Amid the Ruins

by Noenoe

Summary

Harry believed his life would be his own after he managed to defeat Voldemort in the graveyard during the TriWizard Tournament. But once again Harry learned his life was not his own and Albus Dumbledore would keep controlling his life.

Notes

DISCLAIMER:
Not mine, if it was Severus Snape would have lived.

Not beta'd. All mistakes are my own.
Chapter 1

Harry was still in the hospital wing, chatting with Sirius and Remus. His feelings were a bit all over the place, since he felt guilty for the death of Peter Pettigrew, even though the little rat deserved every horrible thing that happened, but elated since he managed to defeat Voldemort. It meant that Sirius was finally a free man and that he could live with his godfather and not with the Dursleys. The next moment his world imploded. Dumbledore swept into the hospital wing, all twinkling and dressed in hot pink robes with flashing orange stars.

“Harry, my boy, how are you feeling?”

“Fine Headmaster. Hopefully Madame Pomphrey releases me today, as the Farewell Feast is tonight and tomorrow I’m going home with Sirius.”

Dumbledore sighed, plastering a sad look on his face.

“About that, my boy. I’m afraid I can’t allow that. You need to return to the Dursleys, they are your family and guardians.”

Sirius exploded, “What the hell, Albus? I am Harry’s godfather. James and Lily wanted me to raise Harry if anything should happen to them. I know I messed up with the whole Pettigrew thing, but I was punished enough for my stupidity. Besides Voldemort is dead, he poses no danger to Harry any more. Harry is coming home with me!”

A rather cruel look passed through Dumbledore’s eyes.

“Yes, yes Sirius. James and Lily entrusted you with their child. And what did you do? You ran after Pettigrew, leaving a crying three year old in the rubble of his home, with his dead parents. Then you spent the next ten years in Azkaban.

You abandoned your godson and at that moment gave up all right to Harry. The Wizenmagot stripped you of all your rights as godfather of Harry Potter and assigned me as Harry’s magical guardian. I made the tough choices to keep Harry safe and alive. And as Harry’s magical guardian I am once again forced to weigh in all dangers levied against Harry.

Voldemort may be defeated, but his Death Eaters are still active. They will seek revenge against Harry. I also did not want to tell Harry this now, wanting him to enjoy at least the last bit of his childhood, but I fear Voldemort may return yet again one day.

We must protect Harry at all costs. During the summer he will be, as always, safe in the home of his Aunt and Uncle. And yes he is loved by them.”

Sirius tried again, “Albus, you know they abuse him. You can’t be serious in sending back to them?”

“Enough Sirius. We’ve all entertained your tall tales regarding the Dursleys, but it stops now! I placed charms all over your home, to keep an eye on you. For reasons unknown you decided to play the victim. For four years now you’ve deceived your best friends, claiming that your family abuse you in various ways.

Harry lies about his life with his family. He pretends that he slept in a cupboard under the stairs until his Hogwarts letter came, that only his bedroom, the room he was grudgingly given by his family, has bars on the window, that his family starves him, beats him and treats him like a house
Harry, I don’t know why you feel the need to do what you do, but your cruel behaviour towards your family stops now. Claiming your family treats you like a house elf, just because they expect you to clean your own room and perform small chores around the home, simple chores such as clearing the dining room table.

Claiming that your family starves you, when you are the one who regularly skips meals or ensure that you regurgitate everything you have eaten. Do you really hate your father that much? You wanted to be the youngest Quidditch player and youngest Seeker in over a century. You instigated the incident in first year to ensure Professor McGonagall notices you. In your mind you believe you need to be short and weigh almost nothing to be the best, but you are only harming yourself.

Claiming to your family physically abuse and bully you, when in fact it is you who torment Dudley. Dudley suffers from a muggle medical condition that causes him to gain weight at an alarming rate. Taunting him by eating sweets in front of him, calling him a useless fat slob and all sorts of demeaning names.

You gave your poor cousin a pig’s tail, just to humiliate him and then blamed the incident on Hagrid. Hagrid does not even have a wand.

Your behaviour stops now Mr Potter. No more lies. You will be grounded the whole summer and be restricted to your bedroom. You will take the time to think about your transgressions and when you come back next year, you will publically apologize to each and every student and professor for your lies and manipulations.”

With that Dumbledore left, dragging Sirius and Remus with him. It was the last time he saw them and it was clear they believed the lies Dumbledore told.

Dumbledore forced Harry to leave Hedwig and his wand at the school. Sitting at the back of the Hogwarts Express, Harry really thought about his life and the role Albus Dumbledore played in it.

He may have known happiness the first three years of his life, but could not really remember it. Sometimes he dreamed of soft loving arms holding him close, telling him that she loved him. Then came Halloween 1983, the night Voldemort killed his parents.

Sirius may have left him there to go after Pettigrew, but Hagrid was there as well. It was not as if Sirius just left him there alone like Dumbledore implied. Hagrid took him to Dumbledore and from that moment on Harry Potter was nothing more than a puppet on a string.

The next eight years of his life was one of misery and pain. His so-called loving family made sure to remind him every day of all of his faults, short-comings and mistakes and just how unloved and unwanted he was.

He was worked as a slave, forced to clean their home and garden. Paint the house (inside and outside), the fence and the shed. He washed and ironed their clothes. He cooked their food, but was rarely allowed to eat the same food. Hell he was not even allowed to sit at the table with them. Uncle Vernon bought a metal dog bowl and scratched the word FREAK into it. Whatever food they so graciously allowed him to eat was put in the bowl and just like an animal, Harry was even denied eating utensils.

Sometimes Harry could not decide which was worst, the verbal abuse of the physical abuse. And how the Dursleys relished in meting out both kinds and in copious amounts.
They never called him by his name. They rather called him Freak, Boy or Potter (when they were in public). He received neither birthday presents nor Christmas presents, but made sure that he saw all the gifts Dudley received. They reminded him that he was a freak, a monster, a waste of space, something that contaminated their home and befouled the air they breathed, a failed abortion and a horrible thing that never should have seen the light of day. Something that was unloved and unlovable.

The physical abuse did not stop at the forced manual labour and controlled starvation. Aunt Petunia loved hitting him with anything she could lay her hands on, but the rolling pin and frying pan were her weapons of choice. Uncle Vernon beat Harry with his fists and big leather belt. Harry’s body was a roadmap from all the scars, the ugliest was a long scar starting just above his left nipple, over his shoulder and down his back. The belt buckle removed bits of his flesh during the beating. Dear cousin Dudley was not far behind his parents in meting out the abuse and his favourite game was something he called “Harry Hunting”. The aim of the game was for Dudley and his gang of friends to chase Harry and if they managed to catch him, beat him until they either grew tired, Harry passed out or a passing adult stopped them. Luckily Harry was fast and nine out of ten hunts, he escaped them, but that one time made up in spades for the nine escapes.

In all his time before Hogwarts, not one wizard or witch came to check up on Harry. Nobody made sure that he was well cared for. The first time he met anybody from the wizarding world was when Hagrid came to fetch him.

Hagrid was a nice enough man, always ready with a joke or support, but he was extremely gullible and had a notorious short temper, especially if somebody dared to insult Dumbledore. At first Harry found it funny that he bullied Uncle Vernon and gave Dudley a pig’s tail, but realized that what Hagrid did to the Dursleys, was just as bad as what Voldemort and his followers did and the way the Dursleys treated him. It also cast a shadow on Dumbledore, the supposed lover of muggles. And why did Dumbledore send an unqualified wizard and one not even a professor at Hogwarts to retrieve Harry and tell him about the wizarding world? All the other muggle born children were visited by a professor. It really does not matter that Harry was not technically a muggle born, but a half-blood, since he remembered nothing about magic and the wizarding world.

Harry reminded himself of the past four years at school and the dangers he were exposed to.

First year.
As much as Harry loves Quidditch, he must admit that it is a dangerous sport. Who in their right mind would allow an eleven year old to participate? There is a reason that first years were never allowed to play. Besides, Dumbledore broke school rules to allow Harry to play. Not only that, Harry was only able to impress Professor McGonagall after he broke the rules. Sure he saved Neville’s remembral, but thinking back, up until the moment he jumped onto the broom, nobody’s life was in danger. He did not have to play the hero and retrieve the bloody thing. The remembral was nothing but a trinket and if Draco did destroy it, pureblood etiquette, as well as school rules would have demanded that the Malfoy’s replace the remembral.

Then the long list of rule breaking, slipping out after curfew, keeping quiet about Hagrid and his bloody dragon, attempts at illegal duels, etcetera.

Then came the troll incident on Halloween night. The smart thing would have been to tell a teacher or a prefect that Hermoine was in the girl’s bathroom. Instead he and Ron rushed off to help her, okay he did and he forced Ron, but only because Ron was the reason she was hiding in there to begin with. They could have been killed by that smelly beast, but got extremely lucky. And was once again rewarded for his rule breaking.
Last but not least was the incident with the Philosopher’s Stone. Sure, he tried to tell Professor McGonagall about the danger, but as soon as she brushed him off, he decided to try and save the day.

Harry suddenly realized the whole first year was a set-up. Using Hagrid to retrieve him from the Dursleys. The same Hagrid who was as unable to keep a secret as a sieve was able to hold water. It was Hagrid who told Harry that Dumbledore sent him to retrieve something very important from Gringotts. It was Hagrid who let slip about Nicholas Flamel and Fluffy. Then his father’s cloak at Christmas and Harry finding the Mirror of Erised and the dangers associated with the mirror. Quirrel (the real villain) portrayed as the poor bumbling, but loveable victim. Snape cast in the role of the evil wizard. Besides Fluffy, all the other puzzles were easily overcome by three eleven year olds, and even then he was conveniently given a flute by Hagrid for Christmas. And that was what Dumbledore deemed sufficient to keep Voldemort away?

Quirrel/Voldemort could have killed him right there and then. It was just luck that Harry was somehow protected, he did not quite believe Dumbledore’s explanation of love, and he was able to defend his own life.

And how did Dumbledore handle the three Gryffindor’s behaviour? He awarded them house-points, weeks after the fact, robbing Slytherin of their hard earned victory.

Second year.
He and Ron should have waited for Mr and Mrs Weasley to come back from Platform 9¾, instead, they stole the car and flew on their own to Hogwarts. The punishment they received was only one detention each, one could argue that having to spend the detention in the company of that idiot Lockhart, was cruel and unusual punishment, but the punishment was far too easy for the crime committed.

Harry started right up breaking the rules, once again. He encouraged theft when Hermoine decided to illegally brew Polyjuice Potion and stealing the necessary ingredients from Professor Snape’s storeroom. Then they drugged two of their classmates to gain access, as them, to their common room.

He kept quiet about the voice he heard, but then, Ron and Hermoine told him that hearing voices was not normal, not even in the wizarding world. He was afraid that everybody would treat him as a freak and that his family was in fact correct. Not that it mattered in the end, since he had been exposed as a Parselmouth and was treated like dirt by the majority of the student populace.

He and Ron almost became a light snack for Hagrid’s pet spider and its children, because Hagrid convinced him it was a good idea to follow the spiders. Harry suspected that Dumbledore knew about the basilisk, but once again encouraged Harry to take part in solving the mystery.

Then when he did solve the mystery he took Lockhart, the fraudulent and cowardly idiot with them to face the basilisk. Even Filch would have been a better option as an adult.

He never learned how Ginny Weasley came into possession of Tom Riddle’s diary. It also bothered him that Ginny, who was raised from birth in a wizarding house, with six older brothers, an overprotective mother and a father who always warns them about the dangers, kept the diary when she saw the thing writing back? A muggleborn could be forgiven as they would not understand the danger, but a pureblood?

Third year:
He could be forgiven blowing Aunt Marge up, since it was accidental magic and then panicking and fleeing the house. But who could blame him? It had been drummed into them that they were
not allowed to use magic outside of school and any transgression was punishable. They could even be expelled from school and the Ministry could snap their wands.

But after learning about the dangerous mass murderer who escaped Azkaban, Harry still continued breaking the rules. He even went as far as slipping out from the castle, just so he could walk around in Hogsmeade. And why? It was not as if he was able to enjoy anything as Ron and Hermoine dragged him the most isolated places, where he froze his butt off.

When he saw Pettigrew’s name on the map, instead of going to an adult, he kept quiet, trying to solve the mystery.

They broke the law by using the time turner to save Sirius and Buckbeak, but he would never be sorry about it and was one of the few things he would do again and with pleasure. Well, expect blasting poor Professor Snape with four wands.

Dumbledore did not even punish them for being out after curfew, the slew of rules and laws they broke, nothing. Sure he broke the rules to save somebody’s life, but he still broke the rules.

Why did Dumbledore allow Hermoine to take all the classes? It was a little bit convenient for her to take all the classes and the use of a time-turner. No other student, no matter how smart have ever been allowed to take each and every class available and they most certainly would not allow a twelve year old a dangerous artefact such as a time-turner.

Then this magical year. By now his habitual rule breaking was legendary as well as the real lack of punishment.

For once he thought his year would be stress free, since the Tri-Wizard Tournament would only be accessible to those witches and wizards of age. Of course his name would be drawn from the goblet. Instead of having his best friends stand by him when he said he did not enter nor did he ask somebody else to enter on his behalf, Ron abandoned him and enjoyed slandering Harry, along with the rest of the school. Only the twins stayed friends with him.

He had to endure being called a cheat and an attention freak. His dorm mates destroyed his homework and refused to let him sleep in his bed. Since a week before the first task Harry had been sleeping in the Room of Requirement, a wonderful room that Dobby showed him. Harry met Dobby the previous year and was astounded to learn that the strange little creature was a free house elf who worked at Hogwarts. Dobby took a liking to him and cared for and looked after him. Meal times were even worse and after the fourth meal denied him by his own house, Dobby also took pity on him and served him his food in his new bedroom. Professor McGonagall did not even realize that Harry did not sleep in the dorms at night nor took his meals in the Great Hall. It was as if all the adults went on a vacation in Never-Never Land and Harry was invisible to them. The only two professors who did not treat him differently were Snape and Moody.

Harry was the only student without a date for the Yule Ball and left early as no table was available for him to sit at and students grabbed drinks and food from his hands.

Afterwards Professor McGonagall called him into her office and berated him for not participating in the Yule Ball. She told him if being the Boy Who Lived and being a champion was giving him an overrated sense of importance, she would wash her hands off him and he was banned from playing Quidditch. Fred and George later told him that Ron and Hermoine told McGonagall that Harry refused to ask a girl, stating that he would not ask a girl, she could ask him, he was after all the Boy Who Lived and a Triwizard Champion.
The tasks itself were horrendous. Dragons, merfolk and all the dangers in the lake and then finally the third task and the graveyard and the final desperate battle, he would be the first to admit it was once again pure blind luck that assured his victory.

If he did not show mercy towards Peter Pettigrew, Pettigrew would not have owed him a life debt, thus freeing him from the clutches of the angel gravestone before Voldemort could even attempt to restore his body.

If Voldemort did not lose his temper and took time to murder Pettigrew before he turned his attention back to Harry, who just finished burning Voldemort’s pet snake to a crisp, allowed Harry time to destroy the snake and further unsettle the mad dark lord. Seeing his beloved Nagini as nothing more than a pile of smoking ashes, pushed Voldemort over the edge.

Fortunately he was too weak in his current form and could not physically attack Harry, it also meant his power was greatly diminished. At the time Harry did not realize that Voldemort shared power with Nagini and by killing the snake he also weakened the malformed thing that was Voldemort. They sent a volley of curses to each other. Then the final hex, Harry had meant to bind Voldemort both magically and physically, but…

Just a slip of the tongue, accompanied with a slight wrong movement of his wrist conjured a very mean tempered African bull elephant. The elephant landed onto the malformed bundle which was Voldemort and the elephant proceeded to trample the evil wizard to a bloody pulp. By the time the Aurors arrived there was nothing left of Voldemort but the rags he was covered in, a bloody mush which used to be his body and his broken wand.

Harry was hailed a hero and suddenly everybody wanted to be his friend again. Ron and Hermoine started following him around, as if the past year did not happen, pretending to be his best friends.

Harry wondered why Dumbledore allowed him to compete in the TriWizard Tournament. At the beginning of the year he made sure to announce that the tournament would only be available to witches and wizards over the age of seventeen, he even went so far to place the age line.

But still he allowed and basically forced Harry to compete. The tournament was supposed to be a binding contract, and as a minor Harry technically should not have been allowed to compete as he is still a child. Why did Dumbledore force him to complete each task? Should it not have been more prudent to advise him, that although he was forced to take part, he could forfeit each task. Yes, he would have ended dead last with zero points, but at least he would have been safe.

For the first time since starting Hogwarts, Harry Potter started to really think for himself.

Dumbledore was not the benevolent grandfatherly old wizard he tried to portray himself as. He showed his true self by lying to Sirius and Remus. The old man had his own nefarious agenda and was clearly not through tormenting Harry. It was also as clear as day that Dumbledore and the Dursleys worked hand in glove.

He realized who his true friends were and it neither Ron Weasley nor Hermoine Granger. They were just as quick, if not quicker, to condemn him as a cheater and a glory hound. Now that he defeated Voldemort, he was good enough again to be their friend.

Ron was lazy, hateful and jealous. As if losing your parents and growing up as a slave was something to be jealous about. Ron always distracted him in class and encouraged him not to complete his homework on time. And he allowed it to happen, because Ron was his first friend and he would have done anything not to lose his friend.

Hermoine was bossy and a little know-it-all. She was only happy when she was the only one
knowing the answers, the only one teachers called upon during class. She was downright nasty if somebody performed better than her in class and was quick to say that this or that student was cheating. He did not care for the fact that she would grab his homework to correct it, because he was nothing more than a brainless idiot. He hated whenever he received mail, that she would grab the note from his hands and read it. He hated her demanding nature, always wanting to know his whole life.

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Lucius Malfoy and Severus Snape drank a toast to Harry Potter. At long last they were free. During Lucius’ seventh year at Hogwarts he was recruited by the newly created MMI5 (the magical version of the muggle MI5), he convinced his father Abrahas to allow him to travel the world for three years, sowing his wild oats. He vowed that on his return he would marry Narcissa Black and take the Dark Mark. According to the wizarding populace, Lucius Malfoy travelled the world, doing what young rich wizards did. He was in fact at a secret training facility undergoing intense training. As promised Lucius returned to Britain, married Narcissa Black (whom he loved since the day he met her) and took the Dark Mark, Abraxas Malfoy crying with joy.

When the Dark Lord’s current Potion Master failed with yet another potion, Voldemort instructed his Death Eaters to find him a Potions Master worthy of the title “Master”. Lucius remembered Severus Snape, and quietly approached the fifth year. Severus was more than willing to spy on Voldemort and was recruited by MMI5. MMI5 paid all of Snape’s tuition and he completed his apprenticeship alongside his training as an agent for MMI5. At age 19 Severus Snape was the youngest Potions Master in history.

Lucius and Severus’ mission of taking down the Dark Lord only intensified when the bastard decided to kidnap and murder the Malfoy’s sixth month old son.

The first time Lucius Malfoy cried was when his heir, Draco Malfoy, was born on June 6, 1980. The second time he cried was when Narcissa told him she was once again pregnant. The third time he cried was when Narcissa gave birth to Kaiden Serpens Malfoy on August 24, 1982. The fourth and last time Lucius Malfoy cried was when little Serpens was kidnapped from their home on February 14, 1983 and presumably killed. They never even recovered a body to bury.

Voldemort visited the Malfoys that very morning. He was quite enamoured with Draco, but gazed at Serpens with distrust. Lucius knew of the so-called prophecy and the seer, Sybill Trewlaney. Everybody knew about Sybill, a failed witch and even more of a failure as a seer. They all believed that Voldemort could not be that foolish to believe in divination, but was wrong.

Lucius and Severus worked harder to bring the bastard down and even after all their hard work, all seemed lost. When Voldemort actively started hunting the Potters, believing their still unborn son the child spoken of in the prophecy, Severus Snape (with the full approval of MMI5) approached Dumbledore. He pretended that he was a reformed Death Eater and at the behest of Albus Dumbledore accepted the post of Potions Master at Hogwarts and vowed to spy on Voldemort on behalf of Dumbledore and his Order of the Phoenix.

The Potters were able to evade the mad man for three years. It all changed the October 31, 1983. Voldemort was somehow able to break the fidelus charm and the consensus was that Sirius Black betrayed his friends. That evening, while all the little muggle boys and girls went trick or treating, Voldemort entered the house of the Potters in Godric’s Hollow. He killed James Potter at the foot of the stairs. He followed Lily Potter to the nursery and murdered her in front of her three year old son. Something went wrong when Voldemort tried to kill Harry Potter and the final curse he cast – Avada Kedavra – rebounded and struck him.
Whilst the wizarding world were celebrating the Boy Who Lived, the Malfoys mourned their son. They would now never know why Voldemort killed their second son and what he did to their baby’s body. Albus Dumbledore decided the safest place for the young hero would be with his muggle relatives and disappeared from public view. Lucius Malfoy and Severus Snape were arrested and dragged before the Wizenmagot. They at least at viable stories available. Lucius claimed to have been subject to the Imperious curse and this defence, with a few discreet donations, kept him out of Azkaban. Severus, however, could not claim the Imperious defence, as it was a well-known fact that he was immune to the curse. During his trial, Albus Dumbledore appeared on Snape’s behalf outing him as a spy in the process, but a loyal servant to the light. All charges against Severus were dropped and he returned to Hogwarts.

Snape stayed on in his post as Potions Master at Hogwarts, at the insistence of the MMI5. It was a great cover and should Voldemort ever return, Snape could pretend that he never abandoned his post and kept on gathering information on Dumbledore and his Order, all the while staying in his good graces.

Even after all these years, the Malfoys missed their lost son and any hope they had to gain answers from Voldemort was squashed by an angry elephant in a dilapidated muggle graveyard.
Chapter 2

It was well after midnight when the Dursleys finally picked Harry up from the station. All the way home Harry had to listen how he was wasting their precious time and that he could be damn lucky they decided to fetch him.

"Boy, you can count your lucky stars. If it was not for the fact that we were celebrating Dudley’s achievements tonight, we would not have come to London at all.

Why can’t you be more like your cousin? He is a normal and very intelligent young man. You on the other hand is nothing but a disappointment. Just like your useless parents, you are nothing more than a freak. You are a lazy little waste of space. We are tired of you. We are tired of your freaky and unnatural ways.

What do you do when you get home for the summer? You complain about every little chore, you eat food from our table, you take the clothing from our son’s back. Do you know how many times we had to deny our own child his basic needs and little pleasures? Because you are always in the background. You are nothing but a parasite and one we can’t even get rid of.

Four years you’ve been attending that freak show you call a school and in four years you are yet to produce one single achievement. No, all that you do produce is one warning after the other, delivered by those ruddy flea infested owls. We have to waste money dropping you off and fetching you from London.

Mark my words you little freak, you will come to the same bloody end as your useless parents. This Lord What’s His Name performed a public service when he offed your freaky parents, pity he did not complete his job that night and killed you too.”

The next three weeks followed the disturbing pattern, which was Harry’s life. Each morning at four thirty Aunt Petunia would hammer on his door, before unlocking his cell, he was allowed a quick wash – and do not use the warm water you simpleminded freak! – before his daily tasks began.

Breakfast was his first task. Eggs, bacon, kippers, toast, hash browns, sausage and pancakes for Uncle Vernon and Dudley. Muesli, yoghurt and seasonal fruit for Aunt Petunia. Freshly brewed coffee and freshly squeezed orange juice. If breakfast was satisfactory, Harry was allowed half a cup of lumpy cold oatmeal, without butter, sugar or milk.

Harry was forced to serve his family, fetch the morning mail and the newspaper. After breakfast Uncle Vernon would hand the list of chores over.

Since Uncle Vernon did not come home for lunch, Harry was usually only obliged to serve morning tea, lunch and afternoon tea to Aunt Petunia and Dudley, if they were home. His tea and lunch consisted of half a cup of water.

By four Harry had to start preparing dinner, whether his other chores were completed or not. Dinner was served in the dining room, with Harry as their waiter/busboy. If Harry was able to complete his daily chores, he was allowed a slice of dry bread, a sliver of cheese and a full cup of water, if not only half a cup of water.

The day was ended with Uncle Vernon whipping the stuffing out of Harry as punishment for every
little thing that went wrong with his day or bothered him. On those days that Harry was unable to complete his long list of chores, the punishment were even more severe.

Much to Harry’s dismay he learned that Dudley was now boxing champion at Smeltings, meaning the bastard not only punched harder, but now he punched with precision as to cause maximum damage.

Thanks to Dumbledore’s machinations, there would be no reprieve for Harry this summer, he was stuck with his horrendous family until school started again. Hopefully the crazy bastard allows Harry to take the Hogwarts Express with the twins, but he had this sinking feeling that Dumbledore would take him straight to school.

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“Cissy, it is time. We need to let Kaiden rest.”

Lucius found his wife crying in the nursery. A room that stood empty since the day Kaiden disappeared. It was exactly the same, a shrine to their lost son. Narcissa did not even allow the house elves to clean the room, insisting on cleaning the room herself.

Through the years each member of the Malfoy family visited the room. Narcissa to clean, leave toys and flowers and sometimes to sit in the rocking chair, crying for her miracle baby. The healers all told her Draco would be her only child, only to prove them wrong when she fell pregnant with Kaiden. But the fates were cruel, condemning the Malfoy family only one child, her baby, her little miracle, ripped from their lives. Sometimes she dreamt that he was still alive, she would silently slip from their bedroom and sit in the rocking chair, hoping, wishing and praying to whomever was listening that Kaiden was loved and happy. Knowing Voldemort and his sick appetites, they would never even find a body to bury. All they would ever have is their memories and the pictures they took.

Whenever the rumours regarding Lucius true loyalties became too much or his spying duties, he would creep into Kaiden’s room. It was there that he wished he could still cry, but he cried every last tear in his body the day Kaiden went missing. Sometimes he would sit there, with one of Kaiden’s stuffed toys in his arms and tell his son about his day, about his hopes and dreams and fears.

Draco always snuck into Kaiden’s room, either pretending his brother was sleeping in his bed or they were playing a game of hide and seek. Unlike his father, he cried every time. It wasn’t fair, he had such a short time with his brother. That was why he dislike Ron Weasley so much, the prat had five brothers and a sister and the idiot never appreciated his family. The idiot spent time being jealous of Potter, going as far as bullying the boy this year, but never noticing the longing Potter had whenever he saw the Weasleys together.

With Voldemort finally dead, it was time to accept they would never learn the truth about their son. If he was alive, they would have found him by now. It was a bitter sweet victory. The crazy bastard was finally and truly gone. After Voldemort’s defeat in 1983, the dark mark only faded, this time however not one trace of the hated mark remained. He was the only one who could have shed a light on the fate of their son and now he was gone.

“I know Love. But not yet. Give me a little more time. I always hoped you or Severus would be able to find out what happened to our baby, but now that he is truly gone, we will never know.”
Neither Malfoy blamed the Potter boy, Merlin knows, Voldemort was a blight on the world. A virus threatening to consume and destroy not only the muggle world, but the wizarding world as well. But they would have liked to know why he took their son and what he did to the baby. Even if only to finally lay his remains at rest.

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Severus Snape was also contemplating the fate of Kaiden Serpens Malfoy. Voldemort had no reason to go after a pureblood child and especially not the son of one of his most trusted Death Eaters. Voldemort always made a big show of it whenever he punished one of his inner circle. He made sure every Death Eater, no matter their significance, knew why somebody was being punished.

The bastard only met Kaiden once, but for some unknown reason he disliked the baby. But even his dislike would not have been motivation enough to kidnap the child. Voldemort and Bellatrix always seemed to be more than just Demented Dark Lord and Most Devoted Servant. Maybe Voldemort kidnapped and killed the child as a reward for the crazy witch.

With a small shudder of utter revulsion Severus remembered the first time he and Lucius caught the two. It was one of those days, Voldemort declared that certain day a public holiday. According to him that day marked the day he suffered from a brain fart and received his most noble vision in life.

The Death Eaters loved those little celebration days, it meant a whole day without being punished by their mad master. Soon enough the whole manor was filled with drunken Death Eaters, those who were not in a near comatose stupor were bouncing drunkenly around, challenging anything that crossed their paths to a wizards duel.

The two spies found a very intoxicated Gregory Goyle challenging a rather ugly marble statue to a fight, insisting the statue tried to seduce his wife. Regulus Black was shouting insults to his own mirror image, waving his wand around, threatening to hex his ugly opponent to within an inch of his life. A madly giggling Barty Crouch tried to curse Anton Dolohov’s cock off, but only succeeded to cause Dolohov to piss his pants.

Severus and Lucius hovered between mildly amused and highly disgusted. These were the men the whole world were afraid of? Most of their time in the service of Voldemort was spent either kissing the feet and arse of the megalomaniac or dodging his curses. He invented random public holidays and encouraged his followers to drink with wild abandon. If only they knew when he would declare one of those celebration days, then the war could have ended years ago.

Severus and Lucius used the time to plant several listening devices and search through documents and maps for any useful information. They just planted listening devices around the throne room, when they heard Voldemort and Bellatrix outside the room. With seconds to spare the two spies levitated and stuck themselves to the ceiling. A fast disillusionment charm made themselves invisible.

Voldemort and Bellatrix stumbled into the room, they barely managed to close the door before they started grabbing, licking, kissing and biting at each other. It was clear the couple was on the verge of engaging in horrendous sexual acts. Severus was very glad that he skipped both breakfast and lunch.

It sounded more like a pair of deformed mutant kneazles fucking than two human beings. They were grunting, panting, hissing, growling and yowling. Severus wished he could run towards the closest muggle Catholic Church and wash his eyes and ears out with all the holy water to be found
in the building.

It also confirmed Severus’ suspicion that Voldemort was compensating for something. The man was severely stunted in the cock and balls department. Voldemort would be unable to pleasure a garden gnome much less an adult witch, especially one with Bellatrix Lestrange’s experience.

This incident was unfortunately not the last time they were trapped in a room with the two crazies going at it and it is conceivable that either Narcissa or Lucius insulted Bellatrix in some way or the other and that Voldemort kidnapped Kaiden to appease his lover and punish those who dared to insult her.

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Sirius and Remus were making plans. They did not believe Dumbledore and his stories for one minute. Harry would never lie about the Dursleys abusing him. Like all children he may have told the occasional white lie, but he would never lie to get somebody into trouble. Besides both men saw the scars on Harry and only after promising they won’t harm the Dursleys, Harry told them the truth.

What Sirius wanted to do was apparate to Little Whinging, march right up to that house, hex Vernon and Petunia Dursley and leave with Harry. But since both men suspected that Dumbledore expects them to act in just such a Gryffindorish manner. They also suspected that Dumbledore had quite a few Aurors in his pocket and they were just standing by, waiting for the two men. Sirius never wants to go back to Azkaban and if they kidnap Harry, they would both be sent to Azkaban for up to thirty years.

What they were going to do is act like Slytherins. It meant hours of research and grovelling at the feet of Ministry workers to ascertain their legal rights. Sirius spent day after day in his animagus form patrolling the neighbourhood. Trying to protect Harry as much as he could and hoping to Merlin he found any evidence that would support their claims.

Sirius really had to squash his impulsive side when he saw Albus Dumbledore enter the house. He really wanted to take a big bite of the old man’s ass, but he needed to be patient. Dumbledore and the Dursleys were going to fuck things up, sooner rather than later. And as soon as they do, Sirius and Remus would be there.

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Three days after Harry defeated Voldemort:

Loud hammering on the door, woke the family on the inside. They knew who was at their door, but why would he visit this time of the night?

Albus Dumbledore danced into the house, laughing and hugging the people he woke up.

“James, Lily I have excellent news. Don’t ask me how, because I can’t even explain how he vanquished Voldemort the first time, but that boy defeated Voldemort, he killed him and this time Voldemort will never return. What we need to do now is get our stories straight. We need a plausible explanation for your return to wizarding Britain.”

James and Lily Potter started smiling. Eleven years were a long time to stay in hiding. If not for that useless boy, they would have been back during Harry’s first year, but he just had to defeat the spirit of Voldemort again. Dumbledore planned it so that Quirrel would have been able to obtain the Philosopher’s stone, before Dumbledore would then have defeated Voldemort, claiming Harry
was once again the Boy Who Lived. Years of plotting and planning went down the drain. Albus had to kill his erstwhile friend Nicolas Flamel and his wife to obtain the stone. Then came that blasted boy and banished the spirit of Voldemort.

“Now, regarding your return to Britain. I need another month before you can come back home. There is still some loose ends to get rid of. I have been able to steer Black and Lupin away, that idiot Black wanted to take custody of that child. Petunia, Vernon and Dudley need to be relocated to a safe haven and I need to take care of that boy. I tried to curse him so that he would die, but he is somehow protected. But don’t worry, he won’t be a problem or a threat towards any of you.

As soon as Petunia and her family is safe and that thing is gone from the house, you will move in. I also need to obliviate the Dursley’s neighbours and plant memories that you’ve been living there for the past eleven years.

The explanation we would offer is that we knew Voldemort’s most trusted followers would never stop hunting you. If anybody forces the issue we will just remind them what happened to the Longbottoms. We pretended that Harry was sent to live with your only sister, when in fact he grew up in the loving arms of his own parents. It was all done to protect not only you, as parents of the Saviour of the wizarding world, but also Harry himself.

Now, Harry, my boy, we really need creative thinking with your appearance. Unlike you, that boy is short and skinny. The ungrateful little brat needed a very firm hand to ensure his obedience. What we are going to do is pretend that you drank potions and wore glamours during the school terms, to make you seem weak. It was a way of protecting you as well as lull Voldemort and his followers into a false sense of security. Now that you have defeated Voldemort, it is not necessary to pretend to be weak.

I will however need to give you that lightning bolt scar. It is the signature of the Boy of Lived Again, so it would be for the best to keep it. I know you’ve kept up with your studies these past few years, so you would be able to slip into school with no discomfort. There was a bit of a problem with the friends I chose for that boy. Hermione Granger, Ron Weasley and Ginny Weasley decided to abandon him when he was entered into the Triwizard Tournament, but have tried to make amends after he defeated Voldemort.

We will need to tell them the truth, but with a bit of money thrown their way, their loyalty could be bought. The Weasley family is dirt poor and I know for a fact both Ron and Ginny hate being poor, they would do anything to be lifted from their circumstances.

Ginny would also be an excellent match for you Harry. All you need to do is pamper her, spoil her with expensive gifts and treat her like the Lady of the manor and she would do anything for you. Hermione is muggleborn, which suit our needs. You need to be seen as a champion for the downtrodden, the half-bloods and especially the muggleborn.

Hermione is very ambitious. She wants to become both the youngest and first muggleborn Minister of Magic. Also, like the Weasleys her family is poor. I paid for everything and she pretends that her parents are successful dentists.”

Harry was not overly pleased to be scarred, but realized that the lightning bolt scar was unique to the Boy Who Lived, well now the Saviour, and as such he must allow his Grandpa Albus to scar his perfect face.

“Albus, what about that boy you placed with Petunia and Vernon? We had no problems with sacrificing those squibs, but were always a bit uncomfortable with the possible death of a child. He survived and he kept on surviving, even managing to kill Voldemort. But what now? There cannot
be two Harry Potters running around, both claiming to be the true Saviour. We also don’t want the death of the boy on either our souls or yours.”

Dumbledore was touched, James and Lily Potter was the children he should have had, but Gellert Grindelwalt messed everything up. Everything was in place, they would have ruled the world. A perfect world in the image of Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore. Gellert became uncomfortable with all of Albus’ plans and wanted to leave, nobody leaves Albus Dumbledore.

So what if he killed his own sister? Ariana was damaged anyway, she would never have been able to function and he would not care for her like his sainted mother did. He was much too important to waste his life caring for a damaged sister. And what of it if the memory charms he placed on Aberborth damaged his brother? He was always a weird little fucker and a blight on the impeccable image of Albus. It amused him to see his brother waste away in that dirty little pub with no company but his goats. The only other person who could ever expose Dumbledore and his lofty plans was Gellert and he took care of that little problem.

Gellert preached peace, tolerance and integration, after Albus was through with him, he became the precursor to Voldemort. The man truly believed all the memories and twisted beliefs Albus planted in his head. To this day he rots away in an inescapable tower, only given enough food and water not to starve. Albus made sure Gellert regained his former memories and will die knowing what happens to people who crosses Albus Dumbledore.

“Don’t worry about that thing. Soon he’ll be gone, sent back to where he came from. I won’t kill him, but he’ll wish I did after I’m finished with him. He will never even try and claim to be Harry Potter. All of our futures are secure.”
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Warning: Super crazy, demented Dumbledore alert ahead. If the mere though of plotting murder, maiming and torture upsets you - skip the chapter. I will take no responsibility if you proceed to read and I upset your sensibilities.

It’s been three days since the Dursleys locked Harry in his room. They left him with six slices of bread and four bottles of water. Harry was really getting worried, he still had five of his six slices of bread left, but his water was nearly gone. Before they left Vernon and Dudley took turns in whipping, punching and kicking Harry and he ached all over. They really did a number on him and it felt as if they managed to break a few bones this time.

Harry opened the window in his room as far as it would go, trying to cool the room down, but suspected most of the heat he was feeling came from his own fevered body. He was not even able to scream for help since none of the Dursley’s neighbours were up and about. The whole of Privet Drive seemed more like a ghost town.

Harry thought he heard the front door open and footsteps ascending the stairs, but he’s been hearing sounds since the previous morning and nobody ever came for him. Not even his ghastly relatives.

The clicking and snapping of the various locks on his bedroom door was the only indication that this time somebody really was in the house. Harry did not even care if it was Uncle Vernon, he can punch him some more, if he only gave him water and let him out of his prison.

The moment Harry saw his visitor, he wished it was Uncle Vernon or Voldemort, once again resurrected from the dead. Albus Dumbledore stormed into the room with a strange horrifying look on his face. The bedroom door splintered to bits as it slammed against the wall. Gone was the friendly grandfatherly mask, all of Dumbledore’s masks were gone and what was left was the cruel, crazy, narcissistic, despotic dictator that he really was. No wonder Voldemort feared him, the crazy rolled off Dumbledore in waves.

He stalked up and down in front of the scared boy. Every now and again he would shoot a glare of utter hatred towards the child, hissing “You!” Harry wondered if he could run past the old man and escape the house, but his whole body was hurting and without his wand he was as helpless as a new-born crup.

Dumbledore stalked closer and closer towards Harry until he was right in front of him. He towered over the child, swinging back and forth, still muttering, glaring at the boy. Suddenly he lifted his right arm, slapping the boy through the face. Harry’s head whipped back and before he could even think of defending himself, Dumbledore backhanded him across the other cheek.

The slaps seemed to have calmed the old man a bit as he conjured a chair sitting down with a huff.

“What to do with you? I promised I won’t kill you, my children are ever so worried about my soul. But I really want to, I really want to rip you to pieces and feed your flesh to the thestrals.
Soon my children will be home and you cannot be here. I had to do what was needed. I had to protect my children and so I bought you. Do you really think you know who you are? You are nothing. You’re not Harry Potter. How could something as pathetic and dirty be the great Harry Potter? You think your father is James Potter? Well he is not! How could my son spawn such a thing as you? Nobody knows who your father is.

You think your mother is Lily Potter? Wrong again. Lily Potter is an angel, your real mother was a whore in Knockturn Alley, selling her body to everything that was willing to pay. For all that stupid dirty whore knew your father could have been a troll. Do you know what she did? Your whore of a mother? She tried to sell her diseased filthy body to me, you were lying there, in an apple box lined with newspapers, and in the end she sold you to me for 5 sickles and a knut.

The moment I bought you I knew what I needed to do. Voldemort was hunting my children and grandson. I hid them away and planted you and two stupid squibs in their home in Godric’s Hollow. You surprised me by vanquishing Voldemort the first time, but I knew he would be back. So I placed you with Vernon and Petunia.

Do you really believe I never knew how they treated you? I left them instructions on how to raise you. Still those stupid muggles treated you far better than I told them too.

Did I mention that I want to kill you? That I want to strip the flesh from your bones? That I want to feed your tainted flesh to the thestrals? Did I tell you just how much I hate you? Did I tell you how much I need to kill you?”

Dumbledore started pacing again, muttering to himself. Harry faced Voldemort in his first year when he was attached to the back of Professor Quirrel’s head, he faced giant spiders, an angry basilisk and the spirit of Voldemort in his second year, dementors tormented him in his third year and faced dragons and saw the rebirth and rather bloody death of Voldemort just this year, but this was the first time that Harry was really afraid. None of the others wanted to strip the flesh from his bones and feed it to something.

Harry did not for one moment believe that Dumbledore was lying about him not being Harry Potter. The man may be crazy and dangerous, and he may have lied to Sirius and Remus, but he’s not lying now. So just who was he? Was his mother really a prostitute? One who sold him for 5 sickles and a knut?

Dumbledore also said he did not want to kill him that he promised his children, who seemed to be James and Lily Potter, but he kept saying how much he wanted to kill him. Making a snap decision, Harry bolted from the bed, hoping to escape the house and Dumbledore’s clutches.

Before Harry reached his bedroom door Dumbledore grabbed him by his hair, yanking him back. The last thing Harry heard, was Dumbledore promising to give him everything he deserves.

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Sirius was across the street, hiding beneath bushes, watching the house, waiting for Dumbledore to leave. One moment the house was there, the next moment the air shimmered and number 4 Privet Drive disappeared.

With a snarl Sirius realized what happened. Dumbledore cast the fidelius charm. He truly wanted to isolate their pup from everybody that cares about him.

The knowledge of the house slipped from Sirius’ mind, without consent from the Secret Keeper, he and Remus will never find the house. Hopefully their appointment with the Ministry in a week’s
time would deliver the results they wanted.

When the owl delivered their morning newspaper both men were on the fifth cups of coffee. They talked late into the night, discussing their options, plans and strategies. It would not do to storm into their appointment half-cocked and half-arsed. They needed to present their case clearly and calmly.

Sirius grabbed the Daily Prophet first, if Remus got his paws on the newspaper he would be happy to get to read the paper after Remus meticulously read each and every article. The headline of the newspaper screamed the news at Sirius. Remus got sprayed with a mouthful of hot coffee.

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JAMES AND LILY POTTER ALIVE!!!!
By Rita Skeeter

When Albus Dumbledore, Headmaster of Hogwarts School of Magic and Wizardry, invites you for an exclusive interview, many a reporter would sell their own mother for the opportunity. I would have sold both my parents for the privilege.

Headmaster Dumbledore invited me to his office at Hogwarts, blue eyes twinkling merrily whilst offering me tea and biscuits. I asked him whether I might be able to meet our Saviour, Harry Potter, since it is common knowledge that Headmaster Dumbledore – “Please call me Albus” the great man interjected – is the Boy Who Lived’s magical guardian.

There are not many times a reporter, much less this reporter, will step back and let somebody else write the story, but this was one of those times. This is the story of the century:

“Rita, not only will you personally be meeting young Harry in a few moments, but I do have some wonderful and shocking news to share with the world. To understand what happened I must take you back.

James Potter, a pureblood wizard and Lily Evans, a bright muggleborn witch, started dating in their fifth year. To say it was love at first sight held true for James, but not so much for Lily. The second eleven year old James met Lily, he knew she was the one he would marry and grow old with. Unfortunately, Lily did not quite feel the same. Lily was the epitome of Gryffindor, brave, loyal and protective.

James, as we all know, was a notorious prankster and along with his three best friends, Sirius Black, Remus Lupin and Peter Pettigrew, spent their school years having fun, pranking all and sundry. Now you must remember, it was all in good fun and no harm was ever meant. Were some offended by the pranks? Of course, not everybody is born with a sense of humour after all. It should also be noted that only students from Slytherin complained that the harmless pranks were malicious and that they were bullied by the Marauders (the group they called themselves).

But love always triumphs in the end and Lily bowed the knee to the most wonderful magic that is love. From their fifth year the two Gryffindors were inseparable and we all knew they would be bound for life.

But we all remember that Vol???, yes dear, V….., that abomination is defeated and will never return, was very active in those days. We were in the midst of the first wizarding war. V… was at the peak of his powers and wreaked havoc wherever he and his Death Eaters went.”

I may remind our readers that although Headmaster Dumbledore, James and Lily Potter and especially our hero Harry Potter may not fear the name of He Who Must Be Named, they should
remember they are very powerful. Whenever Headmaster Dumbledore refers to the evil one, I will refer to him as Lord V.

But still James and Lily defied the dark lord. Even when Lord V received news of a prophecy. A prophecy regarding them and their unborn son, they continued to oppose him. At my insistence the Potters went into hiding and managed to stay ahead of Lord V for three years after Harry’s birth.

Then came betrayal, betrayal at the hands of a man James and Lily treated as a brother. Peter Pettigrew, jealous of the Potters convinced Sirius Black that he should be made their Secret Keeper, plotting to sell the location to Lord V. By that time the weak evil little man was already a Death Eater.

Then came Halloween 1983. Lord V learned the location of the Potters. He met his first defeat at the hands of young Harry Potter. It is common knowledge that Sirius Black, Harry’s godfather, was thought to be the traitor and spent the next ten years in Azkaban. What was not common knowledge and was only proven recently, that Peter Pettigrew was the real traitor and framed Sirius Black.

I became Harry’s godfather and magical guardian. I decided that I would send Harry to live with his mother’s only living relative. The next few years went by and I’ve managed to keep young Harry out of the spotlight. Allow him time to grow up in a time of peace and be just a child. Now I’m not going to bore the public with Harry’s life at school. He is a bright young student and well loved by everybody. Now that Harry fulfilled the prophecy and defeated the dark lord known as Lord V it is time to finally reveal the truth.”

At this moment a door opened and my photographer went mad. Stepping into the room was Harry Potter and to my utter shock Lily and James Potter. I was shocked at the appearance of James and Lily, but even more shocked at Harry. We all grew accustomed with the boy. Short and thin, ugly round glasses, dressed either in his school robes or faded, overlarge old muggle clothing and seemingly fragile. The boy in front of me wore stylish wizarding robes of Gryffindor red with gold piping, instead of the ugly muggle clothing. His glasses were modern with a thin golden frame and highlighted his bright green eyes. Most of all gone was the scrawny fragile little boy and before me was a healthy tall strong young boy. The only feature that stayed the same is his signature lightning bolt scar.

Albus gave a good natured laugh at our shock.

“I must now apologize for my subterfuge. Halloween 1983 did not happen the way I made everybody believe. Lord V did attack the Potters in their home, but James and Lily obviously did not die that night. James and Lily held Lord V valiantly at bay, until our young hero jumped in front of his mother, just as Lord V cast the killing curse. The curse rebounded from Harry, because of his absolute pure love for his mother, defeating Lord V.

We all knew Lord V would once again return and that the Potters would be in danger from Lord V’s followers and so we planned to hide the Potters in plain sight. I think we all remember what happened to Frank and Alice Longbottom a few months later.

Harry never stayed with his Aunt and Uncle. He grew up with his parents in Surrey, hidden in a muggle neighbourhood. We decided it would be best to make it seem as if Harry was short, thin and fragile. It made Lord V and his followers overly confident in their abilities and our plans came to fruition during the final task in the Triwizard Tournament.

Our spies, who will not be named, informed us of Lord V gaining strength and on the cusp of
regaining his physical form. We also know who entered Harry into the Triwizard Tournament, and although I will not name this Death Eater, I can mention that the man fled Hogwarts and have been evading capture for the past two months.”

This reporter would just like to mention that we all know this man, Igor Karkaroff, former Headmaster of Durmstrang and known Death Eater.

“Young Harry once again faced Lord V and the traitor, Peter Pettigrew. Lord V killed his own servant when Pettigrew was unable to subdue Harry. Much to Voldemort’s surprise, Harry dropped his glamours, revealing his true self as a very powerful young wizard. Lord V once again tried to cast the killing curse at Harry, which rebounded. Next he tried to curse Harry with a dark curse, causing the body to banish the skeleton and forcefully expel the body’s insides. Again the curse rebounded and struck Lord V, defeating the mad dark lord finally.

I can give you every bit of assurance that Lord V will never be able to return. The conditions that sent his spirit away in 1983 was a unique and serendipitous encounter, which never occurred before and never will again.”

With that Headmaster Dumbledore ended his story and invited us to dinner. Many pleasurable hours later I parted company with the Potters and Headmaster Dumbledore.

On my behalf, I would like to extend my heartfelt thanks and admiration towards young Harry Potter and give a warm welcome back to James and Lily Potter, who sacrificed so many years so that Harry may once again defeat Lord V.

For further articles – see pages: 2 – 10.
The next two weeks every magical newspaper and magazine were filled with articles about the Potter family. The family was photographed and reported on every mundane little thing they did. And how the Potters enjoyed the attention. Harry pranced about Diagon Alley and Hogsmeade, strutting around as if he owned the planet. He wheedled free goods from almost every place he visited.

From Quality Quidditch he received a free broom servicing kit for the next five years, as well as the latest model Firebolt broom. From Olivander’s Harry made sure to receive a red with gold trim, proudly Gryffindor!, wand holster. From Madame Malkins his school robes until he graduates, as well as a set of dress robes, once again Gryffindor red with gold trim. Harry made sure he would not be paying for any of his school supplies until he graduates.

At least Grandpa Dumbledore nudged the fake Harry to take only Divination and Care of Magical Creatures as elective classes. Harry planned to have an easy time until he graduates, spending his time playing Quidditch and taking up the mantle of the Marauders. After he graduates, Grandpa Albus promised he would make sure he would become an Auror just like his father.

Lily and James Potter also basked in the limelight of their darling son’s supposed victory over the Dark Lord. Lily made sure that the news was leaked when she planned to visit the Longbottoms. Pictures of her crying at the beds of her friends, brushing Alice Longbottom’s hair and gently feeding Frank Longbottom soup grazed the pages of every rag the following day. She was pictured on a shopping trip with Andromeda Tonks, joking and laughing over delicate umbrella’d drinks. A flower show here, a shopping there and sweetened with visits to patients at St Mungo’s. Soon enough Lily Potter was the darling of the wizarding world. Witches flocked to dress shops wanting to dress exactly like her.

James Potter returned to his Auror duties, were awarded back pay for the years the Ministry believed him dead and were promoted to the position of Head Auror before the end of the week. James Potter made sure to be photographed accompanying his Aurors on routine patrols in Diagon Alley. Shaking the hands of grateful witches and wizards. Sharing a private joke with the Minister of Magic.

The family was pictured in every likely and seemingly unlikely position. The Potters arriving at the Ministry for a very exclusive Victory Ball. Lily dancing with a very proper Harry at the same ball. James and Albus Dumbledore hugging. The Potters enjoying a brief moment with the Minister of Magic, the man left with tears in his eyes. The Potters enjoying an impromptu picnic in the park. A birthday bash for young Harry, living it up and being the life of the party. James and Lily sharing a tender kiss, with a blushing Harry looking on, seemingly oblivious to the photographer. James and Harry against Ron and Ginny Weasley playing a quick game of two-on-two quidditch. Harry and Ginny walking hand in hand in the garden at Potter Mansion. Many a teenaged witch (and a few adult witches too) cried in hopeless frustration at the sight of the pictures. The face of young love splashed over the pages, accented by a sweet innocent kiss between the two teenagers.

James convinced Arthur Weasley to leave the Ministry and become his personal assistant. Molly was soon to be employed as Lily’s personal assistant and confidant.

For the first time in their lives, the Weasley’s vault at Gringotts received a healthy influx of galleons. This coming year their children would not be returning to Hogwarts in second hand
At the “gentle” insistence of the Potters and Albus Dumbledore, the Weasley’s allowed the Burrow to be demolished and a modest mansion was erected in its place. The ground floor of their new mansion consisted of a large kitchen, an informal dining room, a formal dining room, a modest ballroom and the entrance hall, with the staircase in the middle. The second floor contained eleven bedrooms. Each child now had their own en suite bedroom, two guestrooms with a shared bathroom, an en suite bedroom exclusively for the use of Hermione Granger and the master en suite bedroom for Molly and Arthur. In the basement, accessed by stairs in the kitchen, was a potions lab (Molly made her own potions and salves), a library (which was never to be visited by Ron and Ginny) and a pantry.

Bill and Charlie only used their bedrooms on the rare occasion they visited, since Bill was still in Egypt and Charlie in Romania. Fred and George were disturbed by the fact that they were not allowed to share a bedroom. Percy really enjoyed his new bedroom, finally his family lived like the pure bloods they were and not ragamuffins. Ron and Ginny revelled in their new spacious bedrooms and all the finery bestowed upon them by the Potters.

The three eldest children never really had contact with Harry Potter, so there was no reason to distrust the new and improved Harry Potter. Fred and George neither liked nor trusted the boy now presented to them as Harry Potter. They just knew he was not the same boy they used to know and love. If Ron and Ginny ever suspected anything amiss, they did not let on. Truth be told, they preferred the new Harry Potter. Gone was the scrawny, short boy who flinched whenever somebody tried to touch him. In his place was a confident young man, one who was clearly taken with Ginny. Her dreams of becoming Lady Potter was now a certainty as both sets of parents negotiated a marriage contract between the two teenagers.

As gatekeepers of the Potters social calendar, the Weasleys were only able to arrange a dinner date for their former best friends, Sirius Black and Remus Lupin. The two men were mildly disturbed by the past two weeks. They expected James and Lily to either visit them immediately or invite them to Potter Manor. They sure made time for everybody else and its friend, but not the two men that used to be their best friends. Both Sirius and Remus wanted to know why the Potters lied about their death. They also wished to corner Harry. This strutting, cocky young man was not the boy they met and wanted to rescue.

They could understand that James and Lily hid away, pretending to be dead. They could understand Harry drinking potions and wearing glamours to hide his true power. But what they could not understand was this new behaviour. The Harry they knew was shy, exceptionally well mannered, unsure of his place in the world, kind, helpful, generous and thankful for every gift he received and everybody who had a kind word to say to him. This Harry was cocky, vain, rude, loud, brash, rash, crude and ungrateful. They saw him on a few of his shopping visits with his parents, strutting around Diagon Alley, shoving and being rude to people he deemed beneath him. Remus was also unsure, but the child even smelled wrong. It could be the potions he allegedly took, but no amount of potions could change a person’s personality like that. The two Harry’s differed as night differed from day.

Much to their shock, they were not allowed to floo directly to Potter Manor, neither were they allowed to apparate directly to the front door of the manor. They were instead met at the gates by a house elf who escorted them to the house. The same house elf escorted them to a room, bade them to wait, since he needed to announce their arrival.

The minutes ticked by silently, before a new house elf entered the waiting room, requesting the guests to follow him to the formal reception room. Opening the door, the elf bowed low to the
ground before announcing: “Master Potter, Mistress Potter and young Master Potter. I present: Mister Sirius Black and Mister Remus Lupin.”

James and Lily offered their excuses and vague references of whatever Dumbledore said. How their lives were still in danger, how Harry’s life was still in danger. Harry had to be protected at all costs. Voldemort and his Death Eaters had to be fooled, thinking Harry was a weak little boy. Sirius wanted to know why Harry told them he was being abused by his muggle family, with whom he did not even live. Harry’s only excuse was that he is the son of a Marauder and it was all in good fun. A harmless prank.

Sirius and Remus could not wait to get out of the house. For their part the friendship was over and they suspected that not even James would be gracing their doorstep any time soon.

“Siri, I don’t know what to say. That was James and Lily. You can change your beauty products, shampoo, toothpaste, deodorant, but you can never change the smell that is unique to you. Harry is their son, he smelled a bit like both his parents, like any child should and a scent unique to him. But is not the Harry we met and cared for. It is not the boy we wanted to rescue from that house and raise. Tell me again what happened the day Dumbledore went to Privet Drive.

Somehow Dumbledore and our former best friends hoodwinked us and the rest of the wizarding public. We need to find that boy and pray that Dumbledore did not murder the child. He was the last one to visit number 4 Privet Drive and the next morning James and Lily Potter is alive, and Harry is suddenly taller and stronger looking, with a rotten personality.”
Chapter 5

Thanks for all the kudos & comments I have received.

Everybody just warns their children away from Knockturn Alley. But they never elaborate what was so wrong about the place. The deeper one venture into the alley the seedier the place becomes. At the very end was a cul-de-sac and this desolate place also served as the red light district for the magical world. It was here that dreams came to die. It was here that Dumbledore dumped the boy formerly known as Harry Potter.

Two weeks ago he had a name, but now he was nobody. His life might have been cruel and hard, but it was his life. He now spent his days begging to perform chores for a few sickles or even just a slice of bread. Nights were spend hiding underneath a bush, nights were dangerous, that was when adults wanted to buy his body. He may be nobody. He may be unloved and unwanted. His mother may have been a prostitute who sold her body and finally her son, but he has not yet reached the point where he would sell his body.

Since he couldn't call himself "Harry" any longer and he certainly did not wish to be called either "You" or "Boy", the small boy decided to call himself "John Doe". His appearance also changed, gone was the dark, messy hair and green eyes. In its place was blonde hair and ice blue eyes. He was still short and painfully thin, but at least the ugly lightning bolt scar faded with Voldemort's demise. At least he now enjoyed perfect eyesight.

The last time John saw himself in a mirror he thought his face looked familiar, but he could not be sure. For all he knew this was not how he was supposed to look since birth. Dumbledore could have cast another glamour on him. He mostly resembled a bruised little turd. The Dursleys and Dumbledore made sure he was a walking bruise covered in scabs.

John slipped into the Leaky Cauldron. Tom usually had left over food from dinner which he gave the child. Tom really liked the small child, and already notified Wizarding Welfare Services that yet another abandoned child roamed the streets, hoping to rescue him from a life on the streets. For some reason WWS kept on sending Aurors to collect the child, with Head Auror Potter looking for the child. As soon as the boy saw the Aurors, he disappeared like a dementor before a patronus.

Since it was obvious WWS won't be sending one of their case workers, only Aurors and since it was very obvious the child distrusted Aurors, he would contact Lucius Malfoy discreetly. Tom always knew Lucius Malfoy was not the cold bastard he portrayed himself to be and the Malfoys always made sure to rescue street children whenever they could.

"Good morning young Master John. How are you this fine morning?"

John liked the fact that Tom still treated him like a human being and not like some of the other shopkeepers. The owner of Zonko’s was particularly foul. Whenever he saw John during the day he would curse at him, calling him a filthy little beggar boy, but as soon as the sun sets, he was the first roaming Knockturn Alley, looking for young men (the younger the better) to warm his bed.

John greeted the friendly barkeep, asking if he had any jobs for him. Tom always said no, but still
gave him food to eat, but it would never hurt to ask. Tom always told him he could sleep in one of the rooms, but John rarely stayed the night. He did not want Tom to think he was taking advantage of his generosity.

“Actually John, I do have something for you today. I’m short staffed today and wonder if you would like to work as dishwasher today? I’ll give you breakfast, lunch and dinner and a room for the night.”

The child was ecstatic, a whole day of work, three meals and a bed to sleep in? As an added bonus he would be able to take a bath. Tom quickly sent the boy up to the room, where the boy’s breakfast was already waiting. Grabbing floo powder, Tom made a quick floo call to Lucius Malfoy. He waited long enough for the Ministry to do their duty and all his hopes for the child rests in the hands of Lucius Malfoy.

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Lucius Malfoy quickly stepped through the floo. Wizarding society was forward thinking in some areas and in others, stuck in the Middle Ages. Sometimes the WWS did some good, rescuing abused children from their parents, but most of the times, just like any other department in the Ministry, their attention could be diverted by a handful of galleons. Another hindrance was the case workers inability to differentiate between a spanking and beating your child black and blue. For the love of Merlin, some old pureblood families still took to tossing their kids out of the window in an attempt to force the child to perform magic, the Longbottom boy a case in point.

Lucius nearly suffered a heart attack when Draco told him the story. Neville Longbottom’s Great Uncle apparently had the boy by his ankles, dangling him outside the top story windows, in an effort to encourage a burst of accidental magic, when he accidently dropped the kid. Luckily for his Great Uncle, the boy’s accidental magic kicked in, saving his life. It seemed that the family believed the boy to be a squib. No wonder the boy was such a nervous klutz, with family like that the boy really did not need enemies in his life.

“Good morning Tom. How are you this morning?”

Tom greeted Lucius Malfoy and quickly moved him to a private dining room.

“I’m well Mr Malfoy, business has been booming. Our young orphan is just enjoying a breakfast and I suspect a nice warm bath. While we wait can I offer you something to drink?”

“Coffee, please.”

Tom quickly ordered a pot of coffee from the kitchen. He was curious as to Lucius Malfoy’s take on the Potters.

“Mr Malfoy, what do you think about the rather miraculous resurrection of the Potters?”

“I don’t really know what to believe. It seems just unlikely to have hidden them away. Everybody believed the Dark Lord to be defeated. Why hide the parents but not the child? Why go through all the effort in making the wizarding public believe the boy grew up with his muggle relatives, relatives who seemed to dislike the child by all accounts.”

Tom nodded, “Young Harry stayed here the summer before starting his third year at school. Some ruckus about underage magic and a blown-up Aunt.

I can tell you this, the boy that stayed in one of my rooms that month is not the same boy we’ve been reading about the past two weeks. That Harry Potter was shy, helpful and one of the most
well-mannered young men I’ve met in a while. His room was always spotless, the house elves did not even need to clean the room. They only changed the bedding. He said please and thank you and was genuinely grateful for every little thing.

The Harry Potter of the last two weeks is rude, obnoxious, ungrateful and spoilt beyond redemption. He struts around Diagon Alley as if he owns the place. Every place he visits, he wheedles something for free. Now, I don’t normally discuss my patrons, bad for business, but I won’t complain if that particular family never sets foot in my place again. The moment they sat down for dinner, the problems started, either the butterbeer was too cold or not cold enough. The bread’s crust was either not crispy enough or too crispy. The family finished their whole meal, but as soon as it came to paying, the brat started complaining, loudly I might add, that there was a fly in the soup, a hair in the pasta, some unknown foreign object hidden in the sauce served with their steaks.

What bothers me the most was that they cleaned their plates, not a drop of sauce remained, I saw the little beast licking, licking I tell you!, his plate clean. Obviously there was nothing wrong with either the food or the service, but since I refused at the start of their meal to offer their dinners free, the little ungrateful spiteful brat caused problems. His voice was loud enough to carry and as he is the darling of the wizarding world I had to fold. I cannot afford to offend the beastly boy and lose my customers.

So I did what any businessman would do. I folded like a wet paper napkin and grovelled before him, apologizing for the problems with their meal, and confirming that of course they would receive their dinner free.”

By this time Tom was red in the face. He had never been so humiliated in his life. The Leaky Cauldron may not have been a Five Wand establishment, but it was not a hovel. He always received positive reviews for his food, rooms and general service. He ran a respectable clean establishment and the Potters made it seem like everything was dirty and contaminated.

What I do know is this, no child would have such a fool proof backstory as the Mr Potter seemed to have. And the absolute personality change? What I do know is that Albus Dumbledore vouched for the family, and think what you want of Dumbledore, it is impossible to fool that man. A friend of mine, who works at Gringotts, told me they had an inheritance test done. Seems the goblins were distrustful of dead people suddenly being not dead. It is also impossible to fool goblins and their inheritance tests, those three really were James, Lily and Harry Potter.

That led me to believe that there were two Harry Potters. The real one hidden away with his parents and the one we all saw these past four years. It also begs the question, who is the real Boy Who Lived?”

Tom really was more astute than most gave him credit for. They believed he must have been simple minded because he ran a wizarding pub and motel. Throughout their spying career, Lucius and Severus gained valuable news and insight from the barkeep. Nothing slipped past him, while he stayed in the background. Apparently nothing more but a simple grinning barkeep.

Deciding that the boy, whom Tom identified as John, should have finished with his breakfast, the two men ascended the stairs. Lucius did not want the boy to sleep another night in the streets and wanted him tested and enrolled at a magical school as soon as possible.

Tom stopped in front of room 26 and knocked, “John, it’s Tom. Can I come in?”
The world stopped for Lucius. The boy was a mixture of Malfoy and Black. His hair was not the harsh snow white of the Malfoys and not the golden blonde of Narcissa, but a rather soft mixture between the two. The eyes were also very familiar. Narcissa’s ice blue eyes looked back at him.

Could it be true?

Could this be Kaiden?
To say John was surprised to see Lucius Malfoy enter the room with Tom was an understatement. Had Tom only been softening him up? Will Tom now demand that he allow Mr Malfoy to touch him. Because nothing is free in the world. Wasn't that the one thing Vernon Dursley stressed each day? That was his excuse for working him like a slave. He had to earn his keep at the Dursleys.

Tom made no comment about how John was to start pay him back for the food. And Mr Malfoy just stood there. Looks of shock and hope flashed across his face. At that moment he did not seem like the cold cruel man John always saw. The man looked human.

A few steps. Just a few steps. He had to touch the child. If this was his child, he would know. How can a parent not recognise their child? He was one step away from the small boy. Tentatively he raised his right arm to touch the child - my child! My son! To his utter dismay the boy flinched and raised his hands as if to ward off a blow. Lucius recognised the movement. He saw the same movement often enough. It was the universal sign of abused children everywhere. Even if this frail boy was not his little Kaiden, he will not let it be. He will find out who made the child so afraid of adults.

Lucius took one step back. "Tom, can I bother you to floo Malfoy Manor and ask Narcissa and Draco to step through? If Severus Snape is there, he is to come too. I will need them here, if this child is who I hope he is, they will need to be here as well. Please Tom."

Tom left, he could see something shook Lucius Malfoy to the core. He suddenly remembered that the Malfoy's had another son, two years younger than Draco and that the child disappeared. It was a few months before Harry Potter defeated He Who Must Not Be Named, but the disappearance of the second son of the Malfoys were quickly shoved to the back pages of the Daily Prophet and then forgotten. It seemed that during those final months the newspaper was only filled with deaths and disappearances. Through the years it happened that a reporter tried to revive the mystery of the missing Malfoy baby, but the investigation never went further than the initial report. It seemed as if only the child’s parents cared about the missing child.

Could this be the boy? Could John be the missing Malfoy baby? If it is him, where did he come from now? It was not as if he wandered around in Diagon Alley before. The first time he saw the child was two weeks ago, just after the miraculous resurrection of James and Lily Potter. Could this child be the boy he first met as Harry Potter?

But that really did not make any sense. The only person who knew where the Potters were hiding had been Albus Dumbledore and later their secret keeper. Peter Pettigrew may have betrayed the Potters, but he was not the one to change the children. He had not been smart enough to place the correct glamours on the baby and then why send his Master after the wrong child? Merlin forgive him, but Albus Dumbledore is the only wizard powerful enough and capable of placing the
glamours on the child, not only aging the baby by two years, but also changing his appearance, maintaining the charms for eleven years.

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A few minutes later Narcissa, Draco and Severus entered the room. Tom only stressed that Lucius requested their presence in it seemed urgent. Narcissa took one look at the child before rushing to his side, swooping him up in her arms.

"How? Where did you find our son, Lucius?"

"Cissy..."

Narcissa misread the look on Lucius’ face. She thought he tried to warn her that the child may not be theirs. What would he know? Did he carry and nurture the baby for nine months?

"Do not Cissy me Lucius Malfoy. Any mother, no matter how horrible, would recognize her own child! I carried him from conception to birth. I felt every movement, no matter how small. My own body nurtured his little body. My body, my magic and my soul knows him. He is my, no, our son."

She kept her son in her lap, stroking his hair, hugging him, afraid to let him go. Afraid he'll vanish again.

"If I was not so jealous and if you were so inclined I would have suggested you take a lover and get pregnant with his child. Then you would know the connection a mother, a bearer, shares with her child. I wish you could understand the bond between myself and our sons. It is stronger than the Unbreakable Vow, but gentler at the same time. There is nothing a mother would not do for her child. I would willingly give up my life, my soul, if it meant they could live."

Draco suddenly tore loose from Severus’ hold, running towards his mother. If she says this boy was Kaiden, and they were not betting against Narcissa, somebody told him a pack of lies. His father unknown and his mother nothing more than a Knockturn Alley whore?

"Hush baby. I’ve known you since before you were born. You are Kaiden Serpens Malfoy, my son. Your father is Lucius Malfoy, who cried like a baby when he met you after you were born. Your brother is Draco, who kissed my pregnant belly each day, saying it was a kiss for his baby brother."

Wise men knew when to challenge their wives and when not to. And when your wife was in full mother mode, channelling the temperament of an angry mother bear, you roll over and play dead. It was easier to change the rotation of the planet than to test an angry mother’s patience. With a wince Lucius rubbed his left shoulder, remembering when Narcissa was pregnant with Kaiden. He had done something to irritate his very pregnant and hormonal wife, probably sneezed too loud. The next moment she removed her very comfortable and floppy slipper (by then her feet were to
swollen for her normal high fashion slippers) and gave him one whack on his left shoulder. The slipper shaped bruise reminded him never to piss pregnant females off. They were more dangerous and volatile than Voldemort on a really bad day. At least when Voldemort decided to curse you with a cruciatos curse or two, it was quite acceptable to weep like a baby and piss yourself, not so much when your dainty wife decided to hit you with her floppy slippers.

John decided it would be best to go with the Malfoys. If there was one thing he learned from his time with the Dursleys it was how to read people. Neither the Malfoys nor Snape ever lied to him. Since he met Draco and Snape, they always treated him with disdain, but they never lied to him. Snape always protected him at school, he may have treated him like shit, but he always protected him. And maybe he would find out if the Malfoys really were his family, would it be so wrong to belong to somebody who wanted him and seemed to miss him?

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Draco always bragged at school about his father’s money, and it seems as if he had not been lying. The place was huge and all he saw thus far was the reception room and the private family room. Mr and Mrs Malfoy, Draco and even Professor Snape hovered around him wanting to ply him with tea, coffee, juice or water. It’s been an hour since their healer, Galina Goodeheart, left and John could still see the anger and horror on the faces of the adults.

Whilst Healer Goodeheart read the long list of healed, partially healed or just wrongly healed injuries both Mr Malfoy and Professor Snape’s glasses burst into small glass shards. Snape was muttering the long list of potions he needed to prepare to heal the child properly, which also included a regimen of nutrition potions. John realized, that even with the nutrition potions, he may never heal fully. The damage had been done he would always be short and thin. Personally John would rather be a stick figure midget, than a huge tub of lard such as Dudley Dursley.

“Lucius, you need to keep this under wraps. Until the inheritance test is done, it would be prudent if nobody knows about the child. I’ve spoken to Amelia and Griphook. Griphook agreed to visit Malfoy Manor personally to perform the inheritance test. Amelia will join us as a witness, and also to take the necessary statements. Even on the off chance that Narcissa is wrong, those that harmed and abused him, must be punished to the fullest extent of the law.”

Mipsy, one of the Malfoy house elves quietly opened the door and announced, “Griphook from Gringotts and Madame Amelia Bones from the Ministry.”

Polite greetings and offerings of beverages were made and Lucius quickly told how Tom contacted him regarding a homeless child and how he met the boy.

Goblins were not known for their eloquence and loquaciousness and neither was Madame Bones. Griphook wanted to perform the inheritance test and Amelia wanted to take down the necessary statements. She detested the abuse of children and would happily flay any witch or wizard alive for abusing a child.

“Mister Malfoy, my time is limited. May I suggest we proceed with the inheritance test, so that I may return to Gringotts?”

Whilst speaking he removed the necessary equipment to perform the test, without waiting for the wizards consent. It was the way of goblins, wasted time and wasted words equated to wasted profits.

Griphook took a drop of blood from the child in question, dripping it into the ceremonial bowl, filled with a shimmering silver liquid. Griphook chanted in gobbledegook, whilst stirring the liquid
with a long thin crystal rod. The blood swirled through the liquid and ten seconds and a small popping sound later, the liquid was now a shimmering gold.

Still chanting, Griphook dripped three drops of the golden liquid on a cream coloured parchment. John stared in amazement at the ritual. Magic swirled around the goblin and John could almost see their hair and clothing move as if in a gentle breeze.

Eerily reminding John of Voldemort’s diary, letters appeared on the parchment.

Griphook stopped chanting, studied the parchment for a few seconds and cleared his throat.

“Mr and Madame Malfoy, Potion Master Snape and Madame Bones. May I remind you that Gringotts, the goblin nation and this inheritance test are independent from wizarding society. The results of this test is absolute and irrefutable. Neither Gringotts, the goblin nation, nor the tester, in this case the goblin Griphook will be held liable or accountable should the results of the test not meet your expectations. With that being said and noted, herewith the results of the inheritance test.

Father: Lucius Abraxas Malfoy
Mother: Narcissa Alayna Malfoy, neé Black
Godmother: Amelia Bones, appointed by Lucius and Narcissa Malfoy
Brother: Draco Lucius Malfoy
Soulmate: Severus Tobias Snape
Adoptive godfathers: Sirius Black and Remus Lupin.

The original inheritance test will be placed in your Gringotts vault. A copy of the test will be filed at the Ministry of Magic : Department of Records.

I confirm that the amount of fifty galleons will be deducted from your account as payment for our services. I bid you good day.”

Without waiting for a reply, Griphook stood up and left the manor.
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Still not mine and still unbeta'd. Thanks for all the positive comments and kudos :)

I hope you enjoy this chapter as well.

Amelia Bones congratulated the freshly reunited Malfoy family.

“Lucius, I know you. You won’t rest until you find those responsible for this horrendous crime. Please do not hesitate to use all resources at the Department.”

Kaiden really wanted to believe that he was loved and wanted, but for eleven years he had been told that he was nothing but a burden, that he was unwanted and unloved, that he was a freak.

He used to be Harry Potter, house elf for the Dursley family and saviour to the wizarding world. The Dursleys reminded him daily that he was a freak and tried to beat, work and starve his freakishness from him. He was blamed and punished for every little thing that went wrong in the Dursley’s lives. Dudley missed his favourite show? Obviously it was “that boy and his freakiness”. Aunt Petunia was unable to find that perfect shade of nail polish? Of course it was his fault. Uncle Vernon accidently farted in polite company? Potter was to blame.

Even at Hogwarts he was not spared. One moment he was their darling and saviour, the next moment their scapegoat and whipping boy. His only remaining friends had been the Weasley twins, but the moment he defeated Voldemort, suddenly everybody and his uncle wanted to be friends with him again.

Then came the summer. The constant verbal and physical abuse at the hands of the Dursleys. His lowest point was definitely the day Dumbledore told him that he was nobody. He truly was unloved and unwanted. His mother a prostitute who sold him for a pittance and his father unknown. The two weeks living on the streets, scraping by each day, protecting his body from the more cruel adults out there.

Now, his life changed again. His father was neither a dead drunk nor an unknown entity, who may or may not have paid his mother to have sex with. His father was Lucius Malfoy, by all accounts a cruel, hard, cold man. A man who was a Death Eater. But at least he now knew who his father was and it did not seem as if he really is this cold cruel man. And he knows Madame Bones would not keep company with Death Eaters. Susan Bones was always cordial to him at school and there was no doubt in his mind that her aunt was fair and incorruptible.

His mother was neither a dead hussy nor a prostitute who did not know who the father of her child was, who hated him so much that she was willing to sell him at the drop of a hat. His mother was Narcissa Malfoy and she had soft arms, she loved hugging him and kissing him. She smelled like jasmine. He could really see himself loving his mother.

He had a brother, even though they did not seem to like each other previously. But then again when he first met Draco in Diagon Alley, he did not mind the blonde boy too much. It was only after the meeting with Ron and the redhead becoming his very first friend that the animosity between Draco
and him started. It was time for a fresh start with his brother, he would just need to apologize for his part in their fights and hope his brother forgives him and would want to know him.

He even had a soulmate. He never heard of soulmates, apart from muggle girls gushing about this or that boy being her soulmate and how she could just absolutely burst from happiness. As with his brother, he and Snape never really got along. Some of it was his own fault, ever since that first Potions lesson, he never tried hard enough, his homework was shoddy and rushed.

Kaiden just hoped he could fix his past mistakes with his family and his soulmate. He did not want them to hate him as well. He certainly wanted a better future than his past.

Kaiden suddenly remembered the circumstances in meeting the Weasleys. He was struggling to find Platform 9¾, when suddenly this red headed family appeared talking loudly about muggles and the platform. With seven children, five of whom either attended or were attending Hogwarts and the parents being former students as well, one would think they would know not to talk about muggles or the platform. They’d just get to it. Had the friendship between him and Ron been a lie from the start?

Before allowing her husband and Severus to interrogate her poor son, Narcissa insisted they should have lunch first. During lunch she would tell her own child about his family and afterwards, if Kaiden felt up to it, he could tell them about his life thus far.

Kaiden was shocked and surprised when Lucius bent down, took him from Narcissa’s arms and carried him down towards the dining room. It seemed as if both of his newly found parents craved physical contact with him. Even Draco and Snape touched him, a gentle brush of the hand over his hair, a quick hug. Kaiden liked it, he loved it and found himself craving the positive, gentle and most of all loving physical contact from his family.

Lunch was light and Narcissa started telling Kaiden about his family. They lost so many years together, the last time she saw her baby he was not even a year old, now he’s a few weeks shy of his thirteenth birthday.

“There is so much I want to tell you, but before I begin with our family history, I would like to tell you about soulmates. I know you were shocked about it. You probably never believed in the concept of soulmates? Not that I blame you. Dumbledore refuses to teach students about that little magical quirk and muggleborn witches and wizards don’t believe in the true concept of soulmates.

You can ignore the soulmate bond. You are even able to marry somebody else, but it will never be a bonding of soul and magic, only soulmates can bond their soul, magic and body. Most of the arranged pureblood marriages are not between soulmates and their marriage contract states that the couples are allowed to take their soulmates as a lover. Strange and disgusting, but that is what happens when parents would rather arrange marriages based on money, power or social standing than love.

Your father and I were luckier than most. Our parents did arrange our marriage, but we are also soulmates. So whatever people tell you about me and Lucius, remember this, we love each other with every fibre of our beings and wanted you and Draco. Both our children were born from love.

I know you are worried about Severus being your soulmate, but please don’t be. Until you are mature and of age, the bond won’t mature. Severus will be there to protect you and care for you. Until that time he would be your best friend, but he won’t ever expect you to have a romantic relationship with you.”
Both Severus and Lucius nodded. “Besides Kaiden, if I were sick enough to expect anything from you, both your parents would chop me up for potion ingredients.”

Kaiden’s eyes widened further. This was the man who terrorized him for four years?

“Neither Lucius nor Severus were ever true followers of Voldemort. Both are agents for MMI5. They’ve been spies since they graduated from Hogwarts. I married Lucius as soon as his training ended with MMI5, Abraxas and Voldemort believed it to be an arranged marriage. One that would unite the Houses of Malfoy and Black under Voldemort’s banner.

We tried for years to conceive and when Draco was born on the 6TH of June 1980, Lucius cried from happiness. The only blight was that Voldemort was still very much alive and active. When we heard about that ridiculous prophecy and the fact that Voldemort took it to heart, we were worried, but not overly so. Draco was not born in the timeframe set by the prophecy.

We believed Draco would be our only child. Healers were even surprised I managed to get pregnant the first time. So you could understand our joy when we heard I was pregnant again. When you were born on the 24TH of August 1982 our little family was complete. We had you for nearly six months.

Then you were kidnapped from our home on Valentine’s Day 1983. It was never to be a day for love in our home, instead one of sadness and sorrow. We believe either Voldemort or Bellatrix or the both of them, took you from our home. We tried everything to find you, from the valid and rational by hiring private investigators up to the utmost hocus pocus such as divination.

Everybody around us urged us to accept that you died a long time ago, but I never wanted to believe that. I always hoped and believed that you were alive and that you would come back to us.”

Kaiden was very worried. It was time. Time to tell them about the Dursleys and Number 4 Privet Drive. Time to tell them about being Harry Potter, the Boy Who Lived and every other silly epithet the public decided to bestow on him. Time to tell them about Dumbledore and those two weeks on the street. Hopefully they would still want him.

“I promise I won’t be lying to you, I really want you to like me, but I won’t be lying to you.”

Kaiden needed his family, which included Snape, to know, that he may have been a lot of things in the past, but he’s never been a liar.

“Up until two weeks ago I lived in a town called Little Whinging in Surrey. I grew up with people I was told was my mother’s sister and her family.”

Hearing the words Little Whinging Severus stomach dropped. If the family Kaiden was forced to live with these past few years, were who he believed they were, he had serious explaining to do. Not to Lucius and Narcissa, but to Kaiden. His soulmate did not deserve to be treated as such, and if was them, Lucius needed to obtain the services of Specialist Natalya Rasputin. She was the only one who is even remotely able to detect obscure potions, charms and compulsions on a person and purge it from the system.

“I believed I was born in 1980, so I’ve been attending Hogwarts the past four years. For as long as I can remember I believed my name was Harry, Harry Potter…”

Draco paled. The past four years he’d been treating his baby brother like a leper. Sure he reacted at first because Potter refused to shake his hand, but afterwards, instead of ignoring the boy he baited and tormented his own brother.
The moment Kaiden uttered the words “Harry Potter” a floodgate opened. He could not stop telling them about his life. The way the Dursleys treated him, the verbal abuse, the beatings, Dudley and his game of ‘Harry Hunting’, the food they withheld from him. He could not stop if he tried.

He told them how he met the Weasley family and his suspicions of them and the supposed friendship between himself and Ron. Not that he had been Ron’s friend the past year, but still.

He even told them what Dumbledore did the night Sirius and Remus wanted to take him home. He knew Sirius was sometimes very childish and made stupid mistakes when he was a child and later. But he spent eight years in Azkaban, being punished for a crime he did not commit. He even told Kaiden how he and James used to bully everybody at Hogwarts and especially Snape. Abandoning his godson and his treatment of Snape were his two biggest regrets.

Kaiden ended with Dumbledore’s final visit at Privet Drive, the way he behaved, how he told Kaiden that he wanted to torture and murder him, before finally dumping him in Knockturn Alley. Kaiden believed Dumbledore hoped he would grow so desperate for a place to sleep and food to eat, that he would start working as a prostitute and deep down he had this disturbed feeling that Dumbledore would have been one of his most frequent customers.
Lucius wanted to curse, hex, maim and murder Dumbledore. How dare that wrinkly, lemon drop sucking, walking fashion disaster, demented old goat treat his son the way he did? But he realized he would do his family no favours by spending the next three hundred years in Azkaban. Besides, they still needed answers.

Who abducted their son from their home? It could still have been either Voldemort or Bellatrix or the both of them. If it had been them, they would never learn the truth and reason, if any, behind their actions. Merlin knows the two of them were beyond insane, well Voldemort had been since Kaiden dropped an African elephant on top of him.

And just how did Dumbledore get his greedy mits on his son? He could also have been the one to abduct their son from their home, but there was no proof of it. Did he really buy his son from a Knockturn Alley prostitute? And if he did, where did she get his son? And who was she?

But now, they were waiting patiently for Specialist Healer Natalya Rasputin. There were only a handful of Healers who specialized in obscure potions and charms and she was one of the best.

Natalya Rasputin stepped gracefully from the fireplace. Natalya certainly was an imposing figure, close to two metres, with dark hair and eyes. Like the rest of the Rasputin clan, she became a healer and specialized in the more obscure potions, charms, hexes and curses. Her Great Uncle was Grigori Rasputin, famous or infamous in the muggle world. He was enamoured with the last Tsarina Alexandra and became her personal healer, trying his best to cure her only son, Alexei from haemophilia. Unfortunately Tsarina Alexandra was the daughter of a Squib and a Muggle, she was born without even the smallest of spark of magic and married a Muggle herself. Her children were born with even less magic than she. No amount of potions and salves would have saved the young Alexei. In the end, driven to madness, Uncle Grigori, chose to die with his beloved Alexandra, rather than save himself.

Natalya listened carefully to the family, with ample input from Severus Snape. The negative feelings Draco Malfoy and Severus Snape described convinced her that young Kaiden had either been subjected to a potion or a charm or even a combination of the two. She would need to test Draco and Snape as well, since they admitted that the feeling of loathing, jealousy and hatred was mutual.

A few hours later Natalya gathered the family together. Only the softest of her native Russian accent remained, “I am glad you contacted me Lord Malfoy. I have good news and bad news. The bad news is that Draco, Kaiden and Potion Master Snape were subjected to illegal means of controlling their feelings towards each other.

In the case of Draco, he only received one dose of the “Familiam Odio” potion. This potion compels the victim to hate either a specific member, parts of or even his whole family. The
compulsion only extended to his brother Kaiden. This one dose however was enough to create feelings of jealousy and hatred towards his younger sibling.

In the case of Potion Master Snape, he received five strong doses per month for the past eleven years of the “Odio Animus Mate” potion and was also subjected to the accompanying hex. This compelled him to hate his own soulmate and treat his soulmate with cruel disdain.

In the case of Kaiden, he was dosed with the “Familiam Odio”, the “Odio Animus Mate” as well as their accompanying hexes for the past four years. He was also dosed for the same period with the following potions “Periculu Homicidii”, “Despiciens Censenda Est Adnumerator” and “Consules Mora Exacerbaverant” which caused him to hate his family, his soulmate, forced him to take unnecessary risks, endangering his life, to be disrespectful and sometimes outright rude to people, and especially towards his soulmate and to procrastinate certain tasks, such as his studies. Kaiden received usually a dose a month, except for the following times.

During his first year at school he was given a double dose close to Halloween as well as to the end of the school year. During his second year it was again close to the end of the year. Strangely enough, Kaiden received no extra doses during his third year, but this past year the doses really spiked. He received double doses each month.”

Natalya gave a small smile towards the group, “I am very sorry for the pain and suffering these horrible potions and hexes caused, but there is good news. The compulsions can and will be purged from their bodies. Draco only needs one purge, unfortunately Master Snape and Kaiden would need seven purges. I will not try and sugar coat the effects. It will be horrible and could be painful, especially for Master Snape and Kaiden.

Normally I would refer the patients to their closest magical medical facility to obtain the purging potions, but I may not know Master Snape personally, but I do know his reputation and I trust he would be more than proficient to brew the necessary purging potions.

Please feel free to contact me should you require any further assistance. I also confirm that I will be available as an expert witness if you are ever able to prosecute the guilty party.”

Severus spent the next twelve hours brewing the necessary purging potions. As soon as Kaiden was purged they could begin with a regimen of nutrition potions. Narcissa feared that the damaged caused by Dumbledore and the Dursleys may never be mitigated. Kaiden would never be as tall as the rest of his family, but at least he was back with his family.

The news of the return of the long lost Malfoy child was reported in the Daily Prophet, but it was only a very small article, hidden between a detailed report of Harry Potter’s visit to Honeydukes and the products he bought there, accompanied by a photograph showing the young saviour showing off his purchases and an advertisement for wart removal cream. James Potter visited the offices of the Prophet and after an hour’s worth of screaming, the owners of the Prophet promised never to place an article of Harry Potter next to advertisements for embarrassing products, such as wart removal cream.

The only person in the wizarding world who really noticed the article had been Albus Dumbledore. He spent weeks trolling Knockturn Alley, searching for the little bastard, without any success. The only witnesses to his spectacular meltdown had been the portraits, and they may have been only portraits of past dead headmasters and mistresses, but they were not about to gossip about his
temper tantrums. They learned early not to cross the very unstable headmaster.

Lucius enrolled Kaiden at Hogwarts, after Kaiden pleaded his case and promised never to stray far from either his brother or soulmate. For once in his life Lucius used his wealth and influence to allow the Governors of the school board to force Kaiden’s acceptance at Hogwarts. Severus tutored Kaiden, making sure his studies were up to standard.

Kaiden was at first a bit put out that he would have to redo his third year, but realized he never gave his best at school, and after extensive tutoring, he passed his first and second year with flying colours. To his joy he realized he would be able to drop Divination. Kaiden’s new subjects were: Potions, Defence Against the Dark Arts, Transfiguration, Charms, Astronomy, Herbology, Arithmancy, Study of Ancient Runes, Care of Magical Creatures and Muggle Studies.

Draco wanted to become a Law Wizard, but Kaiden really wanted to join his father and soulmate at MMI5 and wanted an extensive course list. Besides his passion for studying had been reignited and he wanted to perform his best. If he was able to outperform his former friend, Hermione Granger, it would be a bonus.

It was the first time Kaiden would be visiting Diagon Alley as a Malfoy and besides the normal stops, Madame Malkin’s for new school robes, Florish & Botts for their school books, Slug & Jiggers for their Potions supplies and even to Severus’ displeasure Quality Quidditch for new brooms, Kaiden also needed a new wand. Dumbledore took possession of the first wand Kaiden ever owned and was now in the real Harry Potter’s claws.

Kaiden missed his first wand, but was also somewhat relieved. He somehow did not think the wand would be the same now in any case. He changed too much. He was now who he was supposed to be and not the mindless drone Dumbledore expected him to be.

Olivander was still as creepy as he always was, and if not for the fact that the man really was the best wandmaker in the world, Kaiden would have preferred to purchase his wand somewhere else. If Kaiden thought buying his first wand was a tedious process the second time was downright nerve-racking. He went through every wand in Olivander’s store, without being matched to any of the wands. Kaiden’s heart sank, either his parents had to take him to other wandmakers, hoping to find a matching wand or the wand he used when he was Harry Potter had been his true wand.

Olivander had never been able not to match a wand with a wizard (or witch) and he would rather cast the entrails expelling curse on himself than admit defeat and refer his clients to another wandmaker. He was running out of wands and still young Mr Malfoy was not matched with one. Maybe, there was still one wand left, but that particular wand had been in his family’s possession since before the time of the Founders of Hogwarts. The wand was legendary and for over four centuries this wand had not chosen a master.

Olivander reappeared at last, carrying a black box in his hands. “Mr Malfoy, this wand had been in our possession for many generations. It has never chosen a witch or a wizard. Maybe, you would be the one...”

The moment Kaiden touched the wand he knew. This was his wand. It felt like coming home after a long day, like a mother’s kiss on a feverish brow. It made him feel alive, his magic tingling from the top of his head to the bottoms of his feet. Green and silver sparks shot from the tip of the wand and a sound of tingling silver bells were heard.

“Congratulations Mr Malfoy. You are now the proud owner of a truly one of a kind wand. There’s
never been a wand like this one and there never will be again. Thirteen inches, made from cherry, blackthorn and elder tree, with a core from phoenix feather, dragon heartstring and basilisk skin. The only true working triple helix wand in existence.

Legend has it that only a very powerful wizard, or witch, would ever be able to master this wand and earn its loyalties. With this wand at your side, you will accomplish great things, even greater than He Who Must Not Be Named and Harry Potter.”

Kaiden really did not care if the wand was made from clear plastic with a pink glitter core, what matters was that he had once again a wand. This wand suited him perfectly as well, he loved his old wand, but this one was part of him. The fact that this wand was also not the twin of Voldemort’s wand was just a bonus.

Harry Potter and his friends watched the Malfoys leave Olivanders. They too visited Diagon Alley to purchase their school supplies. Harry planned to surpass his father and the original Marauders at school. He has been waiting a long time to go to Hogwarts after all. It was just a pity that the original Marauder’s Map was lost to them and James was unable to recreate it, but it was not as if James did not inform him of all the hidden passages in and out of Hogwarts.

Those slimy Slytherins would not know what hit them. The new Marauders consisted of Harry, the leader of course, Ron Weasley, Ginny Weasley and Hermione Granger. As the great Harry Potter, saviour of the wizarding world, the Boy Who Lived Again and the Chosen One, he was benevolent enough to forgive his best friends for their behaviour the previous year. He did punish them a bit, they should know their place after all.

With the help of Grandpa Albus he had leverage over each of his friends. They would never even think of betraying him again. Ron Weasley was dirt poor, stupid and lazy. As best friend of Harry Potter, doors would open for him. He was sure to be allowed entry into the Auror program and not even his poor grades or lack of sufficient O.W.L.S and N.E.W.T.S would hinder his application or acceptance.

Ginny Weasley was a conniving and ruthless little bitch. Her aspirations were far above her social station. She dreamed of playing a few years professional quidditch before marrying a rich wizard and spending the rest of her life as lady of the manor. As his girlfriend and later fiancé, every quidditch team would fall over their feet to sign her. She will live the life as lady of the manor, but the number of children she expected to raise would be a tad more. Ginny expected only to bear him one child, but Harry wanted at least two sons. One to inherit the Potter fortune and the other the Black fortune. Sirius Black was his godfather after all and was sure to leave every last knut to him. Even if Ginny had to pop out a hundred children, he would have his two sons.

Hermione Granger seemed to be the toughest nut to crack. She was a muggleborn witch and did not care for the intricacies of the wizarding world. Her sole aspiration was to change the wizarding world to benefit her, why should she adapt to the magical world if the magical world can be forced to adapt to her? Then Grandpa Albus told him Hermione’s biggest secret. Her parents were dentists in the muggle world, but they were not as well to do as Hermione pretended. In fact, both her parents had serious gambling problems, exacerbated by her father’s substance abuse problem and her mother’s shopping problem.

If it had not been for Albus Dumbledore and his careful machinations, Hermione Granger would also attend Hogwarts in second hand robes, with second hand books and second hand equipment. Not only that, Hermione was far from being the smartest witch at school. Since all the professors were forced to submit their full curriculum for the year, which included tests, assignments and end
of year exams, he was able to assist Granger. Albus Dumbledore completed each and every bit of homework assigned by the teachers. The problem of exams were circumvented by polyjuice potion. The rest of her course work were memorised until she remembered the work.

Harry Potter smiled an evil little smile. He really enjoyed forcing his three friends to submit to him. They were his and they better not forget it. Unlike the thing Grandpa Albus placed in his stead, he was not as forgiving. Like his parents always say, “Merlin may forgive and forget, but we don’t.” Maybe he would make them submit again tonight, the school term is fast approaching and then he would not have the time to play with them as much.
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

I changed Chapter 9 since I was not satisfied with the one I published. The next chapter should be up before Monday.

Thanks for your patience.

Severus took a sip from the expensive whiskey.

“Strange.”

Lucius arched an eyebrow.

“What is strange Severus?”

“Your father. He hated everything muggle. But when he bought alcohol, he visited muggle distillers. The same with art. How many art pieces are either muggle in origin or from wizards with close ties to muggles?”

Lucius gave a snort. That was Abraxas Malfoy for you. Severus was right, the man hated muggles and everything muggle with a passion. But besides elven made wine, Abraxas only supported muggle distillers, complaining magical distilleries destroyed the bouquet of the drink. Abraxas also had no compunction to buy art pieces from either muggle artists, such as Van Gogh, muggle born wizards, such as Michelangelo and so-called blood traitors, such as Leonardo da Vinci. He decided to change the subject, the whiskey was too good to waste on the memory of Abraxas Malfoy.

“What do you think of Black and Lupin?”

“As children and teenagers, Black was a bully with homicidal tendencies and Lupin a coward. As adults, they’ve tried to do right by their godson. They loved Kaiden, even though they believed him to be Harry Potter. So maybe they loved the idea of Harry and not the boy himself.

However, since the miraculous resurrection of the Potters, one would expect the three best friends to be attached at the hip. From what I learned, Black and Lupin tried to visit the Potters immediately but was rebuffed. Two weeks after the Potter’s return they were summoned, yes really, summoned, to Potter Mansion for a visit.

The visit lasted only an hour and from I can gather, neither Black nor Lupin looked too happy. They have also not visited the Potters again, even though they received a few summons to visit their best friend and godson.”

Lucius tapped the glass in his hands, “Do you think it is safe to contact them and see how they interact with Kaiden? According to the inheritance test both men are Kaiden’s godfathers.”

“Honestly, the boy I used to be is screaming not to trust those two. But, they have grown. Black the most. I think being wrongfully imprisoned would force you to grow up and he did receive punishment for his attempt at murdering somebody, by being incarcerated in Azkaban. Since the moment both Lupin and Black set eyes on Kaiden, they loved that boy and protected him.
I know they tried to take Kaiden, still disguised as Potter, away from the Dursleys, but Dumbledore refused it. Invite them, just don’t tell them about Kaiden’s past until we see how they interact with him. Black and Cissy are cousins. Tell them you want to be family again, since Voldemort is dead and we no longer need to spy on the bastard.

They are Gryffindors. They would lap the family and familial love angle up like honey.”

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Sirius Black was drinking his morning coffee when a very regal looking eagle owl landed on the table. A poised leg was presented to Black, enabling the wizard to remove the letter.

Before Sirius could even think of handing the owl a treat, the bird took off, leaving Sirius to read the letter. The small smile on his face grew larger until it was a huge grin. They were invited to Malfoy Manor to celebrate the birthday of Kaiden Serpens Malfoy.

As a child, he got along with both Narcissa and Andromeda, but after Cissy married Malfoy their relationship soured. He was a Gryffindor and member of the Order of the Phoenix. Cissy was married to the only son of Abraxas Malfoy, very loyal supporter of Voldemort and a suspected Death Eater himself.

Of course Lucius had been exonerated and it was made known that he was employed by MMI5, a highly decorated agent in their organisation. It had really been an eye opener to him and Remus. The two men they honestly believed were evil and very loyal supporters of Voldemort, had been spying against the mad Dark Lord and his Death Eaters.

Sirius also remembered when the second Malfoy baby was kidnapped, back in 1983. Shortly before the first death of Voldemort, if memory serves right. If he remembered correctly the child had been found. The article in the Prophet was small and hidden between an advertisement for wart removal cream and yet another useless article about Harry Potter and whatever he did at that particular second.

Remus entered the kitchen.

“And this goofy grin at this time of the morning? Did we not have a conversation about your bad habit of a morning Irish coffee?”

Sirius gave a grin, “Moony, it’s not firewhiskey induced goofiness. Cissy wrote me. She wants us to be the family we were supposed to be if it had not been for Voldemort. Cissy also invited us to a birthday party.”

Remus gave a small frown. Lucius and Narcissa’s birthdays were in February and March respectively and Draco’s in June. None of the Tonks family’s birthdays were in August and the chances of Cissy celebrating the birthday of Bellatrix was just about as likely as him celebrating Fenrir Greyback’s birthday.

“And whose birthday are we celebrating? Not that I’m ungrateful, I know you’ve been missing Narcissa these past few years.”

Sirius gave a sly grin, “Did you know that Lucius and Cissy have two sons? No? Well they do. I can’t really remember what happened, the memory is a bit fuzzy. What I do remember is that early 1983 baby Kaiden went missing from his family home. It made headlines, even bumped the atrocities committed by Voldemort and his merry band of crazy men from the news.
Even with the extensive media coverage and what I suspect the best private investigators searching for the child, he was never found. Until this summer, I remember reading about the return of the lost child in the Daily Prophet. The article was small, barely a paragraph long and hidden between yet another useless ode to Harry Potter and an advertisement for wart removal cream.”

With that both men started laughing.

“Sirius, somehow I do believe that neither James nor Lily was very pleased to find an advertisement for something as uncouth as wart removal cream anywhere near mention of their son very funny. But enough of the Potters, is the birthday party we’ve been invited to for the youngest Malfoy?”

“Give that man a firewhiskey. Cissy and Lucius invited us to attend the birthday party for Kaiden Malfoy. Cissy really wants us to be a family again and the party is an excellent way to interact with not only Cissy and Lucius, but our young cousins as well.”

Lupin gave a gasp. “Siri, you said the Malfoy baby disappeared early 1983?”

“Yes. It was early 1983. But I can’t remember when exactly. I do remember that his disappearance managed to dislodge even the horrible reports of Voldemort and his Death Eaters from the front page.”

“Was it before or after we met Harry the first time?”

Sirius frowned, “I’m not sure. We were finally allowed to meet Harry just after the full moon in March 1983. It was either the 29th or the 30th of March. But 1983 was a horrible year. Voldemort and his followers murdering and maiming their way across the British Isles. James and Lily finally allowing us to meet my, well, our, godson for the first time. Then the defeat of Voldemort and me being stupid. If only I did not act like the ultimate Gryffindor and stormed after Pettigrew...”

“Hush Love. What’s done is done. We both know there is something wrong. The child we first met in March 1983, the one you risked a Dementor’s Kiss by escaping Azkaban, the one I taught the Patronus charm to, the boy we bonded with and love is not the same one now known as Harry Potter. The boy we love would never flaunt his popularity and bask in the glory of being the Boy Who Lived Again.

We both know that this rude, arrogant, glory hound little shit is the real Harry Potter, true son of James and Lily Potter. But we also both know this little creep is not the one we met in 1983, he is not the one who defeated Voldemort in 1983, he is not the one who was forced to participate in the TriWizard Tournament and was most certainly not the one who defeated Voldemort by accidentally dropping an African bull elephant on him.”

*****

Arthur and Molly Weasley were blinded by the sudden wealth. For years Arthur wished he could give his Mollywobbles the life of wealth she so clearly deserved. For years he was stuck in a dead end job at the Ministry, earning minimum wages. Just because he was fascinated with muggles and just because he enjoyed his work, did not mean the Ministry could pay him the small amount they did.

The moment James Potter offered him a job, he left. The Weasleys were now living the life they always should have lived. For a while Arthur was sad that Bill and Charlie missed out on all the luxuries he was now able to give their younger brothers and sister.
It became painfully clear that four of his children begrudged the sudden windfall. He and Molly noticed that the twins would hide in one of their bedrooms as soon as Harry came to visit and barely greeted their visitors when the Potters came to dinner.

Then Bill came home with that French girl he met during the TriWizard Tournament. He even transferred back to England for her, something he refused to do for his parents. With Bill and the French tart the rot set in. Charlie always idolized his older brother and Arthur lost count of the arguments he had with his oldest two sons. They were rude towards the Potter family and would constantly question Harry, asking him trick questions. The twins followed the oldest two children, shifting between pranking the Potters, pestering Harry with insane questions or just being downright rude and disrespectful towards them.

Molly believed the twins were just jealous because Harry was no longer their friend. Molly warned them time and again to stop their childish behaviour. Ron and Hermione were Harry’s best friends and Ginny was his girlfriend.

*****

Molly stood there, bosoms heaving, arms on her hips. “Merlin knows, we have had it with you four boys. We expected this childish behaviour from the twins, but from our oldest two sons? Bill, when you told your father you accepted the apprenticeship and Gringotts and later when you moved to Egypt, we allowed you to. Believing you would stop this nonsense and return to work at the Ministry with a respectable job. But no, your hair is long, you wear funny clothes and have an earring. How many times must I tell you to cut your hair? How many times do I need remind you respectable wizards do not wear any jewellery besides a watch and their wedding ring? How many times do we need to tell you to leave that French whore and find yourself a nice British, or even Irish, witch?

But no, you refuse to listen to your parents. Working for goblins, running around with long hair and an earring. Strutting around with that bitch on your arm. And if that was not the worst of it all, you disrespect the Potter family. They are heroes!”

Arthur took over, he has had it with his four wayward sons. They have all refused sound advice and gentle prods from Molly. Now it was his turn. For most of their lives he may have been stuck in a dead-end job, but he was always the Head of House Weasley.

“You want to continue disrespecting your father and mother? You want to continue defying the Head of House Weasley and act against everything the Weasley family stands for? Then so be it.

I, Arthur Billius Weasley, head of the Most Honourable House of Weasley, hereby disinherits my sons Billius Weasley, known as Bill, Charles Weasley, known as Charlie, Fred Weasley and George Weasley. They will be removed from the Most Honourable House of Weasley. They will no longer be known as the children of Arthur Billius Weasley and his wife Margaret Marjorie, known as Molly, Weasley. They will no longer be welcome on any property belonging to an acknowledged member of the Weasley family.”

Molly gave her former sons a feral grin, before hissing “You are no longer my children. If I could I would send all four of you naked from my home. We are no longer your parents. The four of you have two minutes seconds to vacate our property, before we will contact the Aurors to remove you.

Before you leave, I want the wands we gave you. They are Weasley family heirlooms and if any of you four leave the property with the wands in your possession, we will have you arrested as thieves.”

She turned to the twins, “You will leave this property the same way you entered the world. Naked
Bill was shocked. He expected his parents to disown him, but never his younger siblings. He expected them to blame him for leading his younger brothers astray. But he never expected them to disown all four of them and kicking the twins out of the house without a stitch of clothing.

Charlie was fuming. These were the people he always defended? Not even Death Eaters treated their children this way. Sure they disowned their children if they refused to take the dark mark, but they at least allowed them to take their belongings.

Bill summoned his trunk, removing two robes, two pairs of socks and two pairs of shoes. He silently handed them over to the twins. He would look after the boys, it was his fault they were in this mess now. He quietly removed his first wand from the trunk. He purchased his own wand with his very first pay check and have not been using the decrepit one his parents gifted him with as an eleven year old for a very long time now.

“Arthur, Molly. Here is the wand you gave me when I first started Hogwarts. It is in exactly the same condition you gave it to me. For years I assisted you financially, but ever since you started working for the Potters, you changed. You changed from loving parents who cared for each of their children to blind, money hungry people.”

Charlie also removed his first wand. Just like Bill, he bought his own wand as soon as he was able. The second hand wand his parents gave him was not really compatible to his magic, but they learned to make do with what they had. Just like Bill he cherished his first wand, even though he never used it. Not trusting his temper, Charlie just handed the wand over.

The twins quietly removed their clothes, dressing in the clothes Bill gave them. They did not recognize their parents any longer. The Weasley family used to be close to each other, spending as much time together as they possibly could. Their mother used to say that Harry was like a son to her, so why could they not see that the boy they rescued with the flying Ford Anglia was not the same one claiming to be the hero of the wizarding world?

How their Aunt Muriel even learned of their plight the four disowned Weasley boys would never know. Even before Bill and Charlie could take their brothers to Diagon Alley to replace their lost clothes and buy them their own wands, they received an invitation from their Aunt Muriel to visit them immediately at her home.

Aunt Muriel Prewett was a very wealthy old witch. She never married as her soulmate was killed a week before their bonding. When her youngest brother, Gabriel brought home Marjorie Avery, Muriel immediately took a dislike to the redhead. Marjorie never openly wronged the Prewett family, but still Muriel did not like the woman. There was something wrong and off kilter with the young witch.

Their marriage produced three children. The twins, Fabian and Gideon and their daughter Margaret Marjorie. Muriel loved the twins, who leaned towards the Prewett side of the family, but never warmed towards Molly. As with her mother, there was just something off kilter with the girl. The twins may have been fun loving and loved to play pranks on their fellow students, but their pranks were never harmful or cruel. Their grades never slipped and they graduated Hogwarts with eight N.E.W.T.S. each.

Molly on the other hand was always in trouble. Since her very first day at school she was caught quite a few times after curfew. From what Muriel understood from the twins, most of the times
Molly was caught with another student and sometimes even in questionable, if not downright compromising, positions.

Muriel was broken when Gideon and Fabien died during the last war. At least they went out as heroes, taking twelve Death Eaters down, before succumbing to their wounds.

She shifted all her love to the two sons of Molly and Arthur Weasley. She may not have liked Molly very much, but she was still family. She also did not really respect Arthur, a rather meek spineless little man who always deferred to Molly.

Throughout the years Muriel kept close tabs on her remaining family, knowing what each and every one of them were up to.

Arthur Weasley was still a junior employee earning a minimum salary. It was not because obsessed with muggles, but rather his lack of ambition and drive.

Molly still ruled the roost, deciding the names of each and every one of her seven children, how the children should be raised and how they should behave.

Bill rebelled against his parents and gained an apprenticeship with the goblins as cursebreaker. He refused to get join the Ministry and absolutely married as soon as he graduated from Hogwarts. Muriel’s sources confirmed the young man was a very successful cursebreaker and when Bill expressed desire to return to Britain, the goblins made sure to accommodate him. Molly was further incensed that Bill dare to grow his hair long and wear a dragon-tooth earring. Muriel found him rather dashing and seemingly so did Fleur Delacour.

Charlie followed Bill’s footsteps and rushed off to Romania to work as a dragon handler and keeper at a dragon reserve. Just like Bill, Charlie refused any and all attempts made by Molly to see him by the Ministry and married to yet another redhead witch. Muriel had it on good authority young Charlie preferred men and was dating a fellow dragon keeper.

Percy just graduated from Hogwarts, was a prefect and Head Boy. He never broke any rules and was described as wooden, stuck-up and humourless. After graduation he quickly gained employment at the Ministry, sucking up to Fudge.

The twins, Fred and George, had the same sense of humour and flair as their maternal twin uncles. They were smart, but would rather spend their days planning and playing pranks and developing new prank products. Just like their uncles their pranks and jokes were funny, without being malicious and they pranked everybody. Muriel believed the twins would break away from Molly’s grasp as soon as they are able and she suspected that the twins would make great success of whatever they decided to do with their lives.

Ron was as rude, obnoxious, disrespectful, jealous, lazy, greedy and a glutton. His table manners had been compared to the spawn of a starving wolf and a pig. He wanted fame and fortune, but was unwilling to work for it. Muriel’s contacts informed her, that if it was not for the extensive assistance by his friends and especially the interference by Dumbledore this lazy little slob would have been expelled from Hogwarts.

Ginny was just like her mother and her grandmother. Three gold-digging little trollops. She’s been pursuing Harry Potter since the moment she set foot in Hogwarts, snagging a few boyfriends along the way and losing her virginity with her very first boyfriend. For three years the Potter boy ignored Ginny, treating her as his best friend’s little sister and nothing more. Now suddenly they are dating and Muriel heard rumours of a wedding contract and formal courting.
The moment her little spy informed her about Arthur and Molly disinheriting her four favourite Weasleys, Muriel invited them to her home. If those two idiots were so eager to toss the pearls, she would welcome them into her home and if they consent, she would formally adopt them, ensuring the continuance of the Prewett family name and name the four her only heirs.

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Drinks were served, the four brothers staring in awe at their Great Aunt Muriel. They only saw her at family weddings and on the anniversary of Fabian and Gideon’s birthday. Molly always warned them that Aunt Muriel was a mean tempered old woman, who would just as soon curse you as she would look at you.

“You boys know me and I would venture a guess that Molly regaled tales of her mean tempered old hag of an aunt? I won’t deny it, I am mean tempered and I certainly am old. I do not suffer fools lightly.

I heard what Molly and Arthur did to you four boys. It is absolutely scandalous. The Weasley family may never have been wealthy, but they were always honourable and let me tell you the Prewett family would never have done what Molly did.

Now, I have a problem and you four have a problem. Your problem is that your parents disinherited four of their children, for no reason other than the fact that Molly and Arthur are dancing to the tune the Potters and Dumbledore are playing.

My problem is that I am the only one alive carrying the name Prewett. For all intents and purposes the Prewett family name have died out, and with my death the last Prewett would have died. I do not wish for it to happen.

I love you four boys, always have and always will. You have been my heirs for a long time now. What I propose is that I formally and blood adopt you. Not only would it please my greatly, since I already loved you four, but it would ensure the endurance of the Prewett family name, but it would also piss Molly off. She’s been hoping that I would name her my heir, since Ginny’s been eyeing my goblin made tiara and various other jewellery pieces.

Do you agree? Will you consent to being blood adopted by me and changing your name to Prewett?”
Chapter 10

Kaiden was waiting in the parlour for the Weasley twins. He was so nervous inviting them, because he could not sign the letter as Harry (how they used to know him) and he was afraid that as soon as they see the name Malfoy, they would decide not even answering him. But they accepted the invitation.

The floo flared and the twins exited the fireplace together. Unlike most people, Kaiden could always tell the twins apart.


The twins were stunned that this boy, who was very obviously a Malfoy, could tell them apart. As far as they knew they never met him before. Besides there were only a handful of people who could tell them apart.

The twins were not stupid, they just liked to hide their talents. They grew up in a house full of Gryffindors, Gryffindors who hated everything that which was not Gryffindor, but mostly Slytherins. They realized from a young age just because you were sorted into Slytherin, it did not mean you were automatically evil.

“Wait just a minute.”
"Let us process this.”
“We used to have a friend, one…”
“…whom we loved like a brother…”
“…more than our git of a little brother…”
“…ex-brother, dear Forge…”
“…right you are, Gred. But ever since the James and Lily Potter…”
“…were miraculously resurrected from death…”
“…Harry Potter had not been the same.”
“He can’t even tell us apart anymore."
“But we remember reading a paltry…”
“…little article of the Malfoy family finally…”
“…finding their long lost son. A boy named…”
“…Kaiden. The same unknown Kaiden who invited…”
“…Gred and Forge Weasley…”
“…Prewett now, actually, but…”
“…that is another titillating…”
“…tale for another time…”
“…anyhow, Kaiden Malfoy invited the saintly…”
“…duo to come and visit him…”
“…at his parents manor. We were very curious as to why…”
“…a Malfoy would want to mix with a Weasley…”
“…but then we remembered we’re not Weasleys anymore and…”
“…could quite frankly understand why no respectable wizarding…”
“…family would ever willingly associate with a…”
“…Weasley. So here we are. And what do we find? Little…”
“…Kaiden Malfoy, a boy we never met, but one…”
“…who seems to know us. One who knows us well enough…”
“…so that he could tell us apart. Now we can count the…”
“...number of people who can tell us apart on one...”
“...hand. Our new mother, Mama Muriel Prewett, our...”
“...brothers, Bill and Charlie, then there’re...”
“...Professor Snape. And lastly was our very good...”
“...no, excellent, just like a brother, friend. The boy...”
“...we used to know as Harry Potter.”
“So if the new Harry Potter is unable to tell us apart...”
“...and the unknown Kaiden Malfoy can tell us apart...”
“...Harry and Kaiden is the same person!”

The twins ended their verbal tag-team match. Kaiden always knew the twins were much smarter that everybody else gave them credit. Leading them towards the garden, he explained everything that happened, with the twins dropping an expletive when needed, especially when he explained what Dumbledore did to him.

Fred and George did not mind that their best friend and honorary little brother was now Kaiden Malfoy. For all they care his name could have been Shit-Face McFuck-Tard. They were friends with him, not his name.

Fred and George explained in great detail what led to Bill, Charlie, Fred and George being disinherited by the Weasleys.

“If I did not really know you two, I would have thought you did something horrible. Every time I met your parents, they were kind and loving towards me. Okay, they did believe I was Harry Potter, but still, they treated me as one of their children. Were they always like this?”

George sighed, “We don’t know Kaiden. I...we, used to believe they loved us, no matter what. We used to believe that they were perfect and that the fact that we were dirt poor did not matter, as long as we loved each other.”

“Maybe we just wanted to believe it. We wanted it to be true and believed that if we believed enough it would come true. Thinking back, there were always signs. Signs we ignored, but signs none the less.”

“We can remember when Bill was offered the apprenticeship by Gringotts. It is very prestigious for a witch or wizard to be offered an apprenticeship by the goblins. Goblins just don’t trust wizards, not that we can blame them. Molly and Arthur complained for months on end. They tried to convince, bully and guilt trip Bill into declining the apprenticeship.

Then when Bill was transferred to Egypt, they started complaining that he should quit and move back to England. They told him he could get a job in Arthur’s department at the Ministry and then he could marry a nice British witch. Arthur stated that they would learn to accept an Irish witch, but they preferred a nice British witch and if he could manage a red head, that what be perfect.

But Bill refused. We can still remember the fights between Bill and Molly and Arthur. They complained that he was ungrateful, especially after everything they did for him. As if Bill asked them to get pregnant with him.

Through the years the fighting lessened and only flared up when Molly would berate Bill for his jewellery, his clothing and his long hair. Then came the TriWizard Tournament. You remember the champion from Beauxbatons? Bill caught her eye, and she most certainly noticed Bill. So afterwards Fleur accepted an apprenticeship with Gringotts and requested to be transferred to Britain, partly to help with her English, but mostly to try and meet Bill again.
They did meet and got along like a house on fire. Bill transferred back to London and he and Fleur has been dating for a while now. We think he is very serious about her and is waiting for the right opportunity to ask her to marry him.

Well, Molly really disliked Fleur. She called her a French tart and a whore. Then came the whole “What-the-holy-hell-happened-to-Harry-Potter-saga for which we totally do not blame you, so please do not feel guilty, but we also kind of totally blame you and want to thank you from the bottoms of our devious little hearts.”

The three boys laughed. Kaiden knew what George meant.

“There was also the same shit, just a different flavour when Charlie graduated. Everybody knew Charlie went gaga over dragons. So the moment he received to opportunity he left for Romania. But Molly and Arthur could not accept it. It was the whole damn thing over again. Molly tried to force Charlie to come back, to work at the Ministry, to stay at home, to marry a nice little redhead witch.”

Kaiden just had to interrupt, “I know the woman gave birth to you, but what is her damage with red heads and trying to force breed a whole army of red heads? When I was still Harry, she even tried to force me to date Ginny.”

“Your guess is just about as good as ours. But the woman seriously has a thing for red heads. What kind of psycho mother would try and force her children to marry redheads? Then she had the gall to call your father, Mr Malfoy, and not that douchebag James Potter, an evil demented idiot because he pretended to support only pureblood marriages.”

George continued, “Molly Weasley really does not know any of the seven children she popped out. Bill always preferred blondes. Charlie prefers men. Percy prefers the stick up his ass. Me and Forge likes everybody, except red heads. Ron will chase anything wearing a skirt and treats women like dirt. Ginny, well she is a right little tart, she’ll fuck anything that shows interest...”

“And with anything our dear Kaiden, George means anything. Males, females, dogs, cats, garden gnomes, the giant squid. The sky’s the limit.”

Kaiden shuddered, glad that he never really liked her that much. The three friends laughed and joked, before Kaiden invited Draco to join them. Draco understood that Kaiden missed the twins and hoped for his sake that they would accept him and would still be willing to be his friends. Kaiden and the twins explained to Draco what happened to them and their older two brothers, and that they were now Prewett.
Chapter Notes

Thanks for all the comments & kudos I’ve received. I may not reply to each and every comment, but I do read them.
Just to clarify - it was Kaiden Malfoy who defeated Voldemort both times. The Potters (James, Lily & Harry) were hiding from the conflict. Thanks to Dumbledore everybody believes the "real" Harry Potter is the Boy Who Lived, when the real hero is, was & forever more will be Kaiden

“Sev, you know tomorrow is my birthday right?”

“You may have mentioned it.”

“You remember who said they would be coming?”

“Yes Kaiden, I remember. What of it?”

“Well... of course Dad, Mom and Draco would be there. It is my first real birthday with them.”

“Naturally.”

“Sirius and Remus also said they would come. Only they are thinking Mum only wants them to be family again.”

“I’m sure the mutt and the wolf have been checked for fleas and ticks, if not, your mother would most certainly make sure they are pest free before entering her home.”

“That’s not funny Sev! Well, okay, maybe it is a bit. But whether or not Sirius and Remus have fleas and ticks are beside the point.”

“My mistake. Then what is your point?”

“The Prewets are coming, Aunt Muriel, Bill and Fleur, Charlie and his friend and of course Fred and George.”

“Were you actually serious when you invited the Terrible Two? I thought you were pulling my leg. Did you warn your father? Must I talk to Lucius and make sure his wards are all at full strength? Should your parents check their Magical Destruction Policy at Gringotts?”

“Severus, you are now a meanie. You remember that they are also important to me?”

“I know they are also important to you. I’m just teasing you. I’m sorry.”

“You’re forgiven. And you are coming, right? You said you would, but maybe you have an important potion to brew. Or maybe...”

“Or maybe a winged troll will fly out of my posterior. Nothing is more important than you. Not even the rarest of potion ingredients.”
Kaiden gave a shy smile. He may still not be too sure about this whole soulmate thing, but Severus was his best friend in the world. The twins knew and they understood. Besides Sev and the twins are now also friends, okay, they are friendly, at least Sev promised he would help them with their experiments.

The twins really wanted their own joke shop, dreaming of putting Zonko’s to shame and ruling the industry. Molly Weasley never encouraged them and would rather berate the twins, telling them they were no good, that they should rather settle down, aim for a nice job at the Ministry and marry nice little red head witches.

“Sev, how rare is basilisk parts?”

Severus choked on the chocolate frog (a guilty pleasure known only to Kaiden), spraying Kaiden with a chunk of half eaten chocolate. Blushing furiously (something else he would deny until his dying day), Severus wiped the melted chocolate from Kaiden’s face, apologizing for nearly killing his Kaiden with chocolate.

“Extremely rare. The last auction was about sixty years ago. My mother told me that her father went to the auction, hoping to obtain at least some ingredients. The only items for sale was one of the feathers found around its eye, a miniscule fang, five scales and about ten inches of skin. The parts were old and dry, but were still snapped up. The seller was able to retire and spent the rest of his life an extremely wealthy man. Why?”

“You know, Dumbledore is really a pimple on the ass of humanity!”

“Whilst I may agree with your assessment of Dumbledore’s deplorable nature, I urge you not you use this kind of language in front of your parents.”

Kaiden blushed. Severus was correct, he really should not use this kind of language. That is why his parents and Severus spent time to teach him proper pureblood manners and increase his vocabulary.

“I’m sorry Sev. Sometimes I forget and fall back on whom I used to be. How about this: Albus Dumbledore is an odious and ostentatious wizard, whose mere continued existence causes a blight on humanity?”

“Better my brat. Why the sudden outburst?”

“You remember my second year and the problems with the Chamber of Secrets?”

“I don’t think anybody can forget. You were revealed to be a parslemouth. The blessed silence and peace in my classroom when Granger, one of the most annoying, overeager little know it all’s to cross my path, was petrified. The whole rumoured secret chamber of Salazar Slytherin. The abduction of the female Weasley...”

“But did Dumbledore tell anybody about what was in the Chamber?”

“No, he only mentioned that you were able to rescue Weasley after performing yet another act of bravery, worthy of Godric Gryffindor himself.”

Kaiden muttered darkly, Severus pretended not to hear some of the more colourful epithets assigned to Dumbledore.

“For you to understand, I need to tell you everything. During the summer holidays, after my first year I received a visit from what I learned to be a house-elf. The house-elf identified himself as
Dobby, but was unable to say where he worked or who his masters were.

Dobby warned me not to return to Hogwarts, as my life would be in danger. He was unable to tell me the exact nature of the danger, but I chose to ignore him, since I was in more danger from the Dursleys.

Throughout the course of the year Dobby tried to ... um, well, save my life on various occasions. He dropped a pudding on one of the dinner guests of the Dursleys, which earned me a warning from the Ministry, closed the barrier at the train station, which led to the flying car incident and hexed a bludger, which nearly killed me during the first quidditch game, which led to that pompous fraud Lockhart to remove each and every bone in my right arm.

I refused to leave Hogwarts and he was still unable to tell me of the nature of the danger levied against me or whom his masters were.

Then there was of course the menacing messages about the Chamber of Secrets being reopened and dire warnings to all mudbloods, several students ending up petrified, Mrs Filch and even the ghost of Gryffindor.

Ginny Weasley managed to obtain a diary and started writing in the diary. Which really should not be a surprise or a problem, except that the diary wrote back. When she was abducted Weasley implored me to rescue his sister, which I did. The only adult we were able to find, was Lockhart.

In my defence I only believed him to be vain, arrogant and a bit of an idiot and not a fraud. He tried to obliterate us, but grabbed Weasley’s wand, which was broken during the car incident and only managed to obliterate himself into St Mungo’s and causing the tunnel to collapse partially.

I was on one side of the cave in and the two idiots on the other side. I told Weasley to take Lockhart and find help, real help. I promised to continue and find Weasley’s sister. I proceeded down the tunnel. In a great chamber I found Ginny Weasley and a dark haired teenager.

The teenager identified himself as Tom Marvolo Riddle and informed me that he no longer cared to open the Chamber fully and releasing the horror within on the rest of the students, he wished to murder me.

Riddle later revealed himself to be Voldemort and summoned the beast in the Chamber to kill me. I managed to defeat this beast, with the help of Gryffindor’s sword, I’m really unclear how I managed that feat since I’m not a descendant of Godric Gryffindor, and Fawkes.

Afterwards I escaped, taking Ginny Weasley with me and when I found Weasley and Lockhart exactly where I left them, implored Fawkes to carry us all from the Chamber. I locked the Chamber and changed its password. Nobody but me will be able to open the Chamber.”

Severus shuddered, “Besides the glaring truth that you used to surround yourself with imbeciles and cowardly imbeciles…”

“Sev, it was Salazar Slytherin’s chamber. It was Salazar Slytherin’s monster. I defeated a basilisk down in the chamber. I did not want to, but the poor thing was driven mad and Voldemort’s craziness did not help matters.

In the end it was a mercy destroying the snake. She was driven half mad from her years in isolation and then Voldemort really messed with her mind, promising her that he would take her with him and then just leaving her.

Her body is still lying there. Dumbledore could not open the Chamber to harvest the basilisk, only
a parselmouth can and I am the only living parselmouth.

I’ve spoken to Mother and Father and they both said that they don’t mind if I give the right to harvest the carcass to you. I hope the eyes aren’t really important or valuable, since Fawkes pecked them out to save me.

In fact they prefer it. They know you would one day want to give me everything you think I would want and the sale of the basilisk ingredients you do not need, would assist you greatly.”

Severus Snape’s mouth ran dry. He is no longer the dirt poor little wizard he used to be, unknown to Lucius he had been able to build up a nice fortune for himself, but he would never turn down the opportunity for first pick at potions ingredients.

Severus quickly gathered his very young soulmate into his arms, hugging him and giving him a very chaste and friendly kiss on the forehead.

“Thank you Kaiden. It is not so much the money, as I have been able to amass a small fortune, it is the opportunity to obtain an abundance of basilisk ingredients”

Kaiden and Severus spent the remainder of the morning discussing the basilisk and which parts may be used in which potions, playing a game of hide and seek (yet another secret Snape would take to the grave), and discussing the upcoming schoolyear.

Dobby appeared in front of the soulmates informing them that lunch was about to be served. Kaiden was happy that Dobby was still part of his life. The little elf may be a bit unbalanced and over excitable, but his parents never blamed the little elf for their son’s abduction.

Severus decided to give Kaiden a piggyback ride, a small joy he never experienced at the hands of the Dursleys. Soulmates really was a foreign concept to muggles and muggleborn. The dominant in the bond would always be whatever their mate needed or wanted from them. At the present moment Kaiden was too young for a lover and husband and as such Severus was his best friend, confidant, protector, ally and even sometimes partner in crime.

Severus remembered a few years back a fifth year student met his soulmate, the baby sister of his best friend. Somehow the muggleborn students learned of this connection and tried to vilify the student, calling him all sorts of foul names, hexing and cursing him. Since the student in question was in Slytherin, Dumbledore naturally ignored the bullying. The old demented bastard had the audacity to claim it was nothing more than harmless schoolboy pranks, the same way he brushed away allegations of harassment, bullying and even attempted murder aimed at Severus, courtesy of the so called Marauders.

Somehow he had to survive the visit from Black and Lupin. But since they were identified as Kaiden’s godparents and Kaiden missed the two, he was willing to suffer their presence in his and Kaiden’s lives. If only for the sake and happiness of his young soulmate. If those two idiots only shared one active brain cell between the two of them, they would grab at the chance to get to know the child and accept him.
"We are not going to take Malfoy or any slimy Slytherin's shit anymore. It is time for the new Marauders at Hogwarts. We will rule the school and everybody will bow down to us.

Just look at us. We've got the Saviour of the Wizarding world, Harry Potter as leader of our group. Then there's Ron Weasley, my best friend and right hand man. Hogwarts will be your very own giant chessboard. We've got Hermione Granger, the smartest witch of our generation and my other best friend. Last, but not least, is my girlfriend. The very beautiful and multi talented Ginny Weasley."

The four friends plotted and made plans. When Harry told his friends how his father treated Snape when they were children, they howled with laughter. What they would have given to see only half of the dungeon bat's humiliation. Maybe they could torment him as well. Is he not the biggest snake in school. Maybe they could expose his tatty underwear to the school again.

"Ron, do you think the twins will be back at school?"

"Nah, mate. Who's going to pay their tuition? They don't have any money and their brothers won't be able to pay. Not with the oldest wanting to marry that French whore and the other one running after dragons. Besides Dumbledore said they will not receive scholarships."

Ginny grinned, "He told Mum and Dad that Hogwarts does not need them and they only besmirch the reputation of our school."

"It is a bit of a disappointment. It would have been fun to prank those two."

Conversation drifted from their plotting and scheming towards three of the group's great passion, quidditch.

"I have it on good authority that I will be Captain of the team. With those two rejects gone and Wood graduated, there's a few positions open. I also want to get rid of Bell and Johnson, they are loyal to the twins.

So Ginny, you will make an excellent chaser, the other chaser should be Demelza. Ron you take one of the beater positions, Dean can be the other beater and McClahlan the keeper. Nobody will be able to stop us. Dad also promised to sponsor the team with the newest model Firebolt, the Firebolt Mach 2."

Ron and Ginny were drooling at the prospect of playing Quidditch and the prospect of playing on the best of brooms. The other three teams will be swept aside. They could easily win each match by about a thousand points.

Gryffindor will be unbeatable, not only winning the quidditch cup but the housecup as well.
Hermione steered the conversation away from quidditch. "Where did the second Malfoy spawn come from? I thought Ferret was an only child?"

Harry snorted, "My Dad told me all about it. Seems like Lucius managed to fuck his bitch at least twice, because there were two sons. Sometime in 1983 the second junior Death Eater disappeared. The Malfoys claimed somebody broke into their lair and stole the brat.

My Mum thinks that Narcissa might have fucked somebody else and Lucius realized it was not his and killed the thing. Anyway they wasted a shitload money and Auror time by forcing the Ministry to search for the boy. Time and resources that could have ended the war much sooner if you ask me.

In any case earlier this summer the Malfoys suddenly claimed they found the brat, but my Dad is not so sure. He is Head Auror and would have known if a missing child was suddenly found."

Ginny gave a snort, "I think they only wanted to be relevant again. Nobody was interested and even the Daily Prophet only put in a very small article in their issue."

Hermione wanted to push the issue of house elves again. Both the Potters and the Weasleys employed squibs to work. They could use their power to abolish the enslavement of house elves and allow squibs to be still part of wizarding society. It mattered not to Hermione that squibs may not want to be servants. That it only rubbed their faces in it that they did not inherit the magical gene. She also refused to realize that the Potters and the Weasleys did not pay their squib servants. House elves were not paid, so why should they be. Also, unlike house elves they could not perform magic and the same task that took a house elf a few seconds to complete took the squibs an hour. And just because Crouch treated his house elf, Winky, with disdain did not mean other families did the same. She refused to believe that house elves were happy and that they were bonded to their family and that bond maintained their health and magic.

Hermione Granger wanted the magical world to conform to the muggle world. Lady Lily already promised to assist her, it was time for muggleborns to rule the wizarding world. The wizarding world would be dragged into the 20th century, kicking and screaming if needs be. She will change the face of wizarding Britain.

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Dumbledore paced up and down in his office. He really wished he tasted the boy before dumping him in Knockturn Alley. The pleasure he missed of debasing the spawn of Lucius Malfoy.

No matter what the Wizenmagot says, he knew the truth. Malfoy is, was and will forever more be nothing but a filthy Death Eater. At least he managed to turn Snape away from the Dark, but that did not mean he would ever trust the Potion Master.

Snape would always be in his debt. Forever his servant, always available to do his bidding. And Merlin help that snarky bastard if he ever forgets that. He would be locked up in Azkaban so fast, the grease from his head would stay behind.

A smile graced Dumbledore's face. But it was not the kind grandfatherly smile, which was almost as famous as a certain lighting bolt shaped scar. This grin proclaimed the true Dumbledore. It was a creepy, crazy little grin. All teeth and gums. A smile that promised pain, suffering, chaos and impending doom. It was a smile that made Voldemort seem sane and rational.

Fawkes gave an alarmed squeak, trying in vain to escape the demented old man. Everybody knows about the twelve uses of dragon blood. Dumbledore was the only one who discovered the
thirteenth use. It was the key ingredient in a very dark potion and ritual. One that would bind a phoenix to a person.

The crazy old man giggled, remembering the ritual. It started with the slaying of a newborn baby dragon and draining of its blood. He crooned whilst remembering the frantic calls of the newborn dragons mother as he slaughtered the infant. The shrill cries of distress, pain and terror thrilled him. It had been music to his ears. A private symphony just for him. The crescendo of the symphony had been Fawkes' shrill cries of pain as he forced the phoenix to bond with him.

The leader of the light needed to have a familiar as majestic as a phoenix. It pleased Dumbledore greatly to see the phoenix suffer day after day. He loved to debase the once proud phoenix even more by having him deliver mail and messages. That damned bird needed daily reminders that Albus Dumbledore was its master.

With Voldemort finally dead and his position secure as the leader of the light, now was an excellent time to make some changes. The first change is to remove all the portraits of the previous headmasters. For a bunch of paintings of long dead headmasters and mistresses, they were too curious, too verbal and prone to give him advice. He is Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore and he was the greatest wizards alive.

He stopped and turned his manic grin towards the portraits. If they were still alive, they would have run in the opposite direction and if the crazy old man did not cast a spell on their frames, they would have fled the office a long time ago.

"The time has come to rid myself of your troublesome presence in my office. The sooner you realize that your time has come and gone, the better.

Before I remove you from these walls, I have a final surprise for you. A reminder of what I can do not only to you, but your descendants as well."

With that Dumbledore swept from the room, only to appear a few minutes later, dragging a struggling young boy. The child was about twelve years old, with blonde hair and blue eyes.

The portraits screamed in terror and all wished they were able to still use magic. They all wished he froze them in their frames and banished them before he brought the child into the office. Years later they could still hear and see the terrified boy.

And Dumbledore, finally allowing his true self full reign. If he only killed the boy outright. Dumbledore relished in the freedom, this is what he wanted to do for so long, he fantasised about this. The boy's blood was sweet and his tears and screaming even sweeter.

Dumbledore circled the terrified child. "Did I not tell you? How much I want to strip the flesh from your bones?"

With a flick of his wand, Dumbledore removed a sliver of skin from the child. The boys screams were sweet and arousing. Still circling the child Dumbledore removed six strips of skin from the boy's body.

He was so hard it hurt. Grabbing the boy's hand, he let him feel. "Look at what you are doing to me."

Just as Dumbledore expected the child was sweet. He kept the child alive for three days. Slowly stripping bits and pieces from his flesh, only stopping the flaying when his erection was iron hard and dripping. And just like he promised, Dumbledore dumped the bloody, ruined carcass in a
clearing in the Forbidden Forest, feeding him to the thestrals.
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

Just a short chapter. Next will be the return to Hogwarts.

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Thank you so much for all the comments and kudos. It really gives me a warm and fuzzy feeling that so many people enjoy what I'm writing.

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Since this is unbeta'd and English is not my mother tongue, all mistakes (spelling & grammar) is nobody's fault but my own

Neither Lucius nor Severus wanted to spend the morning of Kaiden's birthday at work, but when Amelia Bones requests your presence, it was best to present yourself in her office.

"Gentlemen, please take a seat."

At least it did not seem as is Amelia planned on sending her two top agents on a mission. Besides Snape was still embedded at Hogwarts, even though Voldemort came to a very pulpy end, Amelia still had her doubts about Dumbledore. And that was even before the Malfoys found Kaiden.

"I'm sorry to drag you down to my office, but I personally wanted to tell you before the Daily Prophet breaks the news."

Lucius really hoped nobody learned the truth about Kaiden. It was not that they weren't proud of their son, but he suffered enough when the public still believed him to be Harry Potter. Kaiden told them that he wanted to leave the whole Boy Who Lived behind. It was enough that those who truly loved him knew the truth.

"Our agent at Scotland Yard informed me about the problem. Seven boys disappeared in the muggle world. Six of the seven boys' bodies have been recovered. The seventh, who is most probably the first victim, is still missing."

Amelia had to swallow the bile rising, she may be a seasoned agent, but some cases still managed to shake her. This was one of those.

"The first boy is an orphan, he drifted between various foster homes and the orphanage. Apparently he was a bit of a problem child, with a history of running away. Thus the muggle authorities are not sure if he was the first victim, or if he just ran away and the had been unable to locate the child."

She could see that the men were getting a bit impatient, not that she could blame them. It was Kaiden's birthday and they wanted to enjoy the day. But she needed to tell them. She was only able to convince the editor at the Prophet of delaying the story by one day. It was big news after all. The first British magical serial killer since Jack the Ripper. So unlike the Americans, whose country was riddled with serial killers, both muggle and magical.
"The six boys who have been recovered were all murdered by a wizard. We know it was a wizard, since the boys had all been raped. Semen were recovered and tests confirmed that this ejaculation came from a wizard. All the victims were aged between twelve and fourteen, short and slender, blue eyes and blonde hair."

Both men realized why they had been summoned, the general description of the boys fitted Kaiden.

Lucius tried to speak, but was afraid that instead of asking what he wanted, he was going to burst into tears. Severus had always been the rock, always steady. Always able to hide his true feelings until he was alone.

"Is there any indication of magic in any of the victims?"

Amelia understood the question. Was Kaiden safe?

"The six recovered had thus far been muggle. Since the first boy is an orphan, we just don't know. There is no record of his birth, he was abandoned in a Moses Basket. A letter left with the boy just stated that his parents were never married. That the father did not want the child or his mother and that the mother was too young for the responsibility. There had been some allusion to the conception, the child may well have been the product of rape."

Lucius and Severus left the office over an hour later. Lucius had the dubious pleasure of breaking the news to Narcissa. Amelia promised that all her agents in the muggle world would be diverted to the investigation. An investigation neither man would be allowed part of, since the victim profile fitted the description of the son of one agent and the soul mate of the other.

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The guests were only waiting on the appearance of the guest of honour. Sirius and Remus were most anxious to meet their godson.

**One hour earlier**

Sirius Black and Remus Lupin steppes from the fireplace. Both Narcissa and Lucius was there to welcome them.

"Sirius, I must confess. Our invitation was not entirely truthful. Before we continue, tell me about the relationship between yourselves and the Potters."

Sirius and Lupin explained about their doubts about Harry Potter and their inevitable conclusion that the Harry Potter they loved and accepted as their godson was not the same Harry Potter who claimed to be the Boy Who Lived.

"Cissy, we know that the Potters are in fact the true Potters. That James Potter is the only son of Fleamont and Euphemia Potter. That Lily Potter is a muggleborn witch, second daughter to Peter and Violet Evans and sister to Petunia. That Harry Potter is the only son of James and Lily Potter."

When Sirius took a breath, Remus continued, "But we also know for a fact that the child we met as a baby and accepted as our godson defeated Voldemort the first time in 1983 and then again this past summer. That boy was presented to us as Harry Potter and we love that boy. But our godson's real name is not Harry Potter and we've been searching for him ever since we realized the subterfuge."
Lucius started to laugh. "Severus owes me five galleons. He bet that you two would be too stupid to realize the truth. I told him never to underestimate the love of a parent or god parent and the fact that Lupin is a werewolf, would only shift the scales in your favour."

Sirius and Remus did not know whether they should be pleased by Lucius’ confidence in them or be affronted that Severus believed them to be morons. Then again, it was not as if they ever tried to prove the snarky potion master wrong.

Lucius and Narcissa took turns explaining to the two men who their godson really was. The two men were overjoyed. The found their beloved godson again. Then Sirius remembered Severus Snape and they way they bullied him. He was their godson’s soul mate. And even if he had not been, they needed to beg his forgiveness. The way they treated him, bullying him, terrorizing him and nearly killing him, was beyond unacceptable.

Lady Magic punished them by allowing Sirius to be locked away in Azkaban for a crime he did not commit. By allowing Remus to suffer through extremely painful transformations, without the comfort of his soul mate.

**

Kaiden was laughing. Severus was once again giving him piggy back ride, even though he complained about the humiliation of it all. But Severus knew if it would make Kaiden happy, he would walk down Diagon Alley in a frilly, lacy pink dress.

His very first birthday party was a huge success. Remus and Sirius public ally apologised to Severus, and after his Sev made his godfathers sweat a bit, he accepted. Kaiden made them dress as girls for an hour as punishment of their treatment of his Sev, but it was a small price to pay to make Kaiden laugh and for Severus to forgive them.

Within an hour both Kaiden and Draco called the very stern Muriel Prewett Granny Muriel, Lucius invited Bill and Fleur to get married at Malfoy Manor and privately arranged with Bill the use of Isla Narcissa as their honeymoon destination. Severus pretended that he disliked the twins and that he would not help them with their potions research. Lucius and Charlie discussed the benefits of establishing a dragon preserve in the UK.

Kaiden convinced Severus to play Pin The Unicorn, the magical version of pin the donkey and blatantly cheated to ensure Kaiden’s victory.

Kaiden plopped himself on Severus' lap. "Sev, please, please play with us. It's only one game of Quidditch. Remus said he'd play and if he plays my team would short a player. Besides, I really want you on my team."

Severus really hated Quidditch, but the chance to beat the team of Lucius, Sirius, Remus, Bill and Charlie was a once in a lifetime opportunity.

"Obviously, my brat. May I suggest making me the Keeper? The twin terrors Beaters, Draco Chaser and you Seeker?"

Two hours later the game was won by Kaiden's team. Remus was made Keeper, since he, very much like Severus could not play Quidditch if their lives depended on it. Remus Lupin was most probably the worst Keeper in history. The only time he managed to block the quaffle was when he slipped from his broom and accidentally knocked the ball away. At last Kaiden took pity on his father's team and caught the snitch.
The four teenagers were asleep. The adults enjoying the blessed silence. Neither Lucius nor Severus wanted to spoil the mood, but they could not allow the other adults to read about the serial killer in the newspaper.
Chapter 14

Lucius and Severus were really concerned for the safety of Kaiden. They did not want Kaiden to return to Hogwarts. Lucius suggested Durmstrang, a very isolated, paranoid school. Narcissa suggested tutors at home. Severus agreed with both Lucius and Narcissa. Draco did not really care, he calmly informed their parents that he would go wherever Kaiden went.

They all suspected Dumbledore knew exactly who Kaiden was when he cursed him to look like Harry Potter. So he would most definitely be a threat at school. Then there was that serial killer, at the moment his victims were muggles, but it worried them that Kaiden fit the killer’s victim profile.

“I’m not afraid of Dumbledore. I want to go back to Hogwarts. I want to be sorted into Slytherin, just like my whole family had been. Besides, Severus would be there, as will Draco and the twins. They will look after me and protect me. If I did not return, the twins would leave Hogwarts too and join me and Draco. And they really want to show those idiotic Weasleys that they have nothing to be ashamed of. And Sev will turn anybody who try to hurt me into potion ingredients, expect maybe Ron Weasley, Sev will most probably hide his body where nobody would find it for a million years.”

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Kaiden was very impressed with his new wand. He would never hate his first wand, but this wand ... it felt like part of him, like coming home, like family. It felt wild and dangerous, but safe and comfortable all the same. It was powerful and made him feel more powerful, without the false sense of invincibility. The wand was his past, present and future. Celebrating his past, giving him strength for the present and hope for the future.

Olivander struggled even more this time to match him to a wand, but after what seemed like an eternity, he remembered the old wand in his family vaults. His great grandfather’s great grandfather fashioned the wand on what seemed like a whim. It was a rare, one of a kind triple helix wand. The wand consisted of three types of wood, cherry, blackthorn and elder tree and its core consisted of phoenix feather, dragon heartstring and basilisk skin.

“I have to warn you, never tell anybody about the nature of your wand. One man heard rumours of this wand, and came calling. He wanted to purchase the wand and would not believe me when I told him in all honesty that I did not have this type of wand in my shop. It was not really a lie, since the wand in question had been stored at Gringotts for more than three hundred years by then. He inspected each and every wand that day and even to this day I receive reminders from him to inform him the moment I come across the wand. Your secret is safe with me, I have arranged with the goblins that if this particular wand was ever sold, they would send one of their healers to Obliviate the memory of the wand and sale thereof from my memory.”

*****
“Can you believe the gall of that old demented goat? First he tried to convince the Board of Directors that Hogwarts could not possibly accommodate a new student. The smellly old bastard was well on his way to win his argument, when the Hogwarts record book mysteriously appeared. He nearly choked on one of his lemon drops when it was announced that Kaiden had been accepted as a student on the date of his birth.” Lucius took a rather large, and very ungentlemanly gulp from his glass of wine.

“Then he tried to convince the Board that Kaiden need not be sorted by the Sorting Hat and could join Gryffindor, since there was room in their dorms. At least that idiotic notion was shot down before he even started his ramblings. His second near choking came when he was informed that Fred and George will in fact be returning to Hogwarts and that their mother insisted on them being sorted. He tried his utmost best to thwart their resorting, but had to concede defeat when he was reminded of Hogwarts Law 9867, paragraph 5, clause 78(a)(1) that a student’s legal guardians may request a resorting if and when a child’s legal guardian’s changed within two months since the end of the last school year. He really believes the twins would be resorted into Gryffindor.”

Severus just smirked. Besides the Headmaster, only the Deputy Headmaster or a Head of House could remove the record book. For obvious reasons he could not remove the book. He must after all still appear to be loyal to Dumbledore, even though maintaining his friendship with the Malfoy family.

Minerva McGonagall was just to Gryffindor for her own good and would never turn on Dumbledore, she may admonish him from time to time, but would never turn against the man she believed to be the greatest wizard since Merlin. She would not have given evidence of Kaiden’s eligibility to attend Hogwarts, especially since he was just a Malfoy.

Pomona Sprout cared for the students, especially her badgers and her plants. She is honest to a fault and always told the brutal honest truth. Snape would not request her assistance even if she offered. He respected her too much.

That left only Filius Flitwick. Flitwick stayed at Hogwarts since he loved the school and loved teaching. He never cared about inter-house rivalries. On the surface the diminutive man seems like a pushover. Always laughing, always friendly, only raising his voice in mild displeasure when a student really messed up. Everybody seemed to forget that he was part goblin. Filius did not respect Albus Dumbledore, he did not even like the man. Part of his dislike was because of Filius’ goblin ancestry, but part came from personal experience.

*****

The morning of the 1st of September was overcast and grey. The weather resonated with Narcissa. She made her sons promise her to write her every day. Malfoy decorum be damned, she hugged and kissed her children goodbye, even the Prewett twins received a hug and a kiss. Draco and the twins blushed furiously, whilst Kaiden glowed at the attention. He tried not to think back to the years spent as Harry Potter, but this was the first time he felt like all the other students. He had parents with him, saying goodbye, telling him that they loved him, that they will miss him, that they will write and expect letters back, that he must try and behave himself.

It was already ten past eleven and the Hogwarts Express had not left the station. No explanation was given, but Draco speculated that the train suffered a breakdown or that they could not depart because something muggle blocked the tracks. Twenty minutes later, the mystery was solved. A contingent of Aurors entered the platform and boarded the train. They searched through every
compartment and every trunk, destroying a family heirloom and causing the little girl to burst into tears. Draco later learned it was the only piece of jewellery she had of her mother, who was slaughtered by Fenrir Greyback, on orders from Voldemort.

With great pomp and fanfare the Potters and Weasleys entered the platform. Potter and his sycophants finally boarded the train, chose the first carriage for themselves, and with the aid of the Aurors kicked the occupants from the carriage before finally settling in.

“Potter’s ego seriously knows no bounds. He and his cronies could have sequestered themselves in a compartment, but no, they had to have a whole carriage to themselves. Why, in the name of Merlin’s earwax, would they need a whole carriage for themselves?” Draco really wanted to give the fraudulent “boy who lived” a good hard swift kicks between the legs.

“I don’t know Draco, from what we read in the Prophet and what the twins told us, maybe Potter developed a very small brain and a grain of chivalry after all. With his over inflated ego he could be worried he was in danger to crush all the other students with his head and that is why they need a whole carriage to themselves?”

Fred and George snorted. “Highly unlikely. What do you reckon Gred? Maybe the Potters are afraid that the unwashed masses are tired of reading about every little thing they do, from yet another ball in their favour…”

“...down to the latest bowel movement of their moronic little shit of a son…”

“...and are now plotting to remove his fat head from his shoulders?”

Draco offered his two knuts worth. “If that is their concern, maybe somebody could just prick the insipid, vapid idiot with a needle. He is so full of hot air his meat suit would explode. Then he would really be the saviour for saving the world from his corrupted genes.”

Their speculation was interrupted by the snack trolley and after the four boys purchased a selection of sweets, they really had no further desire to ruin the rest of the ride with Potter and his cronies. It was horrible enough to see Granger waltzing up and down the length of the train, shadowed by an Auror, bursting into compartments and bossing students around.

******

Kaiden, Fred and George were forced to wait with the first years to be sorted. They knew it was a ploy by Dumbledore, hoping they would either lose their tempers, do or say something, resulting in their expulsion or for them to capitulate and consent automatic sorting into Gryffindor. The twins already vowed not to be resorted into Gryffindor. The hat wanted to sort them the first time into Slytherin, but they knew Molly would have thrown a fit if that were to happen and begged the hat to put them in Gryffindor. Kaiden knew his chances of being sorted into Slytherin were excellent and if the hat even tried to consider putting him into any other house, he would beg, cajole and threaten the hat until he was sorted into Slytherin.

McGonagall came to fetch the first years. At first she gave a thin lipped smile towards the twins, but the moment she realized they were enjoying the company of the yet another damn Malfoys – just what the world needs – her smile disappeared.
“The three of you will be sorted after the first years. Let me be the first, of many, to assure the three of you; you are not as important as you may believe yourselves to be. The three of you could have been sorted in the Headmaster’s office a few days ago, but you chose a public setting. There is nothing special about the three of you. Yes, Mr Malfoy, we all understand that you were reportedly kidnapped when you were a baby and were miraculously reunited with your family. There was however never any proof that you were in fact kidnapped. It could be that your parents hid you away in a bid to garner sympathy and not have the Ministry investigate their ties with Voldemort. Many of us believe that the Malfoys only managed to waste money, time and resources the Ministry could have better spent tracking down escaped Death Eaters.”

She turned her eyes towards the twins. She was sorely disappointed in the both of them. Disrespecting their parents and the Potters the way they did.

“As for the two of you, Misters Prewett. I’ve never been as ashamed as I’ve been these past few weeks. Have you no shame? Treating your parents the way you did? Disrespecting them? Throwing everything they’ve ever done for you back in their faces. I don’t know whether I hope the three of you do get sorted into my House or not. I will be keeping my eye on you three, as well as your brother Mr Malfoy. And if any of you four so much as step a toe out of line, so help me Merlin... Now get in line and wait to be called.”

Kaiden could not believe his ears. This was not the same woman he remembered as being his Head of House for the past four years. Sure, she was harsh and a hard taskmaster and most of the times distant and somewhat neglectful towards her own house, but she never played favourites. He never heard talk of her being unfair towards a student. What she did was even worse than how Severus ever treated him in class, or any other Gryffindor for that matter. Was she always like this when none of her Gryffindors could hear her? He’d have to ask Draco how she treated the other students and especially Slytherin before.

******

The Sorting Hat’s song was strange. It seemed a little silly, as if the hat was celebrating the demise of Voldemort, but seemed forced at the same time. Kaiden wondered if Dumbledore forced the hat to sing this song instead of the one he prepared. This time the hat made no mention of house unity or tolerance, it did not speak of peace and understanding. It did sing about an evil wizard (Voldemort) who met his match at the hands of the very powerful young lion. The rest of the song was a convoluted love song to Harry Potter and all things Gryffindor.

The sorting started with “Anderson, Michelle” being sorted into Ravenclaw and ended with “Zabinsky, Alexander” being sorted into Hufflepuff. Each time a student was sorted into Gryffindor, Dumbledore clapped and cheered the loudest. Students that went into Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw received an indulgent smile and a few claps. But those poor souls sorted into Slytherin, they received a scowl and not even half an attempt of a clap. The look he gave those poor boys and girls would have curdled milk.

Kaiden, Fred and George still needed to be sorted. As the last first year was sorted, Dumbledore rose, raising his hands calling for silence.

“You may have noticed the three older students standing behind the first years. They are: Fred and George We...Prewett and Kaiden Malfoy. Messrs Prewett’s legal guardian,” totally dismissing the fact that Muriel Prewett blood adopted the four disinherited Weasley boys, “insisted that the twins
be resorted. Mr Malfoy is the younger brother of Draco Malfoy from Slytherin. Young Mr Malfoy had apparently been kidnapped as a baby and was fortuitously reunited with his parents just this past summer. He will be joining the third years.”

Dumbledore sat down, nodding to McGonagall to finish this useless sorting. There was no doubt in his mind that the twins would be sent back to Gryffindor. There they would be taught how to properly respect their betters. That little ungrateful shit of a Malfoy would most probably be sorted into Slytherin, where else? He really wished he could abolish Slytherin, but the Governors would never accept such a move. Maybe he should have a little talk with his children. It may be time for the Potters to take matters in hand. The moment they succeeded in banishing Slytherin from his school and all things Slytherin branded as evil, he could get his hands again on the boy. The things he wanted to do to the child...

“Prewett, Fred.”

The hat almost made contact with Fred’s head before it announced with glee “SLYHERIN”, George was sorted just as fast into Slytherin. McGonagall’s lips thinned into a razor sharp caricature of her mouth.

It seemed like she had to force herself to announce “Malfoy, Kaiden”.

Kaiden could still remember his first experience with the hat, wondering how his life would have turned out if he allowed the hat to sort him into Slytherin as it wanted to. Well this time he was bloody well going to insist on going to Slytherin. He wanted to be close to Draco, Fred and George. But most of all he wanted to be close to Severus.

~~I see you finally found yourself. Did I not tell you that you would do well in Slytherin?~~

The hat sounded smug

~Well how was I supposed to know that I were not really Harry Potter, but Kaiden Malfoy? You could have told me...~

~~Oh hush child, at least it is not too late. Let’s not waste each other’s time and get on with it...~~

The sorting hat announced SLYHERIN in a loud voice, letting everybody know where the lost Malfoy child was to be, as if there had been any doubt.
Chapter 15

Harry Potter was not very pleased. First Sirius Black renounced all his rights as godfather. Then they learned that the bloody Weasley twins would in fact return to Hogwarts. They were so sure that the four disinherited Weasley sons would come crawling back to their parents. How were they supposed to know that Molly’s crazy old Aunt Muriel would in fact blood adopt them? Then Grandpa Albus tried to block the twins’ return to Hogwarts, which failed when the Governors agreed with that meddling Malfoy. Their next plan was to force the twins to return to Gryffindor. They would have forced the twins back in the fold, but once again Malfoy interfered, forcing Grandpa Albus to accept a resorting. To make matters worse the Malfoys long lost son was returned to them. Maybe they should have allowed Dumbledore to kill the brat. What should have happened was that the boy turned to prostitution. But no, the little brat was rescued and found by his parents. At least the report in the Daily Prophet was an insignificant little piece, missed by the masses.

For years he listened to his parents telling him stories about Hogwarts. James especially loved telling him about quidditch and the Marauders. One of the original Marauders was dead, having been exposed as a traitor. Two abandoned the Potters and by all accounts Black rekindled his relationship with his cousin, Narcissa Malfoy. Black and Lupin were spotted in the Malfoys company quite a few times.

To make matters worse, he’d been unable to locate the Marauders Map. The map should have been in the trunk the fake Potter used, but it was not there. Maybe the map was left in the dorms and he would find the map in his dorm, but that was highly unlikely. Unfortunately neither of his parents could recreate the map. Remus fucking Lupin was the one who crafted and charmed the map and he never told James how he did it. Since Lupin was Black’s mate, he defected along with his blasted ex-godfather. At least he still had his father’s invisibility cloak.

*****

They knew they were late. The Hogwarts Express was supposed to depart five minutes ago, but how was he to make an entrance if he shared the platform with all those idiots? Some of them would have wanted to touch him. How could they not want to touch him? He is the saviour of the wizarding world. But that did not mean he would allow just anybody in his personal space. He would be the one to decide if and when somebody may be in his presence. A handful of Aurors preceded their entrance, to make sure that there was no danger to the Saviour and his family and friends. After searching the train for any dangerous objects, Auror McMillan bowed in the direction of Harry.

“Mr Potter, we have searched the train and it is clear of any dangers. May I suggest that you and your companions take the first carriage? It is the easiest to defend and in the event of an attack, we can quickly detach the rest of the train from your carriage. Effectively stranding any attackers whilst carrying you and your friends to safety.”

It was an excellent idea. Not only for safety reasons, but hygienic as well. Harry did not want to share his space with the rest of the rabble. It was horrible enough that they were allowed back to Hogwarts, but at least Grandpa Albus reassured him that he would have his own bedroom and bathroom.

Harry, Ron, Hermione and Ginny laughed at the hapless students in the first carriage. One moment they were sitting as happy as pigs in mud in the first carriage. The next moment his security detail removed them and their filthy belongings. It did not bother the four of them in the least were they
were to sit. If there were not enough space left, they could bloody well stand in the corridors, but they were not coming back to their carriage.

Ginny was giving Harry a blowjob, Ron had Hermione on his lap, slowly fingerling her. He knew that Harry would want to fuck Hermione in a bit. At first it bothered him that Harry required sexual gratification from both his sister and his girlfriend and sometimes him. But he understood that the fact that Harry forgave them after their behaviour the past year, as well the prestige as being the friends and girlfriend of Harry Potter was priceless. It was worth having to watch his girlfriend getting fucked. It was worth it even when seeing Harry fucking his baby sister. It was even worth it whilst Harry was fucking him in the arse.

Hermione would get to complete her studies at Hogwarts and then join the Ministry of Magic, revolutionizing the way the Ministry and magical world worked before becoming not only the youngest Minister of Magic, but the first muggleborn one as well. Quidditch teams would fall over themselves to offer Ginny a position with them and after her illustrious career ended, she would become Lady Potter and be the Lady of the Manor, wife of Harry Potter and mother to the Saviour’s children. Ron would be able to become and Auror and later Chief Mugwump of the Wizenmagot. None of their dreams would be realized if they antagonized the Saviour.

Money was a very powerful motivator. Even the mere mention of untold riches, glory and standing was able to make one forget all the degrading acts you had to perform to reach your goal.

******

They were seated in the Great Hall when McGonagall brought in the first years. Behind the line of first years were three older students. Two were those damned twins and the third clearly the Malfoy brat. Harry hoped the twins would get sorted into Gryffindor. He would make sure to make their lives a living hell, until the end of their seventh year or until they left Hogwarts in disgraced. How dare they abandon him? He left people, they did not leave him. He was the one with all the power. And the little Malfoy, well he and his equally slimy brother were going to wish they never set foot in Hogwarts. What he had planned for the Malfoys and especially the youngest one, would make Snivellus’ ordeal seem like a walk in the park.

The first years were sorted and then came the sorting of the traitors and the brat. Much to their shock the twins were sorted into Slytherin. Ron seemed the least shocked of them, mumbling “I always knew those two were up to no good. Always plotting and planning and all those explosions and bangs coming from their room…” Then came the sorting of the Malfoy brat. Nobody was really surprised when he was sorted into Slytherin. At least the Malfoys were consistent in their evil ways.

Dumbledore gave his usual glare at the three before clapping his hands.

“That is the sorting done. Before we begin our feast, I am very sorry in the delay, as I have been hearing the rumbling and grumbling of empty tummies all night long, but just a few announcements. No magic will be allowed in the corridors and between classes. Perpetrators will be punished with loss of points and detentions. Curfew is at ten and all students must be at least in their common rooms by then. Again those who break curfew will be punished with the loss of points and detentions. The Forbidden Forest is forbidden unless accompanied by a teacher. Any student found wandering in the forest or even attempting to enter the forest will be punished. Repeat offenders may just find themselves being expelled. Mr Filch has reminded me of the list of banned joke products and the extensive list may be found on the notice board, outside of Mr Filch’s office.”

Dumbledore’s eyes swept across the Great Hall, glaring daggers at the Slytherins before sweeping
over Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw, before ending at Gryffindor table with a fond look in his eyes.

“Now, without any further ado. Let the feast begin!”

With that the tables was suddenly groaning under the weight of the food prepared by the house elves. Ron started piling up food on his plate, roast beef, roast chicken, pork chops, steak, bangers, chicken drumsticks and potatoes. He immediately dug into the food, continuing his conversation with a full mouth, bits and pieces of food flying all over the table. In his left hand he clutched a drumstick, his right hand had his fork in a death grip. Every now and again those closest to the redhead enjoyed the sight of partially chewed food churning in his mouth. Poor Neville Longbottom ended up being blasted by a mouthful of chewed food after Dean told a rather raunchy joke.

Severus could not stand to look at Gryffindor table. Ron Weasley had the table manners of a drunken pig. He used his eating utensils as weapons of mass destructing and nearly poked Lavender Brown’s eye out with the fork. He chewed with his mouth open, swallowed audibly and even sprayed Longbottom with his partially chewed food when he burst out laughing. The boy ate as if it was either his very last meal or his very first after a long period of time. Severus nearly lost his own dinner when he heard the pig fart with aplomb at the table. Having had the time to get to know Bill, Charlie and the twins over the summer, he wondered were in the name of Merlin did this ghastly boy crawl out. None of the other Weasleys ever displayed such behaviour. Molly Weasley really lost the plot with her youngest two.

At least his Slytherins behaved themselves. Their table manners were impeccable. Nobody chewed with their mouths open. Nobody talked with a mouth full of food. Not one of his snakes spit bits of food on another student and not a single snake pretended their eating utensils were weapons. It pained Severus to see that the only Gryffindors displayed horrible table manners.

******

They watched in horror at the shock fest at Gryffindor table. The worst of the lot was certainly Ron and Kaiden winced in sympathy every time Neville received a face full of Ron’s spit and spit infested food. Neville was one of the few good guys, it was just a pity that he was so unsure of himself. Too afraid to stand up for himself. Too insecure in his position, not only in Gryffindor but also in life, to defend himself. Whilst Neville did not take part in the bullying last year he also never stood by Kaiden’s side. For the first time in his life he had friends and he would have done anything not to lose those friends. Even if it meant turning a blind eye towards their bullying ways.

It was Remus Lupin all over again.

~~~FLASHBACK~~~

“I’m sorry Severus. I wish I had the strength at school to stop the bullying, but I was too weak and afraid. I never had a friend before. My parents were always afraid that somebody would learn of my condition. So I was kept away from the other children. Before coming to Hogwarts, I only enjoyed the company of my parents. Imagine my surprise when Potter and Sirius extended a hand of friendship towards me.”

He gulped, it was much harder than he ever expected.

“I should have stopped them, but I was afraid. Afraid if I told them of my condition, afraid if I stopped their bullying, they would abandon me and I would be alone again. They might have called what they did pranks, but it never was just pranks. It was bullying. I know Dumbledore always protected them, always made excuses for them. Pretended it was nothing more than harmless
schoolboy pranks, all done in good fun. But it was not. It was the systematic torture of other students. How many of our victims turned towards Voldemort, because they hoped for protection? I will never be able to express the way I regret my actions during our school years. I should have spoken up and defended you. Because of my inaction, I was nearly the weapon used to kill you. Because of my inaction, Sirius nearly turned into a murderer and spent nine years in Azkaban, all because he believed Dumbledore would once again come to the rescue.”

Before Severus could reply, Sirius decided to clear the air as well.

“Severus, I would understand if you could never forgive me. Since the moment I met you, I tormented you. I don’t know why I did it, maybe at first it was because I was nothing more than a self entitled little pureblood with serious Mommy issues. I grew up in a house where love was a foreign concept. My parents’ marriage was a sham, even by pureblood standards. They never loved each other. My father loved another until the day he died and I don’t believe dear old mum ever understood the concept of love. Then came my friendship with Potter and I grew mad with the power of finally being able to let my voice be heard. Within a week I knew that as long as I was Potter’s friend, I would be able to do and say anything whilst at school and I would always be protected. I was nothing more but an arrogant, bullying little shit. There are quite a few things I regret in my life, but the worst of my regrets are the way I bullied you. Because of my arrogance I believed I would always be protected, that I could do no wrong, since I’ve always been protected by Dumbledore. This led to my arrest and incarceration at Azkaban for a crime which I did not commit. I may not have deserved to be sent to Azkaban without so much as a whisper of a trail, but I deserved to be there. Call it my punishment for the way I bullied you and nearly caused your death. Nothing I could ever say or do will erase the past, but I beg of you to be at least willing to try and start over.”

Severus stared at the two men in front of him. They may have treated him like shit before, but they loved Kaiden with every fibre in their beings. The fact that they believed him to be Harry Potter was of no consequence, since Sirius gave up his rights as godfather to Potter and came here. They searched for the boy they knew and loved as Harry Potter. For Kaiden he would have forgiven the two men and allowed them in their lives, but the fact that they apologized, without being pressured into it, made him believe they were sincere.

“Sirius, Remus. It is all right. You cared for and loved Kaiden. You tried everything in your power to save him from the Dursleys and did not stop looking for him. You still have not abandoned him, even after learning that the boy you thought to be Harry Potter was in fact Kaiden Malfoy and yet you still love him and care about him, convinced me and his parents to allow you in Kaiden’s life. Neither of you even attempted to curse me when you learned that I’m Kaiden’s soulmate. For Kaiden’s sake I would have tolerated you in our lives. But you apologized by your own volition. And for that I am grateful. There is nothing to forgive.”

~~~END FLASHBACK~~~

Kaiden felt sorry for Neville, but understood his problem. Neville Longbottom never understood why he was sorted into Gryffindor, he was neither brave nor brash. He loved plants and always felt he should have been sorted into Hufflepuff, in fact Professor Sprout was his favourite teacher.

Fred and George stared in horror at the boy that used to be their brother. Only Ron ate as if he was a starving animal. They all grew up poor and none of them attacked food the way Ron did. Charlie took them to the dragon reserve and not even dragons attacked their food this way. Pigs looked like they were graduates of Ms Manners School of Etiquette compared to Ron. It hurt them a bit when they saw the look of disgust on the other students faces when they saw Ron.

“Let it go. He is not our brother anymore. We are Prewetts and if Molly Weasley allows her
children to behave like wild animals it is her problem and not ours.”

“I know Fred, but it hurts. Seeing the way the other children look at him. Knowing the way Molly treated us. Always fawning over Ron and Ginny, telling us to be more like them. Telling us that we will never amount to anything. But look at them. There is Ron. He displays the same table manners one would expect from a rabid mountain troll. He is lazy and for the life of me I cannot understand how he’s even still at school. With his grades, he should have been removed within a month of his first year. But there he sits proudly displaying his prefect badge. Then there’s Ginny, at least her table manners are better, but we all know how she fawned over Ha…Potter. And we know for a fact that she is not adverse to the idea of offering her body to get what she wants.”

The twins shook their heads sadly, reminding each other that Ron and Ginny weren’t their problem anymore.

There was also another thing that bothered the other three houses. The prefect system. Prefects were chosen from a student’s fifth year. Each house had six prefects, two from each year, three boys and three girls. Then there was the Head Boy and Head Girl. But this year, Gryffindor sported an extra prefect. It also did not go unnoticed that yet again the Head boy and girl came from Gryffindor. They had two seventh year prefects, Andrew Abernathy and Salome Sanderson, two sixth year prefects, Jonathan Rhodes and Monica Bloom and three fifth year prefects, Ron Weasley, Hermione Granger and Harry Potter. The other three houses had the normal number of prefects.

“I can understand making Potter prefect. He is The Boy Who Lived after all, but why reward Weasley with a prefect badge as well. All the prefects from the other houses must be honour students, but that rule does not seem to apply to Gryffindor.”

Hogwarts rules stated that prefects may only chose from the top students. They must maintain their grades, their school records must be impeccable, thus they were allowed only two detentions a year, but that rule did not seem to apply to Gryffindor. Their prefects’ grades ranged from the lower tier (Ron being the bottom the barrel, barely scraping by the skin of his teeth) to the middle tier. The only exception was Hermione, not that anybody knew that Dumbledore’s been feeding her the answer, boosting her grade average. Then there is the fact that Gryffindors excelled at serving detention. Their detention average was two detentions a month, except in the so-called Golden Trio’s case, they earned an average of four detentions a month.

Dumbledore was very pleased with himself. Harry and his friends, the Marauders revived if you will, will take the school by storm. In his mind, Snape’s griping about the Marauders being bullies was unwarranted and nothing but sour grapes. James Potter always had been what Snape had not been. James was handsome, beautiful, rich, popular, smart, funny and excelled at everything, he was a quidditch god. Snape always had been ugly, greasy, poor, decidedly unpopular, socially awkward, stupid and only supposedly excelled at potions, he was terrible on a broom and could not play quidditch to save his own miserable life.

Dumbledore was waiting on a report from a private investigator he hired. He was sure Snape cheated at school. He, or any of his Death Eater friends, must have bribed, forced, blackmailed or even imperiused the examiners during his school years. According to official school records Snape received Outstandings in all his subjects and even gained a supposed Potions Mastery at the age of nineteen. Whilst James on the other hand barely scraped by in his examinations.

At long last the tables were cleared, Ron made a grab at few more strawberry tarts and a handful of chocolate eclairs. His face was covered in a mixture of gravy and cream. Bits of food stuck to his
robes. Dumbledore once again stood and cleared his throat. “Before I bid you all a good night, let us sing the school song.”

Waving his hand the lyrics to the school song appeared above him.

“Now everyone, pick your favourite tune and off we go.”

The students all started singing the school song, one that Snape always felt was very undignified for a school of Hogwarts standing and every now and again Dumbledore would force them to participate in this travesty.

It was a little known fact that Dumbledore changed the school song. He was the one to blame for the song and the fact that students were encouraged to sing the song in any which way they like. Dumbledore thrived on destroying the very traditions Hogwarts were founded and built on. Through his tenure as Headmaster he removed quite a number of classes, the most notable Alchemy and Wizarding Culture. He turned Samhain into the more muggle celebration of Halloween and Yule into the muggle celebration of Christmas. Everything he did was to placate and please the muggleborns and alienate the half-bloods and purebloods.

Finally the torture by school song ended, which had Dumbledore wiping the tears from his eyes, proclaiming music to be magic in its own right. Music was magical, but not in the way Dumbledore destroyed it. Snape noted with pride how orderly his snakes left the Great Hall, followed by the Ravenclaws and Hufflepuffs. The Gryffindors, as usual stormed from the Great Hall like a pack of stampeding Hippogriffs.

Before Snape could escape to the Slytherin common room, Dumbledore stopped.

“Oh, Severus, my boy. I need to see you in my office.”

“Of course Headmaster. Will tomorrow morning do, since I need to make sure my snakes are settled in?”

“It cannot wait Severus. I’m sure the Slytherins can tuck themselves into bed on their own. They are all purebloods after all. They are quite used in taking care of themselves.”

With a sigh Severus followed the crazy old bastard. Not all of his snakes were purebloods, Dumbledore just always pretended they were. And even if they were all purebloods, they were still children and the first years especially needed the extra comfort of spending the first night away from the comforts of home in a strange castle. Minerva was the only head of house who did not check in on her students. Neither Pomona nor Fillius found it strange to make their students feel welcome and calm any fears they may have. Minerva’s callous attitude towards her lions may explain why the Gryffindors always flaunted the rules, if a child believes nobody cares about them, they would do anything to draw attention to themselves. He just hoped that whatever Dumbledore had to say did not take too long.

Severus nearly slapped the bowl from Dumbledore’s paws when the old coot had the audacity to shove the bowl containing lemon drops under his nose.

With a voice cold enough to freeze the sun, Severus sneered at the old man, “Headmaster, how many times in all the years you have known me, have I ever accepted a lemon drop? We just ate dinner and even if I was still feeling the urge to eat something, it would most certainly not be a lemon drop.”

Snape also knew Dumbledore dosed the lemon drops he offered to his guests in a compulsion
potion. He really was slipping, trying to dose a potion master with potions such as a compulsion potion. If he was not a potion master, he might not have picked up on the distinctive lemon smell of the compulsion potion. It was why Dumbledore always offered lemon drops to his guests. One would after all expect a lemon drop to taste and smell like lemons.

“Quite right my boy, quite right. One can only dream that you would one day realize how tasty lemon drops are. Well, if I cannot tempt you with a lemon drop, let us get down to business. Molly and Arthur are worried about the twins. They changed so much this past summer, telling their parents that they hated them, spreading nasty rumours about Harry, Ron, Ginny and Hermione. Then suddenly they packed their bags and left home. They even went as far as claiming that there is something wrong with Harry and that Molly and Arthur disinherit them and kicked them out of the house with not even the clothes on their backs.”

Severus had to suppress a snort. Did Dumbledore really believe him to be such a simple minded fool? Did he think he did not know who Muriel Prewett really was?

“I would like you look after them. I fear their lives may be in danger in Slytherin. I also fear nefarious means were used to turn them against their family and to demand to be resorted and then ending up in Slytherin. I know you are not dark, but many of the children in Slytherin’s parents were supporters of Voldemort and their families are quite dark.”

“Headmaster, I assure you. I look after each and every one of my snakes. Fred and George Prewett will be in no danger in Slytherin. If that is all I would like to take my leave…”

“My boy, I would like you also to keep an eye on the boy claiming to be Kaiden Malfoy. I don’t believe the official story that the long lost son of Lucius and Narcissa suddenly turned up. I believe there is something wrong with the boy and whilst I’m not accusing Lucius and Narcissa of any wrong doing, I do not trust the wizard claiming to be Kaiden Malfoy.”

A hard glint flashed briefly in Severus’ eyes. A flash that Dumbledore missed completely. He would certainly keep his eye on Kaiden, but not in the way Dumbledore hoped. It was clear that Dumbledore had plans for Kaiden and he would be damned if he and the Malfoys lost Kaiden again.

“Headmaster, you have my word that I will keep an eye on Kaiden Malfoy.”

With that Severus Snape left the room, his robes flapping with extra venom. He should warn Kaiden and request Draco and the twins to keep a closer eye on Kaiden, making sure nobody gets their hands on his young mate again.
Kaiden’s return to Hogwarts was bitter sweet. For a long time Hogwarts had been his only home. It was the only place he had been able to escape the tender care he received at the hands of the Dursleys after all. But now, Hogwarts was just school to him. He had a home with a loving family, a mum, dad and brother. He even gained cousins of a sort by way of the four Prewett boys, an honorary grandmother by way of Muriel Prewett, two godfathers and even, the best of all, a soulmate. By now he knew that someday he would get to marry Severus and that they would be together for eternity and a day.

Severus even made sure he, Draco and the twins shared a dorm room. The rest of Slytherin was not even upset at the special treatment, they understood that the Malfoy brothers only reunited and wished to spend as much time together as possible. In fact, Pansy Parkinson shared a room with her older sister and two younger cousins. Severus really tried to accommodate family as much as possible. Besides Kaiden would spend every class with his year mates and had ample opportunity to make friends with boys and girls of his own age. At the moment Kaiden felt more comfortable with Draco and the twins.

They all saw Dumbledore stopping Severus and realized the old coot must have forced Severus to go to his office.

Fred yawned before saying, “I’ll bet you five galleons that Dumbledore’s telling Professor Snape to keep an eye out on Kaiden, me and George.”

Kaiden piped up, “I can year the old fart now. Severus, my boy, I’m worried about Fred and George. They are under some spell or the other, poor Molly is worried sick about them. Those slimy evil little snakes will eat her poor babies for breakfast.”

“Don’t you just hate it when he calls everyone around him ‘my boy’? If he cannot remember our names, why not do what every other person in the school does? Look at the nametag on our robes.”

Blaise snorted. “It is people like her that allowed somebody like Voldemort to gain the support he had. Always branding people evil just because they are Slytherins. Besides, we’re not cannibals, so sorry twins, I for one will not be eating you.”

“We know Blaise. Fred and George are now snakes and even when they were lions, they are not the lion you are hunting…”

Kaiden realized he was missing something important.

“Oh shut it Malfoy. I’ve heard you were stalking a little birdie…”

Before they could argue further about snakes, lions and little birds, Severus stalked into the room, ending the argument. Kaiden was still feeling like he was missing something very important.

Severus cleared his throat.

“Sorry for the delay. Welcome to Slytherin. Some of you are returning and for some of you it will be the first night of many in Slytherin. We are family in Slytherin. It is well known that our house is the least loved house in Hogwarts. Some students from other houses will call you names, just because you were sorted into Slytherin. But remember this, we are not evil. Just because Voldemort used to be a Slytherin, does not mean we all are evil. He had followers from each house, not just Slytherin. Because of this unwarranted bias against our house, you will present a unified
front to the rest of the school. We all know and understand it is impossible to like everybody, but outside our common room and dorm rooms, grievances are forgotten. You will protect and help each other, because Merlin knows, nobody else will.”

His eyes swept the room, resting for a moment on Kaiden.

“My rules are simple. One: homework will be completed as soon as possible. I will not tolerate any of my snakes handing in ill researched assignments or show up to class unprepared.
Two: whilst I don’t take points from my own house in public, the guilty party will suffer my displeasure with the loss of points and detention.
Three: I do not tolerate bullying. If you feel the burning need to bully somebody, you will suffer my wrath.
Four: meals are compulsory and you will act with the necessary decorum and display impeccable table manners at all times. Nobody wants to see half eaten food churning in your mouth. Knives, forks and spoons are eating utensils and not weapons of mass destruction.
Five: even though Hogwarts employs the largest number of house elves in Britain, they are not your slaves. You will keep the Common Room and your dorms clean. The elves are instructed only to wash your clothes and bedding. We are snakes not pigs, so keep it clean.
Six: students caught out after curfew will be punished severely. Mandatory lights out for first and second years are at nine o’clock each night, third and fourth years are ten o’clock, fifth and sixth years eleven o’clock and seventh years midnight. Students may visit my office the hour before dinner for any assistance you may require, whether it is personal or school related.
Quidditch try outs will be held on Saturday 9 September and whilst every Slytherin is welcome to watch, may I remind everybody that first years are prohibited from trying out. I may hear grumbling about a certain boy wonder who became the youngest seeker in over a century, but remember rules do not get broken, bended or twisted for all four houses.

Severus knew Kaiden would not mind the jab at him being the youngest seeker in over a century. Even though he hated quidditch, he was rather proud of the fact that not only was the record being held by a Slytherin, but by his mate. Not that anybody would ever know, but it was enough that Kaiden’s loved ones knew the truth.

“On a lighter note, I would like to welcome Fred and George Prewett to our home. Up until last year they were still hiding out in Gryffindor. A few of us know the reason behind the change of their surname, but know this, they’ve always been snakes and never true Gryffindors.

Messrs Prewett, I never have and never will condone bullying, but your pranks have never been malicious. Feel free to continue with your pranking, but keep it to the minimum, except when pranking the Gryffindors. My only advice then is, do not get caught.”

Severus did not draw attention to Kaiden, he asked him not to as he hated the fame when he was still Harry Potter and now only wanted to live his life as he was always meant to. He just wanted to be Kaiden Malfoy.

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Harry inspected the room. It was not his bedroom back home, but it will do. At least it was a single room. He would hate to share his space with the rest of the rabble. He dislike Neville Longbottom already, what a whiny little bitch. The useless little lump seemed afraid of his own shadow. To make matters worse he was useless in all his classes, the only class he excelled at was Herbology. Real men did not putter around in the dirt. Harry shuddered at the very idea of enjoying working
The only real use plants had was when a man fucked up real bad and he needed to get back into his wife’s pants.

Dean Thomas was a muggle born, a raboid football fan. He plastered his walls of muggle posters featuring his favorite teams and players. One would think that after all these years in the wizarding world he would at least have a favorite quidditch team and proudly display their posters.

Seamus Finnegan was an Irish half-blood, thick as a brick. His only claim to fame is that he blew up his feather when he tried to levitate it. The only upside to the Irishman was that he was bound to be a well of raunchy jokes. And if he ever managed to turn water onto rum, Harry would be eternally grateful.

Then of course his very faithful little side kick Ron Weasley. How that one managed to get dressed in the mornings without instructions were a mystery to Harry. The only thing Ron excelled at was eating. The boy was nothing but a sheep, but at least he had his other uses. From time to time Harry liked to spice up his sex life and Ron was all too willing to bend over and take it up the arse.

The girls were all a bunch of giggling retards and the leaders of the pack were most certainly Lavender Brown and Romilda Vane. The Patil girl was good looking enough, but Harry had his fill with twins and their tricky ways.

At least he had Hermione and Ginny. Hermione had been a virgin, something Harry took great pride in relieving her of and Ginny forgot how to spell the word virgin by the time Harry got to her. She really got around and Grandpa Albus shared all sorts of sordid stories about Ginny and her various lovers, both male and female and on one memorable occasion Hagrid and Fang.

Thinking about Ginny and her exploits made Harry horny. On his way to the bathroom he found Ginny and ordered her to find her brother and Hermione and meet him in his room. Since it was Friday night and classes would only be starting on Monday, he had the whole weekend to fuck those three all over his room.

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Kaiden was sitting on a bench in Severus’ private laboratory, he decided to spend the day with Severus. He missed him the previous day during the train ride, but understood the other children would not have liked their very stern Potions Professor glaring at them.

Draco and the twins grabbed their brooms, yelling something about flying. They did ask Kaiden to go with them, but he wanted to spend time with Severus. He had ample time to fly the rest of the year. He might even try out for the Slytherin Quidditch team, Draco said he wanted to switch to chaser in any case. “Just think, Slytherin would be unstoppable. Fred and George as Beaters, me as chaser and my baby brother as seeker. I wonder how fast you will be catching the snitch now that you aren’t impaired with those hideous glasses.”

Severus twitched when Draco started dreaming of Quidditch glory and Kaiden just knew Professor Snape would allow Kaiden Malfoy to try out for the team. But Severus Snape was a whole other cauldron. His Severus might not want his soulmate to risk his neck for a stupid little game.

“Sev…”

“Hmmmm”

“Is Blaise going to Africa?”

“Not that I know of. Why?”
“Draco said Blaise is hunting a lion.”

Severus snorted. His soulmate was still so young and innocent.

“I would not worry too much about Mr Zabini and his lion hunting. I’m sure he will come out on top, in fact if he would prefer to be on top.”

“Of course Blaise would want to come out on top. Otherwise if the lion was on top he would be eating Blaise… why are you laughing?”

Severus could not explain to Kaiden why he was laughing. He imagined if Zabini’s little lion hunt was successful he might not mind being eaten now and again by the lion. Deciding it would be best to change the subject, Severus hugged his young soulmate, whispering, “Never change Kaiden.”
The first week flew by. Kaiden realized just how much he enjoyed his classes and homework. He never realized how oppressing it had been to be Harry Potter. Not that his two former “best friends” helped much. It was fun learning when he realized he was free of Ron and Hermione. He remembered when he still believed he was Harry, how excited he was to be learning magic. Sure Sev kind of ruined potions for him, but over the summer, he and Sev really talked about their past.

Severus was ordered by Dumbledore not to let it slip that he promised to protect the Boy Who Lived, and that the so-called evil little Slytherins never learned the truth of Snape being a spy. Severus was really happy when he realized he promised to protect the Boy Who Lived and not Harry Potter. A small oversight on Dumbledore’s part when he forced Severus to make the vow, one that really jumped up and bit the crazy old coot in the butt.

Dumbledore may have meant Harry Potter, but Severus’ vow was to The Boy Who Lived and since Kaiden was the true saviour of the wizarding world, Severus never broke his vow.

This made Draco remember the Tri-Wizard Tournament.

“I thought those that took part in the tournament entered into a binding magical contract? How come Harry Potter was not punished for not competing?”

It was clear the adults never thought about it and the matter was only resolved when Lucius made an appointment at Gringotts. He came back hours later, stomped over to the bar, grabbed the decanter of whiskey, slugging it right from the bottle, not even bothering to grab a glass.

Kaiden did not know whether he should laugh at his father, look for a place to hide (he was still remembering Vernon Dursley and his drunken exploits) or be worried. Even his mother and Sev were worried. Severus told him later he never saw Lucius lose control in such a way. He was always cool, calm and collected.

“Lucius, what did the goblins say?”

The man in question turned around, a dribble of whiskey trailing down his chin. Only when he realized his family were staring at him with their eyes wide in shock, Kaiden looking like he was ready to either run and hide, or curl into a small ball trying to protect his vital organs, that Lucius calmed down. He was deeply ashamed, he should not have lost his control so much. He was most worried about Kaiden, his young son was still recovering from his ordeals at the hands of those horrible muggles, and here he was, drinking straight from the decanter, like a common drunken lout.

Lucius rushed to Kaiden, hugging his son close to his chest. “I’m sorry. Please forgive me, you will never have to see me behave in such a loutish manner again.”

Feeling his son return the hug and nodding against his chest, he gathered the small boy up in his
arms, before sitting down on the couch, still keeping Kaiden close. Severus hovered near him, ready to grab Kaiden from Lucius, should Lucius try and harm his soulmate. Narcissa seemed highly amused at the sight of the dour potion master hovering like a worried mother.

“The goblins really tried to explain everything to me, but I was completely lost ten seconds into the explanation. They had to simplify their explanation, then dumb it down before I started to make sense of what happened. Potter is still an under aged wizard and according to magical law under aged wizards cannot enter into binding magical contracts. But we all know Kaiden believed with every fibre of his being that he was Harry Potter. And when Potter’s name came from the Goblet of Fire and Kaiden willingly accepted the burden and rules of the tournament, magic transferred the contract to Kaiden. Since both Kaiden and Potter are still under aged, the contract was never binding. Kaiden could have refused to compete without any repercussions. So even if Kaiden suspected that he was no really Harry Potter, he could not have refused to compete, just to punish Potter since the contract was never legal and most certainly not binding. The worst punishment Potter could have received was a really bad case of haemorrhoids for the duration of the tournament. What it does boil down to however, was that since Dumbledore knew that the boy everybody knew as Harry Potter was not really Harry Potter, he knew from the start that Kaiden’s participation in the tournament was neither legal nor binding.”

Severus paced up and down, “So it seems as if Dumbledore planned for Kaiden to be killed by Voldemort, he would have rushed in and defeat Voldemort himself and then produce the real Harry Potter with his cowardly parents in tow, pretending the boy defeated Voldemort.”

“It certainly seems that way, but Kaiden really messed up his plans, if that was in fact his plan, by defeating Voldemort.”

Kaiden just snorted, “Well, I do aim to please. Always messing up the plans of crazy tin despots.”

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Without Ron always distracting Kaiden with a game of exploding snap or wizarding chess and Hermione’s harping about how she studies and the rights of house elves, Kaiden enjoyed his classes and even the homework. It was refreshing to complete his homework in silence. It was heaven to be allowed to be able to read a book and ask a question without Hermione’s constant tutting and “If you ever bothered to read Hogwarts : A History.”

Kaiden and Severus started to write each other little notes. Sometimes just telling the other to enjoy their day, not to scare the students too much (Kaiden to Severus), try not to break your neck (Severus to Kaiden when he learned Kaiden would be flying with his brother and the terrible twins) and one ill-conceived note from Kaiden encouraging Severus to smile more.

Severus smiled the whole day, Kaiden melted when he saw his Sev smiling, Draco and the twins were peeing themselves in hysterics. The whole of Hufflepuff suffered nervous break downs. They were sure the end of the world was here or that Snape was plotting to murder them in their sleep. Professor Sprout actually shouted at Snape, blaming him for the nightmares her poor Puffs suffered and the Gryffindors refused to eat the whole day, certain that Snape was up to his old Death Eater ways and poisoned their food.
Some classes were exactly the same. History of Magic was still boring with Professor Binns droning on about the goblin wars. At least he had the sense this time round not to take Divination, he could not stand another second in the company of that right fraud Trelawney. Ancient Runes and Arthimancy were difficult, but Kaiden found the classes stimulating. Defence Against the Dark Arts were a bit of a joke, again, with Delores Umbridge as teacher. His father and Severus warned him against the woman. Apparently Fudge planted her in the school, because he was afraid Dumbledore was recruiting students to usurp the Ministry. As usual Fudge missed the mark completely. It was not as if they could not see Dumbledore trying to take over the ministry. Lucius said that Umbridge was as subtle as a hippogriff in a china shop and about as useful as wooden tits. Narcissa slapped Lucius hard on the arm for that remark, hissing that Kaiden was listening. Severus may have agreed with Lucius’ sentiments, but refused his mate to be exposed to sexual innuendo and slipped Lucius a potion that turned his hair neon pink for a whole week.

Care of Magical Creatures were about the same, Kaiden really tried to enjoy it, but found that since he was no longer Harry Potter, golden boy of Gryffindor and now Kaiden Malfoy, Slytherin, Hagrid treated him differently. He started to understand why Draco and the other snakes complained about Hagrid. He basically ignored the Slytherins in class, only acknowledging the Gryffindors. He awarded twenty points to Gryffindor for answering easy questions and only one point to Slytherin when they managed to answer the more difficult questions.

Charms with Professor Flitwick and Herbology with Professor Sprout was exactly the same. They rewarded students from all the houses exactly the same manner and was just as quick to assist a Slytherin as a Gryffindor.

Kaiden always knew Potions would be better this time around. Voldemort was dead, so Severus no longer had to pretend to be one of his most loyal followers. He still disliked Gryffindor, not that Kaiden could really fault him at that, but he was much calmer in class. He even offered Neville extra lessons, which the nervous boy grabbed with both hands. The extra lessons really helped calm Neville and seeing that Snape was not a monster, only strict, his performance in class improved. Neville still would not be accepted in Severus’ NEWT class, since Neville’s grades improved from Troll to Exceeds Expectations, but it was still a small victory for both men.

The class that really disappointed Kaiden more that Defence Against the Dark Arts, where Transfiguration. Professor McGonagall openly favoured Gryffindor, ignored Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw and treated Slytherin like they were all mass murdering, raping, kitten kicking monsters. Draco sneezed once in class and promptly lost fifty points for disrupting the class. She was cruel and callous to all students expect Gryffindor.

Kaiden and the twins asked Draco if she was always like this and they just never realized, since all three used to be Gryffindors. But even Draco was perplexed by her behaviour. She was always a strict but fair teacher. She never favoured students from Gryffindor, except in Kaiden’s first year, when she begged Dumbledore to allow Harry to play for Gryffindor.

“Draco, can we suffer from diseases such as dementia and Alzheimer’s? I only ask because muggles can suffer from those conditions. Old people are especially vulnerable to degenerative conditions such as dementia and Alzheimer’s and then there is also brain tumours. All these things can change your personality.”

Draco shuddered at the very thought of the diseases Kaiden was telling them about. Luckily wizards were immune to diseases such as dementia and Alzheimer’s and he’s never heard about brain tumours. Very old witches and wizards could become forgetful, but that was only when they
were well past their hundred and fiftieth birthday. The only solution Draco could think of was that McGonagall was either hexed or somebody was feeding her compulsion potions.

But without definitive proof or catching the perpetrator in the act of either hexing her or feeding her the potion, neither Severus nor Lucius could act. Their only other option was for Minerva to harm a student, forcing the Board of Governors to interfere. Both options were a waiting game and both men quietly hoping for option one as they did not want the old woman to harm a student. If she ever harmed a student and she regained her full faculties, the knowledge that she harmed an innocent student, would most certainly kill her.

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Kaiden, Draco and the twins were outside, planning for the quidditch season. Lucius already gave his permission that Kaiden may play, Narcissa was still indecisive, but she in the end she would allow Kaiden to play. Their plotting and planning concerned Severus Snape. All four boys knew that the professor would allow Kaiden to play, Severus may not like the sport, but he was highly competitive and would want Slytherin not only to win the Quidditch Cup, but the House Cup as well. Their problem however was with Severus Snape, soulmate to Kaiden Malfoy.

Kaiden started to understand he could make Severus do anything he want. The soul bond would compel Severus to allow Kaiden to play, because that was what he wanted. But Kaiden did not want to abuse the bond in such a manner. He wanted Severus to trust him and he knew if he manipulated the bond, Severus would be hurt.

At the moment Kaiden was too young for the soulmate bond to form fully, but he liked Severus. He liked him a lot. Kaiden suspected he might be suffering from puppy love and tended to follow Severus around, always ready to perform small tasks for him. Anything just to see him smile and thank him. Severus found the crush endearing and would pretend to need Kaiden’s help. He pretended to forget his quill on his table and the beaming smile Kaiden gave him when he requested the small boy to please fetch the quill melted his heart.

Some of the older Slytherins picked up on Kaiden’s puppy love and took to gentle teasing. Kaiden blushed furiously, denying anything and everything. Severus even caught Kaiden placing a bright red apple on his desk, blushing like a girl before scurrying of, as if he did not have every right to enter the class room or even Severus’ private rooms whenever he so chooses.

“I’ll just ask Professor Snape if I may try out for the Quidditch team. My grades are not too bad and I’m keeping up with my studies. I’ll promise him that my studies and health would always be more important than Quidditch. Besides guys, even though I really want to play, I will never go against his wishes. If he does not want me to play, then I won’t. You three are not allowed to pester him about it either. If Professor Snape says no then it’s no, okay?”

Fred and George completely understood. Being the oldest of the four, they knew a bit more about soulmates and the bond they shared. They pestered their mother and two older brothers when they realized about the bond Kaiden and Severus shared. Kaiden led a horrible life before learning the truth and he truly was a conundrum. He was so world weary and wise in some areas of life, such as knowing about pain, horror, death and torture, but still so innocent in other areas. He was slowly adapting to and learning about his bond to Severus and his approach to the bond was both mature and innocent. Besides they knew Kaiden far longer than his family did. Not that the twins blamed the Malfoys, the blame for the separation could be placed squarely on the shoulders of
Dumbledore and whoever abducted him as a baby. His face may have changed, but his personality did not change that much. He was still their best friend and part adoptive brother, part adoptive cousin.

Soon enough their peace was disturbed by Hermione Granger, she was leading a group of Gryffindor first years around the grounds, instructing them how Gryffindors should behave. Her bossy tone grated Kaiden’s nerves. He could not understand why he was friends with her.

It was just the way she always spoke to everybody around her. As if they were too stupid to understand. As if she was the only one allowed to have an opinion and think for herself. Not that she’s been doing much of that. She always parroted what Dumbledore told her and now it seemed as if she was following Potter blindly.

Fred and George made gagging noises.

“I wonder if she’s always this bossy?”

“I can just hear her, No Ron. You are doing it all wrong. It must be deep hard thrusts…”

“She’ll most probably quote references from a book as well.”

“If Weasel is smart enough he might know of a way to shut her mouth.”

“This conversation is just getting nasty. Next you’ll probably regale us with tales of Voldy bumping uglies.”

Kaiden did not understand most of the conversation his brother and the twins had, but the moment Fred told Draco about Voldemort bumping uglies, he realized they were talking about sex. That was just wrong. He shuddered at the image of Ron and Hermione naked, doing things. Kaiden remembered a nature program he saw once at the Dursleys. It was about different mating rituals of animals and even showed animals mating. He was nine, well seven, at the time and had nightmares for weeks. He could still hear the snarls, yelps, howls and whinnying of the different animals, but now the image of a naked Ron standing behind an equally naked Hermione, rocking back and forth, just made him nauseous.

He wondered why the males laid over the females rocking back and forth and what that had to do with sex. The Dursleys never spoke about sex, besides to tell Dudley bad little girls would only want one thing from their precious Duddykins. The only thing Kaiden really knew about sex is that it was a bad thing and only bad boys and girls had sex. He also suspected sex between humans were much the same as with animals.

Deciding it was time to share his very worldly views on sex and using the nature program and Ron’s eating habits as reference, Kaiden spoke up.

“I saw a nature program once. It was about all these animals and how the males mated with the females. Do you think when Ron is mating with Hermione he snorts like a pig?”

Draco stared at Kaiden. Shit, they forgot about Kaiden and there he was. Eyes wide and innocent. He wanted to laugh at Kaiden’s innocent comment about Weasel snorting like a pig whilst he was fucking Granger, but he just couldn’t. Kaiden will think he was laughing at him. Fred and George however did start to laugh. Ron had the manners of a barnyard animal and they could just imagine the slob snorting like a pig while he was having sex. It was also very disturbing. Maybe the Ministry could use those two as advertisement to encourage abstinence and curb teenage pregnancy. The very idea of those two reproducing was enough to spontaneously sterilise a whole
generation of witches and wizards.

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Hermione watched the group of boys. Harry asked her to spy on Malfoy and his cronies. It was so easy getting close to them, she just rounded up the first years, dragging them across the grounds, laying down the rules.

She did not mind the task Harry gave her. In fact she relished it. She could spy on those slimy snakes and share her vast knowledge with the first years. Headmaster Dumbledore worked so hard with her these past years, tutoring her and making sure she was the smartest witch of her year.

Hermione may not have been as smart as everybody believed her to be, but she was smart enough. With enough lessons, drilling the answers and Hogwarts : A History into her head, she was able to function and made everybody believe she was the smartest witch in the school. Hermione certainly did not view it as cheating, she was sure Snape did the same to Malfoy and all his little snakes.

Hermione was very ambitious. She saw the way her parents wasted their lives away and vowed that it would never be her. She never wanted to be a housewife or the wife of Mr Important. She wanted to be somebody. She wanted to be the head of the household. At first Dumbledore wanted to pair her with Harry, but he soon realized Ron would be a better choice for her and Ginny a better choice for Harry.

She sometimes wondered about Harry, he used to be such a shy skittish little boy, only coming alive when he was the hero, but now… Now he was confident and took charge. He dominated Ron and took him whenever he was in the mood. But she supposed the whole image he betrayed before he finally defeated Voldemort was just to lull the dark wizard into a false sense of superiority.

She enjoyed it when Harry had sex with her, but she would never marry him. She would never be able to be the dominant in their relationship and she would always be nothing more than Mrs Harry Potter. Ron was perfect. So what if he had the emotional range of a teaspoon, the intelligence of a brick and the manners of a wild pig? She was the one pulling the strings in their relationship and with Dumbledore’s tutoring and Harry’s glowing endorsement, she would take over the ministry. She would be the youngest Minister of Magic and the first muggleborn one as well.

With her at the helm she would free house elves. There was no way they would want to be slaves. And the studies on house elves claiming the relationship between house elves and wizards were symbiotic, that elves needed the bond to survive? Bullshit! Goblins were vile and nasty little creatures and she would make sure that humans took the reins at Gringotts. She could never understand why the magical world allowed the goblins to run their banks. It was a wizarding bank and not a goblin one. It would also mean that when each and every one of those nasty pureblood Slytherins were wiped from the face of the earth, that their vaults could be emptied and used for reparations for their crimes.

Another thing she would make sure of and Headmaster Dumbledore agreed with her, was that Slytherin house be disbanded and declared illegal. All Slytherins will be charged and sentenced to Azkaban for their crimes against humanity. After a fifty year prison sentence they will be freed with a kiss from a Dementor and left to die. The sorting hat would still screen for those students who would have been sorted into Slytherin. Those wannabe dark wizards and witches would then be immediately expelled, their wands snapped and handed over to light families to serve as their servants. The moment they reached the age of twenty one, they will begin their sentence in Azkaban.

Hermione envisioned a perfect world. A world where the only magic taught would be light magic.
A world without enslaved house elves. A world without goblins. A perfect world without sin.

She was so close to those evil little bastards. Now for her cover, they must believe she just happened to end up here, whilst teaching the firsties about the rules of Hogwarts and the internal house rules of Gryffindor and how to behave like a perfect lion.

“Remember the school rules as I taught you. Remember to treat all the professors with respect, even though some do not deserve it. Remember that Snape will treat all Gryffindors as if we are the dirt beneath our shoes. Don’t let him discourage you, he is after all nothing but a Slytherin and we all know that Slytherins are nothing but evil men and women, not even worthy of being called witches and wizards.”

One brave little girl stuck her hand in the air and when Hermione acknowledged her with a haughty nod, she quickly asked her question. “Is it true that You Know Who was a Slytherin?”

Hermione grinned. It was the opportune time to brainwash these little nitwits even more. It was in any case lies that most of Voldemort’s supporters were not Slytherin.

“Yes, yes he was. In fact, all of his supporters came from Slytherin. Not one of his Death Eaters came from any other house than Slytherin. In fact you may have heard rumours of a wizard called Peter Pettigrew who tried to betray our very own Harry Potter. Lies were spread the Pettigrew used to be friends with Harry’s parents. Lies the Pettigrew came from Gryffindor. It was all lies. He was not friends with Mr and Mrs Potter. He did not hide in the form of a rat with Ron Weasley and his family. And Pettigrew was most assuredly not a Gryffindor.”

She smiled, seeing the eager little faces looking up at her.

“Pettigrew was a Slytherin. He only had one friend during his school years and that was Snape. Yes, Professor Snape. Who else would have been friends with them? Pettigrew never was an Animagus, he could not even turn himself into a rat. He was never able to cast the patronus charm, since only light wizards and witches can produce a patronus.”

The children believed every word she said. Gryffindors were known for their bravery and nobility and as such she would never lie to them.

“Now for some internal Gryffindor rules. Our colours are red and gold. Our mascot is the lion. Gryffindors are brave, loyal and steadfast in the face of danger. As such it is your sworn duty as a Gryffindor to be always brave and loyal and always defend those weaker than yourself against the evils in the world. You must be prepared to sacrifice your own life if it comes down to it. We never back down from a fight and is always prepared for battle. Do you understand what it is to be a brave Gryffindor?”

The chorus of “yes” warmed her heart.

“Now as you all know, the Saviour of the wizarding world, also known as the Boy Who Lived and The Boy Who Vanquished Evil is a Gryffindor. Harry, Mr Potter to you until he says otherwise, is my best friend, well one of two actually. I am one of his three advisors. His other three advisors are Ron Weasley, his other best friend and Ginny Weasley, his fiancé. You are never to approach Mr Potter directly. If you have any request of him, you will approach one of his advisors, explain your request or problem and we will decide if your request is worthy of Mr Potter’s attention. Should the situation warrant it, he will arrange the audience with Mr Potter. You are never to look Mr Potter directly in the eyes and will keep your faces averted whenever he graces us with his divine presence. His word is final and it is law. Now you may have noticed that I mentioned his divine presence. Studies were made of his magic and his ancestry and it is found that Mr Potter is a direct
descendant of Merlin himself and the Lady of the Lake. So yes, he is a demi-god.”

Hermione did not know whether Harry was in fact a descendant of Merlin or not, but it was what Dumbledore instructed her to say and it was not as if Merlin ever produced children of his own. The Lady of the Lake was in any case nothing more than part of the fairy tale muggles made up about Merlin, Arthur and the round table.
Chapter 18

Kaiden nervously knocked on Severus’ office door. Today was the day he would plead his case. Draco and the twins wanted to join him, but he convinced them to stay in the Common Room. Severus must not view his request as an ambush. Mum and Dad already gave their permission, with a dire warning that he must not let his schoolwork slip. As if Sev would allow that. He heard the other Slytherins. Snape encouraged his snakes to join the different clubs around school, but he warned them if they grade average slipped, they would be banned.

Kaiden wondered why he never knew of the variety of clubs at Hogwarts. He knew about Quidditch, since that was the most prominent one. But he never knew there was a Gobstones Club, a Chess Club, a club for nutters who actually enjoyed Divination and spent their meetings huddled around either a teapot reading tealeaves or gazing in a crystal ball. In fact there was a club for every school subject. As Harry he would have loved to join any of the other clubs, especially the Muggleborn Support Group, where they spent their meetings learning all about wizarding culture, it was formed to assist muggleborns to integrate into the wizarding world, without inadvertently breaking any wizarding laws or social taboos. Who would have thought it was considered rude to ask a person about their wand?

“Enter.”

Kaiden forced himself to walk with the necessary and expected poise, befitting a Slytherin and Malfoy, into Severus’ office. What he wanted to do was run into the office, straight to Sev and hug him so hard he farts.

Not that Kaiden thought Sev farted, but he was human and all humans farted. Even dogs farted. Fang’s farts could strip paint from a wall. Kaiden wracked his brain, trying desperately if he ever heard Sev fart, or his Dad. He knew Draco farted, because just the previous evening his brother farted in his sleep. He was pretty sure his mum did not fart. She was a lady and ladies do not fart. Only silly cows like Petunia and Marge Dursley farted.

Still thinking about smelly bodily functions, Kaiden closed the door, before running towards Severus, hugging him tightly. Severus’ arms encircled his young soulmate. Merlin, he missed the child whenever he was not near. He knew why Kaiden requested the meeting, Lucius already warned him that Kaiden wanted to try out for the Slytherin Quidditch team.

Kaiden gave Severus a final hard hug, grunting as he did so, before letting go. He cleared his throat, before choosing one of the chairs in front of Severus’ desk.

“I’ve got a really big favour to ask you. And you have to listen to me until I finish and not just say no, okay? You know I really like my school work now. And you know that my grades are nearly all Outstandings, except Transfiguration, but that is just because Professor McGonagall hates us Slytherins and refuses to grade our work fairly. But I also really miss flying and playing Quidditch and I already spoke to Mum and Dad and they said if you said and I don’t neglect my studies then I could.”

Kaiden was talking faster and faster unable to stop himself.

“And I know it is really dangerous and you don’t really like it, but I do and I promise I won’t perform any dangerous stunts,” Kaiden took a big gulp of breath, calming himself down. “You know you are really important to me and if you say no I will be disappointed, but I will accept it. Please Sev, may I try out for the Slytherin Quidditch team? I promise I won’t neglect my studies
and I promise I will not fly on my own and I promise I will never perform dangerous stunts on my broom.”

Severus smiled at Kaiden. What he really wanted to do was forbid Kaiden to go within seven hundred kilometres of anything resembling a broom, but he remembered the joy on Kaiden’s face whenever he was flying. He would do anything to see Kaiden happy, even if it meant he would be drinking calming draughts as if it was pumpkin juice. Besides he knew with Kaiden as Seeker, Draco as one of the Chaser and Fred and George Prewett as the Beaters, the Quidditch Cup would come back to Slytherin. The other houses could really forget about ever winning the House Cup again, as long as Potter is still at school and Dumbledore is the Headmaster, but he would settle for the Quidditch cup. He could almost see the petulant look on the face of Potter and his cronies the moment Kaiden snatches the Snitch.

“Kaiden, it was never my intention of not allowing you to fly or play quidditch. As long as you promise me that your studies will not be neglected and as long as you promise me that you will never practice on your own. Then I will allow it.”

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Try outs for the Slytherin team started early the next morning. If the Slytherins were surprised to see the Head of their house there, they certainly did not show it. Adrian Pucey was given the captaincy of the team and one of two returning players, the other being Draco Malfoy. His team needed two new Chasers, a Keeper and two new Beaters. He started the try outs with a few warming exercises, he was a firm believer that his players should be fit as Quidditch was not all about flying about on your broom.

Professor Snape already informed him to start with the Seekers first. Adrian thought Draco would return as Seeker, but since the blonde ice prince did not even move, he must be hoping to switch to another position.

The group vying for the Seeker position was small. Only four wanted to try out for the position. Adrian had his eyes on Patrick Higgins, reserve Seeker for the Slytherin team. Then there was Calliope Merriweather, Bruce Snowden and Draco’s younger brother Kaiden Malfoy.

Severus flicked his wand and the obstacle course for the Seekers appeared. The quidditch pitch were filled with an obstacle course. Seekers first had to run, well fly, the gauntlet. Extra time was added to their final score whenever they knocked into an obstacle or knocking an obstacle over, the time penalty was five seconds for each mistake. Whenever they were unable to overcome an obstacle, they could choose a ten second penalty and be allowed to pass. Only the four candidates with the fastest times continued to the second round. This year all four would continue, but their first test results contributed to the final decision. In the second leg of the try outs, the candidate Seekers each received ten minutes to catch as many snitches as they could. Twenty practice snitches were released and thus far the record was ten.

Higgins went first. His course time was fifteen minutes and twenty seconds, with his penalties added up his final time was fifteen minutes forty five seconds. Next was Merriweather’s turn, her smaller frame assisted her in the obstacle course and she walked away with a final time of fifteen minutes and fifteen seconds. She only received one time demerit when her broom knocked over the obstacles over. Snowden went third. His time was the most dismal of them all, he seemed to think he had to knock each and every obstacle over and his final time was almost thirty five minutes. Severus could see the boy had talent on the broom, but he was not even remotely Seeker material.
“Mr Snowden, it is as clear as the nose on my face that you do not really want to be a Seeker. So why for the love of Merlin did you try out for this position?”

“Professor Snape, the position I really want is Keeper, but my father insisted that I should try out for the position of Seeker. According to him the most important position is that of Seeker and the Keeper is the worst position.”

Severus sighed, why do parents always force their aspirations and failed dreams on their children’s shoulders. He remembered Bruce Snowden’s father. Armand Snowden is two years older than him. He always had a plan, trying to excel at something, but never following through. He tried out for the Gryffindor team, certain he would be the next great thing, only to fail. Then he decided he would become the school chess champion. For months he read book after book about wizarding chess before entering the Hogwarts Chess Open. He never played a match before then, only relying on his charisma and self-study. His match lasted five seconds. Just long enough for his chess pieces to give him one look before fleeing the board. The King’s crown was still spinning on the board before the last chess piece ran off. Then he heard about Filius Flitwick and the duels the small wizard won. He started dreaming of touring the circuit, defeating everybody in his path, charming his way into the beds of countless women. He showed up for one duelling lesson, and just like a certain prancing peacock by the name of Gilderoy Lockhart, one simple shout of “Expelliarmus” sent the fool tumbling down the platform and out of the room.

Severus never really could understand how the union of a Gryffindor and a Hufflepuff produced a Slytherin offspring, but there he stood. Then again the mere act of surviving his bumbling fool of a father would make a Slytherin out of anyone.

“Mr Snowden, may I suggest you stop listening to your father and follow your own path in life. I’m not telling you to disobey your parents at every corner, but you need to realize parents are not always right. They are just human with the same weaknesses and proclivities as all living things. Whilst it is true that Seekers receive the most adoration, one would do well to remember that this is a team and a team do not consist of only one player. Each team member performs a vital part to ensure either success or failure of the team. Go stand with the rest of the potential Keepers.”

With a small smile Bruce Snowden rushed over to the group waiting to try out for the position of Keeper.

Kaiden was the last to mount his broom, the blood rushed through his veins, his heart pounded furiously. Only four where not surprised at the boy’s performance, but then again they knew he used to be Harry Potter, star Seeker for Gryffindor. Kaiden finished the course in a record smashing time of five minutes, without earning a single time penalty.

Adrian realized this kid was good. If Higgins wanted to be the new Seeker, he had to perform a miracle and catch every single snitch out there.

Thirty five minutes later the results were announced. In third place was Calliope Merriweather, she managed to catch four snitches in her allotted ten minutes. In second place, Patrick Higgins, he caught seven snitches. The clear winner and new Seeker for Slytherin team was Kaiden Malfoy. He was also now the holder of a second course record, by catching all twenty snitches in the allotted ten minutes.

Draco was beside himself, for once throwing Malfoy decorum out of the window, His baby brother was the best seeker in the whole world.
Draco only stopped jumping and whooping when Adrian called order to the try outs. Next came
the positions for the beaters. As predicted the Prewett twins comfortably outperformed the other
hopefuls. Not there had been any doubt. The twins may have been organized slackers and
pranksters extraordinaire by their own admission, but their prowess as Beaters were not unfounded.
Ever since they joined the Gryffindor team back in their second year, every other house wished the
twins had been sorted into their house.

The positions for the two new Chaser followed and after an intense session the two new Chasers
were announced. Draco Malfoy being the one and third year Anastasia Romanov. Much to his joy
Bruce Snowden their new Keeper.

Patrick Higgins was a bit put out that he once again failed to make the team and for a second time
lost his chance to a Malfoy. But even he had to admit the kid was brilliant. Some of his moves
reminded him of somebody, but after trying to remember where he has seen this flying style, he
decided the youngest Malfoy must have received extra training for a professional quidditch player
and he is only mimicking his coaches’ movements. That is why the flying style seem familiar.

Adrian called the team together.

“Congratulations to each and every one of you. There is no doubt in my mind that we will beat
every last team this year. Yes, even Gryffindor. They lost the two best Beaters in the history of
Hogwarts and now only have to rely on Potter on winning the match for them. I believe our new
Seeker will be able to show Potter a thing or two on a broom.”

Draco smirked behind his hands. Oh, if they only knew the truth.

“Team practices are on Mondays at six in the evening, Wednesdays at five in the afternoon and
Saturday mornings at six in the mornings. Don’t blame me, each house received set practise times.
Please remember that Professor Snape reserve the right to remove you from the team should your
school work suffer. Do not think for one moment that this is mere lip service. He’s done it before
and he will do it again. Participation at any extracurricular school activity is subject to your
scholastic achievements. Now I want you to enjoy your weekend, as long as your homework is
completed and I will see all of you Monday evening, six o’clock sharp.”

Kaiden, Draco and the twins went their own way. Kaiden promised Severus he would help him in
his potions lab later that evening, but decided to spend the rest of the day with his brother and
friends.

They saw Neville walking briskly towards Greenhouse 3, he was helping Professor Sprout on the
weekends. Blaise followed Neville at a distance. The moment Neville entered the greenhouse,
Blaise found a tree to sit under, keeping watch at the door.

Kaiden wondered if Blaise liked Neville, because he knew Neville liked Blaise. He told him once
that he had a huge crush on the Slytherin. Seeing Blaise follow Neville around made Kaiden think
that maybe he had a crush on Neville as well. He wanted to do something nice for Neville. The boy
was one of only a handful of people who did not bully him the previous year. He knew Neville
would have openly remained his friend if he could have, but he was very shy, very nervous and
very insecure about himself. He never believed he was good enough to be in Gryffindor and was
just grateful that he was able to attend Hogwarts at all. In Kaiden’s opinion Gryffindor was not worthy of Neville.

“Draco, does Blaise have a crush on Neville?”

“He sure does. Blaise’s been mooning after Longbottom since first year. Why?”

“Because I know Neville’s got a crush on Blaise. He told me so last year. You remember the troll in o... your first year? Well Neville was really angry because Dumbledore said everybody back to their common rooms. Last year he finally told me why he was so angry, it was because the Slytherin Common room is in the dungeons, the exact same place we were told the troll was. He told me he wanted to run after Blaise and protect him.”

Fred and George started grinning. They liked Neville. He was a good kid, just insecure about himself and his magical abilities. Which was in their opinion unfounded. Neville was smart and with a little extra tutoring he would survive the year in Potions. He would never be good enough to proceed to N.E.W.T. potions, but more than ninety percent of each class never continued. Either their grades were good enough, but they did not want or need it or their grades were not good enough. Snape had high standards for his N.E.W.T. classes and only accepted students who achieved Outstandings.

Neville’s grades in all the other subjects were very good, with his strongest class Herbology. They knew he’s been received Outstandings since his first year. They also heard talk that Professor Sprout already recommended Neville for further study and predicted that Neville would become the youngest master in his field.

With a small nudge here and a funny prank there, they bet they could bring the two star crossed lovers together before the end of the month.

The four boys continued walking towards the lake. Suddenly Draco started blushing, trying to straighten his hair and clothes. His eyes never leaving a lone figure standing by the lake. Luna was throwing bits of bread into the lake, humming a strange tune, with a dreamy look on her face.

Kaiden was used to the strange girl by now and really liked her. Not in the way he liked Sev, but more in the way he liked Draco. She had quite a few strange ideas and believed in stranger things, but who’s to say some of them do not exist. He believed for the longest time that he was Harry Potter and that magic did not exist.

Shaking the last few crumbs from the brown paper back in her hands, Luna turned around, gave Kaiden a smile.

“Oh hi Harry … sorry it’s Kaiden now. Are you happy you finally found out who you are?”

Draco’s mouth fell open. Nobody but them knew Kaiden used to be Harry Potter.

“Oh don’t worry. I’ll never tell. The flutterbees told me when I first came to Hogwarts and I wanted to tell you and Draco, but they convinced me that the time was not right. Last year they told me you would find your parents the coming summer and when the new school year started you would be whom you were always supposed to be.”

Kaiden shook his head. That was Luna Lovegood for you. Even for a girl she was a very strange creature. He quickly gave her a hug.
“Hi Luna. I missed you too. May I introduce you to my brother Draco? Draco, this is Luna, one of my few true friends.”

Luna spent the whole morning with them and by the time the group broke apart, Draco convinced the blonde Ravenclaw to join him in Hogsmeade the next weekend.

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“Sev, did you know Blaise and Neville likes each other?”

“So you finally realized which lion Mr Zabini’s been hunting?”

Kaiden nearly smacked himself when he realized what the older boys have been talking about.

“Then you don’t mind?”

“Why should I? Mr Longbottom may be a walking disaster in Potions, but I’ve been hearing excellent things about him from his other professors. They would be good for each other. Mr Zabini’s potion grades are passable, maybe I’ll pair the two of them this coming year, and it may just save a few cauldrons from suffering a horrible fate. Mr Longbottom will in his turn be able to help Mr Zabini with his shocking Herbology grades.”

Kaiden stirred his cauldron in silence for a while.

“Did you know Luna knew from her first year who I really was? She never cared about the whole Boy Who Lived thing, she cared about me. I’m glad she’s my friend again. I missed her.”

“Ms Lovegood is very perceptive, exceptionally strange, but very perceptive.”

Kaiden laughed. “I know right? Even for a girl she is very strange. But I like her anyway. Not the way I like you, she is a girl, but more the way I like Draco, Fred and George. She makes me think of family.”

Severus ruffled Kaiden’s hair. He was glad his young mate has friends his own age group. Even though he would spend every second of the day with Kaiden, circumstances prevented it from happening. Until Kaiden graduated from Hogwarts they have to keep their bond a secret.

The Governors and Ministry would understand. Knowing full well that Snape could not and would not take advantage of the young boy, but the problem was Dumbledore and the power the old man wielded. Now with the Potters and their political power, even though it was stolen, Dumbledore was even more powerful than before.

He did not care whether Dumbledore and his cronies hurt him, but wanted to protect Kaiden at all costs. They would hurt Kaiden in every way possible and Severus would not stand for that. He and the Malfoy family would be honour bound to defend Kaiden and what would happen is yet another wizarding war.

After all the years as a spy in Voldemort’s camp, he had sympathy for the mad man. He was after all a product of circumstance. A muggle father who was very rich and very vain by all accounts. A witch for a mother, who knew just enough of potions to dose the fool with love potions. Voldemort really was a child conceived with an act of rape.

Nobody would willingly admit to it, but Tom Riddle Snr was raped by Merope Gaunt. Any sexual
congress certainly was not willing on Tom Riddle’s part. His mind was in orbit around Neptune. The moment Merope learned she was pregnant, she stopped dousing her very unwilling husband, believing the muggle would stay with her.

The Gaunts really were not the sharpest knives in the drawer. Tom Riddle abandoned his pregnant wife faster than a sneeze. Merope gave up the will to live. She would not even live for her son. She chose to die, leaving the child with the man she loved until death at the tender mercies of a muggle orphanage.

And Snape would just about bet his last knut that the moment young Tom Riddle experienced his very first bout of accidental magic, the caretakers at the orphanage started carting him off from one muggle priest after the other in an attempt to remove the devil from the boy.

Then came Dumbledore and everything that happened afterwards. Make no mistake, Voldemort was a crazy as a shit house rat, and just because he is able to pity the dark lord, it does not for one moment mean he condones of the atrocities the man committed. Voldemort in the end deserved everything he got, but he still could emphasise with the dead mad wizard.

At least Voldemort never pretended to be anything but an egotistical, megalomaniac, demented wizard. Unlike Dumbledore he never pretended to be a saint and all and sundry’s benevolent loving grandfather.
Chapter 20

Before too long it was Halloween. Dumbledore really went overboard this year. He finally abandoned all pretence of honouring the old ways and refused to honour Samhain in anyway. From now on it would only be the muggle version, Halloween which was celebrated at Hogwarts. To that end he allowed the children to wear costumes for the whole day and for the Halloween party that night.

The muggleborn and muggle raised witches and wizards crowed with delight. They would not be able to go Trick or Treating, but they were allowed to wear normal muggle costumes and there would be a Halloween party. Not a stuffy old ball, but a normal muggle party.

Dumbledore sat their chuckling to himself as he popped yet another lemon drop into his mouth. He realized the pureblood and more traditional half-bloods did not care much for his plans for this coming Halloween. Most noticeably would be the Slytherins. The sooner those pure bloods realized the world belonged to them now and they would do whatever they wanted with it, the better off they would be.

Dumbledore plotted and planned for world domination. He nearly realized his dreams as a young man, but he was too hasty. Back in the day he depended too much on Grindelwald and he had not one but two dead weights attached to his neck. Grindelwald was taken care of, rotting away in Nuremgard, Ariana dead and Aberborth a broken man, spending his time in his dingy pub and in the company of his goats.

Voldemort and his crazy plots really came at a fortuitous time. The world suddenly needed Albus Dumbledore again, not knowing he was slowly changing Hogwarts from the once prestigious magical school into his recruiting grounds. He took away classes that helped muggleborns and muggle raised half-bloods into wizarding society. He made sure to alienate Slytherin more and more each year. Voldemort and his special brand of crazy just assisted turning Slytherin into the pariahs they are today. Hell he even managed to convince the magical world that Salazar Slytherin himself preached blood purity above all and advocated the murder of muggles.

He made sure that every portrait of the Founders were removed from the halls of Hogwarts. Oh, the portraits were still at Hogwarts, but locked away in the Room of Requirement and since one had to specifically request the room, nobody but himself could ever access them. He visited them once in a while, taunting them. He especially loved to torment Slytherin by reminding how hated he and his house was.

He knew the Grey Lady from Ravenclaw and the Bloody Baron from Slytherin lived in the times of the Founders. The Grey Lady was Rowena Ravenclaw’s only daughter and the Bloody Baron the only son of Salazar Slytherin. Young Helena grew jealous of her mother and absconded with Rowena’s diadem. Balthazar rushed after Helena, desperate to convince the headstrong girl to go back home. Dumbledore searched years to learn the truth of their final moments. Popular history and even according to their memories, Balthazar finally caught up with Helena in Albania. He made an impassioned plea that she return home, return the diadem to her mother and that they proceed with their betrothal. Helena refused to return home and rebuffed his advances, cruelly telling him that she never loved him and wanted nothing to do with him. In an apparent fit of rage, Balthazar stabbed Helena to death and the moment she died, he came to his senses, realized what he had done and turned the weapon on himself, committing suicide.

To fully realize what happened that fateful day, one had to start in the past. It was true that Godric Gryffindor, Rowena Ravenclaw, Helga Hufflepuff and Salazar Slytherin had been friends since
childhood. They grew up in a small wizarding community, hidden away from the muggles and their barbaric customs. From a young age the four planned to open a school, to make sure that all wizarding children receive not only the best magical education but protection from muggles and their witch hunts. A feat the four managed to accomplish a few years later.

But there was another boy, hanging on the fringes. Lusting after Salazar Slytherin, wanting to impress the wizard. But Slytherin never even took notice of him. As the years passed and they grew up the jealous boy, now man, had to watch the four friends’ dreams being realized. They built a magical school. A school that protected magical children, pureblood, half-blood and muggleborn, from the muggles. He had to watch the love of his life marry a woman and produce three children with her, Balthazar, Galahad and Isolde.

His love turned into blind hatred, vowing that one day he would make Slytherin pay for not loving him. He waited patiently in the wings, marrying a witch his parents forced on him, dutifully producing an heir and a spare.

He watched and waited in the wings. Plotting and planning. As the years went by he became more obsessed with Slytherin and his family. He knew every move the family made. He knew all their likes and dislikes. His wife watched his madness grow, finally taking the children and running. He neither missed her nor his eldest son, but he was quite fond of his second child. A child who shared the same madness as his father.

The moment Helena and Balthazar announced their betrothal, the man knew his time for revenge finally arrived. At the feast he slipped a compulsion potion or two, well maybe three, to the young Helena. He started corrupting the girl’s mind. Because of his machinations Helena became paranoid, petty and jealous. He fed her lies that Balthazar did not really love her. That Rowena’s wisdom came from the diadem and that her mother would never allow Helena the use of the diadem. He made her take the diadem and run.

He hoped that the treachery of Helena would break the Ravenclaw and Slytherin families and would have settled for only the humiliation of the treachery and theft. What he did not anticipate, but it was not unwelcome, was that Balthazar would rush after his love, convinced that Helena was being cursed.

The man reached Balthazar first, placing him under the imperious curse and a variety of strong compulsion potions. He gave him the exact location of Helena Ravenclaw, impressing on him that he must murder Helena and afterwards commit suicide. He then obliviated the boy’s memories of him.

Then the man went to Helena, obliviating all memories of him. Planting new memories of her utter dislike and hatred of Balthazar Slytherin. Memories of supposed fights between herself and her mother and Rowena telling her only child that the success of her wisdom came from the diadem and that she would never share it with her daughter.

Balthazar found Helena and the confrontation took place as the history books said. The man hid the diadem beneath the roots of a young tree in that forest in Albania, were it still rests to this very day. The ghosts of the hapless lovers returned to Hogwarts, forever stuck with the false memories.

Albus Dumbledore was the only one who ever knew the truth. And why should he not? The scorned young man was his ancestor after all. His name was Albus Wulfric Dumbledore.

And just like his namesake, Albus Dumbledore was a very patient man. Unlike his father, he was not disgusted at his family’s sordid past. He, Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, was the one who imperiused the three muggleborn boys to torment and torture his sister. He knew his
father Percival loved Ariana the most of his three children and that he would avenge the torture.

He was the one who murdered Ariana in the fight between himself, Aberforth and Grindelwald. He was the one who wiped Aberforth’s memories of that day, making Aberforth believe it was his curse that killed Ariana, mentally damaging his brother, who now spent his days alone with his goats in a dingy little pub on the edges of Hogsmeade.

He was the one who made sure Fleamont and Euphemia Potter finally managed to produce an heir. Fleamont was a bit old and dry for his likes, but the coupling produced a strapping young baby boy. He wiped their memories, planting evidence of Euphemia’s pregnancy, as if a child would have managed to survive in her dusty old womb.

He was the one who slipped into the Evans household, keeping the family hostage, making damn sure Petunia would forever hate and fear magic. He was the one who raped Rose Evans in front of her husband and young daughter until he was sure Rose was pregnant with his child. They could be really happy he wiped their memories of that little encounter, only instilling the deep-seated fear and hatred of magic in Petunia. Nine months later a bouncing baby girl was born, with Rose calling her Lily. The damage Dumbledore caused made sure that Henry and Rose never had sex again and even if they managed to overcome their sudden revulsion of sex, Dumbledore made sure that Rose never could fall pregnant again.

He nearly managed to wipe out the Slytherin line from existence. Balthazar died by his own hand, childless. Galahad produced only one daughter, who married a wizard named Selwyn. They also only managed to produce only a daughter who married the first Marvolo Gaunt. The final Gaunt, quite accidently died at the hands of a boy called Kaiden Serpens Malfoy.

Isolde Slytherin married Ignotus Peverell. They had one daughter Iolanthe who married Hardwin Potter, a widower who already had a son from his first marriage. Harold Hardwin Potter was the ancestor of Fleamont Potter who gave Dumbledore his son, James.

Iolanthe and Hardwin produced one child, a daughter, Ianthe who married Lucian Malfoy, the ancestor of Kaiden Malfoy.

Soon his family’s sacred mission of ridding the world of all things Slytherin would be complete.
Severus sighed when the fifth year Slytherins and Gryffindors entered the classroom. Like every other bloody student, they were dressed in garish muggle Halloween costumes. The boys were stuck between three choices for costumes: a pirate, an American cowboy or the very garish Muggle version of the most famous vampire, Dracula. The girls choices were between Little Red Riding Hood (a muggle fairy tale), Alice (from Alice in Wonderland, yet another muggle story) and Dorothy (from The Wizard of Oz), completing the trifecta of safe somehow boring costume ideas for the children. Not that Severus had any inclination to be subjected to a horde of naughty nurses or naughty French maids prancing about Hogwarts, but he was certain there were a wide variety of muggle costumes available.

Of course Potter and his three sycophants wore different costumes. Potter strutted about the school dressed as King Arthur, complete with the sword of Gryffindor as Excalibur. Ms Weasley hung on his arm, dressed as an angel of all things. Everything about the costume was a blinding sparkling white, from the halo down to the delicate sandals on her feet. Severus heard quite a few rumours regarding Ms Weasley and even suffered the severe misfortune of catching her and some of her conquests in very compromising positions, making an absolute mockery and travesty of the virginal and angelic white costume. Weasley was dressed as Prince Charming, yet another travesty and Ms Granger chose an Amelia Earhart costume, not that most of the students even realized the not so subtle jab that Hermione Granger was supposedly a strong liberated feminist.

“I decided to assign lab partners. Stand at the back of the class room, as I assign partners you will fill the benches from the front. There will be no need to talk, complain or whine. I do not care if you believe yourself to be attached to the hip with your current partners.”

Curling his lip in disdain he called out the first two names, “Mr Thomas and Ms Brown. Well, what are you waiting for? A written invitation and a road map?”

Severus quickly went down the list, he wished he could split the unholy union of Potter, Granger and Weasley but knew Dumbledore would just interfere. So he placed the three at the longest bench, a bit separated from the other students. Draco was paired with Daphne Greengrass and at last came the real reason for his supposed random assignment, “And finally Mr Zabini and Mr Longbottom. Mr Zabini I do apologize for placing you in such a dangerous position, but I trust you will be able to curb the more destructive tendencies of your lab partner?”

Zabini damn near skipped to his desk, with an equally exuberant Longbottom close to his heels.

“Today we will be brewing the Invigoration Draught. As the name suggests and if you took the time to actually prepare for class, you would know that this potion is used to energize the drinker. As soon as you are done, with whatever may pass as a potion, pour a sample to be graded in a clearly marked vial and place it on my desk. May I also remind you that the house elves will not be cleaning after you, so unless you wish to fail this assignment, you will thoroughly clean your workstations and cauldrons.”

With that Severus left the dunderheads to their brewing. Every once in a while he patrolled the room, checking on their potions. It seemed that by splitting most of the groups, he managed to lessen the damage. By splitting the partnership of Finnegan and Thomas both boys managed to brew something which was not a tarlike substance. It may or may not be fit for consumption, but at least it was not sludge yet. By splitting up the ditzy duo of Ms Brown and Ms Patil, he did not have to worry about the two of them trying to compare their Divination homework underneath their tables, completely ignoring their potions. But he was most surprised by the new partnership of
Zabini and Longbottom. Mr Zabini managed to assist Mr Longbottom, without alerting the bloody Golden Trio of his actions, thereby preventing yet another cauldron exploding.

Severus passed the so-called golden trio’s workstation. Potter and Weasley were furiously stirring their potions, trying to salvage their obvious blunders, but only managing to ruin it all the faster. Ms Granger’s hissing whispers were giving him a headache. Sometimes he dreamed of hexing the girl’s mouth shut, leaving only enough space to fit a straw through. He was the only professor to think back fondly at the blessed silence in their second year when she had been petrified by the basilisk.

One after the other the students started bringing their offering to the table. Longbottom’s offering surprised Severus. It might not have been the slightly shimmering vibrant emerald green, but a softer mint green, but his contribution gave Severus hope. The boy will never be a potion master and he may not even be able to proceed with his N.E.W.T levels, but at least the boy were on the road to a passing grade.

As expected the potions from Potter and Weasley were complete failures. How those two boys managed to muck up the Invigoration Draught, Severus would never be able to understand. It was one of the potions that were really dummy proof, all you had to do was read the instructions and leave the bloody potion well enough alone. It practically brewed itself.

Since he had a free period right before lunch, he decided to grade their homework and be done with it. After lunch was the third year Slytherins and Gryffindors and they were starting on the Sleeping Draught, which will be brewed during their next practical class. Ending the day would be double period of his 7th year N.E.W.T. students.

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Severus was glad to be back in his rooms. The feast itself was, as usual high on sugar and low on nutrition. This Halloween Dumbledore insisted on serving only deserts. The tables groaned under the variety of pies, cakes, pastries, sweets, chocolates, candy and ice cream. The only item of some nutritional value had been the toffee apples. The mad old coot really went overboard with his all muggle Halloween, demeaning age old wizarding customs and rituals.

At least Severus had been forewarned about Dumbledore’s folly. Dobby was still working at Hogwarts, keeping a quiet, yet very enthusiastic eye on Kaiden. Dobby was also a well of information as to the various schemes Potter plotted. The young elf was not overly happy to pretend to be still enamoured with Harry Potter, but he and Lucius managed to bribe the odd little elf’s compliance with a variety of socks and hats.

Severus informed his snakes not to overindulge and promised them a meal fit for royalty in their common room. Not even the first years were overly impressed with the overabundance of sweets on display and the glaring lack of food on the tables. Like all children they enjoyed desert, but they wanted to be fed proper food first. The first and second years practically ran from the Great Hall, within an hour every last one of his snakes were back in their common room, enjoying a proper meal.

Severus discreetly warned Filius and Pomona about the lack of food during the feast and they too made the necessary arrangements to properly feed the children under their care.

Severus was waiting for Dobby and his report. He could not help think about the true and proper relationship between wizards and elves.

Unlike what Granger and like-minded people wanted to believe, wizards never enslaved house
elves. The majority of wizards knew the importance of house elves. House elves were to magic what plants were to oxygen. Without house elves magic would die and without magic house elves would die.

House elves, their poor grammar and enslavement started when the first muggleborns appeared. Back then slavery was standard, acceptable and proper in the muggle world. Slavery had never been practised in the wizarding world. Muggleborns refusing to let go of their more destructive habits and practises tried to enslave house elves, seeing them as inferior.

Those idiots never realized their dreams of enslavement of the elfin race, only because house elves, in a bid to ensure their freedom and survival, faked submission and hid behind the façade of horrible grammar.

It is not to say that all wizarding families treated their house elves with the reverence and respect they deserve, but they were still human and humans just loved and enjoyed the right to be arseholes and bigoted idiots with enthusiastic vigour.

Dobby popped into the room.

“Good evening Master Snape, I’ve come to give my nightly report.”

“Good evening Dobby. Please proceed.”

“As requested we made sure that the children were fed proper food in their common rooms. Only the Gryffindors and a handful of the Hufflepuffs and Ravenclaws remained in the Great Hall, enjoying the travesty of this year’s Samhain. I am glad a handful of the Gryffindors did slip out of the Great Hall. Mr Longbottom took them to the Room of Requirement to spend the evening in peace. As expected the children are all ill from the effects of the enforced menu. The younger children are already in the infirmary. Unfortunately not before quite a few of them vomited everywhere. To make matters worse Harry Potter smuggled Fire Whiskey into the hall and spiked the punch. Ron Weasley caused destruction and mayhem in the castle. He managed to destroy ten portraits before the pink toad stopped him.”

Severus smirked, not even the house elves liked Dolores Umbridge. These days they could not decide whom they detested more: Umbridge or Granger.

“The pink toad wanted to expel Weasley, but of course Dumbledore finally interfered. Our much esteemed Headmaster was shining in his absence. He raped our traditions, he fed the children only desert for dinner, he allowed Potter to spike the juice, but the moment that evil toad wanted to do something worthwhile, he steps up and stops her. Potter, the female Weasley and Granger were caught by Mr Filch in the trophy room in a very, well shall we say, cession. Mr Filch suffered a massive heart attack, not only by the state of the trophy room, but dare I say at the mere sight of three very naked students engaging in debasing acts of a sexual nature. I took Mr Filch to Madame Pomfrey and she was able to save his life, stabilize him and summon healers from St Mungo’s. We suspect that Mr Filch will make a full recovery in time. We have taken the liberty of taking Mrs Norris under our care. The house elves will care for Mrs Norris until Mr Filch returns. I’ve left word with the elves at St Mungo’s to ensure Mr Filch that his cat will be well cared for. We already cleaned the trophy room, since Dumbledore refused to punish Potter and his lovers.”

Severus gave the little house elf an encouraging and thankful smile.
“Thank you Dobby and please convey me utmost gratitude to the other elves as well. Mr Filch performs a thankless job. You saved his life and by cleaning the mess left by Potter and those two girls in the trophy room, you spared Mr Filch the embarrassment and humiliation of cleaning the place. Go to bed Dobby and sleep well.”

With a beaming smile Dobby left. Severus wondered the students realized how hard the elves and Argus worked to keep the castle running. He retired for the night, not even contemplating patrolling the halls. Let Dumbledore deal with his own mess for once.

The very next morning the first of Umbridge’s Educational Decrees appeared, placing a blanket ban on muggle parties. The second decree appeared a minute later enforcing healthy wholesome meals and banning desserts, foods and drinks containing a high sugar content. Snape may have disliked the pink toad, but he could not help to agree with her second decree.
Kaiden stared in horror at the head table. He leaned over to his brother, whispering, “Hey Draco, will we be able to owl order holy water from a muggle catholic church?”

“What?”

Draco and Fred, who said across from Kaiden and George noticed their faces. Both boys’ looked nauseous. The rest of the table realized something was amiss as one half of the table sat there, not even pretending to eat their breakfast, looks of pure horror and utter revulsion playing across their faces.

The silence in the Great Hall was deafening, all the students staring at the Head Table. All but one of the professors were dressed in Halloween costumes. Professor Sprout was dressed as a muggle farmer, Professor Flitwick chose a muggle garden gnome costume, Professor McGonagall, ever true to her Scottish heritage, chose a Mary, Queen of Scots costume. Hagrid came dressed as the Jolly Green Giant. Every professor, but Severus Snape was given a choice of costume to celebrate their subject, culture or nature. But the selection of costumes Dumbledore presented Snape was downright nasty and demeaning.

He gave Severus the choice between the Cowardly Lion (from the Wizard of Oz) or a muggle stripper. Severus stared in absolute horror at the tiny fire engine red g-string and bowtie. He understood that Dumbledore wished to demean and humiliate him, thus Severus Snape absolutely refused and wore his normal teaching robes.

All the Slytherin boys chose the Dracula costume and the girls the Little Red Riding Hood costume, applying their make up in such a manner to imply they were vampires as well. Severus knew they chose the costume in his honour, since a few of the students were currently rehashing the rumour that Severus Snape was indeed a vampire.

Severus would not have minded to dress as Dracula himself, to show solidarity with his house, but he would never give Dumbledore the satisfaction to dress himself as a lion and a cowardly one at that.

But the costume which caused the Slytherins vomit a bit in their own mouths, made quite a few Hufflepuffs to start crying, sent a number of Ravenclaws into hysterical giggles and caused the Gryffindor table to burst out in a loud cheer, was Dumbledore’s choice. The headmaster read a few of Harry’s muggle comic books and he fell in love with ‘Superman’. The fact that the man wore basically Gryffindor colours only sweetened the deal. And there he stood, stuffed into a Superman costume, he changed the yellow to a bright gold, beaming proudly down at the students.

Kaiden thought it was one of the most horrible things he ever saw in his life, and he was forced to clean the Dursley bathroom in the aftermath of a nasty stomach bug, contracted from ill prepared seafood.
At last the day was over and time for dinner. Every student drooled at the prospect of the yearly Halloween feast. Severus called a house meeting warning his snakes not to overindulge at the feast and when they returned to the Common Room a surprise would be waiting for them.

The whole of Slytherin stared in shock at the Great Hall. Gone was the giant pumpkins in their place each table contained three normal pumpkins cut into Jack O Lanterns. The faces on the pumpkins weren’t even scary or realistic. Three triangles for the eyes and nose and a half-moon to complete a smiling pumpkin. Gone was the realistic spider webs and live bats. In its place fake spider webs and fake rubber bats were plastered across the room. It seemed as if the ghosts were banned from the feast and in their place cardboard cut-outs of the muggle version of ghosts were stuck to the walls.

Dumbledore, still bouncing around as the oldest, fattest and ugliest version of Superman stood up, raised his arms and silenced the students.

“Welcome to the Halloween feast! Now as you may have noticed, I decided to change our yearly feast. It has been a long time coming and at last, I’m glad to say, Hogwarts have escaped the dark ages and finally welcomed the 20th century. Before we begin the wonderful feast, just a few announcements. First through third years are welcome to stay at the party until nine thirty. At that time they should return to their common rooms. The rest of the students are welcome to enjoy the party until one o clock, with that I have only one more word to say: Enjoy!”

With that the tables were groaning under the load they were supposed to carry. The selection certainly was magnificent. Toffee apples, candied apples, bowls and bowls filled with muggle candy and chocolates, blocks of ice cream in normal muggle flavours, cupcakes, every flavour of muggle crisps and a variety of tarts. Bowls of pumpkin punch were scattered on the tables.

Kaiden frowned, he loved deserts and sweets as much as the next kid, but he wanted real food. He would even settle for a simple tomato sandwich. He did not want the pumpkin juice, or punch in this case. He wanted a glass of orange juice, or just about any kind of juice which was not pumpkin. Glancing around he saw that none of the Slytherins were overly impressed with dinner. At Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw the children took a few of the treats available, but it was clear even they were looking for normal food. It seemed that only the muggleborns and Gryffindors enjoyed the offering which was passed as dinner.

Swinging his leg over the bench, Kaiden announced. “Well that’s it for me. I’m off to the Common Room. It may be why Professor Snape told us not to over indulge, I think he arranged a meal for us.”

One after the other, the Slytherins left the Great Hall, hoping that Kaiden Malfoy was correct and that Professor Snape did indeed arrange dinner for them in their Common Room.

Kaiden poured himself another glass of freshly squeezed orange juice. Those first four years, when he still believed he was Harry Potter, he only pretended to enjoy pumpkin juice. He must admit a glass here and there was strangely enjoyable, but it most certainly was not a flavour he favoured. He was surprised when he was reunited with his family that they did not serve pumpkin juice.
Most pureblood families only served pumpkin juice on very special occasions and then in very small amounts. Kaiden was shocked to learn that pumpkin juice was not very healthy and was quite fattening. Severus arranged with the house elves to serve Slytherin only fresh orange juice, grape juice or apple juice. The other houses never even realized, sometimes it pays to be the pariah in school.

Back in the Great Hall, the party was in full swing. Harry managed to spike every last bowl of punch with copious amounts of fire whiskey. Lavender Brown and Romilda Vane stood on the Gryffindor table, dancing to the beat of muggle music, and when Cormac McLaggen drunkenly suggested that they should take it off, the two drunk girls started a slow strip tease.

Colin Creevy dragged his brother Dennis from the Great Hall, wondering if he would be able to find the kitchen and beg the elves for a sandwich. Luckily for them, Neville found them and escorted them to the kitchen, were the house elves produced a tad more than just a mere sandwich. An hour later all the smart kids dragged themselves off to their beds, stomachs filled with more than just sweets.

By ten o’clock the Great Hall seemed like the aftermath of a war zone. Broken glasses and plates were everywhere, the plastic Halloween decorations ripped from the wall and destroyed. Lavender Brown and Romilda Vane were dancing with each other, dressed only in their underwear. Lavender sported a rather large love bite on her throat courtesy of Romilda. A few drunken students groping and kissing each other. Quite a few children, running high on a sugar rush, crashed spectacularly and passed out, a large number of them passed out in their own pools of vomit.

Harry was feeling a bit frisky and decided to take Hermione and Ginny to the trophy room. Not feeling the need for Ron’s company this evening, the idiot was quite drunk and Harry did not want to be covered in the oaf’s vomit. Tapping his rather stupid friend on the shoulder he suggested, “Hey Ron, why don’t you destroy Snape’s classroom?”

Ron Weasley grinned, bits of chocolate still clinging to his teeth. “Wha’ll give me?”

Not that he really wanted something, he would do anything to make Snape and the Slytherin’s lives miserable and besides the greasy git will not even know it was him.

Harry gave Ron a smile, which he believed was seductively, but was in reality just downright creepy, he leaned forward and licked Ron’s left ear, whispering, “I’ll let you top.”

Ron grinned like Christmas came early, rushing from the Great Hall, hell bent on destroying Snape’s classroom. Harry grabbed Hermione and Ginny and left the Great Hall.

Ron staggered down to where he believed Snape’s classroom to be, but only managed to get hopelessly lost. The longer he stumbled around the school, the more frustrated he became, before finally snapping. He tried to turn around and fell into one of the medieval armour suits. Through a drunken haze he noticed the sword, ripping it from the suit, Ron went on a rampage. Not even Molly Weasley would have been able to understand his drunken rage. The halls reverberated with his loud screams, snippets of words “Fucking greasy git”, “slimy Slytherins” and “motherfucking Malfoys” were heard between his screams. Ron went from one portrait to the other, slashing, stabbing and ripping. The occupants fleeing their frames with screams of pure horror, one painting destroyed beyond repair, Ron even managed to cut the ancient witch in two. In life she was a deaf witch, who overcame her handicap and managed not only to attend Hogwarts, but graduate with honours. Her portrait never realized the danger, not until the blade cut into her body, slicing her in two.
Dolores Umbridge hear the ruckus, taking the time to get dressed in her bright pink robes before grabbing her wand and storming from her room. What she saw gave her nightmares for months, a demented red headed boy swinging a sword with great abandon, spit flying as he screamed and cursed. Portraits fleeing the oncoming carnage, destruction in the boy’s wake.

Umbridge raised her wand and snarled “Stupefy” and then “Incarcerous”. First knocking the crazy boy out and then tying him up. She then conjured her patronus and with a hissing voice summoned Dumbledore and Minerva to her location. Ten minutes later a haggard looking Minerva McGonagall showed up and close behind a bouncing Dumbledore.

“What seems to be the problem Dolores?”

The squat toadlike woman started huffing.

“Headmaster Dumbledore, are you going blind as well as senile? It is clear what the problem is. Mr Weasley has gone crazy, destroying valuable portraits in his wake. Minerva I suggest you summon a house elf to pack his belongings. This boy will no longer attend Hogwarts as I personally will be snapping his wand and expelling him.”

“Now now Dolores. Let’s not be hasty here. It is clear that this is nothing more than harmless schoolboy fun.”

“Dumbledore! This is not harmless fun. These were acts of pure violence and vandalism. I demand that Ronald Weasley be expelled!”

“I’m afraid that won’t be happening Dolores. Only the headmaster of Hogwarts is allowed to expel a student and only after carefully reviewing the case and being found guilty after a fair and unbiased disciplinary hearing. Minerva, if you could be a dear and escort Mr Weasley back to his common room. I’m afraid the poor boy may have overindulged a bit.”

“Certainly Albus,” Minerva gave Dumbledore a smile, before cancelling the binding spell on Weasley and levitated him. It would be easier to take him back to Gryffindor unconscious, she will rouse him once he is back in his bed.

Minerva gave Dumbledore a warm smile as she walked past him, “Good evening Albus,” Her lips thinned to a mere slash as she looked at Umbridge, “Dolores. I trust that I will be allowed to retire for the evening.”

Umbridge stormed towards her rooms. If she told Cornelius once, she told him a thousand times. Dumbledore and the Potters were up to something. It became painfully clear to her these past few weeks that Harry Potter and his three friends were running rampant through the school, with absolutely zero accountability for their actions.

Cornelius Fudge was somewhat of a bumbling fool, but he was her bumbling fool. He listened when she spoke. She was the one who managed to secure his succession to the Minister’s office, she was the one who guided him through all the years. And she was the one who kept warning him day and day out of the danger posed by Dumbledore. It was clear as the huge nose on Severus Snape’s face that Dumbledore and the Potters were plotting to overthrow the Ministry and replace Cornelius with Dumbledore as the new Minister. With Dumbledore as minister, Chief Warlock of the Wizenmagot and Supreme Mugwump there would be no stopping him.

Flinging floo powder into her fireplace she called loudly to Cornelius. It was time to start changing things at Hogwarts. They could no longer afford to have Dumbledore in his position of absolute power. Unfortunately the Board of Governors would never consent sacking the old fool without
absolute proof of misconduct, but she could start by getting herself appointed as High Inquisitor at Hogwarts, under this guise she could investigate all wrong doing at the school, gathering proof of Dumbledore’s treasonous activities and oust him from school.

Umbridge dreamed of becoming Headmistress of Hogwarts. She would make them all suffer, not one of these incompetent fools at Hogwarts will ever forget her. The way they always overlooked her at school. The way they denied her becoming a prefect or head girl. They will all rue the day they dared to cross Dolores Umbridge and soon enough everybody will forget that she is not the pure blood she claims to be, but a half-blood. She loved her father Oxford dearly, but she would never forgive him for marrying a muggle and that her bitch of a mother produced a squib. At least the old man disowned his muggle wife and squib son, banishing them from their home. Ever since her fifteen birthday it’s been only her and her dad.

She fumed thinking about all her struggles in life. A pureblood father, without an ounce of ambition, content to mop the floors in the ministry. A muggle mother, who failed her marital duties and produced a squib for a son, that bitch nearly destroyed the Umbridge name for all eternity. The same bitch who cursed her daughter with a short squat frame, a rather flat face and a huge mouth, giving her the appearance of a toad. And don’t you think for one moment Dolores Umbridge was not aware of that fact or that people called her a toad behind her back. How she hated her brother, the useless squib, and wouldn’t you just know it, that thing was handsome, its face looked like an angel.

Umbridge hated her brother more for the fact that he was everything she was not, handsome, tall, smart and popular, without buying his popularity, than him being a squib.

As soon as it was possible, she convinced her father to retire, promising to take care of him and allowing a monthly stipend to survive. Then she started changing her past. Now she told everybody her father used to be a member of the Wizenmagot and now spent his days travelling the world, enjoying a well-deserved early retirement as a reward for all his years of selfless sacrifice. Anybody who dared to question her version of the truth or made mention of the “Umbridge who used to mop the floors” suffered unfortunate accidents.

She was feared by the low level employees at the ministry, admired by her peers and respected by her superiors. Her dream was to become Headmistress of Hogwarts, fire all the fools currently teaching here, replacing them with like-minded individuals, before becoming the Minister of Magic. She, Dolores Jane Umbridge, once an unliked ugly little half-blood will become the most powerful witch in all of magical Britain.

Umbridge spent more than an hour on her knees in front of the fireplace, informing Fudge of everything she has observed so far.

“Did I not tell you Cornelius? Dumbledore and the Potters are planning a coup. I will not be surprised if Dumbledore is busy brainwashing the students, training them to be his perfect little soldiers. He wants to become Minister and kick you to the curb. And let me tell you another thing, don’t think for one moment I believe that poppycock that young Potter face He Who Must Not Be Named in that graveyard, once again defeating him. You are a smart man Cornelius and I’m sure you are having the same doubts. This is all part of the plot to remove you from power and instil Dumbledore as the new Minister of Magic.”

Cornelius Fudge nodded his head and agreed with everything Umbridge told him. She’s never steered him wrong in all his years. Fudge was not the smartest man alive, but he liked being Minister of Magic. He loved the power and respect his position gave him. He adored the obscene
salary he earned at the end of each month. Becoming Minister of Magic fell into his lap. He knew Barty Crouch was the clear favourite to become the new Minister and if it had not been for the fact that his only child and heir was discovered to be a Death Eater, suddenly souring the favour he enjoyed, Fudge would never have become Minister.

Over the years Dolores Umbridge was his right hand, left hand and sometimes even his conscience as well. She made sure that he was never bothered with trivial and mundane little problems, leaving him to pursue his own interests. She was always there with sound advice in difficult times. Oh, he knew of her little fibs regarding her family, but what was wrong about bettering her standing in life? Besides she protected him and thus he would protect her. He sometimes wished he was not already married, she really would make an excellent wife, maybe his wife could suffer a little accident, clearing the way for their marriage.

“My dearest Dolores, I will personally make the announcement in the morning, ready for the early edition of the Daily Prophet. Alongside with your current duties as Defence Against the Dark Arts, I will appoint you as High Inquisitor. You are correct, it is time we weed out the wrong sort of practices at Hogwarts.”

Umbridge was humming to herself after she disconnected the floo. Her first act as High Inquisitor was to ban all muggle parties at Hogwarts. This was a magical school, not a muggle school for social delinquents. The children were here to learn about magic and how to become productive members of society. Secondly meals served from now on would be wholesome and healthy, there would no longer be the opportunity to pig out on candies and other deserts and snacks. She would carefully draft a dietary plan and all students will abide by their new meals. If their parents were too lazy and too stupid to enforce a healthy diet, then she would just have to. She already planned her third decree, forcing all students one hour of exercise each day. None of the children graduating Hogwarts would be fat and lazy little pigs.

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In Dumbledore’s mind the first muggle Halloween at Hogwarts was a resounding success. So what if Ron Weasley damaged a few portraits. It was not as if there was any malicious intent on his part. He was just enjoying himself. Umbridge was reaching above herself, trying to expel a child doing what all children should be doing and that is having fun. And the fact that the Great Hall was left in a mess, that is why Hogwarts employs the largest number of house elves, it is their job to clean. Besides, it would give them something to do for a change, they’ve been spoiled the past few years. It was not as if Hogwarts was that large or difficult to clean. He was a bit surprised at Filch suffering a heart attack, not that he would have been missed at school. Just because the dirty old man was a direct descendant of Helga Hufflepuff and just because there was an age old clause in the school charter that all the descendants of the four founders were allowed a safe haven, should they ever request or require it, he was stuck with the squib.

Dumbledore twirled a final time in front of the mirror, admiring himself in his Superman costume. The demented old man bounced towards his desk, popped a lemon drop in his mouth, before retiring to his private rooms.

Dumbledore was not in the mood to try and break Hedwig. He wanted fun and his fun was currently tied up in his room. Passing the small cage Hedwig was stuffed into he growled in her direction. That bloody owl still will not accept Harry as her rightful master. He caught the bird again this morning trying to escape. At the moment she was tied up, bloody and sporting a broken wing. He will break the bird, she will bind with Harry and if not, he’ll just destroy her, buy a new snowy owl for his grandson and age the thing until she is the correct age and Harry would once again be seen with his majestic snowy owl. If it was not for the fact that snowy owls were not
native to Britain and he had to carefully import one, he would have done it the moment the owl rejected Harry.

Why Hagrid ever bought a bloody snowy owl for the boy in the first place instead of a normal owl, he would never know. It would have been so much easier to replace the bird then.

Hedwig kept a wary eye on the Headmaster. She’s always been frightened of the old man. He smelled wrong, evil, dangerous and deadly. The smell rolling of the old man reminded Hedwig of rats poisoned by people and the way some animals smelled when they were infected with rabies. She wanted her human, not the one who carried his face, but not his smell and magical signature. The new boy who looked like her boy, smelled the same way as the old man, just not as pungent yet. Her boy smelled of fresh snow, the ice in the arctic, crisp ozone after a rainstorm and fresh green apples. Her boy was strong, healthy and good. He reminded her of home, protection and love.

Sometimes she wondered why the blonde boy in the house of serpents smelled like family. His smell reminded Hedwig of her boy. Maybe the magic of Samhain will assist her tonight in escaping. She could hide in the forest until the blonde snake’s owl delivered his mail and could then follow him to his nest. Hopefully she will find answers in the blonde boy’s nest and find her boy.
Dobby smiled, he’s been waiting for this opportunity ever since Kaiden was returned to the Malfoy family. The elves were allowed to clean Dumbledore’s office, but the door to his private rooms were locked and warded, even against elves. Dobby was sure the old man was hiding his Master Kaiden’s owl in his private rooms. He searched every inch of Hogwarts, tried every combination for the Room of Requirement but never found a sign of Master Kaiden’s owl. The only rooms he was unable to search was the Headmaster’s private rooms. No elf was allowed to proceed into his rooms and that made Dobby wonder what the old man was hiding.

A narrow staircase behind the door led to a mezzanine level. The other door on his level was locked and Dobby could feel the wards emanating from the entrance, he would not be able to proceed to the top level. Not that it mattered. He found his Master Kaiden’s Hedwig. She looked horrible, stuffed into a small cage, bloody and very frightened.

“Ssh Hedwig. Don’t be making noise now. I’m taking you to Professor Snape, he will make sure you will be healed and soon you will be seeing your little boy. I know you are a very smart owl, so don’t you be frightened when you see our young master. He looks different, but he still smells and feels like always.”

Hedwig gave a sad and pained hoot. She knew about her little boy and how he looks the same but does not feel the same. She does not care what he looks like as long as he feels like he was supposed to.

Dobby gently freed Hedwig from the cage, before snapping his fingers conjuring a fake owl in Hedwig’s place. Tomorrow morning the old man will find the cage and it will seem as if Hedwig died in the night, but Dobby knew he would not dare and say anything. He was not stupid, the old man would want the Potter boy to show off his snowy owl and Dobby only hoped he would be unable to find even so much as a cockroach for the boy.

Dobby decided to take Hedwig to Master Kaiden, just to reassure his young Master that his owl was found and would be going home to heal. He will see her again during the Christmas break, since it would be too dangerous for Master Kaiden and Hedwig if she returns to the school.

Dobby gently shook his young Master’s shoulder, just as Hedwig started hooting loudly.

“Master Kaiden, look what I found.”

Kaiden was still rubbing the sleep from his eyes when he saw his beloved Hedwig. A very happy squeal and the hooting of an owl woke Draco and the twins. All four boys and one happy house elf were cooing over the injured Hedwig, promising her that she would be healed in no time and safe
from Dumbledore and the Potters.

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Hedwig woke up from her uneasy slumber when the house elf entered the room. She knew who this was. It was the exuberant elf that nearly killed her boy, trying to protect him. Not that she could fault the elf, he only wanted to keep her boy safe. She herself would go to any lengths to protect her boy.

Hedwig hooted softly when the young elf removed her from the cage, and when she looked back there was another owl in there. One that looked exactly like her, but was not like her. Unlike her, that owl seemed hollow. It was as if the owl in the cage only pretended to be a real owl and it smelled funny. It smelled a bit like her but mostly like mud. Not that Hedwig cared, she was free and she knew the young elf loved her boy. He would take her to her boy.

With a soft popping sound, Dobby left the Headmaster’s suite and appeared into a room with four sleeping boys. It was not the same place her boy slept in previously. The nervous boy (Neville) who smelled like plants weren’t there. The two strange boys (Dean and Seamus) who smelled like fire and ashes weren’t there, but most of all the red boy (Ron) who pretended to like her boy was not there.

There were to red headed boys and two blonde boys in the room. One boy smelled like the snake boy and the other…the other… Hedwig started hooting loudly, she found her boy!

The two red heads (Fred and George), the blonde with the snow white hair (Draco) and her boy (Harry… Not Harry … Real Harry… oh, Kaiden) and the house elf (Dobby) was sitting around her, gently stroking her, promising that she was going home with Dobby to Malfoy Manor. That she would be healed. That she would be safe.

Dumbledore would no longer be able to hurt her and try to love the wrong boy. She knew she would not be allowed to come back to Hogwarts and be with her boy, but she will see him in December and during the summer. She understood her boy only wanted to protect her, but she also knew her Kaiden would be safe as long as Dumbledore did not realize she was free and that she was back with her Kaiden.

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Dumbledore left his private chambers, whistling a silly tune. After the excitement of Halloween and Umbridge’s unwarranted bullying of one of his precious Gryffindors he spent a magical three hours with his latest toy. Soon the toy would be broken beyond repair and he would need to find another, but maybe he would be able to keep his toy until he found another.

Dumbledore’s “toy” watched the demented old man leave the room. He’s been here a week already. Every day the old man would hurt him in the most unmentionable ways. If he was still able to cry, he would, but Dumbledore already broke the boy mentally. What was left was a bitter old man, trapped in the body of a fourteen year old boy. Somebody who was close to be tortured to madness. Somebody’s whose innocence and trust had been ripped from his body one thrust at a time. He no longer prayed for somebody to find him and rescue him, now he prayed for death.

He was no longer a fourteen year old school boy who loved playing football with his friends. He was no longer the little boy who dreamed of becoming the next David Beckham. He no longer dreamed about kissing a girl. He was no longer the boy everybody called a little heartbreaker and angelic looking. What was left was a bitter old man, trapped in the body of a fourteen year old boy. Somebody who was close to be tortured to madness. Somebody’s whose innocence and trust had been ripped from his body one thrust at a time. He no longer prayed for somebody to find him and rescue him, now he prayed for death.
If Dumbledore was aware of the young boy’s thoughts, he did not show it. Not that the old man would have cared. Soon he would be answering his prayers in any case, although it would not be the fast painless death the boy was praying for. Dumbledore was at peace at the moment.

That peace was shattered when he reached the room Hedwig was being held captive in. Dumbledore may not be the most powerful wizard in history, although he certainly claimed the title, but he was still powerful. Seeing the dead owl in the cage, enraged the crazy old man. Little bursts of magic danced across his skin.

“Fucking useless weak owl. Just as weak as the piece of shit you bound yourself too. How dare to drop dead on me?”

In a fit of rage, Dumbledore removed, what he believed to be the carcass of the owl, and started kicking the golem across the floor. Kicking and snarling. Snarling and kicking. Fifteen minutes later the room was covered in feathers and the body of what he believed to be Hedwig lay in a corner. Calm and collected once more, Dumbledore incinerated the body and the feathers. He quickly summoned his children to meet him in his office. With the useless owl now dead alternative plans needed to be made.

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Breakfast was in full swing. Dolores Umbridge sat there with a scowl on her face. Angry at her failure to get rid of at least one of the traitors to the Ministry at Hogwarts. Kaiden, Draco and the twins happy that Hedwig was once again safe and sound. The Gryffindors all sported massive headaches, which could have been cured by hangover potions, but Severus claimed not to have any in stock and since this was a school, and since alcohol was forbidden, the infirmary did not stock hangover potions.

Harry was waiting for the mail. Everybody had been asking after Hedwig and since the start of school he claimed that Hedwig has fallen ill, but that a full recovery was expected. But since the stupid owl decided to up and die last night, they had to make another plan. Besides he did not want the owl in the first place. Owls were so common, every other witch and wizard were able to purchase an owl. He wanted something unique, such as a phoenix. His grandfather promised that he would find him a phoenix and bind him to the phoenix the same way he’s been bound to Fawkes.

At last the owls appeared, carrying mail, packages and the morning newspaper. Three owls landed in front of him. One carrying the Daily Prophet, there was bound to be quite a few articles about him in the Prophet and he kept each and every clipping, however mundane it may be. One carried his weekly care package from home, filled with a large variety of snacks and treats. The third he knew was the letter from his parents, sadly informing him about the death of his beloved Hedwig.

Harry first opened the newspaper. It always brightened his day whenever he read an article about himself or saw one of his pictures. Next came the care package and even though he just ate a large breakfast, these days his appetite and table manners made Ron seem like the winner of a Miss Manners contest, he ripped into the package and started munching on a few of the biscuits his mum sent him. Lastly he opened the letter, reading it before he started sobbing loudly.

Harry Potter may not have been the true Saviour of the Wizarding World, he may not have been one of the most powerful wizards in history, he truly was mediocre at best, but he was one damn fine actor. If he had been a muggle, he would win every acting award available. Harry Potter, just like his parents and grandfather, were excellent actors. They have been successfully mimicking human emotions for a number of years after all, with none of the sheep the wiser.
As expected his three devout servants fawned over him.

“Harry, what’s wrong mate?”

Ron tapped him in a very manly manner on the shoulder, trying to pretend he was anything but Harry Potter’s bitch.

Hermione rubbed soothing circles on his back.

Ginny nearly squashed his face into her breasts as she was hugging him.

Giving a loud, snotty sob, Harry gave a watery stutter, “H..Hed…Hedwig…”

“What about Hedwig love?”

Ginny was now stroking his hair, the left side of his face resting softly on her bosom, Hermione still rubbing circles on his back and Ron still pretending to be a real man.

On cue Harry started crying, snot and tears flowing in copious amounts.

“She died last night…”
Chapter 24

Chapter Notes

Thank you for all the kudo's & comments :)

Dolores Umbridge heard the knock on her office door. She’s been busy writing a detailed report to Cornelius Fudge regarding Hogwarts, the students, Albus Dumbledore, the hostility from the other professors and the actions of certain students during Halloween.

“Enter!”

Who could be bothering her right now? Can’t they understand that she is a very busy woman and have no time to entertain either guests or snot nosed children? She nearly snapped her quill in half when James and Lily Potter entered her office.

“Professor Umbridge, may we bother you for a moment?”

Umbridge waved the couple inside, curious as to the reason for the visit. Why would the very powerful Potter couple visit her? She made sure nobody knew of her real reason for joining the staff at Hogwarts.

“I’m sure you are wondering why we are visiting you. I’m not going to beat around the bush here. You are a very intelligent woman and lying would only harm the relationship we would like to have with you. We know you are very ambitious and would love to be the next Minister of Magic. We can make that happen for you. Cornelius Fudge is only holding you back. He will never promote you, he will never endorse you to become the Minister of Magic. We have it on good authority that he plans to endorse Rufus Scrimgeour to take over as Minister once he retires.”

Dolores started fuming. She knew it, after everything she did for that spineless coward he was going to shove her to the side and allow yet another Auror to become Minister of Magic.

Lily smiled. She realized they touched a raw nerve. Dolores Umbridge was in fact a very ambitious and ruthless witch. Unlike Fudge, they were openly stating that they would endorse her, practically handing her the position as Minister of Magic on a plate.

“We know you think Albus Dumbledore wishes to usurp Fudge and become minister himself. Nothing could be further from the truth. James enjoys his work as head Auror and his only ambition is to become the Supreme Mugwump for the Wizenmagot when Albus retires. Albus’ only desire is to be Headmaster of Hogwarts, a position he enjoys immensely. He loves children and it had always been his greatest regret of never meeting somebody, falling in love and having his very own children.”

James continued, strike while the iron was hot, as the muggle saying goes.

“We promise to publically endorse you the moment you decide to run for Minister of Magic. I do have it on good authority that the public will demand an election before the end of the year. Lily, myself and Albus agree that you will be an excellent Minister of Magic, leading our world to new and better heights.”
By the end of their impromptu meeting, Dolores Umbridge was firmly in the pockets of the Potters. She believed the title of Minister of Magic was now firmly in her reach, but until the right moment, she will bide her time, pretending to be loyal to that spineless worm Cornelius Fudge.

She even now believed that young Weasley were somehow drugged by the Slytherins, trying to portray the young boy in a bad light. She believed that the Malfoy brothers and the disgraced twins were behind the prank, as the twins had been very vocal in their distaste of the Potters and their birth parents.

Dolores Umbridge was not ignorant, but she was stupid. Her burning ambition to forget all about her muggle mother and squib brother and better her station in life, blinded her to the truth. She knew that she would get her revenge on all of those who ignored her, the moment she became Minister of Magic.

The Potters certainly opened her eyes. It had not been Albus Dumbledore holding her back, but Slughorn. Dumbledore wanted her to be a prefect and Head Girl, but Slughorn kept dismissing her. She knew she was brilliant in potions, but Slughorn kept failing her, jealous of her brilliance. Slughorn was also a fan of Severus Snape and the Malfoy family. And because Snape and Malfoy disliked her, she suffered.

She was going to make them pay. They would all learn to fear the name Dolores Umbridge. A sly grin spread across her toad-like face. She was going to have so much fun. Stringing Fudge along, gathering intelligence on the man, each of his bumbling moves and idiotic statements, proof of every last bit of wrong doing on his part, information to be released the moment the public demanded elections, making sure that Fudge not only lost his position in the Ministry, but in the social circles of wizarding society as well. Maybe if she is really lucky he will enjoy the hospitality of Azkaban for a few years.

But first, she had to change her decrees, she’s had been hasty in her initial decrees. She decided to revoke her first two decrees, the time has come to punish those evil little bastards hidden away in Slytherin.

Within the hour Umbridge’s first two decrees were revoked and replaced with:

ALL TEAMS, CLUBS AND GROUP ACTIVITIES, WHICH INCLUDES BUT IS NOT RESTRICTED TO QUIDDITCH, GOBSTONES, STUDY GROUPS AND THE DUELLING CLUB ARE HEREBY DISBANDED. PERMISSION TO FORM ANY TEAM, GROUP OR CLUB MUST BE OBTAINED FROM THE HIGH INQUISITOR OF HOGWARTS, PROFESSOR DOLORES UMBRIDGE.

The students were quite rightly rattled with the harsh decree, but one after the other Umbridge gave permission for the various clubs and teams to reform. All except two. Severus Snape’s duelling club, open only to Slytherins and the Slytherin Quidditch team.

Severus had to approach Lucius and the Board of Governors to force Umbridge to grant the necessary permission. The very next morning a new Educational Decree had been issued.

ALL PROFESSORS WILL BE SUBJECT TO A PERFORMANCE REVIEW BY THE HIGH INQUISITOR. ANY PROFESSOR WHO FAILED THEIR REVIEW WILL BE SUMARILLY DISMISSED.

In the Gryffindor Common Room a party was held in honour of Dolores Umbridge. Severus Snape, greasy vampire bat from the dungeons, was as good as gone. His days of roaming around the castle, befouling the air with his ugly mug, would soon be at an end and without Snape, it
would be open season on the rest of the Slytherins. Soon they would have a school without those slimy evil snakes.

Harry Potter celebrated the news, not only did Grandfather Albus promise him that he would make sure to procure a phoenix as his new pet, but soon they would be rid of Severus Snape and every last Slytherin. Before the end of the year, Fudge would be found dead in his office, Umbridge would be arrested for his death, Snape would be fired, which would swiftly follow with accusations of him cheating and faking his Potions Mastery, ending by a tearful admission of his actions and a suicide. His mother would win the elections in a landslide victory, becoming the youngest Minister and the first muggleborn witch to ever hold the position. Within a month, she would disband the current Board of Governors, reforming the Board with proper witches and wizards.

They would finally be able to rid the world of everything Slytherin. They planned on removing Slytherin from Hogwarts, all the slimy little snakes expelled and their wands broken. Soon the Slytherin trials would begin, every adult Slytherin will be sent to Azkaban never to leave.

At the age of five every magical child, pure blood, half blood or muggleborn would be tested. If the Sorting Hat deemed them to be destined for Slytherin, they would be removed from their parents and sold into servitude, they would become the new house elves and the moment they reached the age of seventeen, they will be sent to Azkaban. They will breed evil out of the wizarding community.

Next they would hunt down and eradicate all vampires, werewolves and every last creature deemed dark. Goblins and their choke hold on the wizarding community will be removed. Every last giant will be destroyed, except for Hagrid, since the half-giant was loyal to them. He will be sterilized though, just to make sure he does not breed.

Another brilliant plan his mother devised was to pass a law in an effort to eradicate purebloods. Couples may only marry after obtaining a licence and permission from the Ministry. Even the honour of having a child will be heavily regulated by law. Any child born without the necessary licence, will immediately be removed and destroyed. No pureblood will ever be born again. Only halfbloods and muggleborn will receive permission to marry and the right to bear children.

With a satisfied grin he watched as Ginny and Hermione were pleasuring each other, feeling rather generous, he briefly stroked Ron’s hair as the red headed boy was giving him a blow job. Life was good.
Chapter 25

Severus was busy marking homework handed in by the Fifth Years. Currently he was slugging through the novel Granger handed in. No matter how many times he stressed he wanted an essay of exactly two feet, she would hand in ten feet. When he heard Lucius’ voice calling from his fireplace, he was happy for the distraction.

“Severus? May I bother you for a moment?”

Severus rose and invited Lucius to floo over. Worry lined the face of his friend.

“What happened? Is Narcissa…”

“They found another boy. The same as all the others. Blonde hair, blue eyes, slender. The muggle newspapers are having a field day, with the newest discovery and the fact that yet another boy, fitting the same general description disappeared the same night they discovered the body. Somehow the Daily Prophet got wind of the murders and the fact that the killer is a wizard. The article will be in tomorrow’s edition. They wanted it to appear in today’s newspaper, but Amelia was able to convince the Alcott to postpone the article for one day.”

“She told them about Kaiden?”

“No, but Alcott realized the victims all resemble Kaiden. How could he not? He saw the pictures of each of the victims, they will be placed in the article. He contacted me personally to enquire as to my reaction. I didn’t know what to do. For the first time in my life, I was speechless and fear I sounded like an uncouth drunkard. I think I yelled at him that Kaiden is fine, we are all fine, that he is nothing but a heartless vulture, before I started crying. At least Cissy has been able to somewhat rescue the situation. She calmly told Alcott that we will not be commenting at this time, since it is an ongoing investigation. I fear to read the editor’s by-line to the article. I can just see it ‘Suspected Death Eater Lucius Malfoy finally snaps. Family fear for his mental stability’. All I could think of was Kaiden, how we just found him again, how all those poor boys look just like Kaiden. I could not help to wonder how long until the bastard tire of the muggle boys and decide to come after Kaiden? To my utter disgust and shame, as I stared at each photo, I could not help but think, I am a monster, because I kept thinking ‘at least it is not Kaiden’. It felt like I was glad all those boys died, as long as it was not Kaiden…”

Severus took Lucius by the shoulders, “Lucius, listen and listen carefully. You are not a monster. You were not happy that all those innocent children died, but you are a parent. I think every parent in Britain would feel the same. You are glad that your child is still safe and healthy, but it does not mean you are happy the victims were murdered. Your reactions are perfectly normal. Any parent would react the same, even your outburst at Alcott.”

“But Cissy…”
“Cissy asked me for a calming draught. She could not sleep since she kept dreaming of Kaiden going missing again and finding him in a ditch. She’s been drinking half a teaspoon each night, just to keep her calm and sane. And who cares what the Daily Prophet says about you? You never cared before, so why start now? Your wife knows the truth, your true friends know the truth and most importantly, your sons know the truth.”

*****

Severus waited for the owls to arrive. Lucius said the Daily Prophet would carry the article on the serial killer in this morning’s edition. He could not even be bothered by Umbridge’s simpering good morning. Besides he could hardly stand to look in her direction. She should really be arrested for her horrible sense of fashion alone. She was basically abusing the colour pink. This morning’s outfit was an eye-bleeding blistering neon hot pink robe, with a soft pink cardigan thrown over her shoulders. On top of her head was yet a third shade of pink bow. Even her lips and her claw-like nails were shades of pink. Severus was on his fifth cup of coffee when the owls finally arrived.

Potter was not going to be pleased. It seems as if the whole edition was dedicated to the serial killer.

MAGICAL SERIAL KILLER ON THE LOOSE!
FIFTEEN MUGGLE BOYS MURDERED!
KILLER IS A WIZARD! AUROR DEPARTMENT CONFIRMS!

The headline screamed the news. On the front page the pictures of the fifteen known victims were plastered. The fact that they were frozen, confirmed the fact that every last victim thus far had been a muggle child. Severus’ hands shook a little as he studied the faces of the boys. They all resembled Kaiden. He took a deep breath, calming himself before he started to read the article.

**London – The Auror Department confirmed that one of their undercover Aurors is currently assisting muggle police investigating a series of gruesome murders. At least fifteen muggles boys, all between the ages of twelve and fourteen have gone missing and their mutilated bodies found. The muggle police believe they are struggling to find a muggle serial killer, but the Auror Department and the Ministry both confirmed the killer is in fact a wizard.**

The atrocities this killer committed would even put He Who Must Not Be Named to shame. This reporter were physically ill when she read the full report as to the damage done to the victims.

Every last victim are boys, between the ages of twelve and fourteen, with blonde hair and blue eyes, short and with a slender built.**

Article after article followed. A well-known mind healer had been consulted as to the mind-set of a serial killer and a magical one at that. It was quite difficult for the healer, since serial killers were an oddity in the magical world, the last being Jack the Ripper in England and the Zodiac Killer in the United States. Wizards such as Voldemort did not fall in the same category, since they were mass murderers. Their victims did not fit a certain profile, even though Voldemort’s main goal had been to eradicate muggles and muggleborns. The healer relied heavily on muggle psychology analysis, concluding that the mind-set of a muggle serial killer and a magical serial killer should be the same.

One article took almost joyful glee in discussing, in detail, the most horrendous muggle serial killers in the past hundred years. Some cases were solved, but a disturbing number of cases went cold. The muggle police never even able to find the killer, never mind bring him to justice.

Another offered a detailed time line since the first victim disappeared, when and where their bodies
had been found, up until the kidnapping of the newest victim. Even if Severus had not known about the killer, he would have realized one glaring fact. The first child disappeared right after the real Harry Potter came crawling from the woodwork and thus the reappearance of Kaiden.

Comments and reactions were sought from prominent wizarding families. Amelia Bones declined to comment, since she was involved with the investigation and she did not want to harm their investigation. Augusta Longbottom harshly said the killer should be smeared in honey, his magic bound before tying him to an anthill and let nature take its course. Severus was not a man who scared easily, but he was willing to admit that Lady Longbottom made him wary. She would be able to stop a Dementor’s attack with one glare. The Potters declined to comment, saying that maybe it would teach parents to keep a closer eye on their children. Something that would not really help muggle parents in this instance, since the killer was magical. He could waltz right through their front door, obliterating the memory from their minds. Lord Sirius Black and his partner Remus Lupin enquired as to Lady Longbottom’s reaction and after hearing her solution, concurred. The editor, Alcott May, commented that he sought reaction from Lord Malfoy, but since the victims closely resembled one of his children, his reaction spoke of a parent, wrought with fear that his son might be the target, even though it was only the impression he received.

It could have been worse. At least the article did not call Lucius a mentally unstable suspected Death Eater. Alcott also did not mention Kaiden by name, but anybody with half a brain cell would realize the victims looked like Kaiden. Even the students realized it, as they were pointing at the Slytherin table. A few were visibly cool and calm. Dumbledore looked bored, as if he had been reading a dry muggle financial report. Umbridge looked constipated, but then again she always looked either constipated or the lucky recipient of a lemon juice enema. Then there was Harry Potter, who were busy holding court with his girlfriend and two friends.
Chapter 26

The first Quidditch match of the season was between Gryffindor and Slytherin. In the weeks leading up to the match, the Gryffindors promised decimation to the Slytherin team. They boasted that their new beaters were far superior than those of the traitorous Prewett twins. Besides they have the best Seeker in history on their team.

The Slytherin team kept their heads down. They did not want to do anything that might jeopardize their ability to compete. With Umbridge openly favoring Gryffindor and especially Harry Potter, they were even more ostracized than usual. The Slytherins banded together. They moved in groups of four, after a small first year was hurt. She spent a week in the hospital wing, while Umbridge conducted her investigation. Umbridge filed her report, claiming that Chloë Marks hurt herself, trying to implicate members of another house. Umbridge removed a hundred points from Slytherin and assigned a month’s worth of detentions to Chloë. Severus tried to overturn the detention, helpfully pointing out, that it would have been physically impossible for the girl to hex and injure herself in such a way, not to mention that the spells used on the girl was not something an eleven year old would even know about. Severus was promptly put on probation, every class was now monitored and a new decree was added, stating “DECISIONS MADE BY THE HIGH INQUISTOR AND/OR POINTS DEDUCTED AND/OR DETENTIONS ASSIGNED WILL BE FINAL.” Yet another three hundred points were deducted from Slytherin.

They quickly learned to keep their heads down, especially in Umbridge’s class, or any class she happened to monitor. They were not even safe in their own common room, since Umbridge enjoyed making surprise visits and inspections. Day after day Hogwarts turned into a prison. Their mail were intercepted and read before they received it. Umbridge read through every letter, redacting words and sentences she deemed too dangerous or subversive. Not even the tins filled with biscuits, cakes and other treats were safe from Umbridge and her goon squad, as the tins were always empty, only the crumbs bearing silent witness as to their contents.

The only house who still received their letters and goodies from home had been the Gryffindors. Not that it had been much of a surprise. Every last one of the members of her Inquisitorial Squad came from Gryffindor. Harry Potter now strutted with renewed arrogance through the halls. By the morning of the first quidditch match, Slytherin did not have any more points to lose. The other professors quickly learned not to award points to the Slytherins, they promptly lost those points and Professor Sinistra found herself on probation when she tried to complain.

The parents of the Slytherin students were not sitting by idly. They tried their best to usurp the iron rule of Dolores Umbridge. It started after the attack on Chloë Marks, they all wrote to their parents, complaining about their treatment at school. Their parents received the letters, clearly tampered with as the seals had been broken and most of the contents of the letter blacked out. Dobby proved most useful when he silently left the castle, informing his family about what had been happening at school. Lucius made contact with the other Slytherin parents, explaining what has been happening at school. The parents banded together and Dobby was now used as a delivery method. Every Saturday morning he would discreetly leave Hogwarts, return home, collect all the letters and packages and deliver them to the snakes. The parents dutifully wrote to the children and sent packages via owl post, just like normal. It would not do if they stopped sending letters and packages, then Umbridge would learn of Dobby and the mail he had been delivering.

Lucius quietly met with certain members of the Wizenmagot. It was time for a change, time to get rid of Cornelius Fudge and his bumbling and especially of Umbridge. Amelia confided in him, she
believed the serial killer to be an upstanding member of society and every time members of the
MMI5 came close to discover the identity of the killer, evidence disappeared and they were back at
square one.

Amelia Bones had yet another secret meeting. Lucius, Narcissa, Sirius and Remus were sitting
behind her. Her audience consisted of former Ravenclaws and Hufflepuffs. It was good and well
that the Slytherin parents and former Slytherins were united, but they needed support from the
other houses as well.

“Good morning ladies and gentlemen. I know every last one of you are wondering why I asked you
come. I know some of you have realized that the room is filled with people who either have
children at Hogwart, sorted into Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw or may even be former Hufflepuffs
and Ravenclaws themselves. I will not waste your time or bore you with a very longwinded speech.
I called you together because we face a very serious problem. A problem more serious and danger
than Voldemort himself.”

When she uttered the word Voldemort, every last one lost the colour in their faces, squeaked and
shuddered. Even in death Voldemort managed to drive fear and terror into the hearts of everyone
that knew his name.

“Everybody in wizarding Britain and Ireland knows about Dolores Umbridge and the way she had
been changing Hogwart. Those with children at school may or may not have received complaints
regarding the woman. Not that you have been able to read those complaints, since Umbridge took
it upon herself to intercept letters and packages coming to and from Hogwart, redacting parts of
letters she deemed dangerous, subversive or sensitive.”

Those with children at Ragwortes nodded. They know exactly what Amelia Bones was talking
about.

“We all know about the way Slytherin students had been treated. News which only reached the
parents after careful planning on Lord Malfoy’s part. Some of you may have received word of it as
well. We all know Slytherin has long been the black sheep house at Hogwart. Because of
Voldemort, every last Slytherin had been treated like scum. They bore their abuse in silence never
complaining. I have prepared a small slideshow to show as evidence of the abuse Slytherin suffer
at the hands of Dolores Umbridge.”

By the time the slideshow ended, those in attendance was pale. They never realized the extent of
the abuse. Amelia rose, she hated showing the letters and pictures. But it was needed. Something
needed to change. The future they’ve fought so hard for did not come to pass at the defeat of
Voldemort. No, it was as if Voldemort’s defeat only harmed the magical world.

“Now I understand if some of you will say, but it is only Slytherin. I am safe, my child is safe – it
is not as if we are Slytherin. I would like to recite a poem by a muggle named Martin Niemöller:

‘First they came for the Socialists, and I did not speak out –
Because I was not a Socialist.

Then they came for the Trade Unionists, and I did not speak out –
Because I was not a Trade Unionist.

Then they came for the Jews, and I did not speak out –
Because I was not a Jew.

Then they came for me – and there was no one left to speak for me.’
I know you feel the need to keep quiet, because you are not a Slytherin or a parent of a Slytherin. But do you really believe Dolores Umbridge and whomever controls her would stop with eradicating the Slytherins? Do you really want to wait until it is only you left, forcing to face them at your own?”

Murmurs rose from her audience. Amelia was correct. They kept quiet, because after all Umbridge had only been targeting Slytherins. They were still safe, their children was still safe. But would Umbridge and her masters really be happy the moment every last Slytherin was gone from the world?

Some even heard the rumours coming from the Ministry. How Dolores Umbridge rose to power, how every last witch and wizard who stood in her way or questioned her claims about her ancestry disappeared.

“What do you propose we do?”

“We know one of Umbridge’s masters. She works for Cornelius Fudge. The man has been in power for far too long. Since he took the reigns as Minister, the Ministry slid backwards. Corruption is at an all-time high. It is time we take back the Ministry and clean it up. Get rid of the corruption and the dead wood. Make our Ministry one we can be proud of again. Our government is the joke of the wizarding world. I propose that we pass a motion of no confidence in the Minister and his administration. It is time we force elections and elect a Minister which would be fair and unbiased. One who is worried about the law and making our country safe for every last witch and wizard, regardless of the house they had been sorted into at Hogwarts.”

The meeting adjourned and every last witch and wizard filed out of the room. Sirius was the first the talk.

“Do you really think it will work? While we are sitting here, complaining and holding one meeting after the other Kaiden, Draco and Severus are stuck at Hogwarts. We have to do something more than just talking.”

Narcissa gave a rather unladylike snort, “Cousin, I know you are not really that stupid. At the moment our family is safest at Hogwarts, even with Umbridge there. The way to get rid of Fudge and Umbridge is to get a new Minister elected. That is the only way we would ever be able to get rid of that cow from Hogwarts. Besides, I think a new Minister would do the wizarding world good.”

“Who would you like to see as Minister?”

“I’m thinking about either Rufus Scrimgeour or Kingsley Schacklebolt. Both are Aurors, Rufus used to be head of the department until the Potters sudden appearance. Fudge decided that Rufus was too old and forced him to retire. Now I know Rufus is an honorable man, he always upheld the law and never played favorites. The man is an old Gryffindor, but he is what every Gryffindor was supposed to be. Kingsley came from Slytherin.”

The little group nodded. The two men Narcissa mentioned were certainly excellent candidates for the next Minister of Magic. With Rufus edging Kingsley, since Rufus had more experience and was a much respected member of society.
Chapter 27

Chapter Notes

Sorry about the delay. Hope you enjoy.

Kaiden left the quidditch pitch, the snitch clutched tightly in his left hand. Two thirds of the school sat in silence. They could not believe it. Ever since Harry Potter started playing quidditch the Gryffindor team only lost twice. Once in his first year, when Harry was in the infirmary, right after the Philosopher’s Stone debacle and once in his third year when the Dementors attacked him and he fell off his broom. Nobody could believe that the Slytherin team totally demolished the Gryffindor team. Despite the hype the two new beaters on the Gryffindor team just were not good enough and the Prewett twins flew circles around them. But everybody knew that. Fred and George were the best beaters Hogwarts had seen for a long time. It was the fact that basically the whole Gryffindor team were horrible.

Everybody knew they had to blame Harry Potter. He was not only the Seeker but the team captain as well. He made Ron Weasley Keeper, one of the worst Keepers Hogwarts had seen in over a century. Seamus Finnegan and Dean Thomas had been made the new Beaters and they may have a certain knack to blow everything in their vicinity to pieces, but it did not make them Quidditch players. Cormac McLaggen, Ginny Weasley and Romilda Vane were the new Chasers. Only Ginny Weasley was a decent enough player, McLaggen could have been too, but he was too worried about posturing for the crowds, than actual playing. The worst shock had been however Harry Potter himself. He was still an excellent flier and quidditch player, but the flair which allowed him to become the youngest Seeker in over a century? That was missing. It had also been noted that Harry Potter got rid of all the old players. He had been the only returning player from the previous year.

The Slytherins celebrated well into the night. The final score had been a very humiliating 490 – 0. George took a big gulp from the bottle of butterbeer. Once again the twins were in charge to procure food and drink from the kitchens.

“Gred, did Gryffindor even have a Keeper at the goalposts today?”

“I’m not sure George. I remember Ronnikins sitting on his broom waving the quaffle through.”

“Did you know sweet angelic Ginny knew all those swear words?”

“Nope. But I especially enjoyed it when she called Ronnikins as useless as a piece of troll shit.”

Kaiden sat in the corner smirking. It was good to play quidditch again, but he saw the look on Dumbledore and Umbridge’s faces. There was bound to be hell to play for their performance today. But until that moment, he was going to enjoy the party and the knowledge that the Slytherin team demolished the Gryffindor team and for once the Slytherin team did not resort to any underhanded or dirty tactics. Potter only made their victory sweeter by getting rid of Katie Bell, Angelina Johnson and Alicia Spinnet and replacing them with Ginny, Cormac and Romilda. With Oliver Wood graduating the previous year and the twins now in Slytherin, they already had to replace three players. He made a very serious blunder by filling the team with his friends and rabid supporters.
The Potters and Umbridge were in Dumbledore’s office. Nobody had been very pleased with the outcome of the quidditch match. Harry was complaining the loudest, he could not believe the Gryffindor team lost and lost so badly at that. They had been made total fools of. Ron was unable to stop even the easiest of goals, McLaggen cared more about the gaggle of first year girls, giggling over his muscles than actually playing. Romilda Vane kept drooling over Harry and shooting doe eyes in his direction. Finnegan and Thomas was about as useful as tits on a store mannequin. The only decent players had been him and Ginny, and even they performed horribly.

“Headmaster, I’m telling you the Slytherin team cheated. I saw a cauldron of Felix Felicis in Snape’s class room. He must have given the whole Slytherin team each a dose of it.”

Umbridge grinned, this was the final nail in Severus Snape’s coffin. After this the man is history. He must have confunded Dumbledore, because once a Death Eater, always a Death Eater.

“Leave it to me Albus. By morning Severus Snape will no longer be teaching at Hogwarts. The man knew he was on probation and still proceeded to cheat.”

Dumbledore could not have been more pleased. The stupid little toad of a woman had been the perfect patsy. Her hatred and ambition made her blind to the truth around her, not that she would have cared if she knew the truth. Dolores Umbridge always made sure to align herself with those who could pave the way forward. If she had only been a bit prettier, he would have married her, but Dumbledore have always preferred his lovers to be beautiful. Not one of his lovers had been ugly or even plain.

Dumbledore had a few regrets in life. He regretted the fact that Gellert Grindelwald never bore him a child. He regretted that he lost Tom Riddle had been the child of Merope Gaunt, the last direct descendant of Salazar Slytherin, but that also made him the ideal candidate to be molded as the next Dark Lord. How was he to know the little bastard would be so powerful? Tom Riddle had been even more powerful than himself. He regretted the fact that he allowed the Malfoy brat to slip through his fingers, but with Snape gone from Hogwarts, the boy would disappear once again.

He would keep the little Malfoy alive long enough to see his parents and brother financially destroyed, their political power stripped away and reputation shredded to pieces before he would slowly murder them in front of Kaiden. Only then and after Kaiden bore him at least two more children, would he discard the boy.

Umbridge waited until breakfast. She wanted to humiliate not only Snape but the whole of Slytherin in front of the whole school. She might have been a former Slytherin herself, but it would not stop her to destroy her former house. She would get her revenge on Slytherin and finally prove she was superior to them.

“Hem hem hem”

The students fell silent. They all grew accustomed to the horrible woman and her annoying habits.

“It has come to my attention that the Slytherin team cheated yesterday. I received an anonymous tip that the Slytherin quidditch team may have used a potion called Felix Felicis, better known as Liquid Luck, in their game yesterday. Last night, myself, Headmaster Dumbledore and Head Auror Potter investigated the Potions classroom and did indeed found a cauldron which contained the remnants of the potion in question. As High Inquisitor I therefor declare yesterday’s match as
forfeit, Gryffindor will be awarded the points unlawfully gained by Slytherin. From this moment the Slytherin quidditch team is disbanded and every Slytherin is banned from ever playing quidditch again. The actions of the quidditch team also called the integrity of every Slytherin into question and we spent the whole night, with the aid of examiners provided by the Wizarding Examinations Authority, graded every last piece of work and test handed in by students from Slytherin. This morning I have to admit to my shame that the work handed in by Slytherin, for at least this year has been fraudulent. Therefore it is my sad duty to fail each and every Slytherin student and remove every point gained by them. Every last student in Slytherin will serve detention every night in the Great Hall with me until the end of the school year. We will revisit the punishment at the start of the next school year.”

Kaiden lost all colour in his face. The toad was going to get rid of Severus and she was going to force them to use a blood quill in her detentions every night.

“I also came to the conclusion that the rot started at the top. Since Felix Felicis is a controlled potion and the potion is very tricky to make, according to information only Potion Masters are able to brew the potion, a Potions Master must have supplied the potion to the students. Headmaster Dumbledore assured me that no student could gain access to the potion’s lab without the knowledge of Professor Snape. After careful investigation it came to my attention that Severus Snape had been assisting his House to cheat.”

The evil pink toad turned to Severus, a feral grin plastered on her face.

“Severus Snape it gives me great pleasure to relieve you of your duties as Head of Slytherin and professor at Hogwarts. You can thank Merlin and your benefactors at the Ministry that we were unable to obtain concrete evidence of your misconduct, in which place we would have stripped your title as Potions Master and incarcerate you for an indefinite period in Azkaban. You have ten minutes to remove yourself and all your belongings from Hogwarts. Myself, Headmaster Dumbledore and Head Auror Potter will accompany you to your rooms to make sure you only remove your personal belongings from the school.”

Severus rose, his emotions shut down behind his Occlumency shields. He left the Great Hall with his head held high, knowing full well he was innocent and that not only he but every last one of his snakes were being framed by Dumbledore and the Potters. The moment the doors closed behind them, the students turned towards the Slytherin table.

Minerva pretended not to notice the mayhem as the Slytherins were being pelted with food and cutlery. She pretended not to hear the insults and jeers. Filius Flitwick had never been so ashamed in his life. He never expected his Ravenclaws to behave in the manner they were behaving. He never expected Minerva to ignore the abuse being hurled at the Slytherins. The moment a flying goblet struck Kaiden Malfoy in the face, he lost his temper and erected a barrier between Slytherin and the rest of the school.

Unlike Minerva and the rest of the teachers he did not believe for one second that either the Slytherins cheated or that Severus supplied the potion to allow them to cheat. He did not recognize the school anymore. It was as if Albus lost whatever he had left of his mind after Mr Potter defeated the Dark Lord. Young Potter also changed, and not for the better. As soon as the farce known as breakfast is over, he was going to contact his uncle at Gringotts. The time has come to return to his family, they have been pestering him for many years now to return to the goblin nation and for years he had stalled. But first he need to contact Lord Malfoy, it may be for the best to remove his sons from Hogwarts.
Chapter 28

Chapter Notes

Thank you for all your comments & kudos. I may not reply to every comment, but I read each & every one.

An hour after Severus had been summarily fired from Hogwarts, the school was invaded by parents. Albus Dumbledore received them in the Great Hall, as his office had not been large enough to accommodate the sheer number of visitors.

He kept them waiting for nearly half an hour, before he graced them with his presence. He noted that every Slytherin student’s parents were gathered in the Great Hall, but to his dismay he noted a number of parents from the other houses. He did not care much about the Slytherin parents, but his eyes widened a bit when he noticed parents from students in Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw present, which included Amelia Bones, Michael and Ophelia Abbott and Xenophilius Lovegood. To his utter dismay he even noticed parents and guardians from Gryffindor. Angelica Johnson, Alicia Spinet and Katie Bell’s parents stood there glowering at Minerva. Lee Jordan’s parents talked to the muggle parents of Colin and Dennis Creevy, but the sight of Augusta Longbottom, complete with her favorite red handbag and hat with the moldy old stuffed vulture on top, unsettled Albus Dumbledore the most.

He knew why the Slytherin parents were here, Malfoy obviously roused them up and now they came to fight for the future of Severus Snape, but it was the other parents, those with no connections to Slytherin which worried him.

Dumbledore gave the group of parents a tired smile.

“Good afternoon ladies and gentlemen. First of all, let me apologize. I feel as if I failed your children. I did not see the viper in my bosom, until it had been too late. I failed to protect your children against a teacher who doused them with Merlin knows only how many potions. I failed them further by not being able to obtain the necessary physical and concrete proof which would have led to Snape’s incarceration.”

“Headmaster Dumbledore, I think you misunderstood the reason we, as parents and guardians visited Hogwarts today. We did not come to hear your feeble excuses. We are not interested in playing, what would have been, a very rousing and riveting round of the Blame Game. Now, the parents nominated me as their spokesperson. First of all, it would please you to learn that I tendered my resignation as member of the Board of Governors, effective immediately, an hour ago.”

Albus nearly broke out in a very excited dance, at last he was rid of Lucius Malfoy.

“Before you break out the champagne and crystal glasses, Albus, there is some further news. As my final act as member of the Board of Governors, I had been asked to inform you that Filius Flitwick resigned as professor and Head of House for Ravenclaw. The Board accepted Master Flitwick’s resignation and I had made sure to convey the Board and your gratitude for his years of loyal service to the students and to Hogwarts.”

That was a bit of a low blow, but Dumbledore was not too worried. He would be able to find an
even better charms professor. Every person wanted to claim they taught the Boy Who Lived at school. But it still did not explain the sheer magnitude of parents present at Hogwarts.

“Finally, we came here as concerned parents. We are concerned for the welfare and safety of our children. For years we had to witness the steady decline of standards at Hogwarts. The decline of quality teachers…”

“Mr Malfoy, I do take umbrage at your insinuation. Hogwarts is still the best magical school in the whole world…”

“I beg to differ Headmaster and so do all these parents behind me. Let me count the ways you have been failing the students. You have a ghost teaching History of Magic. For the past thirty years Binns had been teaching nothing but goblin rebellions and goblin wars. You would agree that the wizarding world experienced a tad more than just goblin rebellions and goblin wars. Since 1958 you have failed to keep a Defense Against the Dark Arts professor. Yes, we all know Voldemort cursed the position, but with glowing reports of you being the greatest wizard alive and being the only wizard Voldemort feared, one would think you could have broken that curse mere seconds after Voldemort cast it. It is clear that either you were unable to break the curse yourself and were too proud to call for much needed assistance or you preferred to keep the curse in place. For years the Board of Governors have been taking you to task regarding the quality of professor being hired and each year you ignored our concerns.”

Dumbledore popped one of his lemon drops in his mouth. He had to stay calm, it would not do if he loses his temper in front of all these people. They may only be Slytherins, but with a few exceptions, this was a group consisting of very rich and influential witches and wizards. It had only been his own popularity and influence that kept the Board of Governors out of the school. For now he would allow Malfoy to vent, it probably made the bastard feel good about himself.

“The past five years you managed to hire a professor hiding Voldemort at the back of his skull, a fraud, a werewolf, although I must admit the werewolf had been the most competent professor in quite some time and Death Eater impersonating somebody you claim is one of your dearest friends. Your muggle studies professor is a pureblood who had never even set her feet in the muggle world, a drunken half giant teaching Care of Magical Creatures and a drunken fraud as Divination professor. You have allowed one of your staff to keep a dangerous animal in close proximity to children, allowed the same person to teach our children and his only qualifications seem to be his obsession with dangerous creatures and his blind devotion to you. For the past thirty years the number of reported cases of intimidation and bullying have shot through the roof, without so much as a peep from your office condemning these little juvenile delinquents.”

“Now now Lucius, I will admit that I have struggled to obtain qualified professors to teach Defense Against the Dark Arts, but your unfounded allegations against the rest of my staff and especially your comments about Hagrid is totally uncalled for. As for your supposed instances of bullying, it was nothing more and nothing less than harmless school boy pranks…”

“Headmaster Dumbledore, a harmless school boy prank is when one student dyes the other’s hair shocking pink. It does not include the stalking of the abused student, the verbal insults, the physical attacks and it most certainly does not include the plotting to murder your rival in cold blood. But be that as it may, it is clear that your idea of harmless fun and my idea of harmless fun differs as much from each other as garden gnome from a dragon. I’ve not come to argue with you, I came mostly as representative of the parents and being one myself. We have come to collect our children, they will no longer be students at Hogwarts.”
Dumbledore sputtered, he needed the Slytherin students. He needed their parents’ money and he needed them to be the school scapegoats. He would not, could not, allow their withdrawal from Hogwarts. He needed to be close to Kaiden and he believed with Snape out of the way he finally could have gotten his hands on the youngest Malfoy. Malfoy was telling the truth about Voldemort’s curse. He had been unable to break the curse, but it had not been pride keeping curse breakers and Unspeakables out of Hogwarts, it had been the fact that he needed the curse in place. He needed to make sure everybody realized how evil Voldemort had been. And he needed to hide the fact that although he is powerful in his own right, Voldemort had been more powerful than him. Through the years he himself spread the rumour that Voldemort had been afraid of him, when in truth, Voldemort never openly attacked Hogwarts as the demented bastard loved the school and would never have done anything to damage the place he felt at home.

“Mr Malfoy, everybody, be reasonable. You call yourselves concerned parents, but I must question your so called concern and love for your children when you interrupt their training. Some of the students you are all so concerned about are getting ready for either their OWL’s or their NEWTS. Madame Longbottom, do you really believe you would be doing what Frank and Alice wanted if you remove their son from Hogwarts?”

Augusta Longbottom let out a very unladylike snort. She raised her son on her own after her husband passed away, Frank was a damn fine young wizard, in spite of Dumbledore and his teaching. She loves Alice if the girl had been her own. And despite what she told Neville, she was proud of her grandson. The boy had both his father’s fierce determination and courage, as well as his mother’s gentle nature. Albus Dumbledore had no idea what Frank and Alice wanted for their son.

“Albus, leave Frank and Alice out of this. Besides, I believe, no I know, I am doing what they would have done as well. And what they would have done is remove their son from Hogwarts, a school which had been the pride and joy in the wizarding world. A school that had once been the shining example, the standard after which every other school had been molded after. Did you not think for one second our children would not be sharing their experience at Hogwarts with us? Keeping a dangerous artefact like the Mirror of Erised around young impressionable children. Housing an unstable and vicious dog like Fluffy – oh yes I know all about Hagrid and his three headed dog – within biting distance from our children? Sending eleven year old students into the Forbidden Forest, with only an untrained, drunken and unstable wizard and his cowardly dog for protection? Knowing full well of the dangers lurking in the forest, not to mention the mere fact that Voldemort had been roaming about the castle and the school grounds, doing Merlin knows what, in an attempt to stay alive. Allowing a fraud like Gilderoy Lockhart, to teach? But I’m not going to argue with you, because there is not enough time in the world to point out your blunders, ineptitude and sheer arrogance and incompetence and your inability to rectify the mistakes. You have an hour to release our children’s school records and our children themselves. If you do not comply within the time frame, I must warn you the Ministry sanctioned a squad of Aurors to assist us. Make no mistake Dumbledore, charges will be filed against Hogwarts and yourself, in both your capacity as Headmaster as well as your personal capacity.”

There was still some steel in the old woman’s voice, enough to make Albus Dumbledore flinch. Lucius could not help but think, he would have paid money to attend a match between Dumbledore and Lady Longbottom. She was the monster under the bed at St Mungo’s. Every healer, fresh out of training, heard the scary stories about the intimidating vulture lady and sooner rather than later every one of them tried to cross wands with the old battle-axe. It is best to note that Lady Longbottom never lost a fight, whether it be it with a wand or her tongue. Then again, he would also pay good money to see a verbal battle between Lady Longbottom and Severus Snape. Those two would and could cut their opponents to ribbons with their sharp tongues alone.
Dumbledore stormed from the Great Hall. They want their precious children? Well they can have them. They will come crawling back to him the moment their children started complaining about the other inferior schools. Let them freeze their little asses of at Durmstrang or choke on frog legs at Beauxbatons. Let them complain about the bloody Americans at Ivermory. Hopefully a few would be bitten by a black mamba or contract malaria at Umbilo in South Africa. He would make them crawl and beg to take their bloody children back and oh how he would love to see them debase themselves.

Dumbledore was also worried, why did Dolores not warn them about this mess? If that old Longbottom cow could threaten him with the Aurors, it meant they had Ministry backing. And Fudge, the bumbling nincompoop was in his pocket. Why did Fudge not warn him?

Lunch at Hogwarts had been a strange affair. The Hufflepuffs sat huddled at their table. Quiet and in shock. Professor Snape fired, accused of cheating. It was no secret the man favoured his Slytherins above all, but he also would never have cheated or allowed any of the Slytherins to cheat. Then came the second shock, Professor Flitwick left. Then the third shock - all the Slytherin students, and a few from the other houses, withdrew from Hogwarts. Then the fourth shock, Professor Sprout called a house meeting and apologized for abandoning them, but she wanted to tell her badgers before they heard from somebody else. She was leaving and would announce her resignation at lunch. By the look on Headmaster Dumbledore’s face, he was not happy about the news. They could not stand to look at the empty Slytherin table behind them nor could they stand to look at the head table. The two empty seats seemed like a silent accusation. Most of all they could not even to stand to look at each other, knowing full well they took part in the abuse at breakfast.

The Ravenclaws looked shell shocked. Professor Flitwick left without so much as a goodbye, a few of their fellow house mates followed suit. They knew they had been wrong this morning. But it had always been easier to blame Slytherin for everything that was wrong in live. They grew up with stories about the evil Slytherins. Headmaster Dumbledore and Harry Potter told them time and again about being wary of Slytherins and their motives. Surely Headmaster Dumbledore and Harry Potter could not be wrong?

At the Gryffindor table it seemed like Christmas and Halloween merged into one holiday. They were chatting loudly and did not even seem bothered that they lost a few of their own as well. They did not care that Filius Flitwick left. They did not care that the Slytherins left. The world and Hogwarts would be a better place without Snape and those slimy evil snakes.

Dumbledore was lost in his own little world. He did not care that the Slytherins left, he would miss the money they paid, but he was sure to snag a few rich students from abroad. Those who did not want to attend Hogwarts because of the Slytherins. He was preoccupied with Filius and his betrayal. He had been the one to convince Armando to hire the part goblin. How dare the little shit resign and leave? Then came Pomona with her very own little bombshell. He was so lost in his thoughts that Dumbledore did not feel the wards waver before breaking. He did not realize that Fawkes finally managed to free himself from the unnatural bond between them. He did not realize the phoenix left Hogwarts after freeing the trapped portrait of the Founders. Dumbledore did not even realize when every house elf at Hogwarts, aside from his own two personal elves leave the school.

Hogwarts was broken. The spirits of the four founders abandoned the place they crafted. It was no longer a safe haven for magical children. The dream they shared, the work, blood, sweat and tears they poured into the school and every sacrifice they made had been desecrated by Albus Dumbledore. Soon enough the magic not only they, but the magic Merlin and most importantly the Lady of the Lake bestowed upon Hogwarts would leave and the school will finally fall, turning
into the ruins muggles saw.
Sirius and Remus stepped from the floo. Sirius waved a rolled up parchment, excitement written all over his face.

“I found it!”

Severus glanced up from his position on the floor, Kaiden managed to convince the dour potion master to play a game of exploding snap.

“For the love of Merlin Black, act your age. Adults tend to greet their hosts, however reluctant said hosts may be, before announcing the reason for their visit.”

Sirius gaped at the man sitting on the floor. He actually rubbed his eyes, looked again, pinched himself, rather painfully, but still the vision remained. Severus Snape was sitting on the ground, playing a game.

“Remi, slap me.”

Severus sneered, “I will slap you. But before I do, what have you done to deserve corporal punishment?”

“Remi, really slap me, or call the healers. The potions they gave me at St Mungo’s to help with the aftereffects of the dementors are not working. I’m seeing things. I am hallucinating Severus sitting on the floor playing exploding snap with our godson.”

Narcissa tutted, “Don’t be daft Sirius. Severus himself brewed the potions, he would never allow family to use inferior potions. And for your information, Severus and Kaiden are bonding. So what did you find?”

Sirius blushed a little. It still pleased him whenever he realized Severus forgave him for his cruelty. Truth be told, if somebody mistreated him like he did Severus, he might not have been able to find it in himself to forgive the man. It seems like Severus was indeed a better man than he would ever be able to be. It made his heart clench that Severus viewed him and Remus as family.

“Sorry Cissy. I’ve been looking through the Black holdings. Trying to find a property that could be utilized as a new school, you know for the children. Just as I was about to lose hope, the goblins reminded me of the island. Cissy you remember my father used to tell us stories about the fabled island, lost to the Black family?”

“We all know the stories Siri. But that was just what it was, stories parents told their children. How the Ancient and most Noble House of Black lost favour with the gods and angered the fates. And as punishment we were banished from our ancestral home.”

“I would like to hear the story Mum…”
Kaiden’s voice was still a bit shy and unsure. Sometimes he still could not believe he now had a family who loved him and wanted him. Everybody heard the insecurity in Kaiden’s voice and all of them damned Dumbledore, the Potters, the Dursleys and whomever stole Kaiden in the first place. If not for them, Kaiden would not have suffered so. He will forever remember the first few years of his life, he will forever more be scarred by those memories. It pained them to be reminded that Kaiden will always feel like an outsider and interloper. Severus shifted and gathered Kaiden in his arms.

“I would also like to hear the myth. And I’m sure so does Lucius and Draco.”

Everybody knew that Kaiden was the only one not familiar with the old fairytale about the mythical island, but Severus made it seem as if only Narcissa and Sirius knew the story, making Kaiden feel like less of an outsider.

Sirius blushed, he forgot Kaiden would not have heard the old stories. But if his godson wants to hear about their family history, he was going to tell the story.

“Our first ancestors did not live in Britain, but instead resided on a beautiful island of the coast of Britain. It was said to be one of the most prosperous magical communities in the world. Over five hundred families lived in tranquility on the island. It is said that one could find fruits and vegetables growing on the island, whether it was indigenous to the Northern Hemisphere or not. The wool produced by their flock of sheep had been highly sought after. According to the old stories, the wells and fountains produced the freshest, sweetest water without even needing a cooling charm. My grandfather always told us that Merlin himself grew up on the island and was a distant ancestor of ours, as was Salazar Slytherin. But mind you, these are mere rumours. The Ancient and Most Noble House of Black used to rule the magical world and our ancestors used to arbitrate any and all quarrels between neighbours, family and friends. The occupants of the island grew rich and were prosperous, but as the years went by, they became arrogant and angered the Gods and Fate. As punishment, the Gods chose to sink the island, never to be seen again. In one terrible night every last inhabitant of the island either died or hastily fled their ancestral home. The loss had been devastating. For years the Black family had been homeless and near destitute. It took over two centuries before our family had finally been able to become proud and profitable once again. In time our ancestral home became legend even spilling over into the muggle world. For centuries there had always somebody searching for the sunken island, whether it be magical or muggle.”

“I heard this before, well not actually like this. But when I still believed I was Harry Potter, everybody in the muggle world knew about the legend of Atlantis.”

“Right you are Kaiden. It is not a legend and from what I learned, the island never sank beneath the sea. It was just abandoned by our family. As the years went by more and more wanted to live closer to London or Paris. And before long the history of our ancestral home disappeared from our minds, only to be told as legends. We could have returned to our ancestral home a long time ago, if only we took the time to actually talk to the goblins and inspect our holdings more closely.”

Lucius already understood why Sirius had been so exultant, he found a way to protect not only Draco and Kaiden, but all the children and families that had withdrawn from Hogwarts.

“Sirius, correct me if I’m wrong, but it is your intention that we remove ourselves from Dumbledore’s grasp and repopulate the ancestral Black island?”

“Yes, sooner or later Dumbledore will come after not only Kaiden, but every last one of us and our
allies. Atlantis is unplotable, untraceable and can be placed under the Fidelious Charm. I know it means we have to abandon our properties on the mainland, but I will gladly remove my own eyes with a rusty spoon if it meant Kaiden and Draco are safe.”

“Lucius, we know Dumbledore and what he is capable of. Actually I believe we only know a fraction of what the man is capable of and willing to do achieve his own goals. As sure as the sun will rise tomorrow morning, Albus Dumbledore will regroup. At the moment he is gloating, glad that he managed to rid Hogwarts of every last Slytherin. But how long before he realizes he needs a scapegoat? There is something wrong with Dumbledore. I do not care about the look in his eyes when he sees Kaiden. He is obsessed with Kaiden.”

“Severus is right. For the sake of not only our children, but every child removed from Hogwarts and their families. We have to withdraw. We are Slytherins. We pick our fights and even if everybody believes us to be cowards... I will rather be called a coward than allowing my children and for that fact any other child to be placed in harm’s way.”

Lucius hugged his wife, “For the sake of our children, we will withdraw. Besides, what is Malfoy Manor without my children? We lost Kaiden once, I will not lose him again. I will not lose another child. We need to contact all the parents and convince them to join us. Sirius, I trust there is a building on this island, which can double as a school?”

“Not only a school, but there is a shopping district as well as a branch of Gringotts. Tolvar shared another piece of information. It seems as if the house elves at Hogwarts abandoned the school and is already on the island. They bound themselves to Atlantis, awaiting our arrival.”
Dumbledore ranted, he burned quite a few rare books in his office, destroyed precious and priceless heirlooms and artefacts, but it was all for naught. All his huffing and puffing did not produce one elf, nor did Fawkes return and the portrait of the Founders still stayed missing. It has been over a week now, the castle was dirty, meals were served late as he had to beg some of the parents to consent borrowing some of their elves to prepare the meals.

Lily and James stepped into the office. They had exhausted all avenues trying to find the missing elves, but not even the Department of Regulation of Magical Creatures could help them. Overnight one hundred elves disappeared from Britain without a trace. To make matters worse, they were here to deliver even more bad news.

Amelia Bones suddenly resigned from her position and disappeared along with her niece. Quite a number of very influential families just up and left. Their properties were vacated and placed under goblin wards. The only reason James had been able to learn this little titbit of news had been because he was friends with a curse breaker at Gringotts, one that was very jealous over Bill Prewitt’s success and standing at the bank.

Lily kissed her father’s cheek. Maybe she should deliver the news, she was always their father’s favorite child.

“Morning Daddy, how are you doing?”

Dumbledore tried to scowl and curse, but Lily always brightened his day. He loved his daughter just a bit more than his son.

“Considering I have to debase myself and beg parents to lend me their house elves, just to make sure the castle is cleaned and food is prepared… do you have any news?”

“No Daddy. The Hogwarts elves all disappeared. We even went to the Ministry, but Smythe from the Department of Regulation told us every last elf bound to Hogwarts disappeared even from Britain. He was even unable to track them using the trace, something every house elf has. But we have even more strange news. Amelia Bones resigned and left the Ministry. Nobody believes her flimsy excuse that she needed to resign due to health issues. In fact, quite a number of very influential wizarding families disappeared.”

Dumbledore did not appreciate this news.

“Let me guess, every last one of them are either a Slytherin or the blood traitors?”

“Yes Daddy. Augusta Longbottom even removed Frank and Alice from St Mungo’s before they disappeared.”

Dumbledore had to restrain himself, before he harms his children. He did not care that all the Slytherins left, the world was a better place without them, even though he regrets not having a taste
of that little cocktease, Kaiden Malfoy. But it bothered him that the Slytherins had been able to corrupt so many Light families. Families such as the Bones family, Amelia had always been fair and just and always leaned towards the Light families. The Prewitt family, not that Dumbledore cared much for Muriel and her adopted spawn, but the Prewitt fortune that he did care about. The Longbottom family. Why would Augusta side with the Dark wizards? Why would she remove Frank and Alice from St Mungo’s? He knew the old witch would nearly do anything to help her son and daughter-in-law, did that mean she fell for the lies those dark and evil bastards told? Promising her that Frank and Alice could be cured?

Dumbledore had been so sure he would have been able to draw fresh blood to Hogwarts, now that the Slytherins and their evil had been expunged from the hallowed halls, but thus far he had been unable to. The select few that deemed to answer his messages, had been polite, as pure blood society demands, but he could sense the coldness hidden behind the words. Did these ingrates not appreciate the sacrifices he and his family had to make and endure, just to ensure a better future for them all?

“But Daddy, James and I had an idea. Why don’t we just use squibs? They could clean the castle and prepare the meals. They would just be too happy to be able to rejoin the magical world.”

Within a week Dumbledore employed a hundred squibs to clean the castle. Quite a few of them had not been just too happy to rejoin the magical world, so Dumbledore had to resort to a few underhanded tactics before they changed their minds. Dumbledore certainly did not lose a minute of sleep if he had been forced to threaten their children or families. But with all the work they were doing, the castle seemed dirtier by the day. The food tastes like sawdust and not even when Dumbledore kidnapped, sorry employed, a very famous British chef, quite as famous for his food as his swearing, the food still seemed bland.

Dumbledore could not understand what was happening to his beloved school. Hagrid had been near inconsolable when first the unicorns disappeared. The Centaur herd, the hippogriffs and thestrals followed closely behind. Even the giant squid and the merpeople left. The school owls disappeared overnight. He was still unable to find professors to fill the vacant positions of Charms, Herbology and Potions. To make matters worse, Dolores was suddenly recalled by the Ministry and promptly fired. The Board of Governors refused to have her reinstated, stating simply she lacked the necessary qualifications to be a professor. Now instead of three vacant positions, Dumbledore had four vacant positions.

Lily and James were once again at Hogwarts, waiting in their father’s office with them, was Dedalus Diggle, Molly Weasley and Elphias Doge. Dumbledore smiled at the five people in front of him.

“Thank you for coming so swiftly. As you all know, Hogwarts suddenly finds itself without three professors. It pains me to impose on you, my five of my greatest friends, but until the Ministry decides to act and send assistance, my hands are tied. I don’t need to tell you about the evil of Slytherin and the despicable acts they so callously commit. It seems that blood magic was invoked and a curse placed on the school.”

Doge gave a shocked gasp. Blood magic was extremely volatile and near impossible to revoke.

“How do you know which one of them invoked blood magic?”

“I don’t, I do however have my suspicions. I see the cruelty of Lucius Malfoy and the genius of Severus Snape behind these atrocious actions. As you all know every last Slytherin disappeared from sight, not really a horrible occurrence, but they sowed the seeds of their madness. It infected good people, such as Amelia Bones and Augusta Longbottom. I have wondered, why did Augusta
James gave his father a calculated look. He hated when other people were present, because then he and Lily had to hide their personal relationship with their father.

“Albus, you don’t think they sacrificed Frank and Alice?”

“I can only speculate James, but I will be lying if I claim that the dark thought of Frank and Alice being used as the sacrifices in their dark rituals has not crossed my mind.”

Dumbledore paused for effect. He could see the horror on Molly and Doge’s faces. He was not as certain that blood magic was indeed performed against Hogwarts and himself, but what else can it be? There is no other plausible explanation. Blood magic would explain the disappearance of the house elves, the Founder’s portrait and Fawkes. It would also explain his inability to lure prominent families to withdraw their children from the other magical schools and enrolling them at Hogwarts.

“But I also requested your presence to ask for your assistance. As you all know, I am in dire need of people to fill the vacant positions of Potions, Charms, Herbology and Defence Against the Dark Arts. It pains me, but for the sake of the future of the children, I must ask to impose on your time. Molly, you have always excelled at Potions and it has always been my belief that, but for the sake of biased examiners, you would have earned your OWLS and NEWTS in the subject. I need you to become our new Potions professor. Elphias, my old friend, I need you to teach Defence, Dedalus I need you to teach Herbology – you always had a green finger and Lily as our Charms professor. Of course I will allow the four of you to return each day after your last class to your homes.”

James was a bit put out that his father asked old Doge to teach DADA, but was quickly placated when he was put in charge to find those bloody Slytherins. Molly quickly accepted and hurried down towards the Potions classroom to prepare for classes. At last the students were bound to learn how to brew properly, in her mind Severus Snape had always been overrated. And don’t for one second she believed his drivel about Potions being dangerous. A little explosion here or there never hurt anybody, well not for too long at least. Children should be allowed to be children and experiment and learn from their mistakes. New potions were only discovered by allowing children to play and experiment with different ingredients. With her at the helm, she will allow children to be children and unlike Severus Snape, her magic was strong, she would be able to cast a containment charm in a jiffy, should their experiments result in something mortally dangerous.

For the first time since this mess started, Dumbledore was able to make plans to acquire a new toy. The loss of Filius and Pomona had been quite a shock. He never would have believed those two would abandon their posts. Severus’ departure had been planned, he had wanted to rid himself of that dirty little mudblood for some time now. He will lift the curse imposed against himself and his beloved Hogwarts, every one that every opposed him will come to a sticky end and he will get his hands on the little slut.

Dumbledore did not notice that a few of the previous Headmaster’s portraits had been empty since the house elves left. Nor did he notice the disgusted look shot in his directions, before they too left their portraits. Dumbledore was blind to the decay setting in. Peeves were now joined with two more poltergeists, wreaking havoc all over the school, doxies and boggarts infected old disused classrooms, a clan of two thousand vicious gnomes made the grounds their home and they were not beyond attacking those who threatened their new territory. Without the Centaurs keeping Aragog and his family at bay, even Aragog expanded his hunting grounds and home, creeping closer to the school.
It was a sight to behold. The group of refugees all huddled together on the magical dock, invisible to muggle and magical means. Only the Head of the House of Black and those he granted permission to were able to see the dock and the ship sailing towards them.

“The Black family had always been a paranoid bunch. There is only one way on and off the island and that is by means of the Ebony Queen. The wards covering the island are some of the most extensive I have ever encountered. Nobody can apparate onto the island or off, portkeys do not work and neither does scrying for that matter. Our enemies are not even able to send a house elf to do their bidding. As I understood from Torgar, the Hogwarts elves managed to bound themselves to Atlantis, because they swore fealty to the House of Black and most importantly to my heir, Kaiden. Only Torgar and eventually his chosen successor would be able to visit the island, but no goblin would ever interfere with the problems of the human world. And even if they did, they do not care much for Dumbledore, the Ministry or the Potters. We will be safe on Atlantis, able to protect the most vulnerable of our group, namely our children and the elderly.”

Sirius blushed as he noticed the fierce scowl on Augusta Longbottom’s face. That woman may be old, but she was far from being helpless. Maybe they should have sent her to fight Voldemort. One death glare from the old battle axe and the bastard would have pissed his pants and begged for mercy.

“Sorry Lady Longbottom. Of course I did not mean you, as anybody with half a brain can clearly see you still have more fire in your veins than all of us combined.”

Augusta snorted, still slick as oil that one.

“No need to gild the lily, Sirius. I’m ancient and I know it. Besides, me and Muriel do have to live long enough to teach the children some manners and decorum, because Merlin only knows, they will not learn it from you.”

Their safe haven was everything and more they could have expected. Surrounding the island was huge thick walls, shimmering and humming with wards. Fierce looking gargoyles manned the walls and Kaiden was sure those gargoyles were charmed to defend the island should anybody be lucky enough to discover Atlantis and foolish enough to try and invade.

Farmland surrounded the outer ring of the island and everything was grown here. There were every type of fruit and vegetable, even those that usually only grow in tropical climates. Sirius proudly told them there were even cattle, pigs, sheep, goats and fowl (including chicken, geese and ducks). Large apiaries pollinated the plants and would supply them with honey. He took great delight in informing them there was also a small rice paddy, producing enough rice for the inhabitants, as well as a sugarcane patch to supply sugar.

Houses formed part of the middle circle of the island, each house surrounded by gardens. Sirius happily announced that every family would enjoy their own private home, still leaving plenty vacant. The house elves had their own designated plot of land, consisting of their homes, gardens and even a few animal pens.

The centre of the island consisted of the business district. The streets smooth cobblestones, their heels clicking on the cobblestone. The centre included a school, the small branch of Gringotts and
a variety of stores. Sirius took great delight in directing Severus’ attention to a large building.

“This is the potion’s lab, Torgar and the elves made sure to stock the lab with every ingredient you may need, have heard of or even dreamed about. This is your domain, to do with as you please, but I would request that you would consent to still teach Potions to the children at their school.”

Severus nodded, trying to hide his excitement behind his normal stoic appearance. He tried to speak, but feared his voice would break. A whole, fully stocked potions lab, his to brew to his heart’s content, experimenting, trying to improve on current potions and inventing new potions? It was every Potion’s Master most ardent wish and desire. Kaiden took one look at Severus’ face and grinned.

“Who else but Professor Snape is going to teach us potions? Somebody competent must try and make sure we don’t blow up the island or something.”

Severus smiled gently down at his young mate.

“Kaiden is of course correct. Maybe without Dumbledore’s machinations I might even be able to teach these little dunderheads about potions. Maybe even Mister Longbottom will try and not explode a cauldron per lesson?”

Neville blushed, but still started laughing. He could hear the good natured tease in the man’s voice. He was right though, without Dumbledore, he will be able to relax and settle into his own little niche here on the island. His best subject had always been Herbology and the two subjects really went hand in hand. He knew everything about plants and their uses in potions, but he had never been able to relax at Hogwarts. He was always so afraid of Professor Snape and if he really was honest with himself, most of his fear stemmed from the vile rumours spread by the older Gryffindors and especially Ron Weasley. Snape was strict and a harsh taskmaster, but Potions was a volatile and dangerous subject. He could not joke around with them. Accidents happens so fast while brewing either by adding too much or too little of an ingredient, adding the ingredient at the wrong time or even the wrong ingredient. He would rather have a strict Potions teacher than a relaxed teacher. Strict Potion Master kept their students and apprentices alive, those that wanted to be your friend and make it fun usually got those under his care maimed or killed.

“Let us not hope for miracles Sir, but I will try my best to limit my exploded and melted cauldrons to once a month.”

Kaiden patted Neville’s hand, “Don’t worry so much Neville. Not everybody can be a Potion’s Master. You have your own strength. You can do things with plants I’ve never seen anybody. You even tamed that bloody Venomous Tentacula and you managed to shame the Mandrakes into behaving.”

Augusta Longbottom would walk through hell and back for that little boy. She could see the way Neville straightened himself at the kind words. Neville was always so unsure of himself, always so afraid he would do or say something that would shame his Grandmother or the memory of his parents. Neville was just as brave and strong as his parents, in fact he was stronger. Neville is a gentle and kind child, but beneath was a fierce warrior.

Severus was once again staring at his potions lab. Maybe now he would have the time to try and find a cure for the Longbottoms. He always believed that they could be cured, but without the resources and time he was unable to conduct the necessary research. For the love of Merlin, they could treat Lycanthropy, regrow bones, reverse the effects of petrification. His thoughts turned to the magical properties of Phoenix tears. Maybe the answer lays there, but Phoenix tears were scarce and the only Phoenix he knows off is currently with Dumbledore...
A trilling cry broke him from his thoughts as Fawkes appeared and landed on his shoulder. The majestic bird rubbed his head against Severus’ cheek. Magic crackled through the air and for a moment Severus and Fawkes were surrounded by pure white light. Shouts of alarm rang through the crowd, they feared that Dumbledore found them and was using the Phoenix to hunt them down.

The adults whipped their wands out, getting ready to defend themselves and most importantly their children, a brief scuffle broke out between grandmother and grandson as both Neville and Augusta tried to protect the other, before Augusta was able to get her grandson behind her. He was all that she had left, she would be damned if she loses him as well. She would rip Dumbledore’s throat out with her teeth before she allows that lemon drop sucking old sod to come near Neville again. But it did not mean she was not proud of Neville. He was barely trained and still he was willing to defend her, knowing full well Dumbledore would rip him apart without breaking a sweat.

Several loud pops announced the arrival of the elves. Dobby rushed to the humans, he had to stop them before they do something to Fawkes.

“Masters! Mistresses! Please, Fawkes is not being hurting Master Professor Snape. Fawkes is being binding himself to Master Professor Snape. Dumbledore is being a bad wizard and a terrible human.”

Lucius was the first to realize what the frantic elf was trying to tell them. If Fawkes bound himself to Severus it meant that Dumbledore forced the phoenix to stay with him. The decrepit old man forced a Phoenix to do his bidding, turning a proud and ancient creature to be his servant, turning him into nothing more than a shell of himself. To steal a phoenix and force a bonding was one of the most heinous crimes that can be committed. Not even the Unforgivables carried a higher penalty. Casting one of the Unforgivables landed one in Azkaban, but enslaving a Phoenix? If the perpetrator was extremely lucky he was caught by other humans and received the Dementor’s Kiss. If the goblins or other Phoenixes caught him, the punishment was severe and lasted several centuries. They would use their special brand of magic to keep him alive, punishing him daily until finally they would start the final curse, one that would first heat his blood up, gently until it boiled, burning through him internally before setting him on fire so that he would burn internally and externally. Just before death claims him, the final part of his punishment would begin, his soul would be removed, placed in a container and sent directly to Abaddon, to burn for eternity. The fear of this punishment kept most wizards from ever trying to enslave a Phoenix, but Dumbledore always believed himself to be above everyone else.
Chapter 32

Life on Atlantis went at a sedate pace for the children. They were finally allowed to be nothing more and nothing less than children. Classes started at eight o’clock sharp and school ended at one. Afterwards they were free to do as they please, as long as their homework were finished.

The professors benefitted the most from the day school, since they were now free to be themselves after school ended for the day. Weekends and nights were suddenly their own.

Filius Flitwick spent most days either in the town library or teaching anybody willing to learn the finer arts of dueling. Much to his surprise and joy, he rediscovered his near forgotten goblin roots and found his bliss in crafting swords, shields, knives and even the odd decorative bauble or two. It was not long before Filius gifted every woman on the island with an intricate tiara made of silver and adorned with jewels reflecting their old houses. With the help of his goblin kin, Filius even managed to sell most of his crafting on the open market. The products of what he deemed his little hobby, soon became the most sought after collector’s pieces in both magical and muggle world alike. Even Lily Potter craved to be able to boast that she was wearing a Corbeau, but had been unable to get her claws on even the most simplest piece.

Pomona Sprout really was in her element. The whole island was like one giant greenhouse. Every corner of the island produced different plant species and she could be found knee-deep in the muck and dirt, wearing a great big smile. The elves assigned to the gardens and farms revered her, those who came from Hogwarts knew of course that she used to teach Herbology, but it was here that her green fingers excelled. Neville followed Pomona around, learning everything he could and soon enough the elves spoke with reverence about Neville as well. Pomona and Neville worked wonders with every plant on the island. After a long evening imbibing copious amounts of fire whiskey Muriel and Augusta wondered if the house elves found religion and would they suddenly notice the elves all wearing little effigies and preaching about the love and compassion of the goddess Pomona. Not that they would really mind, since the gardens and farms looked better than before, producing the sweetest and succulent vegetables and fruits. Even Snape gushed, well as much as the dour man could and would gush, over the quality of potion ingredients.

Only Kaiden knew that Severus was trying to find a cure for Neville’s parents. He had thus far been unable too, but managed to discover quite a few new revolutionary potions. Amongst those had been a cure for lycanthropy, if the antidote was administered within twenty four hours after infection. Lupin nearly cried, it would not cure him, but countless innocent victims could be spared the ravages of the curse. He was still teaching Potions to the children in the mornings, as he had promised, but these days his teaching style was a bit more relaxed. He was still the strictest professor in school and the children, expect Kaiden and Draco, were still deathly afraid of the man, but he did not need to pretend to be anything but himself.

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Molly Weasley really enjoyed teaching Potions at Hogwarts. She could not understand why Ronnie had been failing Potions before, because he was clearly brilliant. It did not bother her in the least that nine out of ten of his concoctions either blew up or turned into either a tarlike substance or sludge. He just needed time to develop his skills, and children only learn through experimentation. Merlin knows, those twin disappointments only learned through experimentation and they most certainly blew up their fair share of cauldrons.

Unlike Snape she never hovered over the students, she allowed them the freedom to brew their potions at their leisure. She oversaw the lesson from her desk, just to make sure nothing dangerous
happened. She was a mother first and foremost. That reminded Molly, she needed to discuss the state of the castle and the grounds with Albus. It was as if the bloody squibs just did not care. The windows never sparkled even after the cleaners supposedly washed them. Truth be told, after they have cleaned a spot it seemed more dirty and shabby than before. Hogwarts was turning positively derelict. Then there was also the matter of those rude gnomes infesting the grounds. The kids could no longer even venture outside and Albus had to move the green houses next to the castle, construct a stone fence and stone pathway, just to ensure the safety of the children. Even Care of Magical Creatures suffered. Classes were now held in the castle, instead of studying the actual magical creature they were supposedly learning about to care for, classes were now theoretical only and with Hagrid as Professor it made a boring class even more so. Dumbledore was contemplating removing Care of Magical Creatures from the curriculum all together. Mostly because the only magical creatures found in close vicinity of the school, were either dangerous or classified as pests and therefor unsuitable for study.

Just a week prior Hagrid had to flee his hut in the middle of the night, as the gnomes decided to set fire to the building. It was the same night Fang disappeared and Hagrid cried hours believing his dog had died, eaten by either the crazy gnomes or Merlin forbid Aragog. Aragog was another sore spot with Hagrid. For years the monstrous spider treated Hagrid with respect and called him friend. But these days the friendship soured considerably and even the half-giant was now afraid to venture into the Forbidden Forest.

To add insult to injury they had been forced to abandon the dungeons as the charmed windows in the erstwhile Slytherin dorms suddenly failed. The Black Lake and its cruel inhabitants now claimed domain in the dungeons. The Hufflepuffs were not impressed since they not only lost their Common Room and domain, but most of their possessions as well. Three squibs died when the sudden rushing waters trapped them in the kitchen.

But still Albus were confident that he will soon be able to break the blood curse placed on Hogwarts by those evil Slytherins. Not that Molly doubted him, he was the most powerful wizard since Merlin himself.

Molly did not notice the strange orange vapors escaping from Ron’s cauldron. And even if she did, she was just as likely to ignore it, her son needed to experiment and discover potions on his own terms. She did not notice the ominous bubbles and gurgling of volatile potion coming from Ron’s cauldron. Molly did however realize something was amiss when the loud BANG! rang through the room, her quick actions did save the lives of Harry, Ron and Hermione. They were her first (and secretly only) priorities. Boiling blobs of the potion sprayed nearly every surface in the classroom. Within seconds the screaming started as the noxious potion ate its way through clothes and started to burn the children.

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Poppy had not experienced such a night in all her years at Hogwarts. She was used to students coming in ill with flu or the cold. She was used to students who dueled and ended up with an awkward, if not nasty curse or hex, to fix. She was more used to the variety of injuries caused by Quidditch. She did not mind when she had to treat Ronald Weasley for an infected bite, caused by Hagrid’s dragon. Of course she knew it was a bite from a dragon. But she kept quiet, because the boy did not want to confess the bite came from a dragon. Her job was to cure and heal, not interrogate and punish. The same with Hermione Granger. She knew the girl drank polyjuice made with animal hair and not human. She even grew accustomed to having Harry Potter in her Infirmary on more occasions that she had been comfortable with, but the boy used to be such a joy to have around, no longer though.
If she had to be brutally honest with herself, everything changed the moment James and Lily Potter returned from the dead, accompanied by the new, but certainly not improved, Harry Potter. Since that day Hogwarts turned into Bedlam. Students running rampant and causing malicious havoc on Halloween, resulting in the heart attack of Argus Filch. At least the poor man survived the ordeal. She would just like to know if he was at least happy, since he disappeared soon after she released him from the Hospital Wing. He left without so much as a goodbye, not that she could blame him. She could name everything that suddenly start to go wrong at Hogwarts, starting with the horrid cretin Harry Potter became up until this very moment. At least she had been able to stabilize all the students, and do not think she did not notice that the only students not burned within an inch of their lives had been Harry Potter, Ron Weasley and Hermione Granger.

The parents and a whole army of healers from St Mungo’s came to escort the students to the hospital in an attempt to reverse the damage caused by Mr Weasley caustic and toxic potion mishap. Neither Dumbledore nor Molly Weasley deemed it necessary to meet the parents and try and make amends. They left the mess at Poppy’s doorstep to try and clean up. This was the last incident, she loved and enjoyed her work. Healing and helping the ill, sick and injured were her passion and calling in life, but she never agreed to whitewash a situation and lie for either a professor or Dumbledore himself.

Poppy carefully cleaned the hospital wing, ordered the necessary potions and salves to restock the storeroom and left. She and Irma Pince had stayed as long as they could, but no more. The library looked like a war zone, ripped and tattered books strewn across the room. Ms Granger waltzed into the Restricted Section and removed books at her leisure, never to return them. Irma caught Potter and Weasley drawing lewd pictures in rare and expensive books, rendering them not only useless, but worthless. They ripped pages from books to finish the assignment in their room, not even caring that other students may also need the source material. The only books those two little terrors had left in pristine condition, treating them like they were the very first printing of the Gutenberg Bible, was every book and magazine about Quidditch. Irma nearly suffered her own heart attack when she told Poppy.

Poppy was worried about the remaining students, but she knew that the students injured in Mr Weasley’s latest botched potion, will not be returning to Hogwarts. Their parents threatened to gain legal advice and sue Hogwarts, Dumbledore and Molly Weasley. And this time Dumbledore would not be able to squash the rumours and the lawsuit. When Horace Slughorn had been Potions professor, accidents happened at regular intervals, because the man had been too involved in cultivating the correct connections, than pay attention to what his students had been up to. But each time an accident happened, both Horace and Dumbledore had the necessary and valid excuse ready. They were able to twist themselves out of any messy lawsuits since Horace had at least been a Potion Master, albeit a horrible one. Molly Weasley on the other hand, was not a Potion Mistress and she was not a qualified teacher.

It was just after nine when Poppy and Irma left the grounds, their belongings shrunk and hidden in their pockets. Dumbledore found the two women as they opened the front doors.

“Good evening my dear ladies. Bit late for a stroll on the grounds is it not?”

Poppy gave the old coot a small indulgent smile.

“It is Saturday night and my monthly night off. We decided to pop into the Three Broomsticks for a drink. Don’t worry Albus, we won’t stay out late and you know me, my limit is one. See you in the morning, unless there is an emergency.”

Irma murmured a quiet “Good evening Albus”, before she followed Poppy down the stairs. With
the infestation of garden gnomes and the missing thestrals, and the fact that the wards would not allow apparition on Hogwarts’ grounds, the two women mounted their brooms.

“Irma, we better stop at the Three Broomsticks and order a drink. I just have this feeling that Dumbledore might just fire call Rosemerta and check up on us.”

Irma gave a short nod. She had the same feeling. Dumbledore had always had his staff on a very short leash, all but Minerva and Hagrid, but then again those two were blindly loyal to Dumbledore and would French kiss a Hungarian Horntail if the man just only asked them to, but these days, he was even more paranoid. It has been a long standing tradition that Irma and Poppy would visit the Three Broomsticks (or the Hogshead if Rosemerta was a bit too busy that evening) once a month. They never stayed longer than two hours before they returned to the castle. But ever since the Severus Saga the man has been downright crazy and controlling. If they were really lucky, The Three Broomsticks will be busy and filled to capacity, thereby redirecting the two women to the Hogshead. By the time Dumbledore start looking for them, they will be safely away.
Chapter 33

It was growing late and those two troublesome women still have not returned to Hogwarts. Albus could not care less about Irma Pince, just as he did not care when Argus Filch packed his bags and left with his troublesome cat, Mrs Norris. But he did care, as much as Albus could care about anything, about Poppy Pomfrey. He knew the woman’s worth. Since the moment she started at Hogwarts, back when he was still just the Transfiguration professor, she dreamed of becoming a Healer. The girl spent every free second in the infirmary, helping the then Mediwitch with small menial tasks.

He kept tabs on the woman through the years and when the old mediwitch, Gertrude Sana started to mention her desire to retire, Dumbledore immediately thought of Poppy. But it would not do if she became a fully qualified Healer. The School Governors would jump at the chance to employ a healer, but Dumbledore knew that the monthly salary of a healer would far outstrip his meagre salary as a teacher and even that of the Headmaster. And that would not do. He had his sight set on becoming Headmaster of Hogwarts and as such every honour and accolade should be awarded to him. If anybody was going to earn a salary of twenty thousand galleons a month it would be him and not some potion pusher.

Albus’ mind drifted towards Poppy and her family. Then he remembered and started his plotting. Poppy had a younger sister, one who would only start Hogwarts the following year. Her mother died a few months after giving birth to young Yvette and her father struggled to keep both his daughters happy and well cared for. If something was to happen to Philip, Poppy would become Yvette Pomfrey’s primary caregiver and as she was still an intern Healer, she did not earn enough. Well, not enough to care for herself and most certainly not for her younger sister. He knew Poppy well enough to know that she would never abandon her sister, she would rather abandon her own dreams to care for her sister. He often wondered how somebody as smart as Poppy Pomfrey could be so stupid. One’s first priority should always be with oneself. Those unable to claw their way to the top, does not deserve to be there in the first place. Just look at his brother. Aberforth had been content to look after their crazy damaged sister, not one ounce of pride in that boy. These days he settled in his old pub, wasting away, content to spend his time between the pub and his goats, content never to become rich, content to only serve the dregs of society.

And so Philip had himself a little magical mishap. According to the official Auror report Philip Pomfrey tried to apparate to St Mungo’s after being sting by a dragon wasp. Apparently Philip Pomfrey was allergic to dragon wasp venom and decided to apparate to St Mungo’s instead of using the floo. The man splinched himself horribly. Only the right half of Philip Pomfrey arrived in the lobby of St Mungo’s, the other half was still in his living room.

The Pomfrey sisters mourned and buried their father. Poppy immediately took her mediwitch exam, abandoning her dream of becoming a healer and started looking for employment. She had to take care of her little sister now. Dumbledore, freshly crowned Headmaster of Hogwarts, Armando Dippet suddenly decided to retire (not that Dumbledore had anything to do with Dippet’s sudden retirement plans, of course), wasted no time in recruiting Poppy Pomfrey, assuring her that Yvette would be more than welcome to live at Hogwarts with her sister.

If only he knew what trouble young Yvette would cause, he would have taken care of her along her father. She was a wonderful child, bright and studious. The kind of student Professors really gushed about. But she was also a transfiguration genius. Outshining Dumbledore’s own scores. And so Yvette had to go. Nobody was allowed to outshine him. He was the best at everything he does. A few months after Yvette graduated from Hogwarts she fell victim to Voldemort, or at least that is
what the official report says. And who would or could argue with that? Her little home was found destroyed, Yvette’s broken body discarded like yesterday’s newspaper, the Dark Mark floating above the cottage. And it was not as if any Auror would have approached Tom Riddle and ask him and his followers about their alibis. Everybody just assumed she met her end at the hands of Voldemort and his followers, as so many had.

Sometimes Dumbledore missed the old days. The days when Tom Riddle ran around with his little friends, sowing seeds of terror wherever they went. Quite a few of Voldemort’s victims actually fell at the hands of Dumbledore. It had been so easy with the madman running around, a ready scapegoat for Dumbledore’s machinations. An influential family refuses to join the Order of the Phoenix? No problem, the horrible death of a beloved family member at the hands of the Death Eaters quickly brought them to heel.

The only old hag he had failed to bring to the fold had been Muriel Prewett, not only did she refuse to join or at least donate copious amounts of galleons to the cause, she had managed to convince Gideon and Fabian to leave the Order as well. Oh, make no mistake, the old hag and the twins were against Voldemort, but she was against Dumbledore as well. So, Dumbledore leaked the twin’s location to the Death Eaters. Voldemort dispatched ten of his most skilled duelers to take the two down. Those two fought like madmen and one after the other the Death Eaters fell before their wands. That would not do and Dumbledore and a select few of his most trusted Order members stepped in. Still Gideon and Fabian fought bravely, taking an additional ten attackers out. Dumbledore was the one to kill the troublesome duo at last. In his fury at the loss of ten more of his most loyal, he destroyed the two, he continued casting one hex after the after, even long after their deaths. What was left of the twins were not fit for viewing. The Ministry had only been able to identify the two by their wands and their faint magical signature. It was not an open casket funeral to say the least.

Dumbledore stroked the hair of his new toy, he had just obtained the child the previous evening. The child was a little older than his usual, but sixteen was not that old and besides, the boy was very fragile looking. He stroked the blonde hair and when the boy closed his eyes in revulsion, Dumbledore reached between the boy’s legs, gripping his penis in a tight grip and gave it a vicious yank and twist.

“Look at me! Do not close your eyes or I will remove your eyelids and yank your pitiful excuse for a penis from your body!”

Sobbing his toy opened his eyes and looked at Dumbledore. Fear shone bright in those two brilliant blue orbs. If only it was the true object of his desire. Oh how he wished it was Kaiden Malfoy squirming on the bed.

“I wish you really were Kaiden. If only Kaiden’s blood was not tainted. Then I would have kept him. I would have loved him and I would have made certain the boy carried more of my heirs. But his blood is tainted and for that he too will one day pay. I refuse to dilute my bloodline with the filth in his.”

Dumbledore pushed his worries about his two errant staff members away. Why worry about the two women, who were most probably drowning themselves in cheap firewhiskey at the Hogs Head, when he has a beautiful fresh new toy in his bed? Neither woman will ever abandon Hogwarts, as it has been the only home the two have known for over forty years now. Irma Pince will never find another library as extensive as the one at Hogwarts, in the silly old woman tried to rule over the library as if it was her very own little kingdom. And Poppy will never abandon the children, her bleeding heart would never allow her to leave.
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