied.

He and Takashi went into the kitchen and the second they met each other's eyes they were laughing. For dinner, Harry made grilled salmon, rice, dashi with simmered vegetables, and seared scallops, and homemade ice cream for dessert.

Dinner was long and the conversation and company were great, though Harry was a little bit hesitant to allow Atsuya to go home alone with Mitsukuni but Harry kept his mouth shut as they left.

"Mitsukuni has honor," Takashi soothed taking his hand and leading him upstairs. "Nothing will happen."

Once they were alone, they showered and if by mutual agreement headed to the hot tub on their bedroom terrace. Harry mentally prepared himself for their talk. Normally he'd be the one poking and prodding his stoic mate to speak, but now, especially after his outburst earlier, he was determined to keep his mouth shut and listen.

Of course, he was unprepared for all the uncertain little glances Takashi sent in his way when he remained silent. Even closing his eyes and tilting his head back on the hot tub didn't help. He could literally feel Takashi's laser shot gaze boring into him.

He sucked at remaining quiet.

"Got a letter from Luna today."

Strong fingers reached out and massaged his calf muscle.

"Ah."

"All the third year students and up got a letter and new permission slips for Hogsmeade visits. Students third year and up can now go into Hogsmeade every weekend. Since the first is on a Friday, I thought I'd go visit before classes began on Monday. I'm even going to brave taking that nasty body regulating potion this time so I could adjust to the time difference better. It'll give me a chance to meet with Sadao as well and see how things are progressing.

The hand on his leg stilled. "By yourself?"

Harry prided himself on his steady nerves and shrugged. "If you want you can come as well. I'm just checking on things and hanging out with friends."

"If I want," Takashi repeated slowly. "What do you want Harry?"

Harry signed his eyes still closed. "I'm homesick I suppose. I want to be around something familiar."

"Will you come back?"

Startled, Harry's eyes popped open and he jerked upright from his lounging position to stare at Takashi with his jaw dropped.

"Huh?"
"Harry," Takashi began looking sad. "You are not the most secretive person in the world. Your emotions show on your face. I know you aren't happy with me so it's safe to assume you're leaving to get away from me. Will you come back?"

Harry flushed. "Of course, I promise."

Takashi nodded. "I'm sorry I'm making things difficult for you. You are more than just someone to have sex with Harry," he said softly. "I'm sorry you feel otherwise."

"I wouldn't if you wouldn't talk to me and not keep secrets from me."

Takashi nodded. "I'll try. Dinner?"

Harry tilted his head trying to decode Takashi's shorthand, when he did he smiled.

"Promise?" he asked eagerly.

Takashi nodded.

"It'll keep you to it. Everyday at dinner you'll share everything good and bad, okay?"

Takashi nodded. Harry smiled excitedly and jumped up to hug Takashi.

"Thank you. This means a lot to me that we'll have a real relationship."

Takashi lowered his head and nuzzled their bond mark. "Want you happy, not sad."

"I am happy. I like my life. I like being with you."

Takashi snorted. "You like being free. I am just an added bonus."

"Noromo." Harry pulled back framing Takashi face in between his palms. "I like you. Granted, I don't have you trained properly yet, but I've put in too much time and effort to return you now." Takashi snorted, Harry snickered and kissed his lips. "I like you. I like that you're sexy. I like that you let your actions speak for you, because people are liars. I like how you put me first, no matter how busy you are with school, training, and you family. I like how you allow and encourage me to be myself so I can reach my full potential. I like that you don't care that I take charge when I know best. And I especially like how you're willing to adapt to try and make me happy even if it is outside your comfort zone."

Takashi devoured Harry's lips in desperate sloppy kisses that had Harry smiling. He lifted his legs to wrap them around Takashi's waist.

"Did I mention I like your big chinko too?"

Takashi smirked against his lips. "What time are you leaving Friday?"

"After lessons probably, that way I'll be there breakfast time and have the whole of Friday to work on business before I see my friends Saturday."

"Can you wait a couple more hours before you leave?"

"I suppose, why?"

"Surprise."
"Sir, a package arrived for you."

Harry, gaze fixed on the file Kaori thrust into his hands before he exited the limo struggled to focus his attention on the gentleman behind the concierge desk.

"Huh?" he asked dumbly before smiling sheepishly at the man who had been talking to him. "Oh sorry, I was rude. I'm doing well. How are you today?"

"Fine sir, thank you for asking," the man's eyes sparkled as he handed Harry a box wrapped in green wrapping paper with a beautiful silver bow tied on top. "This just arrived."

"Oh. Thanks." Harry answered still distracted.

"Enjoy your evening," the man said not doing a good job of holding in his amusement.

Harry nodded and headed toward the elevator. Out of habit, he scanned the package for charms or hexes before ripping open the small box. Harry's feet froze in place, his head jerked back, and his lips parted in stunned disbelief once he saw the contents.

Items from his cupboard, old pictures he had drawn in primary school, broken toy soldiers, and ratty crayon tips. The box even smelled like Privet Drive. One whiff and it was as if he'd been transported back in time. Harry slid to the floor, his body shaking as memories of being locked inside a cupboard under the stairs assaulted him. His hands went compulsively to his hair as he shook off dust and debris that rained down on him from the Dursleys' footsteps as they purposely stomped up and down the stairs. Aunt Petunia's shrill voice called out to him, and then his uncle's voice chimed in threatening to kill him and toss him into the garbage bin while Dudley's taunting laughter echoed in the background. Wrapping his arms about his legs, Harry rocked back and forth, as he sat in the darkness hoping the Dursleys would hurry and go to bed so he could sneak out the cupboard and get something to eat. Hungry gnawed at his insides and it took all his willpower to remain conscious. As he flitted between a conscious and unconscious state, he prayed as he always prayed, wishing for someone, anyone, to come and take him away from here.

Trapped inside his nightmare, time ceased to exist. How long he sat huddled inside the elevator, Harry didn't know. To him he wasn't inside an elevator, he wasn't even in Japan. He was a little boy in Surrey, England trapped inside a cupboard at Number Four Privet Drive wanting to be saved. Eventually, his savior appeared. He didn't see him. He couldn't see anything except for the darkness of his cupboard, but he smelled him. The man smelled nice, like spices, oil, and sweet dumplings. In the back of his mind, he knew the man was safe that he wouldn't hurt him so he didn't flinch when the man pulled him into his arms and pushed his face into his neck. In fact, he liked it, which was weird because he usually hated people touching him. Harry liked smelling the man, knowing this man was in the cupboard with him made everything better. He wasn't alone. The man was here, he was in the man's arms, the man rocked him, and he smelled super nice.

"Will he be okay?"

He heard the voice. Whoever it was sounded worried, so he must not be talking about him. No one
ever worried about him. The boy's voice sounded weird, distorted as though it came from a distance as if he and the man were submerged underwater about to drown and the voice shouted from the surface.

"Put the kettle on," a deep soothing voice rumbled. Harry liked that voice; he wished the man talked more. The man's voice was perfect, slow, deep, and methodical not distorted like the other. "Next to the teapot is a tin of Darjeeling Black tea. Mugs are in the counter above. Put five teaspoons of rock sugar into the tea and add a good bit of cream. In the potions cabinet beside the calming draughts are vials of his anti-anxiety potion, it's the pale green one. Harry keeps sweets in the stasis cabinet for Mitsukuni's visits. Bring them."

Harry? That was his name, wasn't it? His name was Harry. His name was Harry not boy or freak. But Harry. Harry James Potter-Morinozuka. Morinozuka? Where did that name come from? Oh. He didn't live in a cupboard any longer. Privet Drive was a memory. Sirius had saved him, hadn't he? His Alpha saved him. He wasn't alone. He had Takashi, his Alpha.

Harry shuddered and tightened his arms around his mate's neck as the nightmare slowly retreated. He didn't live in a cupboard. He was free and he was never going to allow anyone to lock him up again.

"Takashi," whispering his mate's name made everything real.

"My Harry." Takashi breathed in his ear. "Come back to me. I will protect you. Come back to me Harry."

Harry felt a hand soothing up and down his back as the words were repeatedly hissed in his ear. Hearing Takashi, his mate, his Alpha speak, helped brush away the panic as he regulated his breathing and forcibly reordered his mind. Using the skills he learned from his mind healer, Harry examined and pushed aside the memories reminding himself he was free and no longer the scared little boy he'd once been. Finally, back in the present, Harry lifted his head staring at his mate wide eyed. Takashi framed his face in his hands and kissed him gently on the lips before turning him toward the coffee table where a wide-eyed Satoshi thrust a potion vial in his hand. Recognizing the potion, Harry gulped it down, grimacing at the awful taste, smiling gratefully when the boy thrust a mug of builder's tea into his hands immediately after.

"Thank you." Harry took a sip and shuddered at the sweet taste but knew he needed it. He reached for a crème-filled donut with plenty of glaze on top and nibbled on it as well.

"Where did you get this box?" Takashi growled as he riffled through it despite his arms still being around Harry.

"Front desk." Harry shuddered and snuggled back into his Alpha's embrace. "It's from my cupboard. It even smells like it. My only toys and the things I played with before Hogwarts. Whoever gave it to me, probably Dumbledore, knows about my cupboard and knows I'm here."

"So."

Startled Harry stiffened in Takashi's arms and stared at him wide eyed. "Takashi."

"They are messing with your mind because that's all they can do," his mate growled with uncharacteristic fierceness. "No one has confronted you since the Carrows. Cowards," Takashi spat. "They don't have the balls to confront you, nor the wisdom to leave us alone. They've heard about what happened to the Carrows, the Weasleys, that werewolf, that bird, and everyone who has tried to mess with us. You're blocks are off, you're too powerful to confront directly and now that you have me, well . . ."
Harry snorted and nuzzled into his Alpha before taking another bite of the donut.

"You and you're ego," Harry said affectionately before he stiffened then pulled away horrified.
"Dinner. How long was my breakdown?"

"Not long, relax."

Takashi tried to pull him back against him, but Harry squirmed in his Alpha's arms not believing him. Looking at the clock on the wall, he groaned, and jumped off Takashi's lap rolling his eyes.

"Not long," he snarked glaring at his Alpha. Harry then looked at Satoshi sheepishly and bowed.
"Sorry, you had to see that. Welcome to our home, dinner will be ready shortly."

He bowed again and rushed to the kitchen but not before hearing, Satoshi exclamtion.

"He's speaking Japanese."

"Ah. Don't mention it. He stops stumbles over his words when he realizes he's doing it."

The comment startled Harry because he hadn't been aware he had been speaking Japanese. Though his Japanese was still stilted and far from perfect, the language was becoming more natural to him.

Luckily, he had prepped most of the dinner before he'd went to class when Takashi had told him Satoshi was addicted to spicy food. The Dursleys' had made him learn some Chinese dishes to cut down on their takeaway costs, so he knew several recipes and decided to go with that. He made hot and sour soup, spicy glass noodles with shrimp and pork, and fried squid with pepper, garlic, and chili served with rice. He made treacle tart for dessert. He used magic to hurry dinner along and brought everything out on the table in the great room.

Satoshi sat on the sofa flipping through the channel changer looking through programs on the telly. The terrace door was open and Takashi was outside pacing having a heated conversation in rapid Japanese with someone on his mobile. Curious, Harry went to the doorway only to flinch when he realized his mate spoke to his mind healer.

"Takashi!" Harry snapped.

His Alpha jumped a foot in the air at the sound of his voice and swung around with a guilty expression on his face as Harry glared at him. He quickly ended the call.

"Dinner?" Takashi asked sheepishly.

Harry turned and stomped to the genkan where he kept the gag gift Kaori had brought him. He pulled out the baseball bat and propped it next to his chair, glaring at his mate the entire time. Takashi kept his eyes on the bat while Satoshi looked between the two with open mouth astonishment.

They sat down to eat and Harry decided to ease the tension in the air by asking Satoshi about his first week back to school. In return, Harry was treated to a long rant about how idiotic Yasuchika behaved towards Mitsukuni. Satoshi firmly believed Yasuchika should worship Mitsukuni as he worshiped Takashi. Hearing Satoshi speak, Harry felt amusement overcome his annoyance with his Alpha and quirked an eyebrow at the idiot he foolishly married. Satoshi was so into his rant about Yasuchika's bratty behavior that it took him several minutes to notice the amused glances he and Takashi were exchanging with each other.

"I'm not like that," he snapped, "well, at least not that bad."
Harry only smiled. He was beginning to see a strong family resemblance between the brothers. They were both clueless.

Satoshi sighed. "I am sorry Harry. I judged you before I knew you. I should've used my head and given you a chance instead of being rash and jumping to conclusions. You're nothing like what I expected an Omega or foreigner to be like."

Harry was surprised at the sincerity he felt from the younger boy and wondering if his breakdown had a positive effect after all.

"Thank you," he answered Satoshi with a gentle smile. "I was very sad I caused a rift between Takashi and his family."

"Not your fault," Takashi said gruffly.

"Still, I don't like the rift." Harry glanced at Takashi briefly before deliberately turning back to focus on Satoshi "Would you prefer to still eat or should we move on to dessert?"

"Dessert please."

After dinner, Harry curled up on the sofa flipping through his workbooks from his immersion course while he tried to see how much of the Japanese he could understand on the television. Takashi and Satoshi sat beside him catching up.

After Satoshi had gone, Takashi walked back to their living area to find his mate glaring at him before he climbed the stairs to their bedroom deliberately swinging the dreaded baseball bat in his arms. It would've been an amusing sight, if Takashi hadn't been worried Harry would crack the bat upside his head.

Trailing after his Omega, he followed Harry in their bathroom and watched as he propped the bat against the shower stall before turning on the water and stripping off his clothes. Takashi hovered anxiously outside and was ready with a towel when Harry stepped out the shower. He sighed heavily when Harry snatched the towel out his hands and proceeded to dry himself before grabbing his robe.

He couldn't take it. He hated when Harry was like this, it tied his stomach up in knots.

"Harry!"

"Want you happy, not sad?" Harry mocked tightening the sash of the robe about himself green eyes blazing with righteous fury. "How the hell am I supposed to be happy when once again you're talking about me behind my back, trying to make decisions on my life without consulting me? What am I a piece of furniture?"

"I was not," Takashi insisted. "I was just getting advice on how I should handle the situation."

Harry snorted and moved to the sink reaching for his titanium Reinast toothbrush. "So that's your excuse this time? What will it be next time?"

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It took all of Takashi's occlumency skills to remain calm, especially when he looked at his mate. Harry was shutting down. He could take an angry Harry. Angry Harry's fury died as quickly as it came, and was often followed by amorous Harry. What Takashi didn't know how to deal with, what he didn't think he could recover from was apathetic Harry. A Harry who looked at him, his mouth barely turned down in disdain as he stared at him with half dead eyes, as if he didn't have the energy to bother with him any longer.
Takashi's head dropped in response. His hands itched to reach out and pull Harry in his arms, but he didn't move. His lids slid closed so he didn't have to see the disdain Harry had for him on his face. He was a failure as a man, as an Alpha, as a husband. He didn't deserve Harry.

"I acted rash once again," he admitted. "But in my defense, you didn't see yourself. You don't know what it did to me to see you huddled inside the elevator with your arms above your head braced for a blow, how you wouldn't respond to me." Takashi's arms dropped limply to their sides, his fingers clutching at the sides of his pants so they wouldn't reach out and clutch Harry. "You were muttering to yourself and the things you were saying . . .." Takashi lifted his head and finally met Harry's eyes. "It was on the most frightening experiences in my life. I needed advice."

"Advice?" Harry said his expression carefully blank. "It sounded to me as if you were asking Oshima-sensei if it were wise for me to go to England alone."

"I don't want you out of my sight," Takashi admitted.

"Guess, I should be glad we don't have a cupboard under the stairs you can shove me in, huh?"

Takashi flinched.

"That's not . . .," Takashi began only to trail off as Harry raised the bat and poked him in the stomach with it. Hard. Despite Harry's harsh actions, Takashi felt the tension release from his shoulder. Harry was back to being angry. Takashi stepped forward and pulled Harry in his arms ignoring the squirms as he wrapped his arms around his Omega's waist and bent his head to nuzzle the bond mark on his neck. "You scared me. Forgive me for voicing concern about the wisdom of you traveling alone to a place where the entire population either wants to place you on top of a pedestal or shove you off it."

"I can handle myself."

"And if you have another flashback? Your healer stated that flashbacks are very common for someone who has been through everything you have."

"I know," Harry snapped. "What do you think sensei and I spend an hour twice a week talking about, you noromo (twit)." Harry pushed him away and poked him in the stomach again, luckily this time it was just his elbow. "He's helping me work through my memories and deal with what happened to me. And as long as no one thrusts another box of trinkets at me from my time with the Dursleys or Voldemort, I should be fine. The guards will be with me and I'm sure you have them trained on how they should communicate with you the minute I sneeze incorrectly."

Takashi flushed. "Maybe."

"What did Oshima-sensei say? He agreed with me right, otherwise you wouldn't be so upset."

Frustrated Takashi raised his hands and scrubbed them across his face. "Ah."

Harry looked at him expectedly; when he remained quiet, he grabbed the bat and poked him in the stomach again. Takashi sighed.

"He said it was normal for you to have flashbacks, especially when confronted with such obvious reminders of your past. Said restricting your movements would make your posttraumatic symptoms worse when overall they're relatively minimal. He said the best therapy for you would be to go to England on your own so you'd know you're in charge of your destiny," Takashi ended with a pout that had Harry laughing. Takashi glared at him. "You scared me Harry. It took nearly an hour for you to come back to yourself."
Harry sighed. "I scared myself, it was not a pleasant experience, but Sensei warned me that it would be happen sooner or later, that something would trigger flashbacks for me."

"And if I'm not there?" Takashi whispered worried pulling Harry back into his arms.

Harry dropped the bat and wrapped his arms around Takashi's waist leaning into him. "The guards will be, I'm not some bird in a cage you can lock away Takashi."

"I know," Takashi sighed.

"I've been locked away all my life, I refuse to allow anyone to make me feel that way ever again, not Dumbledore, and not even you."

"I didn't mean . . ."

"I know, you're worried, I know your protection instincts are in overdrive. That's the only reason why I didn't hit you harder." Harry glared up at him, "though I am annoyed we keep on having the same discussion over and over."

Takashi sighed. "I'm know."

Harry huffed and pulled out his arms and went back to brushing his teeth.

"Harry, I refuse to feel guilty because I was concerned about you." No answer. Takashi sighed again. "You looked bad Harry."

Harry rinsed out his mouth and put his toothbrush back on its stand with a sigh. "I know. I refuse to allow this to pull me back under. Do you want me to hide away miserable and depressed or to keep on with my life?"

Takashi sighed and nodded in understanding. As usual, Harry was right.

Harry smirked. "Wouldn't it be a big F you to them if I show up in London just hours after they attempted to rattle me?"

"Most likely," Takashi reluctantly agreed. "I am sorry for calling the healer. It wasn't my intention to go behind your back. I was planning on talking to you." Takashi bit his lip a sheepish expression crossing his face. "I was . . . I was just hoping to have more ammunition before I did so."

Harry snorted.

The clearest and happiest memory Harry had of his parents came from the man who murdered them. It began as Voldemort appeared outside his parents' cottage watching his father create bubbles from his wand. Harry saw himself as a baby chortling with that special, deep belly laughter unique to babies as he jumped up trying to reach the multi colored bubbles. Harry watched amazed, seeing his laughter, his joy. He didn't remember ever being that happy. Despite it being Voldemort's memory, Harry happily watched his mother enter the room, her smile, the way her expression softened as she lifted him in her arms.

Harry saw his parents' happiness morph into panicked resignation when they realized they'd been found. His father falling at Voldemort's feet, then his mother. His tears and sobs, the high-pitched cruel laughter and then, finally, the flash of bright, green light. The moment the curse reached his body, Harry eyes popped open and he bolted upright in bed gasping for breath only to feel strong.
arms band around his chest and draw him to lay back down as his Alpha whispered soothing words in his ears.

He should've known he'd be plagued with nightmares tonight. Drained, Harry fell right back to sleep tangled in Takashi's arms.

The next morning, Harry eased from the bed, pausing to look at the empty space where Takashi slept. He couldn't help but feel somewhat disappointed that his Alpha wasn't here when he woke. But the twinge of sadness quickly morphed into a smile as he felt his Alpha near. He hadn't gone to the dojo this morning.

Smiling, Harry slipped from the room. Now, he'll get the chance to prove to his Alpha, prove to the world that he was no longer that scared little boy who had been shoved underneath a cupboard under the stairs. He was strong, independent, and could stand on his own and he'd do that right after he got a morning snog from his mate. Harry's eyebrows rose almost to his hairline when he realized that they hadn't had sex all week.

His feet stumbled as he reached the bottom step, Harry's somewhat happy mood disappearing in an instant. His hand gripped the guardrail so tightly; he was surprised it didn't turn to dust in his hands. He should've known. This was it, this was the final straw. Screw Takashi, screw their marriage contract, screw their bond. He was done. Heart pounding furiously inside his chest, his magic swirled around him creating energy similar to static electricity, he watched as his so-called Alpha sat on his living room sofa chatting with Oshima, Ryuichi, his mind healer. The traitor. Harry was going to gather all Takashi's books and clothes and roast s'mores over a bonfire before he moved back to England, permanently. Harry's eyes narrowed in on his mate who lifted his head and paled.

"Late." Takashi jumped up and bolting out the penthouse.

"So much for consulting me before making any decisions that concern me," Harry hissed. Unknown to him, small objects from the shelves and tables began to lift and swirl around the room.

"Actually," his healer said in his annoying calm voice, "my session was with him not you. I know children your age think everything is about them, but I am the best mind healer in the country and you're not my only patient."

Harry froze, his self-righteous fury melting away as airborne objects dropped carelessly to the floor with a loud bang. Harry looked around blushing at the minor tornado he caused, flicking his wand arm he sent everything back in its place before turning worried filled eyes to Oshima-sensei.

"Takashi. Takashi is a patient of yours as well? For how long?"

In response, Oshima-sensei only tilted his head and stared at him with lifted brows and a turned up mouth.

"Oh," Harry snapped, "who cares about patient-client privileges, what's wrong with Takashi?"

Sensei only chuckled in answer, even when Harry glared at him, the arrogant berk only smiled in response.

"Morinozuka-sama, it looks like you are dealing with a lot of issues at the moment. I had assumed you were handling things well, but maybe I should stay and speak to you after all? Just so you know my fee is doubled for house calls." Oshima-sensei went into his briefcase and pulled out his calculator. "Hmm, between you and your mate, I'll be able to purchase our tickets to San Francisco to visit my daughter. The wife has been bugging me for a vacation."
Harry glared at the mind healer and turned to stomp in the kitchen.

"Well if you're going to sit there and spend an hour smirking at me while I pour my heart out, we might as well eat breakfast while doing so," Harry tossed over his shoulder.

"What a charming invitation, Morinozuka-sama, I'd love to," the man answered with a charming smile as he rose to his feet and followed Harry into the kitchen. "I've heard good things about your culinary skills."

"From Takashi?" Harry pounced. "He talks about me?"

A smirk was his only answer. Berk. Maybe he could take a cue from Snape and slip veritaserum into the man's teacup.

All and all, the session wasn't as bad as he had assumed it would be. Although annoyed that Oshima-sensei ignored his attempts in discovering what he and Takashi discussed, the session with the mind healer calmed the fear and anxiety he felt since opening the package. Actually, after examining and discussing the painful memories with sensei, his mind healer gave him a powerful affirmation that he was moving in the right direction and healing.

He took that affirmation into his into his last day of his immersion tutoring, especially as it was brutal. His tutors were determined to test and see how far along he'd come in four weeks. He did better than they had anticipated, but Harry knew that came from living with Takashi and befriending Atsuya who's English was nearly as bad as his Japanese, so he learned out of necessity. Despite, his hectic day Harry took the time to text Takashi several times and found he had interrupted Takashi's second session with the healer, but nothing else. Frustrated, Harry decided to back off and wait until he saw his mate in person to demand more answers and put away his mobile and focused back on his lessons.

That night, Harry was glad to be finished with class and couldn't wait to take the university level coursework at the International School. With the certificate of completion in hand and a proud feeling of having accomplished something, he entered the penthouse only to have Takashi engulf him in a massive hug the moment he walked through the door.

"Congratulations, I'm proud of you," Takashi murmured nuzzling Harry's bond mark. "Are you mad at me?"

"Depends." Harry gave himself a little breathing room but did not back completely away from his Alpha, slipped his hands around his mate's waist. "I'm sorry for jumping to conclusions this morning, but if I'd had known you were seeing him as well . . ." he trailed off with a growl causing Takashi to flush. "What did you talk to sensei about?"

Takashi sighed. "Trying to understand myself so I can be a better mate for you. Don't want to mess up."

"Takashi," Harry murmured. Just when he thought he understood his husband . . .

Takashi nuzzled his bond mark before pulling away with a smile gently smoothing his hands over Harry's cheeks.

"Hectic week, but I promised you a surprise. Thought we'd go out and celebrate before you left? Okay?"

Harry grinned unable to contain his excitement; an outing with just Takashi seemed just what they needed. "Really, where?"
"You'll see. Ready?"

Harry saw that Takashi was dressed casually but elegantly while he wore jeans and a t-shirt.

"Do I have time to shower and change?"

"Ah."

Harry kissed his mate's cheeks and raced upstairs to get ready. He returned thirty minutes later with his hair forcibly tamed, parted, and slicked up wearing nautical blue slacks, a red collared shirt underneath a blue sweater with white strips. From the growl Takashi let loose when he saw him, Harry supposed he looked good.

"I'm ready."

From the look on Takashi's face, he thought his Alpha would rather postpone their outing and drag him to bed. After several lust-filled gazes, Takashi's face went blank as his occlumency shields strengthened and his Alpha reached for his hand as they made their way to the car. Harry couldn't hold back a squeal when they pulled up to the dock where the space aged Himiko Boat sat. He hugged his mate.

"Thank you."

"It's just us tonight."

"Wicked."

The stepped inside the enclosed submarine like craft where they were given a guided tour of the boat before stopping in an open sitting area where a table for two was decorated with orchids. Off to the side of the room sat a small orchestra with a piano, violinists, cellist, and a male enka singer dressed in a tuxedo. Harry was overwhelmed.

"Takashi."

"Deserve it." Takashi he pulled out the chair for Harry to sit in.

The moment they sat down a man and two females in traditional dress carried food to their table. The man who Harry supposed was the chef set down Harry's food and bowed before doing the same to Takashi. It was oddly formal.

"Harry this is Ishihare, Masumi," Takashi told him. "He's the sous chef at one of the best Japanese restaurants in town. I hired him to come to the penthouse to teach you Japanese style cooking."

Harry gaped at his mate. This was beyond what he had wanted. He married an amazing man. Flushing, he turned to the chef.

"I am honored you took the time out of your schedule to assist me. I'll work hard so I'm not wasting your time."

When the chef smiled, Harry felt proud he seemed to get the nuances of the Japanese language correct. Ishihare-sensei went on to explain Japanese formal dining called kaiseki. Their first course called zatsuki came with a bottle of sake and crispy fried rolled bread with shrimp mousse that looked too pretty to actually eat.

Once the chef and waitresses departed the orchestra started playing. The male singer's smooth voice
along with the lowlights that glowed a soft green from the gentle rocking of the boat as it traveled down the Sumida River gave their outing the perfect ambiance.

"Amazing," Harry breathed taking another bite of his food, looking about the room and the river view, awed. "Thank you."

Takashi flushed. "I want you happy."

Their kaiseki ended up being ten courses, each course more exquisite than the last. For ten courses, Harry expected to explode, but the portions were small and built upon each other.

Once dinner was over, they moved to the leather lounger, sat back, and enjoyed the music. Takashi reached into his pocket and handed Harry a small, beautifully wrapped yellow package.

"Takashi," Harry admonished gently. "I don't need more. This is amazing."

Takashi shrugged. "It's nothing, a trinket."

Harry relented and took the beautifully wrapped gift reverently with two hands. "May I?"

"Ah."

He meticulously unwrapped the package. Inside was another charm for his bracelet. This charm was a tiny platinum diploma and graduation cap studded with emeralds. Harry wished they were alone so he could kiss his mate. In lieu of that, Harry held out his wrist for Takashi to add the charm to his bracelet.

"Thank you."

"Ah."

The boat stopped in the Asakusa area of Tokyo. Once the boat docked, Takashi stood and held out his hand to help Harry rise. They wandered the area until they came upon a mini carnival like amusement park. Smiling, Takashi tugged on Harry's hand and led them inside.

They paid the entrance fee and strolled through the park getting a feel for the place. The park was small and tightly compact but filled with rides. Since it was dark, the park was illuminated with different colored lights.

Thanks to the Dursleys Harry had never been to an amusement park so even a small one like this was a thrill. He dragged Takashi on every ride his tall mate could comfortably fit on, played games in the arcade, walked through the haunted house chatting with the spirits that lived there. All in all, it was the perfect ending to a bad week. By the time they slid in the car to go home, all Harry could do was curl up against his mate and murmur how amazing the night was before he fell asleep.

The next time Harry became aware of his surroundings he laid in bed and Takashi was removing his clothes. What had awoken Harry was the growling rumbling that escaped from Takashi's mouth once he saw the black lace panties Harry wore.

"Like them," Harry rumbled sleepily. "You picked them out, remember?"

From underneath his eyelashes, Harry could see his Alpha vibrate from need as he stared down at his body. Knowing how horny Takashi normally was, his balls were probably blue from the lack of sex. Smiling, Harry ran his hands over his skin as he stared up at his mate.
"It's hot, aren't you going to take your clothes off too?"

Takashi shivered. "I . . ."

Harry smiled. His poor Alpha was too far gone to be of any use. Harry took charge, rising to kneel at the foot of his bed with his knees slightly apart as he reached up to slide off the designer button up from his mate's body then slipped the matching v neck shirt underneath over Takashi's head. Now that his mate's torso was bare, Harry used his hands to caress his mate's skin alternatively using his nails to add to the sharp bite.

"Harry," Takashi growled.

Harry bit at Takashi's collarbone for the interruption then licked the spot with his tongue. Harry continued to caress, lick, and nip at Takashi's torso.

"Thank you for tonight," he murmured between kisses.

"Deserve it."

"You deserve things as well."

Harry's hands skimmed down Takashi's sides caressing his skin as his mouth licked a trail from the line between his chest down his stomach and the waistband of his pants.

"You're mine," Takashi's growled, his voice nearly feral. "My job to provide for you."

Harry sighed and lifted up wrapping his arms around Takashi's waist and licked at his nipples before biting hard smiling when he felt his mate's shiver.

"Your job, huh? So, it's because our parents declared we should mate that you're do things for me?"

"No!" Takashi growled.

Takashi's patience snapped. Harry watched fascinated as the tight control his mate attempted to hold over himself broke. And the feral, aroused Alpha took the place of his stoic mate. Takashi tossed Harry back on the bed before finish removing his own clothes. Naked Takashi climbed on the bed straddling Harry. From the way Takashi straddled him his member was in the perfect position too . . .. Grinning, Harry propped himself up on his elbows and sucked Takashi's member down his throat. Takashi growled, steadied the back of Harry's head, and thrust into Harry's mouth. Harry groaned which made his throat vibrate which caused Takashi to shudder and thrust harder. His moments forceful and uncontrolled as lust took over. Harry was getting good at being able to take more of Takashi's deliciously thick member. Grinning, he relaxed his throat and swiveled his tongue around Takashi. When he felt his Alpha's balls pull up and Takashi start to pull away from him, Harry hallowed his mouth making it nearly impossible for Takashi to let go until Taka grabbed his head and forcible pulled Harry's head back before spurting over his throat and chest. Harry watched spellbound as Takashi's knot flared as his size increase by several inches as he continued to have a series of orgasms over the next several minutes. Watching Takashi lose control was such a turn on that Harry found his own release without being touched.

For several long minutes, they were locked in the aftermath of pleasure and Takashi's continuous ejections but eventually his knot deflated and the ejaculations ceased. Harry quickly waved his hand cleaning them before Takashi collapsed to the side pulling Harry in his arms and the blankets over their bodies.
"You're it Harry," Takashi murmured in his ear. "The only one for me. Sorry, I'm not good at expressing myself and I'm sorry that I let my emotions and instincts ruin things for us."

There were tears in Harry's eyes. "Takashi."

"Rest," Takashi murmured nuzzling the bond mark. "You have another hour before you have to take the potion and leave for the port key to England."

Harry snuggled in his mate's embrace but he didn't fall asleep. Although logically he knew he was doing the right thing, for the first time his heart was cracking at the thought of leaving Takashi behind.
The Return of the Chosen One

Chapter Sixteen: The Return of the Chosen One

Saturday, 2nd of September 2006 – Village of Hogsmeade, Hogsmeade, Scotland

Harry managed to walk several hundred feet before being recognized. He flinched when he heard his name yelled out only to breathe a sigh of relief upon recognizing the voice. Harry stopped in the middle of High Street and waved at George who stood in front of Zonkos. Only it wasn't Zonkos any longer, a construction crew was in the process of transforming the storefront. Grinning, Harry rushed over and engulfed George in a bear hug.

"Mate, I forgot you guys bought Zonkos."

"You like? Opening day is tomorrow," George said excitedly. "We're putting the finishing touches together so it'll be ready for the students. We couldn't go all out like we did in Diagon because of zoning laws but I still think it makes an impression."

Harry snorted. The chimney on the thatched cottage blew out colorful smoke that spelled out the store's name and logo. Every two minutes a large blast of noise resonated in the air and caricatures of Fred and George would pop out windows with smoke billowing behind them as they laughed at the results of a failed experiment. It was fabulous.

"Looks great mate."

George grabbed him by the arms staring at him in concern. "You're pale? Are you okay?"

"Body regulating potion," he muttered. "It makes me nauseous."

"Hmm," he said skeptically. "How long are you in town?"

"Today and tomorrow."

George frowned. "And I'll be swamped. Come to the cottage for dinner, Adrian is meeting Terrence and his other friends after work so it'll just be us."

Harry thought of his schedule and nodded. "But let's meet at Grimmauld Place. I'll let you in the floo. You won't believe what the place looks like now."

"I'll meet you there." George glanced towards the shop at the construction crew and the employees inside who were stocking product. Harry could see him mentally calculating how long it would take him to get everything sorted. "Six?"

Harry nodded. "I'll make sure the wards are unlocked so you can get inside. The floo's address is still Grimmauld Place."

They went their separate ways, George back to the new shop while Harry continued walking along High Street past Dervish and Bangs where the more industrial buildings were. Then he saw it, Marauder Enterprises with its logo of a stylized triangle with a doe at the top point, with a stag and grim at the other corners.

"Like it?" Jovici, Sadao approached silently at his side and waved merrily to Harry's disillusioned bodyguards, who were once his co-workers.
Harry grinned broadly. "It's amazing, you work fast."

"Magic."

Harry and his guards snorted and followed Sadao into the industrial looking building. The ground floor was a hollowed out shell, so were the next three floors, but the top floor was a beautifully renovated loft space with a large conference room, several large offices, then smaller offices for other managers, as well as a fully stocked kitchen and employee lounge.

"The management floor was our first priority until we firm up what direction we want the organization to go in," Sadao explained.

The door was open to one of the larger offices and Harry poked his head inside. The office looked like what Harry imagined a posh gentlemen's club would look like. Craig Foley, the Director of Potter Farms sat behind a large mahogany desk. His office held dark paneling and furniture, a small library, and plants everywhere. It fit the man.

"Wicked."

"Mr. Potter," the older man smiled happily. "It is good to see you again."

They chatted for a few more minutes before he and Sadao continued down the hall to Sadao's office. Harry chuckled upon seeing the design Sadao went for.

"The Jetsons?"

Sadao grinned. Sadao's office was stark, bright white. Rising out of the middle of the room was a large, circular conference table, surrounding by white circular bench pod seats covered in red leather. The desk was similar with a large, pod chair the seating also in red leather. Sadao went to the desk, grabbed his bag, and led him to an office that spanned the entire side of the building. The nameplate on the door read Harry James Potter, CEO and President. Grinning, Harry pushed open the door and gasped.

"How?" he choked unable to really finish the question.

"Kaori."

He had stepped inside an English cottage. The wood floors looked as if they'd been stolen from a four hundred year old farm house. A massive distressed whitewashed wood table sat in the middle of the room surrounded by twenty high back chairs covered in white slipcovers. Lining the table were antique vases filled with long stemmed purple orchids. The room was mostly white but there were bright spots of color in the floor lamps, cushions on the sofa, and other antique Knick-knacks. The windows went from the floor to the ceiling lined by twelve by twelve black windowpanes that gave the office dimension. The view to his office overlooked Hogwarts and its Quidditch pitch. Harry was speechless. Chuckling Sadao led him to the other rooms, which held a full sized bathroom, with a Japanese style soaker tub and rainfall shower, in addition to two bedrooms, private library, kitchen, playroom, and media room. Looking at the space, Harry wanted to move right in. Smiling happily, Harry trailed his fingers over every object inside his suite.

"Do you want to get started?" Sadao asked amused.

Harry flushed upon realizing he'd had gone Omega and began nesting. Without realizing it, he had spent a half hour fondling the items inside his office. "I'm ready."

They headed back to Harry's main office where Craig waited. Harry sat at the head of the table with
Sadao and Craig on either side. Sadao went first speaking of the newly established Marauder Enterprises that was now legitimate in the magical and non-magical world. Then it was Craig's turn.

"The biggest problem I'm facing is handling the lack of leadership that has existed within the organization since the death of your grandfather," Craig said solemnly. "The company has become stagnant and not developing with the times. The only reason it's still in the black is due to the notoriety of your family's name."

Harry sighed.

Craig handed him a report on what was needed to bring the Agricultural Division into the 21st century and it was massive. In fact, flipping through the report, Harry found himself banging his head on the table in frustration and wishing Takashi where here to help him sort everything out. He took several deep breaths, thinking of what Takashi would tell him to do if he were here. He would tell him to take it one-step at a time. Calm, Harry lifted his head and tossed Foley's report inside his satchel.

"Okay," he said taking a deep breath. "Let's ignore the majority of that right now. I know it's bad, but don't you think our first priority should be the quality of the products, ensure we have fair and competitive pricing, and our customers' satisfaction?" The other two nodded in agreement and Harry breathed a silent sigh of relief. "So Craig find ways of doing that and then show Sadao how you plan to accomplish it and once that's accomplished we'll talk about all this other stuff. Will six months give you enough time to focus on getting the basics back on track?" When Foley nodded, Harry turned to back to Sadao. "How do we look overall?"

"After speaking with Kaori, I got a better idea of where you want to take the organization and created a tentative organization chart."

He flicked his wand and a complete organization chart appeared on a chalkboard wall. Under Marauder Enterprises, was the company's model 'Doing it Right.' Harry was listed as the President and CEO, underneath him was Sadao as his Executive Vice President and Chief Operations Officer. Harry saw he had several other direct subordinates although of course, none of their positions were filled. Under Sadao was Craig as the Vice President of Agriculture as well as an empty Vice President of Food, Beverage and Snacks (he had discovered several wizards had died and left him their company's in their wills), Publishing, Hospitality, Technology, and the Marauder Foundation. Sadao had also given him a report he tossed aside without reading.

"The most immediate staffing needs?"

"Chief Financial Officer and his staff," Sadao immediately replied a little frustrated. "We're paying a fortune to the goblins and they're not held accountable for any issues that may pop up with payroll nor have the ability to take on individual questions or issues. Also the Vice President of Human Resources, we will be doing a lot of hiring over the next year and need to develop a salary and business structure. I have some human resource experience through courses I took at university, but not enough to see this through, we're winging it now."

Harry nodded. It made sense. "Do it. How is the newspaper coming?"

"Great. The first issue under the new format should be out within the next couple weeks. I hired a new editor, an Egyptian witch by the name of Nedel Touma, she's a renowned investigation reporter. She's in the process of hiring new staff to fit the new format as well as firing and retaining the staff that's already there depending on their performance."

"Rita Skeeter?" Harry growled.
"Already gone and before the Department of Magical Law Enforcement for being an illegal animagus," Sadao soothed. "She had the mini Wednesday edition already formatted. The only hiccup we have for the launch is finding an eye popping piece for the Sunday edition that will announce us to the world and catch readers' attention."

Harry went into his bag and pulled out a copy of the dossier he had on Albus Dumbledore.

"Look that over before you pass it along, some of the information is too sensitive to be made public. That should get them started."

Sadao nodded and beamed when he saw the name on the file. "That would boost our numbers. Other than that, there are a few minor glitches before we launch. Nedel spoke of doing a weekly Wednesday column called Hogwarts Happenings, where anonymous student from each house do opinion pieces about what's really going on inside the walls for parents and others. But being a foreign wizard she doesn't know who to approach and it's been years since I've been there."

Harry tilted his head he went through a mental list of his former classmates, as he tried to determine who would be a good fit. "Pavarti Patil in Gryffindor, Cho Chang in Ravenclaw, Justin Finch-Fletchley in Hufflepuff, and Tracey Davis in Slytherin."

Sadao nodded writing eagerly. "I'll get this to her so she can get in contact with them right away."

Harry looked at the clock. "Is there anything else?"

"Nothing that can't wait."

Harry nodded and rose from the table slinging his satchel over his shoulder. "Then I'll leave everything in your capable hands. Thank you for all your hard work. I was drowning before you two came along."

Sadao took him downstairs to the reception area and to the fireplace so he could floo to Grimmauld. Kreacher was waiting.

"Master Potter, it is good to see you again."

Harry grinned. "You too Kreacher. I invited George Pucey to join me for dinner, is that okay?"

"That will actually work out well. I hired several house elves for the opening of the inns this spring and I and the other elves were going to have you test the dishes so we could finalize the menu."

Harry chuckled. "George will love that. Can you adjust the wards so he can floo in?"

Kreacher nodded and Harry made his way through the home to the master bedroom. Inside, the wall next to the door was dominated by a king sized bed. A padded headboard hung on the wall with a glass nightstand next to the door with a crystal lamp charmed to light at your touch. A large metallic dresser was pushed up against one wall, on the other; the windows were covered in striped drapes. A chair and lounger rounded out the room decorated in white and silver, including the carpet. Harry didn't think he'd ever get used to Grimmauld's transformation. Setting his satchel on the bed, he used magic to unpack and put his things away.

"Holy Merlin on a broomstick!" a familiar voice exclaimed in shocked disbelief.

Chuckling, Harry bounced downstairs to see George wandering around the townhouse in a daze.

"Well, I warned you," Harry chuckled. "Sirius was a Marauder." 
"The ultimate Marauder," George said in awe.

"Want a tour?" Harry asked. "I don't think dinner is ready yet. Kreacher promised a feast so I hope you're hungry. We'll be the house elves guinea pigs as they test recipes for the inns I'm opening."

He and George chatted amicably as they toured the townhouse. Mainly it was George rambling on excitedly about the new store, which he would oversee as well as the development aspect of their product while Fred focused on the Diagon Alley location and the business end of WWW. Harry thought it a good move that played well to their individual strengths.

"How are you and Fred?" Harry asked curiously.

"Better. He doesn't try to dom me anylonger or if he does, it doesn't affect me like it used to." Here George's ears, face, and neck turned bright red. "I suppose I have your Alpha and his cousin to thank. They gave Adrian some advice which helped."

"Really," Harry said surprised. "What advice?"

If it were possible, George's features became even redder as he looked around desperately. "So where is your Alpha? Didn't he come too?"

Despite the obvious subject change, Harry found himself blushing. "No."

George's sharp gaze bore into Harry.

"You ran away," he growled. "Did he hurt you? And he seemed like a good guy, the creep. I'll kill him. You aren't going back; you'll stay with Adrian and I."

Harry chuckled and wrapped his arm around George.

"We're fine; we just have some communication issues we're working on."

George's body relaxed as he chuckled. "That I understand. You're very expressive, he isn't."

"Big understatement," Harry snorted. "It's affecting our relationship and it's been tense for a couple days, but we're trying to figure it out. I came here to check up on my businesses and I thought it would be nice to spend some time with loud, unclothe foreigners whose actions and meaning I can decipher with a single glance."

George chuckled. "So you ran away from home because you're homesick."

"Pretty much," Harry grinned.

Kreacher appeared before them and bowed. "We are ready for you."

Kreacher led them to the dining room where they were led to an actual Hepplewhite dining room table. The matching twelve chairs had the Black coat of arms emblazoned on the shield shape chair back. Wedgworth porcelain and Waterford crystal also emblazoned with the Black coat of arms decorated the table. Kreacher went all out and Harry felt underdressed.

Five sets of house elves, a male and female each including Dobby and Winky, dressed in uniforms with the Potter coat of arms presented a tasting of their best dinner and dessert recipes. Harry and George tasted them all and rated them from their favorites to least favorites. Even though all had were a couple bites of each dish, he and George were pleasantly bloated as they curled up on the living room sofa after dinner with cups of tea.
"And to think I still have the breakfast and lunch menus to go through. Do you and Adrian want to come for breakfast and help?"

"I'll let Adrian know when he gets home," George set his cup on the table and stared at Harry concerned. "In your letters you sound so happy. I was surprised to hear you say you and your Alpha are having problems."

Harry curled his feet up under his legs, his hands curled around the delicate cup. "Takashi's a pessimist. He thinks I'm happy because I'm free rather than happy with him and our life together."

"That's a good point if it were anyone except you." George chuckled. "You were never one to lie to yourself let alone others. You accept what you've been dealt with in life and make the most of it. It's just that now instead of accepting what you've been dealt, you're reveling in it. Why can't you be happy with all three, to be free, to be with him, and with your life together?"

"And this is why I ran away from home, thank you George," Harry grinned happily and saluted George with his cup. "I'm so used to worrying about the big picture that I forget the obvious details staring me in the face. I needed that validation. I am happy with all three."

Harry stumbled out of the floo inside of the Three Broomsticks and waved his hand to remove the chimney dust from himself and his clothes. Straightening Harry left the fireplace and saw all eyes on him. This was one thing he didn't miss and took comfort in the invisible and silent presence of his bodyguards. Before he could leave the pub, several patrons surged forward to shake his hand, thanking him for defeating Voldemort, and congratulating him on his mating. He accepted the praise while making sure no one slipped a tracking charm or port key on him. He frowned when he saw Emmeline Vance in the corner staring intently his way and knew he'd have to be careful.

"Mr. Potter," an over eager young man asked with bright eyes. "What are you going to do now?"

Harry rolled his eyes. "Enjoy my life. From now on if you want to change in your life and the world, it will be up to you to stand up and make those changes. I'm done holding England on my shoulders." Those around him flushed. "If you'll excuse me I don't want to be late."

Outside the Three Broomsticks Harry apparated outside Hogwarts gates. Professor Sprout, the new Deputy Headmistress was there with several Professors he didn't recognize checking the third year's permission slips for Hogsmeade.

"Mr. Potter," she called out cheerfully causing the group of sixty to stop and stare at him before they whispered excitedly. "You look wonderful dear. Step inside the wards. I have that list of alumni your mate's family requested."

Confused, Harry stepped inside the gates and pulled out his mobile to text Takashi.

So why does Professor Sprout want to give me an alumni list? HJP

For Mitsukuni. He needs to recruit more European wizards since you stole Jovici-san. TM

Harry flushed.

Oh yeah. Forgot about that. HJP

He slipped his phone back into his pocket and looked up to see a group of curious obviously muggleborns staring in envy where his mobile had disappeared to. He grinned and decided to stir
"Yes there are ways technology can adapt to magic but it's illegal to distribute inside Europe," he told them. "One of the bills Dumbledore passed when he was with the ICW. Research his rulings and write the Wizengamot to demand change."

Several of the students got an unholy light in their eyes that made Harry grin. He made a mental note to tell Sadao to up the timeframe of the Technology import division.

Once the crowd dispersed, he sent a talking patronus to Neville to let him know he was with Professor Spout and he'd meet him in the Great Hall afterwards.

"So how is the new Hogwarts?" Harry was curious to hear a professor's point of view.

"Liberating," Professor Sprout said, her customary wide smile seemed even brighter and reached her eyes. "You never realize you were in the darkness until you step out in the sunlight."

"I know the feeling well," Harry said wryly.

"Yes." The smile fell from her face and her gaze dripped with sincerity as she stared at him. "I was distraught when I discovered what had been done to you, what had been done to everyone. I always prided myself on my strength of character. That I could be so naive and trusting shames me."

"Dumbledore has been cultivating his image for a long time. He is a persuasive leader and master manipulator."

"Well, I refuse to be blind anylonger," she passionately vowed. "Speaking of not being blind, you do realize there are three disillusioned wizards following you?"

Harry raised an eyebrow impressed. Strange that Madame Sprout had been the only one who noticed. He had underestimated the witch. "Yes, my bodyguards."

"I assumed as much, especially when Audrey outlined the qualities your family was looking for and the responsibilities they expected them to be able to handle once trained."

They continued chatting about all the changes at Hogwarts as they walked. Each subject would have two teachers in each subject. One teacher for the first through fourth years and another for the fifth through seventh years, although Professor Sprout was the deputy headmistress, since she no longer the head of Hufflepuff, she would still teach the advanced students while Flitwick as headmaster would teach invitation only classes to the sixth and seventh years on dueling techniques. Impressed, they made their way to a newly renovated teachers wing of the castle where the professors offices and private residences were now located. After leaving Professor Sprout with the list in hand, Harry headed to the Great Hall surprised to see many students still hanging about despite breakfast being over.

"Sorry mate." Neville said when Harry slid next to him at the Gryffindor table. "I was in the Great Hall eating when your message came through, everyone heard."

He should've known. It was inevitable. Leaning against the Alpha for support, he grinned over at Dean and Seamus who sat across from him.

"Hey mates, good summer?"

He of course ignored Ron and Ginny who were sitting a couple seats down from them. Hermione, because of her parents, course couldn't return until after her seventeenth birthday on the 19th.
"What happened to the short, skinny, unkempt bloke we all know and love?" Seamus's mock lecherousness gaze roamed up and down his body.

"Sexy huh?" Harry quipped with a smirk. "Going to Hogsmeade?"

"Absolutely, I can't wait to see what the twins have done to the new shop. The one in Diagon . . ." Dean trailed off as Seamus elbowed him in the gut. Dean's eyes widened as he cast a furtive glance at Ron and Ginny. "Bullocks. Sorry mate."

Harry chuckled. "Fred's still an ass, but I'm cool with George. In fact, I had dinner and breakfast with him. Plus, since I gave the twins my Tri-wizard winnings I'm part owner of WWW, so by all means, go and spend your galleons there."

Dean and several other eavesdropping wizards' shoulders slumped in relief at Harry's words.

"Good, what have you been up to this summer?" Dean asked.

"Shagging my mate silly," he said to everyone's amusement. "But I go back to school Monday just like you lot, only I'll be tutored."

"So you really aren't coming back," Pavarti said sadly from next to Dean. "I had hoped when Neville got your patronus you were here to stay."

"Nope. It's time I moved on, too many memories. Besides can you picture me and Ron sharing a dorm now?" Harry chuckled. "Another war might break out."

"Well let me be the first to say I told you so Scarhead," a drawling voice said as he passed by on his way out the Great Hall. "You should've listened to me back in first year."

"That you did," Harry answered Malfoy amicably. "But in my defense I was so controlled by potions, I'm surprised I knew my left foot from my right."

Draco inclined his head in acknowledgement and continued out the hall with his clique.

"Friends with Malfoy now," Ron jeered.

"I think there's a fly buzzing in my ear. Do you hear something?"

"Nope," Neville answered cheerfully waving a bottle he had dug out from his bag. "Luna gave me a spray that makes me immune to thieving, backstabbing creatures."

Harry giggled so hard he nearly peed himself, especially as knowing Luna; she probably did give him the spray bottle for just that purpose. Then Luna skipped over, plopped down on his other side, and kissed his cheek.

"Stealing my Alpha Harry Potter?"

"Threesome?" he grinned.

"Sounds fun. I'll bring the chains and whipped cream."

Neville sighed. "You two should be banned from being in the same room together."

It seemed Luna sitting at the Gryffindor table opened the floodgates and Harry found himself surrounded by old DA members.
"Harry, tell us about your mate," Hannah Abbott another Omega asked wistfully.

"Handsome, rich, powerful, and good in bed," Harry answered with Takashi's catch phrase. A phrase Neville must have heard before because he choked back a snort. "I am happy."

She smiled. "I'm jealous. You look it."

"Are the papers true, are you leaving England for good?" Lavender asked leaning forward eagerly.

Harry rolled his eyes. "No. I'm just traveling back and forth now waiting for my mate to finish school."

Someone else opened their mouth to ask another question, but was interrupted when Lavender squealed and reached for his wrist, exposing his charm bracelet.

"Pretty," she trilled.

"Expensive," Susan Bones added.

"Present from your Alpha?" Hannah asked with a sigh.

"Dad gave our mother a similar bracelet. What do the charms mean?" Pavarti asked curiously.

"Umm," Harry blushed and pulled his hand out Lavender's grasp, fiddling with the bracelet. It seemed too personal to talk about. He suddenly missed Takashi desperately and blinked back tears before he embarrassed himself. "The flags represent me and my Alpha, our heritages. The similar links between the charms are Celtic knots, which is what links us together despite our differences and the graduation cap and diploma was added after I took and graduated from a language course this summer."

The girls all sighed with dreamy expressions on their faces and Harry heard Neville muttering at his side about running Takashi through with his foil for setting the bar so high. Harry smirked at Neville before pulling his lion necklace from underneath his shirt.

"This was one of my birthday presents."

The feminine squeals were earth shattering.

Once the girls calmed down and someone else opened their mouths to ask another question, he waved his hand holding them off. This would take all day. "Hey, I don't have much time, let me hang out with Luna and Neville now, but if you meet us at the Three Broomsticks around noon we can walk to a building I own here in town and I'll treat everyone to lunch. You can help me sample dishes my house elves are experimenting with."

Everyone nodded eagerly and thankfully dispersed, leaving he, Luna, and Neville alone though Ron and Ginny still sat sullenly in their seats.

"Hogsmeade visits go against their probation," Luna whispered. "They have tracking bracelets on that monitor their whereabouts and the spells they perform."

"Wicked. Ready?"

The two nodded and they left the Great Hall and Hogwarts to walk to Hogsmeade with the swarm of older students who hadn't left at the earliest possible moment. As they walked, they came across Cho and her friend Marietta who wore heavy makeup and a weird outfit to cover the spots on her face.
"Merlin, I forgot about her."

He skipped towards them. Once in front of Marietta, he grabbed her hand. The girl flinched and tried to pull away but Harry held tight and looked Marietta deep in the eyes while he muttered the counter curse to Hermione's hex. Once her skin cleared Marietta threw herself into Harry's arms and wept.

"Thank you, Harry," Cho said seriously. "Marietta is the only one who stuck by me after I went crazy after Cedric died."

Harry nodded though he still had a sobbing girl in his arms.

"She feels awful," Cho whispered. "Her father is a pureblood Alpha who abandoned his muggleborn Omega to bond with another pureblood. Her mum managed to get a decent job at the ministry but with Umbridge and Fudge . . . if her Mum had lost her job; it would've been . . . their all each other has."

Harry nodded and rubbed Marietta's back as she continued to sob on his shirt.

"The DA is meeting at noon in the Three Broomsticks to go to my office for lunch."

"We'll be there." Amused Cho pulled Marietta off him and transferred the crying girl to her robes.

"Let's get to town so you can wash your face and Ma Ma can look you over and give you a calming draught."

Grateful to no longer have a crying girl on his chest, the trio made their way to Hogsmeade.

"Sometimes, just sometimes I wish I still only saw the world in black and white."

"That's nothing."

Luna wrapped one arm around his waist. To his shock, she used the other hand poked him in the eye with her finger while muttering a spell under her breath. His guards instantly appeared at his side, but Luna just laughed.

"Silly, I would never hurt Harry. Open your eyes."

Harry opened his eyes and gasped. The world erupted into a kaleidoscope colors, as he looked at Luna he saw her flashing phasing in and out between purple, white, and orange. Neville was white, blue, and pink.

"What? Am I seeing auras? Is this what you see all the time Luna?"

She giggled and nodded her head, but to Harry it looked like it was four heads nodding at the same time. Harry felt a headache forming behind his temples as it was impossible to focus with all the swirling colors and was quite relieved when Luna poked him in the eye again and cancelled the spell.

"How are you sane?" he asked her awed.

"Who says I'm sane. Sanity is overrated."

It's official. Luna Lovegood was his favorite person in the entire world.

Xxx

Under any other circumstances, Harry would have had a blast hanging out in Hogsmeade with
Neville and Luna. But not now. After months being anonymous, suddenly feeling eyes on him again was disconcerting. It didn't help that with all the Hogwarts students milling about and the grand opening of the new WWW the streets were packed.

"Did they give a reason why they changed the requirements for Hogsmeade?"

"Euphoria," Luna chirped.

Neville nodded in agreement. "Voldemort is gone for good, the Death Eaters and corrupt officials are being round up. It's the safest everyone's felt in years. Plus there are more teachers able to rotate and patrol the students. Headmaster Flitwick said last night that the school was not a prison, but the moment we abused the privilege we were banned from visiting. Last night's feast was freeing, totally different from Dumbledore's madness. The Gryffindor head of house is great as well. A muggleborn who has a lot of experience with kids."

Luna nodded in agreement. "Ours spent years as a counselor in muggle schools. All the new heads have similar backgrounds and no house affiliation to be biased by. This year is going to be great."

"Any protests?"

"Ron and Ginny, but they've basically been shunned. No one's pranked them, but it's like they don't exist. It's killing them."

"Slytherin's quiet. You'd be surprised at how many are relieved Voldemort's gone," Luna said. "A lot of the most vocal purebloods like Malfoy's parents are in jail, their fortunes are lightened, and their world view is changing. They're regrouping."

"The world is changing, they are deciding if they are going to change or stay the course. Being a supremist is dangerous nowadays with all the corruption in the ministry and Wizengamot being weeded out along with the new oaths put in place for those positions. There's no one left to bribe," Neville added.

"Ironic if they run to Dumbledore and his new cause."

Neville snorted. "He'd take them. He likes the drama, being in the thick of it. He's almost ignored now."

"Which is dangerous in itself."

"Yeah."

They continued circling around the shops while they chatted not really buying anything. At noon they made their way to the Three Broomsticks where most of the DA waited from them, and to his annoyance Zacharias Smith was there. Hopefully he wouldn't be such an arse now that Harry wasn't drugged, but Harry doubted it.

"Hey guys," he grinned. "Ready?"

"You have an office building here in town, Harry?" Colin Creevy bounced about hyperactive as usual. "Is that what you've been up to?"

Harry nodded. "The family business has been floundering for years. I also discovered I inherited several companies in wills that have floundered as well. I need to get everything straightened out. Are you ready to get going? It's just down the road."
Everyone got up and followed them to the new office building. They looked around with frowns on their faces. Harry chuckled.

"Renovations aren't complete, but the top floor is finished."

Harry led everyone to the top floor and his office suite taking pride in the googlily looks as everyone looked at the space and the elegantly dressed table at the center of the room.

Susan Bones went to the expansive windows with the Hogwarts and Quidditch view. "It's amazing."

Luna and Hannah returned from exploring the other rooms.

"Perfect setup for bringing your pups to work Harry," Hannah gushed.

Harry choked. "I've got a few more years before I have to worry about that." Luna giggled and Harry glared at her. "You're doing that on purpose. Stop trying to jinx me."

Justin Finch-Fletchley stood in front of the chalkboard where the complete organizational chart Sadao made still stood. Luckily, the Daily Prophet section just had the initials WH for Weekly Howler. He didn't want anyone to know he owned the paper yet.

"Will all your employees be witches and wizards?" Justin asked.

"Merlin no. Do you really think they have the education and training?" Justin snorted and Harry nodded in agreement. "Of course there are a few job where knowing magic is part of the job requirement, but that's the exception not the rule. I only require that the applicants are familiar with the magical world."

"My step sister is a Human Resources Manager who was passed over for the director position. She's not happy at her company. The person who received the job was the President's niece who didn't have half Annalise's experience."

Harry went to his desk, grabbed Sadao's business card, and handed it to Justin who looked down at it surprised.

"Telephone number, e-mail address?" Justin said surprised.

Harry went into his pocket and pulled out his mobile. Justin's eyes widened when he got a signal. Colin and Dennis rushed over excitedly.

"Where did you get that?"

"It's a lie when they say technology doesn't work with magic. There are several companies in the states and Asia that have made big money adapting technology to work around magic, but Dumbledore and others banned it for import in Europe."

Justin nodded to the technology portion on the organizational chart. "You're trying to change that."

"Ah."

The Creevy's looked to the organizational chart and Dennis gasped and pointed to the empty spot for the Vice President of Hospitality.

"Our Mum's a general manager at Premier Inn," he said.

Harry gave Dennis Sadao's card as well.
"Can we borrow your mobile to call our parents?"

Harry handed him the phone. While Justin, Colin, and Dennis were surrounding the mobile. Harry went to the table where the others gathered.

"I will be opening several Inns this upcoming spring that will be staffed by house elves. I'm testing recipes that will be placed on the menus at the inns. Each house elf will give us samples of ten dishes and five desserts. You'll have cards in front of you. When you finished that house elves samples, I need you to label your favorites from your favorite to your least favorite."

Everyone nodded eagerly and took their places when the others appeared with his mobile the first elf appeared with their dishes. Everyone dug in moaning with delight.

"You have a good operations here Potter," Smith, the annoying Alpha said. "Now that the Dark Lord is gone, wouldn't it be better if you relaxed and took care of your family?"

Harry snorted. "You're an ass."

Smith bristled. "Excuse me."

Harry tilted his head and stared at Smith as if he were an interesting science experiment, which in a way he was.

"Since I've become free from potions I've discovered that my worldview has changed as well as my perception of people, good and bad. It's actually a relief to me to realize that I still think you're just as much of a prick as I did before."

Everyone laughed but Smith stiffened and released pheromones trying to dom him. Harry outright laughed at his attempt. Luna, another Omega who would've been affected merely blinked, but Hannah Abbott flinched and began to shake and she flinched away from Smith. Neville rose to his feet growling and barring his teeth. As a warrior class Alpha, Neville easily had Smith cowered with his neck raised in submission.

"If Harry's Alpha were here you would be dead for that stunt," Neville hissed, his voice several shades deeper than normal as his Alpha took control. "I'm sure you heard what happened to the Carrows? He doesn't play around with Harry's safety. It is my duty to protect Harry in his stead. The only reason you're not dead and skinned at my feet is that your pathetic attempt had no effect on Harry nor my fiancée. I believe I am going to take a leaf out of Harry's bag of tricks in dealing with you." Neville pulled out his wand and flicked it in Smith's direction until the prick was gagged, bound, and stuck to the ceiling.

"Thank you," Harry told Neville.

Neville nodded jerkily still guided by his instincts to defend and protect. He sat in his seat and allowed Luna to whisper in his ear and rub her hand up and down his arm.

"So . . . care to explain for those of us whose genetics have evolved beyond the prehistoric era?" Ernie McMillan asked wryly.

"Zach was being stupid as usual." Surprisingly Hannah answered though she spoke in a whisper, her arms clutched about herself. "Upset at Harry's words Zach tried to challenge him. When an Alpha releases certain pheromones, it causes Omegas to want to back down and submit to the Alpha's dominance. It's very bad manners, which is why Neville is furious."

Ernie snorted. "So if what you're saying is true, Zach who can barely cast a disarming spell just
challenged Harry who destroyed You-Know-Who."

"Yes."

Ernie glared up at the ceiling. "Moron."

Susan also glared up at Smith, wrapping an arm around Hannah, her best friend. "You were affected when Harry and Luna weren't."

"Yes," Hannah whispered.

"Believe you are worthy," Luna told the other girl.

Despite the dark moment, the rest of the lunch was light hearted filled with laughter and teasing. Once everything was breaking up Harry walked over to where Neville stood gazing out the window. He'd been quiet since the encounter with Smith.

"Still on edge?" he asked concerned.

Neville's gaze flicked to the corner where Luna and Hannah quietly chatted. "Until last year, I assumed I'd marry Hannah. Our families are in the same social circles and I had a crush on her. Then Luna crashed into my life. Luna, who laughed at my disguises, saw me as me, liked, and accepted what she saw. I had no choice to love her. However, in spite Luna's quirkiness you can't help but feel that you're a minion following the orders of a divine being."

Harry chuckled. "Ah."

"I'm a simple man," he whispered. "Despite my feelings for Luna, I still longed for the quiet life I knew I would have Hannah."

"Oh." Harry's shoulder slumped. He adored Luna but saw where Neville was coming from.

"Hannah never saw beyond the mask," Neville continued obvious to Harry's turmoil. "She giggled and simpered around flashier Alphas like Smith. It seems like she's finally maturing and I'm glad. Today, seeing Luna and Hannah together, everything became clear. I knew for sure. I'd rather be out on a remote trek through the Amazon looking for Crumple-Horned Snorkacks with 'Loony' Lovegood than be anywhere else in the world."

Harry grinned. "Oh."

"My wolf always knew. Luna always saw to the real me. Today was the first time I truly saw the real her." Neville smirked. "The small feelings of uncertainty I had about our pairing are gone. Now it's taking all my control to not pounce and drag her off and have my way with her."

Harry giggled. "Oh."

"Yeah," he said wryly. "Major hard on going on here. Speaking of hard ons, are you done torturing Takashi? Knowing him he's probably lying in bed catatonic wondering if you abandoned him."

"What?" he flushed.

Neville gave Harry a look that made him want to find a priest and confess his sins.

"I know you Harry. Five years of sharing a dorm and being a silent observer to your comings and goings does that to a person. So, I'm going to tell it like I see it. At first, when you and Takashi got together you saw him as your savior, your personal hero. You put him on a pedestal just like
everyone here put you on one. Now, you realize he's fallible and only human and it pisses you off doesn't it?"

"He keeps secrets," Harry hissed offended. It wasn't his fault. "He treats me like a child."

As soon as the words were out his mouth, he lifted his hands to cover it, horrified. Harry hadn't realized he still carried so much anger inside. But Neville wasn't moved by his outburst nor his sudden realizations.

"Stop acting like some crusading Beta who has no idea of Alpha physiology. It's been months, you are not the naïve little Omega that needs to be handled with kid gloves anymore," Neville hissed quietly so they couldn't be overheard. In his anger, Neville didn't realize he was doing what Smith had done earlier and was releasing pheromones, pheromones that were twenty times more powerful than Smith's had been. And this time, Harry was effected. His shoulders shook and silent tears poured down his face as Neville reprimanded him. Luna and Hannah were affected as well, their heads popped up startled, and grateful the display of power wasn't aimed at them. But Neville noticed nothing. "Takashi is your Alpha, plain and simple. His first instinct, his default reaction before reason kicks in is to protect you, his Omega and to keep you safe," Neville snapped. "He's bound to slip sometimes. So what happened when you morphed into Horntail Harry and confronted him on what he did to piss you off?"

"He was devastated, he promised to change," Harry whispered.

"And is he changing?"

"He's trying."

Neville snorted. "Unlike you, whose change came after a spectacular battle, change doesn't occur overnight for the rest of us mere mortals. It's a process that takes effort that we continuously work on. You're lucky enough to have a mate who is trying to make you happy. Trying to be whom you need and respect. Don't let your ego ruin that. Go home to your Alpha."

"Am I so bad," Harry choked out.

Neville suddenly realized what he had been doing and cursed. He pulled Harry into a hug, kissing his forehead as he massaged his neck to soothe Harry's anxiety. He reigned himself in and now released pheromones to soothe and comfort instead of dominate. "You are right to demand equality and respect, never doubt that. But you expect instant gratification. Real life, real relationships aren't like that. He's trying. Don't torture him because he hasn't changed his entire personality and way of thinking in a few weeks."

"You're right."

"Yes. Go home, fix your marriage."

Harry nodded tears coursing down his face and he stared at his friend.

"Thank you."

Neville smiled and kissed Harry's forehead as he continued to rub his neck. "I'm sorry for . . . I didn't realize how angry I was. I'll always have your back mate even if it's only to knock sense into you."

Harry laughed and embraced Neville only to jump back his face flaming.

"Ewww," he screeched horrified. "Neville! I need to go take a bath in bleach now."
"Yeah," Neville blushed. "Told you so."

"Well it was something," Harry managed between shivers and wishing he could undo what he'd just felt. "Luna is a lucky girl."

"Yes. I am going to have a fabulous birthday."

Horrified, he and Neville jumped a mile in the air and swung around guiltily to face an amused Luna.

"So, bigger than Takashi?"

"Luna!"

"Really Harry with a mate who looks like yours and who exudes sex like Takashi does, how can you be such a prude?"

"Luna!"

"He was pretty amazing to look at," Cho butted in with a dreamy sigh overhearing Luna, of course everyone heard Luna. Everyone always heard Luna.

"You've met him?" Padma asked walking over eagerly. Soon everyone surrounded him and Neville.

"Yes. I ran into he and Harry at Tomes and Scrolls awhile back."

"Well I for one think it's romantic," Lavender sighed. "I'd give anything for a handsome knight who would slay dragons for me."

Neville, Harry, and the rest of the guys rolled their eyes.

"Noble warrior," Cho agreed.

"Would you guys knock it out?" huffed Harry.

"Well if you'd bring him around we'd see he's a normal bloke like the rest of the slobs around here and we'd stop with the fantasies," Susan teased.

"Doubt it," Luna quipped. "Especially if you manage to convince Takashi and Neville to duel. The power they both wield. It was sexy, especially when the swords came out."

Everyone turned eager eyes to Harry and Neville.

"Luna!" they complained.

Luna huffed. "Did we or did we not snog ourselves silly afterwards. And let's not forget Harry and Takashi practically shagging in front of us. Did you two even make it to a bed that night?"

Harry's face lit up brighter than a Christmas tree as he recalled what he and Takashi did after. Everyone saw his face and roared with laughter.

"That's it," Susan declared giggling. "I hate to throw my rank around, but Harry, you leave me with no choice. As the heir to the Ancient and Noble House of Bones and the next of kin to the Minister of Magic, I demand that Neville and Harry's Alpha perform a re-match in my presence."

Everyone's heads bobbed in agreement.
"Perverts," Harry complained defeated.

"And damn proud of it mate," Seamus happily declared.

Harry stepped inside the genkan and shrugged the satchel off his shoulders, dropping it on the hardwood floor with a huge sigh of relief before removing his shoes. It had been a long two days and to make matters worse he was off the body regulating potion and beginning to feel the effects of forcing his body to stay up for insanely long hours. Though his exhaustion eased somewhat when he stepped inside his den. The weight of the world lifted from his shoulders and he could finally breathe easier. He was safe at home and Takashi was here. His gorgeous husband who laid stretched across the sofa, his long beautifully shaped bare feet peeking over the edge, his body clad in silk pajama bottoms with no top exposing his bare chest, his hair messy, and rarely seen glasses perched haphazardly atop his nose. Sexy. He must have uttered the word aloud because Takashi put down the book he held in his hand and chuckled.

"Have fun?"

Harry flushed. "It was amazing seeing everyone again. Forgot how much fun everyone was. I needed that."

Harry sidled up to his mate and climbed into his lap, snuggling against the warm body, burying his face in Takashi's chest, reacquainting himself with his mate's scent. Takashi wrapped his arms around his chest and rested his chin atop Harry's head.

"Everyone was mad I didn't bring you," Harry continued with a yawn. "I missed you, couldn't sleep. Didn't feel right. Had nightmares, missed not having anyone to analyze everyone's behaviors with."

Takashi chuckled and rubbed the tip of his chin atop Harry's head. "Coming off the potion?"

"Exhausted," Harry agreed.

Takashi carried Harry up to their bedroom. Undressed him and settled him under the blankets before climbing in the space beside him.

"Takashi?" Harry murmured drowsily as he rolled into his favorite position, half on the bed, half atop his Alpha.

"Ah."

"Missed you," he whispered into Takashi's neck. "Sorry for being a brat. I know your trying. I'll try too. You're my home, my safe place. Sorry I had to leave to realize that."

Takashi pulled him up so Harry's body was fully atop his and in the perfect spot so he could brush his lips against the bond mark on Harry's neck.

"Ah. You're my home as well Harry. Thank you for returning to me."

Those were the last words Harry heard before exhaustion took over and succumbed to sleep.
Harry awoke the next morning to find his head lodged inside Takashi's armpit. He should've been uncomfortable, but there was no place he'd rather be. He and Takashi had to get their relationship back on track. They had been on their way before he left; he hoped they hadn't lost ground. Neville had been right he'd been selfish. He had blamed Takashi for all their problems, not realizing his issues contributed to the situation too. Although Harry could never regret visiting his home and friends, he hoped Takashi forgave him for the way he went about it.

Deep in thought, he barely noticed when Takashi jostled him slightly as he stretched out an arm to grab his buzzing mobile. The noise must have been what had woken Harry. He felt rather than saw Takashi return a text one handed before dropping the phone on the nightstand and wrapping his arm back around Harry. Peeking through half closed eyelids, Harry watched rays of sunlight stream into their bedroom from the gaps in the curtains.

So Takashi, a habitually early riser, had opted to stay in bed with him this morning. On Sundays he and Mitsukuni usually studied or hung out if they weren't dragged off on some madcap adventure with the Host Club. Smiling, his heart feeling light for the first time in ages, Harry maneuvered his body so he laid atop his Alpha his elbows perched on Takashi's chest taking comfort in the steady pounding of his heart as he stared down at his mate.

"You kept me company while I slept."

Intense, dark gray eyes bore into him. "Ah."

"Thank you," Harry whispered.

He bent his head and brushed his lips against Takashi's. Their kiss was gentle, achingly sweet. Harry lost himself in in their embrace, shivering as he felt kendo rough hands gently caressing his body. Once the kiss ended they only stared at each other, each afraid of opening their mouths and ruining the perfection of the moment.

In for a half pence, in for a pound, besides he was a Gryffindor subtlety was not his strong suit.

"Takashi."

Takashi stilled and from the expression on his face, Harry knew his mate waited for the other shoe to drop. Harry hated he had put that look of insecurity in his mate's eyes. A man as strong as Takashi should never look as vulnerable as he did in this moment.

"Ah."

Harry bent his head and whispered in his Alpha's ear. "I need you inside me."

Takashi shuddered, his arms tightening around him. "I need to be inside you."
Harry moved off Takashi, removed his briefs, and settled back into the ultimate submissive position on his hands and knees with his arse in the air. The wolf, who was becoming more and more a part of his psyche, demanded he give Takashi everything, prove himself a worthy mate. It was an easy command to obey.

Legs trembling, Harry eagerly waited to feel his Alpha slam inside him. It had been so long. He needed to feel that fullness, that stretch of being one with Takashi. Losing control and making Takashi lose control in him. Harry waited a smile on his face as Takashi muttered a curse and quickly discarded his pajama bottoms. But, instead of positioning himself behind Harry and plunging in as he expected, Takashi scooted back, propping himself against the headboard his legs stretched out in front of him. He pulled Harry atop him so he sat straddled in his Alpha's lap.

"Need to see you," Takashi whispered.

Harry's heart thrummed and moisture gathered behind his lids. What followed was achingly beautiful. Takashi's gaze nor hands never left Harry's. Long, slightly rough fingertips caressed every body part. Shivering, Harry arched in Takashi's arms, his mouth falling open choked gasps erupting from his mouth as he let himself go and allowed his Alpha to tease him.

Unable to take anymore, Harry surged forward placing an open mouthed, sloppy kiss on his mate's mouth.

"Need you." He ground his arse down on Takashi's penis.

Takashi shuddered, but did not ease up on those teasingly light touches.

His mate was diabolical.

"Taka!"

Eyes still on him, Harry felt three fingers slide inside him in a single thrust honing straight for his prostate.

Harry screamed, his body jerked and his member shot to attention bobbing painfully against his stomach. Panting, he held tight to his Alpha's shoulders and ground down on the fingers invading and stretching his passage in a scissoring motion.

"Need you," he begged.

"You left," his Alpha growled.

Harry whined. "Came back."

A forth finger entered him deliberately teasing around his pleasure spot, never directly touching it. Harry's legs trembled, he whined, he begged, but it wasn't enough. Takashi still avoided that spot. He needed it. Just a little bit, just a little bit more. Harry attempted to maneuver his body so he hit the correct spot, but it wasn't working. Takashi, always a step ahead, quickly adjusted his touch so he was just a millimeter away from where he needed to be.

"Do you want me?" Takashi asked.

"Yes," Harry hissed, his head falling back. "Please now. Empty. Fill me."

"No. Meant do you want me . . . as your Alpha. Want you happy. I'll . . . I'll release you . . . I'll still look after you, still help you with everything but I'll let you go . . . let you be happy." The fingers
inside him were now moving like a corkscrew, getting teasingly close to his prostrate but not quite touching it. "Do you want me or would you rather I free you and me find someone else to bond with?"

Harry stilled. Time stopped as he met his husband, his Alpha's, his mate's gaze. Takashi was serious. He would dissolve their marriage contract and bond. He really would walk away. He really would leave the second Harry asked.

It was as if someone hit him with a full body bind. He was so rattled he couldn't move. Leave him. Leave him alone. No Takashi, no person who just got him, no person who always put him first no matter what, even when it annoyed the heck out of him. No one had ever put him first before. Only Takashi . . . and the baka talked about ending it, ending this while he had his fingers inside him? And he was serious.

The human body had seventy-five trillion cells inside it. Harry felt each of the electrons swirl around, gathering magical properties that resided inside each atom. Every inch of magic down to the last crumb prepared to shoot a blast of energy so intense, so pure, that it would not only wipe out Takashi, but everything in a one-mile radius of where they now laid.

Fighting through the fog that engulfed his entire being, Harry slowly lifted arms that felt ten times heavier than normal and cupped them around Takashi's neck, his fingers digging into his mate's larynx.

"Just so we're clear," Harry began his voice ice, his hands squeezing his mate's neck, his thumbs cutting off his mate's voice and circulation. "Leave me, touch another and what I did to Voldemort will look like child's play. I'll tear you apart and if there's anything left when I'm done, I'll piss on your mutilated corpse and then invite every dog in the neighborhood to do the same."

Takashi smirked and managed to lean forward for a kiss until Harry's member regained its former glory and his hands went lax around Takashi's throat. Still angry, their kisses were fierce and needy. Harry pushed Takashi's chest back against the headboard, lifted himself up on his lap, grabbed Takashi's member, and dropped down on it in one thrust before burying his face in his Alpha's neck reigning in the magical energy he nearly released during Takashi's outburst.

"Bastard."

Takashi chuckled darkly in between moans.

"Mine," Harry growled.

"Ah."

Moaning at how perfect Takashi felt inside him, Harry rose, nearly lifting himself off his mate before slamming back down again. It felt so right being stuffed full of Takashi. How could he have gone so long without this?

Hands reached out and palmed Harry's cheeks, which forced his gaze to meet his Alpha's as he rose and lowered himself on Takashi's massive member.

"Good?" Takashi asked.

"Yes . . . yes . . . yes," Harry stuttered, biting his lip so hard he felt the metallic tang of blood in his mouth.

Takashi let go and leaned back against the headboard, his hands fistig in the sheets. "Prove it. Prove
your mine. Prove you belong to me."

Harry, filled with frenetic energy from his magical build up, rose and fell on Takashi's surging member, their gazes still locked on each other.

Then he felt it, the feather light touch of fingers on his neglected penis. The barely there touch caused Harry to keen, his muscles seized and clamped around Takashi, his head fell back, body arched as jets of semen exploded from his body splashing their stomachs, chests, and necks. Harry longed to collapse in his mate's arms but Takashi was still rigid and pulsing inside him.

"Taka," Harry whined. "Please."

He couldn't take anymore. It was too much. Hands went to Harry's waist lifting and lowering him on Takashi's member. Harry buried his head in his Alpha's neck and enjoyed the ride.

"Look at me," Takashi's infused his voice with power. Harry had no choice but to obey. Tears fell down his face as he saw the emotions deep in Takashi's eyes.

"Are you mine?" Takashi asked. 

"Yo...ur...yours."

The hands around his waist fell away and Harry remembered Takashi's earlier words and knew he'd have to prove it. Summoning the last of his energy, tears still leaking down his face, Harry f-ck-d himself on Takashi's penis, his Alpha's intense, lust filled gaze never leaving his as he did so. Takashi did not relent. He sat back and made him prove it. And prove it Harry did, he came an additional two times before passing out in sweet relief the moment he felt Takashi's knot flare and expand inside him.

The next time Harry opened his eyes he was alone but bundled up tight underneath the covers. After a few minutes, he crawled out of bed and stumbled in the shower. As he made his way downstairs, he saw Takashi and Mitsukuni with books spread out on the dining table. Hedwig sat on her perch glaring down at Piyo-chan as if she were seconds away from devouring the poor chick. Sighing, he went and held his little diva.

"Be nice." Hedwig narrowed beady little eyes at him. "Don't be jealous, you're still my favorite girl." Hedwig barked in indignation. "So you're not jealous? Liar." An indignant bark was Hedwig's response. "Whatever." Harry sniffed Hedwig and frowned. "You smell weird." Amber eyes glared at him. "Well, I know it's not a nice thing to say, but it doesn't change facts, why do you smell so weird? Something's wrong with you." Concerned Harry ran his hands all over Hedwig's body not finding anything. Hedwig of course only cocked her head and stared at him amused. Sighing, Harry put his hands on his hips and glared down at his friend. "Okay, I give. What's up?" Still amused, Hedwig tilted her head towards her nest. Curious, Harry moved forward and poked his head inside. "Holy Merlin on a broomstick! What the f-ck Hed." An amused bark was his answer. Harry managed to pull his head out her nest to stare down at Hedwig in shocked disbelief. "I can't leave you alone for a second. So should we be happy about this or freaking out?" The roll of large, amber eyes was his answer. "Well what am I supposed to think? You never told me you had a man. Who knocked you up?"

Overhearing them and extremely curious, Takashi and Mitsukuni abandoned their studies, came over, and poke their heads inside Hedwig's nest only to come out chuckling.

"Congratulations," Takashi told Hedwig.
Hedwig nodded regally in return.

"Nine eggs?" Mitsukuni said with a laugh. "And you've been whining about maybe having five at a time, Harry. What a wimp."

Hedwig barked in agreement, Harry glared daggers at both of them while Takashi wisely kept silent, though the prick's mouth twitched.

"So who's the Daddy, or are you supposed to take care of them all by yourself?" Hedwig rolled her eyes. "It was too a reasonable question. So, he's a wild one, of course he is knowing you. Is he around?" She nodded and Harry relaxed. "I thought your breeding cycle was in May or June, what's up with this?" Hedwig cocked her head and just stared at him. Harry sighed. "Okay, so I know your exceptional and normal laws of physics don't apply to you. I'm sorry for asking. Is there anything I should be doing for you?" Beady eyes stared at him as if he were an idiot. Harry sighed. "Okay, okay. Fish and Bacon coming up. I suppose it's too much for you to fly a couple feet and come get it yourself." Hedwig just looked at him impassively. "I am going to have to come out and deliver it to you as well?" Harry griped. Hedwig only stared in return and Harry sighed before stomping into the kitchen. "It's going to be a long couple weeks."

Still griping, Harry stumbled inside the kitchen and put on the kettle before fixing Hedwig's food as well as making himself a big breakfast. After feeding the diva, he walked back inside the kitchen and was sitting at the built in breakfast nook with his own food when the shoji screen was pushed open and Takashi stepped inside.

"Harry?" he asked concerned.

"I'm okay, well still reeling about my owl getting knocked up, but okay. In here because I didn't want to disturb you guys."

Takashi stared at him intently for several moments attempting to determine if he were being honest before nodding.

"We'll be at it most of the day, didn't get much done this weekend," he apologized.

Harry flushed and shrugged, sure he was the reason for Takashi's lack of productivity. "I'll wander the neighborhood."

Takashi lifted Harry off the chair, sat down himself, and then repositioned Harry on his lap before feeding him the rest of his breakfast.

"Tell me about your trip."

Harry did. His mate's eyes narrowed when he heard of Smith and Neville's attempts to dominate him. Takashi's hands balled into fists, eyebrows lowering overshadowing his eyes. Harry could feel Takashi doing everything he could to reel himself in and not jump out his seat and port key to England to stab Smith and Neville through the heart with his katana.

"Zack's an ass," Harry said soothing his mate, "even so, I did insult him. And Neville . . . I needed to hear that."

"No excuse," Takashi growled.

Harry reached over and kissed his mate's snarling mouth before moving to his neck and collarbone. He flinched upon seeing the deep, red marks and scratches left over from earlier. The marks were easily seen through the sleeveless tank Takashi wore. Harry kissed and ran his tongue over each
gouge in apology in an attempt to soothe his Alpha's ire. It took a while, but Takashi's posture finally relaxed and he began nuzzling at Harry's bond mark. With a heavy sigh, Takashi pulled back and finished feeding Harry.

"You were mean this morning." Harry's fingers smoothed over where he marked his mate.

Takashi ran the tips of his fingers over his face. Harry shivered.

"Lost without you," Takashi softly admitted. "Was mean, but I had to know if you felt the same. Sometimes, I'm not sure."

"Sorry," Harry murmured. "I love our life here, but it was nice being around people I have a shared history with. And I needed that dash of reality Neville gave me. It was for our benefit and Nev is . . . he's like my brother and one of the only people who tells me the truth. He did me, us a favor."

"No excuse," Takashi grumbled his voice deepening.

Takashi's Alpha was out, so Harry decided he argued the point enough for now. Harry could only hope his mate didn't kill Neville the next time they met. His eyes went to Takashi's neck oddly pleased about the marks there for some perverse reason. Too bad Harry's marks would fade. He wondered if he could talk Takashi into a neck tattoo. After all, his neck was permanently marked, why not Takashi's.

Azubu Juban, the mixed residential and business neighborhood less than a ten-minute walk from their apartment was oddly busy for a Sunday. Harry loved walking around the neighborhood, pouring in and out of shops, striking up conversations with the residents who came from all over the world. And no one knew who he was. Going back to England gave Harry a new appreciation of his life in Japan and he was eager to explore it. Coming to a spa, he paused as he thought about his experience at the spa in England. Luckily, he found a charm that spelled off his body hair, so he didn't have to go through the embarrassment of another body wax, but he hadn't had another haircut since he'd moved to Japan and decided to walk in and see if they had openings. They did.

Harry went with the full package; facial, massage, manicure, pedicure, haircut and style, the appointment would last the rest of the morning. While Harry sat in the barber chair about to get his haircut, he saw a familiar blond menace barreling towards him yelling at the top of his lungs.

"Stop!"

Tamaki Suoh grabbed his hairstylists hand before she could cut his hair.

Harry sighed. "Hey senpai."

"I am so glad I was here, you were about to make an abominable mistake. You need me desperately," Tamaki declared dramatically before turning to his stylist. "Don't shave off the top, his Alpha loves playing in it. He'll look divine with an undercut, it'll fit in perfect with his kawaii facial features."

Resigned, Harry watched the dramatic blond direct his stylist on how to work with his hair. To his surprise, it turned out great. Much better results than him shrugging at the stylist and telling her to do whatever she wanted. The back and sides of his hair were shaved short, while the rest was slicked up then back to control the Potter messy hair curse with a prominent side part added for spice. It looked like an updated version of a classic, sixties haircut. He loved it and found himself flushing as he thought of all the times Takashi tugged on the front of his hair in greeting. Harry's face flamed as he
anticipated the look in Takashi's eyes when he saw him. Tamaki was right Takashi would love this.

"Thank you," he told the blond with a smile.

Takashi beamed as if Harry had just revealed the secrets of the universe and dragged him off to where the manicurist and pedicurist awaited them.

"So what are you doing on this side of town," Harry asked once he sat down and got comfortable.

Tamaki flashed a stunning smile to the young beta girl giving him his manicure. "The service of course, what about you? Getting beautiful for the neighbor, I presume?"

Harry laughed despite himself. The longer he chatted with Tamaki the more he realized that underneath the dramatic drama king exterior lay a very lonely boy, which made Harry's wolf want to adopt the Alpha, which was why he found himself in Tamaki's limo on the way to the boy's favorite French restaurant for a late lunch.

"Hey senpai, do you know where I can get some clothes? I have no winter clothes."

Silence was his answer. Harry looked up to see Takashi gaping at him. Harry followed his gaze to where his hand was buried inside his satchel as he had been reaching for his mobile to text Takashi, but his arm was shoulder deep in the magically expanded space.

Oh.

"You're a wizard."

Now it was Harry's turn to be shocked, he had been seriously contemplating obviating the French boy.

"Yeah," he said hesitantly. "How . . ."

"Does Mori-senpai know?" he asked his voice oddly tight.

"Of course!" he exclaimed affronted. "I would never hide something like that from him."

Tamaki chuckled and relaxed back against the seat cushions. "I guess that explains why Kyoya can't find anything too personal about you. It's been driving him crazy."

"How do you know . . .?"

Tamaki looked amused.

"Harry, my father is completely Japanese, yet I have golden blond hair and violet eyes," he said as if it should've been obvious. "Even with mama having the same, what are the odds of such normally recessive genes winning out unless their magical? Veela family genetics overwhelm normal magical genetics so of course they would on someone like otosama who's a muggle despite Mama's squib status."

Harry gaped, at not only Tamaki's words but also the fact that such a deep, thought provoking intelligent speech came from the Alpha. "Oh."

"Mama's parents kicked her out the house when she was sixteen. Not only was she a squib, but she failed to display any major veela traits. Luckily, her grandparents helped Mama set up in the muggle world. Since their magical and look younger than they actually are everyone assumes their Mama's parents, even otosama. Otosama was never told about our magical background because he and
Mama aren't married and he isn't blood so it goes against the statue of secrecy."

Tamaki sighed and wrapped his arms about himself. Harry noticed the formal way he addressed his own father and Harry's heart bled for the Alpha.

"Well since the cat is out of the bag so to speak and you and your mum know about magic would you like to send a letter to her?"

Tamaki stopped rocking and stared at Harry with hopeful but fearful eyes.

"Obaasama," he began weakly.

"Is a foul for separating you from the only family you've known," Harry said fiercely having heard of the blackmail story from Takashi. "Besides what she doesn't know won't kill you. And she'd be stupid to disown you. The Suoh family legacy will die unless your father has any more kids stashed somewhere?"

Tamaki smiled. "Your right. Thank you Harry. I don't know how I can repay you."

"Duh. By showing me where to shop and by helping me pick out some fabulous winter clothes."

Tamaki gave his best host's smile and began to extol over the best places to shop. In the end, Harry regretted asking the flamboyant Alpha for help even if he had gotten the most complete most fabulous wardrobe out of the deal. It had taken over fifteen stores spanning three shopping districts before Tamaki was satisfied. An exhausted Harry slumped in the seat of the limo the moment it was over. He only managed to invite Tamaki to dinner so he could write his letter before sleeping the entire way back. Tamaki shook him awake when they got back to the building. Harry jumped out the car and had the concierge sort out his bike and the trolley for his purchases as they made their way to the penthouse. Takashi came to the genkan when they entered and just looked amused by the mountain of baggage in their wake.

"Thanks for helping Harry," Takashi told Tamaki as he kissed Harry's forehead his smiling eyes on Harry's haircut. "Come on in," he told Tamaki. "Mitsukuni's inside."

Harry had the concierge help him carry his bags to his dressing room. Bouncing downstairs Harry saw Takashi and Mitsukuni being distracted from their studies by a talkative Tamaki and pushed the boy down in his seat, thrust some parchment and a quill in his hands and told him to get writing, winking at the grateful look the two shot his way.

Entering the kitchen, Harry started on the appetizers, shrimp, steamed mussels in a broth, and small sausages wrapped in pastry.

In between cooking, he organized his kitchen for his cooking lessons the next day hoping he had everything he'd need while making a vegetable soup with crusted bread and salad nicoise with seared tuna. Taking a leaf from what he'd seen Asian chef's do he made the portions smaller and served them in pretty dishes. He'd have to get more, Harry thought frowning as he went through the cupboards. He just had a couple basic sets and was their special dinnerware besides chopsticks unique to Japan he didn't know about?

"Harry."

"Hmm," he answered deep in thought.

"You're not eating?"
"I'll join you for the entrée and dessert, just making sure I have everything for tomorrow." Harry bit his lip glancing around the kitchen. "Should have asked for a list."

Takashi chuckled, kissed him, and went back to the great room. For an entrée he used the kobe steaks to make steak au poive with leeks covered with a Dijon vinaigrette, and glazed carrots with tarragon. He sat down to eat with everyone and listened to Tamaki eagerly discuss the host club and their customers.

After dessert, Harry had a long talk with Hedwig ironing out her revised salary and benefit structure Hedwig felt she was now owed as a working mother. Harry put up a good fight, but he lost the negotiations. Annoyed, Harry found himself stomping to the terrace and opening the door where another snowy owl flew in. The owl had no manners, completely ignoring him and the others immediately going to Hedwig's perch checking on her and the chicks.

"You put one toe out of line," he told Hedwig's baby daddy, "and I'll fry you up for dinner."

Hedwig's baby daddy eyes sized him up from his toes to his feet before huffing and deliberately turning his back on him as if Harry were dragon dung. The three Alphas didn't even bother hiding their amusement, the wankers. But Harry wasn't backing down.

"I have a letter that needs to go to France," he told the owl. "Are you going to man up and do it or are you going to make Hedwig do so?"

Baby's Daddy huffed as if such tasks were beneath him, but after a sharp warning from Hedwig, he held out his leg and allowed Takashi's letter to be attached to him. After eating a bit and saying his goodbye's to Hedwig he flew out the window. Once he left, Harry glared over at Hedwig his arms crossed over his chest.

"Him? Out of all the owls in the world, you picked him? Really Hed? What were you thinking?" Hedwig stared at him intently and Harry flushed. "Eww. I so did not need to know all that. You slut."

Hedwig shrugged looking extremely smug.

After dealing with Tamaki, Hedwig, and Hedwig's Baby's Daddy, Harry was worn out. He and Takashi retired to their bedroom shortly after their guests left. After a quick shag session in the shower, they bathed and laid across their bed curled in each other's arms.

"Why do you do it?" Harry asked curiously.

"Ah?" Takashi murmured.

"Host Club. It's not your thing."

"Mitsukuni joined so I did."

"Yeah, I could buy that at first," Harry said his head on Takashi's chest their legs curled around each other. "But it doesn't explain why you keep going back."

"I don't like hosting duties," Takashi said softly, lazily trailing a hand up and down Harry's back, "but I enjoy spending time around the hosts. With the money and all I never could trust anyone except Mitsukuni. Tamaki's annoying, but most of it is an act to hide his insecurities. His life sucks and he needs the outlet. Like Mitsukuni, too many people underestimate him and he uses that to his advantage, but Tamaki saw something in all of us. He changed our lives. I've grown a lot since joining the Host Club, I've matured become less self-involved and more empathic. I, we all owe him
a lot."

Harry reached up and pressed his lips to Takashi’s before settling back in his mate’s arms and falling asleep.
Chapter Eighteen: Another Secret Revealed

Monday, 4th of September 2006 – Tokyo Metropolis, City of Minato, Moto-Azabu District, Tokyo, Japan

Minutes after falling asleep, well at least it felt that way to his mind, Harry found himself prodded awake by Takashi running his fingers down Harry's sides tickling him. After a few growls, Harry allowed his mate to pull him out of bed. Shuffling into the bathroom, he completed his business, dressed in workout clothes, and headed downstairs. Thankfully, Takashi already had the kettle heating, so he made a large travel mug of Earl Grey tea. And to make up for being so impossible in the mornings he made an expresso for Takashi. Soon, too soon in Harry's opinion, Takashi apparated them to the dojo.

This early the only ones inside were instructors who worked at the dojo and members of the Morinozuka and Haninozuka families. To Harry's surprise even Hoshimi was there. He assumed the girl would've thought herself too 'girly' to take up martial arts. Takashi took Harry's hand and proudly dragged him over to introduce him to Mitsukuni's parents and younger brother, as well as his own grandparents and twin uncles who were not what he was used to being twins. They were completely different from Fred and George or even the annoying Hitachiin brothers, the closest he could compare their personalities to were the Patil sisters. The older twin was staid, almost pompous, while the jovial younger twin reminded him heavily of Satoshi. Sou-Sofu, Takashi's great grandfather stood off to the side of the room dressed in what appeared to be an expensive, custom-made kimono. Harry gaped when the patriarch of the Morinozuka family, stepped forward and announced he would be his Magical History and Combat Magic teacher.

Sou-Sofu apparated a still shocked Harry to the most stunning field he had ever seen. He gasped upon discovering that they weren't actually in the middle of a field but standing on top of a mountain. The flat mountaintop was miles above the cloud top and several miles in length. Topping the mountain were wild, vivid blue flowers nearly as tall as his knees. In the distance, Harry could see hundreds of quartz-sandstone mountain pillars also dotted with the beautiful wildflowers.

"Do you feel it?" Sou-Sofu asked.

Jarred out of his wide-eyed perusal, Harry looked around reaching out with his senses and gasped. The whole area pulsed with magic and Harry could feel magical currents wrapping around his body, strengthening him, judging him.

"Yes," he gasped awed. "It's like magic herself is judging me, making sure I am worthy to be in her presence."

"Yes," Sou-Sofu nodded pleased with his assessment. "If you were found unworthy we would've been bounced back to our original apparition point and you would've had no memory of being here. It is a rite of passage for all magical Morinozukas to come here after their sexual maturity to determine if they are worthy enough to be inducted into sacred family rites."

"Takashi passed." It was a statement rather than a question, Sou-Sofu chuckled and nodded.

"Come."

Sou-Sofu took his hand and they slowly walked through the flower field to a Matsu (Japanese pine)
tree rising proudly in the distance. The tree sat in the middle of a patch of flowers that were not only blue, but every color of the rainbow the colors so bright and pure Harry was sure he had never seen their like. Once they reached the tree, Sou-Sofu took the hand he held and placed Harry's palm against the tree's trunk. Harry gasped as he felt the pinpricks of magical currents shoot from the tree and into his body. Harry always assumed after his stay in St. Mungo's and his visit with the healers at Gringotts that he was now healthy, but that was a lie. He could feel the tree's magic coursing through his body, strengthening him, repairing impurities. He now felt more. There was no other way to describe it. It was an amazing experience.

"This is the tree of life," Sou-Sofu said in a respectful tone. "It is where certain humans were judged worthy and given magic. This area has the most powerful concentration of magic in Japan if not the world and is our holiest site though few know of its existence. To most magicals this place is a legend, similar to how European wizards view the stories of Merlin and King Arthur."

Great grandfather proceeded to explain the magical version of Kuniumi, the Japanese creation myth. The story of the gods Izanagi and Izanami and their two children Hiruko and Awashima; Hiruko and Awashima were the first magicals in Japan, mortals who had been tossed aside by their godly parents for being born mortals with exceptional powers instead of gods. They created this mountaintop and once they died, their essence went into the tree and they were able to bless other mortals with magic. He also spoke of the history of magical development and the formation of Japanese magical society. Harry was enthralled. Sou-Sofu spoke for an hour and despite carrying notebooks and pens all Harry could do was sit crossed legged under the tree with the flowers curling around his limbs tickling his body as he listened avidly to the words coming out of great grandfather's mouth. He learned more about history and magic in an hour with Sou-Sofu than five years with Binns. Once the lecture was over, great grandfather walked him to the edge of the mountaintop, and pointed out in the distance. Waving his wand hand, he muttering the incantation for a magnification charm, the charm caused the clouds to disappear and a magnificent white castle built out the side of one of the nearby mountain pillars came into focus.

Typical of Japanese architecture, Harry saw sloping roofs and the castle looked to be at least seven stories. There were three keeps, a main keep where the castle resided, and two additional keeps on each side of the main.

"We are on a small island off the coast of Japan that is invisible to non-magicals and can only be reached through me at least until the heir returns. I am the protector of this island and head a small contingent of warriors called upon to defend the island if the need arises. When I die that honor will go to Takashi," Harry stared at Sou-Sofu wide eyed, but the older man smiled and nodded towards the castle. "The Haninozuka ancestral home," Sou-Sofu began. "The Haninozukas are the only direct descendants of Hiruko and Awashima who as I informed you earlier married and produced two children. As such, they are held to a higher standard than most magicals. Common thought and what the Haninozukas believe is their magic died because of inbreeding. While that is true to an extent, it is not the whole story. Personal histories say their line was cursed and their magic stripped because of the lack of honor in one of their ancestors. Even before they became squibs, it was several generations when the last Haninozuka passed the test and was able to stand on this mountaintop. What I am about to tell you only Takashi has been entrusted with." Harry straightened and stared at Sou-Sofu wide eyed. He raised the arm where his focus ring rested to make an oath not to discuss what Sou-Sofu told him, except to Sou-Sofu and Takashi. Great grandfather nodded pleased. "I have a theory as to why Mitsukuni is the way he is. It is his magic attempting to regenerate inside his body, which has thrown his systems into disarray. That he is surviving and thriving with all the issues he deals with internally as well as externally only strengthens my belief that he is the heir, not that he will be the father of the heir as he and his others believe. Once Mitsukuni's medical issues even out, I believe he'll have an active magical core and be a wizard," Harry gasped and Sou-Sofu shrugged elegantly. "It happens sometimes. Magicals who are assumed squibs develop an active
magical core later in life and are usually more powerful than the average witch or wizard. I believe the gods are judging Mitsukuni to see how he lives his life, if he will become worthy to lead magical Japan. I am training Takashi so once Mitsukuni reaches his twentieth birthday, his age of majority, he can bring him here, and see if he passes magic's final judgment. If he does, being a direct descendent of the gods, he'll be able to not only feel the tree of life, but hear the voices of the ancestors when he touches it."

Harry's mind was officially blown. Lesson over, Sou-Sofu apparated them back to the dojo and Harry could barely look Mitsukuni in the eye when he came in the room and explained the history of martial arts and the evolution of the Haninozuka fighting style. All he could think was that he sat before a descendent of the gods and the man destined to restore his family's honor and bring magical Japan into a new era and Mitsukuni had not a clue of the fate that awaited him. Mind doubly blown.

A sweaty Takashi drenched in pheromones from his hard training picked him up and apparated them back to the duplex. Quiet, Harry was still mulling over what Sou-Sofu revealed when he walked into their bedroom. Stepping over the threshold, he jerked back in astonishment. What he had originally thought was just a wallpaper print of a male Alpha/Omega pair being intimate was actually the doorway to a secret room. Spellbound he walked forward and touched the wall pushing open the hidden door.

Takashi gasped. "You appeared before the tree of life."

"Yes."

Harry stepped inside a magically expanded room that held another dojo with ancient swords and other weapons lining the walls as well as a library filled with scrolls and other material. Walking to the bookshelves, he picked up a scroll and was surprised he could easily read the words despite not knowing a lick of kanji, or whatever language the scroll was written in.

"This room is invisible to anyone who has not touched the tree of life," Takashi said from the doorway. "Now that you have been inducted, you can learn our history and special magic, which is what Sou-Sofu will probably began teaching you during your lessons."

Harry looked up from the scroll he'd been reading to find Takashi leaning against the doorway a wide smile on his face.

"Who in your family passed the test besides you?" Harry asked curious.

"One of my uncles, a great uncle, and several cousins, the number is very small, but it always is. The ancestors are harsh critics."

"Not your father," Harry asked surprised.

Takashi shook his head and took his hand. "You can explore later, we have a long day ahead of us."

Harry had a hard time pulling himself away from the room. Harry supposed he should've been angry about Takashi keeping something so major from him, but he wasn't. It hadn't been Takashi's secret to tell, instead Harry found himself humbled that Sou-Sofu thought enough of him to even take him to such a sacred place and that he pleased the ancestors enough that he was allowed to become a part of such a secret society. Taking one last look at the hidden rom, Harry headed down to begin breakfast while Takashi showered and dressed for school. They ate, but both were quiet. Harry didn't know if he could speak an intelligent word after all the things he recently discovered.

"It takes a while to merge your new awareness with the realization that life goes on," Takashi said
with an understanding smile.

Harry nodded. They finished breakfast and Takashi kissed him goodbye before going down where Mitsukuni picked him up for their ride to school. Harry took his own shower, changed, and cleaned up while he waited for his next tutor to arrive while trying his best not to think of the room upstairs and all the secrets it would reveal. It was hard to care about mundane subjects when all the secret knowledge was right at his fingertips.

His math tutor was Kanasugi, Osamu a squib who attended graduate school in Australia and fluent in English. The first day they jumped right into the material based upon the results of the assessment he had taken several days prior. It was weird being the only student and having the entire focus on himself. Their was no excuse for slacking, at least since he was the only student he could stop and ask questions when he didn't understand something without worrying what others may think. He spent the next two hours working on problems in front of his Sensei to ensure he understood the concepts, once his work was completed he was assigned homework, as well as a reading to prepare for the next day's lesson. It was the same format with his Science tutor.

Kaori came down to where she had been sequestered inside his office at noon and he dragged her to his kitchen to see if he missed any equipment typical in a Japanese kitchen. Afterwards they decided to go out and shop. Not that they really needed anything, but just because. Harry thought the fresh air would do him good. They took the car to the Tokyo Train Station and Harry was able to go to the bank and stock up on cash, luckily in Japan magical and non-magical money were the same. Harry made a few purchases in the magical world before they went back through the barrier and ate at one of the ramen shops before getting passes for the trains. Kaori explained how to navigate the system as they took the train to her favorite shopping center for kitchen goods. Once done shopping they had the driver load their purchases in the vehicle and Kaori had him navigate their way back to the penthouse. She helped him put everything away and they had just finished when Chef arrived.

His first lesson on Japanese cooking of course dealt with the proper way to prepare rice. Chef wanted to see how he normally cooked rice, so Harry used the rice cooker and the donabe to make several batches. Chef tasted them, made a face, and immediately threw his food in the garbage before having him do it again while explaining what he did wrong and how to improve upon his techniques. Once he deemed the second batch decent enough for a beginner, he taught he and Kaori several basic rice dishes. As a result, he had enough food to send dinner home with Chef and Kaori as well as for he and Takashi with leftovers for several days. Harry thanked Merlin for magic and stasis cabinets. Chef Ishihare said they'd focus on rice and rice dishes for the rest of the week. Once Chef and Kaori left he put the una-ju, which was grilled eel over rice, under a stasis charm and ignoring his homework raced upstairs to the secret room to read more about the origins of magic and the history of the Haninozuka and Morinozuka families and other major magical families in Japan. That is where Takashi found him when he walked in from school tugging at his tie, his school blazer hanging off one shoulder.

"Don't get so absorbed you forget your other responsibilities," Takashi cautioned.

Harry sighed knowing his mate was right. He could've finished his homework for the next day by now. He reluctantly put down the scroll he'd been reading and went to his mate wrapping his arms around his waist.

"Long day?" Harry sympathized.

"Ah," he answered dryly nuzzling his chin atop Harry's head. "You're fault."

"Me!"
"Ah. Tamaki was in top form. Mitsukuni and I have been upgraded from neighbors to beloved uncles."

Chuckling, Harry grabbed his mate by his tie and pulled him down for a kiss. "Poor baby. Why don't you go change, dinner's ready. You can relax and eat."

"You'll discuss your day." It was an order.

"Of course, you as well." Harry gave his mate a chaste kiss on the lips and sent him on his way.

Harry served miso soup simmered in tofu with the rice dish. After dinner, they settled on the sofa and finished their homework while curled up in each other's arms before going to bed.

That set the tone for the rest of the week. On Saturday, the Hosts dragged Takashi off on some adventure but that was okay with Harry because he and Atsuya had signed up for skydiving lessons and were planning on spending the day at the school.

Of course, nothing could beat racing through the sky on a broom but Harry had a great time jumping out of airplanes with Atsuya. They were both eager on continuing their training and become certified. On their way back to Tokyo by train, Takashi texted him to let him know the Hosts plus Haruhi's father had descended on the penthouse and didn't plan on leaving anytime soon. Tamaki was desperate to see how his beloved Auntie fared.

Harry told him it was okay and put away his mobile with a sigh.

"Want to have dinner at my place," he asked Atsuya. "The Host Club will be there and you can judge how my Japanese cooking has come along."

Atsuya looked down at himself with a frown and Harry understood. They could both do with a shower and change of clothes.

"You can shower at my place and though we have different styles we're close enough to the same size that you can wear something of mine."

Atsuya nodded gratefully and pulled out his own mobile to text his parents. They managed to slip in the house and up the back staircase without anyone noticing, though Harry could hear the commotion of everyone in the living room. Harry led Atsuya to his bedroom and chuckled at the gobsmacked expression on Atusya's face upon seeing his closest.

"Just think what you have to look forward to when you become a world famous architect."

Atsuya grinned proudly. "Yeah. I'm going to be amazing."

Laughing, Harry shoved his friend into the depths of his closest while he stood contemplating what he was going to change. Harry jumped in surprise, then relaxed when he felt strong arms wrap around his waist from behind and pull him back against a hard and ready body as familiar lips nibbled at the scar that signified their bond.

"Blow job?" Takashi murmured, his voice deep and seductive.

Atsuya laughed from inside the closest, which made Takashi hands drop from his waist and his erection deflate. Chuckling, Harry swung around and threw his arms around his red-faced mate's neck kissing unresponsive lips.

"Sexy. I never knew voyeurism was such a turn on for you." Harry said as he rubbed up against his
"Harry," Takashi growled.

He wrapped his arms around Harry's waist and set him down far away from him. Still red, Takashi bowed to Atsuya and hurried out the room.

Atsuya came out the closest holding a pair dark jeans and a black and grey Hugo boss sweater. "You know he'll make you pay for that."

"In the most delicious way possible," Harry said with a leer.

"I'm friends with a pervert."

Harry giggled. "Yup. Anyway he deserved it. Some Alpha he is, he should've been able to scent that you were in the room with me."

"My scent was probably masked since I was in the closest among your clothes marked with your scent. Besides, I think he had other things on his mind then scenting for anyone other than you," Atsuya smirked.

Harry and Atsuya showered and changed with Harry coordinating with his friend by wearing tight black leather trousers and a tight grey v-neck to entice his mate. They joined the mayhem and were instantly glomped by Tamaki and Haruhi's equally flamboyant cross-dressing Omega father with expressions of kawaii.

Luckily, Harry had the excuse of having to get dinner ready and escaped to the kitchen. He had tons of rice dishes, sushi, onigiri, and the like in the stasis cabinet from his lessons with Chef, so he made a huge pot of miso soup and miso stew from recipes he found on the internet as he wouldn't be starting his soup lessons with Chef until Monday. He also whipped up various desserts because thanks to Mitsukuni who had a habit of sending his staff to the penthouse to raffle through his dessert cabinet, his stock was depleted. While he waited for everything to finish using magic to cheat, he heard several startled exclamations from the other room. Harry walked in and rolled his eyes. Baby Daddy had returned and had pecked at anyone who had the misfortune of standing beside Hedwig's perch.

Ignoring the fact that he had a letter to deliver, Baby Daddy poked his head in the nest to check on Hedwig and the babies, which was fine, but Baby Daddy proceeded to have a long conversation with Hedwig while ignoring him and the fact that yes, he did have a letter to deliver.

"It'll only take you two seconds to give me that before romancing Hedwig," Harry snapped at the annoying bird. "And anyway don't you think you've caused enough damage already?"

Baby Daddy turned his back on him; it was only at Hedwig's warning bark that Baby Daddy wouldn't be getting any loving if he didn't give Harry his letter that the ornery owl stuck out his leg so Harry could undo the magical container that held Tamaki's letter from his mother. Once done, he disappeared inside the nest as if Harry had given him permission to stay inside his home.

Conceited git. Hedwig gave him a look that informed him they weren't to be disturbed for anything and disappeared after her man. Harry huffed in disgust and mindful of his audience threw up a wordless silencing charm. The last thing he wanted to hear was Hedwig having sex.

Harry turned back to his guest to see everyone but Takashi, Mitsukuni, and Tamaki gaping at him.
"So I have weird pets," Harry said with a shrug. "Hey, since you guys descended at the last moment we are going to eat family style so everyone is just going to have to serve themselves. Ranka, demonic duo move that long buffet table against the wall and dress it up pretty. There are table clothes and tableware in the drawers, so set the table as well." They saluted him. "Takashi, Tamaki, you are in the kitchen with me. The rest of you relax and try to convince my friend that you guys aren't certifiable."

Everyone rushed to do his bidding. In the kitchen, Harry pressed Tamaki into a chair at the table and pressed his mother's letter in Tamaki's trembling hands. He had Takashi help him ice the cakes and once everything was finished his Alpha helped him carry out the food to place on the buffet.

"This is last minute," he heard Kyoya murmur to Takashi. "Harry cooked this?"

"Ah. Harry is the all or nothing type."

"Lucky you."

"Ah."

"The fine ass doesn't hurt either."

"Kill you," Takashi hissed sounding like a train whistle.

"Come on Takashi," Mitsukuni chuckled. "Kyo-chan would have to be blind, deaf, and dumb not to notice what a great ass Harry has in those leather pants he's wearing."

"Yes," Tamaki piped in to everyone's surprise. "And you have me to thank for picking out those clothes for him."

"Bakas," Takashi growled though with less heat.

Everyone gathered their food and sat around the table eating, laughing, and talking. Tamaki was in rare form after his letter from his Mama and told him and Atsuya of their dramatic rescue of Haruhi from the clutches of a female Alpha and her Omega girlfriends who attended a rival school. Harry leaned against Takashi and laughed so hard tears ran down his face. After everyone ate, they settled either in the living room where everyone played games, or in front of the television's gaming system. He noticed that Mitsukuni and Atsuya were never far from each other and wondered if they did end up in a relationship would it work out, especially knowing what he now knew about the pint-sized Alpha. Harry kept the food out in case anyone got hungry and wanted to snack through he called Tamaki, Mitsukuni, and Takashi to 'help' him put things away, though in reality he just used his magic while Tamaki glomped him for helping him reconnect with his mother.

Tamaki's actions made Harry remember the present he had picked up in magical Tokyo for the hyperactive Alpha. An elaborately carved wooden box with his real name Rene Tamaki Richard deGrantaine Suoh etched on top. Once he pricked the box with his blood, it would only open to him. He gave it to the Alpha as everyone was gathering to leave the apartment.

"I don't know your situation," he whispered in his ear. "But I figured you could use something only you had access too so no one could get your most precious items."

It wasn't a surprise that Tamaki grabbed him and swung him around while screeching Auntie at the top of his lungs, but what shocked everyone watching was Takashi didn't leap to his defense. From the way Kyoya's eyeglasses glinted as he watched the display, Harry suspected the blond would be grilled extensively on the way home. Luckily, the magic surrounding anyone who knew about magic and the Stature of Secrecy made it nearly impossible for Tamaki to talk about magic.
Once everyone left with tons of leftovers for Haruhi, Ranka, Atsuya, and Mitsukuni Takashi wrapped him up in his arms and kissed him passionately.

"I'm honored to call you mine Harry." Harry preened under the praise. "You gave Tamaki his present, now it's time for me to unwrap my gift." Harry shivered as Takashi's hands landed on his leather covered butt. "Mine."

"Yes," Harry answered with incredible ease, even eager.
Chapter Nineteen: Trouble on the Horizon

Sunday, 10th of September 2006 – Tokyo Metropolis, City of Minato, Moto-Azabu District, Tokyo, Japan

Takashi jerked awake. Something was wrong. Bolting upright, he glanced around. Disorientated, it took several moments before his thoughts became lucid and he realized what it was. Harry. Harry wasn't lying next to him. Takashi could count on his hand the number of times Harry awoke before himself, especially at six o'clock on a Sunday morning. Takashi's fears and pounding heart calmed once he noticed the open door to the secret room. Harry was becoming obsessed. Sighing, he reached for his cell and texted Mitsukuni.

Spending the day with Harry – TM

I would've cut things short anyway. Have a brunch date with Aty-chan MH

Behave – TM

Pot calling kettle, at least I have full access to my senses. Some bodyguard you are. Finally get your blowjob – MH

Flushing, Takashi resisted the urge to fling his cell across the room and slipped out of bed. Sliding bare feet into house slippers and wrapping his silk robe about himself, Takashi stepped inside one of the libraries that held the secret of the Morinozuka family magic. He found Harry curled up on a sofa in front of the magically updating family tree surrounded by several scrolls. Harry looked up with an adorable pout on his face once he noticed Takashi leaning against the doorway.

"Most of these are jibberish," Harry snapped frustrated. "I can read some, but most I can't no matter the spells I try."

"Must learn to crawl before entering a marathon," Takashi said. "The ancestors won't grant you access to advance knowledge until you master the basics."

Harry flushed and rose from his seat returning the advanced scrolls back into their slots. Takashi walked up to his mate and tugged on the little fringe of hair on Harry's head, tilting his mate's head back and frowning upon noticing the dark circles under Harry's eyes.

"How long?"

"Not long," Harry answered. Takashi growled and Harry rolled his eyes and jabbed his elbow in his stomach. "Baka. Seriously, maybe an hour or two? Had a bad dream, woke up, made tea and biscuits, and came in here."

Takashi's gaze flicked to the mug of tea and plate of cookies on the desk, which gave credence to his mate's words. Tugging on Harry's hand, he dragged his mate out the library and into the bathroom. Takashi turned on the shower before turning to strip off Harry's clothes before doing the same for himself.

"Just the two of us today," he told his mate as they stood under the shower. "Okay?"

Harry squealed and jumped up on Takashi's water slicked body wrapping his legs around Takashi's
waist, his arms around his neck while kissing him senseless. As Takashi willingly surrendered to his mate's advances, he swore to spend more quality time with his Omega, especially when he was rewarded so handsomely.

After dressing, they hopped on their bikes and rode to Roppongi Hills. Hungry, they ate at a casual bistro that offered an all-day European style brunch. They sat on the terrace and people watched, before getting back on their bikes and touring the neighborhood stopping occasionally to enter interesting stores until Harry saw an art gallery and dragged him inside.

"I know you like art. We're always doing what I want," Harry said with a frown as they toured the gallery. "Merlin, Neville's right, I'm self-absorbed."

Takashi chuckled and squeezed his hand.

"Neville's wrong. You're the least self-absorbed person I know."

Harry snorted and swung their joined hands back and forth. "Taka, I've met your friends, so not a compliment."

Takashi laughed. "Ah."

Harry stopped in the middle of the gallery, titled his head, and stared up at him with a bright smile spread across his face. "I like it when you laugh."

Takashi flushed, basking in Harry's happiness and the way his Omega curled into the side of his body. He found himself caring less and less about Harry's tendency to forget propriety and display affection in public.

"I like spending time with you," he confided to Harry. "I like doing things you like. I used to just read, study, or train."

Takashi felt Harry's body stiffen for a brief second. Concerned, Takashi immediately turned to his mate, only to see his gaze riveted upon an exhibition on Satsuma Kiriko, a type of traditional, etched crystal glassware.

"Then I'm glad were discovering this together," Harry said after a moment, moving them away from the glasswork he was clearly interested in and towards the paintings Takashi preferred. "But there must be something you like to do? We have to do things you like too."

"Travel. Snowboard, jet ski, surf." Takashi said with a shrug allowing Harry to distract him for the moment as he stopped in front of a painting that caught his eye.

Harry sighed. "I shouldn't have blown off your suggestion that we go somewhere before school started then. We should go on a mini-break."

"Mini-break?"

"Short holiday like going on vacation over a long weekend."

Takashi paused. "Berlin." Harry looked confused; Takashi nervously cleared his throat before he continued. "Chichi called yesterday while I was with the Hosts. He wants me to represent the company in Berlin next weekend. Will you come?"

Harry's eyes lit up and he nodded. "Will you be bogged down with business? Will we get the chance to do anything?"
"Ah." Takashi took a deep breath. "But before you agree, you should know Chichi wants me to bring Satoshi and Hoshimi."

"Oh. Okay," Harry said after several moments of silence, but Takashi noticed his enthusiasm dropped and Harry looked away from him to the artist's rendition of Hanami (cherry blossom viewing) picnics beside the Kamo River in Kyoto.

"Harry?"

Harry sighed and squeezed his hand tight. "Satoshi's become oddly protective; probably still freaked out about my breakdown. I'll go. Besides, you need to reconnect with your family; this would be a good way to do so."

Takashi released the breath he didn't know he held he hadn't expected Harry to agree so readily.

"I'll make the arrangements."

"Okay," Harry said before nodding to the painting. "You like it don't you? Should we buy it?"

"Ah." Takashi thought it would look good at the cottage in the Lake District.

Pulling out his cell phone, he texted Yamamoto-san the details of the painting for him to purchase on his behalf and informed his assistant of Harry's fascination with the kiriko exhibition. He thought it would be a good surprise for Harry if incorporate kiriko glass into the lake cottage. Yamamoto-san quickly texted back that he'd take care of it.

Even before the animals began acting out of character, Takashi knew trouble was coming. For a reason, he couldn't explain he'd been on edge all day.

It was well after lunch, he and Harry had returned to the penthouse. Harry curled up on the sofa, the Windsor throw blanket on his lap as he read business reports. Takashi sat beside his mate grooming Piyo-chan while answering the occasional text message. He'd been texting Satoshi when Piyo-chan jumped out his arms and hid behind his back. Hedwig released a sharp, mewing whistle from inside her nest, her mate a deep, territorial bark. All three animals were looking toward the terrace doors.

Instincts kicking in, he jumped off the sofa, pushed Harry behind his back, and drew his blades as he waited. They didn't have a long wait. A massive bird of prey with a six-foot wingspan appeared outside their terrace door. Suspended mid-flight, the bird flapped its wings glaring at them for making it wait behind a closed door.

Harry chuckled and moved from behind Takashi's back. "Barmy, the lot of you. It's a golden eagle with a carrier attached to its breast, probably a letter from England."

Takashi reluctantly allowed Harry to open the terrace door.

"We have several pets that are worried you'll eat them for lunch," Harry told the bird. "If I let you in do you promise not to eat them? I think I read you like pheasants?" The eagle nodded. "I have one dead and skinned in the kitchen I'll give it to you if you promise to leave our birds alone?"

The eagle nodded and Harry opened the door so the eagle could come inside. To Takashi's surprise, the bird bypassed Harry and settled on the coffee table, its beady eyes staring at him expectedly, its long claws curling around the edge. After a discreet scan to make sure no nefarious charms were on the eagle's packaging, he reached over and opened the carrier strapped to the eagle's breast and
pulled out an envelope filled with parchment, a copy of an old magical journal, and to his complete shock, two priceless, medieval shikomi tessen. Tessens were Japanese war fans used by samurai and shikomi tessens had hidden tanto blades in addition to the other weapons inside the folds of the fans. Beyond curious, Takashi opened the enveloped and pulled out the heavy parchment to find a letter from Neville.

Heir Takashi,

By now, I am sure you are well acquainted with what transpired between Harry and myself. Please accept this letter and the attached tessen as a formal apology for letting my emotions get the best of me. Although my intentions were pure, I realize I could've gone about the situation in a better manner and am working on gaining better control of my natural instincts. I hope I have not ruined our friendship by my poor actions and I hope you and Harry managed to overcome whatever rough patch you were going through that caused Harry to flee your home. My fear that Harry wouldn't see reason and it would cause a permeant rift in your relationship, a relationship I sincerely believe is the best thing for you both caused me to lose my cool. While that is not an excuse, please know that it was done out of respect for your both and fear that Harry's stubborn personality and your taciturn nature would allow the rift to go on longer than it should and cause great stress for you both. A better man would promise never to interfere in such a personal matter in the future, but I am not a better man. I know that if I made such a promise, I would surely break it, but I do promise to act in a more mature manner the next time I butt into you and Harry's personal lives.

Takashi snorted in amusement despite himself before he continued reading.

The tessen was procured by one of my ancestors, a Humphrey Longbottom during his Grand Tour during the 1600's. Humphrey, not satisfied with the normal European tour, decided to tour Asia as well (mainly hoping his betrothed would give up on him and marry another). Humphrey spent two years in Japan and according to his journals struck up a friendship with someone who I believe was an ancestor of yours, a Uesugi Morinozuka who trained him in sword fighting and bestowed the tessen to him once he achieved a significant skill set. When I saw the fans and the account of his adventures, I thought this would be the appropriate gift to make up for being an immature Alpha and allowing my instincts to rule me.

I am attaching this letter and gift with Pasha, my golden eagle, which was a birthday gift to me from my Luna. Golden Eagles are wild predators and evade domestication. They are superior to owls and are known for their swift and accurate deliveries, especially in long distance flights. Messenger eagles are rare as very few agree to become messengers and only do so if they accept their 'owner.' I hope he doesn't upset Hedwig too much. I know Harry spoils her into thinking she's the queen of the jungle.

Your Friend,

Neville Francis Longbottom; Heir to the Ancient and Noble House of Longbottom

Takashi frowned because there were several additional pages to the letter. Where the first several pages were pristine and written neatly and formally on expensive, heavy parchment, the rest of the missive was written in a great hurry with an unsteady hand on less expensive parchment. To make matters worse, Neville's writing was uneven and barely recognizable. Takashi read on his unease mounting.

P.S.

Luckily Pasha was out hunting when I finished as something major happened. Damn, I'm not even sure how to write this. Earlier today (Saturday), Luna and I went on a lunch date in Hogsmeade. On
our way back to the castle, the Lestranges ambushed us. Word had gotten out that Harry had been in
town last weekend and its known he still calls Luna and I friends. The Lestranges fell back on their
old tricks and attempted to torture Harry's whereabouts from Luna and I.

Thank Merlin, they expected to face nervous, bumbling Neville, unaware of the intensive magical
and non-magical training I'd been through, and thank Merlin, I spent the summer working with Luna
because I don't think we would've made it. Crazy they may be, but the Lestranges are the most
powerful duelers the Dark Lord had in his arsenal. I took on Bellatrix and Rodolphous, while Luna
dueled Rabastan. The husband and wife team are no more, while Rabastan was taken into custody
by aurors. With the new judicial reforms, he should be sent through the Veil. One less thing to worry
about. My parents are finally avenged.

Merlin, I'm still on an adrenaline high, despite the potions the new mediwitch, damn, I don't
remember her name, poured down my throat. Luna and I are in the hospital wing. We should be fine
in a day or so but as you can see, I'm still shaky from the crucios aimed at me. Dean just arrived with
my things, which I hope includes the first half of this letter so I can have Pasha get it to you.

Tell Harry we love him and are safe. Tell him, don't be a martyr, and think everything is his fault.
Tell him that these kills were more my right than his after everything the Lestranges put my family
through. Make him see reason, you know how idiotic he can be. Don't let him be stupid. We're fine,
not even bad enough to go to St. Mungos, though Gran and Xeno Lovegood sent a private healer to
double check the mediwitch's treatment. Despite Dumbledore being gone, they both have an
ingrained mistrust of this place. I am happy they're gone. Even took their wands as my rite of
conquest. That was wicked. I killed Bellatrix with my foil, right in the bitch's black heart. For
Rodolphous, I took a page out of your book and sliced his head off. Luna was awesome, best thing
ever was when she approached me. I'm so lucky. Best mate ever. How can the rest of the world be
so stupid? I'm lucky they are though. Don't deserve her. Have you see what a great body she has. I
am so glad our parents decided against that contract between Harry and me. No offense, but I'm
definitely a breast man, two cocks must be weird. Merlin, did I really say that? Tired, bye.

Nev

Takashi put down the letter unsure if whether to laugh at a Neville high on potions or horrified at
what the boy had gone through.

"More bad news?" Harry hesitantly asked.

Startled, Takashi looked down. Harry sat cross-legged on the floor grooming Hedwig's ruffled
feathers, while her mate stood nearby keeping a sharp eye on the eagle who was currently tearing
into the flesh of a pheasant Harry had laid down on the floor atop newspaper. Takashi handed Harry
the letter. He watched the myriad of emotions cross his Omega's face as he read; exasperation,
annoyance, amusement, then downright terror, before it relaxed into just worry. Once done, he put
the letter back in its envelope and looked to the eagle.

"Pasha, can you wait for me to send a return letter? You can rest up a bit and I'll find something else
for you to eat?"

The eagle bobbed its head before going back to eating.

"I'll send something as well," he told his mate.

"What if we just took a port key?" Harry asked biting his lip.

"It's only five in the morning in Scotland Harry," Takashi reasoned, hoping logic would keep Harry
calm. "We'll write our letters now and visit the school tomorrow night, after classes."

Harry reluctantly nodded, though Takashi knew Harry was seconds away from grabbing the nearest object and turning it into an international port key. Takashi held out his arms and felt his soul warm at the way Harry jumped off the floor and crawled into his lap seeking comfort. Smiling, Takashi rubbed his mate's back and cuddled with him until he felt the tension release from Harry's body. They spent the next hour writing their letters before Harry fed the eagle again and sent him on his way. They both stood on the terrace and watched the majestic bird of prey, cut through the sky.

"They're fine."

Harry nodded jerkily, his eyes never leaving the spot where the eagle disappeared from view. Takashi decided to call in dinner and see if he could get a masseur in tonight so Harry could relax.
Chapter Twenty: An Excess of Pheromones

Monday, 11th of September 2006 – Tokyo Metropolis, City of Minato, Moto-Azabu District, Tokyo Japan

Takashi smiled as he stood in front of his closet searching for clothes to change into. He went to the scarves hanging on hooks coordinated by color and pulled several down before holding them up to his Omega raising a hopeful eyebrow towards his hovering mate as he gestured to Harry's wrists.

A turtleneck was shoved into his chest.

"No blow job either?" Takashi heaved in mock sadness.

Electrical currents lifted and swirled in a tornado of moment. To the trained eyed they appeared like gold dust spiraling the air enveloping Harry as his little mate gathered enough magical energy to throw a hex his way. Deciding that further teasing was detrimental to his health, Takashi lifted Harry setting him down on the glass top island inside their dressing room. He leaned between Harry's spread legs and tugged on the fringe of hair to hold his husband in place before leaning forward to nuzzle the bond bite on Harry's neck.

"I'll stop teasing." He whispered in his mate's ear before backing away.

Harry's shoulders slumped. "Sorry. I'm worried."

"I know," he ruffled Harry's hair and went back to his closest. "Soon."

Harry nodded dejectedly. Takashi quickly stripped out his school uniform, slipped on the blue mohair-silk turtleneck Harry handed him before rummaging around for jeans and a belt. Takashi was digging inside his jewelry drawer when he looked up at Harry's annoyed huff. His mate levitated the discarded scarves back to their hooks and placed his uniform from where he had dropped it onto the floor into a clothesbasket linked to the estate's laundry room.

"Sorry." His Omega was a little OCD when it came to their den.

Harry rolled his eyes and slid off the island. Takashi quickly finished dressing. The moment he slid on his socks and reached for his shoes and coat Harry pulled him out their suite, out the penthouse, and towards the ward boundaries so they could apparate to the airport. Thirty minutes later, they stood in in front of the property line of a medieval ancient castle littered with turrets and towers.

Since Harry was no longer a student, he could not cross the wards so they waited for someone to fetch them.

Thankfully, it wasn't a long wait as Harry's grip on his arm had become quite painful. The main doors to the castle opened and a huge, bear of a man came down the steps. The man, who obviously bore giant ancestry, stood nearly twelve feet tall. His body was covered with unkempt shaggy hair and he wore a ratty, moleskin coat.

Weirdly small features for such a big man broke out in a smile upon seeing them. "Harry!"

The half giant lifted Harry in a massive hug that was surely painful. Takashi growled. The half giant seemed unfazed by Takashi's show of dominance, but set Harry down anyway.
"Hey Hagrid," Harry said warily.

Oh, the gamekeeper, Takashi thought.

Hagrid pulled out a dirty doily he used to wipe at teary eyes.

"Funny business," Hagrid noisily sobbed. "'spect he had a good reason, Dumbledore did. Great man."

Takashi's growl deepened, he pushed Harry behind him and stepped up to the giant.

"Are you insane?"

Takashi felt Harry's hand gently caressing his back.

"We're here to see Neville and Luna," he told the giant.

"O' co'rse Harry."

Still distraught, the giant turned and led them into the castle.

"Hate England," Takashi rumbled. Giants were impervious to spells, but could they be beheaded? A bullet to the brain always worked. Takashi's hands twitched towards the invisible holster where he kept his weapons.

"I know," Harry whispered. His Omega had his arm wrapped around his waist his fingers digging comfortably inside the waistband of Takashi's jeans, nuzzling his face into his open jacket against the soft silk of his sweater.

"Idiots."

He knew from his studies that giants weren't the smartest creatures, but if this Hagrid was part wizard surely he had some sense?

"People have been brainwashed by Dumbledore for over eighty years Taka," Harry soothed.

Takashi snorted.

His annoyance increased once they entered the monstrosity known as Hogwarts. Staircases. They moved. Why? Every surface was covered with magical portraits. It was noisy and made one want to reach for the nearest sake bottle. Asinine. Magical artists were rare so the portraits they painted were expensive. It took twenty years of apprenticeship for an artist to become a master, not to mention the six months it took to complete a single, magical painting. Impossible for one place to have so many portraits, unless they were completed by third of fourth rate artists who hadn't finished their mastery or artists who bypassed the legal route.

"Tacky."

Harry chuckled and continued rubbing his face into Takashi's side, he got a strong whiff of his Omega's sweet scent. It took Takashi several more minutes before he became coherent enough to realize what Harry was doing and why. Flushing, he stopped in the middle of the corridor and closed his eyes as he dialed back the aggressive pheromones he had been unknowingly releasing since the oaf's callous words and locked his emotions behind his occlumency shields. He was acting like an untrained pup.

"Sorry."
Harry waved away the apology only tightening his fingers on Takashi's waist.

"New environments make you on edge. It'll be okay."

Complete acceptance. Takashi leaned down and nuzzled his Omega's neck. "Lucky."

Harry flushed.

They rushed to catch up to the giant who had reached one of the moving staircases. As they rushed forward they passed a few students who gaped at them, you would think that with this being a school there would be more students around.

"Everyone's still at breakfast," Harry answered his unspoken question, "classes don't begin until nine."

"Inefficient."

Harry chuckled. "I get it, you hate it. It's not all bad, there must be something you've seen inside Hogwarts you like?"

"You."

Harry's blush spread across his face and down his neck. Takashi knew if he was really good he could get it to spread over Harry's entire body. His mind was awash with possibilities, preferably involving silk scarves. They hadn't done that in a while.

"Pervert," Harry murmured his gaze dropping to Takashi's rising erection.

Takashi flushed. "Ah."

Harry rolled his eyes and dragged him forward.

Inside the hospital wing, Hagrid introduced them to Madame Gawade, an older bonded Omega female of Indian origin who looked to be in her early forties, but was most likely in her sixties. The mediwitch dismissed Hagrid and led them to a cordoned off area where he and Harry found Neville and Luna. Luna had climbed into Neville's bed and the Alpha held her close and nuzzled at her neck as they whispered quietly to each other. The scene was intimate and made Takashi feel like a voyeur.

Unfortunately, Harry didn't have the same problem. Upon seeing his friends, his mate let out a relieved cry and dive bombed onto the tiny hospital bed, effectively separating the pair before engulfing them in hugs and kisses, tears streaming down his face as he babbled about how terrified he'd been for them.

"I was about to order breakfast," Madame Gawade's wide mouth quirked in amusement her nostrils flaring slightly from excessive emotions they all were sure to have been emitting. "Would you and your mate care for something as well? A good meal should help you gain balance."

"Its dinner time for us," Takashi bowed in acknowledgement his cheeks slightly red. "Thank you. Harry misses English food."

The mediwitch nodded and darted away. Takashi decided to save Luna and Neville from his overwrought Omega by lifting him from their bed. He transfigured the standard hospital chair into a comfortable loveseat and sat down, pulling Harry onto his lap and rubbing his back as he released calming pheromones to soothe his husband.

"Neville, Luna," Takashi greeted.
They were staring at Harry in shock.

"First time I've seen Harry act like an Omega," Neville whispered.

"Does inside his den."

Neville's eyes widened in understanding before he flushed guiltily, probably for berating Harry for his atypical Omega characteristics. It was common knowledge that Omegas felt safest in their Den, and some, especially ones who had suffered trauma, could only be their true selves where they felt safe. Takashi still felt anger on his Omega's behalf over Neville's actions. Neville should've known better. The only thing that kept Takashi from challenging the younger Alpha despite his apology was Mitsukuni's voice in his ear lecturing him. When he had exploded to his cousin in anger over Neville's actions, Mitsukuni had gotten him to see reason, rightly pointing out that Neville had only reached maturity a day before Harry had. Once Alphas reached their sexual maturity, it took time for them to adjust to the influx of additional pheromones, pheromones that switched on and off like accidental magic in young wizards until they learned to control it. Then his annoying cousin had went on to list all the times, Takashi had lost control, as he had just now confronting Hagrid. So how could he condemn Neville when even now, he had a hard time with his own emotional outbursts?

Harry shuddered in Takashi's lap and tried to bury his face in Takashi's neck. Takashi swore and focused on calming down himself and his mate.

"Our bond is strong," he explained to the younger couple. "I've been on edge since we've reached Hogwarts. My wolf doesn't want Harry here. I'm trying to control it, but it's making my emotions fluctuate. Also, Harry's been worried about you. That on top of the emotions I'm leeching to him through our bond it's becoming too much for him, which is why Harry's wolf is in control now when he normally has exceptional control over his wolf."

Neville's face fell. "I'm—"

"Our letters," he nodded to a side table filled with unopened cards and gifts. Another apology was useless.

Neville looked relieved at the change of subject, but it was Luna who answered.

"This morning was the first time we've woken feeling somewhat normal."

"But you got my note," Neville insisted. "Why has Harry been so worried, I told you we were alright. Made sure you knew we were safe so he wouldn't freak out."

Here Harry lifted his head from Takashi's neck and glared at the baby Alpha.

"Your note," he snorted. "Do you mean the one where you basically told us you stabbed the Black Witch in her heart, Luna has great boobs, and Takashi and I are nuts for preferring each other's cocks over Luna's superior breasts. That note?"

Luna broke out in giggles and a horrified Neville looked to him for confirmation, Takashi bit back his amusement and nodded solemnly.

Neville groaned and buried himself into Luna's side. Takashi felt his Omega radiating smugness and had to raise his occlumency shield to keep from laughing.

"What happened?" Takashi asked. "It will help my team."

"Team?" Harry frowned for a moment before his face cleared. "Oh, the ones tracking Dumbledore."
A house elf appeared with their meals. He and Harry were given roast with gravy, potatoes, and vegetables with treacle tart for dessert. Takashi sighed over the heavy meal and large portion sizes and but ate it anyway. Looking around, he cast several privacy charms before indicating to Neville that it was safe to talk.

"So now that the Lestranges and the Carrows are gone. The only known Death Eaters who haven't been rounded up are Rowle, Yaxley, Selwyn, Travers, and Gibbon," Neville finished.

"What can you tell us about them?"

Neville, a pureblood raised in pureblood society was a valuable source of information on the families.

"You said you have a team tracking Dumbledore?" Neville asked once he finished. "Have you been able to gather any intelligence on his plans?"

"Some," Takashi went into Harry's satchel and rummaged around until he found the reports Yamamoto-san had given him that morning. "He's cautious. The only thing of note so far is that Dumbledore figured out Lord Black destroyed the horcruxes. He is not happy." Especially over losing control of two of the Deathly Hallows. He wanted Harry under his control not only because of his magical power and popularity, but because Harry rightfully owned the three Hallows.

Harry snorted. "I bet. Any spies we could oust?"

Takashi handed the file to Harry who quickly cast a translation charm on the papers and read them. Harry held up a list of known supporters with a frown.

"Kingsley and Tonks aren't on here," he mentioned.

Takashi flipped through a couple more pages and pointed out a section to Harry.

"Distancing themselves from him," he said for Neville and Luna's benefit. "Maybe your words got through to her and she talked to Kingsley." He shrugged. "They want to immigrate to America but are having problems obtaining Visas."

Harry blinked surprised. "The magical world does that?"

"Outside Europe yes," Takashi explained. "Travel outside your country is regulated like in the mundane world. Most countries have wards to prevent unauthorized entry which is why we use magical transportation at the airport."

"Really? I don't have a visa."

Takashi dug in Harry's bag and pulled out his British passport to show him the attached visa. "A permanent resident visa because of our bond."

"Oh," Harry said surprised. "Maybe we should help Tonks and Kingsley leave," he said returning to the topic at hand. "Better they're in America starting a new life. Here they could always rejoin Dumbledore."

"Unless this is all a smokescreen and they're only going overseas to spread his ideals," Neville added.
"Wouldn't fly there," Takashi said. "Better infrastructure that does a good job of crushing insurgents."

Luna cocked an amused blonde eyebrow. "So you don't think the Americans' ego would buy into Dumbledore's message that magicals are better than non-magicals and as such should have greater control over the world for their own good?"

"Point," he conceded nodding his head in respect to the witch.

She winked at him before going back to making the oddest breakfast sandwich he'd ever seen.

"You still have tremors!" Harry exclaimed alarmed. He'd been watching Luna build her sandwich as well.

"Not as bad." Neville reached for his glass. His hands also had a slight tremor to them.

"How are you . . . do you need mind healers?"

"We each had a session last night with our head of house," Luna chirped after swallowing her odd breakfast sandwich. "We'll have a couple more before our head of house decides if we're okay or need to be referred to a mind healer."

Harry collapsed against Takashi and he wrapped his arm around his mate.

"That's different." Harry's shock bled through their bond.

"Everyone's gobsmacked," Neville grinned. "It's now mandatory for all students to have individual meetings with their head of house once a month, we also have yearly physicals, and parents receive quarterly reports on their children's progress."

"Wow," Harry breathed. "It's almost like a real school."

Neville and Luna giggled.

"It's a drastic change," Neville conceded. "It's a lot to get used to, especially for the older students who are used to running free. The first and second years are taking the changes in stride." He looked to Takashi. "I'm curious about the copy of my ancestor's journal I sent you. Were you able to read it? Some parts were impossible to read no matter the spells I used."

They paused as Madame Gawade appeared at the edge of the privacy ward. The mediwitch stepped inside, helped Luna into her own bed, ran a diagnostic charm over her before moving to Neville and doing the same. She gave them several potions before moving Luna back to lay next to Neville and picking up everyone's trays of food.

"The potions will make them drowsy," she told them.

"We'll wrap it up," Harry promised.

She nodded and left with a smile.

"Family magic," Takashi told Neville once the nurse left. "Your ancestor helped save the life of mine and was granted the knowledge of our magic as a reward but he couldn't share it or pass it to others."

Everyone looked impressed, family magic was considered sacred.

"Like what Sou-Sofu is teaching me?" Harry asked amazed.
"Ah."

"Well at least I know those fans are in good hands," Neville said. "You'll have to show me how they work one day."

Takashi went into Harry's satchel and pulled out the tessen before going to stand in the middle of the ward. He went into position and began going through his katas. The familiar movements helped him meditate and feel more in control. He lost track of time and only stopped when Harry called out his name.

"Takashi."

His head popped up and he noticed Neville and Luna had fallen asleep curled into each other's arms. He helped Harry gather their things before they said goodbye to the mediwitch and slipped out the hospital wing.

"I want to make a quick stop before we port key back."

Takashi nodded.

"I wish our visit could be longer," Harry sighed. "I always feel there is too much to do when I'm here and not enough time to sit and hang out with my friends."

His cousin would be finished with the lake house soon. It would be a nice surprise for Harry.

"Winter holiday?"

Harry's eyes widened. "The whole break?"

"Ah."

Harry squealed and jumped into his arms. His little Omega wrapped his legs around Takashi's waist and slammed their lips together. Takashi fully returned the kiss. He loved it when Harry was happy.

"Harry James Potter! What Are You Doing!"

Startled, Harry froze in his Alpha's embrace as a horrified, high-pitched growl filled with aggressive pheromones reached his ears.

Harry felt his Alpha stiffen. Ginny by releasing aggressive pheromones to Harry, especially when he was in his Alpha's presence was a direct challenge to his mate, one Takashi could not let pass. Harry sighed. The calm his Alpha had fought to achieve shattered. Takashi looked seconds away from ripping out Ginny's throat. Takashi's body was erect, veins popping at his temples. Ginny didn't know what was coming. Vain, spoiled Ginevra Molly Weasley always assumed that being more aggressive than her brothers meant she was a powerful Alpha. Harry sighed again, slid down his Alpha's body, and palmed his Alpha's face between his hands, forcing his mate to focus in on him instead of Ginny for a moment.

"Don't kill the chit," he whispered to his Alpha. "Keep her alive and I'll let you play with those scarves you're so fascinated with."

The haze left Takashi's eyes. Harry felt his Alpha's body relax and after several moments, Takashi's eyes gleamed before he bent down and nuzzled Harry's cheek. Nodding in acceptance, Takashi stepped out to the middle of the corridor to face Ginevra. The bell signaling the end of first period had just rang so students leaving the first floor classrooms crowded the corridor. Seeing the look on Takashi's face, they immediately backed away cowering against the walls as they stared up at his
Alpha in fascination. Not only did they have the inflated articles in the Prophet that detailed what happened to the Carrows and Fawkes, but now they saw how his mate affected the few Alphas and Omegas in the vicinity. The Alphas and Omegas knees visibly shook as they fought the urge to kneel at his feet in submission. Although the aggressive pheromones weren’t directed at themselves, most couldn’t stay upright. Harry giggled when he saw Zacharias Smith in front of the Arithmancy classroom struggling to regain his footing from where he’d collapsed to his knees. Backing up against a wall, Smith managed to scoot to his feet before he fled down the corridor, pushing students out his way in his haste to get away from Takashi’s ire.

Takashi Morinozuka, his beautiful, sexy mate stood in the middle of the hallway staring over at the trembling, defiant Ginevra Weasley. The younger Alpha stood several feet away from Takashi. She too visibly shook, just barely managing to remain standing, her wand clutched in her hand. Harry supposed that to others Takashi looked stoic, harsh but to Harry . . .. Harry saw the faint curl of his lips that let him know his mate was enjoying himself and going to show off for as long as he could to earn his boon. After all, Takashi was a member of the Host Club for a reason.

After a pause, where he made sure all eyes were on him, Takashi flung out his arms in a dramatic gesture that would’ve made even Tamaki green with envy. A tanto blade appeared in each hand and he strode towards Ginevra in a slow, deliberate, stride. His eyes were direct, posture straight, the very image of a dominate Alpha demanding the submission of a lesser being. He circled Ginny, never taking his eyes off the younger Alpha.

"Ginevra Molly Weasley," he began in his sexy baritone that caused the females to gasp. "You seem to be under the impression that my bond mate owes you something." He toyed with her, circling closer then backing away, keeping her on edge, wondering when he would strike. He bowed. "Please allow me to disabuse you of that notion."

His Alpha, still toying with Ginny, faked a move as if coming at her. Ginny's eyes widened in fright.

"Harry is mine, he was promised to me," she insisted. She tried to sound dominate, but it came across more like a whine. She still valiantly released aggressive pheromones, but compared to Takashi’s they barely registered.

Harry snorted. He waved his hand and created a dome around the two Alphas so no one else could interfere and get hurt. As soon as Ginny challenged Takashi, it became a matter of pack laws, which overrode school andwizarding policies.

"Do you know that Harry, my Omega, my bond mate only saw you as his friend's bratty little sister even when he'd been pumped full of potions to think otherwise? Why would my bond mate, a wizard who is considered the most powerful Omega in the world chose you, a spoiled, puffed up baby Alpha with delusions of grandeur over me?"

Ginny howled and shot a spell out at Takashi who chuckled and easily deflected it with his blades. The spell bounced off Harry's shield and dissipated.

"Is that all you've got baby Alpha," Takashi taunted. Harry rolled his eyes. Overkill. Takashi was going to have to work on that.

"Mr. Potter," a squeaky voice piped up at his side. "It seems that for you being a student isn't a prerequisite to stirring up trouble inside Hogwarts."

Harry grinned down at the diminutive professor. "Hey Headmaster, congratulations by the way couldn't have happened to better person." Harry nodded to where Ginny was shooting off spells and Takashi was showing off by dodging, weaving, performing handstands, and cartwheels as he
deflected the curses. He probably should restrict how much time his mate spent with Tamaki and the twins. They were rubbing off on him. "Isn't she violating her probation?"

"Most assuredly," the Headmaster said solemnly. "From the moment she challenged you. It is against her probation to initiate contact with you. She'll be expelled and her wand snapped."

"Cool. Make sure she doesn't hide the pieces inside a pink umbrella."

Headmaster Flitwick let out a squeak of surprised laughter.

With Ginny's next spell, after Takashi deflected it, he got up close and sliced her cheeks with his blades. The idiot screamed and dropped her wand. Takashi had his swords crossed at her neck and was smiling down at her.

"Preening for you is he?" Flitwick asked amused.

Harry grinned. He knew there was a reason he always liked the Professor. "I promised to reward him if he didn't kill her." Harry sighed. "I forgot to mention no maiming though."

Flitwick chuckled. "I admit I was curious about your mate and looked him up. I was impressed."

Flitwick's eyes gleamed. "His magical and non-magical dueling record is flawless for one so young. I am quite curious to see what he can do when he's up against someone with a similar skill set."

"You and everyone else," Harry said wryly. Flitwick cocked an eyebrow. "The closest person here that can give him a challenge is Neville. The girls want to see him and Neville duel though I think it's mainly so they could see them sweaty with their shirts rather than for educational purposes." Flitwick chuckled.

"I was manipulated into arranging something," he grumbled to the professor. "Takashi and I might be able to come during one of your advanced defense classes near Christmas break."

"Splendid." Flitwick clapped his hands in delight. "Owl me when you're available. Maybe it's time you took down that impressive dome you conjured if you don't want any serious maiming to occur."

Harry looked back to the pair and sure enough, Takashi had Ginny on her knees her throat canted in submission. Her wand crushed under his feet. Sharp cuts from his blade dotted her face and shoulders, blood dripped down on the floor. His blades crossed at her throat ready to deal the final strike. Takashi glared down at the chit, his eyes blazing.

"Are you ready to die?" Takashi's pheromones were released full blast and his voice deepened by several octaves.

"Mr. Potter," Professor squeaked.

"He's still playing," Harry waved away the professor's concerns. "I can feel his amusement, so it must be really strong for it to leak into our bond. He's milking it. He really wants his reward, the bloody perv."

Professor Flitwick sighed. "I'm not going to ask."

"Better not," Harry agreed with a grin.

Ginny didn't answer but tears streamed down her face. Takashi sighed dramatically.

"I will consider allowing you to live, but only because you're a baby Alpha who has not reached
maturity. Do you yield?"

"I yield," she whimpered.

Takashi pulled away his blades and stepped back from a completely cowered Ginevra Weasley.

"Next time before you challenge someone know who you are dealing with." Intense gray eyes swept over the gaping crowd. "That goes for all of you. Harry is mine. Touch him and I will end you."

Harry released the shield and Headmaster Flitwick rushed to the pair.

"Miss Weasley," Headmaster Flitwick's squeaky voice seemed magnified in the silent corridor, "unfortunately your challenge to Mr. Potter and his mate is a direct violation of your probation. I have no choice but to expel you from Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Please follow me to the hospital wing."

A shivering Ginevra Weasley rose to her feet and followed Professor Flitwick. As she passed, Harry saw the cut marts on her skin were actually kanji. He couldn't read them, but recognized Takashi's signature. Knowing his mate, he doubted if magic would heal the cuts.

"Powerful bodyguard you've got there, Scarhead."

Harry turned and rolled his eyes at the smirking blond. "You know me Ferret, I only associate with people of the highest quality."

Draco snorted.

Takashi approached, dramatically sheathing his blades in their hidden holsters as he stalked towards Harry not giving Draco a second glance.

"I kept her alive."

"Yes," Harry agreed. "But really Takashi, I have to take off points for the obvious showboating. Tamaki and the twins are a bad influence on you."

Takashi chuckled darkly before he pushed Harry's back up against the wall as he nuzzled and bit Harry's neck. His Alpha was in control, but he wasn't feral the pervert.

"I believe we have a deal."

Harry shivered as he felt Takashi's erection brushing against his and remembered Takashi saying fighting made him horny. Maybe he should cancel his classes tomorrow.

"You do realize you're not alone, correct?" Draco's drawling voice interfered with the sexual haze they found themselves under.

Takashi's head shot up a sharp retort on his mouth before the fog cleared from his brain and he looked around realizing where they were and what they were doing. The Alpha retreated, the staid, proper Asian returned. Harry sighed. He never hated Draco Malfoy more than he did at that moment.

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"Takashi Morinozuka, Draco Malfoy." Annoyed, Harry waved a careless hand between the two. "Ferret, Takashi is my mate. Mate, Draco is my minion who deludes himself into thinking he's my evil arch nemesis."

Takashi rolled his eyes. "And you're spending too much time around Kyoya." He bowed respectfully to Draco. "Pucey mentioned you."
"You as well," Draco said with a respectful nod of the head. "You've done wonders with Scarhead. Not as stupid as he used to be."

Takashi chuckled. "It's a struggle." Harry elbowed his mate in the stomach. "Pucey mentioned you might have to sell your ancestral home. There are options to keep it if you're willing to reevaluate your mindset." Draco wasn't the only one looking at Takashi in confusion. "Tourist attraction," he explained.

"Duh." Harry smacked his forehead and turned to Draco. "He's right. You should contact your account manager and have him look into the process of turning Malfoy Manor into a muggle tourist attraction. Muggles pay good money to tour old estates, examining the decorations, they love to hold weddings and other events at lavish locations."

Draco only looked curious and not repulsed by the suggestion as he expected. "I'll look into it. Thanks Scarhead."

Draco melted into the crowd of students who were being shepherded to their next classes by the professors.

"So, scarves tonight?" he asked his mate once they were alone.

Takashi leaned up against the stone wall and smirked down at Harry. "No fun if you're expecting it."

Harry flushed. It took all of his will power not to sidle up to his mate in search of a hug. Their pheromones still flared around them, their emotions bleeding through their bond. On Harry's part, his Omega was smug at being bond to such a strong Alpha and wanted to flaunt it to the world. Annoying Omega wolf.

Harry closed his eyes and forced himself to stop emitting pheromones. "One more stop."

"Ah."

"Ice cream?"

His Alpha questioned ten minutes later as they stood on the cobbled street and stared at the shop in front of them.

"The best ice cream."

Harry grinned and reached over to grab Takashi's hand to drag him inside Florean Fortescue's Ice Cream Parlour. The small shop was filled with young children accompanied by their parents or grandparents, mostly the men folk. Perfect.

"Mr. Potter," Florean Fortescue called out cheerfully from behind the counter. "Long time no see."

Harry smiled shyly at the older Alpha, which had Takashi cocking a suspicious eyebrow in his direction.

"Hi Mr. F," Harry said bashfully. "I couldn't resist any longer."

Mr. Florean chuckled and thrust a large banoffee sundae at Harry.

"Thanks Mr. F."
"You?" Florean asked Takashi.

"Strawberry and Black Current Sundae," his mate said after examining the menu.

Mr. Florean made Takashi's sundae and shook his head when Takashi set money on the counter.

"I'm grateful for the sacrifices Mr. Potter made. This is a small thing in return."

"Upset the balance," a customer with a neatly trimmed beard and goatee sitting with three young children muttered ominously. "Where there is light there must be darkness."

"Maybe," Harry answered carefully. "But darkness and evil don't go hand in hand and evil should never be tolerated."

"Exactly." Florean beamed at Harry as if he were standing in front of a classroom awarding points for a correctly answered question.

Takashi led them to an empty table, Harry smiled when Takashi made sure they sat where his Alpha could keep a close eye on the customers and he had full view of their surroundings.

"Without light, grey, and dark magic our society will be destroyed," the man insisted. "You toppled that, there is no more dark. We will be destroyed."

"Don't you think the ministry is making the necessary changes to better wizarding Britain so that doesn't happen?" Harry asked before taking a bite of his sundae and moaning in pleasure.

"No checks and balances," another older wizard pointed out. "All the dark wizards have been neutralized."

"So all the dark affiliated families broke the law and followed Voldemort?" Harry asked.

"Most," the same older wizard piped up. "Ollivander, Shafiq, and Fawley managed to stay out of You-Know-Who's clutches."

"What's this light, gray, and dark magic you're talking about," asked a young man feeding ice cream to a squirming toddler.

The older wizards snorted at the man's question.

"Well I for one am glad Dumbledore's out of Hogwarts," Florean boomed. "What had he been filling those kids' heads with?"

Florean explained about family magic and how after a while, most families developed an affinity for a certain branch of magic and often married into other families to develop or expand their innate gifts. These gifts could be classified as light, dark, or neutral. For example, the Ollivanders' had inherent skills in wand crafting, Potters in Defense, and the soon to be defunct Prince line which Snape was the last member of Potions. He then went on to discuss the history of wizarding Europe.

Harry saw how Florean's explanations intrigued Takashi as it is so different from Asia's history. Western society's magic began as a religion, such as the commonly known Druids and even older magical religious sects. These religious sects banded together, forming small societies. Ancient wizards used their skills depending on their religious sect as healers, guards or sorcerers for hire, and other magical functions. Then came the founding of Hogwarts, each of the four founders was of a member of different religious sect. The formally separate religious sects banded together to find and teach all magical children each branch of magic instead of one just from their own sect. Banding
together is what saved the society as the mundane world's view on magic deteriorated with the rise of mundane religions like Judaism and Christianity until wizards finally hid themselves with the establishment of the Statue of Secrecy. Florean's lecture made the Western world's magical history almost as interesting as Takashi's grandfather did for Japan's.

"Wow," the young man said. "Never learned that with Binns."

Everyone chuckled and the atmosphere relaxed into local gossip. Once they finished their ice cream, they left the shop after Florean insisted they take tubs of their favorite flavors home. When they got far enough away to not be overheard, Harry turned to his answer his curious Alpha's silent questions.

"I hate my role but I figure people would open up to me more than your team, even if they were undercover. Florean's a gossip, I learned that when I was thirteen, but unlike Tom in the Three Broomsticks he's an intellectual. From what I gathered from Voldemort's memories, Florean's an expert in Ancient Magic and should've been our History of Magic professor but Dumbledore cited a lack of budget and kept that useless Binns so Florean opened the parlour. If the right mix of people is in his shop, it always turns into a debate like the one we just witnessed. His shop is the best place to learn what people are really thinking."

"Smart."

Harry preened under his Alpha's praise. "What did you make of that?"

"Restless. Primed for rebellion."

Harry nodded in agreement. "Britain will destroy itself if something doesn't change. They're too used to an unofficial dictatorship. If Dumbledore's not neutralized most will flock to him thinking he'll provide the balance they're looking for. The change Madame Bones is making is for the long term but people not used to thinking logically want a quick fix. Dumbledore will give them that or appear to."

"You're in the process of destroying his reputation."

"Dumbledore is a master. He often had people doing his bidding when they weren't even aware they were doing so. Me and Hagrid are prime examples of that. Is what I'm doing enough? Part of me is like screw Britain, stay in Japan, and never come back"

"I wish that as well, but it's not your nature."

"Unfortunately."
Three days later Harry found himself still waiting. Each night he expected Takashi to claim his boon only nothing happened. As if his mate knew his thoughts, Takashi would allow his hungry gaze to sweep Harry's body, softly smile, then go about his business. Other than that, the days sped by. Harry adjusted to both Sou-Sofu and Mitsukuni's intense training programs and got used to his classes. The afternoon's cooking lessons were a great stress relief, even with Chef's exacting standards. He found himself loving everything he'd learned.

Life was good.

"Ready to go?" Takashi commented from where he stood outside the genkan. Their bags had already been taken to the car.

Harry nodded and draped his satchel across his chest, his anxiety shifted from wondering what Takashi was planning, to wondering how he'd survive being stuck inside a hotel room with Satoshi and Hoshimi. Harry abandoned the peace of his den and walked out their penthouse, sliding inside the back of the car where Takashi's siblings waited.

"Hey guys," Harry greeted the siblings cheerfully, even if it was forced. "Are you as excited to be getting away for a bit as I am?"

Satoshi grinned and returned his greeting while Hoshimi remained stubbornly silent. The young girl flinched and huddled against the car door when Takashi's displeased stare bore into her.

As if he hadn't just given his sister the glare of death, Takashi handed each of them dossiers on the executives they expected to meet during their trip as well as informing them what he expected. It wasn't much, just a meet and greet and a dinner or two. He could handle that.

As Takashi briefed them, Harry realized he had never seen his mate so talkative or commanding when not swimming in Alpha pheromones. Takashi as a powerful company head was a complete turn on. He squeezed his mate's thigh in silent support.

They made it to the airport and magical check in for their port key. Thirty minutes later, they landed in Berlin, had their passports stamped, met their driver, and were on the way to the hotel. Once inside the limousine, Takashi handed everyone a potion vial. Harry sighed with resignation the moment he saw it. Already he could feel himself becoming light headed, his throat tightening, and his stomach clenching. A tiny burp erupted from his mouth and Harry immediately put his hand over it. He hated, hated, hated that potion.

"I had them increase the anti-nausea ingredients in yours," Takashi told Harry seeing the look on his face. Harry sighed and took the vial. Takashi handed his siblings theirs. Everyone downed the potion, their faces making the familiar grimaces that always accompanied chugging down potions filled with the most awful ingredients in the known universe. Harry was surprised his stomach didn't rebel.

"Once we check in, we have under an hour to get to our meeting. We have no time to waste."
The don't be late wasn't said, but heavily implied. Everyone nodded.

Harry loved their hotel. It used to be a city palace for an official high up in the kaiser's regime. They were staying in the Kaiser Suite, which had two bedrooms, two and a half baths, a library, conference room, and a private butler. Once checked in, everyone retreated to their bedrooms where they changed into more formal luncheon attire. For once Takashi didn't look casually rumpled. He looked amazing in his waistcoat.

"Handsome," Takashi murmured as he adjusted the collar of the black dress shirt Harry wore underneath a gray Calvin Klein suit. "Like your hair slicked back, even if I can't play in it."

Harry flushed. "So this is just a meet and greet?"

"Ah. Try to fit in the history of the business." Harry nodded. Thanks to Sou-Sofu, he was well acquainted with the history of the Morinozuka family. "They'll try to take advantage because of my age. The real work begins tomorrow. I'm afraid I'll be gone all day."

Harry shrugged. "I'm a big boy, I can keep myself busy."

Takashi still looked guilty. "We have the rest of the afternoon and tonight for us."

"The point of this trip was to try and reconcile, so we shouldn't go off on our own," Harry said grudgingly. "We should include them."

"Ah."

After telling to Satoshi and Hoshimi to hurry, they went downstairs where Takashi spoke to the concierge to arrange private tours and outings around his schedule. Harry did a double take when he saw Hoshimi walk toward him. She wore a beautiful blue silk dress with sleeves that came to her elbows. The front of her dress was printed with a cascade of flowers embroidered with silk. In Hoshimi's hands were a pair of pale pink gloves that matched the petals of the flowers. A string of pearls donned her neck with matching pearl drop earrings in her ear. She looked as if she should be standing on the terrace of the imperial palace performing the royal wave for her adoring subjects.

"You're beautiful," he told the girl.

She nodded her head in such a manner that Harry knew it was a snub.

Satoshi sighed. "She blames you for the problems Chichi and Haha are having and why Takashi ignores her now when he used to spoil her."

Anger bubbled inside Harry. He felt his Omega wolf straining to be released and claw at the throat of the stupid Beta who had dared to question his integrity. Once again, he was blamed for something outside his control. It was one thing when it was the mass public, or even people he had once considered friends, but he'd be damned if he put up with it among people he had to deal with for the rest of his life. A person he couldn't walk away from.

No more.

"It would be naïve of me to admit I had no part in the difficulties your family now faces," he began with deceptive calm. Hoshimi stared triumphantly at Satoshi, which only proved the chit didn't know him. Even Ron and Hermione would've ran in the other direction by now. "However it is equally naïve of you to blame me for every problem in your life." Harry continued his voice rising. "I may have been a catalyst but I did not create the problems your parents are now facing. I do however take the blame for being the catalyst. I blame myself for your father realizing it may not have been the best
thing to distance himself from his family because his relationship with his mate was not what he would've liked." Harry said smoothly crossing his arms over his chest and stepping closer to Hoshimi until he was right in her face. "I am sorry your father begun paying attention to you where before he hadn't. I am sorry your father realized upon closer inspection that you do not share the values and ethics he expects from a member of the Morinozuka family. I am sorry Takashi stopped feeling guilty for receiving the bulk of your father's attention. I am sorry Takashi no longer feels the need to spoil you rotten to make up for it. I. Am. Sorry. Now, does that satisfy you?"

Hoshimi was shaking and Satoshi stared at him wide eyed. Then, Harry felt a hand on the back of his neck. Takashi had returned. Harry tensed and attempted to draw in the excessive magic surging around him. It was hard. His emotions were out of whack. Harry was sure Takashi wouldn't be too pleased he had lost control and yelled at his sister even if he was disappointed with her right now. Because after all, when it came down to it he was an outsider, she was blood. Harry didn't want to turn and see the disappointment in his eyes.

Harry felt his Alpha pressed against his back. Takashi didn't speak only waved his hand towards Hoshimi's mouth, a muttered incantation falling from his lips. To Harry's horror he realized Hoshimi's mouth had shrunk to the size of a single grain of rice during his rant.

Takashi sighed when he couldn't undo the spell, which had both of his siblings staring at their older brother in shock.

"Harry."

Harry flushed and returned Hoshimi's mouth to normal.

"Go," Takashi told the pair, still at Harry's back. His voice was ice.

The two turned and fled.

"Your magic is leaking," Takashi said once they were alone. The hand on his neck gave a quick massage before he turned Harry around so they faced each other, his Alpha framing his face in his hands. "Look at me."

Startled at the gentle tone, Harry met his gaze. Takashi was amused! His mate wasn't angry with him. The tension and fear left his body all that was left was relief, but the relief overwhelmed him. Their gazes still locked, Takashi placed Harry's hand over his chest. "Breathe."

Harry looked into his mate's eyes, felt the warm, steady beat of his Alpha's heart under his palm, and exhaled and inhaled following the pattern of his mate's breathing until their heartbeats matched. As he gathered himself, he stared deep into his mate's eyes and silently vowed to show this amazing man he'd been gifted with how grateful he was to have him in his life.

"Thank you," he whispered. He didn't say why. There was no need.

"You're the most important member of my family now Harry."

Of course, Takashi had realized why he had been so unsettled. His emotions must have been overpowering their bond.

"I lied," Harry admitted with a blush. "I don't think I am really sorry."

Takashi snorted. "Harry, no one in the building or the next block over thought you were sorry."

Harry looked around the lobby at all the people bustling about and swore. When he was around
Takashi he forgot everything. Had anyone seen the magic he'd performed?

"Teasing." Takashi took his arm and led him through the lobby. "You rarely lose control. It's expected every now and then. It's fine."

"Well," he said with a sigh, "the last time I was that annoyed with someone other than Bellatrix and Voldemort of course, I blew my Aunt Marge up until she inflated larger than a hot air balloon and was bouncing on the ceiling."

"Lucky Hoshimi."

Harry bit his lip, it would be inappropriate to laugh.

When they slipped inside the limousine, Takashi pinned his little sister with a harsh glare.

"Harry is under the impression Chichi arranged this trip to see if we could repair our relationship. He was wrong."

"I was?" he asked surprised.

"Ah," Takashi answered before turning to his siblings. "Chichi wants to know if you are absorbing his teachings. Should he continue or just stop trying. The same as what he is doing to obasan. Don't be surprised to return to the estate and find Haha gone and regulated to living in a smaller property." They gasped. Takashi shrugged. "Just as he ignored you, you also ignored him. You wanted to know what Chichi and I did on those outings where you felt so ignored. He tested me. He tested me on how I handled myself, my intelligence, knowledge, ethics. Just as he tested you over the summer. How could he send me out in the world if he didn't know if he could trust me in it? This is another test." Takashi aura was pure Alpha, leader of the pack. He turned to Harry and pinned him with a hard stare. "Our children will learn as I did."

"All of them no matter their designation," Harry demanded.

"Of course."

Harry nodded and took Takashi's hand. They were quiet until they reached the restaurant where the luncheon was located.

"Don't embarrass me," he said pinning them with a hard stare. "Remember who you are."

Despite the drama, they presented a united front walking into the restaurant where their hosts booked a private room. Takashi went first, Harry walked slightly behind him, and Satoshi and Hoshimi slightly behind him on either side. Together, they entered the private room where the executives of the whole sellers coalition waited with their significant others. Takashi bowed and presented the President with his gift while apologizing for his father's absence before introducing Harry and his siblings.

No one was unable to hide their surprise over the fact that Harry was an Omega Male and not Japanese. To them, he was an oddity. He received quite a few stares and found himself surrounded during cocktail hour.

"Where are you from Herr Morinozuka?" the President's spouse asked. "And how did you meet your mate?"

"Oh, I'm English. My family has been doing business with Takashi's for years although my parents passed away when I was very young. With the exception of my godfather, there was no one else my
parents trusted my care to. The Morinozuka's are renowned for their rich samurai history and they still practice many of the ancient traditions, I think's that's why their organization has a history of integrity and my parents trusted them because of it. I'm proud to be a part of my family." Harry ended cheerfully wondering if he was being a little too heavy handed.

"Samurai?" A young Omega Female asked wide-eyed falling right into his plans.

Acting as if he couldn't believe they didn't know Harry told the spectators the history of the family and how they came to own the most successful wholesale market in the world.

"They seem very protective of you," the young Omega continued rather wistfully. She was bonded and heavily pregnant.

During cocktail hour, Takashi, Satoshi, and Hoshimi checked on him, asked him to try an appetizer, rubbed his back. Even if it was an act on Hoshimi's part, his wolf lapped up the attention.

"Yes, I'm very lucky."

"I'm surprised you're not pregnant yet," another, older Omega female said. She tried to sound disproving, but it came out as slightly wistful instead.

"Goodness no," Harry shuddered. "I'm barely a baby myself. We'll wait until we both finish university and I take a more active role in my own family business. Right now my COO runs my company for me."

Harry's voice trailed off as he saw everyone moving to sit to eat. Takashi approached, bowed to the group, and addressed Harry.

"Ready to sit down?" he asked politely.

Harry smiled brightly, nodded to the ladies, and went to Takashi who put his hand on the small of Harry's back and led him to his assigned seat.

Takashi bent down to whisper in his ear. "Thank you."

"I didn't lie."

"I know, I'm awesome."

Mindful of their audience Harry snorted a laugh and stopped his elbowed from plowing into his Alpha's side.

"Conceited git," he muttered.

Takashi bent and whispered in his ear. "But I live up to expectations?"

"Always," Harry flushed.

Takashi pulled out his seat for him before he went to his own and sat down. Satoshi and Hoshimi didn't sit until he and Takashi had.

Lunch was pleasant despite the outdated views a good many of the Alphas and even a few of the older Betas had regarding Omegas. When Harry had assumed he was a Beta he hadn't paid attention to the prehistoric views most had about Omegas. So he was taken aback by the others who couldn't believe Takashi allowed him so much 'freedom'. Harry had to clasp his hands into his fists under the table and kept a tight rein on his magic as he was tempted to blast the idiot who had went on and on
about Takashi needed to take control and put him in his place. As if. His Alpha did not have a death wish. Luckily, Takashi managed to deflect the obvious bigotry.

"Harry is an Omega, not unintelligent. Besides, if he is happy, I am happy. It is in my best interests to keep him happy."

Everyone chuckled. Lunch was three courses so it was another hour before they could leave. As soon as they entered the vehicle, Takashi pulled Harry in his arms and nuzzled his bond mark.

"Idiots," he growled.

"Those Neanderthals," Hoshimi agreed with a glare. "Why we didn't raze them to the ground instead of the Americans during the muggle war, I'll never know."

Harry chuckled at least he and the princess had one thing in common. He leaned into his annoyed Alpha to calm his ire. "It was tedious. How do you think we did?"

"Good. Our product and system are miles above theirs." Takashi laced their fingers together as he talked. "The old-fashioned Alphas will be overwhelmed by their mates and the Betas thanks to you. I'll learn tomorrow for sure. You all did great."

They preened under Takashi's praise even Harry who snuggled in his arms.

"Harry and I are going sightseeing, would you like to come?"

"Sure," Satoshi said eagerly.

Hoshimi looked pensive. "Yes. Thank you for including me."

"We'll stop at the hotel and grab the camera before we head to the palace."


Takashi had booked them a private tour of the Charlottenburg Palace. Their guide awaited them when they pulled up at the gates though Harry had the driver stop so he could take several decent pictures of the palace's exterior. Harry didn't think Atsuya would forgive him if he hadn't.

Their guide took them on an extensive tour of the gardens, which he liked but were a bit too formal for his taste, but it did give him something to think about.

"I need to do something with the landscape at Potter Hall."

"Like this?" Takashi asked skeptically.

"Ugh no. Too formal, though the mini cone shaped tree shrubs are cute," he snapped a picture.

"You're not staying in Japan?" Hoshimi asked shocked.

Harry looked to Takashi to answer. He and Takashi had never discussed in depth their plans beyond educational goals. He was a bit worried about that actually, especially now he knew of Mitsukuni's impending rise to power and Takashi's role in the new government. Takashi entwined his fingers with Harry's as they walked before turning to his sister.

"We haven't worked everything out, but yes, we'll need to spend a good bit of time in England, several months to maybe a half a year at least. Harry's family business is just as important to him as ours is to us. Plus, father and grandfather are still around and active within the company. When
needed I can work remotely with occasional business trips when needed." Takashi shrugged. "I figure by then if you and Satoshi hadn't developed a passion for another career, might be working for the company as well, which would help."

"Oh," Hoshimi murmured.

Harry bit his lip to stop laughing as he saw both siblings straighten in pride. His emotions must have slipped through their bond, because Takashi squeezed his hand.

Their tour guide led them to the mausoleum and lectured on its construction and the history of the people buried there before they headed inside the palace.

"Tacky," Hoshimi muttered upon first seeing the palace's interior.

Gaudy was more like it. Too ornate, too . . .. It was if someone designed the palace with too much money and not enough taste. Harry found himself laughing so hard he had to run to the restroom several times after some of the quips Hoshimi made about the formal rulers horrid design choices. Hoshimi's sarcastic barbs were quite funny when they weren't aimed at himself. He, Hoshimi, and Satoshi amused themselves the rest of the tour by making snide comments in Japanese.

"I thought you'd like this," Takashi said sadly.

Shocked, Harry looked up at his mate in surprise. "I am. This had been great fun."

"Harry, Taka-ni has too high of a moral compass to understand why we're having so much fun ripping this place to shreds." Satoshi said.

The three looked to each other and giggled uncontrollably.

Takashi sighed. "I liked it better when you three weren't speaking."

The giggles increased.

After the tour, they went in and joined the rest of the tourists for dinner in one of the less gaudy areas of the palace. They had an elaborate dinner severed by performers dressed in period costumes. They were served food that would've been served during the time of Fredrich the first. Harry hated it. After months of eating healthy Japanese fare, the entrée was heavy and laid in his stomach like a lead pipe.

"Welcome to the dark side," Hoshimi said with a smile when he told them.

Harry pouted and crossed his arms over his chest. "I am not giving up my Sunday roast and treacle tarts."

At least dessert was excellent. After dinner, they walked to the performance hall where the orchestra warmed up. Harry looked at Takashi curiously when Hoshimi visibly perked up.

"Hoshimi's a superb violinist." He whispered, answering the unspoken question.

They took their seats in the front row as the costumed orchestra appeared and played music from Germany's most famous composers. It was beautiful, Harry looked to Hoshimi, she had her eyes closed a serene expression on her face as she listened to the rhythm of the music. The spoiled princess looked her age when she smiled. Smiling, Harry leaned against his mate and enjoyed the music. Once the concert was over, they waited for Hoshimi to finish chatting with one of the violinist before heading to the car and hotel.
Harry didn't even want to think of how long he'd been awake. Despite the potion, all Harry had the energy to do was shower, bathe, and curl atop his mate. His eyes stung and his eyelashes felt heavy, yet sleep eluded him. Takashi's hands reached up and massaged his scalp making him moan in pleasure.

"Your capacity for forgiveness amazes me," Takashi murmured sleepily. "Thank you for giving them a chance."

"It's important to you. And as long as their polite, I'm fine."

"And happy trading sarcastic quips."

Harry smiled. "It's common ground. It'll change once we know each other better."

Takashi kissed Harry. "Lucky. Get some sleep."

"I'm lucky too."

Takashi had meetings most of the day so after they shared breakfast in the restaurant. Harry kissed his mate goodbye and grabbed several tourist brochures as he tried to figure out what to do with his day. Flipping idly through the brochure Harry tossed them aside and pulled out his homework figuring he might as well get through that. An hour later, he was sitting in the library of their suite halfway through his math when he heard the most stunning music coming from the enclosed garden surrounding the palace. Curious, he went to the window and saw Hoshimi sitting on the edge of a stone fountain a violin tucked under her chin as the bow she held lovingly in her hands flew furiously over the strings. Harry was rising and heading out the door before he could second-guess himself.

He sat beside her and sipped his hot chocolate as he listened to her play, shivering in the cold air. Once finished she packed away her violin and accepted the hot chocolate he handed her.

"Thank you."

"That was amazing," Harry said awed even more so considering Hoshimi was only thirteen.

She sat the violin case on her lap and caressed it. "Chichi gave this to me for my eighth birthday, it's a Stradivarius. Takashi and Satoshi used to play but they were terrible," she giggled then sobered. "Chichi loved to hear me play and I would go into his office and play for him and we'd talk. I loved the attention. Shortly after that, Haha began paying more attention to me. Told me I was a magical child, special, elite that I was meant for more than a mundane existence as a violinist." Her eyes became moist and she blinked to clear them. "I suddenly had etiquette lessons during the times I normally played for Chichi. After you . . . yelled at me, I thought about Haha and Chichi and I wondered. Haha was jealous of the time Chichi spent with me, wasn't she?"

Harry pulled Hoshimi into his arms and held her. A stoic Morinozuka she didn't break down and cry, only let out a few snuffles.

"It's like everything I thought was true was a lie," she murmured.

"I know the feeling. It sucks. That's how I felt before Taka came into my life." Harry pulled back and took a deep, dramatic breath that had the young girl staring at him curiously. "I've got it. I have the answer to everything."
"You do?" she asked hopefully.

"Of course. I'm awesome like that, don't you know. I know what we need to do. Go shopping and make fun of crazy Berlin fashion."

She giggled and wiped at her eyes. "Sounds like fun."

A mock, serious expression on his face, Harry stood and dramatically held out his hand to help her up, which made Hoshimi smile. They walked back inside the hotel and found Satoshi swimming laps in the Olympic sized pool.

"Wow," Harry said.

"Satoshi's on the Kendo, karate, and swim teams at school."

Satoshi popped his head out the water and his eyes widened when he saw them holding hands.

"We're going shopping," Harry quipped cheerfully. "Coming?"

Satoshi looked between their joined hands and shook his head. "I'll stay and finish my homework, get it out the way."

"Okay, see you later." Harry paused before he turned to leave. "Can you teach me how to swim? I never had the chance to learn."

Satoshi looked surprised for second then let out a pleased smile. "Sure. I'll help pass the time while Taka-ni is in meetings."

"Wicked. Thanks."

Although Harry was never much of a shopper, he and Hoshimi had a great time. They did end up gossiping about other shoppers. Harry brought several Christian Louboutin leather spiked sneakers, leather boots, and a Saint Laurent Paris satchel bag for when he began school next month. He also bought Takashi two winter coats and several sweaters. Hoshimi bought several shoes, a couple pairs of boots, and four purses. After lunch, they went to Frau Tonis Parfum where they attended a scent workshop and got help customizing an individual fragrance each, Harry also bought cologne that smelled of leather, tobacco, and vanilla for Takashi and for Satoshi that smelled of spices like star anise, pepper, cardamom, fennel, and cedar. Then he couldn't resist picking another scent of Haruhi when he scented a jasmine scented parfum with hints of tea, lilies, and magnolias. It seemed to scream Haruhi.

They made it back to their suite. Takashi had returned while they were out and was currently sprawled across the loveseat his legs hanging over one side, his hand over his eyes napping. Satoshi sat on the other loveseat flipping through the channels on the television.

"Have fun," Satoshi asked.

Harry grinned and handed Satoshi the cologne he bought him. He sniffed it and smiled.

"Spicy like me. Thanks Harry."

Harry nodded and sat down lifting Takashi's head to place it in his lap.

"Did he say anything before he fell asleep?"

Satoshi nodded. "Took them awhile, but they finally saw sense. They agreed to the deal, now it's all
contract negotiations."

Harry sighed and massaged his Alpha's temples. "We'll stay in tonight and let Takashi rest."

"Made reservations," Takashi murmured sleepily, "and got tickets to the ballet."

"You need rest," he said firmly.

"Be fine. A half hour and pepper up. You guys go get ready."

Harry saw the determination in Takashi's eyes and sighed. "Come on guys let's go do what he said."

They left the main area and Harry kissed his mate and went to the bathroom inside the master suite.

Takashi had made reservations at a restaurant atop the rotating TV tower soaring several hundred feet in the air. They ate at a nice three-course dinner before going to the ballet. So it was nearly eleven by the time they returned to the hotel. Harry undressed his mate and pushed him to bed before undressing and climbing in after him.

The next morning Harry woke feeling Takashi lying atop him nuzzling his neck, they were both clad in their pants. Harry felt Takashi's erection pressing against him, which caused Harry's own member to jump to attention.

"It's been a long time since I've been inside you," Takashi murmured huskily. Harry shivered.

Shivers turned to moans as Takashi lips worshiped his body. Moans turned into breathless gasps as Takashi took his nipple in his mouth as his fingers teased inside him, taking him right to the edge only to stop and pull away moments before he found release. Harry looked to his mate horrified when he lifted off him and left the bed.

"Takashi!"

Takashi chuckled and reached out a hand. Still glaring at his mate, Harry allowed himself to be pulled out the bed. Takashi nudged him forward before placing a gentle kiss on his lips and backing away. The next thing Harry knew a silk blindfolded covered his eyes.

"Takashi!"

"Shh," his Alpha's deep voice whispered in his ear. "If it gets too much and you want me to stop just drop to your knees and it'll be over."

Teeth gently nipped his ear then Harry found himself unable to speak or hear what was going on around him. Harry stood in the middle of the room wondering what Takashi was up to. Was this it? Was he finally going to use the scarves? And he didn't remember agreeing to have his senses taken away from him as well.

After what seemed like an eternity, Harry felt hands on his skin. Takashi barely used the tips of his fingers and the palms of his hands to smooth oil over his skin. The soft caresses were so gentle Harry was even sure he could take it anymore. His Alpha oiled his body from his neck to the tips of his toes before backing away. How long had he been standing there, a few minutes or a few hours? Harry honestly didn't know. His methodical Alpha was moving as slow as a tortoise. It was torture.

The next thing Harry felt caused him to nearly collapse on his feet. The only reason he remained upright was knowing that if he fell to his knees Takashi would stop and that was the last thing Harry wanted. Harry frantically reached out, sliding his fingers through Takashi's hair, gripping the back of
his Alpha’s head as his mate’s mouth opened and swallowed him down his throat. All Harry could do was feel Takashi bobbing up and down on his member, feel his hands grasping his arse as he controlled Harry’s thrusts in and out of his mouth. Then, two oiled fingers slipped inside his entrance the same moment he felt the vibration of Takashi’s mouth swallowing him down his throat. Harry orgasmed with a silent scream and his knees buckled unable to stand up under the intense pleasure coursing through his body.

The only thing keeping him afoot was his lover’s hands tightening around his body as he sucked down every drop of his release. Once spent, Takashi’s lips slowly trailed up his body until his lips nuzzled at the bond mark on his neck. When Takashi stepped away from him, Harry shivered. He felt the loss keenly. He lifted his arms, desperately wanting his mate back at his side holding him, comforting him.

It didn’t take long for Takashi to come back. Although Takashi didn’t touch him, he felt his steady breath blowing in his air. This went on for several minutes until Harry realized his once racing heart had calmed. Takashi seemed to notice it as well because he pulled away, but not before Harry felt the brush of silk on his skin. A rope? The rope continued to be brushed up and down his body and Harry tensed, wondering what Takashi was going to do with it, tie his hands again?

Dear Merlin, dear Merlin, dear Merlin Harry chanted in his mind. Takashi was wrapping the rope around his body, but in a way that caused every draw, every stretch to caress his skin and send shivers down his spine. Then, just as he was getting used to the soft caresses, there would be a sharp pull. If he could speak, Harry would’ve shrieked, totally lost to the pleasure consuming his body as he felt his Alpha tying the rope into knots on his body. What was his mate doing?

Over and over again Harry felt the rope caress his skin before it was drawn and tied. The more Harry felt, the more he realized what Takashi was doing. He was being restrained, hogtied. A lamb seconds away from slaughter. He could feel the tightness of the rope as he struggled to test the bonds. The more he struggled the greater the sparks of pleasure shot through his body.

Harry’s mind went blank. His body lax, his eyes rolled to the back of his head, his neck wobbled suddenly unable to support its weight. He flopped around like a dead fish. Only the tightness of the restraints kept him upright. He couldn’t believe Takashi was doing this. He should fall to his knees and get Takashi to stop. But then it would be over. He would no longer feel the caress of the rope against his skin, no longer feel the pull as the knots tightened on his body. This was Takashi, his mate, his Alpha. He trusted him. He could do this.

It felt so good.

The moment he decided to trust his Alpha, Harry felt everything shift between himself and Takashi. Before where Takashi had been distant, he now felt the occasional hug or breath against his skin. It was a very reassuring feeling knowing his mate was there to take care of and protect him. It suddenly seemed normal to feel his arms drawn behind his body and the silken rope tied up around his shoulders and down his arms and wrists.

Then Harry found himself being led a couple paces away from where they’d started. And he could now hear Takashi gasp as the front of his body brushed up against the back of Harry’s. Then Harry heard himself moan as Takashi’s erection rose and pressed up against him.

"Taka," he cried. He could speak!

"Soon," his Alpha promised in a husky murmur.

Harry felt Takashi pushing down on his neck until he bent at the waist, his head pushed up against
the wall. His legs were kicked apart, his arse raised in the air. Gentle hands glided over his body, plucking at his nipples, then slid down to ghost over his arse before he spread open the cheeks.

"Please," he whimpered.

"I love it when you're like this," Takashi whispered. Three fingers entered him and twisted so they brushed up against his prostate. "So sexy. Should I let you see what you look like right now? I don't know if you can handle it. My proud, strong Omega tied up and presenting just for me."

Takashi's free hand reached up and untied the mask. Harry gasped. Takashi spelled the wall so it was glass and he could see everything. The fiery lust burning in Takashi's dark grey eyes, the way his Alpha's body shook slightly as he refrained himself from slamming inside of him. And most of all he saw himself. Oh Merlin, look at him. What was happening to him? How had he been turned on by what Takashi had done?

He was hog-tied. He was tied up in white, silken rope. He knew it. Of course, he'd knew he'd be tied up, but he never expected that it would look so beautiful so erotic. . . so humiliating. How early was it? What if Hoshimi or Satoshi walked in their bedroom right now? He would never forgive Takashi if someone saw this. He began to shake and the next thing he knew the blindfold was back over his eyes.

"I was right," Takashi murmured huskily. "You're not ready to see. You can't see how beautiful you are."

Takashi's hand gently caressed him, running over the ropes and skin, gently pulling at different places, until Harry was shivering underneath him not out of fear and embarrassment any longer, but pleasure. Startled, Harry felt Takashi pulling on a knot until Harry's body straightened and his back was smashed against Takashi's front.

"Harry," the name was barely whispered in his ear.

A grunt of acknowledgement erupted from Harry in response. Lips gently nibbled down from his ear to his omohyoid muscle. One Takashi reached his bond mark, the tip of a tongue reached out and began to slowly lick the mark that joined them together while his hands reached down to his weeping erection and began to stroke him. Harry cried out.

"My Harry," Takashi whispered in between licks, "spent his whole like taking care of others. This is us. Let go. Relax and let me take care of you. Will you let me?"

Tiny nibbles were now interspaced with teasing licks. This was his Alpha, his wolf demanded. The Alpha who killed to keep him safe. He could trust him.

"Y. . .yes."

In response, the gentleness with which his Alpha had handled his body ceased. His mate tugged on his balls, gave a rough stroke of his member, just as his mouth bite down on their bonding mark hard. Harry screamed and came apart in his Alpha's arms.

His mate soothed him through his orgasm. Gentle caresses and soft lips eased him, then slowly began to inflame him once more. Harry felt his mind still as he gave himself up to the feelings Takashi invoked inside his body. He relaxed. He didn't have to do anything right now, except let his Alpha please him. He felt his mate push his torso back down so his head butted against the wall again.

"Good boy. You're gushing," Takashi said in a slightly awed voice. "You're wolf knows how
beautiful you are. How much your body needs this. Needs me inside you. Shall I come inside you Harry?"

"Ye . . . Yes," Harry stuttered. "Yes, please."

Fingers were removed from his inside body and replaced with a fist. Harry gasped. "Are you sure," Takashi asked. "Can you take something more?"

"Yes," Harry begged. "Please."

"Beautiful," Takashi breathed before he slammed into him and Harry screamed.

"Harry?" Takashi stilled, concerned.

Harry shook his head and tried to push himself back on his Alpha. "Good. More. Good. Please."

Takashi growled. Harry felt Takashi's member pulse inside him. One of his Alpha's fingers curled into the knot of rope at the base of his neck to hold him in place the other curled around the front of his chest, grasping his shoulder pinning him down as he slammed into him again. Each thrust was heaven. Harry lost himself a little more with each slam of Takashi's member inside of his body. Harry felt free, weightless. He felt as if he should be flying among the clouds wearing a white sheet with wings sprouting out his back and a harp in his hands. Flying free. He was so close. He wanted it. Needed it. Craved it.

"More," he mindlessly whimpered. "Please more."

"That's right, beg me Harry." Takashi chanted with a shiver. "You want my knot don't you? You love having me inside you. Beg me."

So Harry begged, begged for his knot, begged to be filled, just begged. Takashi let out a frustrated growl, pulled out, and lifted Harry flipped him over so he was slammed back against the wall. Takashi stepped up into his body and Harry immediately wrapped his legs around Takashi's waist as his Alpha thrust into him again.

"Look at you swallowing me up. Sexy."

Harry whimpered. Takashi's nails skimmed over bare skin and the ties that bind him, before moving down and palming Harry's erection.

"Taka," Harry cried desperately as his knees and legs shook.

Takashi gasped and gave another powerful thrust.

"Mine. My Omega."

Harry screamed as jets of cum exploded out of him. Harry's legs gave out and they slipped from around Takashi's waist. His mate grabbed him to steady him before slamming into his body one last time. Takashi's knot flared as he came shouting Harry's name. They fell to the floor breathing heavily both of them shuddering as they suffered through the overstimulation caused by the aftershocks.

"Feel it. Feel what you do to me Harry. Only you." Takashi grabbed his hips and buried his face in Harry's neck as another orgasm slammed through Takashi's body.

Harry whimpered.

"Do you still feel me inside you, my little Omega?" his mate whispered. "Do you feel my knot
expanding inside you?"

Harry whined as his exhausted member twitched in Takashi's hand. Takashi kept up the dirty talk into Harry's ear as Harry arched back with a shudder as he ejaculated again. After a couple more minutes, Takashi's knot deflated and he pulled out his mate with a pop all the sticky fluid pouring out his bum. Takashi waved his hand, getting rid of the mess before removing the blindfold.

"Good morning."

Harry grunted in reply, his face buried inside his mate's chest. Unfazed Takashi carried him into the shower. Takashi stared at him in admiration for several moments before he set him under the steamy shower and began gently, slowly, erotically, unraveling the rope before lavishing him with the utmost care as he washed his body from head to toe. After they stepped out the shower, his Alpha dressed him in jeans, a long v-neck sweater, and trainers before slapping his butt.

"Go and see if they're up and ready to order room service."

Harry scowled tiredly at his mate before doing his bidding. Damn pheromones. Right now Takashi could tell him to climb the Berlin TV tower and pitch himself off it, and he would consider doing so. By the time, Takashi came out dressed in a suit and wearing the cologne he brought him yesterday, breakfast had arrived.

"I should be back by lunch," Takashi said once breakfast was finished.

Harry nodded tiredly and glared when his Alpha he looked smug. The pervert. He was so getting his Alpha back for that. The minute Takashi left Harry went to curl up on the loveseat and fell back asleep. When Harry came to it was to find Satoshi quietly helping his sister with her homework as he played a video game. Harry got out his own schoolwork and plowed through that. After only a half hour of working his brain felt as if it were about to explode.

"Let's go swimming."

The two other teenagers eagerly complied. They spent the rest of the morning playing in the swimming pool with Satoshi teaching him how to swim. After a couple hours, they got tired and hungry and left the pool to shower and change. Harry didn't think he showered as much since moving to Japan but he didn't think he had participated in so many activities even when he had been chasing after a Dark Lord so he supposed it all evened out. When Harry stepped back in the bedroom fully dressed it was to see Takashi changing out his suit and into more casual clothes to include the winter white cable knit sweater Harry had bought him the day before.

"Taka," Harry called face flaming as he recalled what they'd done in this bedroom that morning.

Takashi smirked and reached over to pull him into his arms nuzzling his chin atop his head. "Harry."

"Annoyed with you," Harry grumbled.

The baka only chuckled and released soothing pheromones as his chin caressed the top of his head his hands rubbed soothing circles on his back.

"That wasn't scarves," Harry grumbled still not ready to forgive his mate.

"Nearly," Takashi countered.

Harry snorted and snuggled deeper into his mate's arms. He sighed contently when Takashi tightened his arms about him. "How did it go?"
"Tedious." Takashi bent down and nibbled his bottom lip. "It seems Satoshi and Hoshimi have fallen for the infamous Potter Charm."

Harry snorted and pulled away from Takashi to get dressed. "They're sweet, we're getting to know each other. They're hurting, not a surprise with all the drama going on with your parents. We'll need to fix up the spare rooms for them when they need a place to escape." Harry quickly threw on clothes before walking back to his Alpha and smoothing his hands down Takashi's sweater covered chest. "Sexy."

"Lucky."

"Of course you are I'm awesome." Harry replied cheekily ignoring Takashi's eye roll. "I'm still going to make you pay for this morning, you bloody perv. Ready to eat, I'm starving."

"I rented a yacht for the afternoon." Takashi's smile reached his eyes. "Lunch and a river tour. Then dinner with the group."

"You need rest, don't run yourself to the ground attempting to prove yourself to us or them." Harry ordered.

Takashi caressed his cheek. "Yes dear."
Chapter Twenty-Two: Family Council

Monday, 18th of September 2006 – Tokyo Metropolis, City of Meguro, Jiyūgaoka District, Tokyo Japan

The city was full of life. The traffic bumper to bumper, pedestrians packed on street corners waiting for lights to change as glossy advertisements atop buildings urged consumers to try this or buy that.

In contrast to the vibrancy outside, the silence inside the vehicle was oppressive. The three siblings sat motionless, facial expressions carefully blank, hands balled into fists clenched in their laps. It seemed that it wasn't just Takashi's habit to retreat inside himself when dealing with stress. The three siblings looked seconds away from cracking under the pressure of keeping their feelings buried inside. Harry couldn't take the tension. It felt as if dementors swooped down and sucked the souls out their bodies.

Unable to take it anymore, Harry held out his arm and concentrated. His mind immediately went to the moment he first saw Takashi walk into Gringotts, the hope he felt buried underneath the anxiety, the hope of a brand new life. He focused on the way his heart sped up at seeing the handsome boy who would be his. He held on to that feeling, the emotions it invoked until it filled him and he was able to cast.

"Expecto Patronum!"

An enormous silver stag erupted from his ring. The animal's eyes met his and with a nod, he directed the animal to snuggle each of the siblings before disappearing in a puff of smoke. When the animal disappeared, the three looked at him as if he was crazy, but they all had slight smiles on their faces. Win.

"What?" Harry asked defensively. "You three need a little sunshine. We aren't going to a funeral."

Takashi sighed. "For Chichi to request our presence . . . there can only be one outcome."

"Your speculation is probably worse than what actually happened. From the moment we began this trip, you had already come to the realization that you're mum would be moving to a different estate for a while. He probably just wants to tell you that. Just wait before you assume something more . . . speaking of waiting, can I ask a question," he asked moving forward to perch on the edge of his seat. Three sets of identical dark grey eyes blinked at him. Harry supposed it was the Morinozuka way of saying yes. "Aren't we in a hurry?"

"Ah."

Harry rolled his eyes. "Then why are we being chauffeured? Why didn't we just apparate to the estate from Narita?" In Japan, you only had to be thirteen to receive your apparition license. "Are we wizards or what?"

Satoshi snorted to cover his laughter while Hoshimi lifted long, pale dainty fingers to her mouth while she giggled uncontrollably. Takashi smiled softly and gestured out the window. Harry looked and gasped. Now that Takashi pointed it out, he realized they were weaving through traffic and never encountered a red light or traffic jam. While not as fast nor as obvious as the Knight Bus, they moved faster than a normal vehicle.
"It is important that we blend in Harry," Takashi lectured solemnly, which Harry thought was complete bullocks in this case. "It is folly to rely only on magic and be caught off guard, unable to function."

Harry waved a negligent hand, clearly dismissing Takashi's concerns. "Gotcha. But don't you think in cases like this, it would be far kinder to apparate and just rip the Band-Aid off the situation instead of prolonging the torture where with each mile you feel as if you're marching to your own execution."

Satoshi and Hoshimi chuckled. Takashi sighed. His mate tended to do that a lot around him. He beamed back at him and Takashi pulled him in his arms and nuzzled his chin atop Harry's head. Satoshi and Hoshimi used them by now just rolled their eyes at seeing Takashi show his affection so openly, well open for him anyway.

Harry was happy. He managed to lessen the tension and the three stoic siblings now smiled and talked quietly amongst each other. The rest of their trip went by comfortably until the estate came into view and they tensed again. The limo drove down the large driveway coming to stop at the front door where a servant appeared out of nowhere and open the door. They were quickly ushered into the house where to Harry's surprise Yamamoto-san, Takashi's assistant greeted them with a bow.

"Everyone is waiting in the family room."

Takashi nodded and handed Yamamoto-san his briefcase before taking Harry's hand leading him down the hallway where he heard the soft muttering of voices. Takashi slid open the shoji screen and they entered a traditional Japanese sitting room decorated in muted colors filled with soft rugs and low slung furniture. Takashi's family milled about the room, some he didn't recognize. Takashi father was there, his grandparents, Sou-Sofu, his twin uncles Hitoshi and Hiroki, and several others. The room had a strange vibe to it, one filled with sadness, guilt, and resignation. Akira appeared and gave them a big hug before wrapping his arm around Harry's waist and leading him away making sure he was introduced to everyone. Harry met Takashi's aunt and his mother's parents. His mother was conspicuously absent.

"Chichi?" Satoshi squirmed unable to take the suspense any longer.

Akira nodded and soon Takashi, Satoshi, and Hoshimi were sitting on the sofa facing their family while Harry sat in a chair kitty corner to his Alpha.

"I dissolved the marriage contract I had with your mother," Akira said getting straight to the point and causing the siblings to gape at their father. "I purchased a property in Kyoto where your mother will live from now on."

Hoshimi frowned confused. "What about your bond? You can't get rid of that can you so what's the point? Don't Alphas and Omegas mated for life?"

Harry was curious as well. He only knew what he read in books, so he wondered how Akira handled the situation.

"That is not strictly true," Akira explained. "It is true that once an Omega bonds to an Alpha they may not bond to another Alpha while that Alpha is alive, as another Alpha would have a near impossible time constantly scenting another on their partner, but that does not prevent the Alpha and Omega from ending their relationship. That is how contracts became popular; they protect the Omega's rights. However, once a marriage contract is dissolved the Alpha may enter into another relationship unlike the Omega."
Harry knew that thanks to Sirius and the goblins his marriage contract with Takashi was rock solid. Because of his orphan status, the only way he and Takashi could dissolve their marriage contract was by mutual consent or at proof of physical or emotional abuse. He wondered if Takashi's parents' contract was the same.

"What did you discover," Takashi asked looking closely at his father.

The three siblings' gazes bore into Akira who sighed.

"I won't go into specifics," Akira insisted. "Let's just say I questioned your mother under veritaserum and discovered our values and goals for the family were too different to stay together."

"Chichi forgive me," Takashi began respectfully, his gaze still boring into his father's, "but haven't you always known that? What did you learn?"

Buoyed by Takashi's words Hoshimi jumped into the conversation as she stared curiously at her maternal grandparents. "It must be bad for you to be here and not with Haha. Didn't Chichi need your consent to dissolve the contract?"

The adults exchanged looks. Akira sighed.

"It was also foolish of me to try and keep the truth from you."

"Yes." All three siblings answered immediately. Harry held back a snort as he realized the instinct to keep secrets under the guise of protecting someone was a Morinozuka family trait.

"As you know your mother and I aren't a good match. We married as a financial or political alliance. Usually such arrangements morph into mutual respect and caring as it has done for Takashi and Harry. Ours had not. I coped by distancing myself from home and burying myself in the company. That was a mistake. I recently learned of the efforts your mother made to distance me from you two," he said to Satoshi and Hoshimi.

The two exchanged looks and nodded.

"We were able to piece together some incidents on our own," Hoshimi said. "But I still don't understand, why now."

"Very understandable," Akira said sadly. "especially as I allowed the situation to continue for so long. I suppose I could ignore the situation when I supposed I was the only one who suffered. Because honestly, despite my unhappiness, I assumed she is a good mother to you three."

They shrugged. "She is."

Akira stared at his children fondly. "You three turned out so well, a man couldn't ask for more amazing children."

Harry bit his cheek to keep from giggling at the puffed out chests Takashi and his siblings displayed.

"What I couldn't accept," Akira continued, "was the methods your mother used." He sighed. "I learned of how she had been manipulating you so you would indirectly forward her own goals and undermine me and my plans for our family's future. When I realized she had deliberately caused hurt to you three, I had to act when I usually wouldn't have. That it was so subtle that I couldn't see it, that I never realized what was going on . . . . I was horrified to learn that my absence and lack of action caused pain for you."
The three nodded in acceptance. Harry wondered if he was the only one who noticed Akira never went into specifics and never told him what actually their mother's plans were and what drove him to dissolve their bond.

"What now?" Satoshi asked.

"Your mother and I are no longer together," Akira began. "You're old enough to determine the nature of the relationship you'd like to have with your mother."

The three exchanged glances. After that everyone sat down to eat dinner. Harry found himself surrounded by both sets of grandparents getting to know them while they assessed his worthiness for their grandchild. Both sets of Takashi's grandparents were Betas, his maternal grandparents had two children fifteen years apart. Takashi's mother was the youngest. They freely admitted spoiling her, proud to have a long sought after second child, especially when they discovered she was an Omega. They cautioned him against spoiling or discriminating against his own children when he had them. In their desire to protect her and make sure she was happy and taken care of, they cultivated a false sense of entitlement in Sora-sama. It gave him pause.

"Have you thought of your wedding?" Takashi's paternal grandmother Miwa asked.

Harry gulped and shook his head. Japanese wedding traditions were different from what he was accustomed too, even for those who had a 'western style' wedding. It was something he discussed extensively with one of his tutors at the language school as she married in a civil ceremony and was planning her wedding. The only thing that was somewhat normal to Harry was the practice of having a legal civil ceremony first and the large, public wedding later. Both older women smiled at him as if he just told them he'd won the lottery.

"We'll meet at the club for lunch and begin planning," Sobo (grandmother) Miwa gushed.

The husbands chuckled at the panicked expression on Harry's face.

The penthouse felt like home. Harry took a deep breath and felt the tension leave his body. After a quick hello to the animals, Harry grabbed his Alpha's hand and dragged his mate into the kitchen. Pushing his Alpha into a stool at the island Harry poured the rattled man four fingers of firewhiskey before bustling about making Takashi's favorite dessert.

"He avoided our questions," Takashi commented after several sips.

Harry nodded. "I caught that too. Are you going to probe him more for the truth?"

"Iie," Takashi rumbled as he poured another shot and twirled the tumbler in his palm warming it before lifting the glass to his mouth. "Chichi is blunt like Satoshi and Hoshimi. For him not to say . . ."

Harry nodded and went back to work, using magic to help speed along the complicated process.

"What did he say about the contract?" Harry asked deftly changing the subject. "I was hijacked by your grandmothers and missed a lot."

Takashi chuckled softly still twirling the tumbler around his hands. Harry went to the potions cabinet and pulled out a hangover potion. Takashi shook his head when Harry started to hand it to him.

"Relaxed, not drunk." He grinned. "Chichi was pleased, scheduling more trips." Here he frowned.
"His way of forcing me to express myself."

Harry giggled. From the little he knew about the man it sounded just like him, the Akira Morinozuka guide to parenting and child development, like with Akira's birthday gift to Harry of the Daily Prophet.

"Will it be too much for you? You still have school, Mitsukuni, kendo, not to mention your secret spy training."

Takashi chuckled at the secret spy training and took another sip of whiskey. "Yamamoto-san does all the hard work. I just show up."

Harry knew it was quite a bit more than that but kept his mouth shut and slid over the dessert he prepared for his mate. Takashi took a bite of the white azuki bean pudding with kuzu jelly before staring at him wide eyed.

"This is better than the café's."

Harry grinned pleased. "I had Chef show me how to make it and improvised some. When Chef called it 'passable' I knew I had a winner."

Takashi grinned and devoured the dessert. Harry happily watched his mate enjoy the food he prepared for him until furious squawking came from the living room.

Harry rushed into the room and Hedwig’s nest and gasped. One of the owlets was hatching. Hedwig helped the baby out of the shell. The squawking was her encouraging the baby. Harry felt tears fall down his face as he saw Hedwig rubbing her beak all over the owlet. Harry felt arms wrap around his waist and leaned back into his Alpha's embrace. Baby Daddy glared down at them and for once Harry didn't mind. The arrogant bird was protecting his family.

"I suppose I'll have to name you now," he told the bird. "What about Henry? That was the name of the man who mated with the first Hedwig?"

Baby Daddy rolled his eyes.

"Whatever. So no mundane names for you. What about Duke? That was Henry's title?"

A short, condescending nod was the answer.

"Duke it is," Harry said cheerfully though actually he was trying to ignore the fact that Takashi was caressing his stomach with obvious longing.

Yeah, best not think about that one.
Dealing with Mitsukuni and the Host Club's antics was nothing compared to dealing with an angry, pissed off Harry James Potter-Morinozuka. The moment Takashi stepped inside the penthouse; he knew it would be a long night.

Harry stood in the middle of the room, hands on hips clad in gray, wool jersey pants as he shouted down at an unimpressed Hedwig. Small objects swirled around the room resembling the funnel of a tornado. The colorful glass vases Harry adored shattered into piles of dust before swirling around the funnel then reforming themselves. The breaking and reformation of the vases and other objects in their great room went on a continuous loop. Takashi was shocked. Not at Harry's rage, but at whom it was directed. Harry normally treated Hedwig like a princess, especially in these last few days as the rest of her owlets hatched. His Omega's protectiveness only doubled when the youngest owlet passed away shortly after hatching. To see him screaming down at the snowy owl was like discovering Japan would no longer be able to produce rice.

"Well, I won't have it," Harry screamed down at Hedwig. He actually stomped his foot, his hair sizzling and whipping around his face in his fury. Green eyes glinted like emeralds. As always, it awed, aroused, and terrified Takashi when his mate showed such effortless raw magical power. "I knew he was an idiot and not good enough for you," Harry continued oblivious to the display he made. "Well now that he's done his job and gave you the babies, tell him to leave and go about his business," Harry demanded waving his hand imperiously. "We don't need him here!"

Takashi never knew owls could laugh. But Hedwig was clearly laughing at his enraged Omega. The owl had no fear that Harry would lash out and smite her.

"I. AM. NOT. A. DRAMA, KING!" Harry screamed in response to an unspoken communication from Hedwig.

Rolled eyes and a bark that sounded like a snort was the answer to Harry's outburst. Harry and Hedwig stared each other down like American gunslingers, before Harry's shoulders slumped, he flashed a quick, guilty look in Takashi's direction before turning back to glare at Hedwig.

"Not the same thing," he snapped continuing the one sided shouting match. Hedwig barked in obvious disbelief. "It's not." Heavy screeches filled the air until Harry huffed, turned, and stomped into the kitchen in obvious defeat.

Hedwig turned in his direction and rolled her eyes. As Takashi met the owl's gaze, he felt as if the bird performed legitimacy on him, because the next thing he knew, a strong female presence jackhammered through his occlumency barriers shredding them as easy as if they were paper. A voice so British, so posh that it made the Queen of England sound like a dock worker echoed through his mind.

"Drama King."

Takashi's mouth curled in a smile before he trailed after his irate mate. Seeing Harry banging pans, he leaned against the kitchen wall and watched his mate until Harry calmed down enough to explain.
"That idiot convinced Hedwig to take her babies and abandon me," Harry ranted, after a moment his anger waned and unshed tears pooled in his eyes.

Seeing his mate in distress was like a clamp squeezed around his heart. Takashi quickly removed his school blazer and tie before going over to Harry and wrapping his arms around his waist and rubbing his chin atop his mate's head and releasing his pheromones in an attempt to comfort his Omega.

"Sure?"

"Yes," Harry sniffed. "Hedwig said they're moving when the babies' eyes open."

Takashi sighed. "Ah. Moving not leaving you?"

Takashi flinched when the overwrought Omega stomped on his foot. "You're taking her side!"

Takashi closed his eyes and counted to ten. This was worse than when Harry was going through oestrus. Takashi loved animals, but Harry's obsession took loving your pets into a different league. If his Omega was like this now with an owl, he pitied how fearsome, how overprotective he'd be with their children. Poor pups.

"Why?" Takashi asked trying to insert a little calm into the conversation.

Harry sniffed again and buried his face into Takashi's chest. "That evil seducer convinced Hedwig the babies would do better learning to survive in their natural habitat."

Takashi bit his lip so he wouldn't speak, personally he agreed. It seemed Harry knew his thoughts and glared at him.

"Hedwig said the owlets need to adjust to their natural environment and learn to sink or swim."

Harry pouted, "she said that to force them out of their natural habitat would make them out of their depth and they'd be worse off than how I was when Dumbledore forced me to be a Beta."

"Smart owl," Takashi slipped before he could stop himself. For his efforts, he got an angry glare and an elbow in the gut before Harry pulled away and continued dinner. It broke Takashi's heart to see his mate's red eyes and the way he would occasionally sniff and swipe at his nose with the sleeve of his V-neck sweater.

"Harry?" he whispered. His mate wasn't stupid, he knew them moving would be what's best for the owlets.

"I don't want to lose her," he sniffed.

Unable to take seeing his Omega in such distress a moment longer, Takashi held Harry kissing red-rimmed eyes and licking at the salty tears running down his face.

"Owlets mature in less than a year."

Harry nodded burying his face in Takashi's chest, Takashi lifted his hand and buried it in Harry's hair, massaging his Omega's scalp as he felt his mate breathe in his scent and take comfort from him. They rested in each other's arms for several minutes until the cell phone in Takashi's pocket buzzed. He sighed when Harry quickly pulled away and turned back to the stove. Annoyed at the disturbance, Takashi pulled out the phone only to frown at the text message. He quickly typed a response before slipping the phone back in his pocket and looking at Harry worriedly. Now was not the time. Harry looked at him and stiffened seeing the look on his face.
"What is it?"

Takashi sighed. "Situation developing in England."

Harry's shoulders stiffened. "What?"

"I don't know. My team is on their way here from London."

Harry looked resigned. "Then I guess I better finish dinner."

"I'll change."

Harry wanted to take Hedwig and the owlets and flee where no one could find them. Barring that, he wanted to take the knife he held in his hand and slam it into the chest of the upstart owl who ruined his life. The fiend had the nerve to be out hunting for food for the babies. He wouldn't allow anyone else to feed the babies only himself, though he did deign to allow Harry to feed he and Hedwig. The usurper. That seducer who made his perfect owl lose her damn mind. This was his fault! Harry ranted about Duke in his mind as he made the extensive preparations for making oden from scratch and did everything except wonder what news Takashi's team would bring.

He cooked instead. He poured his frustrations, passions, fears, and uncertainties into his food. It never let him down. Hedwig was his, the only being who had been with him through thick and thin, the one he trusted completely. Sad really. Harry wiped his face with the sleeve of his sweater and continued cooking looking when Hedwig flew in the room and planted her body on the island.

"You need to do what's best for your owlets," Harry grumbled.

Hedwig nodded.

"You better visit every day," Harry groused causing Hedwig to roll her eyes her gaze peering into him. Harry sighed resigned. "Okay, okay maybe not every day but often. And you'll move back once your owlets mature and leave the nest."

Hedwig nodded.

"You'll still come and deliver mail won't you?"

Hedwig rolled her eyes in a 'duh' gesture before flying back to the perch and her babies. Harry continued dinner until he felt the disturbance in the wards and then heard the doorbell. He walked out just in time to see Takashi showered and changed coming down the steps wearing jeans and a layered tops. Together they went to open the door to find three Japanese men wearing black cargo pants and black long sleeve t-shirts with the Haninozuka logo on the chest. Weapons were strapped to their legs and hidden on various places on their body. They were ready for battle. This was serious. Harry sighed and moved back to allow the men to enter his home.

"It's getting cooler out, so I made oden. Come and eat and tell us what's going on."

The men's eyes widened as if they couldn't believe Harry would invite them in. They glanced at Takashi for confirmation and his mate shrugged.

"Easier to just do as he says."

Harry smirked and patted his husband's arm in approval.
Once Harry had served dinner and everyone traditionally blessed the food, he looked at the men expectedly.

"We discovered Albus Dumbledore whereabouts," the team leader began. "He is living in a cottage in Godric’s Hollow. The home is under a Fidelius Charm."

"Typical," Harry muttered. His heart pumped wildly inside his chest. This was it.

"We can't see the cabin but we know it's there. Village records say his family has owned the land since the late 1800's."

"Is it isolated or next to other homes?" Harry asked.

"It's at the end of the road but there are homes on one side and across the street."

Harry sighed. "So fiendfrye is out of the question, too dangerous to contain."

"Can you sense where the magic around the spell ends?" Takashi asked.

"Yes sir."

"Is their room to cast a warder spell around the house trapping him in?"

"Brilliant," Harry breathed beaming at Takashi.

"The downfall of the Fidelius Charm," his Alpha straightened in his chair and preened at Harry's praise then blushed when he realized he had done so. "We can cast a wider charm around his, it'll weaken his spell. We'll see the cottage a little and trap him inside."

Harry stared at his mate wide-eyed. "Amazing. When are we leaving?"

Takashi looked at Harry worriedly. Harry glared at his mate before he could open his mouth and say something stupid, like suggesting he stay home and let Takashi deal with this on his own. Takashi sighed and pulled out his phone and made several texts.

"I'll arrange it. Your bodyguards are on their way."

Harry glared at his mate, but the look he received in return let him know that it was non-negotiable. Oh well, they had better not get in his way.

They spent the rest of the dinner sorting out the details. Once the men left to go back to England to set up surveillance Harry looked at Takashi wide eyed.

"This is it."

The prophecy could be fulfilled tonight. He had to win. He had the power, Voldemort's knowledge, not to mention what he was currently learning from Sou-Sofu and Mitsukuni. Dumbledore wouldn't be expecting that. Despite the hot air he blew about muggle rights, Dumbledore was a traditional wizard.

Takashi reached out and squeezed his hand. "Ah."

"I'll go clean the kitchen." Harry said with an edgy calm.

"I'll pack."
After contacting the family to let them know they were leaving, they went to the airport. Once landing in England, they dropped their bags off with Kreacher before apparating to Godric's Hollow. Harry felt his tension increase once he entered the village, especially upon seeing the ruins of his old home and the statue dedicated to his parents. Harry had to force his attentions back to Dumbledore's property. He could see the faint traces of magic where the Fidelius Charm was cast. Using the knowledge he gleaned from Riddle, he placed wards around the property that would make it impossible for Dumbledore to escape. He wondered if Dumbledore had his face pressed up against the window watching. As he worked on the wards, Takashi created a larger Fidelius around Dumbledore's. Watching his Alpha work was a turn on. With how immersed Taka was in the non-magical world, Harry often forgot his mate was a powerful and learned wizard in his own right.

As that thought crossed his mind, Takashi finished the charm, you could feel a flicker of the original charm Dumbledore cast, and the cottage came into view, fading in and out as the two charms fought against each other until Takashi's finally prevailed.

Takashi walked forward and entered the cottage. Harry moved forward to join Takashi and his team only to stop at sigh at the furious expression on Takashi's face. To his annoyance his bodyguards stood to the front and either side of him, making it impossible for him to move unless he wanted to hurt them and now wasn't the time. Pouting, he went to a window to peer into the cottage. The image was hazy because of the original charm, but he could see Takashi moving around with his katana drawn. Unable to stand waiting any longer he pushed past his guards and slipped in the house disobeying his Alpha. He found Takashi, and the guards in the bedroom standing over Dumbledore's still body as if he were dead.

"Draught of Living Death?" Harry asked wryly from the doorway.

"I told you to stay outside," Takashi growled.

"I'm not one to stay in the background," Harry snapped back. "This is my task anyway not yours."

Takashi's eyes narrowed. He opened his mouth about to say something else before he remembered where they were and that they weren't alone.

"Stay there," Takashi's voice brooked no disagreement. "We don't know if the body is real or a magical construct."

Harry crossed his arms over his chest and watched as Takashi performed several spells on Dumbledore's body until he took out his katana and plunged it in Dumbledore's heart. The body didn't flinch yet there was blood on his blade and none on the body.

"Anticlimactic," Takashi said.

"What do you mean, what is it?"

"If he was dead the Fidelius Charm would have collapsed." Takashi said and placed his finger to the katana and tasted the blood. "Dragon's blood."

"Shit."

One of the men on Takashi's team entered the room from where he had been canvassing the home. The expression on his face was grim.

"Found an old tunnel underneath the kitchen floor that looks like it was recently used. He must have escaped that way and apparated away once he reached the perimeter."
"We wasted time and he got away. We will give chase. I want him in custody tonight," Takashi commanded. He straightened to his full height and his eyes hardened, Alpha pheromones poured off his body. "Harry go to George's. If he or Pucey are not home return to the townhouse."

The Alpha command, the fierce tone in Takashi's voice as he spoke to Harry was an Alpha ordering his Omega to obey his will. Usually Harry could throw off Alpha commands as if they were nothing, but this command, a direct order from his bond mate, he couldn't. His legs shook. Instinct demanded he immediately turn and follow his Alpha's orders, but Harry fought it with every breath, and even still, he knew he fought a losing battle. He opened his mouth to speak to yell at Takashi for ordering him about like a slave, but nothing came out. He was totally under his Alpha's will. Tears formed in his eyes as he met his Alpha's hard, unpenetratable gaze. Never had Takashi looked at him in such a way. So cold, so unforgiving.

"Now Harry!"

His bodyguards reached out and grabbed his arms pulling his trembling body out of the cottage. Before he could blink, he was outside the gate to George's home in Hogsmeade. His bodyguards stepped away once they saw him grip the gate, tears of fury falling down his face. It took him several minutes to get his bearings before he could open the gate, walk to the front door, and knock. Since it was around lunchtime here, maybe they were home. After a couple seconds, Adrian appeared.

"Potter?"

"Where's George?"

Adrian opened the door wider for Harry and the guards to enter.

"Doodle!"

A couple seconds later George entered from a side door wiping his hands on a dirty towel from whatever prank products he had been developing. The moment George saw Harry pacing in his living room, his face paled he held up his hands in surrender the towel dropping uselessly on the floor.

"Whatever it is, it isn't me. What's more I don't know anything about it," he said quickly. A trio of amused snorts could be heard from Harry's guards.

"Alphaholeness," Harry snapped not in the mood for their merriment. How dare they belittle what he had just went through? How dare Takashi control him like that! He wasn't a piece of furniture to be moved about at some stupid Alpha's whim. He had free will. What a mistake he made trusting him. No matter what lip service he gave, Takashi was never going to treat him like an equal when he came down to it.

"Oh." George's face cleared though he still looked worried. "You're magic is rolling off you, you're about to blow up the house. Let's go out back and you can vent before facing him. Wouldn't want you to accidently kill your mate."

Harry nodded and stalked out the back door. George, Adrian, and his pet guard dogs followed. Harry saw George set up a protective barrier around the backyard and around the others while Harry stalked around cursing Takashi at the top of his lungs. Every spell he gleaned from the Dark Lord erupted from the ring in his hand. Harry didn't know how long he was in the backyard casting spells before he tired and stopped. Tired, angry, drained, he curled up on the scorched grass and closed his
Harry's exhausted peace was eventually interrupted by that annoying Alpha he foolishly mated to.

"Harry," he warily whispered touching him gently.

Oh now he wanted to be nice. Harry jumped to his feet with sudden vigor as he glared and pointed his focus arm at the man he mistakenly married.

"Aqua Eructo!" Harry snapped.

A jet of clear water erupted from his focus ring hitting Takashi in the chest causing him to fall down.

Takashi battled to his feet, his arm waving as he cast a charm to deflect the water away from him. Bastard, he'll show him. Think he's some damsel in distress that needed coddled. Screw him. Furious, Harry changed the water to arrows with fire tips. Those two were flung away though there were a couple that managed to get past Takashi's shield. Takashi pulled out his sword and cut those down. Harry cancelled the arrows and quickly cast his next charm.

"Flipendo Tria."

A mini tornado erupted hurling toward Takashi knocking him off his feet. Harry quickly cast the bat bogey hex, the knee reversal hex, shriveled Takashi's ears, and caused antlers to grow on his head. While Takashi was on the ground Harry stomped past him toward the house only to growl menacingly and banged his fists up against the protective barrier that stopped him from going further.

"Remove it," he growled.

George, Adrian Pucey, his bodyguards, and oddly enough Neville, Kreacher and George's house elf were sitting around the patio table on the back deck drinking ale and passing around bowls of popcorn. Bastards.

"Warned that approaching Horntail Harry right now was as good as signing his death warrant," Neville chimed as he reached for a handful of popcorn.

"I will blast through this!" he screamed. His face screwed up, his body shook as he itched to tear down the barrier and blast them back like he had done to Takashi.

"We know," George answered calmly passing the popcorn bowl to the guards. "I see you've been re-reading Quidditch Through the Ages. Most of the spells you used are mentioned in the footnotes. Was always curious to how they worked but never managed it."

"Except for the antlers," Neville cheerfully added. "I remember someone getting Parkinson with that hex, I always thought it was you."

"Wankers," Harry mumbled though with less heat, his shoulders dropped as the adrenalin fled from his body and he remembered how tired he was.

George released the shield and came over to wrap his arm around Harry's waist and lead him into the cottage. Out of the corner of his eyes, he saw Neville and Adrian rush to help Takashi. Harry sighed, he was the worst Omega ever. He was not fit to be mated. He was better off alone. He would never, ever be a docile Omega.

"I destroyed your yard," Harry whispered ashamed now that he could see the destruction he caused. George's beautiful back yard now resembled a blackened landfill. "I'll pay for it to be fixed. Sorry,
your home is beautiful and I ruined it."

"It's fine."

Harry found himself being led away and settled inside a spare bedroom. His shoes and socks were removed and he was bundled up in bed. George's house elf popped in and handed him a cup of tea. Harry sipped the tea and snorted when he tasted the calming draught inside.

"It's in an Alpha's nature, Harry," George said softly. "You were in a dangerous situation and an Alpha's first instinct is to protect his Omega."

"I know."

"I thought you were adjusting to being an Omega Harry."

"Me too," Harry said wryly. "Guess not."

Sensing he wasn't going to say more, George took the tea from him and tucked him in bed.

"Get some sleep Harry."

The next thing Harry had become aware of was Takashi sitting up in his bed, his back against the headboard his hand tangled in Harry's hair as his head rested in Takashi's lap. Harry stiffened in his mate's arms but did not speak.

"Lost Dumbledore," Takashi began quietly. "We chased him across Europe before losing him in Oslo Norway."

Harry remained quiet not trusting himself to speak. He wasn't mate material, he was better off alone. He could never sit back at let others do what he knew was his duty, his mission. Takashi was too much of an Alpha to sit back and allow his Omega fight. Defend himself yes, but not outright attack. There was no middle ground between them on that issue.

"We found some things in the house that might help us know what his plans are. I have the men boxing up everything so you and I can go through it later."

Harry remained silent.

"Harry," Takashi said imploringly.

Harry squeezed his mouth and eyes shut.

"Harry."

"Harry," Takashi said again. "It's my job to protect you. I can't keep you safe if you ignore my commands."

"Commands," Harry said icily. "So I am your property, for you to command at will. Thank you. I'm glad everything is clear now."

Harry lifted himself off Takashi's lap and off the bed.

"Harry, that's not . . ."

"I mean," Harry said ignoring him routing around the room trying to figure out where George put his bag. "Wrap me up in cotton wool why don't you. What must you think of me? You must think it's cute that you have an Omega Male and one so 'fiesty', but Merlin forbid when that 'fiesty' Omega Male thinks on his own and does something you disagree with. But no worries, you can just use your
freaky Alpha powers and put the little Omega in line."

"Harry, you're acting—"

"Betrayed."

"Harry," Takashi snapped.

Takashi left the bed, pulled Harry in his arms, and nuzzled his neck ignoring the way Harry squirmed in his arms.

"I let my instincts control me," Takashi said in a rush. "I am sorry for that. But you are the most important person in my life. I will always want to protect you to ensure you're free from danger. You need to realize I care about you and will protect you always."

"You need to realize," Harry snapped. "That although I may be an Omega, I'm still a man and I refuse to be coddled like a child. Besides it's not you who is the one who is supposedly prophesied to deal with this mess."

Harry pushed Takashi out of his way and stormed out the bedroom and the house too furious to say goodbye to his friends.

Takashi lingered in the guest room for a few moments until he felt Harry disapparate away from the cottage. Closing his eyes, he wiped away the tears falling down his face before ruthlessly shoving all his emotions behind occlumency shields. He left the bedroom and went downstairs to the sitting room where the Puceys and Neville were speaking quietly. He bowed to the Puceys.

"Thank you for your hospitality," he said formally to the two. "I'll arranged for a contractor to call you tomorrow to repair your backyard."

"First time facing Horntail Harry?" George asked softly.

Takashi's mouth curved slightly at George's nickname. "He's been angry before, but not this bad."

"With Harry when he's like that you have to give him space until he cools off."

"George's right," Neville said from where he'd been leaning against the wall watching. "Why don't we go for a drink and some food before you face the dragon in his den?"

Takashi nodded and after saying goodbye to the Puceys before he and Neville apparated to the Three Broomsticks and sat at an isolated corner booth. They ordered food before casting privacy charms around the area.

"Harry had a point."

Takashi wrapped his hand around the glass of firewhiskey before taking a healthy gulp. "Ah."

He felt numb inside, even the burn of the whiskey was not helping. Every instinct told him to go after his mate. It was hard to ignore.

"We cast translation charms so we could overhear your two. You were arguing in an odd mix of Japanese and English. Sorry," the other Alpha said without a twinge of any real remorse.

"Figured."
"Though," Neville paused as their meals were delivered waiting until their server left. "If it was Luna with the prophecy and she did what Harry did I would've acted the same as you. And Luna would've acted the same as Harry, though probably worse. My Luna is a genius at Transfiguration. I would've been transfigured into some magical creature for a couple days. All you got were antlers. Frankly, you got off easy mate."

Takashi smiled despite himself and began to build a sandwich from the cold meat, bread, cheese, and vegetables before them. "How do I fix this?"

"Cater to his Omega, but be quiet until he calms down and ready to talk. It'll drive Harry crazy that you're not saying anything. You know him, he has to vent, but he'll feel guilty if you're not venting back." Takashi nodded in understanding. "With Harry, with everyone who betrayed him, he most likely sees disagreements as a betrayal and not a regular part of a relationship. Prove to him you haven't betrayed him that you will always be there even when you guys fight. But also, you have got to back off. He's right. You have to let him do what he's be prophesied to do, what he's been conditioned to do his entire life."

"Sacrifice himself," Takashi bit out angrily.

Neville snorted. "You've been with Harry long enough to see how powerful he is. Look at tonight when he faced you and he was holding back. Do you really think anyone will get the better of him when he's really trying? I know it sucks and goes against everything we are, but you have to let him do what he was born to do, he'd never forgive you otherwise."

Takashi sighed. "Ever think of becoming a mind healer?"

Neville smiled and reached forward to make his own sandwich.

"Thanks for helping with the hunt," Takashi said after a few minutes of silence. "Hogwarts?"

Neville lifted his hand showing his Head of House ring. "This helps. Gran gave it to me on my birthday. I have a lot more leeway now."

"Shouldn't Harry have one for the Potters?" he asked curiously.

"No. We follow primogeniture. The Potters were part of the pureblood society, but their wealth came from marrying the last female heirs of powerful families like Gryffindor and Peverall." Takashi nodded. "If Harry weren't an Omega he'd be Lord Black, but as an Omega Male he's considered a widow of sorts and one of your kids will be Lord Black."

Takashi nodded. This he knew, but he assumed Harry had power from the Potter line as well.

They spent the rest of the meal discussing trivial matters until Takashi couldn't put it off any longer. They said their farewells and Takashi apparated back to an empty Grimmauld Place. Nerves overwhelmed him. He pulled out his phone and cursed seeing that he had several missed texts and calls. He had forgotten he had turned his phone off while they hunted Dumbledore.

"Report!" he growled to the head of Harry's detail.

"I am sorry sir. Master Harry is gone. He disabled the trackers and gave us the slip, we're attempting to trace him now," the guard told him.

Takashi slammed down the phone and apparated to Harry's guards.
Fed up with being coddled, Harry gave his guards the slip. Though in a rush to elude them and leave no trace, he nearly splinched himself. Using his hands, he quickly made sure his body parts were intact and sighed in relief when he found nothing missing. Looking around he found himself standing in Godric Hollow’s town square staring at the statue of he and his parents. He knew the statue was part of some scheme of Dumbledore’s to hype up the image of The-Boy-Who-Lived but he couldn’t help but stare at the marble sculpture of his parents cradling the baby Harry in their arms. Before he knew it, his shoulders shook and tears poured down his face as he wished for things that could never be. Even in his grief, he still felt a familiar presence creep up behind him.

It figured.

"You make Voldemort appear like a kid stealing cookies from a cookie jar," Harry remarked conversationally not bothering to turn and face the wizard.

The wizard froze in surprise at being caught. He released the disillusionment charm and glided across the square on low-heeled shoes to stand beside Harry.

"Tom realized Britain would eventually control the magical world, so he attempted to control Britain," Dumbledore said serenely. "Like Gellert, Tom did not have Britain's best interests in mind, only his own. Everything I've done has been for Britain's greater good."

"The common argument of dark lords and mad men the world over," Harry said unimpressed. "Can you be any more predictable?"

"And yet I am not the poor little orphan standing in the middle of Mummy and Daddy's village with tears in my eyes."

Harry stiffened. Point taken.

"You are predictable as well dear boy," Dumbledore continued twinkling merrily. "I suppose that is my fault. I had you raised to be a soldier and follower. You did your part perfectly, though I didn't expect you to live following your confrontation with Tom. Nor for Sirius to learn of and find all Tom's horcruxes." Dumbledore sighed, "A miscalculation on my part. Your hard life amongst the muggles and martyrdom in ensuring Voldemort's downfall was supposed to stir the masses, bring everyone to the true way of thinking." Dumbledore shook his head in disappointment that things didn't go the way he planned. "Very inconvenient to have you around now. To kill you, Britain's so-called Chosen One would cause a backlash that would undermine my cause. It would be much better if you came and learned more about what we are trying to do."

"Never going to happen," Harry growled.

"My fault once again," Dumbledore said serenely. "You lack vision. I kept you from the wizarding world so you'd think like a muggle. It was needed at the time, but now times have changed and you have to think like a wizard." Dumbledore sighed heavily and donned his grandfatherly persona as if he were lecturing a student caught out in the halls past curfew. "We wizards have been blessed with great power, but with this power come great responsibility. The world is in chaos, both muggle and wizarding alike. People need a beacon of hope, someone they can look to in this time of darkness, who they can believe is taking care of them and looking out for them in their hour of need. I am that beacon."

Harry stared at Dumbledore incredulously. How could he not have noticed how crazy the older man had always been? Surely, he should’ve seen it, even with the spells and drugs pumping through his system. Harry knew the old man had been eccentric, but this was crazy. He really believed in the nonsense he was sprouting.
"You should check yourself into St. Mungo's for a full physical and mental evaluation."

Dumbledore looked disappointed. "I had really hoped you would be made to see reason and would have a place in the world I am trying to build. I regret that you are so enamored with the status quo you can't see the benefits of the unified government I am building."

"Unified? How can your supposed government be unified, when you have set yourself up as dictator making decisions for the rest of the world?"

Logic it seemed was lost on Dumbledore, the senile; old man only shook his head at him. "I wanted you to see reason, to come willingly. I seem to forget the stubbornness of youth. I will not kill you, but I will capture you. It's for the best. You will see reason in time."

Dumbledore made an aggressive move toward him; Harry easily slipped away and turned to face his nemesis. He had hoped it wouldn't come down to this, but there was no choice. The prophecy was correct. They were going to have to duel.

Dumbledore chucked and pulled out the elder wand. "Ever the Gryffindor, ready to rush in blindly. No matter your power, I have over a hundred years of experience over you and I've seen your grades."

Like a tiger poised to strike Harry reached out with the blade hidden in his palm and struck out. He quickly stabbed the knife through skin, muscles, and bones of Dumbledore's wand arm. Dumbledore's eyes widened in shock at being out maneuvered.

"I've always dumbed myself down," Harry smirked.

Before Harry could stop himself, he twisted the knife deep and used his leg to bring the dazed old man down. Harry cut off Dumbledore's arm just below his elbow, which caused the muscles in his hand to relax and open. The elder wand clanked to the ground, Harry rolled his eyes and picked it up. He could feel the wand bonding to him even stronger than his focus ring.

"Thanks," he told Dumbledore pocketing the wand. "You know this is very anticlimactic."

Harry raised the knife to the old man's throat. This was it, it was over. Maybe now that the danger was behind him it was possible to salvage his and Takashi's relationship. Dumbledore was going to die. But why were the bastard's damned blue eyes twinkling up at him. Before he could cut the throat of the man who destroyed his life there was a flash of fire and the Fawkes appeared on the scene. The stupid bird latched on Dumbledore's good arm and flashed them away.

Harry howled in anger and collapsed on the pavement as the adrenaline released itself from his body. That wily old man always escaped. Now it would be twice as harder to get rid of him, Dumbledore would no longer underestimate him. He was going to have to learn how to kill a Phoenix. Was it even possible? Before the thought could form in his mind, he heard the sharp crack of apparition and saw Takashi arrive with his team and Harry's bodyguards.

Flashing gray eyes quickly took in the scene as they glared at him promising murder. Dealing with an overstrung Alpha was the last thing he needed right now, so Harry used all his strength to ignore the intense emotions leeching from Takashi to Harry and cleaned off his knife before sheathing it.

"Cut off his wand arm, but he'll just attach it back," he calmly explained. "Couldn't remember the spell you used to make the condition permanent."

Takashi stalked towards him, his eyes chips of ice. Once he reached Harry, he grabbed Harry by the hair pulled his head back and bit down on his bond mark. It was the time-honored gesture of an
Alpha attempting to assert control over his Omega. Usually, Takashi used the gesture to assert his sexual dominance, which Harry did not mind. But now, Takashi was using it to assert dominance period. That infuriated Harry. For the first time in a long time, Harry and his Omega were in perfect accord. Takashi must pay. Harry was just furious though his wolf only felt that Takashi hadn't earned the right to dominate him.

With him and his wolf in accord, Harry felt strength flooding through his veins. He fought back, pulling the taller, stronger Alpha away from his neck with a ferocious growl. He managed to toss Takashi away from him, but Takashi instead of falling to ground, landed agilely on his hands and feet, his own growl echoing from deep within his throat. Takashi sprang towards him reaching out to grab him midair and force him to submit. Harry easily sidestepped his attempt and snarled at the enraged Alpha wolf.

Harry was still furious with the Alpha, but his wolf, whose voice and presence echoed through his being like some divine sixth sense was amused and turned on by Takashi's display. His wolf was of the opinion that if Takashi wanted to dominate him, he had better earn the privilege. It was the Alpha's responsibility to prove himself worthy and strong enough to protect before the Omega would even consider listening to or following his lead. Harry was beginning to see the wisdom of the thoughts he gathered from his Omega. If Takashi wanted him, wanted him to listen to what he had to say, he had to earn the right.

So, they fought. Both of them, overtaken by their wolves and feral, fought for dominance. Neither gave an inch as they battled and wrestled snarling and snapping at each other. Takashi finally managed to grab hold of Harry in a wrestling hold and they both went tumbling on the pavement. They rolled around biting and hissing at each other in between harsh kisses, each trying to one up the other.

The Omega found himself distinctly disadvantaged against his taller, heavier, stronger mate, so he used other means to catch the Alpha off guard. The Omega became seductive, whined as if he had been truly hurt, and when the repentant Alpha came to check up on him, he pounced, jumped atop the Alpha's body pinning him down in triumph and placing his own claiming bite on the Alpha's neck. The Omega whined in triumph especially when he felt the Alpha's potent erection throbbing underneath him. Unable to help himself, he rubbed his body against it, only to cry out in disbelief when he felt himself being flipped about until he was on his hands and knees with his Alpha's heavy body atop his, making it impossible for him to move.

"Submit," the Alpha growled.

"Make me," the Omega growled back.

The Omega fought with all his strength to dislodge the Alpha on top of him, nothing worked. Tired, sweat pouring down his body, he gave it his all until he became too tired and the fight left. Hands went to cover his and soft nips and licks were peppered against his face and neck. The Omega whined relishing the gentle caresses. Defeated, Harry presented his neck in submission and with a triumphant growl; Takashi lowered his head and bit at their bond mark. Harry shuddered and ejaculated in his pants. The next thing Harry knew he and Takashi were in the master bedroom at Grimmauld Place, their clothes off. Harry was face down on the mattress, Takashi's hands still gripping his and his member lodged inside Harry's body. The sex was short, intense, and satisfying. Once Takashi's knot deflated they broke apart sweaty and panting heavily.

His Alpha rose out the bed on shaky legs and went to lift him in his arms before walking to the bathroom. Takashi turned on and adjusted the shower's temperature then set him inside the shower.

"You are everything," Takashi told him in a guttural voice, his wolf still in control. "I will not lose
you. You are not alone."

Harry expected Takashi to get into the shower with him. He did not. Instead, Takashi ran the bath, put fragrance in it before leaving the room. Once alone Harry pressed his head against the shower wall and cried. Logic said to leave that Takashi would never allow him to do what he needed to do. But everything else, every part of his heart said that leaving Takashi would be the worst mistake of his life. Maybe he was a true Omega after all, because he needed Takashi. He needed Takashi to survive, without him, there was nothing. Takashi had found him when he was lost and breathed new life back into him. And no matter how much he tried to fight it, no matter how angry he got at Takashi's Alphaholeness, Takashi was his everything as well.

By the time Harry left the bathroom and re-entered the bedroom, Takashi was already lying in bed asleep, apparently having showered in one of the other bathrooms. He crawled in bed, crawled atop his Alpha, closed his eyes, and fell asleep to arms wrapped tightly around his body and soft breathing snuffling in his ear.
Chapter Twenty-Four: Confrontations

Saturday 23rd of September, 2006 – Borough of Islington, Inner London, England

A soundless scream escaped Harry's throat, his body arched, trembling knees gripped the sides of the head of the man performing a mind numbing blowjob. What an amazing way to wake up. Takashi's hot, wet mouth surrounded his member. It took an embarrassing short amount of time before he screamed his release.

Panting heavily in post coital bliss, Harry waited for Takashi to raise up and enter him, but that didn't happen.

Takashi did raise up though. Too blissed out to open his eyes he felt his Alpha's lithely muscled body pressed against his. Next, Harry felt something sweet rubbed against his lips.

Not what he'd been expecting.

Startled, his eyes flew open. Takashi maneuvered him so he sat up, his back against the modern, metallic grey padded headboard. An enormous steel and glass breakfast tray filled with decadent food was stretched out across the expanse of the queen bed.

Takashi's gaze bore into his as he selected food from the tray. Harry stared at his mate warily as the man fed him breakfast in bed. Harry kept waiting for Takashi to speak, to bring up what happened between them but not a word passed his mates mouth. He couldn't believe it. Not that Takashi was a gloater, far from it, but Harry expected something . . . a word, a gesture to indicate their new status. Now that he wasn't pumped full of pheromones Harry recalled everything he read in the Alpha/Omega books about dominance challenges.

It didn't look good for him.

All the books cautioned against Omegas initiating dominance challenges to their bonded Alpha. Failing to win a challenge for a bonded Omega created a dominance bond. Where before he could fight Takashi's commands, even if it was with difficulty, now he could not. Now, all Takashi had to do was whisper Harry's name in his 'command' voice and Harry's Omega would immediately back down.

In his foolishness, he had neutered himself. Takashi could make him do literally anything now. Harry had given him absolute power over himself and their relationship and Takashi sat there and said nothing, just continued feeding him as if nothing changed.

But why should Takashi gloat or waste time arguing? It would be pointless. He already won, hadn't he? Maybe feeding him was Takashi's way of gloating?

'He's honoring you, dunderhead.'

Harry's eyes widened at the voice in his head. Great, just great, his inner Omega decided to sit up and voice his opinion on the situation. It wouldn't be so bad if his inner Omega didn't sound so much like Snape.

'Shit up,' Harry silently snapped back to the wolf. 'This is your fault, hyping me up and pushing me to challenge him.'
'You needed to put in place, you spoiled brat.'

Harry snorted at his Omega. Thankfully, Takashi seemed oblivious to the inner turmoil Harry faced. He continued to feed Harry an enormous breakfast and once again ignoring his own needs. Once done, he packed their food away and looked at Harry expectantly.

"Would you like to remain here for the rest of the weekend or return home?" Takashi asked.

Harry's first instinct was to snap 'why are you asking me? It's not like my opinion mattered.' But he did not. It seems as if a side effect of losing the challenge was his control of the wolf slipped. His wolf was becoming more prominent, unfortunately. His 'inner conscious' was currently screaming in his ear calling him an idiot.

"Harry?" Takashi asked warily.

Harry knew he was pretty much staring through Takashi, but he couldn't help it. He wanted to talk to George, but here in England it was still Friday night after midnight or early Saturday morning. His Omega was clamoring to go back to the safety of his den. It was as if two sides of himself were warring with each other. Was this what Mitsukuni went through?

"Den," he said softly.

Takashi nodded and jumped up to get their things together and lay out their clothes. Harry watched not sure what to make of this change in their relationship. Despite being an Omega, the so called submissive, he felt he had certain freedoms in his and Takashi's relationship. Would he still fill that way?

Curious and unnerved by Takashi acting as if nothing changed Harry slipped from the bed. He disregarded the clothes Takashi set out for him and slipped on a pair of comfortable tracksuit bottoms and a hoodie. He even pulled the hood up over his head. He waited for Takashi to say something. Harry knew his mate preferred him in designer clothes, and he particularly hated it when Harry covered his head with a hoodie. Harry didn't get it. Even Atsuya, the king of alternative fashion, had agreed with Takashi when he had mentioned how weird Takashi had been about it. Atsuya said that having the hood covering your head showed you were a yazuka or some kind of criminal and made people wary of you. It seemed silly to Harry, but he stopped raising the hood when he wore hoodies, but now he raised it. He waited for Takashi to comment as he had before, but the Alpha remained quiet.

It was then Harry realized to his shame that he was probably itching for another argument and should stop trying to provoke his Alpha.

They quickly said their goodbyes to Kreacher and were off. The second they were at the penthouse, Harry crawled on the sofa and wrapped himself up in the Union Jack throw. He startled when Takashi handed him a mug of tea and a plate of pastries.

"Should I call Oshima-sensei?" Takashi asked quietly.

Harry shook his head. Oshima-sensei was a Beta, he wouldn't really understand besides he'd see him Monday anyway.

"What should I do?" Takashi asked imploringly. "What do you need?"

Harry took a sip of his tea while he thought.

"My Omega Specialist and Mitsukuni."
Takashi's eyes widened.

Thirty minutes later the short Alpha bounced in the townhouse carrying his pink bunny and plopped down next to him on the sofa.

"Harry-chan, hear your feeling down, ne?"

Harry's eyes narrowed as he glared at Takashi.

"Takashi," Mitsukuni said cheerfully. "Why don't you go wait for the healer?"

Takashi stalked off not pleased. Harry didn't know why Takashi had such a problem leaving him alone with Mitsukuni. It wasn't as if his cousin wouldn't tell him what they discussed later. Harry sighed.

"You have a strong connection to your wolf?" Harry asked once Takashi left.

"Yes. Most Alphas and Omegas only feel strong emotions from their wolves mine often speaks. Does yours?"

Harry nodded and pulled his knees up to his chest wrapping his arms around them.

"Tell me what it feels like."

Mitsukuni shrugged. "Usually, it's like someone is standing over my shoulder whispering advice in my ear."

"And the other times," Harry prompted.

"It's like I have a multiple personality disorder."

Harry snorted. Mitsukuni went on to explain some of the techniques he learned over the years to co-exist with his wolf when to listen to the wolf and when to exert his control. They talked for over an hour until Takashi walked in with the healer. His Omega Specialist was a beautiful Japanese woman in her early sixties, though like most Asians her face was free of wrinkles making her look several decades younger. Yasuda, Saori wore her hair in a short bob and dressed formally in a wool skirt suit with pearls around her neck and in her ears. After Takashi escorted the older Omega into the penthouse, the two Alphas went upstairs to the dojo.

"I hear you've had an eventful night, okosan (child)" she greeted with a smile.

The woman had a twinkle in her eyes as she ran her focus arm over his body muttering diagnosis charms. She frowned and ran the spells again before pulling out her file on him and comparing the results.

"Obasan (aunt or middle aged lady)?"

"One moment," she muttered and waved her arm again before writing down the results and flipping through the file. "Tell me what's wrong? Why have you asked for me?"

Concerned by what she may have saw, Harry explained what had happened in England that led to his and Takashi's dominance fight and the frustration he felt now not knowing where things stood with them.

The older Omega rolled her eyes. "You're wolf was right. You say you don't know where things stand between you and your Alpha, but your Alpha has already declared his intentions you just
weren't paying attention. This morning you said your Alpha catered to you and ignored his own needs, correct?"

"Yes," Harry answered hating the way the older Omega made him feel stupid.

"By doing that your Alpha affirmed his resolve to always put you and your needs before all else. That he did it after the development of a dominance bond is equally telling."

Harry felt a sharp pang in his chest as if he had just swallowed a cup of needles. He hated feeling so insignificant, being stupid and immature. It was a feeling only Neville and Snape had been able to invoke in him.

"Bloody Japanese who refuse to say what they think," he muttered grumpily.

The healer chuckled. "Maybe he was just waiting for you to take the lead."

Harry pouted and crossed his arms over his chest knowing the old healer was most likely right. He just wasn't ready to admit it yet.

"I'm actually surprised your wolf hasn't made itself known from the moment your bindings were off. Probably knew you weren't ready for it then." Curious by the healer's words Harry cocked his head in question. "People who have such a strong connection to their wolf, where their wolf actually speaks to them usually have a history of abuse, or were in situations where they battled childhood disease and were close to death or in other life threatening situations."

Harry's eyes widened. That wasn't in the books. "Oh."

She nodded. "It pays to listen to your wolf it has your best interest at heart."

Harry snorted. She didn't know his wolf, the snarky bast-rd. The healer continued her examination while explaining what he could expect from a dominance bond, most of what Harry already knew from the books.

"A dominance bond is not a slavery bond. You still have free will. It isn't as if your Alpha can walk in and tell you to go pour him a sake and you'd be force to obey. Here Harry let out a deep sigh of relief. She laughed and continued speaking. "The bond doesn't work that way. It manifests itself when you and your Alpha are having a disagreement to get you to back down. You won't suddenly think his opinion is correct, but you will find yourself no longer insisting that you're right." Here Harry scowled and she laughed. "You are really going to have to speak with your mate and work things out between the two of you, but I am more curious about these diagnostic results."

"Bad?" Harry asked bracing himself.

"No, baffling. You're in perfect health," she finished simply as if it should've been a crime to be so.

Harry frowned and cocked his head in question. "That's good right?"

"Odd. Even the most healthy have little oddities, their cholesterol is a little low or hi, maybe they're a little skinny or heavy, or have a low blood cell count. Not you. Your readings are perfect for a sixteen-year-old Omega Male from the United Kingdom and vary greatly from when I tested you at the end of July. Also, in July you were 170 cm tall. Now, two months later, you are 7 cm taller but show none of the typical awkwardness associated with a rapid growth spurt. I understand you have a strong magical core that in the past compensated for your poor health, but this is . . . amazing."

Harry's eyes widened. His mind immediately went to his visit to the island with Sou-Sofu and how
he had touched the tree of life.

"Oh."

"Yes," she nodded with a grin. "Simply amazing, never seen anything like it. I've also noticed that your body absorbs potions faster than normal wizards do. You should still have the birth control potion in your system, it's not." Harry choked and the healer laughed. "As an Omega Male, you can only become pregnant during oestrus, where an Omega Females fertility just increases."

Harry breathed a sigh of relief. They chatted for a couple more minutes before he walked her to the door. Takashi and Mitsukuni came down and Harry saw Mitsukuni jerk his taller cousin down and pat him on the head before leaving.

They were alone.

Takashi sat down next to him putting his feet in his lap. After twenty minutes of silence, where Takashi just caressed his feet, Harry cracked.

"I'm still mad," he huffed.

"Ah."

"It is my responsibility to end Dumbledore."

"It's my responsibility to take care of you," Takashi countered.

"I'm not an infant!"

"Ah," Takashi agreed solemnly, dark gray eyes bore into him. "But you're also not alone anymore. When the time comes we will face him together."

"You didn't include me," he pointed out.

"Ah. Mistake. Emotions made me loose reason."

Harry sighed. "I was a brat. Shouldn't have fought you, either time."

"Ah," Takashi grinned. "Felt bad. Let you win the first time."

Harry half-heartedly kicked him in the stomach, Takashi chuckled and reached up to grab his foot and kiss it.

"Any homework for Monday?" Takashi asked.

Harry groaned. "Ughh. Want to relax right now."

"The tickets to the magical reserve from your birthday?"

Harry blinked in surprise. "Really? Now?"

"Ah."

"Okay."

"I'll get everything ready. We'll apparate to save time."

When Harry nodded in agreement, Takashi released the breath he didn't know he held. As it turned
out, he could be patient and wait for Harry to come to him. He was determined to put his and Harry's relationship back to where it had been previously. Perhaps even make it better. He quickly got their bags and hesitantly approached Harry who unfurled himself from the nest of blankets and accepted the satchel Takashi gave him. It seemed like the Omega was finally comfortable coming out his den. And to his relief Harry decided to change clothes before they left. He really hated that hoodie.

Smiling, he led Harry to the boundary wards and apparated them to the Magical Spirits and Creature Reserve in Kyoto. The reserve consisted of an estate, two guesthouses, and several acres of land for the reserve. The nationally protected estate was teeming with magical tourists on day trips.

Harry spun around taking in the fall foliage, the bright pinks, burnt reds and greens and the mountains in the distance before turning back to look at him with a soft smile that melted Takashi's heart.

"This was a good idea Taka."

Harry was back to calling him by pet names. Before he could stop himself, Takashi reached up and caressed Harry's face running his thumb over his lips.

"Hate being scared and angry."

Harry straightened his shoulder and met Takashi's intense stare as he were staring into his soul. Harry must have approved of what he found because he relaxed.

"Me too." Harry smiled cheekily. "Of course, I still would've kicked your arse, but I would've done it differently. I won one, you won one. I suppose that's not too bad, even if the only reason you won that challenge was because I was too bloody emotional."

Takashi laughed down at his stubborn mate, relieved. His Harry was back. Most Alphas would be annoyed with an Omega like Harry Takashi was not. He was grateful. If Harry hadn't been strong willed, he wouldn't be standing next to him now.

"Ah, we were both emotional. You were in a potentially life threatening situation and I allowed my wolf to take control."

Harry snorted. "I've been in life threatening situations my entire life. I'm my calmest when I'm in life threatening situations, that didn't even register."

Takashi scowled, his thumb still caressing Harry's lip. "The people around you failed you. You've been conditioned to feel as if you need to save the world. By contrast all I need is you and you dying won't help."

"I have a prophecy to fulfill," Harry countered heatedly; "there's no guarantee I'm going to make it out of this."

"Still think like you're unmated," Takashi said with a grimace. "Don't see me as someone who will stick around." He stepped forward crowding Harry's personal space. "You are no longer Harry Potter but Harry Morinozuka. We stand or fall together."

Takashi watched as Harry's gaze skidded away from him and he bit his lower lip. Takashi sighed and backed away nodding toward the reserve entrance.

"Our guide awaits."

"Takashi," Harry whispered.
"Ah."

"I'm not used to anyone wanting to help."

"Ah."

"I'll try to adjust."

Takashi nodded, resigned. He knew the issue wasn't resolved, they were both too stubborn for that, especially Harry, but hopefully their next encounter would be less explosive and Harry would believe.

The Magical Spirits and Creatures Reserve had the typical magical creatures wizards the world over had heard of like unicorns and dragons, but other more Asian specific ones as well. Takashi watched his Omega with a smile on his face as their guide introduced them to shape-shifting animals. There were Ashi-magari, invisible kitten like creatures who liked to tangle around their legs as they tried to make them trip; Aosaginoji, birds who lit up like fluorescents; and Baku, a hybrid tiger/elephant who to Takashi's dismay took an inordinate amount of interest in Harry.

"Bad?" he sighed. He should've known.

The creature bobbed its tiger like head while lifting its trunk like nose and making a trumpet noise.

"What!" Harry exclaimed.

"He's a Baku," Takashi said. "They sense a person's nightmares and are able to ease them by eating them away." Takashi bowed respectfully to the creature. "I'd be honored if there were anything you can do to ease my mate's burden."

The creature didn't take its eyes off Harry but nodded regally dropping on its paws and scampering away.

"Takashi?"

"He'll appear in your dreams tonight and ease them. It's an honor. They don't do that often. Why haven't you mentioned your nightmares were that bad?"

"Their bad when I have them, but I don't have them often," Harry answered absently. He gasped and stopped walking, pointing in the distance an amused smile on his face. "What's that?"

Takashi reluctantly turned his back on Harry only to chuckle.

"That would catch your attention." A flash of lightning shaped like a bolt zipped through the sky. "Raiju are companions to the god of thunder. Creatures composed of lightning who shapeshift into small to medium sized animals."

They continued the tour moving onto the demons and spirits. Takashi was pleased to see Harry relax enough to enjoy himself.

"Who are they?" Harry nodded to the guards patrolling the area who had the body of a human, the head of an eagle and dressed in medieval Japanese armor.

"Karura. They were the first line of defense at the magical palace and ultimately serve the Haninoozukas, at least they did. They're a prideful, warrior species. Most magicals hire them as guards or as protection detail since we no longer have royals. Don't anger them. They feed off dragons and
snakes and have the ability to breathe fire."

"Amazing."

Once their tour finished they walked to the estate for a late lunch. Unlike the reserve, which was affordable for most visitors the estate was an exclusive resort, onsen, and spa for upper class magics. Kyoto, unlike the newer Tokyo is where old pureblood families came to see and be seen. So he shouldn't have been surprised to see Haha at a table holding court with her friends. He stiffened in the doorway.

"Takashi?" Harry asked concerned then followed his gaze. "Oh . . .. We can leave."

He didn't move. He wanted to leave, but couldn't. His gaze was riveted on his mother. Harry nodded and gripped Takashi's hand tightly as they made their way over to greet his mother and her table of friends, the wives and daughters of the more important magical families in Japan. Most of these women had been throwing their daughters at him all his life, while his mother had encouraged them despite knowing he had already been contracted.

"Haha," Takashi bowed.

Next to him, Harry bowed deeply and spoke in careful Japanese. "Okasan, you look stunning this afternoon. I love the green on you, it really brings out your complexion. I didn't know you were growing your hair out. I like it."

It took all Takashi's self-control not to do a double take at his mate.

Surprise flickered briefly across Haha's face before she nodded regally. "Musuko, Harry. Please grace us poor old ladies with your presence." She nodded to a server who brought over two more chairs.

"We would be in the way," Takashi deferred. "Plus, I have some things to discuss with Harry."


The woman was a Beta, but had an Omega daughter two years older than him. Kitagawa-san had dragged her to the estate as often as possible. Her daughter Misaki was the first Omega he had shared a heat with. She and her mother had believed he was gullible enough to believe her claims of being on birth control, before Harry he had always taken matters into his own hands. As Takashi thought about it, his mother's lack of outrage on his behalf should've been a hint that something was not right. And that Haha still allowed them into their home despite their attempts at entrapment should've been a larger clue.

"Madame," he bowed.

"I haven't seen you in ages," she greeted cheerfully, "and never had the pleasure of greeting your mate. Your bonding was such a surprise."

"Really," Harry said with fresh faced innocence as he sank gracefully in the quickly conjured chair and place setting. His mate expertly poured tea for Takashi and then himself all the while chatting cheerfully. "We've been contracted since children. But of course with me being a foreigner, I'm out of sight. But I'm happy to finally meet you now. I don't believe I've had the pleasure. Do tell me about yourself?"

Takashi watched impressed as Harry turned the tables on the old matron. He couldn't believe how skillfully he'd gotten her to reveal information on her husband's midlevel magical government
position, her unmotivated Beta son, and spoiled Omega daughter. He did it all while skillfully inserting information about his more influential wealth and qualifications all under the guise of small talk. Harry ate and conversed with such unconscious impeccable manners Takashi wondered if his Harry had been possessed.

"So do you enjoy Japan," another lady chimed in sweetly. "I could never really appreciate England, especially the magical enclave. So unrefined and barbaric compared to what I'm used to."

"You're absolutely correct," Harry replied cheerfully as he turned to Takashi and asked if he wanted more food. Harry skillfully loaded his baffled mate's plate before turning back to the woman. "Unfortunately Great Britain has been suffering from nearly continuous Civil Wars since the 1930s. Fortunately, I managed to take out one of the main instigators. While I still have some clean up to do, the country is on the mend."

"You took out!" one of the previous silent Omegas exclaimed.

"Of course," Harry replied acting a little startled at the appalled looks from his tablemates. "I am an Omega Male after all. There is a reason why I've been blessed to be so much more powerful magically than normal wizards. Even in your own great history, Omega Males have been known to be warriors and generals. Right okasan?"

It was masterfully done. Takashi bit the inside of his cheeks as Haha, unable to help herself and went into lecture mode and informed her friends of the powerful Omega Males in Japanese magical history giving the impression she agreed with Harry and saw him as an equal to the Omega Males of ancient lore.

"See, my Okaasan is brilliant isn't she." He turned back to Noji, Kyoto, who had spoken of her unpleasant visit to magical Britain. "What did you hate about your visit, maybe I can see about fixing some things."

She and the others who had visited went on a long rant about their experiences in magical England while Harry nodded along and took notes. After a while Takashi had enough.

"We'll be late."

Harry pouted. "Well, what kind of Omega would I be if I ignored my Alpha," Harry said smiling sweetly. Haha flinched slightly in response to the small dig. "I am so sorry, I have to leave you lovely ladies."

They said their goodbyes, which took several minutes before Takashi placed his hand on the small of Harry's back and lead him out the front door of the estate. When they got outside Harry pulled away and did a little dance.

"Who rocked it," Harry sang as he did a little jig. "Harry rocked it. I am the best, the greatest, Harry James Potter!"

Harry pretended he was a plane and zoomed around the courtyard. Takashi couldn't hold back his chuckle, pleased to see his Omega in a good mood. Harry grinned and jumped up into his arms wrapping his legs around Takashi's waist and forcing Takashi to hold on to Harry so he didn't slip and fall.

Takashi flushed looking about at the people staring. "Harry."

Harry smirked and jumped down. Takashi grabbed Harry's hand and quickly apparated them to a quiet spot outside their building. Now that they were alone, Harry jumped up and kissed him before
pulling back and squeezing Takashi's hand.

"You good?"

Takashi's face closed off. He felt Harry's arms around his waist. Takashi held his mate tight and breathed in his Omega's scent.

"No." He shuddered. "Harry?"

"Mmm?"

"Would you mind visiting the compound with me? I need to talk to my father."

Harry took a deep breath, and backed away. "Go ahead and go. I'll be at the penthouse waiting for you to come back."

"Harry?"

Harry bit his lip and shook his head. "This is something you need to do yourself. I'll be here when you get back or if you need to stay the night, that's okay too."

"I'm coming back," Takashi said tugging on the little fringe on Harry's head. "You're first."

Harry came up and kissed him. "You're important too. Sometimes, I need to remember that. Go, don't worry about me. Maybe I'll even do some homework."

Takashi leaned forward and nibbled on Harry's lips. "I'll be back."

Takashi turned on his heel and disapparated arriving in front of the family estate and walked in making his way to his father's office. His father and grandfather were inside as his grandparents had moved back into the estate after Haha left. They were on a conference call arguing with an American whole seller. Takashi plopped down on the sofa, stretching his body out as he waited for them to finish. After about twenty minutes, they hung up from the call.

"Did everything go okay in England? Where's Harry?" His grandfather Raiden asked.

"Penthouse."

"Is everything okay?"

Takashi shrugged. His father and grandfather exchange looks and within the next five minutes managed to squeeze out everything that had happened between he and Harry.

"Dominance bond," Chichi said in disbelief. "Harry? Your Harry?"

Takashi shrugged and Chichi chuckled.

"Good luck with that."

Takashi rolled his eyes.

"Well, I can't pretend to understand Alpha/Omega dynamics," he grandfather began, "but pheromones aside, the bottom line is you're married to another man. He's right. You're not letting him be a man. You two are going to have to learn how to work together, him to trust and you to let go."

"Ah."
"You are going to have to learn when to fight your wolf," his father said. "You usually have much more control over yourself that you don't when your around Harry is very telling."

Takashi flushed and rolled over on the couch and stared up at the ceiling so he didn't have to see his father and grandfather's snickers. Hearing them was bad enough.

"I saw Haha when I took Harry to the reserve today," he said once they finally got the teasing out their system. "When are you going to make the separation public? It was obvious no one knew."

"I was trying to save you and your siblings from the backlash."

"At the risk of Haha still being able to forward her agenda?" Takashi casually asked, still not meeting their gazes.

"As far as the company is concerned, I've already changed everything so she gets nothing and you and children cannot adjust or alter her allowance either so she can't manipulate you or your emotions in that way. On the other end, your brother and sister are far too hurt to really trust her again and I doubt that you would be stupid enough to—"

"Akira!" Grandfather snapped.

Takashi sighed. He almost had it. He shouldn't have tried. Harry was rubbing off on him.

"How was your mother, how did she act," Chichi asked after a moment, his face red.

"As if nothing had happened," Takashi told them. "Harry won over Haha's little group, he had them eating out his hand."

Raiden frowned. "Is that why you're so possessive of Harry, because you think he would act like your mother?"

"Harry?" Takashi said surprised sitting up to lean back against the couch cushions to look at his grandfather. He smirked. "Unlike Haha, every thought, every feeling Harry has shows across his face and comes out his mouth two seconds later whether you're ready to hear it or not. If he's not ready, you just have to wait two minutes, thirty at the most." Takashi smiled thinking of this morning.

"I'm glad you're happy," Akira said a little wistfully.

"The mysterious Omega you knew before Haha?" Takashi asked curiously.

Chichi snorted. "Happily mated to a man who had the balls to tell her how he really felt and backed up his words with actions."

"Oh." Takashi figured it was naive for him to think she would've been sitting around waiting for his dad.

They chatted for a few minutes before there was a knock on the door and Hoshimi walked in, plopped down next to him, and gave him a hug.

"Where's Harry?"

"Not good enough?"

"Not when you're causing me trouble at school."
"Me?"

Hoshimi laughed and snuggled into his side. "Now that my Alpha brother has mated, I don't have as many Omega friends as I once had."

Takashi scowled. "Vultures."

"I learned there are only three girls in my school who actually like me for me," Hoshimi shrugged. "I'm thinking of transferring to Ouran when I reach high school."

"It'll be the same at Ouran."

Hoshimi sighed. "I have some time to decide. Why are you here without Harry, business?"

"Ran into Haha."

"Oh," Hoshimi looked solemn for a few moments before she got determined glint in her eye. "I want to see her, I think we all should go visit."

"Are you sure?" Chichi asked.

Hoshimi nodded. "I never got to talk to her. I don't have closure and I don't think Takashi or Satoshi do either."

Takashi nodded. "She's right."

"I'll arrange it."

Satoshi and his grandmother walked into the room. Grandmother saw him, looked around the room expectedly before sighing in disappointment.

"You came without Harry."

Takashi saw where he stood with his family.
Invasions

Chapter Twenty-Five: Invasions

Saturday 23rd of September, 2006 – Tokyo Metropolis, City of Minato, Moto-Azabu District, Tokyo Japan

Being an orphan Harry dealt with loneliness and the constant question of what if every day of his life. What if his parents hadn't died? What if they had told Dumbledore to go screw himself and took him out the country as a baby? Sometimes the loneliness and wondering were manageable, sometimes it was like a punch in the gut. Like right now. Breathing was hard and he laid curled in a ball in the middle of his and Takashi's platform bed.

The feeling of despair had come out of nowhere, well sort of. Takashi had been sad. Harry had felt his mate's emotions as surely as if he had been standing in front of him holding cue cards. Takashi needed his family. Harry didn't begrudge him that truly he didn't. But then Harry had walked in the penthouse and saw Hedwig being sweet and lovely with her family and it hit him. The loneliness, the wanting to belong . . . and he cried.

That led to this. Lying curled in a ball the three Deathly Hallows gripped in his hands. Being the possessor of the Deathly Hallows supposedly made one the Master of Death. Did that mean Harry was now immortal? He didn't want to be immortal. Being immortal meant living forever. Living forever meant he'd never get to see his parents or Sirius again. Living forever meant he'd have to watch Takashi grow old and die, not to mention any kids they'd have. That would be hell. He hoped it wasn't true.

Harry didn't feel different, immortal. Harry opened his palm and looked at the stone, knowing it would give him answers. Knowing this was the real reason he dragged out the Hallows. He needed to know, needed to see them. Holding the stone tight in his hands, he thought deeply. Harry thought of his family, of comfort, of guidance. He turned the stone three times.

The lights in the bedroom shimmered briefly the temperature dropped. Four figures suddenly appeared at the foot of his bed. His Mum, Dad, Sirius, and a man dressed in a medieval tunic that fell to his knees with leggings underneath. Harry jerked upright in bed, afraid to take his eyes off his parents. They were staring at him as well, tears in their eyes. No one spoke. Harry was shocked that it actually worked.

Harry felt the bed depress as if someone sat on it. Harry's gaze swerved to Sirius who plopped on the bed with a wide grin on his face. They weren't translucent like ghosts, they had a form, but it was shimmery as if they were fading in and out. And they looked beautiful, especially Sirius who had still been damaged by his time in Azkaban. It appeared as if Sirius and his parents would forever appear as when they were at their healthiest and happiest. Harry reached out and placed a hesitant hand on Sirius's knee. It felt cold and clammy, the texture was not normal; not solid, but stretched as if it were shaped with Play-Doh.

"Weird."

"You're telling me, I feel weird," Sirius answered. "Like I'm dead."

"You are dead Pads," Dad said with an eye roll though his gaze never left Harry's as he too sat on the bed.
"Yeah, right," Sirius shrugged.

Mum rolled her eyes and gracefully climbed atop the bed as well. "You two."

Sirius and Dad grinned unrepentantly. Harry couldn't help grinning as well. This was awesome.

"So pup how have you been," Sirius asked smirking. "I see the plan worked. Every time I try to pop in and check up on you, you're doing things that make my eyes burn." He leered. "So your Alpha is treating you well."

Harry's flushed so bright he was surprised he didn't combust.

"Sirius!" Mum snapped through her giggles.

"I am glad you're happy," Dad said. "I always knew you would need the protection if things didn't work out, but I felt like a hypocrite arranging your marriage when I was free to fall in love with your mother."

"So you did marry for love!"

"Of course!" Dad exclaimed surprised.

"Toe rag," Mum said fondly to Dad before smiling at Harry. "Are you happy?"

Harry flushed. "I can't imagine being with anyone else or anyone else putting up with me except Takashi."

"Grandbabies!" Mum clapped.

Harry put his hand to his stomach. "Someday. Everything is so confusing. I wish you were here to guide me."

Mum placed her hand over Harry's heart. "We are here. Stop dwelling on the past and what could have been that's a waste of time and energy. You have a bright future, focus on that and developing your own family."

"Have to get rid of Dumbledore first," Harry muttered.

Mum's eyes narrowed and she began ranting under her breath, though she could clearly still be heard, of all the things she was going to do to Dumbledore once Harry slammed his sword into his heart and sent him to the other side. Mum was so inventive that Harry found himself giggling, tears pouring down his face as he tried to reign himself in. No one told him how bloodthirsty his Mum was, even Dad and Sirius were backing away from her.

Dad effectively deflected Mum's tirade by asking Harry about his life, friends, likes, dislikes and Takashi that got them all talking. It was the best conversation of his life. However, the longer they talked the more he noticed how they huddled together shivering and they were fading in and out more frequently.

"Guys," he asked worriedly.

"We don't belong in this world."

Harry nearly jumped out of his skin at the sound of the deep voice next to his ear. He swung around to the medieval man who was fingering the chenille blanket draped on the bed with a look of intense curiosity on his face. Harry had totally forgotten he had arrived as well.
"What do you mean?"

"We do not belong," repeated the man who looked as if he escaped a renaissance fair said. "The more we stay the less we become."

"You look fine," Harry said suspiciously.

"They have interacted more."

Harry flushed guiltily. He was correct. "Oh. Who are you?"

"Ignotus Peverall."

Harry gasped. "My ancestor who death gave the Cloak of Invisibility too!"

His ancestor stared at him incredulously. "That drunken tale of Antioch's is still going around after all these centuries?"

Now that he thought of it, it did appear silly.

"What really happened?"

"I'm a furrier," his ancestor said in a heavy melodic voice. "My brothers and I were hunting and came across a magical creature in the woods we had never seen before, then or since. Not a thestral, but similar, had heavier coat, but had the same air of death about it. It also turned invisible, despite all of us having seen death. It would flicker in and out, as we are doing now. Made it difficult to track and kill it."

"If it was so rare of a creature why did you kill it?"

Ignotus stared at him as if he were touched in his head. "Food and clothing of course. I took the pelt and my wife and I weaved the cloak. Antioch, a carpenter took some feathers to see if he could craft a wand. Cadmus, an Omega who had just lost his Alpha took the meat to feed his family. He happened upon the stone in the bones, discovered its properties by accident." He shrugged. "It was unusual the gifts the animal gave us, but not unheard of. Magical creatures have magical properties."

Harry gaped at the man, his story was very different from what everyone had believed, until the truth sunk in and he sighed in relief. "So being the possessor of the hallows doesn't make one death's master."

Ignotus rolled his eyes. "Antioch was a typical Alpha braggart. He spread that story of us battling death. As with such tales it grew and evolved with each telling as storytellers went from village to village proclaiming the three brothers who evaded death. There is some truth. Because of tales, Antioch was murdered and the wand stolen, but not until many years later. The stone did make Cadmus crazy. He used it too much, kept pining for his wife who was an echo of herself." Ignotus sighed. "Cadmus killed himself after I wrestled the stone from him after he refused to let his mate go. Left me and my wife to raise his kids." He nodded to Harry's family. "They are fading, you are trying to hold on too tightly. Don't be like Cadmus. Let them go."

Tears in his eyes, Harry looked at his family, his fingers tightening on the stone.

"It's hard!"

"Pup, you don't need a stone to know we love you. You'll be fine. Live life to the fullest," Sirius said with a grin.
"Love deeply," Dad added.

"Smile everyday," his Mum said with a smile. "And make someone smile everyday as well."

Harry nodded, tears in his eyes. "I love you."

"Love you," they echoed.

Harry dropped the stone. His family slowly faded out of view. Fractured, Harry collapsed back in
the bed, curled into a ball, and sobbed so hard he wondered if he'd choke to death. Honestly, right now,
he didn't care if he did.

Harry awoke to find his head in Takashi's lap, his mate's hand rubbing his scalp. Harry jerked
upright and patted the bed down frantically searching for the stone.

"Put them away."

He nodded sharply and sunk back down in Takashi's lap wiping at his eyes. "Hide it from me."

Takashi slid down so they were level with each other and pulled Harry into his arms so Harry's head
rested on his mate's chest. "Closure?"

"Sort of. It's an addiction. It was hard to let go and the minute I did, I wanted another ten minutes. I
wanted to keep talking despite the toll I knew it would take on them. There was so much I forget to
ask or say," he said with a hiccup. "I can see how people went crazy using the stone. I wanted to
hold on to that stone more than I wanted anything else in my life. So selfish of me. I didn't care what
happened to them or me, if only I could've had them for a little while longer."

Takashi sighed and held him a little tighter. "But you let go."

"I shouldn't have used it," Harry stuttered through his tears. "Especially now. I didn't know how bad
it was going to affect me. You're going through your own thing right now and here I am upsetting
you, making you focus on me instead of your pain. It's just . . . when it was obvious how much you
needed the comfort of your family, I . . . ."

"Wanted yours."

Harry nodded against Takashi's chest and wrapped his arms tight around his mate's chest to anchor
himself. They stayed like that until the doorbell rang.

Takashi sighed and untangled himself. "Dinner."

Once Takashi left Harry didn't want to be cooped up in the bedroom alone so he came downstairs
and turned on the wireless Takashi gifted him for his birthday. He found a broadcast analyzing the
upcoming Quidditch season at the end of November. They were going over the lineup of various
teams and stating their strengths and weaknesses. It made Harry realize he hadn't been on his broom
in months.

"You could fly out at the estate."

Harry smiled gratefully as Takashi set out their dinner. They didn't speak much, Harry just wasn't in
the mood, and he felt awful about it. After dinner, they cleaned up and Harry sat on the sofa staring
blankly at the telly trying to decipher the Japanese coming from people speaking at different speeds
and cadences. Groups always got to him. Understanding someone, one on one was fine for the most part, but in groups, he was lost. Takashi sat next to him reading a book.

"I'm sorry," Harry said sometime later.

Takashi looked up from his book and arched an eyebrow.

"I didn't know using the stone would affect me so. I didn't even plan on using it until I walked into the apartment and everything hit me. I'm in my own little world now, when I should be focusing on you and what you're dealing with your mum."

"Normal to long for family." Takashi pulled Harry in his arms and kissed the top of his head. "Not the same but you have me and my family. Our family actually. First thing, everyone wanted to know was where's Harry. Won't let me in the door without you again."

Harry chuckled and snuggled into Takashi.

"What happened?"

"Chichi is going to announce the dissolution of their bond in the next couple days. He's also going to arrange a private meeting with Haha, me, Satoshi, and Hoshimi. Will you come?"

"Of course. Do you think you'll get your answers?"

"About the true reason they separated? No. About why Haha used us? Probably not. Haha's not the type to admit to mistakes. She'll act as nothing happened." He sighed. "Haha always pushed us to be the best, but so does Chi Chi. Assumed her reasons were the same as Chi Chi's that she loved us and demanded we live up to the responsibility of being a Morinozuka. Now, I wonder if we were just status symbols."

Harry straddled his mate's lap, nuzzled his neck, and released pheromones hoping to soothe and arouse his mate. As he scraped his teeth against Takashi's neck, Harry wished he could leave his own claiming mark on his mate.

"You're stronger because of the way you were raised, and we'll know what to do and what not to do with ours when we have them."

Harry tilted Takashi's neck and bit hard causing his Alpha to moan. He pulled his Alpha's shirt over his head and began playing with his nipples.

"So, think I can make you forget, maybe even lose control? I like it when you lose control?"

Takashi hissed. "Try."

"Challenge accepted."

Harry bent his head and began attacking Takashi's sensitive nipples, which lead to much more pleasanter activities.

With everything that happened that day, Harry forgot Takashi had asked the creature to come and relieve his nightmares. So, he was surprised when a rather pleasant dream of him speaking to his parents suddenly morphed to Uncle Vernon throwing him into the cupboard where he fell and broke his arm. The baku appeared at the edge of the dream and used his tusk to sweep the nightmare away. The baku went through the worst of his recurring nightmares, including some of the worst incidents he had absorbed from Voldemort batting everything away. Once all the nightmares were gone, he
had a very pleasant dream that seemed more like a vision. It was summer and he was in the ideal English garden. Takashi was there as well kicking a football. Harry chased after Takashi trying to stop him from reaching the goal set up across the garden. He almost had him before four toddlers tackled them from behind. The group of them went crashing to the ground giggling, Takashi turning and grabbing him, cushioning him making sure he took the brunt of the fall. It was then Harry noticed the slight rounding of his stomach. He was pregnant again. As everyone laid tangled in a pile laughing, a cute little girl who had inherited his green eyes stole the ball and made the goal. Definitely a future Slytherin. Harry was spellbound. He could feel the other Harry's happiness, peace. Still asleep, his hands went automatically to his stomach as he slipped into the deepest, most peaceful sleep of his life.

Takashi awoke to the doorbell ringing, his cell phone going off, and the sound of several fists banging on his front door. Opening his eyes, he found himself wrapped in Harry's arms, his mate was in such a deep sleep that the loud noise didn't even cause him to twitch. It was then Takashi remember the baku and rushed to throw clothes on and make his way to the door before the noise disturbed his mates hard earned rest.

It didn't take a genius to figure out who was disturbing their peace.

The moment he opened the front door, Tamaki and the rest of the hosts tumbled into the genkan.

"Where's Auntie?" Tamaki called picking himself off the floor and looking around. "You're keeping Auntie from us."

Takashi rolled his eyes. "Sleeping."

"Wore him out?" Kyoya smirked as he gracefully rose as well.

Takashi glared at Kyoya. "Nightmares."

The sails went out of everyone and they looked extremely guilty.

"Sorry senpai," Haruhi said. "We can leave."

Takashi shook his head and turned to lead the way to into the penthouse. The distraction of the Host Club and their brand of silliness would be good for them both. "Hungry?"

"We could eat," Kyoya said. "Tamaki got us up early as usual."

Takashi nodded and went into the kitchen. Scavenging around in the stasis cabinet, he found scrambled eggs, ham, sweet potato home fries, as well as cinnamon rolls. He used magic to make it appear as if he did more than just pull things out of a cabinet, before walking out carrying trays to the table. Tamaki squealed dramatically and snatched up the Tales of Beedle the Bard with its moving picture on the front cover from the table before Kyoya could grab and inspect the book.

"Oh, Maman had a copy of this in French of course. She used to read it to me. Is this a special edition, the cover is a hologram."

Bless Tamaki. Takashi was going to ignore every bad thought he'd ever had about the obnoxious blond.

"Ah. Be careful, it's precious to Harry."
Takashi set the trays of food down and then took the book from Tamaki and turned away from everyone before muttering a spell to keep the pictures from moving before joining his friends.

"Harry still has nightmares?"

Takashi looked up surprised at the concerned tone in Hikaru's voice, he was about the only one of the Hosts who hadn't warmed up to Harry.

"Ah."

"We have to go somewhere to make Auntie smile! Auntie likes to make stuff." Tamaki bounced up and down in his seat as a revelation hit him. "Commoners Day Out at Takumi no Sato!"

Everyone looked to Takashi who nodded. It was actually a good idea. With Takashi's silent agreement, Kyoya pulled out his phone and laptop and began making plans. They were still in planning mode when Harry stumbled downstairs wearing sleep pants and a t-shirt with an English punk band on the front. He had a dazed expression on his face and blinked in confusion upon finding his home invaded before stumbling in the kitchen without speaking a word.

Everyone looked to Takashi concerned.

"Mori-senpai?" Haruhi asked confused.

Takashi shrugged. "Caffeine."

Everyone smiled relieved. Takashi rose from his seat and went into the kitchen to see Harry glaring down at the kettle as if that alone would make the water boil faster. Takashi reached over to the potion cabinet and handed Harry an energy potion, which he quickly downed and immediately perked up.

"How was it?"

"Weird," his Omega softly answered. "Very emotional but I feel lightheaded like I just finished sorting through my memories for occlumency."

"Worth it?"

Harry smiled and Takashi noticed that the weight of the world seemed to be lifted from his shoulders. Takashi pulled Harry him in a hug and kiss before pulling away.

"What are you in the mood for?"

"Fruit, porridge, fruit, and croissants. I'll make the porridge."

Takashi nodded and went to prepare the plate while Harry made the porridge and downed the tea he poured in an oversized mug before immediately fixing another.

"Taka?" Harry said quietly.

"Ah."

"Do Baku give visions?"

Takashi turned to Harry and found himself caught by the wishful look on his face.

"Ah. In a sense. Baku replace the bad dreams with a good one. Some who have been visited by
Baku say that the good dreams are always a vision of the future and most reported that the vision eventually came true."

"Oh." His mate had a wistful smile on his face.

"What was your vision about?" Takashi asked curiously unable to help himself, especially seeing the look of longing on Harry's face.

Harry smiled mysteriously. "A football match."

Still smiling, Harry grabbed the tray and left the kitchen. Takashi knew there was more to the story, but didn't push. Baku visions were highly personal.

"Umm, you guys do realize its 7:00 on a Sunday morning?" Harry asked the hosts as he sat at the table and took a large gulp of tea. "Who's awake this early on Sunday?"

"Tamaki," they all chorused.

Harry snorted.

"The cars will be here in thirty minutes," Kyoya said pushing up his sunglasses.

"Cars?"

"We're taking you out today Auntie," Tamaki cried. "Mori-senpai hogs you. We never get to see you."

Harry frowned. "I have history, math, and science homework to turn in the morning."

"Separate cars," Takashi said. "Work in car?"

Harry nodded in agreement. Thirty minutes later, they were dressed and sliding into a car with Takashi and Mitsukuni. By the time they reached the artesian village in the Gunma Prefecture Harry had finished his math and completed his reading for science.

The moment they stepped outside the vehicle, he knew the journey was worth it, from the look on Harry's face as he saw the street lined with traditional storefronts on either side. His Omega literally glowed with excitement. Tamaki arrived and dragged Harry off, the both of them chattering excitedly over which place they wanted to visit first.

"You seem surprisingly okay with another Alpha going off with your mate," Kyoya said as the rest of the hosts approached his side.

"No lust in his eyes, unlike others," Takashi answered with a pointed stare at Kyoya.

The twins guffawed and even Haruhi lifted her hand to her mouth to hide her giggles.

"Tamaki prefers the female form, while I appreciate beauty in all forms," Kyoya said with a smirk as he slid his glasses up on his face.

"Death wish," Takashi glared.

"Kyoya!" Harry screeched from several meters away from where he and Tamaki stood in front of a shop with a window lined with glassware. "What did I tell you about teasing my mate! Come on, we decided to do glass etching first!"
For the rest of the morning Harry and Tamaki dragged them to the various shops lining the village street. They etched glass, did woodworking, painted facemasks, dyed cloth. Takashi also found himself regulated to being Harry's bag boy as his Omega went a little crazy buying any trinket that caught his attention. Since Harry rarely spent money, Takashi was pleased to see his mate having fun and enjoying himself.

Near lunch, they stopped at a soba shop, where they got instructions on how to make soba noodles from scratch. Then the noodles they made were prepared in an excellent Nanban broth with chicken and vegetables. Harry and Haruhi had a fun time stalking the workers in the kitchen to see their techniques on how they prepared different soba dishes for the customers. From the way Harry's eyes gleamed upon his return, Takashi knew he'd be eating different varieties of soba for the next week or two as Harry perfected his recipes.

After lunch, they went apple picking. Takashi was on the other side of the vine with Tamaki and Haruhi when he saw Hikaru approach Harry. He held out his hand indicating that the Tamaki and Haruhi should be quiet so he could eavesdrop.

"You don't like me much, but you like Kaoru." Hikaru said.

"Yeah." Harry shrugged. "That'll probably change once I get to know you. There must be a reason Takashi likes to hang out with you. After all, I thought Tamaki was a nut case when I first met him . . . well, I still think he's a nut case, but I like him better once I got to spend more time with him. Maybe it'll be the same with you."

Next to him, Tamaki was grinning like an idiot, but Hikaru only looked confused.

"How can you like Kaoru and not me?"

"I don't know you well, but from what I've seen you tend to act like a self-centered bully and Kaoru doesn't, he's just self-centered."

"We are the same."

Harry snorted. "You two may be identical twins but you aren't the same person. As the oldest and the more dominate twin you usually bully and manipulate Kaoru into your way of thinking and he gives in because he loves you."

"I do not."

Harry shrugged. "You asked my opinion, I answered. Think about it and remember life does not revolve around you. Maybe you should learn to see Kaoru as an individual rather than an extension of yourself. You and Kaoru aren't the only ones who bad things have happened too, heck there are several in the group right now who have harder struggles than you. Get over yourself."

Harry turned back to the tree to continue picking fruit. Later when he saw how Tamaki was grating on Haruhi's nerves, he took her hand, pulled her away from everyone, and continued picking with her. Harry sniffed and grinned pleased when he realized Haruhi was wearing the perfume he brought her back from Germany.

"Poor Takashi," Harry told Haruhi. "He's going to be eating apples and soba for weeks!"

"So is my father," Haruhi said with a laugh.

"So tell me what's been going on with school and the Hosts," Harry encouraged. "As you can imagine Takashi isn't the best storyteller."
Haruhi chuckled and gave him the full story of what happened during Mitsukuni's battle with Yasuchika and when a group of nutcases from Ouran's rival Lobelia Academy kidnapped her and other little tidbits of the Hosts' antics.

"I often feel as if I'm the rope in a game of tug of war."

Harry snorted. "You know how I feel. You are going to have to stand up for yourself when they go too far. From what I've gathered from Takashi's comments, the guys basically use your so-called debt as an excuse to manipulate you into not stressing over school and have fun with them."

Haruhi's eyes widened. "Sounds like them."

He smirked. "That doesn't mean you can't reign them in when they go too far, don't let their craziness impede your dreams for your future."

Haruhi smiled and wrapped her arm around Harry's waist.

"How are your studies going?"

Harry grinned. "Amazing. I can't believe how interesting learning can be when you're not drugged." Harry caught a glimpse of some mountains in the distance and squealed. "Ooo, we definitely have to explore that."

"Not me, I'm not hiking."

Harry pouted and went over Takashi and pointed to the mountains.

"Make everyone come and explore."

Takashi chuckled. "You're happy."

Harry smiled. "Yes. This was a good idea."

"Good." Takashi smiled. "I like it when you're happy."

Harry stopped and looked at Takashi, his eyes moist. "I'm not good enough for you."

"You're the only one for me." Takashi said solemnly.

Harry looked around hating the fact they weren't alone. He was shocked when Takashi pulled him in his arms and kissed him. When they pulled apart Harry stared at his Alpha wide eyed but Takashi only returned to everyone leaving Harry to scramble after him with a smile on his face.

Their life settled into a routine. Takashi nudged him awake before dawn, dressed him in workout clothes, and then pushed him in the bathroom while Takashi went down to prepare Harry's morning tea and an espresso for himself. Then the car arrived to take them to the dojo. Harry warmed up with the group before they went their separate ways. On Mondays, Wednesday, and Fridays he trained with Mitsukuni and on Tuesday and Thursdays, he had Japanese magical history and magical combat with Sou-Sofu. When they left the dojo, he and Takashi dressed and ate breakfast before Mitsukuni's driver arrived to take Takashi to school. Kaori usually arrived for work right after Takashi left.

Once Kaori arrived, she went to work in the office upstairs while Harry had his lessons at the dining room table, but today he stopped her before she could go upstairs.
"I have another project for you."

Kaori groaned and slumped in the seat across from him pulling out a steno pad. "For someone who claims to be clueless about the business world you sure are turning into a mini mogul."

"I hire good people."

Harry slid over a piece of the apple braid bread he baked that morning along with a glass of cider. She devoured it in three bites and held out her plate and glass for more.

"Charmer. Hit me."

Grinning, he gave her more food to soften her up before he continued. "You'll need Sadao for this. In London, the entrance to the magical shopping center from the non-magical world is a dingy tavern, which puts off many foreign visitors. I want to create a new entrance more easily accessible and not as dodgy for families of first generation magicals and foreigners. I was thinking of building another inn with a twenty-four hour diner/bakery on the ground floor. There could be the non-magical side up front, magical side in the back with an entrance to Diagon Alley. Thought it should tie in with the inns we're already working on. Do you think it would be cool if we had a lavish buffet with rotating chefs like Japanese, Thai, Chinese, English, French, and other different cuisines?"

"I'll do some research and talk to Sadao. Your staff will have to be magical, squibs, or non-magicals aware of magic."

"That's okay. At least they'll have options, there aren't a lot of career options in England."

Harry froze as he felt an electrical jolt shot though his body, which let him know there was a disturbance to the wards. Someone with evil intent had just entered the property.

"Go upstairs and press the emergency button to lock yourself in. Then call my guards and the magical police," he snapped at Kaori.

Kaori's eyes widened as she raced upstairs. Harry stood and took deep calming breaths wondering who was coming at least he had the advantage. The way that the wards were constructed, the intruders wouldn't know they had been discovered. The penthouse was deceptive and appeared as if it only had non-magical security with a few anti-apparation wards. He felt two magicals on the way. Takashi should be here shortly for backup if needed. He was tied to the wards as well and would've felt the disturbance.

The doorbell rang. Harry made sure the notice me not charm was on his daggers before going to the door. Placing a cheerful smile on his face, he opened the front door and found two men in front of him. Despite appearances, not one was Kanasugi-sensei, his math tutor.

"Sensei," Harry said speaking in Japanese despite suspecting his intruders were English. "Who did you bring with you?"

Wands were raised against him, but thanks to his training, he was quicker. Harry ducked down and barreled into the fake Sensei, which caused the other to stumble. He broke wand arms and tied them up before floating them into the genkan where he silenced them and stuck them to the wall. Harry sat in the sofa in the genkan and calmly snapped their wands to their looks of abject horror. It was really sad how addicted European wizards were to their wands.

There were several sharp cracks of apparition as Takashi blasted through the anti-apparation wards and rushed in with Mitsukuni and his guards who also must have been alerted to the disturbance. Harry waved merrily to show he was okay but that didn't stop Takashi from pulling him into a fierce
embrace and kiss.

"I'm waiting for the poly juice to wear off. I hope Sensei is okay. Can you check on him?" he asked
the guards pulling back from Takashi's tight embrace. "Takashi go get a vial of veritaserum then tell
Kaori we're alright but to stay in the office to be on the safe side. Might want to call your family as
well. You never know."

Takashi nodded shakily, gave Harry one last kiss, and rose to do his bidding.

Mitsukuni chuckled. "Good way to keep him busy."

"Trying a new method. If I take charge right away hopefully he won't have time to go into Alpha
Bear mode and piss me off," Harry said with a smirk. "Did he panic?"

"We were in the club room going through our readings before classes when his head snapped up and
he screamed Harry. I grabbed him before he could apparate without me. Unfortunately, Tamaki and
Kyoya were in the room so the cats out the bag with Kyoya and Tamaki now knows Takashi is a
wizard where before he just assumed you were." Mitsukuni shrugged. "At least Tamaki will give our
excuses to our sensei."

Harry sighed. "Text them that you'll murder them if they blab and invite them to dinner tonight for
explanations."

Mitsukuni grinned and pulled out his mobile. After a couple minutes, he chuckled and put his phone
away.

"Tama-chan is happy you're okay and ecstatic he no longer has to act stupid when fielding off
Kyoya's endless questions."

Takashi returned and handed Harry the vial of veritaserum. "The Junsa are on their way. So are
Chichi, grandfather, and Sou-sofu."

Harry nodded. "We might as well wait so everyone hears the story at once. I invited Kyoya and
Tamaki to dinner."

Tamaki flinched. "I panicked."

Harry only smiled and patted the space next to him. The door opened and Harry's in laws walked in
immediately pulling Harry into a hug. Takashi's grandfather sat on the sofa and pulled Harry on his
lap hugging him as the older Alphas kept close to Takashi to keep him from going feral and attacking
the ones who attempted to hurt Harry. There was another knock on the door and four officers walked
in. Their leader came and bowed to Harry.

"I am Yagahashi, Ikuto, Assistant Inspector. My sister . . ."

"Still in the safe room," Harry reassured quickly. The other man nodded in relief. "You're aware of
my history?"

Yagahashi-san nodded. The officers patted down the intruders and ran magical scans collecting a
large pile of counterfeit magical items like illegal international port keys. As the officers were
removing the items, the poly juice wore off and he was looking at Minerva McGonagall and
Emmeline Vance. Harry gasped and felt himself tearing up on the further proof that McGonagall
never gave a damn about him like he had assumed. Yagahashi looked at him expectedly.

"Two of the most devoted servants of the man who had manipulated and abused me my entire life.
I'd like to know what they did to my tutor."

One of his guards stepped forward and bowed. "We found Kanasugi-san hidden in an alleyway outside his apartment under the body-bind curse. He is back in his apartment and is fine, though annoyed that he has missed whatever you have cooked for him today." The man chuckled. "I'm to deliver your completed homework to him then he'll gave me assignments for you to work on tonight."

Harry let out a relieved breath. Kaori's brother stepped forward and pulled out a recorder. Speaking Japanese, he gave a quick rundown on the situation, where he was at, and that he was now attempting to question the suspects in an attack and suspected kidnapping.

"Full name and date and birth," he questioned in slightly accented English.

"Minerva McGonagall, 4th of October, 1935," the professor answered in the deep monotone that indicated one was under the potion.

"Address?"

"1 High Street, Dunnet Head Bough, Caithness, Scotland."

"Did you enter Japan by an illegal unauthorized international portkey?"

"Yes."

"Who created the illegal port key for your use?"

Professor McGonagall seemed to struggle with that answer before finally spitting out the answer clearly under duress. "Albus Dumbledore."

Harry grinned. One other item to add to the man's crimes. Harry saw Takashi write a quick note and hand it to the inspector.

"Tell me the whereabouts of Albus Dumbledore."

She glared at the inspector. "I do not know."

"Where was Albus Dumbledore when he gave you the illegal portkey."

"My home."

"Do you know where Albus Dumbledore resides."

"It varies."

Harry could feel Kaori's brother getting annoyed by her vague answers. "Tell me the locations that you are aware of."

"One is under fidelius charm. He sometimes stays with myself, his brother, or other Order of the Phoenix members."

"Give me the names of the people he stays with and their locations."

"Myself, in Caithness, Elphais Doge in Halstead, Emmeline Vance in Portree, and Alastor Moody in Ottery St. Catchpole."
"Did Albus Dumbledore request you come to Japan and seek out Harry Morinozuka?"

"No."

Harry frowned at that, he exchanged a glance with Takashi, which made his Alpha lean forward and press another note to the inspector.

"What was Albus Dumbledore's involvement in you coming to Japan?"

"He created the portkey and was present at the meeting when we discussed ideas of getting Potter back to England."

"Who else beside yourself and Albus Dumbledore were present at that meeting?"

Professor McGonagall gave a list of the normal suspects and some he hand never heard of. He was pleased to see Takashi taking extensive notes.

"What was your purpose of coming to Japan and searching out Harry Morinozuka?"

"To detain him and bring him back to England."

"For what purposes?"

"He is needed for the revolution."

"What revolution?" Yagahashi asked with a frown.

"The world is in chaos," McGonagall as always sounding like a parrot of Dumbledore. "It is time that the wizards came out of hiding and help shape the world into a new era of peace and stability."

"And Morinozuka-san's place in this revolution?" Yagahashi-san asked looking as if he couldn't wait to through McGonagall into a sanatorium.

"Unfortunately, he is considered a leader by others in our society. His presence will make others who are unsure rally to our cause. Our goals will be difficult to achieve without him on our side."

"And kidnapping an unwilling man will help him agree with your cause?" Yagahashi asked skeptically. "What means do you plan to get Morinozuka-san to be a rallying point for your cause?"

Takashi's father and grandfather had to hold Takashi down as McGonagall described the plans they had for him once he was in custody. Yagahashi quickly concluded the interview and turned to Emmaline Vance, her answers pretty much mirrored McGonagall's. Once he finished the interrogations, Yagahashi-san took them into custody. Yagahashi-san said they had to appear before the Magical Diet, which was conveniently headed by Takashi's uncle. He expected them to spend several years in magical prison for attempted kidnapping, assault against himself, assault against his tutor, performing magic on a non-magical, and creating unauthorized portkeys.

Once it was clear, Harry ran upstairs and told Kaori it was safe to come out the office. He was tackled in a bear hug and his cheeks kissed.

"I was so worried."

He flushed. "I'm fine. Your brother took away the intruders. I'm sorry you got caught up with it. I'll understand if you don't want to work for me any longer."

Kaori slapped him hard on the back of his head. "Are you trying to fire me? Baka. Who is going to
pay for my bratlet's education if not you? Who is going to make me breakfast and lunch every day if not you? Who am I going to make take me exploring during work hours when I get overwhelmed or bored? Whose life will I manage if not yours?"

Harry hugged his friend and examined her closely to make sure she wasn't exaggerating. "Are you sure?"

"Yes," Kaori answered rolling her eyes. "From the moment I accepted the job, your sexy Alpha had the best warders in the country put every protection on my apartment. Every morning your guards pick me up, help me drop the kids off to school, and bring me here where I work under the tightest security probably in Japan. If I'm ever in trouble all I have to do is place one call to you, your Alpha, or your guards. I'm the safest, most spoiled personal assistant in the world. Not giving that up for anything, even your stupidity."

"Sure you don't want to run away with me?"

"What did I tell you about me and big chinkos?"

Harry giggled.

In the end, he sent Kaori home for the day with more apple bread and soba. He sent his guards over to his math and science tutors with his homework and food baskets. And when he saw the looks on his guards faces he ended up making food baskets for them as well.

Once everyone but family left they all moved into the great room. With his in-laws help he managed to convince Takashi and Mitsukuni to go back to school. Takashi only left after ChiChi, grandfather Raiden, and Sou-Sofu promised to spend the rest of the day with him. He spent most of the morning feeding his in-laws, speaking with them about his business ideas, and getting valuable advice on the best ways to proceed. That afternoon he had another cooking session with chef and had dinner ready by the time Takashi arrived home with his friends. Takashi told him Tamaki loved nabe so he made a big pot that could sit on the table they could eat from, along with fresh bread. For dessert, he made apple pie and German Apple cake. Everything was on the table by the time Takashi arrived with Tamaki and Kyoya. They sat around the table eating, no one spoke, and you could cut the tension with a knife.

Harry sighed. "Any day now."

Takashi and Mitsukuni exchanged long looks.

"I wasn't the one who freaked out and exposed myself," Mitsukuni said. "Do it yourself."

Harry bit back as smile as Takashi glared at his cousin before heaving giant sigh and began speaking.

"My family traces itself to the Muromachi period where we were local lords. Several members were trained as samurai to serve their shogun, who could date their lineage back to Kuniumi."

"Impossible," Kyoya snorted.

Harry glared at the Alpha warning him to be silent. Kyoya rolled his eyes but sat back and nodded for Takashi to continue.

"A Haninozuka was our shogun, but they were also an elite class of noble warriors who had the ability to wield magic."

"Magic? It's all myths and folklore." Of course, Kyoya found it impossible to keep quiet.
Takashi rolled his eyes. "All myths have a basis of truth, as you saw. There are magical enclaves hidden around the world. We learn in history that Shogun Oda drove out the competing shoguns and initiated the unification of Japan, correct?" Kyoya nodded. "In truth the Shoguns Oda and Haninozuka split Japan between the magical and non-magical forces and Shogun Haninozuka ordered all magics to retreat into magical enclaves for their own safety. The Haninozuka family consolidated their magical powerbase, got rid of competing magical shoguns, and ruled over magical Japan. We, the Morinozukas, were their personal bodyguards, not just samurai, but magical samurai. Because of their high status, Mitsukuni's family became selective of who they married, which eventually led to side effects."

"Interbreeding," Tamaki frowned thoughtfully. "Mama wondered her parents are second cousins."

"Ah. The magical community is small. Although magic protects us from most non-magical diseases, by marrying close relatives who themselves marry close relatives its possible to breed the magic out your line."

"Which is what happened to my family two hundred years ago," Mitsukuni said picking up the story. "We lost our status and much of our property. We took what we could salvage and retreated into the non-magical world to remake ourselves. The Morinozukas although they still had their magic followed as they had made magical oaths to guard my family line. The oath was so powerful it didn't disappear just because we were no longer magical."

"I suppose if there was a way to reclaim your property and status you and your family would have found it by now," Kyoya asked curiously. Tell a boy about magic and he focuses on the money and power aspect of the story, Harry thought with amusement.

Mitsukuni and Takashi exchanged looks.

"The laws are absolute. You have to be a wizard. I can't perform magic but I learned I am the first male in generations who is close enough to where if I mated to a witch or wizard theirs a chance my children would be magical. My family wants this but there is no guarantee. Plus it doesn't help that I doubt I'll be as lucky as Takashi in his arranged match."

Harry chuckled which drew Kyoya's eyes to him.

"You're a wizard?"

In answer, Harry waved his hand and Kyoya and his chair floated around the room before Harry sat him back down at the table. Kyoya goggled at him.

"Harry is the most powerful wizard in the world right now," Takashi said proudly.

"Which is why people abused you, not because of your money," he said with dawning realization.

"Oh they wanted my money too," Harry said cheerfully. "I'm wealthier than you think. But yes they were determined to keep me downtrodden and untrained. Power is useless without knowledge and training."

Kyoya looked intrigued. "Where are the enclaves?"

Harry laughed. "We are already breaking several laws telling you this. As it is, I am going to have to perform a charm that will make it impossible for you to reveal our secret. It's the law."

"Tamaki knew," Kyoya glared.
"Maman was born in a magical family but like Honey-senpai she isn't magical. They gave her money and abandoned her; luckily, my great grandparents still loved and supported her. With the slow aging process of magics most people assumed they are Maman's parents instead of her grandparents."

"Europe is pretty stupid with how they deal with people without magic," Harry said.

"What happened today?"

Harry sighed. "This past June a dark wizard who murdered my parents and who held ideals similar to Hitler attempted to ambush and kill me. We dueled and I won by sheer dumb luck. Another fraction who had been instrumental in the abuse I suffered is determined to get me back under their influence. Followers of the man who runs this group came after me. Takashi and I not only have the typical Alpha/Omega bond but there are also magical means of alerting him when I'm in danger. When he sensed it, instead of going to a secluded place to disappear, he panicked and disappeared in front of you, revealing secrets his and Mitsukuni's family has kept for generations. And here we are!"

Harry smiled brightly and spread his arms wide ignoring the poke in the stomach Takashi gave him.

Kyoya chuckled. "I assume since you are alive and unhurt you took care of your attackers?"

Harry gasped. "What! Me, a poor helpless Omega take care of things without my big strong Alpha."

The Alphas all snorted. Then Kyoya got a gleam in his eyes as he looked to Mitsukuni.

"Harry's friend, the beautiful Omega you're training, you can't actually pursue him can you? Your family would forbid the match and it would be stupid of you . . ."

Kyoya trailed off as Mitsukuni snarled. His eyes turned black and he tossed a dagger that missed slicing off Kyoya's ear off by inches.

Harry sighed. "Alphas."

Takashi chuckled.
The Not So Elusive Omega Male

Chapter Twenty-Six: The Not So Elusive Omega Male

Friday, 29th of September 2006 – Tokyo Metropolis, City of Minato, Moto-Azabu District, Tokyo, Japan

Bored.

Harry loved learning and he liked his Science tutor. He had to give Fukuyama-sensei credit for doing everything in his power to make his lessons interesting, but the subject bored him to death. It took everything in him to not fidget and remain focused during his lessons. Harry supposed it was because science at its heart was non-magicals attempt to rationalize the impossible and Harry knew from experience that most things just had no real explanation and you just had to deal with it. At least it made for interesting debates between he and Fukuyama-sensei.

His gaze slid to the bright red wall clock and nearly sighed with relief. Only ten more minutes. He looked back down at the microscope where he'd been studying the hemostasis of several blood samples and wrote down his results. Finished, he quickly packed everything away unable to hide his pleasure of finally being finished, which Sensei immediately caught on to if his quiet chuckles were any indication. Sensei gave him his weekend assignment, which was to write a five-page paper about his experiment before Harry walked Sensei out the door with a food basket that would see the single Beta through the weekend. Re-entering the room, he saw Kaori who had come down from the office plopped on his sofa. Harry dropped down next to his assistant and curled into her side, closing his eyes.

"Tired huh?" Kaori chimed with a mischievous grin. "So you and your Alpha have a good time last night?"

"Jealous?"

"Very, David's on assignment in Korea, he won't be back until tomorrow," she told him. "Chef had to cancel today's lesson, an emergency at the restaurant. I thought we'd go get ramen and head to magical Tokyo."

Harry smirked, eyes still closed. "Am I supposed to play stupid and pretend I don't know Yuji's birthday is Sunday and you want to get your shopping done before lover boy returns?"

"Brat." She laughed. Yuji was her youngest son. "Yes you are. Now go get ready. I'm hungry and your guards are on their way."

"Who's the boss here," Harry griped, but got up to do Kaori's bidding. To be honest, he needed the break from routine just as much as she did.

Harry grabbed his satchel. When they were in the vehicle, she slid a file over to him.

"The properties Sadao-san found surrounding London's magical enclave."

Harry looked through the file and read Sadao's analysis of each property. His favorite was a long four story brick building on Charring Cross Road across the street from Blackwell's.

"This one."
Kaori nodded and handed him a five-page newsletter with the Weekly Howler splashed across the front in big, bold letters.

"Wednesday's first issue, explaining the sale and the new format," she said. "The expose on Dumbledore will appear in the larger Sunday edition."

"How was it received?"

"Sold out, the paper did a reprint the demand was so high. Circulation and advertising requests have sharply increased. You're a success."

"Good."

Harry took the paper and scanned through it. The front page was split. The top half had a picture of Nedel Touma, the Editor-in-Chief, an interview about the new newspaper format and attempts she and the staff were making so the paper was no longer a laughingstock in the international magical community. Harry was pleased there was no mention of him as the owner. On the bottom fold was an interview with Minister Bones that detailed the goals of her administration and what had been accomplished so far. The Hogwarts Happenings page had an article from an anonymous Gryffindor student (Pavarti Patil), entitled 'Where is Harry Potter?' Despite the title, the piece talked about the house's reactions to the changes at Hogwarts after the downfall of Voldemort and Dumbledore. She did mention everyone's sadness that he wasn't around, but that his visits helped. She also mentioned Takashi's duel with Ginny and people's reactions to the disintegration of the so-called 'Golden Trio.' The consensus, according to Pavarti was it was about time. She went into detail listing many instances where Ron and Hermione had behaved one way around him and another behind his back. To Harry's embarrassment there was a long paragraph regarding how dishy he looked now he was off potions and had control of his life and how happy he appeared on the days he visited the castle.

Tracey Davis did a similar piece from a Slytherin point of view that was intriguing. She spoke of traditional wizarding society, how Voldemort despite his 'pureblood stance' ruined the society he was trying to cater to, and the measures purebloods were taking to regroup. She spoke of the Slytherin students positive reactions to mandatory classes for muggleborns on culture. Tracey wrote that most of the friction between purebloods and muggleborns stemmed from a lack of awareness of the other's cultural belief and the purebloods fury with the way muggleborns entered magical society and demanded they confirm to their beliefs instead of learning and understanding the beliefs of the culture they entered. She stated how impressed she and a lot of the Slytherin students were by the muggle classes, especially ones on business and finance, which would help them increase their holdings. Overall, Harry was quite pleased with how the paper turned out.

After lunch at Kaori's favorite ramen shop, they toured the shops inside the Tokyo Train Station. Harry had a fun time tasting food he never tried before and picking up interesting items for Takashi, his new family, and his friends here and back in Great Britain. Once they wandered around on the non-magical side, they decided to head to magical London.

"Where is the magical government, hospitals at?" Harry asked Kaori who shrugged.

"The hospital is in Kyoto. I know the government building is near here, but not where, which is weird since it's where my brother works and my nephew attends school."

Harry looked to his guards.

"It's next to the Imperial grounds. Most assume its part of the Imperial property and off limits. There are wards that keep away non-magicals without proper identification; they hurry away assuming the building is a secret agency they don't have the proper credentials for."
"Wicked! Much better than some underground building. Let's go see!"

The guards bowed.

The magical government building was a large, circular modern stone and glass structure in the middle of a peaceful complex. They arrived at a gate patrolled by magical police who checked their ID's and ran magical sensors similar to what airport security used over their bodies before giving them visitor badges with sensors that restricted the type of magic they could perform inside the building. Harry's eyes widened when he stepped inside.

"Wicked!" Harry breathed.

The massive, interior circular courtyard was filled with parks, greenhouses, and areas for small magical creatures. Inside the courtyard office workers on break from their duties were eating, relaxing, or chatting. There were also pre-magical schoolchildren at recess or with their classes having a Herbology or Care of Magical Creatures lessons.

"My daughter," one of his guards said proudly pointing to a young girl about four years old wearing a green jacket playing with a hula-hoop with a group of other girls.

"Wow. She's stunning."

"Takes after me," the man bragged.

Harry, Kaori, and the other two guards snorted. They walked along the circular corridor passing the daycare and primary school, restaurants, bank, dojo, hair styling salon, cleaners, and any other shop you could imagine on their way to the set of elevators. They stepped inside and his guard hit button for the top floor.

"We'll just work our way back down," a guard said.

The elevator door opened in front of a massive suite for the Magical Director of Japan though the area was empty and had an unused feel to the lavishly decorated space.

"Waiting for the heir's return."

Harry nodded in understanding.

"Harry?"

Harry stopped short at the sound of his name and turned to see Takashi's Uncle Hiroki approaching, a heavily pregnant Omega Male in a tailored suit trailed behind him.

"Hi," Harry said with a wave. He forgot that Hiroki, the jovial twin, led the Magical Diet. "Wanted to see how your government was set up compared to back home."

"You should've said something; I would've arranged a tour." He looked at his watch. "I have a meeting but Ichita-san can give take you around."

The Omega packed away the tablet he had been typing furiously on and nodded in agreement. "Of course."

"Are you sure? It won't be too much?" Harry looked down at the man's stomach; he looked two months past his due date.

"Twins," the man said amused in heavily accented English answering Harry's unspoken question. "I
know I make a bear seem emaciated, but I can still move about, even if it's at a waddle."

Harry flushed. "Morinozuka, Harry."

"Wakabayashi, Ichita. I'm your uncle's personal assistant. So you would like a tour?"

"If you don't mind? This is very different from what I'm used to."

"Of course. Come with me. Let me just put away my things."

Harry waved goodbye to Takashi's uncle and followed the older Omega who indeed waddled. Ichita-san's office wasn't what he expected from an assistant or secretary. Maybe they held different roles in Japan? His office was large, and next to Ryo-san's larger office suite. Their were several other less senior assistants Ichita-san introduced him to who sat in cubicles outside the suite who jumped up and bowed to Ichita-san the moment he neared. It was obvious that Ichita-san despite seemingly being Ryo-san's secretary, did a lot more and was a man with power. He'd have to ask Takashi later. He watched as the older Omega locked up the files he had been carrying and warded his files and computers before showing them around the office.

"Morinozuka-sama informed me you're working on your Japanese, but do you mind if I speak English? I don't get much of a chance to practice it as I do Mandarin and Korean."

"You speak four languages!" Harry stared at the other Omega in amazement.

"Six. I know a little Taiwanese and Filipino as well. I received my masters in linguistics as well as business at the magical university in Kyoto." Ichita said humbly. "English, I learned in middle and high school and the year I spent at a magical school in America as an exchange student."

"Wow."

"I was a bit of a nerd, yes," he grinned. One of Harry's guard's snorted and Ichita made a face by pulling down his eye with his index finger and sticking his tongue out at the guard, which Harry had learned from his language classes, was a way to mock someone. "My cousin," he explained to Harry. "Of course, I made up for it after I graduated and began working."

"Slut," his cousin muttered not so quietly under his breath.

"Cock tease," Ichito quipped back smirking. "I'll have you know there is a big difference between the two."

Harry and Kaori chortled with laughter, while his guard looked horrified by his relative's behavior.

Ichita winked at them. "After all those years with my head in the books, I had a bit too much fun allowing Alphas wine and dine me as they attempted to convince me to let them knot and bond me."

Harry giggled. He had to find a way for Ichita-san and Atsuya to meet. He nodded to the other Omega Male's stomach.

"You eventually allowed yourself to get caught."

Ichita rolled his eyes good-naturedly and placed his hand on his bump as he gestured for them to follow him. The Omega he talked over his shoulder as he waddled in front of them. "I asked one Alpha why she never asked me out. She answered that I wasn't her type. I assumed she meant because I was an Omega Male and she was attracted to females. I relaxed my guard and we became great friends. Then she began seeing this Omega Female, a real bitch who didn't deserve my friend
and I got upset." Ichita snorted. "The Alpha accused me of . . .," he paused searching for the correct word, "cock blocking and trying to ruin her relationship. I said a few choice words. She snapped about how I led Alphas on instead of looking for a proper Alpha to bond with. I called her a frigid cow. Next thing I know her tongue is down my throat. We bonded during my next heat and three years later I'm pregnant with her pups."

Everyone except his cousin burst into laughter.

"Our tour," his guard sighed.

"Boring," Ichita sighed but switched gears.

The Japanese Magical Government was organized beyond England's wildest fantasies. Harry could see why Takashi never wanted to leave Japan. Ichita took him around every floor explaining what each division did. They stopped and chatted to Kaori's brother where Harry received an update on Vance and McGonagall.

"Where is the prison?" Harry asked. "Surely you don't have it here with the daycare and school."

"Of course not," Ichita declared. "It's in Kyoto."

On the Administrative level where Personnel, Finance, Maintenance, Security, and the like were located the Chief Financial Officer popped out her door the moment she saw them pass by her glass encased office. Harry assumed she recognized him and came to sniff out the gaijin who married into the Morinozuka family, which had happened a few times until he realized she was an Alpha and Ichita smelled strongly of her. She didn't spare him a glance as she pushed Ichita into a chair, made sure his feet were propped handing him bottled water and several pieces of fruit. Ichita rolled his eyes good-naturedly but allowed his Alpha to pamper him. Harry saw what Ichita meant by frigid. She made Percy look as if he and Luna were twins. Her long hair was pulled back in a bun so tight not a single strand of hair escaped. Glasses were pushed up on her face, and she wore an ultra-conservative pants suit. Everything about her gave off the vibe that she took meticulous care about her appearance and everything in her life and was offended if something didn't go according to her plan. She looked older than Ichita, forty to his late twenties, which in magical and Japanese genetic terms meant Ichita looked like he should still be in high school and she looked as if she were in her twenties. Harry would've been worried, if it were not for the obvious care she treated Ichita with. Harry was about to introduce himself when his phone buzzed. He pulled it out to see a text from Takashi and excused himself.

Can you pick me up? TM

What's wrong? HP

Tamaki is going overboard with his new 'project.' Need a reason to escape. TM

So that's all I am to you is an alibi? HP

A cute alibi. TM

Wanker. Be right there. HP

Sanma? TM

I suppose you do need a break from all the soba and apples. What's in it for me? HP

I'll get out the rope tonight. TM
Harry flushed.

Pervert. HP

He went to make excuses and was startled when Ichita's Alpha handed him today's edition of the Japanese magical paper.

"I can't read Kanji yet," he told her in Japanese blushing.

"You might want to have someone translate it for you."

He nodded and handed it to Kaori who scanned it and gasped and nodded at the Alpha. "Thank you."

That made Harry curious, but he decided to be patient and exchanged telephone numbers with Ichita.

Ichita grinned and put Harry's number in his phone. "Us Omega Males have got to stick together."

"Nations will fall as a result of this friendship," Ichita's cousin declared ominously.

Harry and Ichita chortled. His Alpha looked quite alarmed, which only increased their laughter.

The moment they slid in the car, he looked to Kaori expectedly. She handed him the newspaper, inside was a wedding picture of a young Akira. If it wasn't for Sora-sama standing beside him, Harry would have thought he was looking at a picture of Takashi. There was another picture of a business photo of Akira and a paparazzi quality photograph of Sora-sama shopping in magical Kyoto. He could guess what it contained. He wondered if Takashi had seen it yet.

"The news broke on their divorce? How bad is it?"

Kaori nodded scanning the paper. "The article is written by the paper's society reporter, so it's a mix of decent reporting and fluff. It doesn't look good for his mother. The paper has a copy of their marriage contract as well as the dissolution contract. That her parents signed the dissolution contract where the conditions aren't so favorable to his mother, has the reporter speculating everything from affairs to business espionage." She continued reading. "It seems your mother-in-law isn't as beloved by the people as your father-in-law. She's a known elitist, which doesn't put her in a favorable light in many circles nor the fact that she rarely accompanied your father-in-law to events. Its known their bond was a marriage of convenience, but the reporter is speculating to what caused them to dissolve it after all these years. Said if your father-in-law had found another Omega he would've had to pay a heftier price to dissolve the contract as a cheating clause is written in the marriage contract." She let out a disdainful sniff. "A snarky comment to all Omegas reading the paper that your father-in-law is quite rich and handsome and now that he's back on the market encourages them to go after him before he follows in his son's footsteps and looks for a new mate overseas."

Harry rolled his eyes and pulled out his phone to text Takashi.

Have you seen the magical paper? HP

Yamamoto-san gave me a copy on the way to school. TM

How are you? HP

Expected. More worried about losing my composure and knocking Tamaki and the twins upside the
head. They are trying to reform one of our classmates. TM

Again? HP

Exactly. Hurry. TM

Harry chuckled and put away his mobile.

"He's fine said it was expected."

After dropping Kaori off at home, he had the driver take him to Ouran Academy. Reaching the school Harry got directions from his driver on where he could find Takashi but he still got turned around on the massive grounds. Giving up on normal means, Harry unfurled his magic and let it guide him to his mate. He stopped short upon reaching a courtyard. Two very obvious magicals stood in the middle of the courtyard hugging. The boy, a natural blue eyed blond wore the high school uniform while hugging an equally blue-eyed blonde toddler. Harry found himself drawn to the pair only to gasp once he got close.

"What am I, a magnet for discovering every Omega Male in Japan?" Harry asked wryly.

The boy's face whitened and the little girl's eyes widened.

"You can tell?" the boy exclaimed shocked, then his gaze flicked to his forehead and he chuckled darkly. "Of course."

Harry flushed, he only just sniffed out that the scent masking charms the boy employed and sheepishly rubbed the back of his head. "Sorry."

The boy held the little girl tight and waved away his concern. "I am beginning to think my disguises where a stupid idea. He barely notices me now."

"He?"

"Haninozuka, Mitsukuni, my intended."

Harry's mouth dropped open.
A Shocking Arrangement

Chapter Twenty-Seven: A Shocking Arrangement

Friday, 29th of September 2006 – Tokyo Metropolis, City of Bunko, Hongo District, Tokyo Japan

Harry James Potter-Morinozuka, after a short and eventful life, died at age sixteen.

He succumbed to his injuries after entering massive shock upon discovering his cousin by marriage was a complete and utter arsehole. Harry's only regret was that before he died he didn't get the chance to destroy Mitsukuni Haninozuka so completely that there would be nothing left of the short Alpha to be used for even potion ingredients.

Harry is survived by a grateful magical nation for his defeat of the British Dark Lord known as Voldemort and by his spouse, Takashi Morinozuka. Before dying, Harry vowed that if his git of a husband knew of Mitsukuni's betrothal Harry would remain on this plane as a ghost and haunt the prick for the rest of his natural life.

In lieu of flowers, donations should be given to United Kingdom's Magical Widow and Orphan fund.

Harry didn't know how long he stood gaping at the blond like an idiot, but it must have been several moments too long judging by the uncertain look on the boy's face. The only thing that knocked him from the complete and utter shock coursing through his system was his wolf screaming 'speak dunderhead' in his ear.

"Intended?" Harry stupidly uttered once finished composing his mental obituary. "You mean betrothed? As in engaged to be married, intend to be mated, intended?"

'Ten points to Gryffindor,' his wolf snorted inside his head.

"Yes," the boy flushed.

Harry felt chilled. Despite the short, white overcoat he wore over his dress shirt, his arms crossed over themselves, his palms rubbing against his biceps seeking warmth.

"And Mitsukuni knows he's your mate?" Harry questioned again.

He remembered the story Takashi told him of a classmate who convinced everyone she was Kyoya's fiancée. In the end, the girl turned out to be an overzealous fan girl who saw Kyoya as the real life representation of a character in her favorite video game. But Kyoya being Kyoya, he went along with the girl's delusions just for the amusement of causing complete and utter chaos among his friends.

This better be what was going on, because Haninozuka imperial lineage be damned, if the Omega answered yes and Harry learned Mitsukuni had strung Atsuya along, there would be hell to pay.

"No, he doesn't know." The boy's cheeks turned redder, shoulder length hair strangely unkempt for a student at Ouran swung into his face hiding his features from view. The toddler rolled her eyes at the boy. "I haven't had the courage to tell him." The Omega's words caused Harry to relax but his hope, dwindled as the boy continued to speak. "Our fathers arranged and signed our marriage contract. The
consequences of breaking the contract are dire. Naturally, I was not pleased to learn my father had literally sold me to the Haninozuka Family."

"What!" Harry screeched shocked. He took a step forward reaching a hand out to the distraught Omega.

"I don't have a good relationship with my parents." Blue eyes watered. "My grandfather couldn't dissolve the contract, as he wasn't my guardian at the time, but he managed to amend it to where I am the only one who could inform Honey-kun of our relationship. It bought me time. I moved to Japan and began attending Ouran to learn of his character. Now that we are in the last couple of months of our final year, I know I can't hide any longer. I've tried getting him to notice me, hoping we could become friends before I told him, but my schemes have back fired and I've come under Suoh's attention instead."

"No it hasn't," the toddler, also an Omega devilishly piped up. "I met my future Alpha Tamaki and brother has to buy me manga and cake."

The feeling of despair fell off the boy as he chuckled at the pig-tailed toddler and tickled her. The little girl giggled and laid her head on his shoulder. Harry felt that annoying yearning for pups again.

"I'm hungry, brother," the girl complained.

Harry dug into his satchel and handed the toddler the popped rice candy he bought at the train station. Kaori had him taste it, it was pretty good. He just didn't understand why it was in a package shaped like a carrot when it didn't taste anything like carrots.

She beamed at him and immediately ripped open the package. "Orgomnnoe spasibo (Russian-big and giant thank you)."

They looked up at the sound of banging. Tamaki banged on the window waving while the rest of the hosts stood behind him watching.

Harry rolled his eyes as the pieces clicked together. "You're Tamaki's new pet project."

The boy flushed and nodded holding out his hand to shake. "Nekozawa, Umehito. This is my little sister Kirimi."

"Morinozuka-Potter, Harry."

The boy chuckled darkly, which sounded weird coming from a boy with such ethereal features. The other Omega's gaze first flicked to the scar on Harry's forehead before casting downward to the large, silver H belt buckle on his jeans.

"The Boy-Who-Lived-And-Conquered," he said in that creepy, ominous voice. "Not many magicals in Asia pay attention to the news in Europe. Quite correctly, they believe we're barbaric. But I still keep an eye on things. I grew up in Russia and attended Durmstrang before transferring to Ouran."

Harry shuddered trying to imagine himself as an Omega Male at Durmstrang. "No wonder you hid it."

"I didn't then," A panicked expression flashed across Nekozawa's face and he clung to his sister for a moment as if she were his lifeline before he got control of himself. "Fortunately I left before I turned sixteen, but the experience did not leave me with a good impression of Alphas."

"Which is why you hid from Mitsukuni." Harry looked up to where the Hosts were still banging on
the closed window. Tamaki's mouth was moving. It was obvious he was shouting down at them as if they could hear. The baka. He pulled out his mobile and texted Takashi before glancing back at the other Omega. "I told Takashi to invite Mitsukuni to dinner. You and Kirimi are invited as well."

Harry wanted to be angry at the boy for causing such a mess, but if Harry was honest with himself he probably would've done the same thing in his situation. "Mitsukuni is a good guy. Tell him the truth."

The boy gulped and nodded.

It seemed as if Takashi and Mitsukuni apparated down to the courtyard. The Hosts must have been really getting on their nerves. Mitsukuni handed Nekozawa-san his satchel, a black robe, and black wig. The boy quickly shrugged them on nearly weeping with relief when his features were hidden from view. Nekozawa sighed when Harry cocked his head in question.

"Part of my bad idea," the blond explained.

"You're not afraid of sunlight, Neko-kun?" Mitsukuni asked.

Nekozawa flushed. "I . . . I do have severe photophobia, but I took my potions today. I can't take them often or I'll become addicted."

"Kirimi?" Takashi asked.

Nekozawa shrugged. "She's four. She can be bought with sweets."

"Chak-chak and pitchle moloko!" Kirimi exclaimed with a bright smile clapping her hands together.

"I tried them for the first time during the Tri-wizard Tournament. I like them too," It was impossible not to smile at the girl in her adorable Ouran preschool uniform. "I'll make them tonight, just for you."

The little girl cheered and jumped into his arms. Takashi looked at him curiously, his head cocked in question. His mate knew something was up, Harry mouthed 'later' and Takashi's nodded.

Their ride to the penthouse would have been tense if it weren't for Kirimi enthusiastically educating Mitsukuni on popular Russian sweets. Harry couldn't speak. His mind too busy on what would happen. Who would Mitsukuni chose? Now that he'd toured magical Japan, he knew how anxiously they awaited for a Haninozuka heir to restore their honor and legacy. Like Great Britain, the Japanese took pride in their history and heritage and wanted the appearance of a monarchy. Would Mitsukuni follow his family and country's desires or see where his friendship with Atsuya led? If Mitsukuni and Atsuya had known each other a little longer, Harry would have an idea of Mitsukuni's answer, but they hadn't and Harry didn't know. So, he fretted the entire way back ignoring the worried frowns and glances Takashi shot in his direction.

The moment they entered his den, he pushed Nekozawa and Mitsukuni on the couch while dragging Takashi and Kirimi into the kitchen.

"Harry?"

"He needs to speak to Mitsukuni alone," he told his mate. Takashi arched an eyebrow and cast an eavesdropping charm in the direction of the great room. "Takashi!"

"Ssh."

Harry sighed, but offered no further arguments. He was too full of curiosity himself to put up too
much of a fight. While he cooked, they listened to the boys’ conversation.

"... people. Grandfather who is Japanese disowned father and made me his heir instead. Of course, father was not happy. To get back at us, he sold me in marriage. Grandfather suggested we return to his homeland while looking into ways of seeing if the contract could be broken. Meanwhile, I disguised myself as a Beta and entered Ouran's high school section to learn about the Alpha my father sold me to."

"I am the Alpha, aren't I?" Mitsukuni growled.

"Yes," Nekozawa's normally rough voice softened. "Your father it seems is desperate to use you to regain your family's lost heritage and mine desperate to retain his lavish lifestyle."

"You've been at Ouran since first year," Mitsukuni's voice was sharp with disapproval.

"Yes," Nekozawa replied hesitantly, his voice dripping with nerves. He sounded as if he expected Mitsukuni to strike him. "I ... I was sold. It was hard to reconcile; especially upon learning, the contract could not be broken." Nekozawa took a deep breath and the following words were spoken in a rush. "Our fathers weren't taking chances. I'm actually magically bond to you. If I deliberately try to break the contract, I'll lose my magic. You are the only Alpha I can ever mate to or be intimate with." Mitsukuni sucked in his breath. Nekozawa paused. "I've watched you for years and had you investigated. I know about your leanings. It's taken awhile for me to process. At first I wasn't sure if I would let you know or just spend the rest of my life suffering through my heats alone and unmated."

"Leanings?" Harry hissed to Takashi.

"Dom," Takashi whispered back mindful of Kirimi kneading dough on the counter. "He owns several BDSM clubs."

Harry's eyes widened. The things you learnt about people, he thought before finishing eavesdropping.

"No," Mitsukuni responded to something Nekozawa asked, his voice sad. "My father doesn't approve of me, but he can't dispute my skills as a martial artist or businessman to pass me over for my brother. If I weren't the first Alpha in generations, he'd probably would've disowned me. I've been preparing for that outcome since I reached sexual maturity, which is why I have businesses and income separate from my family."

"I'm sorry."

"You should've told me sooner," Mitsukuni growled and Harry could feel the annoyed aura surrounding the Alpha even from where he stood inside the kitchen. "I've met another Omega Male."

"Oh," Nekozawa whispered. He sounded deflated. "I'm sorry. I'll just—"

"We've taken it slow because I knew father would attempt something like this," Mitsukuni continued cutting Nekozawa off. He still sounded annoyed. "I didn't know he had already done so or that it would be this severe. I knew I'd have to choose between my friend and what father had arranged, but figured I would've known him longer before I was forced to choose." Mitsukuni sighed deeply, Harry could tell the Alpha was conflicted. "My friend. He's great. But ... he's the baby of his family, he's been emotionally pampered his entire life. I can't see him having the temperament to deal with or understand my darker side."

"Oh ... I got books about it," Nekozawa stuttered.
"Hmmm."

Even Harry all the way in the kitchen heard the interest in Mitsukuni's voice. He sighed. How was he going to explain all this to Atsuya? His friend was going to be crushed. He felt Takashi rub his back, soothing him.

Harry thought dinner would be awkward like the car ride, it wasn't. He made Takashi's favorite, grilled, salted sanma fish with daikon and sudochu along with miso soup and rice. It was hard to remain annoyed with Nekozawa for causing such chaos. It was like kicking a puppy just run over by an artic (British word for semi-truck). It took a while for Nekozawa to get over being shy, but once he did, Harry found the other Omega had a dry, sarcastic sense of humor and saw a lot of what went on at Ouran that even the two Hosts didn't know. Nekozawa regaled them with the exploits of him and his friends in the Black Magic Club, witches and wizards who attended Ouran and used the club as a magical study group. While he spoke, Nekozawa often turned to his sister to help her reach for something or to praise or censure her table manners.

"Finish your soup, or no dessert," Nekozawa ordered.

Kirimi sighed dramatically but did as ordered.

"You're very good with her," Mitsukuni said.

"She's mine. I have custody," Nekozawa's voice was like steel a warning to Mitsukuni that he and Kirimi were a package deal. Harry was impressed, Nekozawa appeared to be a very quiet Omega, but in this instance, he was fierce.

Mitsukuni only smiled. "You must be very responsible then. Tell me what do you normally like to do?"

Nekozawa reddened and spoke of his family's weapon manufacturing business he helped run with his grandfather. His grandfather, a first generation magical left Japan after World War II and moved to Russia where he eventually married another first generation magical who was an heiress descended from the Tokarev dynasty. He used her inheritance to start up his business. His grandparents had two children, a boy, his father, and an older sister. He worked with his grandfather in learning the business and traveled with him during breaks. It was a lovely dinner, but Harry was glad when they left and he and Takashi had the penthouse to themselves.

"Atsuya-kun?" Takashi asked as they sat watching television. His mate had Piyo-chan in his lap his hand out so the chick could feed from it.

Harry looked up from the homework spread on his lap and frowned at his mate. "So you think he'll choose Nekozawa too?" Takashi nodded and Harry sighed. "I should've never introduced them. No more matchmaking for me. Atsuya really likes Honey." Frustrated Harry tossed his homework on the table and curled up against Takashi's side. "I don't think he's ready for a mate and all that entails though, more like he's terrified of going through another solo heat so he's latching on to the first decent Alpha he's met."

Takashi affectionately rubbed his chin over the top of Harry's head. "Better he wait."

"I know but we're not the Omega who has to suffer through a solo heat. It must be awful." Harry absently rubbed his stomach remembering his heat and the need for completion that had built up inside him. "I can't help but think how bad my heat would've been without you there. If I hadn't been mated and didn't know what I know now, I probably would've asked an unmated friend to help me through my heats as well." Takashi growled and pounced on Harry pushing him to lay flat on the
sofa as the tall Alpha loomed over him nuzzling Harry's bond mark. Harry rolled his eyes and pushed up on the possessive Alpha's chest. "Git. I was speaking hypothetically."

"Don't."

Harry rolled his eyes and pushed his Alpha off him so he could make a dent in his homework before Monday.

After baths, they settled into bed snogging when Takashi's phone rang. Takashi groaned and pulled away from Harry. Harry sighed. It was Mitsukuni's special ring tone. As always, Harry rolled his eyes when he heard the song Takashi selected for his cousin. The Birthday Cake song by Rhianna and Chris Brown (a.n: a few years too early, but couldn't resist).

"Ah." Takashi answered, listening for a few minutes. Harry watched the expression on Takashi's face close off the longer he listened to Mitsukuni and knew their evening fun had been interrupted. "One moment." He pushed the mute button on the mobile and turned to Harry. "Can Mitsukuni stay for a few days? The talk with uncle didn't go well."

Harry's eyes widened. "Of course."

Takashi nodded and went back to his conversation. After he hung up, Takashi tucked Harry into bed, and kissed him goodnight.

"Get some sleep. I'm going to wait."

"Tell him I'm sorry."

Takashi nodded distracted and nuzzled Harry's bond mark with his lips before walking out their bedroom. Harry sighed once Takashi left and made his way to the secret room for some light reading to ease his raging libido.

Knowing Harry was safe in bed while he was not, made Takashi long for his mate, but duty called. Mitsukuni was in crisis and needed him. He felt for his cousin. He couldn't imagine if he had been dating Harry and discovered he'd been matched to someone else. He would've picked Harry, the magical world be damned. But he was not Mitsukuni and Harry was not Atsuya.

As he stumbled sleepily into the kitchen, Takashi shook off his pessimistic thoughts and grabbed an energy potion from the cabinet. Downing the bitter potion, he scrunched up his face but his shoulders relaxed once the potion worked its way through his system. Revived, Takashi pulled out the sake, pouring the alcohol into the tokkuri (ceramic serving flask) letting the drink get to room temperature before searching the stasis cabinet for snacks. He found thinly sliced sashimi, yakitori, and Tsukemono. Smiling he arranged everything on the dining room table and stepped back observing his work. Something was missing. Returning to the kitchen, he pulled out firm tofu, cut it in bite-sized squares before covering it in potato starch and dumping it in the deep fryer. While that cooked he mixed up a hot tentsuyu broth using ingredients already on hand before pouring it over the tofu and adding grated daikon on top. Popping the snack in his mouth, he grinned. You couldn't sit and watch Harry cook every night without picking up something. Proud of himself, he carried the dish to the table.

Mitsukuni finally arrived, two maids trailed behind him carrying his bags. They went upstairs to the spare bedroom and unpacked before leaving. Mitsukuni's eyes widened when he saw the sake and spread on the table.
"Figured you needed it."

Mitsukuni nodded gratefully and sunk into an empty chair around the table. After pouring each other's drinks, they each downed their cups and began snacking.

"The only way I'll be able to maintain a relationship with father," Mitsukuni began after several cups of sake and several minutes of silence, "is if he is somehow trying to teach me an absurd life lesson by being a complete bastard."

Takashi nodded thoughtfully. He and Mitsukuni spent years bouncing ideas off each other that he effortless fell into the role of 'devil's advocate'.

"Ah. Uncle could've bought off any magical to bond with you. Can't be coincidence Nekozawa-san is a good fit."

Mitsukuni finished off another cup of sake before nodding in agreement. "One moment he's like Chika and screaming I'm a disgrace, a freak, an alien, the next he matches me with the most compatible magical partner he could find. An Omega Male who is obviously a sub."

"What he say?"

Mitsukuni scowled. "The usual. I'm a disgrace to the Haninozuka family. Said he arranged my match so I'd do my duty to restore our birthright. Kicked me off the estate for protesting, then said if I had time to manage my perverse clubs then I had time to do my duty to the family and made me head of training and espionage."

Takashi raised an eyebrow. "He gave you a promotion then kicked you out?"

"And people wonder why I'm so twisted." Mitsukuni raised his cup and saluted Takashi. "Cheers."

Takashi smirked. "He wants you to run to Nekozawa."

"Probably." Mitsukuni held his glass for another shot.

Takashi sighed and poured his cousin another. "Are you?"

"Probably."

"So in actuality, you are not furious with uncle for the way he treated you, just furious you were outmaneuvered and naïve enough to fall for his manipulations," Takashi concluded relieved as he poured Mitsukuni another glass.

His cousin downed it and handed him the cup to refill. "Probably. You have a hangover potion right Takashi?"

"Probably."

"Noroma (twit)."

Harry didn't know what to expect, excessive cheer or hopeless despair.
As he waited for Atsuya to slip into the car all Harry felt was resounding guilt. He knew Mitsukuni had spoken to Atsuya and told him about Nekozawa, but other than that, Harry had no idea what transpired between his friend and the short Alpha.

"Ossu!" Atsuya greeted as he slipped into the back of the white Mercedes S Class, moaning as he settled on the warmed leather seats. "Nice. This is new, another present from your Alpha?"

Harry flushed, which only made Atsuya's chuckles deepen. To Harry's surprise, they'd spent the ride to the restaurant catching up, speaking of school, training, and the like. Nothing was mentioned of Mitsukuni or Nekozawa. Harry didn't know whether to be happy or scared by that fact, because he could sense sadness in his friend.

"Shimate(shxt)," Atsuya breathed as the car stopped in front of the faux 18th century chateau where they'd be having dinner. "Is this where we're eating?"

Harry smiled at the look of awe on his friend's face. Magic could fix many things, but it could not heal someone's soul. It eased some of Harry's guilt to see a genuine look of pleasure on his friend's face.

The manager and two staff members waited as they stepped out the vehicle of the best French restaurant in Asia. They were guided up a wrought iron spiral staircase and inside a room richly decorated in silver and black. After being seated, Harry ordered the six-course specialty meal. Their waiter left to put in their order with the chef leaving behind a trolley filled with the most exceptional bread selection Harry had ever seen.

"You know," Atsuya said reverently biting into a bun. "If this is how you intend to cheer me up every time I'm dumped, I need to hang around more Alphas."

Harry flushed. Caught. So much for their casual dinner out.

"I'm worried," Harry said softly. "I feel guilty for introducing you to him."

Atsuya blinked in surprise. "It's not your fault I fell for him. Hunny-senpai was upfront about his situation from the moment we met. I knew it probably wouldn't last. He actually persuaded me to wait until I bonded too . . ." Atsuya flushed. "Well, he gave me the Alpha perspective, though I was nearly there after talking with you."

"Good," Harry breathed a sigh of relief. "Mitsukuni really didn't have much of a choice in complying with the marriage contract."

"I know." Here Atsuya smiled sadly. "It was magical."

Harry choked on his bread. "How?"

"Hunny-senpai. Apparently, because of his lineage he can get around the secrecy clause. I took an oath and his guard cast a spell on me so I couldn't speak of it with anyone who doesn't already know about magic. Mitsukuni said it would make it easier for us to be friends if you didn't have to hide a big portion of your life from me."

Harry nodded vigorously, eyes shining.

Atsuya put butter on his bread and took a bite moaning at the taste before continuing to speak. "He told me everything. His history and why his father's pushing him to marry someone magical." Atsuya looked thoughtful. "I'm sad. I did cry and go on an eating binge once I got home, but that only lasted the night. Shouldn't I feel more? I'm not devastated. I thought about it. If I had to pick between being
friends with you or dating Hunny-senpai, it would've hurt, but I would've chosen you." Harry flushed pleased and Atsuya shrugged. "If he was the one for me, I wouldn't feel this way, right? Isn't Mori-senpai the person whose company you desire the most?"

"Yes," Harry whispered his face turning red.

Atsuya chuckled. "Having dirty thoughts?"

Harry flushed. "Urusei (shut up). Our relationship is more than just that."

"So your arranged match turned into a love match?"

"Yes . . . I suppose it has," Harry stuttered.

"Will you tell him? You gaijin are big on emotional outbursts."

"Baka," Harry glared. "Stop deflecting. We're here to talk about you not me."

"Coward," Atsuya chuckled.

Their meal was the most stunning Harry had in his life. After the main courses, two trolleys appeared one for cheese another for dessert. Harry knew it was tacky but he and Atsuya couldn't help but request for the staff give them large take away bags filled with cheeses, desserts, and breads. They were in heaven.

"Ouran is having its sports festival soon. I want to support Takashi but I don't want to go alone. Will you come with me? Is it asking too much?"

Atsuya looked pensieve for a moment before nodding with resolve. "I told you I was fine, besides I'm curious to see this other Omega Male."

"He's nice, a little weird but nice."

"They they'll get a long because Hunny-senpai is a lot weird and a lot nice."

Harry snorted.
Harry joined Atsuya and Ichita outside of Kagari, the latest 'best' ramen shop in Tokyo. As he had suspected the two got along from the moment they met. Ichita, an Omega Male who had remained unmated until twenty-nine was able to give Atsuya insights Harry just couldn't.

"Ossu," Harry jogged up to his friends and wrapped his arms around his fellow Omega Males' shoulders as he joined the queue of customers waiting patiently outside the tiny shop. It felt good to be outside. Harry still had a hard time believing this was his life and he was free to do normal, everyday activities with friends without having to look over his shoulder. "I got here as quick as I could."

"How did it go?" Atsuya, used his foreign behaviors by now, returned the hug without thought.

Harry had spent the morning at his new school receiving the results of his pre-placement tests for his new language classes.

"I tested at Level 2 on the language portion of my exam, but since I don't know any kanji and my grammar is so poor my advisor placed me in a Level 1 class."

Harry shrugged. It's what he expected so he hadn't been disappointed.

"How many levels before you graduate?" Ichita asked before flinching and absently rubbing his baby bump.

"Six. It'll take me two years before I graduate and my language skills good enough to attend university. Takashi and I talked and I'll get a degree here while Takashi finishes law school and then we'll make our home base in England for a couple years."

As they talked the other customers in the queue sent annoyed looks their way, probably not liking the way Harry jumped in line to join his friends. Harry found himself flushing sure he just violated a weird social taboo. Ichita saw the expression on Harry's face and rolled his eyes. A couple seconds later, his pregnant friend shifted on the balls of his feet while sighing heavily and rubbing the small of his back. Then he wiggled restlessly, his eyes darting around in a slightly panicked manner. Before Harry could blink, the always-polite Japanese catered to the pregnant Omega and pushed them to the front of the queue. The wait to get a seat at Kagari usually took an hour, thanks to Ichita, they waited less than five minutes.

"You are my hero," Atsuya told Ichita in between slurps of ramen.

Harry nodded in agreement, as he too slurped his tori-paitan ramen, a thick and creamy chicken based ramen. It was the best he'd tasted since he'd been in Japan. Ever since Satoshi and Chika brought him here, Harry had been trying to discern the ingredients and cooking process so he could recreate the dish at home.
"This is great," Ichita, a pureblood wizard looked around the twelve-seat shop in wonder. "Different from what I'm used to. Thanks for including me I needed a break. If I stayed home another minute, I would've been locked up for murdering my Alpha. The closer I get to my due date, the more paranoid Nori becomes."

"Well she did seem a bit rigid," Harry said delicately.

Ichita smirked. "Well as I am sure you are learning young one, it is a truth universally acknowledged that the more rigid an Alpha is in public the more passionate they are in private."

Harry's face flamed and Atsuya chortled but then turned contemplative.

"How did you know?"

"I dated a lot," Ichita said with a pleased groan after taking a big slurp of ramen. "I knew myself. I knew my worth. I refused to settle for less than what I wanted and was patient enough to wait for the right person while still going out, having fun, and enjoying my life. I wanted an Alpha that treated me with complete respect and devotion. Nori is a bit rigid, and the fights we have about housekeeping could get us arrested, but I knew without a doubt that she would always put me first. And she has. She has never treated me less than an equal partner even when we disagree."

Harry bit his lip and sighed wistfully, looking away, not daring to meet his friend's eyes. Thankfully, they didn't notice.

Atsuya nodded intrigued. "You never felt the need to find someone to ease you through your heats."

"Yes, I felt the need. I just never gave in to it," Ichita carelessly waved away Atsuya's concerns. "Terrible heats are a curse of being an Omega. You just suffer through them and know there is an end in sight. Unpleasant heats never go away completely even once your mated. There are ways you can ease the unpleasantness, so they're not as bad. I have something I can whip up for you to help with the burning."

Harry stiffened. "Potions won't—"

"Essential oils you rub on your body twice a day once your internal temperature reaches 40 Celsius until your heat commences." Ichita interrupted.

"Internal temperature?" Harry frowned.

Atsuya and Ichita exchanged incredulous looks before turning in unison to regal Harry on ways to chart your daily weight and body temperature to anticipate the approximate day your heat would arrive. That conversation took them through the rest of lunch and the car ride to Ouran Academy for Sports Day. However, the minute they reached the elaborate, roman style stadium they were set upon.

"Harry-chan, Atsuya-chan!"

"Kuso!"

Both he and Atsuya exclaimed simultaneously then broke into giggles. Ichita looked at them curiously before turning to see what freaked them out, his eyes widening at the group coming towards them.

Taking a deep breathe Harry waved at Ranka, Haruhi's, elegant drag-queen father who made his way toward them with Misuzu-chan and an equally garish too tan, heavily made up girl who was
obviously Misuzu-chan's daughter.

"If I ever express a desire to go down that road," Atsuya said fervently, "knock some sense into me."

"Ditto," Harry whispered just before they were glomped by the drag queens. They were saved once they noticed Ichita's belly and began exclaiming over that much to Ichita's discomfort.

Mei-chan, a budding fashion designer complimented them on their clothes before she and Atsuya began a long discussion on their favorite shops in the area as well as art. While Atsuya drew buildings, Mei-chan drew people and clothes. While they talk and got settled in their seats inside the over the top stadium, an announcer introduced the games. When the announcer stated that the first event would be a bread-guessing contest, their group stopped talking amongst themselves and gaped down at the field in disbelief before collapsing in hysterics at what rich teenagers considered a sports related activity.

"It's a tea party on the field," Mei-chan leaned against Atsuya. Tears of mirth rolled down both their faces.

From then on they couldn't stop giggling and commenting on the ridiculous of the entire festival. Ranka amused them by making snarky comments about the announcer's use of the term 'commoner' when describing the ball-throwing contest. To compensate for having to lower themselves by playing such a commoner game, they used luxury handwoven baskets and the beanbags woven with expensive fabrics. Mei-chan had a fit when she saw Haruhi throwing 'bean bags' made of material worth several thousand pounds. He, Ichita, and Atsuya almost pissed themselves they were laughing so hard at Mei-chan shouting down to Haruhi to pick the fabric off the ground. Haruhi, instead of playing the game, scampere about following Mei-chan's orders. Of course, her team lost.

Harry stopped laughing though when Umehito freaked out once forced under spotlights and began to look at the events with a more critical eye. Tamaki's 'cheerleading' speech was powerful. He would make a rousing stage actor. Harry perked up when it was time for Takashi and Mitsukuni to compete against each other in the obstacle course. It was the most athletic event during 'Sports Day' and Harry wasn't surprised when Takashi grabbed Mitsukuni when he stumbled, yet Takashi still won. Harry was on his feet cheering his mate when he saw Nekozawa wearing his wig and robe out of the corner of his eye. He nudged Atsuya and pointed him out.

"The boy that freaked out under the lights," Atsuya said surprised. "That's Honey-senpai's mate?"

"It's hard to tell with the wig and robe, but he's a blue-eyed blond. Handsome. He looks like a softer, Omega version of Tamaki with longer hair. He suffers from photophobia."

Atsuya's eyes widened. "Oh. Is there anything you guys can do to help?"

"Sure. His physical symptoms and I'm sure he probably takes something to calm his anxiety, but like with any medicine too much can be addicting and doesn't take into account why he has the problem at all nor the emotional toll it takes on someone."

"Good point," Atsuya voice was filled with sympathy. He stared at Mitsukuni and Nekozawa on the field speaking together for a few seconds then chuckled. "So is he addicted to that puppet he's holding as much as Hunny is to Usa-chan?"

Harry's gaze traveled to the pair. While Mitsukuni and Umehito chatted, Umehito waved his hand puppet around while Mitsukuni nodded to whatever he'd saying his stuffed bunny clutched to his chest. Harry recalled the stories Takashi told him about the blond Omega and his cat puppet and nodded.
"Yes."

"Well then we never would've made it," Atsuya said wistfully.

Harry laid his head on his friend's shoulder and wrapped his arm around Atsuya's waist.

"I'm sorry." The words seemed so inadequate.

"No. I needed to see this," Atsuya said quietly. "He wasn't the one, but I had hoped he would be. It's hard to find a truly nice Alpha."

Harry snorted. "Umm, you did realize Mitsukuni's child act was complete bullocks, right?"

"The innocence yes, but not the kindness," Atsuya replied wistfully.

"So that is the heir," Ichita said curiously looking down at Mitsukuni.

"Yes," Harry told Ichita.

"And you two dated," he asked Atsuya.

Atsuya flushed. "Not really."

Ichita looked between Mitsukuni and Atsuya curiously and shook his head. "Not a good match. He's too domineering, and you're not a sub."

Harry gaped. "You can tell? Really? How can you tell that by just looking!"

"Obvious," Atsuya snorted. "It bleeds from his very being despite him trying to mask it."

"Tell what," Atsuya said at the same time.

Both Harry and Ichita flushed.

"Things not appropriate for an unmated Omega to know about," Ichita said delicately.

"Ho, talking about Hunny's clubs are you?" Ranka said with a high-pitched giggle. "Not my scene but I have friends who work there. They make good money and Hunny's known for his interesting tastes, so there's never a dull moment. I'm told he's very good at what he does and has submissives begging for more."

Harry felt like banging the drag queen's head in especially when Atsuya's mouth dropped open as Ranka's meaning sank in.

Atsuya seemed to finally recover. He took a deep breath and straightened his shoulders. "Education first. I decided to follow Anika (older brother) to America and go to University there. They have better schools that focus on architecture. I am stronger than this."

Harry's respect for his friend quadrupled.

After the tournament, where a demonic Kyoya trounced Tamaki in the relay race the Hosts decided to meet up at a restaurant that specialized in nabe, though Ichita left them to go back home and rest.
Kyoya booked a private room for everyone and Tamaki bullied the staff into pulling out kotatsu tables for their group. While they waited for the staff to set up the tables, he met Takashi's gaze from across the room and jerked his head slightly in Atsuya's direction letting him know he didn't want to leave his friend's side. Takashi nodded before going back to his conversation with Mitsukuni.

Since Mitsukuni had won the bet on whose team won the competition, the grinning Alpha handed Takashi a list on what cakes he wanted baked and delivered to him over the next three months. Since it was Harry who would ultimately be fulfilling the terms of the bet (and if Takashi thought he was going to get out doing some major baking, he had another thing coming), Harry thought Mitsukuni gave his list to the wrong person. Takashi must have caught the expression on Harry's face because he caught Harry's eye and smiled sheepishly. Harry only rolled his eyes in answer and relaxed with his friend.

What Harry hadn't counted on where the fan girls. Several of the Host's Club patrons paid for the privilege of dining with the Hosts. When they discovered he was Takashi's mate, they pounced with a fervor that made his previous dealings with fan girls seem like a walk in the park. When he tried to back away saying he was having a hard time understanding them (while he could understand a good deal of spoken Japanese, he was complete bullocks deciphering the squeals of six girls speaking over each other while speaking a mile a minute), they immediately squealed 'moe' before switching gears and speaking fluent English.

Stupid, posh boarding schools who taught their students a second language from birth, Harry thought in annoyance. By the time Harry detangled himself from their grasp, Nekozawa had Atsuya cornered. The blond was out his cloak and wig but had the hood to his Ouran track suit over his head. Harry rushed over to the pair.

"...my cowardice in not informing Mitsukuni of our contract has hurt not only you but Mitsukuni as well. Mitsukuni was justifiably annoyed with how I handled the situation."

"An apology is not needed. We are just friends," Atsuya looked as if he'd rather be having a root canal.

"Nevertheless..."

"Jeez, those fan girls are relentless." Harry bounced up to them and stood next to Atsuya. "I don't know how the hosts handle it, I couldn't last five minutes. Hey, Umehito-san, good to see you, how's Kirimi?"

Nekozawa bowed. "Happy to have met the great Harry Potter-san. She wants to see you again to wheedle more sweets from you."

"Send her over tomorrow. You could probably do with a break. I'll have her help me bake. I usually do all my baking on Sundays."

Nekozawa's eyes widened and his face morphed into one of surprised delight. "I see that in this case the rumors are true. You are amazingly kind and forgiving, Potter-san."

Mitsukuni appeared, drawled Nekozawa in conversation while pulling him away from them.

"Thanks," Atsuya breathed.

They looked to see Mitsukuni apparently scolding Nekozawa. Nekozawa had his head bent and nodded in agreement, to whatever the shorter Alpha said to him.

"It appears I am missing something important again," a voice chimed from their side.
Both he and Atsuya jumped and Harry glared at Kyoya.

"What are you a ninja?" Harry groused.

Kyoya smirked.

"Harry." He turned to Atsuya and kissed his hand. "Atsuya-kun, a pleasure as always."

Harry rolled his eyes at the host. "Congratulation on your win. It's nice to see genuine passion in your eyes for once."

Kyoya flushed and adjusted his glasses. "Well it appears Tamaki can be somewhat manipulative."

They looked up at a loud noise from the waiters entering the room and setting up the kotatsus, donabe pots, and portable stoves. "It appears we will be sitting down to eat soon. One of these days Tamaki will outgrow his commoner fetish and I will be able to treat you to a meal at a more appropriate restaurant."

"I don't think anything could beat the restaurant Harry took me to the other night," Atsuya smiled in remembrance. "It was amazing."

"You think." A glint appeared behind Kyoya's eyes as he zeroed in on Atsuya. "It appears that I will have to broaden your horizons."

"I doubt anywhere you can take me can top the dining experience Harry and I had."

Kyoya smirked as his gaze scooped Atsuya from head to toe.

"I will be at your place of residence next Saturday night at 6:30. Be prepared."

"For?"

"If I win, I will demand payment."

"What?"

"Your first kiss."

Harry could literally see the flames erupting between the two.

Atsuya flushed. "And if I win you will have to spend the day following me."

Kyoya smirked and his eyes dropped to Atsuya's arse clad in skinny jeans. "Not a problem. The terms have been set."

Kyoya strolled away with such a demonic grin on his face that everyone shrieked and jumped out his path.

"School first," Harry mocked.

"Shut it."

After dropping Atsuya off, Harry turned in the car to give his Alpha a searing kiss.
“My brave victorious warrior.”

Takashi snorted and pulled Harry against his body trailing his fingers up and down Harry’s sides.

“He okay?”

“Kyoya sniffed out their was something going on and pounced. They have a date next Saturday.”

Takashi frowned. “Should I step in?”

“I like you in one piece. The sexual tension between them was off the charts. Mitsukuni?”

“Adjusting, getting to know Umehito.”

“No tact.”

“Ah. His confronting you two was his way of trying to make friends.”

Harry sighed. “I invited Kirimi over tomorrow, they can come over too, and I’ll get to know him better.”

“Not tomorrow, we have plans. I told Mitsukuni we’ll reschedule for next weekend.”

Harry backed away and scowled at his mate.

“What plans?”

Takashi flushed. “Surprise.”

Harry moved from Takashi’s lap and looked out the car window.

“This isn’t the way home.”

“Ah.”

“So you aren’t going to tell me anything,” Harry asked his arms crossed over his chest as he glared at his mate, trying to disguise how excited he was becoming.

“Iie,” Takashi answered with a smirk, no doubt feeling his excitement through their bond.

“Can I seduce the surprise from you?”

Takashi chuckled.

“Meanie,” Harry pouted, before he dragged his mind back to dinner straightening when he remembered what he had wanted to ask Takashi. “By the way, what’s up with Haruhi? I tried to talk to her, but she spaced out.”

Takashi chuckled; his amusement reached his eyes, which glowed. “She’s beginning to realize Tamaki doesn’t annoy her as much as she thought.”

“Oh . . . that’s not funny though . . . Is it really impossible for an Alpha and Beta to be together?”

Takashi flushed. “Sexually, it’s not ideal. A Beta’s opening is three to four inches on average; an Omega’s is eight to nine. Of course, they expand and you can try products that stretch you but most Betas after a while just walk away. Then there’s the hormones.” Takashi shook his head. “It’s not worth the drama. It’s instinctual for an Alpha and Omega to search out a compatible partner. The
beginning and the end forming a complete circle, to go against nature . . . it's a difficult life. Your wolf is never satisfied and will make its discomfort known. Mitsukuni knew an Omega married to a Beta. Her heats weren't satisfying; a Beta doesn't have the pheromones to keep things going. They tire too easily. Despite their love for each other, they couldn't maintain a physical relationship. The problems in the bedroom spread to other areas in their lives. They divorced and she's bonded to an Alpha now and is much happier."

Harry sighed. "Haruhi doesn't go into heat; it could be possible they can be together."

"Ah," though Takashi looked skeptical.

"Poor Haruhi," Harry said thinking over the situation.

"Ah. Luckily she's nearly as dense as Tamaki and doesn't realize she's in love."

"Well love does tend to rob one of all reason and common sense."

Takashi's head jerked up until their eyes met. Harry found his skin pinking and noticed Takashi's had done the same.

"Ah."

Chapter End Notes

AUTHORS NOTES:

Hi, I'm back sort of. I apologize, but things have been hectic. In the last couple months I've . . .

Went back to work part time

Part time at work became full time

Got really sick

Had surgery

Got sick again

And that's not talking about the personal crap.

While I still have good days and bad days with my health issues, I have been thinking of writing again and thought I'd get this chapter out to get a feel of writing again. I apologize if it's crap.

While I don't have as much time as I did now that I'm working full-time, I'm thinking that things are evening out to where I can get back to writing this and A Chance At Happiness again.

Thank you for all your support and please know that while I haven't been responding, I have been lurking around and still appreciate every review, every favorite, follow, and kudos!
I appreciate you!
"New Zealand," Harry couldn't hold back the awe lacing his voice. "I know I said a mini break would be fun but I never expected this."

"Ah."

"I can see why they call these mountains Remarkable. What do you have planned for us?"

"Ah."

Startled, Harry jerked his gaze away from the glass walls of their vacation home suspended high over Lake Wakatipu and looked over at his Alpha. Takashi laid sprawled across the king sized bed, hands cradled behind his head. The only clothes on his body were a pair of green boxer briefs. Green boxer briefs that failed to conceal a raging erection. Takashi's lust filled gaze was not on the breathtaking 270 degree views, but on Harry.

Face flaming, Harry looked down at himself. Fresh from his bath, he sat draped across the red chaise. His towel had long been abandoned to the floor as his hands idly spread lotion on his body. Distracted by the spectacular view, he had neglected to grab his usual lotion, but the glittery cream Ichita had laughingly gifted him with earlier. Now, Harry's body sparkled in the moonlight.

Apparently, Takashi liked glittery lotion. Harry wondered if his Alpha would be equally impressed with the other products the amused Omega had thrust into his satchel.

Well, it couldn't hurt to try and besides, Harry still owed Takashi payback for the ropes.

Turning his head back to the view to hide his smirk, Harry poured more cream into his hands. He allowed his thighs to widen and slowly worked the cream into his skin while updating his Alpha on what's been happening at Marauder Enterprises.

He could've sworn he'd heard Takashi moan.

Seconds before Harry knew his Alpha was ready to lose his composure and jump him, Harry rose from the chaise and sauntered over to the foot of the bed.

"I need to thank you for this trip, Taka. We've been so busy lately, this is exactly what we needed to relax and reconnect with one another."

"Ah."

His Alpha's normal slate gray eyes were black with lust. Harry watched in amusement as Takashi shucked his briefs off his body with such force they hit the glass windows across the bedroom.

"Perfect," Harry cried. "You always know what I'm thinking. Turn around and I'll get the oil for
Takashi's lust drenched gaze disappeared in an instant. His mates face went slack. It took all of Harry's self-control to appear innocent as he watched his Alpha fight to hide his lust behind occlumency shields.

"Harry?"

"You've been working so hard lately and now you're doing this for us." Harry explained earnestly to his Alpha waving his hand around their bedroom and the million dollar view in the background while inwardly cackling with glee. "Giving you a massage is the least I can do to say thank you. Please Taka?"

As always, the moment Harry called his Alpha by his pet name, his Mate caved. Despite his more amorous needs, Takashi's face softened as he stared at Harry.

"Ah."

Harry squealed excitedly and jumped up and down making sure all his best bits jiggled.

"Great. I'll get the massage oil."

Harry was positive he heard his Alpha groan the moment his back was turned. Harry allowed his smirk to run free while praying he didn't chicken out. He never done this before.

When Harry returned with Ichita's 'special' oil, Takashi was face down on the bed, his face buried atop his crossed arms. Harry's heart sped up inside his chest as he spied his mate. He had truly been gifted with the most beautiful Alpha in the universe. Inside and out, his Alpha was perfect for him. Takashi Morinozuka was his reward for all those years of hell.

Climbing on the bed, Harry straddled his mate's waist unable to hold back a moan. Bare skin touched bare skin. Leaning down, he placed a gentle kiss on his Alpha's ear before whispering down to him.

"I'm so lucky to have you. Sometimes I sit back waiting for you to realize I'm not worth the hassle."

"Harry . . .," Takashi began.

"Ssh," Harry interrupted, nipping his ear. "My turn to spoil you."

With that thought in mind Harry sat up and poured a generous amount of oil on his palms, rubbing it between his hands before reaching over to free one of Takashi’s arms to massage all the while telling his Alpha how much he appreciated everything he did for them.

". . . Plus you have the patience of a saint." Harry informed him as he released his left arm and reached for the right. Slowly and methodically, he rubbed the special oil into his Alpha's fingers. "I know I'm damaged. I know I'm a brat and flip out on things I maybe shouldn't. Thank you for not dismissing me, thank you for valuing my concerns. I appreciate—"

"Harry . . .," Takashi's voice squeaked in confusion.

Harry smirked but continued to massage the oil into Takashi's skin as if he hadn't heard Takashi's confused plea. The oil had begun to activate. Ichita's 'special' oil was created with Alphas in mind. The massage oil worked with their pheromone's to create an aphrodisiac. It also had an added bonus, after a few minutes, the Alpha would have the sensation that they were sitting in massage chair, but not only did they get the feeling they were getting a deep tissue massage, but the Alpha would also
feel as if someone were slowly licking their skin.

Harry loved magic.

Harry worked his way down Takashi's body getting nervous when he finally got to his goal, something he always wanted to try, but was too scared to. Leaning forward he placed kisses on his Alpha's back enjoying the way Takashi squirmed, moaned, and groaned underneath him. Once he thought his Alpha was distracted enough, he pounced.

Casting a quick cleaning charm he separated his Alpha's arse cheeks and dribbled oil down the crack. Takashi stiffened under his manipulations but remained quiet. Taking that as quasi permission, he bent forward and placed his lips at his hole.

It felt weird, wrong. Harry wondered if he were doing it right. It took a few seconds to push past the 'wrong' feeling inside his head. It helped to remember the passion he felt when Takashi did it to him. Relaxing, he used his hands to spread him wide while caressing his skin and making room to get his tongue where it needed to be.

Takashi was very dominate and aggressive. Harry was not. Although he wanted Takashi to feel his strength. He hoped he was doing a good job.

Harry breathed a little easier once he felt Takashi tense underneath him, this time from pleasure. His Alpha had his face buried in the pillow, muffled moans escaping from his mouth as he hands gripped the bedsheets. Harry supposed he was doing okay.

Still.

Pulling back a bit and Harry let his hand cradle Takashi's testicles while still nuzzling his hole.

"Ok?"

An arse thrust in his face was Harry's answer. Chuckling darkly, Harry went back at it, loving how vocal his usually stoic mate had become. When Takashi's body shuddered from head to toe, Harry knew he had him.

Pulling back, Harry moved to his balls while pouring more oil on his fingers before gently inserting one finger inside. They both gasped in shock. Harry wasn't sure which was louder.

It felt amazing. Why hadn't he tried this before? It was slick, tight, and cling to his finger as if his fingers had had been especially designed for that purpose and that purpose alone. Harry could just imagine what it would feel like being inside him. Moaning Harry inserted a second finger slowly stretching out his Alpha while he searched for his prostate. Harry knew he found it when Takashi's body stiffened and a guttural shout escaped his mouth. Energized, Harry doubled his attention doing everything in his power to increase Takashi's pleasure until he couldn't take it any longer.

"Please Taka," he whined. He'd do anything, anything to feel like what it would be like to be inside his Alpha.

He must have said that out loud because Harry felt Takashi stiffen. It seemed like hours but was probably only a few seconds. Takashi swung around on his back, pulled Harry up on top of him and devoured his mouth in a deep, possessive kiss.

"Hurry."

The 'before I change I mind' was unsaid but Harry got the point. Allowing Takashi to dominate the
kiss, Harry reached down coating himself before spreading Takashi's legs and slowly sinking inside.

Nirvana. Complete and total bliss. That is what it felt like to have Takashi's insides gripping him. It took everything in Harry's power to not end it there and then.

Legs entangled with his pulling him close while hands grabbed his arse, and a husky voice whispered in his ear.

"Move."

Harry shuddered and blinked trying to focus. "Yes Alpha."

Bracing his hands and forearms around Takashi's shoulders, he pulled out only to slowly sink back in. Takashi's hands palmed his face as his Alpha's intense gaze met his.

"If you're going to do it, you're going to have to go all the way Harry. Make me want it."

Harry shuddered and lost his rhythm. He glared at the Alpha who smirked at him. Staring deep into Takashi's eyes Harry drew on all the readings he'd done as well as the porno he and Kaori giggled their way through.

Pulling out, Harry grabbed his mate's arms and said a quick incantation so his Alpha's hands were tied above his head before moving off the bed to stand at the foot. He pulled Takashi closer to the edge and lifted his legs so the flats of his feet were on the bed. Bending forward, he slowly slid back inside his mate while his hands massaged more oil into his skin.

Harry purposely went slow and deep making sure he brushed Takashi's prostate. Harry never broke eye contact with his Alpha. It was imperative Takashi know how much he mattered.

Giving a full body shudder at how Takashi tightened around him, Harry bent forward and kissed his Alpha's slack lips. Realizing that he could go deeper like that, Harry literally propped his entire body weight on top of his Alpha. His slow rhythm faltering at the utterly filthy grunts emerging from Takashi's mouth.

Harry undid the spell binding Takashi's hands above his head and instead bound his Alpha's hands with his. That was so much better. Just an Omega and his Alpha.

"Taka," he breathed.

Intense dark gray eyes blinked at him staring at him as if he's staring into his soul. He smiled.

"You're mine," Takashi softly growled.

And Harry understood. Takashi had come to the same conclusion he had and was ready to let go. Because after all, in the end nothing really mattered except the two of them and their bond with each other.

Locking eyes, Harry continued to move inside his Alpha. They both began to pant, both began to slowly lose control. Legs moved to his shoulders, growls echoed in his ears demanding he f-ck him harder. Tremors rocked his Alpha before Takashi stiffened. Cum exploded from his knot hitting Harry's chest and face. Feeling Takashi tighten around him Harry managed one more thrust before he roared out his release and collapsed on top of his Alpha blacking out.
Takashi returned from the shower to find his Omega still passed out on the bed. Smiling gently, he cleaned his mate and changed the bedding before pulling his slack Omega in his arms.

Takashi couldn't hear his wolf like Harry and Mitsukuni could, but he knew the beast wasn't happy with how he allowed his Omega to dominate him. To be honest, Takashi wasn't completely comfortable either. He was the Alpha. What had happened between them was something Takashi never would've imagined consenting too. But he had.

For Harry.

Male Omegas never really appealed to him, only Harry. No one was like Harry. Harry was the exception to every rule. And he couldn't deny it had felt amazing. Sighing Takashi closed his eyes and nuzzled the top his Omega's head with his chin as he slipped to sleep. He'd figure it out later.

The rest of the weekend (Monday was Japan's 'official' Sport's Day, and a holiday) passed in a whirlwind of activity. Harry insisted they do activities Takashi enjoyed so he introduced his Omega to white water rafting, kayaking, water skiing, horseback riding, and hiking. Harry lapped up the adventures and they amused themselves by having many sports competitions, which Takashi always won. But what Takashi enjoyed most was the happy, relaxed aura Harry gave off during their time together. It was as if all the stress they were under these last few weeks disappeared. They spent their evenings (when they weren't having making love) relaxing, speaking of their dreams, their future plans, and to Takashi's shock, children.

"Two years."

Takashi's head shot up from where they soaked in the outdoor sauna overlooking the lake. He gaped at his Omega. He couldn't even speak. Harry flushed and looked down before meeting Takashi's hopeful gaze.

"After language school. Instead of going to university in Japan, I'll have the pups then. I'll wait to go to school when we're in England like we originally planned. By then I should be settled enough as a parent to be comfortable leaving the babies with Dobby and Winky while I go to Cambridge."

Takashi couldn't speak through the pounding of his heart. It took several seconds to utter the most important word in his life.

"Sure?"

"I want that football match," his Omega whispered more to himself, a blush on his face.

"Football match," he asked utterly confused, then stilled once the pieces fell into place. "Your vision," he breathed. "You saw them? Didn't you? How many Harry?"

"Four, two each. Plus, in the vision . . ., I was carrying again," he explained. His Omega smiled wistfully, his hands caressing his stomach as if it was already distended with his pups. At that moment, Takashi wanted nothing more than to make Harry's vision reality. He wanted his Omega filled with his pups. "From the way it looked, me being pregnant in two years sounds right. I . . ., I want them, Taka. We were happy."

Unable to hold back any longer, Takashi lifted his Omega out the water and carried him to the house.

"Practice."
"Pervert," Harry said then sobered. "Taka, just so you know I'm not bringing any children into a world Dumbledore is a part of."

Takashi's eyes narrowed. That fake mage's days were numbered. He had a family to create.

Chapter End Notes

I apologize for the long delay, but a lot has been going on in my life. To make a long story short, I've had health issues, my sister was diagnosed with stage four cancer (family genetics), and my mother passed away. That's on top off all the personal stuff. I hope you like this.

I'm trying to do better.

My next goal is to reread Chance and do the next chapter on that.

Wishing you much peace and grace!
"Harry!" Takashi scowled at his Omega as he batted away the annoying feather tickling his skin.

His Omega smirked unrepentantly before using magic too multiple the feather tenfold. Takashi prepared himself, but thankfully, Harry sent the flying feathers across the seat to attack Satoshi and Hoshimi. His siblings erupted in a fit of giggles, begging his mate to release them from their torture.

Despite Takashi's annoyance, his wolf puffed up with pride upon seeing Harry interact with his kin. Especially once Harry transfigured the feathers into a beautiful swan who hugged each of them before disappearing into a puff of smoke. A satisfied Harry leaned into Takashi's side before regaling his younger siblings with inflated stories of their New Zealand vacation and antidotes from first week of classes at language immersion school.

The familiar sense of 'rightness' filled Takashi's chest as he watched his laughing, relaxed family. One day, it would be their pups Harry would make giggle and laugh.

Relaxing back in his seat, Takashi closed his eyes and allowed his mind to drift. Once they returned from their mini-break, Harry shared the memory of his vision. Takashi immediately recognized the garden.

Now, he was glad he went with his instincts and built the cottage larger than Harry anticipated, especially knowing that he, his mate, and pups would most likely make the cottage their main den in England. Smiling, Takashi thought of his handsome sons, beautiful daughters, and all the things he wanted to do, show and experience with his family. He couldn't wait.

"Taka?" a soft voice echoed in his ear. "We're here."

"Ah." Taking a deep breath Takashi opened his eyes and met the worried gaze of his siblings. He smiled. "We're Morinozukas. We'll get through this."

Shaky smiles were his answer. Taking a deep breath, Takashi stepped out first. He looked around before holding out a hand to assist Harry then his siblings out the vehicle.

Mother stood waiting inside the wooden gate surrounding the small, traditional villa. She might as well have been wearing a jūnihitoe (high-class kimono) with how elegantly she presented herself. She even carried a fan and had her hair pulled back in a severe bun.

Bracing himself, Takashi took the lead, walking up the cobblestone pathway and giving mother his customary hug inhaling the familiar scent of daffodils, Haha preferred. As always, he ignoring the stiffened posture.

"Haha."

"Musuko."

Takashi stepped to the side and watched her greet Harry and his siblings. A small frown marred Haha's face when she noticed the relaxed atmosphere between Satoshi, Hoshimi and Harry. Hard to miss as they immediately went the Omega's side, leaning into him once greeting Haha.
Now knowing Harry and seeing the difference, Takashi understood.

They never had a loving Omega in their lives. Haha had never demonstrated that instinctive worry or care Harry unconsciously displayed. Still, she was their mother and they still longed for unconditional love and approval from her. Something he was sure they'd never receive. He now understood Chichi's stress, fully understood why grandfather and grandmother moved back into the estate. Luckily, he had Harry; but Satoshi and Hoshimi didn't. He'd have to talk to Harry about them becoming more involved in his siblings' lives.

As if Harry heard and understood his thoughts, their gazes met and Harry nodded minutely. He must have been projecting. The tightening of his chest worsened, he had to confess to Harry soon.

"Come in," Haha said. "Lunch is ready."

Haha lead the way inside her new home. Takashi wondered how she felt being there. While the villa was in Kyoto's magical district, it was smaller than she was used to, and right next to the neighbors. In fact, Harry's friend Ichita lived down the road. Haha hated living among commoners.

"Pretty," Harry quipped the moment they sat at the table. "You have a flair for design Okaasan!"

He, Satoshi, and Hoshimi's heads all swung around to stare at Harry incredulously. Vibrant Harry would never be happy in a home decorated in beige and white. Catching their looks, his mate pulled an exaggerated face and stuck his tongue out at them from behind Haha's back making Satoshi and Hoshimi hold back giggles. Once again, Harry managed to diffuse the tension and Takashi couldn't be prouder to call such an Omega his.

Takashi, like his siblings now relaxed back in their seats and Takashi even saw Hoshimi smile at Haha.

"I agree with Harry, Haha. You must be happy here; you always wanted to be closer to Kyoto."

Haha glanced around the home with a small frown on her face.

"It is adequate for now." Haha paused as the servants delivered the first course. Once they left she looked at them all. "Now, tell me what you have been doing these last few weeks."

Takashi sat back, quietly observing Haha interacting with everyone; hating the painful truths he was now becoming aware of.

Everyone said he was his father's son, but he inherited his emotional control and tendency for dry speaking from Haha. Haha had never asked her pups 'how' they were doing, but always 'what' they were doing. She would then direct them on 'how' they should do something. With Chichi it was always 'how' are you and 'why' did you make this decision. There was a big difference between the two approaches.

Haha had no maternal instincts. Omegas by nature were emotional creatures territorial over their homes and families. Haha never had been. Why hadn't he noticed before now? Even when her oestrus neared, Haha never displayed the mood swings common among Omegas. If anything, she had become colder and more withdrawn. He knew Omega weren't the same, but this was…. Takashi straightened in his chair as realization hit. He now knew what Chichi had been desperate to hide.

He took out his phone.

Suppressants? – TM
Yes. – AM
She is still on them. – TM
I know. – AM
There's more, correct? – TM
Yes. – AM
I won't like it. - TM
No. - AM
Takashis wolf began crawling to the surface.

Is she in cahoots? - TM

Unsure, maybe not directly. - AM

Takashi put away his cell phone unable to take anymore. He wanted answers, not speculation. Harry looked over at him, a small frown of concern on his face. He mouthed 'later' which made Harry nod and turn back to the conversation.

"Haha," Hoshimi asked hesitantly. "What's going on?"

Haha lifted her napkin to dab at her mouth primly folding it in several sections never taking her eyes off Hoshimi. His baby sister remained firm, her gaze never wavering under Haha's intense scrutiny. Even he had a hard time when Haha got that look on her face.

To Takashi's shock, Haha cracked first. She broke away from the staring contest and sighed.

"As you know, most marriages in our circle are arranged. For the most part, they are business arrangements. Sometimes, one of the partners want more and it becomes impossible for the original arrangement to work."

"Haha, if JiJi (childish – like Papa – grandfather) and Baba (childish- like MaMa- grandmother) agree with Chichi," Satoshi piped in, "there must be more."

Haha's eyes narrowed. She then turned her stare to Harry as if it were his fault Satoshi and Hoshimi were pursuing the situation and not backing down as normal. She may have a point, but it was unfair to blame Harry for the mess she created. For making her children stronger emotionally, when she never had.

It was time he took control of the situation. He was the Morinozuka heir. A Morinozuka by birth, unlike Haha. And he would not allow her to injure his mate and his siblings.

"Haha."

Takashi drawled carefully. He leaned back in his chair and crossed his legs. Takashi took his time, slowly leaning back in his chair and resting his forearms on arms of the chair. He wanted to ensure all eyes were on him and no longer on Satoshi or Hoshimi, before he continued to speak.

He was a protector and it was time he protected those who meant the most to him. Even if it was from the woman who gave them life.
"I understand this is a personal matter between yourself and Chichi," he began. "But we are Morinozukas. As you have always told us, our name comes with certain expectations. There are standards we must uphold. Standards you are failing to adhere to Haha. By keeping quiet, you make us unaware. We are being blindsided. Keeping secrets is fatal in our society, for our business, and for our social standing. Until the curse is lifted and the next Haninozuka comes into power, we, the Morinozukas are the leaders, the stewards of magical Japan. We cannot be prepared if we do not know the truth. As Morinozukas, we should know more of our family's business than what is reported in the newspapers. Now, as an Alpha mated to an Omega, I can read between the lines. I can assume based upon my knowledge of you both what happened between yourself and Chichi. Instead of assuming, I would rather know the truth."

Haha gaped at him. If it were anyone else, in any other situation he'd be amused. In fact, everyone looked surprised by his speech. He was not the heir to his family, nor heir steward to the Tree of Life without cause.

Naturally, Haha recovered first. "You are your father's son."

"Ah. You do not sound proud of that fact, Haha," he coolly answered. "In fact, you do not appear to feel much of anything. Stoic. You always have been. Strange for a mated Omega with three pups."

Harry gasped, cottoning on. His face turned bright red and his hands balled into fists.

"They are impossible to come by," he gasped. "The healers told me after the suppressants were flushed from my system. They said there are only a handful of potion masters in the world who could come up with a viable suppression formula for Omegas, it was just unfortunate for me Snape was one of them."

"Ah," Takashi answered, never moving his gaze from his mother's white face.

Satoshi and Hoshimi eyes filled with comprehension. They knew. He would bet his fortune and position as Morinozuka heir they had hacked into Harry's files, especially after his lapse in front of Satoshi.

He turned back to Haha.

"Don't make me assume, mother. Because one would logically conclude my mother is on a modified version of the Omega suppressant force-fed to my Omega his entire life. Since it appears she is taking such an illegal potion willingly, one could also conclude my mother is in cohorts with the people who made it their mission to make my Omega's life hell. I would assume that as my mother, you would know how enraged I'd feel if that was the case and why I hope you would have proof my assumptions are false."

You could've heard a pin drop. The only ones not showing any signs of horror or disbelief over what they were hearing were himself and Haha. Haha now over the shock of discovery met his harsh gaze without flinching.

"You are incorrect."

"I would hope so," he returned. Despite Haha being the Omega who birthed him, his wolf wanted to slit her throat. One for being a threat to his Omega, two for tampering with nature and neutralizing her wolf, and lastly for destroying their family. He gripped the arms of his chair to help control the urge to attack. "In what capacity am I in error?"

"I would never consort with inferior foreigners," Haha scoffed. "I've seen his work. This
Englishman, while crafting a useable formula, was sloppy. He had no subtlety, no awareness of what it was like to be an Omega or what an Omega needed, that is why he was never able to sell his product to anyone beyond yazuka types."

Takashi felt like a fool. Of course. Who had drilled in him potion making from the moment he could reach the table.

"But that is not an obstacle you have faced?"

Haha, realizing what she had uncovered, allowed her faced to go blank, allowing only a small flicker of relief in her eyes when the servants came to deliver the second course.

"Your father is giving your more responsibilities, I see," Haha commented after several minutes of uncomfortable silence, deflecting the situation. "It suits you, Musuko. You are developing into a fine young man worthy of the Morinozuka name."

"Ah. It is my duty to protect my family, even from ourselves. Am I to expect our reputation to be tarnished soon by your business dealings?"

"Laws change," she retorted back just as calmly. "And why should Omega be only ones in our society without the freedom to choose."

"You will not turn yourself into a martyr and a crusader for Omega Rights Haha," Takashi bit out furiously, more enraged than he'd ever been in his life. "Especially with goals as self-serving as yours."

Haha's eyes narrowed. Takashi knew his mother was just as angry as he and was plotting something. He didn't care.

The rest of lunch was tense. Harry filled the void by speaking of Kyoto and the area, probing them all on the best places to visit for different activities. He even managed to get Haha to explain why Kyoto was her favorite city and why.

Even still, Takashi was glad to escape. He and his siblings immediately collapsed back in their seats the moment the doors closed and the driver sped off. Harry knocked on the glass window separating them from the driver.

"Take us to the Tofuku-ji Temple please."

Takashi sighed. "Not now."

"Especially now."

Takashi sighed as Harry sent the driver a pointed look the driver didn't dare ignore. They soon set off.

"Harry," he tried again.

All he wanted to do was find Mitsukuni, go to the dojo, and spar with his cousin until he was beat down, defeated and unable to think any longer. As if Harry heard his thoughts, he glared at him. The next thing he knew Harry slid into his lap, his lips brushing against his ear and he placed gentle kisses against it.

"Be good," he whispered, "and maybe I'll let you take out your frustrations with the ropes later."
Takashi decided to be good.
Guess Who's Coming to Dinner

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter Thirty-One: Look Who's Coming to Dinner
Sunday, 15 October 2006 – Tokyo Metropolis, City of Minato, Moto-Azabu District, Tokyo Japan

The next morning, well nearly afternoon (Takashi had been very enthusiastic last night) had Harry standing at the foot of the stairs staring in shock at the destruction to his den. Furniture, chairs, paintings, and other kitsch items were stacked haphazardly against the wall in a single pile reaching from the floor to the penthouse’s eleven-foot ceilings. Priceless glassware found in the Potter and Black vaults dating back to first century looked as if they would crash to the floor with a single breath. Harry forcibly reminded himself he could fix almost anything with magic. Even still, he waved his hand and sent the glass through the screen door leading to the kitchen. Only then did he remember to breath and focus on what was going on in front of him.

The cousins were sparring.

Takashi, Satoshi, and Hoshimi were facing off against Mitsukuni and Yasuchika. Takashi, Satoshi, and Hoshimi were fighting with their swords while Honey and Chika were weaponless. With the high-level of acrobatics, it almost looked as if they were dancing instead of sparring. As usual, Harry had a hard time taking his eyes off his Alpha, who was the best of the lot.

"Hello Harry," an eerily soft voice piped up beside him.

Distracted, Harry looked up and nodded hello to Umehito. As usual, Kirimi was comfortably held against the blond Omega's hip.

"Sorry, didn't see you, got distracted." He nodded to the five cousins. "Impressive, huh?"

Umehito glanced at Mitsukuni who was fighting in a t-shirt and tracksuit bottoms the older Omega's gaze was transfixed on the Alpha. Harry couldn't blame him. For the first time, Harry noticed Mitsukuni, despite looking like a ten-year-old, had the body of a man, a very muscular man.

"Getting along," Harry asked when Umehito didn't answer, Harry smirked and poked the boy.

Mitsukuni and Umehito now lived together while they worked on their relationship. It seemed living with Mitsukuni helped Umehito's fashion sense. The other boy had ditched the dark cloaks and wigs in favor of hats and sunglasses. Today he wore dark, geometric dress pants with a shirt, tie, and jumper in what Atsuya would call the conservative kireime-kei fashion style. It suited him.

"You look good."

Umehito flushed. "Mistukuni took me shopping. Kirimi likes him."

Harry frowned. "I think it's more important that you like him. Do you?"

Umehito's flush deepened and he didn't answer Harry's question. Harry sighed and turned back to focus on the fighting cousins, casting the sonorous charm on his throat.

"Oi!"
Hoshimi startled and stumbled at the sound of his voice. Unfortunatly, she had been in the middle of a back flip when he yelled and fumbled her landing. Without missing a beat, Chika caught Hoshimi in his arms preventing her fall while Mitsukuni caught Hoshimi's sword. Harry was impressed. It seemed despite the brothers' contemtuous relationship; they were still in sync with each other.

"Umehito and I are going grocery shopping," Harry announced once he had everyone's attention. "We're leaving Kirimi here, don't corrupt her and fix my den!"

Mitsukuni took Kirimi off Umehito, holding the toddler up against his hip.

"I want to go with brother and Harry," Kirimi pouted.

Mitsukuni returned her pout, widening his eyes and tilting his head as he peered cutely over at the four year old.

"You don't want to stay with me?" he whispered teary eyed.

Kirimi immediately reached out and hugged Mitsukuni shaking her head in denial.

"I'll stay, Honey!"

Harry barely managed to hold back a snort but did look at Umehito and roll his eyes, while the other Omega bit his lip to keep from laughing. No one could out loli-shota Mitsukuni, not even a four year old.

Takashi walked up and tugged on Harry's fringe.

"Guards."

Harry looked up into determined gray eyes and sighed resigned. "I'm in the mood to walk though."

"Ah." Takashi went into his pocket and pulled out his mobile to text.

"Fix my den," he ordered before turning to drag Umehito out the room, only to stop when Takashi pulled him back turning his body so they were face-to-face.

Takashi reached down and ran his hand through Harry's hair until his hand rested on the back of Harry's neck. Harry could feel the electrical charge as Takashi's hand met bare skin and shivered. Gazes locked, Takashi gently squeezed and Harry felt his wolf happily submit to his Alpha's calming touch. Still silent, Takashi turned him back around with a pat on the bum and a gentle nudge towards the door. Once he and Umehito were on the sidewalk, Harry came out of his daze and noticed the other Omega staring at him curiously.

"What?"

"I was under the assumption your bond was arranged like mine. It's a love match?"

Now it was Harry's turn to blush. "No, it was arranged. I didn't know Takashi existed until two weeks before my oestrus."

"Hmm," Umehito replied chuckling darkly.

Harry stuck out his tongue and playfully elbowed the Omega in the ribs. "Since you're so interested in bonds, what about yours? Mitsukuni sure has a great body doesn't he?"

Umehito gaze deepened. His blue eyes darkened. Harry could literally feel Umehito's magic as the
Omega contemplated what to reveal.

"I am used to being in control, making the decisions for Kirimi and myself," he rasped. "Honey is a traditional Alpha and very . . . intense."

Harry nodded in understanding; he knew exactly how the other Omega felt as he was going through the same thing with Takashi, trying to balance his independence while still maintaining a solid relationship. Harry knew Neville had been correct. Harry was lucky to have a mate willing to compromise. From what he had heard about Mitsukuni, Harry didn't think he would be as flexible.

"I heard about Mitsukuni's lifestyle," Harry said as they continued to walk. "Only you can determine if it is something you'll be comfortable with. If you can't, maybe the two of you could live separately and he visits during your heat?"

"Honey suggested that as well if I felt I couldn't," Umehito admitted. "He does make me uncomfortable at times, but it's freeing," he whispered still not meeting Harry's eyes. "I am confused. I've never felt so relaxed and carefree around someone, especially after . . ."

Umehito clamped his lips together.

"Oh," Harry replied blushing as well as he thought about what he and Takashi had done last night. "I understand. So you consummated—"

"No! Just . . . my heat's next month. Honey wants to wait . . . for me to be sure."

Despite the uncomfortableness and their red faces, Harry let out a relieved breath at Umehito's words. Harry coughed clearing his throat.

"Maybe it would help if you met everyone, especially George," Harry muttered more to himself than Umehito. "I wonder if Ichita will feel up to a sleep over, or if George can leave the shop for a day or two, he's the one you really should meet."

"Harry?"

"Partly," he informed the confused blond. "I've decided to kick Takashi out the penthouse next weekend and host a sleep over."

"Oh, I've never been invited to a party of friends before," Umehito admitted shyly.

"Me either," Harry said looping his arm through Umehito's. "It'll be an experience for both of us."

Umehito let out one of his raspy chuckles that sounded strangely happy.

"Do you really need to go grocery shopping?" he asked as they entered the shop, "or did you just want to find out about me and Honey?"

Harry grinned. "Mainly to find out about you and Honey. But, I really do need your help. Last time I went shopping by myself I couldn't read the labels and poured some gunk in my tea the next morning. I thought it was milk but was some weird drinkable yogurt." Harry answered shuddering dramatically making Umehito laugh.

"Well we can't have that happening. Honey mentioned your black moods are worse than his when you don't get your morning cups of tea."

Harry shrugged in agreement and dragged Umehito around the store when his mobile's ringtone
blasted the song Crazy by Gnarls Barkley. Harry was going to ignore the call at first, but then he remembered last night's date and eagerly accepted the call.

"Finally. Atsuya, are you okay? How was your date with the Demon King? Do I need to kill him for you?"

An amused chuckle came from the other end of the line. "Better not. I was actually calling to ask you why I shouldn't just drop my pants and present to Kyoya?"

Harry chuckled. "Date that good."

"Perfect," Atsuya answered dreamily. "We had a private dinner at the Design Sight (a design museum in Tokyo) after it closed. Kyoya catered in dinner and not only had someone given us a private tour of the museum, but I also received the building blue prints, Harry! Kyoya arranged for me to begin a part-time job with one of the directors. Can you believe it! With this on my resume I'll be guaranteed acceptance at MIT's Architectural School," Atsuya gushed.

Harry sighed and sent Umehito an apologetic look for the interruption. He didn't want to crush his friend's happiness, especially after what happened to Mitsukuni.

"You need to come back down to reality," Harry bluntly told his friend.

"What?" Atsuya asked offended.

"Atsuya truly it sounds like a great date and I'm glad for you, but with the status of Kyoya's family, I doubt he really did anything extraordinary except have his assistant make a telephone call to arrange the evening, yet you're building him up as Prince Charming to your Cinderella. Don't you want more? Don't you want to bond with someone who is making an effort to commit to you and put your relationship first?" he asked seriously. Harry was aware of Umehito listening closely. He had to get it right, for both of them. "I realized Takashi was serious about our relationship when he, despite being told all his life to never go against family, he went against his mother and siblings upon recognizing they were treating me like crap. He proved I was important to him by making himself uncomfortable and putting us first. So until Kyoya, who by the way I think is a real sweetie underneath the false uncaring façade, does something extraordinary and makes himself uncomfortable for your happiness, he's just he's just another Alpha trying to get into your pants."

Complete and total silence met his statement. Harry began to think he'd went too far and was about to apologize when Atsuya finally spoke in a choked voice.

"See, this is why you're my best friend," he whispered.

Harry's heart warmed at the thought of someone believing he was worth being their best friend and chuckled to cover up how choked up he felt at the idea.

"Your mine as well, take the time to see if you two fit . . . but we need to talk about the most important thing. Did you snog him and how was it? I must admit to wondering if he is as good a kisser as he appears!"

"Better," Atsuya answered with a dreamy sigh then laughed once he realized what he'd done.

Laughing, Harry informed Atsuya he was in the store and he'd call him later to get the details before hanging up and turning back to Umehito.

"Sorry about that."

Umehito shook his head with a thoughtful look on his face.
"Good advice."

"I hope he listens. Atsuya's rash and really wants a mate despite all his protests to the contrary."

Takashi was waiting to greet them the moment they entered the penthouse. Once Umehito passed them and entered the living area Takashi pulled him into his arms and ran his hands down the sides of Harry's body in a gentle caress.

"Okay?"

"Yeah."

Takashi nodded and gently reached up to massage his neck.

"We have more guests," he warned.

Harry cocked his head curiously before leaving the genkan and entering the room, half-expecting to be attacked in a massive hug from Tamika, but he had guessed wrong. He smiled upon walking into his home. Chichi was there along with Takashi's grandparents and Mitsukuni's parents. Satoshi, Hoshimi, and Yasuchika were on the floor playing with Piyo-chan. Umehito sat next to them with a visiting Hedwig on his lap stroking her feathers and catering to his drama queen. Mitsukuni and Hoshimi were sitting in deep concentration over the GO board while occasionally joining in on the other's conversation. Chichi, Mitsukuni's father, and the grandparents were out on the patio with cold drinks and Mitsukuni's mother sat on the sofa with Kirimi on her lap talking to the girl so fast that he couldn't understand a word they were saying. Peace went through him. This was his family. It felt like family. It felt like he came home.

"That's fine," he whispered to a worried Takashi. "It's nice. Families are supposed to spend Sunday together. I'll go make lunch."

Harry skipped to the kitchen and slid open the shoji screen so he was able to view what everyone was doing while he cooked. For lunch, he fillet fish and fried them in tempura, with rice and zoni soup. For dessert, he made several banoffee pies. Once done he had Takashi set up the buffet and help him bring out the dishes so everyone with the exception of Kirimi could dish up his or her own food. It was nice to see Kirimi sitting between Mitsukuni and Umehito and them both devoting attention to the little girl while Mitsukuni had a conversation with his brother that didn't evolve into insults. Happy, Harry turned back to his conversation with his brother and sister-in-law.

After lunch everyone was eager to test out the new Wii Takashi had managed to get an early copy of. When Kirimi fell asleep she was put in one of the spare bedrooms while the rest went through the various festival games while they chatted and laughed and joked with each other for several hours. Once Kirimi awoke from her nap, Harry took her into the kitchen so she could help him bake cakes. Inspired by his visit to the Cheateau, he also experimented and baked several varieties of bread. For dinner, he made different types of fish, including sanma, the majority of soup recipes Chef had taught him and of course rice. His Omega purred in contentment at having his family together and him being able to see to his family's needs.

Mitsukuni's parents were a revelation. His father was indeed as stern and unyielding as Harry supposed he was, but his Mum... one glance at her and Harry realized where Mitsukuni and yes, Yasuchika too no matter how much he denied it got their personalities from. The minute she saw Kirimi she pounced on her new granddaughter, brushed and played with her blonde hair while berating Umehito and her son for not dressing her in frilly dresses and all but demanding Umehito
give her grandbabies as soon as possible.

“That means you too Harry dear,” she said turning to Harry. “For generations the Haninozukas and Morinozukas planned the birth of their children. Surely, you realize it is not a coincidence that our children with the exception of Hoshimi are born a couple months apart? And now more than ever, it imperative that this tradition continues.”

Feeling put on the spot, Harry turned and glared at Takashi whose only answer was an amused shrug. So Harry reached over to pour tea for Mrs. Morinozukua.

“It’s so nice to finally meet you. I see where your sons get their good looks and winning personalities from. How old were you when Mitsukuni was born?”

“Twenty-three. I remember it like yesterday, he was such a beautiful baby, I wanted ten more but that was not to be.”

“But thankfully you were able to wait until you matured and finished school before you began having children when in most respects Umehito and I are still children ourselves.”

“But that’s totally different dear. You and Umehito are Omega mated to powerful Alphas.” Her eyes gleamed with fervor.

“Omegas are born to be child bearers and give me hundreds of grandbabies. It is your destiny.”

Was she serious? Really? His role, his destiny. A haze clouded his vision at her words and some part of him noticed that Kirimi jumped out of Mrs. Morinozuka’s arms and hide behind her brother and Mitsukuni. Good, he thought as he began to reach for his magic, he didn’t want any accidental casualties.

Akira’s laughter distracted Harry and curious, since Akira was like Takashi and rarely laughed it startled Harry enough to look away from Mrs. Haninozuka and glance his way.

“This is a sad commentary of your family's intelligence. The only one who had the sense to jump and hide was the baby,” Akira commented dryly to Mitsukuni's father, Yorihisa.

Yorihisa sighed deeply. “My wife and sons have always been a bit stupid about their passions. It is troublesome. First, I had to develop every inch of the backyard so it can't be turned into an animal rescue shelter. Then, I had to restrict the amount of sugar and flour the staff could purchase so that idiot heir of mine doesn’t develop diabetes or high blood pressure. Finally, I had to get clipped so I wouldn’t have the thirty kids she wanted.”

Totally distracted by their antics and embarssed by his near loss of control, Harry pulled his magic back inward and he found himself giggling uncontrollably especially when he saw the incredulous looks on the Haninozuka’s faces at their head's words. Of course, that only made Harry giggle more.

“Speaking of intelligence, look at that boy you picked for your heir, rolling on the floor, giggling like a hyena. I’m worried about your judgement in arranging Takashi’s bond so randomly.” Yorihisa nodded to Umehito. “At least I found a mate for my heir who is just as ridiculous as he is and since I kicked him out the house, my grocery bill has been cut by more than half.”

Despite being insulted, Harry only giggled louder.

“I am proud of the mate I choose for my son. He balances out Takashi perfectly. Let’s go eat mitsumame. Because of your heir’s unhealthy obsessions, my Harry keeps the kitchen stocked with sweets.”
They turned and left the room. Harry was still on the floor in hysterics.

“Guys, your dads are awesome!”

Mitsukuni and Takashi rolled their eyes.

Once he got control of himself, Harry jumped up and made bowls of mitsumame, which was mainly fruit, agar jelly, beans with a sauce poured over it. He had everyone sit down with their appetizers while he, Takashi, and Satoshi carried in all the dishes to set up the buffet so everyone could relax and grab what they wanted. Dinner was great fun, especially Takashi and Mitsukuni horrified expressions as their fathers continued their comedy routine.

“Your Takashi’s just jealous of how cute and innocent my Mitsukuni is.”

“Cute and innocent?” Akira snorted. “Need I remind you of the mud ball incident?”

“They were five. It’s cute for children to play cooking games.”

“We had to call an ambulance and rush him to the hospital. And then there was the beetle incident.”

“Naturally my heir would not settle for a common variety insect.”

“Takashi spent two days alone in the mountains. It took two hundred people to find him. He was eight.”

“Good training.”

“And the earring incident,” Akira roared outraged.

“Hmmmm,” Yorihisa stroked his beard. “Your right, no excuse for that one.”

“Earring incident?” Harry whispered curiously to Takashi.

Takashi shuddered but didn’t answer.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry, tried to fix the paragraphs will continue to try.

Are you there? Can't blame you if your not. Sorry, life got in the way. As I had stated before my Mother died last August and my sister who had stage four colon cancer passed away in January. That has taken a toll on me. And, I decided to return to college and finally finish. With all that, full-time job, and kids, this got put on the back burner. Hope you like. Since it's been awhile, not sure if I got the voice of the story right. This was the last of the chapters I had plotted, though I have a general idea where I'm going (yes, I am going to continue both my stories), I need to refresh thoroughly, but I hope it doesn't take as long as it had before.
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