Freedom

by eeminxs

Summary

Those meant to protect Harry instead ignore and neglect him, uncaring how he is put in danger time after time. With Voldemort starting to rise again and seemingly no options, will Harry finally take matters into his own hands and leave behind Britain, along with all the memories he can no longer stand? A newly discovered creature inheritance set to emerge at age sixteen, things become even more precarious and challenging. Will Harry finally find the freedom he so longs for or will it disappear before his eyes?

Notes

I am not new to writing fanfiction. However, this is my first Harry Potter work and my first Twilight work; instead of choosing one or the other, I chose a crossover as I couldn't resist. Positive/encouraging feedback is more than welcomed as are ideas; I often work on a tablet that has its own spelling ideas so I won't be offended if someone points out errors.

Tags may be added or taken out: suggestions are more than welcome! This shall be left as is for the time being. Thank you all for your help and I hope that this being set into chapters.
help! Also, I do encourage and welcome all positive comments as well as polite critique. It is a way of helping and encouraging me to write more!
Disbelief

Chapter Notes

Chapter 1 to 9 now edited properly on a laptop.

Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry

Sunday, October 31, 2004

Despite it being the anniversary of his parent’s death, Harry couldn’t help but feel a shiver of excitement run through him as he sat by Ron and Hermione in the Great Hall, starring at the Goblet of Fire as it finally lit up after the Halloween feast. From what Headmaster Dumbledore had said, each task would likely something no one would expect and be quite memorable. Not even the fact that Quidditch had been canceled this year could dampen his excitement over the TriWizarding Tournament. Besides which, at least this year, he would actually have time to focus on his studies without the worry of trying to fit in all of the practices Gryffindor’s new Quidditch captain, Angelina Johnson, had threatened them with last year. She sounded worse with her obsession with winning the Cup than Oliver Wood, the previous captain, had been before graduating.

Coming back to himself from his thoughts, Harry was just in time to see the last Champion, this time for Hogwarts, being announced. Clapping politely as Cedric Diggory, a Hufflepuff, was guided to a room just off the head table, Harry started to turn back to the Gryffindor table when he caught a glimpse of fire shooting from the Goblet again. Unsure what was happening, he listened as a fourth champion was announced. Blinking rapidly as he tried processing what he heard, he missed Professor Dumbledore calling him up, along with the noise of the students whispering.

This can’t be happening! I’m not even old enough! Besides, how could four people be called instead of three? Harry ranted to himself, wondering if perhaps this was a nightmare. All I wanted was at least one peaceful year! One year that is as normal as possible considering I attend a magic school.

When the second call to Harry failed to rouse him, Hermione jabbed him in the side and pointed out he had to go with the Headmaster. Taking a deep breath, his heart stuck in his throat and his stomach feeling as though someone had cast a Hardening Charm on it, he nodded and walked what seemed like an eternity to the room behind the Professor’s table. Trying not to look at those glaring at him in anger and spitefulness, he instead focused on the head table in hopes of finding kindness. Instead, all he found was looks of disbelief and disappointment on each of the Professors faces, including Headmaster’s as well. Already, Mr. Crouch and the other school heads were arguing fiercely behind a silencing bubble.

As he entered with Dumbledore into the room where the Champions were waiting, the other school heads followed. This time, Harry could hear them yelling at Mr. Crouch about how they should have a second champion since Hogwarts obviously cheated.

Mr. Crouch protested, “I’m sorry, but I cannot do that. The Goblet of Fire has gone out and won’t light until the next tournament. If your champions leave, they will be breaking a magical contract and it will cause them to, at the very least, lose a good deal of their magic, if not all. There may be other consequences as well that Magic forces upon on them, depending on her will. Despite whatever means Mr. Potter used to enter, all four must participate. It is part of the contract when entering your
name in the Goblet. I’m sorry, but that’s final.”

Angry over the assumption he had willing put his name in, Harry at last found his voice and croaked out loud as he could, “But that's the thing, I didn’t put my name in the Goblet. I don’t want to be in the Tournament!”

Huffing disbelievingly, Mr. Crouch answered, “Really Mr. Potter, it is no use protesting now. What’s done is done. You are required to participate. And as to the first task in the TriWizarding Tournament, it’s designed to test your knowledge and ability to think on your feet, so no one will be told beforehand as to the task. Now, I wish you all a good evening and I’ll see you soon!”

With that, Mr. Crouch left quickly, not wishing to deal with the angry Champions or their head of schools. As Harry saw the resentment, confusion, and anger flash on each the faces, he was thankful when Professor Dumbledore soon dismissed them. Even though it was late, he knew at least Ron and Hermione would still be waiting up for him.

As he entered Gryffindor Tower, he didn’t even have a chance to sit before Ron began questioning him casually.

“So, how’d you do it?”

“Do what?” Harry wondered, looking at Ron as if he was crazy.

“Get into the tournament,” Ron rolled his eyes, his voice sarcastic and slow, as if he believed Harry was dumb and slow witted. “No one could figure it out, but really, you can tell me and Hermione. You’re obviously not going to get into trouble.”

“No clue, I was surprised as you were.”

“Surprised it worked maybe,” Ron said in a disbelieving tone. “Why didn’t you tell us your plan?”

Slowly, trying his best not to bite out the words in anger, Harry repeated, “I did not do anything!”

“Yeah, right,” Ron huffed, sharing a look with Hermione. “Why wouldn’t you want to enter? No end of year tests, the chance to…”

Cutting him off angrily, Harry repeated, “I did not want to be in this stupid tournament. I have at least three years less education than the others! I’m going to participate only so I do not lose my magic. Although maybe you would like that, huh?”

By now, Harry was fed up with Ron's know-it-all attitude and was shouting as loud as possible without the chance of waking up the entire tower. “Or perhaps if I am one of the lucky ones that dies, will convince you I don't want this?”

Hermione finally spoke up, using a haughty tone that clearly meant she thought he was exaggerating, “That was in the past though. Professor Dumbledore told us that there are a lot more safety measures. The chances of someone dying is so unlikely now that even I had passing thoughts of what it would be like to be in such a tournament. I’m sure it would be difficult, yes, but still, a rewarding challenge.”

Rolling his eyes at her, Harry shook his head. Sometimes, he couldn’t believe how trusting she was of the Professors and adults. He always wavered between wondering when she would learn to think for herself and wanting to give her a break as she hadn’t been sentenced to live with the Dursley’s so had a normal childhood nor as she wasn't faced with the fact the public expected more out of him as the ‘Boy-Who-Lived'. It seemed this year she was getting even worse with her attitude though, if this
summer was any example.

Seeing that Harry didn’t appear to have a response to Hermione, Ron continued to attack Harry, his frustrations that had been building over the last few years finally spewing out.

“He just wants even more attention than he is getting. I mean, Merlin knows he isn’t getting enough attention and if he hadn’t gone into the tournament, he’d be left out this year. Not famous enough you know,” Ron taunted cruelly. “And then of course, he wants the 1,000 Galleons to himself. Hasn’t got enough already Galleons, I mean why else wouldn’t he share his fortune with anyone?”

“You know what Ron? You’re just a spoiled little ignorant boy who is jealous of everyone. You can’t see what’s in front of your eyes. I’m so fed up with your ‘poor me’ take on life. You think life for you is so terrible, well, guess what, I’d kill for a family like yours,” Harry jumped to his feet, running his hands through his hair in frustration. “At least you always know you won’t go hungry, be worked to the bone day after day, be locked up like some animal that’s feared, or wonder what you’ll do next to set off up your family.

Chuckling, Ron got right back up in his face. “Oooh, poor little orphan Harry,” he mocked, using his hands to quote his words. “Got it so bad that everyone wants to be your friend. They just adore you for sitting on your arse all day, doing nothing! And do you really expect us to believe you have it so bad at home?”

“Professor Dumbledore wouldn’t allow anyone to live anywhere that was harmful to them, Harry,” Hermione said, backing up Ron in a disbelieving tone.

“Oh, yes, you know everything, don’t you?” Harry turned his anger on her. “Just quote the adults, the Professors and books and everything will be just fine, won’t it? None of them could be possible wrong, not ever, right? No need to think for yourself! Not at all like this summer at the Quidditch final when Mr. Weasley ordered the three of us to stay hidden in the tent. If we had done that, we’d have been right in the way of the Death Eaters and who the bloody hell knows what would’ve happened.”

Huffing at him, Hermione flounced back in the chair with her arms crossed. “Well, at least I don’t find dangerous situations every year that could lead to our deaths!” she hissed in retaliation.

“Yeah, that’s right,” Ron said, glaring back at Harry. “How many times have the two of us gotten hurt or nearly so because of things you couldn’t leave alone?”

“Oh, yes, I held you two at wand point each and every moment, making you do what you didn’t want. Next time, I’ll make sure not to go off and rescue any family members of yours that are idiotic enough to write to a diary that writes back,” shouted Harry in a mocking tone, unaware of how much louder he had gotten. “You two need to grow the hell up, not everything is so black and white. Think for yourselves! Do you honestly think I wanted any of that shit to happen to me? Do you think I want to know I have to face stuff yet again, far above what I know?”

Seeing Ron about to interrupt, Harry just yelled louder, “And no, Ron, money isn’t everything! And Professors aren’t always right, Hermione!”

“While that may be the case, Mr. Potter,” a stern voice from the portrait doorway broke in. “This time, I feel you will tend to agree with me when I say it is well past curfew and the three of you should be in bed. Not to mention, this conduct is most unbecoming. The three of you will each be serving a detention with me tomorrow night.”

Turning around to face Professor McGonagall, their head of house, the three nodded their heads
guilty.

“Off to bed, now,” she ordered, clearly displeased with them.

Doing as order, at the bottom of the stairs to the house dorm, Harry couldn’t help but say one last thing.

“If neither of you two can’t, or won’t, see that I hate being forced into the situations I’ve been forced into, then I don’t know what else to say,” Harry sadly whispered.

Hoping that he hadn’t lost both his friends in one night, Harry also realized that things had to change. He cared for them both, but it seemed like their friendship had reached a breaking point. Considering all that they had faced, Harry wasn’t sure he could blame them for feeling as they did. He went up to his bed and crawled in fully clothed, too emotionally drained to change. As he drifted off to sleep, he hoped things would get better.

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Unfortunately, as the first task on November 24th crept closer, things just got worse. Somehow, just two days after Halloween, Malfoy managed to make badges that flashed ‘Potter Stinks!’ Having Ron actually take one eventually and Hermione just ignored them as if they didn’t exist almost physically hurt. None of the teachers really seemed to notice them or did much about them if anyone was caught with one. Not even his head of house. And of course, Professor Snape took the whole thing as a chance to mock and torment him in Potions class even more than usual. The only professors who didn’t seem to be affected by it was the new Defense Professor, Mad-Eye Moody, and Professor Trelawney, who just continued to predict his death on a regular basis.

Resigning himself to the fact that things were worse than he thought, Harry ended up spending more and more of his free time in the library. Despite it being Hermione’s domain, she ignored him and the others gathered there were too afraid of Madame Pince to mock him. After a week of just hiding and doing his homework, he finally decided he couldn’t just sit around and wait for whatever the First Task might be, so he resigned himself to hours of study in the library in hopes something he learned might help him survive. However, once Hagrid showed him the dragons, Harry realized that learning spells and actually performing them were two different things.

A full twenty-four hours after finding out about the dragons and learning the champions would have to get past them, in which time, Harry acknowledged spending most of it panicking, he finally had an idea. Or at least, a vague outline of an idea.

“Dobby?” Harry called tentatively while hiding in Moaning Myrtle’s bathroom. The promise of having to share the space if he died whilst performing the First Task in exchange for privacy was worth it to him.

“Mister Harry Potter, sir! So good is it to see you again! What can Dobby be doing for Mister Harry Potter, sir?” an excited house elf with large eyes and ears flopping asked after popping in.

“Hey, Dobby,” smiled Harry. “I heard you were working here now. I was wondering if you knew of any place I could practice spells for the TriWizard Tournament?”

“Ahh, yes, such a horrible thing to have happened to the great Harry Potter. So young to be an adult wizard,” trailing off, Dobby thought for a moment before a look of inspiration struck him. “Has Mister Harry Potter heard of the Room of Requirement?”

At the puzzled look and shake of Harry’s head, Dobby enthusiastically grabbed his hand and
announced, “Dobby shall take Mister Harry Potter if he so wishes.”

Giving his consent, Harry followed as Dobby led him up various staircases and through different passageways, thinking on something Dobby as said. After learning how to enter the room, which had transformed into a gym complete with training dummies, a small library, and a small kitchen with living room to rest, Dobby asked if there was anything else he could do.

“Actually, yes,” Harry told him, looking down at the expectant face. “What did you mean so young to be an adult?”

“Maybe it is not Dobby's place to say so…” he started heading to a brick wall, which Harry feared would lead to head bashing.

“Dobby, no, it's okay,” Harry quickly said. Bending down, he paused a moment to figure out how to explain to his friend it wouldn’t break any Wizarding rules for him to tell him.

“I'm sure that Headmaster Dumbledore just hasn’t had the time or something to let me know what you do, I mean…” sighing, Harry ran his hands through his hair. “With you working here, it is okay for you to tell me things I should know as I am here to learn whatever I need. Does that makes sense?”

Nodding vigorously, Dobby recited back, “Mister Harry Potter is student in this great castle, here to learn his lessons so Mister Harry Potter can live good and happy once Mister Harry Potter leaves. That means Dobby can tell?”

“Exactly!” triumphant, Harry grinned at Dobby.

“When Dobby saying Mister Harry Potter is young to be adult, Dobby means Mister Harry Potter is now be treated as adult as Mister Harry Potter is in Tournament for adults.”

“How is possible?”

“Dobby only be knows it is old Wizarding law,” seeing Harry still baffled, Dobby spoke up hesitantly with a hint of fear. “May Dobby be making a suggestion?”

Nodding, Harry waited for Dobby to speak up.

“Dobby thinks Mister Harry Potter should writes Gringotts. Goblins be knowing more than Dobby.”

“Brilliant!”

Blushing, Dobby shuffled in place, “Is there being anything else Mister Harry Potter need?”

“Just a question,” Harry said reluctantly, hating he even had to be asking it. “I was wondering if you would be willing to take the letter to the goblins, as well as being any letters back to me? I don’t really want anyone to know what I’m doing.”

“I would be most honored! Dobby must inform Mister Harry Potter though that should staff ask, Dobby must tell,” at that news, Dobby started sniffling.

“No, it’s okay Dobby,” Harry hastened to reassure him. “It was just a thought.”

“Dobby could work for Mister Harry Potter if he wishes it,” Dobby stated suddenly. “Just one or two Galleons per week be all Dobby requires.”

“Is that what the school gives you?”
“That and a nice bed to sleep in,” Dobby said proudly.

“Would you mind terribly if you worked for me just doing small errands until I leave school, but still work for Hogwarts?” Hearing how that sounded, Harry added quickly, “I am more than happy to still give you three Galleons a week. I just mainly need help without anyone knowing what errands and such I ask of you, not even the Headmaster.”

Thinking on it for a few long minutes, Dobby answered, “One Galleon a week as long as Dobby works for Hogwarts as well. Anything Dobby does for Mister Harry Potter is told to no one. Mister Harry Potter tells Dobby when school is done so Dobby might go with him.”

“Try to call me Harry and we have a deal,” he grinned, holding out his hand to shake. Feeling a weird shiver-like feeling go through him, Harry asked, “What was that?”

“That was being Dobby’s house elf magic, Dobby is still free but is magic used when Dobby needs to have contract made. Magic not as powerful as full bond, but still powerful, Mister Harry P…” the house elf trailed off and looked around.

Sensing Dobby still hadn’t quite broken the habit of injuring himself when disobeying orders, real or implied, Harry grabbed hold of him. After making sure Dobby wouldn’t be missing anywhere, Harry sat down and asked Dobby about anything he thought he should know in regards to the Wizarding world, just as long as it didn’t mean Dobby would feel the need to hurt himself. It turned out there were a few things Harry learned that afternoon and that evening, spent a good deal of time composing a letter to the goblins.

Now, all he needed to do was wait for their reply and hopefully survive the Tournament intact.

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Hospital Ward, Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry
Saturday, June 25, 2005

After the experiences of the Third Task where the Champions were forced to find their way through a maze to find the Cup and the results of ‘winning’ with Cedric Diggory, Harry was glad for the peace and silence in the hospital wing. It had been bad enough defending himself against a Boggart, figuring out that gravity-reversing mist, and battling an Acromantula with Cedric’s help. It was made worse finding Fleur Delacour, the Beauxbatons Champion, stunned, and Viktor Krum, the Durmstrang champion torturing her.

What Harry couldn’t get out of his mind was what had taken place right after he and Cedric grabbed hold of the TriWizarding Cup together. Shuddering, Harry couldn’t help but remember how they were Portkeyed to a graveyard and soon after, Cedric was killed. Before he could react, he himself had been tied up to a gravestone and Wormtail used his blood to help resurrect Lord Voldemort. Only by chance, had he been able to escape.

Quite a few things were clear when he got back to Hogwarts. The first was that yet again, the Defense against the Dark Arts teacher employed was the wrong choice as Mad-Eye Moony was in fact Barty Crouch, Junior. All year, the real Mad-Eye had been locked in a trunk so Crouch, Junior could Polyjuiced himself. Then, just as bad, if not worse than being held by that madman after getting back from the graveyard was Headmaster Dumbledore attitude. He clearly seemed more concerned about other matters than the fact that he had been held under the Cruciatus Curse before being forced to duel Voldemort. Not to mention, all this occurred after surviving that stupid maze. All Dumbledore demanded to know was what had happened around him, not to him. Yes, he was aware it was important, but Harry couldn’t help wonder why no thought was given to him until
hours later when, finally dismissed, he actually went to see Madame Pomfrey voluntarily. Already, the respect he had for Professor Dumbledore wasn’t that high and after this, Harry wasn’t sure much, if any, remained.

Finally, there was how Minister Fudge acted. Harry knew he had clearly seen the fear pass across the Minister’s face, but just as quickly, after looking at him, the Minister dismissed everything. He flat out refused to even think that maybe he was right about Lord Voldemort’s return! Being called a liar in front of those gathered for the Final TriWizarding Task just fed into the disrespect, anger, and disgust he felt at the current Minister of Magic.

One thing was for certain, Harry was glad that he had done so much research and planning, both alone and with the goblins help this school year. With one thing and another, if he hadn’t done so, with the return of Lord Voldemort, he wasn’t sure how else he would make it to graduation alive. Now, he just had to figure out how to get to Gringotts this summer…
Plotting

Near 4 Privet Drive, Surrey, England
Thursday, July 14, 2005

Just as darkness seemed to surround Harry, he finally grabbed a hold of his wand. Shouting out, ‘EXPECTO PATRONUS!’ as strongly as possible, he was grateful to find the Dementor by him backing away. Turning his stag Patrons towards his cousin, he made his way towards Dudley. As much as he disliked and sometimes feared his cousin, there was no way Harry could leave him to a fate that was supposed to be worse than death. Relieved when the two Dementors finally fled, Harry lowered his wand, only to bring it up sharply at a loud clunking noise.

Seeing Mrs. Figg approach, he tried to hide his wand, but was scolded by her and told to hang onto his wand. Too dazed to realize the significance that she knew of magic, he helped Dudley from the alleyway back to the Dursley's house. Just as he entered the house and Mrs. Figg left muttering about something or other, an owl swooped in behind them. Ignoring Aunt Petunia's yelling about what he did to her poor 'Diddykins', he quickly read the letter. Seeing that the Ministry had decided to expel him and was about to come to snap his wand, Harry began quickly planning on how to get to Diagon Alley. Luckily, another owl came in ten minutes later, this time from Arthur Weasley. Supposedly, the Headmaster had been at the Ministry when the notice was given and he had a trail set for early tomorrow morning.

Fed up with the yelling and whatnot, Harry finally looked at Aunt Petunia, “Will you please shut it or do I have to hex you to get it?”

“You're not allowed,” she huffed as arrogantly as possible when faced with a wand pointing at her.

“Actually,” Harry grinned menacingly at her, waving his wand around the living room full of ugly, flowered and plastic-covered furniture. “You'll find that due to certain circumstances last year, that although I am still considered a minor, I am allowed to do magic just as any other adult wizard would. That said, make sure you don’t forget it and pass that on to Uncle Vernon, will you?”

Rushing off in fear to the kitchen, Petunia barely paused long enough to ensure Dudley was with her.

*That wasn’t that bad. In fact, it was kind of fun,* Harry thought, smirking. *Now, let’s just hope I get a chance to dodge everyone after the trail.*

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London, England
Friday, July 17, 2005

As the trail was scheduled for ten in the morning, Arthur came to take Harry in to work with him to save time and running around. Unknown to anyone but most of the Wizengamot, the time had been changed by Minister Fudge in an effort to overrule the Headmaster's meddling. Harry and Arthur only found out about the change when checking in with one of the front guards at the Ministry.

In shock, Arthur looked to Harry in a panic, “I would come if I could, but I have a meeting scheduled in ten minutes. I really can’t miss it.”

“I'll be fine, don’t worry,” Harry assured him, smiling. “Just tell me where I need to go.”
Giving out hasty directions, Arthur reminded him that he should be free after a couple hours and could meet him at the front desk. Letting him know he would send word if anything happened or changed, the two parted. Making his way to the deepest part of the building, Harry couldn’t help but shiver before opening the door. Seeing Courtroom Ten packed with people in a stadium-like seat and a chair with chains in the middle of the room, Harry swallowed heavily. This appeared almost-dungeon and gave off the same feeling as one would - cold, empty, and barren.

To his surprise, he wasn’t led to either of the tables on the floors, but instead the chair. As the chains rattled, Harry closed his eyes, bracing himself to feel them wrap around his arms and legs. When they stopped, he opened his eyes and faced Minister Fudge, determined not to allow him to find fault with him.

As the Minister began reading out the various names of the interrogators, he could help but wonder if this was normal for those accused of underage magic. Surely having both the Minister and the Undersecretary to the Ministry was a bit excessive? He could understand having someone from the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, but as to the head of the department? Besides which, wasn’t there a department that dealt with underage magic specifically? He was sure that the few notices he had gotten for various incidences, whether his fault or not, were from a specific department dealing with underage magic. Another item Harry found suspicious was that no one was there to represent him.

Perhaps the abrupt time change meant that any representation I may have had couldn’t make it? But why would they change it? Harry wondered.

As the so-called trial went on, Harry began to see that Minister Fudge and his Undersecretary Umbridge weren’t interested in finding out the truth. The constant interruptions and the twisting of words made it clear that they didn’t want Harry to be able to prove himself innocent.

Finally having enough after twenty minutes, Harry told everyone to be quiet and listen. It was obvious not many had the guts to say such a thing to Minister Fudge by the abrupt silence that occurred. Taking the momentary gift of peace while he could, Harry quickly explained what happened, where it occurred, and who the Muggle was when he performed the magic.

“If anyone is worried about my cousin speaking and exposing our world, well, then I just have to wonder why this is just occurring to you now as he has known about it for years. So have my aunt and uncle. Yet, none of them have ever breathed a word to anyone,” Harry pointed out. “If you question whether I am speaking the truth about Dementors appearing by the Dursley’s house, I offer a solution. Just use Veritaserum on me, it is known to be safe enough to use on someone my age. Finally, I just have a couple questions of my own. Is this how anyone who is underage and defends themselves using magic because it is the only possible tool available to them to survive? Also, why are the past incidences being brought up? The two times I received notice I was told they were documented as accidental magic and as far as I understand, these instances therefore cannot be held against me.”

The Wizengamot, with the exception of Minister Fudge and his Undersecretary, began looking towards one another with guilt filled eyes. Mummers swept through the room until Amelia Bone, the Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement spoke up.

“We must admit you are correct,” she admitted, ignoring the sputtering of both the Minister and the Undersecretary. “Based on what we heard today, I have to admit I am ashamed that up you were treated in such a manner and would like to apologize. You are free to go.”

Standing up, Harry nodded his head towards her in respect. Although it had taken almost an hour for the Wizengamot to see the truth of what they were trying to do, he was just glad that was over. Now,
he finally had time to take care of other things that needed to be done.

Without bothering to head back to Arthur’s office, Harry instead had a front door guard send him a message before quickly making his way outside the Ministry to take a bus to The Leaky Cauldron. With his baggy clothes and hoodie covering his face, he was able to slip into Diagon Alley and make his way to Gringotts without attracting the usual attention. Stating that he had a meeting with Gragnok, the goblin teller showed him the way.

Bowing before the richly carved wooden desk that depicted what he knew to be true goblin history, Harry stated, “Greetings, mighty Gragnok. May your gold have increased and your enemies have fallen you since our last words.”

“Greetings, young Lord Potter. May your gold have increased as well and may your enemies have trembled at your feet,” replied the goblin, still impressed at the fact that someone so young had taken the time to learn their customs. “Take a seat and we shall begin.”

Doing so, Harry nodded his thanks.

“Where would you like to begin?”

“Truth be told, I am not sure considering everything we have discussed. I feel that it may be wisest to look to you for guidance as I know you have been looking into my accounts and inheritance.”

“Very well,” Gragnok said. “As mentioned, to get emancipated fully, you will need to have a reason for doing so. I believe that considering what you have informed me as to what your home life is like, as well as the events during your time at Hogwarts, and a deep health scan run by one of our goblins here will help immensely. That, with the fact that you are to be considered an adult in regards to magic use, should be the last factor that determines you may be emancipated at sixteen. Of course, should anyone worry about you continue schooling, we can always set up tests to show how far advance you are compared to what your school records show to prove that you would manage fine on your own.

“The country you were looking to immigrate to have gotten back to me. They have heard of the situations you have been placed in and what you likely face in the future. With all that, they wrote back stating that you would be welcomed at any time, even if you have not reached 16 years of age. They would just require supervision from a social worker.”

Nodding in relief, Harry looked over the paperwork showing this, “But how would I be able to escape? Surely someone could trace my magical signature?”

“Yes, but what the Ministry doesn’t know is that in extreme cases where the health and life of a wealthy member of Gringotts is in jeopardy, we have the ability to cover up at least part of your signature trace. With a different wand, it will be that much more difficult for them as well,” he pointed out.

“Alright, then it sounds like the health scan is first. What after that?”

“After, considering you have the time, we need to check for any and all inheritances as well as any possible creature or being inheritances. Once we have that information, I will be more than happy to go over with it and explain what it means to you. We can also plan on what to do if you do wish to leave England at sixteen or if there was a case when you needed to do so immediately.”

“Sounds good,” Harry smiled wearily at Gragnok. “I would be honored if we could do so today.”

Nodding, Gragnok called in their best healer and sent off Harry with her.
Gringotts, Diagon Alley: London, England
Three and a Half Hours Later

“Welcome back, young Lord Potter,” Gragnok greeted Harry as he entered the office. “I trust you have had a good supper and rest?”

“Yes, I wish to thank you much for the support. Please, take an extra hundred Galleons as thanks,” Harry sat down as he said this, remembering once again traditional goblin culture.

Pleased, Gragnok bowed his head in respect and thanks, before informing Harry the main problem the healers had found.

“I do not wish to alarm you, but during the scan, Ralacor found that through the scar on your forehead, you have a connection to Voldemort.” Seeing the panic on Harry's face, he quickly added, “The healers were able to more or less disintegrate the connection, so that you no longer need to fear being connected to his mind. However, it may be possible that if you were to meet face to face, enough magical residue remains which could cause discomfort or other problems that we aren’t quite sure of as surviving the killing curse still remains a mystery. Regrettably, there is no more that can be done at this time. I do suggest leaving the glamour we applied until you are ready to leave the country however so no one is aware of the changes to your scar.

“The good news, however, is that there was enough evidence that revealed you were at the least neglected by your relatives and at some points of times, it became physical. There is also evidence to back up your claims of various injuries over the school years so it is highly probable that outside of the Ministry and those we discussed, you would be believed. Our healers will be able to fix the few bones, muscles and tendons that never healed correctly, however, due to the lack of proper nutrition, further action will be required to prevent more problems from developing at some point in the next few years. The healers can correct your vision, as well as dissolve a number of scars. The reason they choose not to at this moment is that they felt it would be best to wait until you were out of the situation you’re in. By fixing the various problems, you will more than likely find yourself with more power than you currently have. It may cause questions if you suddenly demonstrate an even easier time with spells and charms. However, if you wish, we can do so now.” Gragnok added, handing a copy of his medical files over when Harry told him that waiting was better.

Turning to the other files, he hesitated as he reread over one part of the information the exam had given him. His curiosity overcoming him, Harry asked what was wrong.

“Nothing wrong,” Gragnok hastened to reassure him. “Just something unusual, in fact, two things, one of which I have haven’t seen this in my time here. The first is the fact that you scored a lot higher in the core subjects, the electives you’re enrolled in and even ones you aren’t in, such as Arithmancy, Ancient Runes, Magical Laws and Customs. You seem to be most proficient at Healing and what is considered Magizoology. Your Latin scores are impressive as well, considering you’re self-taught.”

Blushing slightly, Harry shrugged, “Well, I have a lot of free time and I figured out without having the subjects forced down my throat, I find learning to be a lot more interesting.” Hesitating a moment, unsure if he should bring it up, but realizing he really should know, Harry asked, “What was the second item that surprised you?”

Seeing the worried look, Gragnok quickly told him, “It has to do with a creature inheritance the healers found you'll be receiving. It turns out that on your sixteenth birthday, you are set to become a Cambion, a descendant of the Milan Incubi race.”
“What?!!?” screeched Harry, only knowing about Incubus from what he had picked up from myths in Muggle books and the little he heard around school.

“Young Lord Potter, do not be afraid, much of what is thought of these beings is in fact not true,” reassured Gragnok. “Although the Magic of Ministry here classifies them as dark beings with a high danger, in fact, whether they are Dark or Light should truthfully be considered based on their use of abilities.”

Swallowing deeply, Harry frowned as he asked, “What about where I want to go after leaving here?”

Thinking about it, the goblin said honestly, “They will, of course, need to be informed, as all beings are monitored. However, they are much more careful over there and monitor all but the Muggle beings as they don’t want another incidence to occur. Therefore, it shouldn’t matter to them as your magic would have been monitored anyway. Heslmet had worked in that branch for many years. According to him, the government actually categorizes Cambions and Incubi as between a level one or two as far as how dangerous they are. The only reason the beings are given this rating is when they are not bonded or are forced to protect their mate they are not nearly as stable emotionally.

“I truly believe, as does Heslmet, that you need to worry about not fitting the requirements of being emancipated at sixteen or being accepted by the government there. Theirs is plenty of evidence in support of your claims, and with the vault contents, you have plenty to support yourself.”

Sighing in relief, he motioned for Gragnok to continue.

“Would you like to know what I do know about this?” the goblin asked in a tone that was as kindly as possible for him.

“Yes, please,” Harry choked out.

“I know there are two types of Cambions, dominate and submissive, although you are likely a dominate considering your families history. It is something that must be passed on from both parents, as there is something within the magical cores from the parents that must be passed down and combined in a child at conception to have a chance at this inheritance. Therefore, this is a very uncommon type of Incubus. In addition, only children whose magically cores are powerful enough inside the womb will ever have the trait activate in them. Therefore, when you put those two requirements together, it has been quite some time since the last Cambion has been seen. Perhaps a good hundred years or more. Of course, this is excluding those who don’t register with the Ministry,” Gragnok grinned what would have looked like a menacing smile if Harry hadn’t known better. Gragnok wasn’t any fonder of the government than he was.

“As a Cambion, you will still be considered a wizard, of course. Upon your inheritance at age 16, your appearance will change slightly, although how or to what degree, I am unsure. You will begin looking for a suitable mate that can handle the amount of power you will wield as you will get a major power boost. It is doubtful anyone else would come close to the leap in magical ability and core growth. The second magical core growth will again be greater than others, but it will not be as much of a change as the first.

“As with all Incubi and the Incubi races, sex is important for health and will be something that you will need. You will begin craving it and seeking it out. You will have great stamina, great agility, great speed, and great strength. It is rumored that upon finding your mate, you will take on some of their abilities, although that is a rumor. That is all I know of for sure, but I do know there is a book in one of your vaults that will tell you more.”
“Which one?” Harry wondered, trying to not think about his sixteenth birthday and focus on more concrete matters.

“Let’s see,” running a long finger down a list, Gragnok found it. “It appears to be in Godric Gryffindor’s vault, which hasn’t been accessed since he was alive.”

“How am I related to him?” Harry asked, more to himself than out loud, but the goblin had an answer ready.

“It appears your mother came from a long line of squibs, which goes back about three hundred years. Quite a long time for magic to disappear before reappearing, but…”

“Yeah,” amazed, Harry wasn’t sure what to say. He definitely wasn’t going to tell Aunt Petunia that though.

“Here is a list of the total value of your vaults,” Gragnok handed him a roll of parchment.

Taking it, Harry began reading everything he would inherit in just over a year.

**Potters Vaults 694 to 699**

Galleons: 3,595,508,500; Sickles: 2820; Knuts: 13,620 in Vaults 694 to 696

**Jewelry**

Various Necklaces, Bracelets, Earrings, Rings, Jewels in Vaults 695, 696; Family Bonding Ring and Bracelet Set is located in Vault 695; Value: about 50,000 Galleons

**Property**

Godric's Hollow
Potter Manor

**Books**

37,531 in Vault 696

**Other**

Old furniture located in Vaults 697, 698, 699
Family Momentous: located in Vault 697

**Potter Trust Vault 687**

Galleons: 3,177,956, Sickles: 23,583, Knuts: 7436

**Gryffindor Vault 23**

Galleons: 709,704,803,363; Sickles: 709,509, Knuts: 472

**Jewelry**

Various Necklaces, Rings, Bracelets; Value: about 35,000 Galleons
Blinking rapidly, Harry scanned the scroll again before asking, “And you’re saying that once I’m a legal adult, this is mine?”

“Yes, with the obvious exception of the Black vaults, young Lord Potter, along with a number of seats on the Wizengamot, although you can wait for a new generation to claim it, assign someone you trust to vote for you, decline it all together, which would mean the public would vote someone in until a heir of yours claims it again, or give away the majority of the seats to someone as a gift. This is possible as most seats were given to you as you as a rightful Lord, although a few were given due to Order of Merlin awards,” Gragnok informed him. “Although Sirius Black is wanted by the Ministry, we still consider those vaults his until his death, so I am unable to give you any information as he is still living.”

Again, not quite able to process the information, Harry went with the next logical step, “So how do we make sure I can have access to my money when I leave England?”

“Since we here at Gringotts can transfer the money to another bank, without having to disclose the information, it will be easy enough to do so at a moment’s notice. At most, it would take a half-hour to transfer everything considering the larger items, but we do have ways.”

“Now, we just have to figure out how I can get out of here when needed,” Harry stated.

“As to that, I and my colleges have thought of something you might like. As this will please us, it shall cost nothing,” bargained Gragnok with a toothy grin.

“Do tell,” Harry pleaded, eager to find out.

After hearing the plan, he could not help but laugh.

“That is good, very good.”

“Thank you,” Gragnok bowed his head. “Is there anything else I can do for you at this time?”

“No, I thank you for giving me the honor of working with me, mighty Gragnok. Until we meet again, may your enemies fall at your feet and may your gold increase.”

“You are most welcome young Lord Potter. Until I hear from you may your gold increase and enemies fall at your feet.”

Bowing, Harry left the bank, smiling for what seemed like the first time in a long time. If the meeting hadn’t run so late, he would have dropped in on his godfather Sirius, but between getting rid of the link between him and Voldemort, as well as the meeting, he was beyond tired. For once, the thought of returning to the Dursley’s and his pathetic bedroom was a welcomed thought.
Nightmare

Hospital Wing, Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry
Wednesday, December 8, 2005

Stuck within his nightmare, Harry watched helplessly as his godfather, Sirius Black, was struck with a spell, causing him to fall through The Veil in The Department of Mysteries. Screaming out in despair, Harry finally shot up in bed after seeing this for the ninth time. Grateful for the fact no one seemed to notice his abrupt awaking in Hogwarts hospital wing, he laid back slowly, wiping off the sweat from his forehead.

Trying to find a comfortable spot, he couldn’t help but think of all that had happened within the last twelve or so hours. At first, all he had been worrying about was his mid-term exams, then in the middle of the History of Magic exam, Kretcher came to inform him about Sirius Black’s kidnapping. Although he had had his suspicious and questioned the house elf, all Kretcher would tell Harry is that Sirius was taken by Beatrix and was ordered to tell Harry by his true Master. Of course, all the information was coupled with insults about his blood purity status and those he hung around, making Harry tend to believe the house elf wouldn’t have been there without a direct order. Who had given the order remained a mystery as Harry knew without a doubt Sirius would never endanger his life.

Harry tried to first locate Headmaster Dumbledore, but was told by Professor McGonagall he was out for a bit and that ‘surely anything he needed could wait for a day or so.’

Faced with that attitude, he had actually turned to Professor Snape, in hopes of getting help, but there again, none was given. Professor Snape held the opinion that a house elf, especially one from the Black family and one that was clearly not sane, couldn’t be trusted. Harry couldn’t blame him fully as the house elf was old, not to mention crazy, but why on earth he didn’t at least see if the claims were accurate was beyond mind-boggling.

Fearing for his godfather, one of the few people left that he did trust, Harry went up to his dorm and grabbed his invisibility cloak. Sneaking out, he noticed the thestrals grazing near Hagrid’s hut and decided it would be quicker to take one than use a broom as originally planned. By the time he had sneaked in and found his godfather tied up in the Ministry, over two hours had passed and Harry could tell the Death Eaters had ‘fun’ tormenting him while waiting.

Forced to pick up the prophecy involving him and Lord Voldemort, he was able to distract the Death Eaters just long enough to help Sirius escape his bonds. Seeing his chance, Harry ran out the door with him. After the center room had stopped spinning, he randomly chose a door, throwing the prophecy to the ground in that room while hexes, spells, and curses were flying so no one could hear what it foretold.

The group Professor Dumbledore had created, The Order of the Phoenix, arrived just as Sirius fell through the Veil. Even knowing nothing could bring him back on a basic, almost psychic level, Harry tried to reach him but was forced to the entrance of Ministry. There, things had gotten a lot worse as Voldemort decided to show his face.

For reasons unknown to him, Voldemort choose to enter his mind and body. Shivering at the memory of someone else occupying his body, Harry couldn’t help but wish for yet another shower. He had scrubbed as long and as hard as he had dared, but the slimy, dirty, creepy sensation remained. Somehow, he was able to fight back against Voldemort and reject him from his body.

Harry knew he had badly damaged Voldemort, as he felt something significantly shift within
Voldemort. It may have caused Harry to suffer from magical and physical exhaustion, but it was a small price to pay in his mind as Voldemort suffered the same fate. In addition, it seemed as though most, if not all, parts of Voldemort’s soul that were tied to the earth and would allow him to be reborn numerous times finally broke, hopefully making the Dark Lord mortal. The only rational explanation he could find for things happening as they did when possessed was the lingering connection they shared, although, that seemed to be gone. The scar had faced more, although Harry had a glamour to appear as if nothing changed. The minor, lingering headaches he had since Voldemort's return were almost non-existent as well and gave him hope the random, severe ones would not be making a return.

Taking a deep breath to hopefully stop the feeling coursing through his body when he remembered the revolting sensation of how it felt hosting Voldemort’s soul, Harry couldn't help but flashback to the battle. Seeing the shocked look on Sirius face right before he fell into the Veil, Harry squirmed uncomfortably in the bed. If it wasn’t for what happened to his godfather, he would actually have been glad for the recent events. Alright, maybe not completely, but still. At least now he knew that his, or rather Gragnok plan needed to happen and soon. If he didn’t sneak out of Hogwarts during the time students left for the holidays, he'd have to wait until summer. With the way things were going, he really needed to escape before things got worse.

Calling softly for Dobby so as not to wake Madame Pomfrey, he explained to his house elf friend exactly what the plan was and what he needed help with. Seeing the bright eyes and the large ears flapping in excitement reassured Harry even further that he was doing the right thing for himself. He also knew that Sirius would have done anything to keep him safe and that helped ease the pains of guilt he felt at not giving himself a chance to mourn.

Just another week or so and I’ll hopefully be safe. Then, I can take the time to mourn, Harry promised himself.

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Gringotts, Diagon Alley: London, England
Friday, December 16, 2005

Although he had known the wards that normally detected which students left the grounds were still active, with the number of students heading home for the break, the Headmaster wouldn’t be notified by Hogwarts and neither the staff nor headmaster would view the list of who left the grounds immediately. The tricky part had been ensuring no one ran into him and finding an empty place on the train. Harry still wasn’t sure how he managed to get lucky enough to do so. With everyone shopping for last minute gifts, it was a lot harder to maneuver in Diagon Alley under his invisibility cloak and there had been quite a few close calls. Luckily, everyone was too busy to really notice when they bumped into something that didn’t appear visible.

When Harry finally managed to get to Gringotts that was when a few challenges came up. Instead of spending only a couple days in a guest room, he ended up staying close to nine days there. First, despite the bank sending a note to Remus Lupin stating that he had urgent business to take care of at the bank and was needed within the next day or two, it took Remus four days to show up. Both Harry and Gragnok explained that as the closest person to Harry, they wished to take some blood from him and from that, separate his magical signature in order to incorporate it into Harry's so as to prevent others from finding him.

That, to neither Harry nor Gragnok's surprise, led Remus to question why Harry would need to disappear completely. Although reluctant to tell him, Harry summarized what his life was like both in and out of school, along with what Dumbledore had told him after the battle at the Ministry.
“Honestly, I want out of this war,” Harry said bluntly. “I don’t care what that prophecy said, anyone could defeat Voldemort if they wished at this point. I have no connection at all now after Voldemort tried taking over my body and even the scar I got is almost completely gone. Before, I still had a small scar that I had applied a glamour over to appear as it always had. I also don’t care to go back to my relatives or deal with whatever challenges the Headmaster comes up with next. I am also tired of being so well-known. All I want is to leave as normal as a life as possible. The only way to do so is to leave Britain and I have a way of doing so safely.”

After the minor explosion from Remus over everything, he quickly agreed to help out once he was assured that his lycanthrope wouldn’t be passed on and their signatures would be vastly different. It also helped when he learned that Harry’s magic would change completely on his sixteenth birthday, so this was just a temporary measure anyway. He wasn’t too happy about being Obliviated afterwards, but did understand the reasoning behind it.

“Just make sure you take care of yourself,” Remus gave him a long hug good-bye, feeling as though his last link to his family was disappearing. Nodding, Harry watched as a goblin took Remus to another office. All he could do was hope that somehow, Remus would be alright.

Now that the goblins had Remus' blood, it would only take about a day and a half have to extract the parts they needed. As the more magically inclined goblins worked on the serum, Harry began being subject to intense healing. First, his eyesight was fully restored, followed by all scars being removed. Any scars which couldn’t be fixed via goblin magic, were cut out and new skin quickly grew over the area. Despite each session taking place for a couple hours long at most, followed by two to three hours rest, Harry couldn’t help but feel exhausted during the three days of healing. Thankfully, after all the possible issues were fixed, he was granted a day's reprieved before taking the serum that would change his magical signature.

Harry was beyond grateful for the rest as within a half-hour of taking the serum, his body started feeling as though it was being consumed by fire from the inside out. The fire started in his stomach before branching up and out, filling his entire body. Tears streamed down his face as he curled up in a ball on the seat, wishing he could scream, but felt paralyzed by the amount of pain. His insides began to protest as muscles started spasming and twitching as the fight for dominance was fought. Panting for breath, Harry prayed to any god, goddess, or Merlin to save him. The process felt as though it dragged on forever- each minute seemed like an hour. Abruptly, it was over as quickly as it began. Still panting, trying to catch his breathe and slow his rapid heartbeat, Harry looked up at the healer watching him.

“Was it supposed to be that bad?” he wondered breathlessly, his heart still feeling as if it may not stay where it was supposed to in his body.

“It depends on the amount of power a witch or wizard has,” Ralacor told him gently. “You have a great amount of untapped power, so it was expected to be painful. Rest for a bit, as you can't take a pain potion for another hour.”

“Why not?”

“The magic is still setting down and if the process is interrupted, we may have to begin again.”

Suppressing the shuddered that threatened to cause more pain, Harry nodded. There was no way he was going to do anything to jeopardize the process and have to go through that again. Only the Cruciatus Curse was worse in his experience. Although he had no idea how considering the bone-deep ache he still felt, Harry quickly feel into a deep sleep, not waking until the next morning. Feeling refreshed, without any aches or pains was an amazing feeling...he hadn’t even realized until now how bad things had gotten and how used to the pain he had become. This was defiantly a
feeling he could become used to quickly.

Since things were going so well, Gragnok took the time out of his day to spend hours with Harry going over what he had inherited from Sirius. They also discussed more in depth how to make it appear that Harry was traveling as a muggle as well as a wizard to multiple different places in England and around the world, including where he was immigrating to so as to throw off all those looking for him. Using Polyjuice Potion from his hair before any changes had been made to his body, the first volunteer soon left. Despite this costing 25,000 Galleons, Harry couldn’t help but think it was more than worth it.

With that plan out of the way, the last two steps were quite easy. All Harry had to do was take a few more potions to alter his looks slightly. His hair for the first time was actually manageable, as it grew quickly until it reached about half-way down his back. The last potion helped Harry grow a few inches, finally reaching a height of almost 5'6½” from his previous 5'4” state. Although the changes emphasized his slim, almost too skinny figure, the muscles he had developed over the years doing hard work and playing Quidditch to be slightly more prominent. It also helped that the additional power he now had access to after being healed and was for once relatively healthy appeared to radiate from his person.

“Wicked!” Harry declared, starring at himself in a conjured mirror. “I don’t think anyone will recognize me now, especially without glasses or that stupid scar. Thank you so much, Gragnok. You have honored me greatly.”

Bowing his head and showing off his teeth as he smiled, the goblin replied simply, “It is I who am honored young Lord Potter. You have shown many great traits and are a great warrior. I was pleased to help you in your quest.”

Trying to hold back tears, knowing how deeply Gragnok must care and knowing he would likely never be back to his birthplace, Harry bowed his head in acknowledgment. After a moment, the two of them moved onto the final part of their task, ensuring that everything was moved from the vaults located in Britain, to where Harry would soon be living.

Wishing Harry well as Dobby popped the two of them away, Gragnok could only hope that people would leave Lord Potter alone. If anyone deserved his own life, it was him and as an honoree goblin member, he and his would ensure that as much as possible.

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Headmasters Office, Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry
Friday, December 30, 2005

With the last attempts failing, a few members of the Order of the Phoenix and Hogwarts Professors sat around Albus’ desk trying to decide what to do. Especially as Voldemort too seemed to have regained enough strength and followers that raids were starting to be carried out again.

“Right now,” Albus said sadly. “I’m afraid there is not much we can do other than keep our eyes and ears open. As soon as the news gets a hold of this, panic will take place, but hopefully, if the public sees us remaining calm, we can prevent chaos. We’ll keep searching for him since he couldn’t have gone far.”

Auror Kingsley raised an eyebrow and expressed his doubt over that, “Harry could be half-way around the world by now.”

“True,” Dumbledore sighed heavily, feeling every minute his age. “However, I have asked countries
which may take in a young boy if they had done so. Each has reported they haven’t even been approached. It appears Harry is just traveling from place to place within Britain somehow.”

“But if someone flees to another country, that country is not necessarily required to report to the child's guardian. Typically, this is only in cases of abuse and neglect, which isn’t the case here, correct? Another reason would be is if they are emancipated, but again, Harry is only fifteen. Yes, some countries do have a lower age which someone can be emancipated, but as those countries aren’t similar to ours, I would think he would have trouble if he attempted to do so,” Auror Tonks remembered and reasoned out.

“No, he may not have had the best childhood,” Albus admitted with a heavy sigh. “Harry has not been abused though.”

The two Aurors looked at one another in silent communication. From what they had gathered privately about Harry it was more than likely the case he was at least neglected. Each was beginning to wonder what was truly going on when they heard Professor McGonagall speak up.

“…using him to defeat He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named,” Minerva hissed quietly at the Headmaster. “You could easily take the bastard on if you want, but are instead allowing a young boy to do what you refuse.”

“It is what is meant to be,” Albus defended himself quietly. “That is what the prophecy foretold.”

“Forget that blasted thing already! Say it’s true,” she tried to reason. “Then by all accounts, it has been fulfilled after Harry defeated He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named the first time!”

“And yet, Voldemort is still after him, telling me the prophecy is still unfulfilled,” the headmaster argued back with just as much passion.

At over a hundred years of age, his body was tired and Albus truly wasn’t sure he wanted to deal with yet another Dark Lord. Thus, when presented with the prophecy idea, he was more than grateful and had hoped it would keep the Dark Lord busy long enough for him to disappear. Unfortunately, that wasn’t the case as after Professor Trelawney’s cooperation, things went south in a hurry. What was supposed to bring freedom to a terrified nation brought only a false sense of hope and peace.

Albus truly didn’t wish Harry to face the Dark Lord, but wasn’t sure what else to do either. Who else would stand up and fight against such evil? Who else could in fact? Both now were connected and intertwined in such a way that one had to kill the other or else the cycle could repeat itself until the earth lay in ruins. Albus also had to deal with the fact of what Professor Trelawney herself may do as it was with his help she made the only two accurate predictions in her life. If he took those away and exposed her as a liar or manipulator, things could get so much worse.

Sighing heavily, Albus fused with his beard as he finally looked upon the people counting on him to find the way through the darkness. “Just keep eyes and ears open. Find Harry at all costs,” he reiterated, dismissing them.

Once gone, his eyes turned to Fawkes. Even the bird refused to help him find Harry or help him out any further.

“I only did what I believed was needed to preserve our people,” Albus stated sadly, looking at the grounds from his tower. “I just wanted peace and to preserve life. I never meant for this to happen.”
Chapter Summary

I had to do the math again...not my best subject by far and converting currency is difficult! Hopefully, this is accurate now!
To find the Dragots, what I did is convert the US dollars to British Pounds. I then used the Gringotts calculator to convert that into Galleons. Since the exchange rate is about $1.50 for every British Pound, I multiplied the Galleons by 1.5 to come up with the Dragots.
I figured this is the closest I could come for an accurate amount! Whew!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Magical Congress of the United States of America (MACUSA), Woolworth Building:
Manhattan, New York, USA
Monday, January 2, 2006

As Dobby popped them into the entrance of the magical side of the Woolworth Building after numerous stops at various, random places, Harry breathed a sigh of relief.

“Thank you, Dobby,” he gave a weak smile to the elf who had decided to fully bond with him upon hearing his plans. “Would you mind continuing to another place or two, just so we know no one followed you?”

“I can be doing so, but there be no way of tracking once you have a warded home, so call Dobby once you have one,” Dobby lectured, taking his role of Harry's protector seriously.

Nodding, Harry watched as Dobby left before wandering over to the signs to find where to go. After finally finding the office he needed, he asked the secretary to let Alfred know that Gragnok had a message for him. Looking at him strangely, she did as he asked after unable to get any more information out of him.

Coming out of his office, Alfred, a middle-aged man with short, brown hair speckled with gray and a slight pouch for a stomach, saw Harry. Looking much less confused than his secretary, he beckoned Harry in. Once inside the office, Harry looked around at the office. Painted light gray, tiled with blue industrial carpeting and surrounded on all sides with artificial windows, it was actually very soothing. It also helped that besides the regular desk and chairs, there was a small sitting area.

Holding out his hand, he introduced himself, “Harry Corvus Jameston Black.”

"I am Alfred Jerome Lewis, or you may call me A.J. I've been assigned to your case."

Taking the offered seat directly across from the immigration officer, leaving the coffee table in between them, he added, “I wanted to keep the name my parents gave me, but I changed my middle name slightly and added my godfather’s middle name before it in hopes of making it more difficult to find me. I also just used his last name as it is more common.”
“Smart.” he nodded in approval. "I would have requested a name change had you not done so considering you requested coming here to America on the grounds of refuge status. I reviewed everything the goblins sent me - from your current magical usage emancipation due to the TriWizard Tournament, what the goblins discovered about your life with the Dursley's, the various health scans performed, your no-mag and Hogwarts school records, as well your future inheritance on your sixteenth birthday. Based on everything, your status may change a bit.”

Wondering if something had changed, Harry tried not to show his panic on his face.

“Not to worry, this is just standard procedure,” A.J. assured him. “I just need to inform you of what I have gotten and ask if there have been any changes since the last time Gragnok sent over paperwork.”

“The only changes that I know of are what occurred during the last week or so. My magical signature was altered slightly so the British government, Headmaster, and others are unable to trace me. I also had my eyesight fixed, my hair was lengthened by a potion and another potion was used to help with my height. I left the wand I bought for Hogwarts in a vault back in Britain and am currently using a wand I found in a family vault, although it doesn’t work very well for me,” Harry honestly reported.

“Yes, that does tend to happen with family wands,” A.J. said, unfazed. “We can certainly help you get a wand that works for you. In addition to this, although you are ahead of your age group in school as far as the British guidelines go, we do need to discuss school. In some areas, you are quite far ahead, while others you are on par. Then, there are some areas which are required that you haven’t learned. That said, I do believe that we can still offer the protection status considering your circumstances while allowing you full citizenship here. As stated before, you will need to see a social worker and the one I feel will work best based on your profile agreed with me that the boarding school most student go to wouldn’t work well for you.”

Blurtting out his fear, Harry asked quickly, “She doesn’t know who I am, does she?”

“She does.” Holding up his hand to stop Harry from speaking, he continued, “While she does, both of us are under Vows of Secrecy that are required by our jobs that prevent us from talking about any cases to anyone not directly involved or who doesn’t need to be informed. In this case, we took further Vows to not reveal your information.”

Sighing, Harry sank back into his seat, “Thank you.”

“Your quite welcome,” A.J. smiled. “Now, as far as schooling goes, we believe the ideal situation would be for you to be go to a day school. Basically, this is a small group of students who are homeschooled and are sponsored by a wealthy family, or families, and any other family who wishes to send their child there is typically allowed. Thankfully, there is one you could either Portkey to…”

“No! No Portkeys!” Harry nearly shouted.

Smiling kindly, the officer nodded, “I had a feeling you may say that. In this case, you could also Floo to the school. A lot of the responsibility for completing the work would be on you.”

“I don’t mind in the least,” realized Harry began reading again when a knock sounded on the door. Shocked as he was sure the office was warned, he drew out his wand.

In an effort to ease the young man, A.J. calmly said as he moved to the door, “That must be the social worker now.”
A younger looking woman with dish-water blonde hair and a short, slim built entered ahead of A.J. Appearing much more cheerful and approachable, Harry felt himself relax at once.

“Hi, Harry, I'm Catherine Mayfield, but mostly I go by Cat. I'm not sure how far Alfred has gotten with everything yet,” she announced as she sat down on the end chair that had previously separated the two of them.

“Not much,” Harry cautiously admitted. “Just what records he has gotten, the changes I went through. Umm, the whole schooling issues, the fact I need a wand, and I believe that is it.”

Nodding as he spoke, she smiled at him, “One thing he left out is that while we do believe you are mature enough to handle a household and living on your own, we do feel that it would be irresponsible to allow you to have the full privileges of an adult right now. You have gone through a lot already and with your upcoming inheritance, we want to make sure things go smoothly for you. That being said, although you will have a lot of the responsibilities and privileges that go along with being an adult, we do want to assign you to a social worker.”

Blowing out a deep breath, Harry slump in his seat. “What does that mean exactly?”

“It would mean someone checking in on you at least twice a month. Helping you learn and navigate around your new home. Being there in case you need anything. Making sure you’re all your needs are met so you stay healthy mentally, physically and emotionally,” she listed. “If you are having trouble, the worker would be there to help guide you in finding the resources you need.”

“How long?”

“Until your sixteen, it would be at least twice a month, more if it is determine it was needed. Once you reach your birthday, well, it depends on a few factors. I'd like to have someone still come at least once a month unless more help is needed even if you have found your mate. We could figure this out from the visits and of course, you could always request more help. After that, the help would last until you reach adult status, which is eighteen here.”

“That doesn’t sound too bad,” Harry said after a bit, although it was difficult to admit to himself it would be nice to actually have someone look out for his best interests, even if it was there job. “Who would it be?”

“If you don’t mind, we,” she pointed to A.J. who had just been sitting and listening. “Were thinking of myself.”

Startled, Harry blinked rapidly, “May I ask why?”

“Sure,” she laughed. “Besides the fact that I am aware of your case, my husband, Stephan, is three-quarters Veela. I found myself curious about different beings so I studied more on them before getting my social worker degree and thus have some idea of different inheritances and what each entails better than most. A.J. and I are hopeful that it will help out with your case. We’re also hoping that it will help that my husband is also a case worker, so if you allowed him to know some things, under a Vow of Secrecy, of course, he could be able to help out. Plus, my family is always willing to have more people hang out when they want, no pressure to interact or join in.”

“But what about where I want to live?” Harry asked. “I mean, I was set on living where the area I found...”

“Actually,” A.J. broke in. “I did find a house close to that area. It’s not in town, but slightly outside of it, near the mountains and a small beach. It is a bit large, three stories, but the basement has a small
movie theater, exercise room with both non-maj and magical training equipment, a large living space, what is called a game room, and access to an indoor pool. There is a separate garage that can be warded for school work, which would be ideal for working on potions and spellwork. It belonged to a Squib of someone who works here, although they only lived there about two years. That means that there are already good wards, expansion charms, and everything electronic is set up to work through the natural magic found in the earth and the house is still less than ten years old almost brand new.”

His eyes lighting up, Harry had to ask, “Really? Are they sure?”

“They have been trying to get rid of it for about five years now. Despite the fact houses can be moved quite easily, it seems no one seems to want this one,” A.J. reassured. “Plus it is close enough to Cat that she or her husband can be there quickly if there is a need, yet there is enough distance for you to feel as though you are on your own.”

“Sounds ideal,” admitted Harry. “I’d like to see it first I think.”

Grinning in a way that reminded Harry of the Weasley Twins when they were up to something, Catherine pulled out a bunch of papers from the folder she had with her.

“I was hoping you would say that.”

Taking the papers wearily, Harry turned to the first one.

Seeing just how large the basement was and the layout, Harry couldn’t help but be stunned. It was everything A.J. had said and more. It would be perfect to keep him busy. The ground floor was just as massive, with a large library connected to a smaller study and circular reading room. The living room was a bit smaller than the downstairs one, but like the downstairs, it had a built-in fireplace with shelving units on both sides. A small nook connected the ground floor living room and kitchen, as well as led to the wrap around patio.

The kitchen was so massive, Harry wasn’t quite sure how he’d ever manage to use it properly. Especially considering there was a walk-in pantry off the small hallway to the dining room. Then, on the opposite side of those rooms, was a small hallway that led to both the kitchen and a two car garage. In the hallway, was a small coat room on the right side and on the left, there was a massively large laundry room with yet another closet next to the one. This closet was smaller than the laundry room, but was still big enough to walk in.

The garage connected to another two car garage via a closed in walk way. Then, as if there wasn’t enough garage space, a third two car garage was set off a bit from the kitchen, although again, you could enter the house fro, the garage without getting wet as there was an enclosed walk way. This third garage had to be the one A.J. and Cat thought best for school work, as it had its own two-piece bathroom.

Stunned, Harry turned to the upper floor and his jaw dropped. Never before had he seen such a large master bedroom. First, there was a sitting room, with a fireplace and a deck off of the room. Then came the bedroom. Straight ahead was the bathroom where there was a double sink, a separate room for the toilet, a big walk-in shower and a large sunken tub tucked into a corner. A walk-in closet that was to the right of the room simply gigantic.

Even more amazing was how the other three bedrooms all had their own bathrooms, well except for one that also opened to the hallway. Then, there was also a large open space that Harry wasn’t sure what he would do with. Despite that, he loved the details and how much space there was in the house.
It may be too big now, but it may not always be the case if I find a mate, he reasoned. Besides, even if I don’t, I already have ideas of what I can do with the space. Plus, this brochure says that all the games, TV’s, bar and kitchen appliances come with the house. If I do get this, it would mean that I would finally have a home, no matter where I go or what happens.

Decision made, Harry just had one question, “How much is the asking price?”

Shifting a bit, as he knew the price was a bit steep despite what remained in the house, A.J. told him, “In U.S. dollars, they are asking $1,850,000 or they are also willing to go through Gringotts for 388,350 Dragots, which would be equal to 258,900 Galleons. Of course, there are the fees on top of this, which run around $150,000 or 31,500 Dragots, bringing the total to either two million dollars, or 420,000 Dragots. For reference, this would be about 280,000 Galleons. The fees include rewarding the house so it is set for your specific needs, agent fees, things like that.”

Since he knew nothing about housing costs, Harry had to rely on them for their opinion.

“Let’s say the home inspection uncovers no issues, which it shouldn’t, considering the age of the house and the limited wear and tear on it. Despite all of that and the features included, I do think it is a bit high as homes of that size in the area go for about half that much. However, you do need to take in this house will have a lot of extras that those others don’t, is in much better shape, has a large lot, and also the area it is in is fairly remote,” Catherine advised him. “Also, remember that like many wizard homes, it is fairly easy to move the location as long as you find the right space. You do need to list what you would like to stay with the sale of the house. I would suggest taking all that into account when you decide on a price.”

“I agree, but bear in mind, the property has been around a bit unsold and despite it being less the initial asking cost, with the game machines, appliances and such being included upon asking, I think the sellers would be more than willing to take a somewhat lower price,” A.J. informed him.

“Yeah, that does sound smart to keep the terms and what’s included the same. I’ll start by offering 370,000 Dragots, including closing costs as long as the sellers allow everything listed to stay. Hopefully, it’ll help if I tell them I would be able to pay it straight away without needing to seek a loan,” Harry decided.

Shocked, A.J. and Cat just looked at one another. Not many would be willing or able to drop that amount in such a short amount of time. They, like Harry, also knew the fact he didn't need to seek a loan and would be pay for the house straight from his Gringotts account would tip the scales in his favor. Many in the Magical community prefered Grinotts despite the difficulty of procuring a loan as the moneu could be used anywhere and this would save the sellers the hassle of trying to convert to the favored currency.

“Alright, I’ll have this run up to the seller and we should hear something back by the end of today or tomorrow,” A.J. said stunned. “Normally, it would take longer, but I know a few ways of getting everything through faster.”

“Thanks,” Harry said gratefully.

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Forks, WA
Sunday, January 8, 2006

It took only two days for the paperwork to get settled for the house, but unfortunately, Harry learned quickly that buying a house was the easy part. Before he could fully move in, Cat and Stephan took
him shopping to so many stores, he lost count.

*I never really thought about what goes into a house. Sure, I knew I’d need things like beds, sheets, dishes and stuff like that, but I would have no clue if it wasn’t for those two,* Harry grinned, as he looked around his house. *It was odd and kind of scary, but they really didn’t seem to mind me staying with them for so long. It was like I was just part of their family and wasn’t in the way. I don’t even remember feeling that welcomed at the Weasley's house.*

Shaking off the memories from before, Harry spotted Dobby rearranging things in the kitchen yet again. Thankfully, this time he was able to

*I’m glad I’m not the only one who loves it here. I just hope Dobby settles down soon. Hopefully, while I’m at school tomorrow, he’ll finish sorting everything and calm down.*

That was another weird thing - he was actually excited about classes tomorrow. It wasn’t going to be the typical school setting he had grown up with nor a boarding school like Hogwarts. Instead, a family who owned and lived on Waldron Island, located between Washington state and British Columbia, Canada, had a homeschool program. The main teachers were paid by the Senault family, but any other families in the nearby area who wished for private classes versus sending them to Ilvermorny School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, a boarding school, were welcomed. All that was required was paying either the full tuition of 40,000 Dragots per year or what they could afford based on their income, plus the cost of buying any needed books or supplies themselves.

Personally, Harry wished Britain had something like this as Catherine had said this was very common as the number of students per teacher usually didn’t go above ten to one. Plus, by doing this, students were able to focus more on their area of interests later on in schooling, work at their own pace, and received more help. Often times, those that attended these private homeschool groups were able to graduate earlier and find a job in their area of interest or be accepted much more easily into apprenticeships or university. It didn’t matter to him that it would be more work, or harder than Hogwarts. All that mattered to Harry was that he could finally take more classes to work towards his career goals.

Casting a few more spells with his new ten inches long, fairly flexible willow wand with an alder handle and a core composed of a dragon heartstring and a Kneazle whisker, Harry decided to turn in for the night. Despite the wand being supposedly harder to use due to the flexibility and the unusual cores with the wood, Harry was finding it almost easier to use his new wand. Making his way upstairs after saying good night to Dobby, who was still bouncing around rearranging the kitchen, Harry couldn’t help but smile. For once, things seemed to actually be going right in his life. Even Hedwig, now that she had resigned herself to living as a black Eagle owl seemed more relaxed and at peace here. Hopefully, things would stay that way.

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The next two weeks went by a lot quicker than Harry could possibly have imagined and it was time to meet up again with Catherine. As she followed him into the living room, Hedwig flew in to greet her while Dobby came in with some snacks and drinks to tide them over.

Laughing briefly, Cat petted Hedwig, “Seems like these two are watching out for you pretty well now.”

“Yeah,” Harry admitted sheepishly. “Dobby decided soon after I moved in here to bond fully, but most of the time, it’s him who tells me what to do. He makes sure I don’t get so caught up in my school work that I forget to eat or head to bed at a reasonable time. Hedwig sticks close by me in the house, although she loves flying with me when I have time to spare.”
“Sounds like things are going well then,” Cat approvingly nodded. “I checked in with your school and they say you are doing fairly well. You’re a bit behind in wandless and wordless magic according to them, but are starting to figure it out.”

“Yeah, it was one thing we didn’t have back at Hogwarts, so I’m starting at the beginning. I defiantly am doing better in the other subjects, although I do have to work harder with warding as that is tricky.”

“It can be,” she admitted. “Both those subjects will start getting easier as you learn more about the theory behind them. I have to admit I’m impressed with how well you are doing well with the Healing Magic and Magizoology subjects. According to your teachers, you are flying through those subjects despite not spending extra time with them.”

Shrugging embarrassingly, Harry tried to conceal his blush, “For some reason, those areas make sense to me. I’m not sure why, but they just make more logical sense than anything else.”

“You should be proud of that,” Cat encouraged. “Not everyone has raw talent like that and you’re at least a year and a half or so ahead of others your age. Do you have any ideas of what you’d like to do when you graduate high school?”

“Actually, I was hoping to combine Healing and Magizoology together. I’d really love to become a Healer who specializes in those classified as beings,” Harry admitted softly, unsure how well that would go over.

Eyebrows raised, Cat could only think of one thing to say, “I think that would be a great idea. There aren’t enough Healers dedicated to learning about the various types of beings. I know Stephan sometimes has a difficult time finding someone to treat him because Healers focus more on just on what is considered the normal diseases, physiology, and whatnot.”

“I know of a werewolf in Britain and he faces that same issue too, along with Healers not wanting to treat him due to his condition. I honestly find that horrible and well, with my inheritance, I’m hoping I can do what I’m interested in and make a difference, you know?” Harry said rapidly, more excited now that he knew he wouldn’t be made fun of for his dream.

Smiling at him, Cat discussed what would be involved with becoming a Healer. Despite the work involved, Harry was still determined and knew that the fact he could graduate high school earlier would help. Plus, the extra books and things he was learning would help him get through Healer training quicker as well. As the two talked, Harry opened up more about his childhood and what happened in Britain. Before either knew it, the visit which was supposed to have taken a half hour had quickly run over two hours.

“I’m so sorry for taking up so much of your time,” Harry apologized.

“Don’t worry, I enjoy visiting you. Remember, I am more than happy to stop by more often if you want, even if it’s just that you want to go out for a meal with someone. Stephan and I both loved having you over and are more than willing to help out whenever you need, alright,” she told him.

“Thanks,” he said softly, not used to having someone, let alone two, on his side.

“Is there anything you need before I go?”

“No,” he replied after a moment. “I have more than enough food for a couple months and any school supplies I need can be picked up by the Professors. I still want to wait until summer to shop for furniture as I prefer focusing on my studies.”
“You'd just rather use Victorian age furniture than shop,” she teased, standing up as he shrugged with a guilty smile.

“Just make sure you keep that pendent on you. Use it if you need it, I’d rather have a false alarm.”

Walking her to the fireplace, he nodded, “I will.”

“Take care. I’ll see you in two weeks unless I hear from you soon,” she said. Seeing his nod, she grabbed a pinch of Floo powder, threw it into the fire, called out, “The Jungle”, and disappeared.

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Over the next few months, Harry found that he was learning a lot more a lot quicker through the private tutors in the Senault homeschool. He was able to work at his own pace, advancing quickly through Defense against the Arts, Charms, Transfiguration, and Ancient Runes. What would have taken a year at Hogwarts could easily be done in half the time or less. Yet, at the same time, Harry was able to work at his own pace learning Potions, Herbology, Magical and Non-Mag Home Economics, Magical Customs and Laws, Non-Maj Studies (such as English, English Literature, Science, and other standard classes needed to graduate a non-magical high school). At the same time, because of how everything was set up, the teachers and homework ensured he didn’t fall behind the MACUSA guidelines for schooling. With that structure, Harry found himself beyond busy as he tackled more classes than he ever had to at Hogwarts, but since testing was often given to see how much was learned instead of daily homework, it was do able.

He found himself loving the almost constant hours immersed in one book or another. Most breaks were to take a half-hour flight on his Nimbus 2001 broom he had picked up, although that didn’t occur more than once or twice a week. Harry simply was too fascinated with his school subjects and learning. Catherine and Stephan did require him to have dinner once a month with them after seeing how much time was spent on his academics trying to catch up or work ahead depending on the subject. Not too long after that started happening, Harry was also invited to stay after school once or twice a week for supper with the Senault's.

Never before could Harry remember being so happy or free to do as he wished. Although he missed having someone to talk to his own age, the homeschool program provided enough that kept him from feeling too lonely and with Dobby always eager for company, Harry could easily see himself remaining where he was for a long time.

Chapter End Notes

The Meaning of Harry's Wand

The main wood, Willow wood, reveals that Harry will have an easier time with Healing and non-violent spells. As Willow wood, when used as the main part of a wand, signifies that the owner has great potential for power and will help them embrace it, this shows Harry has a large Magical core. The Adler Wood handle boosts the Willow Wood power, while also helping the owner with non-verbal spells. The main cores in Harry's wand, Dragon Heartstring, will help Harry learn spells faster, especially ones which require confidence. As Kneazle Whiskers is the secondary core, the normal lack of power is not felt. Instead, many, if not most, of the weaknesses of the Kneazle Whiskers are usually turned into positive traits. The power level in this secondary core also are at least somewhat mid-level to higher level power skills, and
these traits will help to temper the negative effects of the Dragon Heartstring core, such as the fact the Dragon Heartstring core has a tendency to switch loyalty easily or is more of a temperamental wand.

Harry’s wand being fairly flexible signifies that Harry is able to adapt and change his mind based on what he has learned, while the length demonstrates that he has a good amount of natural Magic. In addition to these features, the two types of woods and two types of cores reveal that Harry will be one of the more powerful Magical Beings with a large amount of talent for Healing, Charms, Defense against the Dark Arts, Care of Magical Creatures, Transfiguration, and Herbology. Harry’s wand flexibility, the woods, and cores indicate that Harry's has an easier ability to see and determine what Mother Magic determines to be right or wrong, legal and illegal more so than others. Personality-wise, this wand chose Harry because despite being somewhat insecure in himself and despite still learning to trust in himself, as well as others, Harry is someone who is passionate in all areas of life, is someone who is driven to succeed, as well as fairly strong mentally and emotionally. The wand recognizes these traits, as well as the fact Harry is understanding and compassionate towards others, adaptable to situations and information, and willing to lend a hand where needed whenever possible. These characters and potential, among others, within Harry is what drew the elements of the wand together with Harry and this wand will stay loyal to Harry because of who he is fundamental is at his core and soul matches well with the values and morals of this wand. In fact, a stronger bond will likely occur the more Harry uses this wand. This wand will help control the power and skills Harry already has at his disposal, while helping him direct, control, and manage the spells he casts. In addition, this wand will help enhance the skills he has in addition to helping him learn and embrace the skills Harry may need to learn or struggles to grasp. The wand will be not just a tool for Harry, but a teacher as well not just in his studies, but in his life as well as long as he uses it well.

ADDED: June 5, 2019
Britain
Monday, May 15, 2006

For the last five months, Britain had slowly descended further and further into chaos and darkness as reports from news sources, both unreliable and reliable, told how Lord Voldemort took advantage of Albus' refusal to take much action against him. Readers were bombarded with reports during the first couple months of incidents, including the time when Lord Voldemort had burned down the Burrow, Hermione's house, and conducted a few attacks a month on families who were, or at least should be, closest to Harry. It was the first time that the Dark Lord had planned and actually left his victims alive; some like Bill were permanently scarred from being attacked from Greyback, while others like Molly and Charlie suffered long-term effects from the Cruciatius Curse. He was still torturing and killing Muggles for sport, but not as often as he may have as it seemed he wished to see if it was true that Harry had truly disappeared without a word or a trace.

When it became clear Harry would not be returning soon, the attacks were stepped up and more pain, fear, and chaos was inflicted – this time centered on the Wizarding World while the Muggle World was left alone. Albus and the Order of the Phoenix stood back, only to come to the aid of people once the attacks were over. The public outcry over the Magic of Ministry refusal and seeming inability to do more than contain the situation boiled over in the beginning of April. Just as the Dark Lord started to infiltrate the Magic of Ministry by placing his people in position, the magical community banded together to ward the Ministry. Anyone with a Dark Mark nor those who intentions were not in the interest of the people could no longer hold a position. It had taken well over two hundred adults, including all of the main Hogwarts Professors, but despite the week long exhaustion, the Ministry was finally safe for the moment. With the public demanding answers, an ironic voice spoke up truthfully and honestly.

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Britain
Wednesday, May 24, 2006

THE MINISTRY OF MAGIC IS SAFE YET HE-WHO-MUST-NOT-BE-NAMED STILL FREE...WHAT NEXT?

By Rita Skeeter

For years, we as the Wizarding Community have relied on the Ministry of Magic for help and guidance, along with Albus Dumbledore, the Chief Warlock of the Wizengamot, Supreme Mugwump, and Headmaster of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Yet, it is painfully obvious in these Dark times that we can no longer rely upon either of them as we once did. Minister Cornelius Fudge and Headmaster Dumbledore no longer have a realistic plan of action to defeat He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. If is was not for the citizens of Magical Britain calling for action and the help of citizen Curse Breakers, those with the Dark Mark would still be free to come and go in the Ministry without escorts. The Minister seems to rely on Headmaster Dumbledore for advice and planning strategies, yet the Headmaster’s plans are, dare I say it, worse?

From what I have uncovered and heard from anonymous sources, Headmaster Dumbledore believes that Harry Potter, who disappeared back in December, will be the one to save us all and fight the
upcoming battles. Thus, Dumbledore and the Misinter seem more or less content to sit back and wait until this fifteen year old boy is found. I ask all of you, despite the fact Harry Potter saved us all fourteen years ago, are we willing to sit around helplessly while our families and loved ones are tortured and killed? How could such a young boy conquer He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named when older, more powerful, and more knowledgeable witches and wizards have tried and failed?

I say it is time to stop listening to the false words of calm coming from the mouths of politicians who from the Wardings set in place may not be there much longer. I say it is time that we witches and wizards learn how to defend ourselves against Dark magic. I say it is time we fought to be free once and for all so we can live our lives peacefully, the way we want.

This is Rita Skeeter for the Daily Prophet

As the paper launched with the article inside, all around the United Kingdom, witches and wizards of all ages began thinking more about how things were and what they wanted out of life. Quicker than a wildfire could spread, neighbors began plotting and planning with one another, using each other's strengths to set up defensive areas in their homes. Ideas for learning different charms, hexes, curses, and the like were jotted down as adults began to brace themselves for both teaching and learning whatever they could that may help their family, loved ones, and neighbors survive. They also began taking a closer look into what exactly was taking place inside their government and began asking questions that should have been asked long ago.

As all this took place however, a few people looked on the events taking with horror and knew the time was running out. Harry Potter had to be found and soon.

Forks, WA
Saturday, May 27, 2006

Homeschooling had just let out Thursday and he had already been owled his end of semester grades. All of them were quite high, and as such, both Catherine and the Senault family urged him to take the summer off of formal studies. Reluctantly, he agreed to cut down, but refused to give up reading the various text books on Magical and Non-Maj Healing, as well as Creatures and Beings Physiology, Biology, Chemistry, as well as Magical Creatures and Beings Law.

Although he was only a semester away from completing the high school requirements set by MACUSA for Defense, Charms, and Transfiguration, Harry knew Potions and Herbology would take a bit longer. Both were a bit more complicated for him and needed a higher level of school than just a basic high school requirement. Then there were the standard non-maj classes and other required classes which he needed to complete. That, coupled with the different healing courses he wanted to take meant another eight to ten semesters worth of schooling if he was able to continue learning at the same rate. On top of that, would be finding someone willing to take him on as an apprentice or allow him into a university program despite the changes he would be going through this summer. One thing Harry knew was that despite those upcoming changes to himself in July, nothing would stand in his way of fulfilling his dreams.

Deciding the impending inheritance was something to worry about another day, Harry winced as his stomach gave another twinge. Knowing it was likely hungry as he, Dobby, and Hedwig had eat the last of whatever remained in the kitchen – which was the junk food – while he studied for his year-end tests, Harry got ready to go grocery shopping. Since the Senault family as well as Catherine and Stephan were on vacation for something called ‘Memorial Day', he chose to head into Forks for
once. Usually, he went into Seattle with the help of someone, but by the way his stomach was hurting, he couldn’t wait.

*This is what I get for getting used to normal meals on a daily basis*, he thought mournfully.

As he got into the small town center, he noticed people staring at him curiously.

*Note to self,* he told himself. *Make sure to come more frequently or not at all since obviously no one noticed you last time.*

Heading to the local grocery store, he was relieved to see it within sight. Even with Dobby's assistance, it was still a couple miles walk to the store. At the crosswalk, he looked both ways quickly, before heading across. Just as he was almost to the other side, he froze, sensing someone was suddenly watching him. Turning around abruptly, he realized his mistake in freezing. A light blue minivan was fast approaching him and it appeared the driver had no intention of slowing down.

Trying to react quickly, the van was scant feet away when it began to break. On the damp road however, the tires couldn’t fully grip the pavement and before Harry could even blink twice, the minivans front bumper hit his hips hard enough to send his body sail forward into the windshield.

Stunned, Harry couldn’t breathe for a few moments as the inertia of the car carried him for a few more feet before stopping. As the minivan stopped, Harry was again sent flying, this time backwards onto the pavement where his head struck the pavement with a loud "THUNK!"

As his body bounced a bit and sliding along the road, his last thoughts before the looming darkness over took him was, “Who the hell is that girl?”

That girl, Alice Cullen, ran over to the teen, wondering what had gone wrong. By all accounts, her visions told her this was a human male and shouldn’t have been able to sense her. Yet, he had and it seemed to cause him to freeze in place. Relaying what had taken place to 911, Alice kept pondering over this could mean. As she glanced over the young man and took in the multiple scrapes covering him, allowing blood to run free, one thing was for certain in her mind. He didn't smell completely human; there was an almost static electricity and nature smell mixed into his blood. It wasn’t unpleasant by any means, in fact, it was quite the opposite, but not something she would ever want to eat as she knew for some reason it would taste unpleasant. Still confused over how something could smell so complex, rich and welcoming, yet cause her discomfort at even the thought of trying to taste it, Alice was grateful to turn over the care of the boy to the paramedics. Racing ahead to the hospital to inform Carlisle of him, she beat the ambulance by a quite a large margin.

*Just enough time to fill him in,* she thought gratefully.

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Forks Hospital: Forks, WA

Saturday, May 27, 2006

Listening to his adoptive daughter with one ear and recording information about the incoming patient at the same time, Doctor Carlisle Cullen was more than intrigued. Assessing the young man as soon as the team got him into an exam room, he began firing questions.

“Any ID on him or information on medication, allergies?”

“Just an ID card, his name is Harry Black, age fifteen,” one of the medics reported. “No cell phone, contact numbers, or anything. Not even an address on the ID card.”
Nodding, Dr. Cullen's finished up his exam quickly before ordering, “I want a CBC, electrolytes, BUN, creatinine, amylase, and an ABG run. Also, an MRI of the brain and x-rays of the neck, spinal cord, ribs, hips, and left wrist.”

As he gave each order, a nurse or orderly hustled around him.

“Checks every five minutes?” Danielle, the ER head nurse, asked.

“Yes, have someone stay with him. I don’t like the look of that head injury. I'll be back once I check on the driver.”

With that Dr. Cullen headed next door, only to find an uncooperative patient handcuffed to the bed with Chief Swan standing guard.

“Chief,” the doctor nodded, knowing that at some level he was still blamed for Bella's disappearance.

“It turns out that Justin here stole the van and took off on a joy ride. After consuming just a couple beers according to him,” Charlie Swan informed the doctor.

“Ahh.”

Checking over Justin thoroughly, the only injury found was a small, four-inch head laceration, which could easily be sewn up the nursing assistant. Informing the others of this, Carlisle got up from the rolling stool and started to head out the door when he was stopped by the chief.

At the door, Charlie adjusted his gun belt nervously, “Look, I…uh, I know you think I blame your family for Bella disappearing. And I admit at first I did, but I don’t anymore. I saw how much time you and your family spent searching for her and I wanted to say, well, thank you.

“I couldn’t do it with work and my ex, well, there’s no way she could handle it emotionally. So, thank you,” that said, Charlie abruptly stuck out his hand which Carlisle shook.

“I just wish we could have done more,” he replied truthfully, still saddened over Bella's transformation.

Before either could speak, a loud, high pitched whine sounded from next door. Turning and running as quickly as he dared, Doctor Cullen braced himself for something to have gone wrong. Instead, he found a wild eye teen struggling fiercely against the hands of two nurses and three orderly’s who were there from the ER and x-ray department.

"What happened?” Carlisle threw out, his voice louder than Harry's, although not by much. “And how did he get free?”

“We almost were to the door with the x-ray machine when we heard a cry,” one of the orderlies puffed between words. “Turned around and saw the kid trying to break free of the straps then before we could blink, he was free.”

Danielle spoke up as she wrestled with the arm that held the IV, “We just each grabbed a limb and tried to strap him in again but he's too strong.”

Nodding, Carlisle could see from a quick look over that Harry wasn’t acting out in anything but fear. As much as he wished he could let him go to reduce it, the chances of him injuring himself were too great.

Holding onto Harry's head gently, forcing him to look at him, Carlisle began speaking softly, "Harry,
Harry, it is okay. My name is Doctor Carlisle Cullen. You are in Forks, Washington at Forks Hospital. No one here is going to hurt you. Everything will be okay. We need you to lie still though. Do you understand?”

Panting rapidly, Harry tried to focus as the doctor repeated what he had said the first time. As he began to repeat it a third time, the wild, fearful look went away almost completely and by the end, Harry was calm enough to nod slowly and relax partially.

“Good,” smiling, Doctor Cullen gave the okay to release Harry. “How are you feeling?”

“Sore. Achy,” Harry managed to croak out, reaching up to itch his nose. Truth be told, he had gotten a lot worse injuries playing Quidditch or from school in general. It was just odd to realize that he was in a non-magical Hospital and may have to wait a bit before he could get someone to take him to a Healer.

Stopping him, Carlisle smiles apologetically, “You have a tube in your nose to help you breathe better. Do you remember what happened?”

“Yeah, I can’t win against a van,” Harry told him.

The remaining orderly, nurse and doctor tried to cover up their grins but failed when Harry laughed.

“That is a good explanation,” Carlisle admitted with a grin. “We took x-rays of your spine, ribs, hips, and wrists. I’m also going to want to take an MRI to make sure there is no internal injury to your brain. I wouldn’t worry however, I think besides your wrist and ribs, you’ll be just fine.

“In the meantime, who should we contact for you?” he asked.

“No one,” Harry smiled at him softly, hoping it wouldn’t be a big deal.

Raising his eyebrows, Carlisle looked skeptically at him and asked, partly as a test, “There must be someone. You’re what, fourteen?”

“Fifteen, soon to be sixteen,” Harry replied, not surprised the doctor didn’t believe him. “And yes, I know I’m too young to be on my own, but I do own my own house, pay my own bills, including those for school. I go to school and should graduate with the degree for the career I want in a few more years, than be able to practice on my own after a couple years as an apprentice.

“The family who set up the homeschooling program typically watches out for me when the social worker I have is gone, but both are gone for the Memorial Day weekend. We figured I’d be fine on my own for a few days, a sort of test run when I’m emancipated fully at sixteen.”

Impressed, Doctor Cullen wasn’t quite sure what to say. It had been a number of years since he had found someone determined to go after a goal at such a young age while being on their own. Realizing that he wouldn’t get too far with such an independent individual, he decided it would be best to ask the medical questions.

“Alright. We have your name as Harry Black, but is that your full name?”

“It’s Harry Corvus Jameson Black. I was born July 31, 1990,” informed Harry.

“All right. Any medications, allergies, or things pertaining to your medical history we should be aware of?” Carlisle asked casually as he retrieved the x-rays that had been delivered.

Keeping one ear open as he scanned the x-rays, he heard a slight hesitation when Harry answered,
“no.” Deciding to leave it be for now, Carlisle reported that there were a couple of cracked ribs on his left side and his right wrist was broken, although the break wasn’t so bad as to require surgery.

“We’ll splint the wrist tonight and tomorrow put it in a cast. If your MRI comes up clean and the two-hour neurological checks for the neck twenty-four hours come back good, normally I’d release you. However, with you living alone, I’m afraid that I can’t do that as there still are certain things that should be watched out for, but not to worry, you’re welcome to stay here,” Doctor Cullen said cheerfully, ignoring the grumpy look Harry gave him. “I’ll check in on you once the results come in.”

Sending him off for one more test, the doctor left the emergency room and deciding to take a much needed break while waiting for the results came in, he headed for his office, hoping Alice was in. Much to his relief, she was still waiting.

Closing the door behind him, he walked across the industrial carpeted beige flooring to his dark oak and sat down in the leather chair. “So, tell me exactly what you’ve been seeing and what you know.”

“It began a while ago, even when Bella was human,” Alice confessed, keeping her voice soft enough so that no one over heard them. “Jasper could sense Bella didn’t fit in as well as everyone thought or expected. I agreed as I kept seeing this young man in our family who fit better, like this missing piece. I couldn’t see everything about him, just that the future could be a lot better for all of us with him and his future could be as well. The vision of what he looked like got even more clear as time went past and today, I saw him about to enter the local grocery store.

“I honestly expected I could just see what he was like without him noticing me, but for reason, he sensed me while on the sidewalk and I was fairly well hidden by the trees a block from where he was crossing. I have no idea how he could have seen me or known I was there!” Alice threw up her hands in exasperation. “When I went to help him after the minivan hit him, it was strange but his blood is a mixture of the best possible things in life and yet the most dangerous. It’s like all the earth’s various scents – the dirt, flowers, air, rain, snow, and more mixed together. Yet, at the same time, there is electricity coursing through it, protecting it. Well, you’ve smelled it!”

Smiling gently at excited girl, Carlisle agreed, “I know. It’s something a vampire could smell all day yet not be tempted to consume. That still doesn’t solve the mystery of Harry.”

“I know,” Alice looked down on her lap. “I just can’t get a completely clear vision on him. I only know we need to watch out and take care of him.”

“I promise, I’ll do my best,” assured Carlisle. “I’ll have the nurses keep a close eye on him and if you and Jasper want to keep a personal look out you may.”

Brightening up, she smiled her thanks.

“Now, I have to go check on the test results I ordered.”

Seeing him out, Alice began plotting how best to get Harry to their house for a while. It may not be the easiest thing she managed, but knew that it would be one of the best things for Harry and her family. She just couldn’t wait to meet him in person!
Confessions

Forks Hospital: Forks, WA
Sunday, May 29, 2006

It was now close to 1:00 p.m. and Harry had been in the same, boring white room since 11:00 a.m. yesterday morning. He could honestly say he was sick and tired of the pastel paintings and cheerful nurses, happily disturbing him every two hours on the dot before telling him to sleep well. As if he could actually sleep decently two hours at a time! Bloody menaces, the lot of them. The only bright spot was the fact that the girl he thought was following him showed up last night with her father, Doctor Cullen.

Turns out she was stalking me, but… running his hand through his hair, Harry decided not to think too closely on that one. A stalker who wasn’t quite a stalker, merely someone who had seen him in a vision enough times to make them curious. Yep, enough to drive anyone round the bend.

Odder still was when he asked who she was and if she was fully human. Thinking back on that conversation, Harry remembers Alice looking vaguely impressed, as if many never saw underneath the mask she presented.

Not even a moment went by before she admitted, “No, I’m not a human, I’m what is called a vampire. Although I don’t drink from humans like those movies and books say all vampires do. And I can go out in low levels of sun, it’s just if it’s a clear day we have to worry about as we tend to, well, sparkle.”

Truth be told, this just amused him and despite her father, “I haven’t heard of a sparkly vampire before, nor ones who exist on animals. Are you sure you’re a vampire and not crazy?”

Flashing him her set of fangs, he nodded quickly, “Alright, vampire. But how do I know you don’t prey on humans?”

“We’ve been talking here for a bit and you’re just now worried for your safety?” she asked, stunned. “Are you sure you’re human?” she shot back.

“Mostly, at least for now,” he had shrugged at that point as he had cast a silent detection spell that told him she was in fact a vampire with an animal diet. “Alright, I’ll trust you for now as my gut hasn’t steered me wrong yet. Don’t make it a liar.”

“Deal,” she promised. “Besides, your blood smells really weird, very off putting despite the wonderful aroma.”

At that point, Harry just had to laugh. Never before had he heard of him smelling off putting to anyone that may eat him. It certainly was a relief though. However, a much bigger now presented itself. Since he was more than well enough to be discharged, the Cullen family had invited them to their house. Having already admitted he didn’t mind spending time with them, he still was reluctant to stay with them.

“Give me one good reason you shouldn’t stay with us,” Alice said, determination etched crossed her face.

Sighing, Harry closed his eyes, knowing the petite, 4’10” black haired vampire wouldn't give up.

“I just don’t want to put you guys out.”
“Nonsense, we wouldn’t have offered if it was a problem,” Carlisle reassured him. “I know Esme is curious about and would love to cook up a meal for you.”

Seeing the sincerity in both their eyes, Harry allowed them both to lead him out to Alice's car. As she sped through the roads and out of town, he became curious.

“So, where do you guys live?”

“About twenty miles outside of town. You?”

“I think about thirty or so, I’m not quite sure. I live near the mountains though in a beautiful area overlooking Forks.”

“I don’t remember a place like that,” Alice said casually as she pulled up to a large house that had faded white paint and a front wrap-around porch.

“Home sweet home,” she welcomed him cheerfully as she opened the door to what appeared to be one massive room with large floor to ceiling windows filling the back wall. From what he could see just from the few feet he had come in, Harry noticed a raised platform holding a grand piano in the middle of the right side of the house. Behind that was a dining area and what he assumed would be the kitchen behind the swing doors. To his left was a curved staircase leading upstairs. Underneath the stairs was a room, causing Harry to shudder violently briefly.

Catching the movement, Carlisle moved to his side, “Let's get you seated.”

“I’m fine,” Harry said, embarrassed. “It’s just…”

He trailed off, not completely willing to share something so private.

“You can tell us, dear. Oh, and I’m Esme, Carlisle wife,” a woman around his height with light brown hair and a kind smile encouraged him.

Shifting in the chair he was guided to, Harry reluctantly said, “Let’s just say I don’t have fond memories of a room under the stairs.”

“They put you there as punishment?” Alice gasped, seeing cloudy flashes of it in her minds eye.

“Kind of,” Harry said uneasily, not willing to share anything so personal quite so soon. Looking up, he saw four more members of the Cullen family entered the living room.

Clearing her throat, Esme began introducing them, “This one is Rosalie. Next to her, that giant who is a teddy bear inside, is her husband Emmet. The second tallest one, with dark brownish black hair is Jasper, and is Alice's husband. Finally, there is Edward as you can see.”

Looking at Edward, Harry couldn’t help but take another, longer glance. At just over six feet tall, with the kind of facial features anyone would envy – full, kissable lips with a strong, masculine jaw and high, sharp cheekbones. On top of that were beautiful golden eyes and messy, bronze hair perfect for running hands though.

Oh, Merlin, please tell me I didn’t just check him out! I’ve never checked anyone out! Harry wished, desperately trying not to blush. Good thing he can't read minds or I’d be so dead.

At the huffing cough that failed to completely cover a laugh from the drool worthy guy, Harry freaked out a bit more, please tell me he isn’t a Leglimens.
Seeing a flash of confusion, Harry couldn’t help but blurt out, “You can read my mind, can’t you?”

Nodding, now it was Edward’s turn to blush, “I really can’t help it. It’s just something I can’t turn off. But how did you figure it out?”

“You’re not the only one I know who can read minds,” Harry sank in his seat. “Although with them, they need at least eye contact.”

And a wand, shit, don’t think that. Unfortunately, the faces of Professor Dumbledore and Snape popped into his head, followed quickly by Voldemort.

“Maybe I should just go,” Harry said weakly, ashamed. “I never could block people out well.”

“Don’t leave yet,” Edward asked quickly, unwilling to let the beautiful boy leave. “I promise to not reveal what you are thinking.”

“Thanks.”

Carlisle cleared his throat to get everyone’s attention, “Despite this interesting conversation,” here he flashed a grin, “Harry, I would like to continue what we were talking about before the introductions. I really feel this is something we need to know.”

“I’m not sure I want the others to know,” confessed Harry.

“Between all of our different abilities, we’d end up knowing no matter where we were,” Alice apologized.

“I’m just wondering how you are taking this so calmly,” Emmet wondered in all seriousness. “Not many would be willing to come with someone claiming to be a vampire, especially to meet their family who are also vampires.”

“Trust me, it’s not the oddest thing I’ve dealt with and the fact you don’t consume human blood means a lot,” Harry said honestly. “My policy has been as long as someone or thing labeled as a creature, being, or human doesn’t hurt another creature, being, or human without good reason, I don’t see why I should judge them. I’m sure it wasn’t quite as simple as ‘hey, I want to be a vampire’ so you went and got turned.”

“True, although I did turn everyone here with the exception of Alice and Jasper,” Carlisle told him, wanting to be completely honest after hearing about Alice’s vision.

“And why did you turn the others?” a calm Harry asked, looking at the head of the family.

“I turned Edward as his mother asked me to save him right before she died. She knew that the Spanish Flu would kill him as well. It was also because I had been alone for so long. I turned Esme as when I was working in the morgue after the first War, I found she was still alive and sensed she was my mate. With Rosalie, she was dying and I had hopes she and Edward would find happiness together. Although, later I did have to admit that it was more of the fact I couldn’t stand to see her die like she was,” he confessed, pointing out who was who as he summarized each event. “Emmett had been attacked by a bear and Rosalie brought him to me, as she sensed he was her mate. Since she was worried about going too far and killing him, I turned him.”

Thinking on that, Harry thought he understood why Carlisle had turned each of them, “In each case, they would have died. Whether or not you did it for selfish reasons, you did try to help as best as you could. I can understand that although it may not appear to be the right decision, in each case, it was the best possible choice. I see nothing wrong with those decisions.”
Edward began shifting in his seat, feeling guilty. Finally getting the guts to speak up, although he wasn’t so sure why he felt the need to do so, he told Harry, “You should know that even though Carlisle was with me from the time I was turned, about twenty years after I was turned, there was a period of five years I left. During that time, I would hunt down humans who committed crimes and that’s how I survived.”

A bit shocked, both over the brutal honesty and the fact he actually did choose to hunt humans, Harry was at a loss as to what to say. Eventually, however, he knew what he probably would have done in Edward’s shoes.

“Although I can’t say that I’m happy about that, I think I can understand, at least a bit. You were turned as a teenager and teens are known for wanting to rebel against their parents. It’s a way to find out who we are. Also, consuming human blood is normal for you so I can’t say I wouldn’t be tempted to try it. Considering why I’m here in the U.S., I’m not sure I have much grounds to stand on anyway. What I do know that matters is that you decided to stop and turn back. That takes a lot of courage and will power. You should be proud of that.”

“I don’t think it was a rebellion phase. It was more of a, why should I care since I have no soul anyway,” Edward told him.

Biting his lip, Harry hesitantly explained, “Actually, you do have a soul. If a being, creature, or human doesn’t have a soul, then they won’t not have a solid form. Such as ghosts, they have no soul and are just echoes of a past person, despite likely having all the memories and such of that person.”

“How do you know that?” Rosalie finally spoke up, her tone haughty and disbelieving.

“Umm, well, I learn about this stuff in school,” Harry said softly, figuring off this family was willing to open up to him, then he could do the same.

“And exactly what kind is that because we certainly never have heard of one like it,” asked Rosalie snootily.

“Well, right now, the school I go to doesn’t have a name as it is more or less like a homeschool program. This family pays for private teachers and any families with kids old enough to attend, can go for a fee. Basically though, it’s a school of Witchcraft and Wizardry where we learn how to harness our magic and develop our talents.”

Now all of the Cullen’s family was looking at him.

“That explains some of what I heard from your mind,” Edward said slowly.

Jasper added in, “I’m only sensing the truth.”

“How can you show us something?” Emmet asked eagerly as Rosalie scoffed, clearly disbelieving him.

Figuring a small spell wouldn’t get him into trouble, Harry called out, “Accio piano music!”

As the sheet music flew towards him, the Cullen’s watched in shock. Snatching it out of the air, Harry grinned.

“That was a fourth year spell, but I don’t want to get in trouble for using magic in an area that might be registered as having non-magical people around, so I can’t show you anymore right now. Although, I have a feeling the Magical Congress would label you as beings, especially since I suspect some of you have gifts.”
“Yep,” Alice said cheerfully. “You know about me and my visions, Edward can read minds, Jasper over there can sense and manipulate emotions, Emmet is super strong even for a vampire, Carlisle has a ton of compassion and is able to block out blood better than most so we think self-control is his gift. Rosalie has the capacity to feel things passionately and Esme’s gift is to love.”

“Cool,” Harry smiled at the family, relaxing into his seat.

“All special gifts you have?” Alice queried.

“Besides being a wizard and having the ability to do magic?” he joked, then seeing her nod, went on. “I can speak Parselmouth.”

“What the heck is that?” Emmet wanted to know.

“I can talk with snakes,” Harry shrugged.

“How’d you learn that?” Jasper asked cautiously as he sensed a wide range of emotions coming from Harry.

“I didn’t,” Harry said bluntly.

Figuring it was time to back off, Carlisle spoke up, “So when are your social workers or homeschool family expected home?”

“I believe the social worker is coming back Thursday or Friday. It’s going to be a couple weeks for the Senault family as they went to Italy,” Harry left Dobby out, not wanting to involve his friend.

“Wait, how old are you?” Esme almost demanded, concern lacing her voice as he didn’t appear older than thirteen, perhaps fourteen at the outside. Clearly, Carlisle either hadn’t had much time when he asked her about letting Harry stay with them or he didn’t want her to know just how young he truly was.

“Fifteen, I’ll be sixteen this summer.” Then, in an effort to ease the worried look, he informed her, “I have a social worker that comes by every two weeks. My homeschool program is aware of the situation as well. I can always owl, Floo call them, or use the pendant in an emergency. Besides, I’ve been more or less running a household since I was four.”

And that sounded a lot less reassuring than Harry winced remember Edward’s gift.

“What do you mean by running a household since age four?” Esme’s voice had a sharp edge to it.

“Just that my aunt and uncle hate me due to the fact I was a magical child who was literally dumped on their doorsteps after my parents died. They felt I needed to earn my keep by doing chores, like cooking, cleaning, gardening, stuff like that,” Harry said softly, unaware of Jasper’s influencing his emotions to remain calm and to feel as though he can not only trust this new family fully, but should be open and honest with them about his life.

“And was that all?” she asked suspiciously.

Sighing heavily, he shook his head, “I got some broken bones and scars from them and also from my cousin. Mainly it was not feeding me properly. I was usually lucky to get a small snack a day. It’s why the bones broke so easily. I honestly think that my uncle didn’t realize when he shoved me or ran into me that it occurred.”

Seeing this disbelieving looks, Harry sighed, “I was always short up until I got a potion that helped
me grow a few inches at the beginning of this year. In comparison, my cousin has always been normal height, but grossly overweight since about age five or six. My uncle was even more over weight. About a dozen and a half to two dozen eggs, plus a couple pounds of bacon, a loaf of bread or a three dozen pancakes, and a pound of sausage would be cooked for breakfast. My aunt barely ate any of it and I got left overs, if any.”

Seeing the looks of disgust, Harry nodded, “Yeah, my thoughts exactly. But that’s why I honestly think my uncle didn’t realize at times he actually broke a couple bones. Usually, he'd just take a belt to me, but couldn’t do much damage as after five or so hits he was out of breath. My cousin on the other hand, purposefully set out to do damage with his gang. Thankfully, the damage from tithe broken bones that never healed right has been fixed, a lot of the scars from my relatives and schooling are gone as well. Other than that, I just take a nutritional potions daily to make up for the missed meals.”

“Is that why you came here?” Carlisle asked, suspicious that there was more.

Debating to himself, Harry weighed the option of doing what he usually did and flee, hide, or brush off what happened to him as no big deal. However, for some unexplainable reason, this family, especially Edward, pulled on him, making him feel safe and secure. It made him feel like for once, he had discovered a few major puzzle pieces that were missing in his life, even though he had never know about them before. Something told him they would be in his life for a long time to come, no matter how weird or bad things may get. He wasn't quite sure why he felt this way, or why he felt he trusted them or even why he wanted to disclose everything, but he knew it was important. Perhaps one of the most important things in his life.

Besides which, after running so far and having no one for such a long time, he longed for someone who would listen, who might care, and be there for him. It may be a long shot, but he was just so tired of hiding at this point that he didn't think it mattered much what the Cullen family would say or do if he reveled everything. With that, Harry took a deep breathe and looked down before beginning.

“Let’s just say that with what was happening every year at my school, it was looking more and more like I wouldn’t make it to graduation. The first year, a teacher was possessed by, well, part of the soul of the Dark Lord that had killed my parents and tried to kill me. I ended up killing him because he couldn’t stand to be touched by me since my mother died to protect me caused a protection against him. The second year, a diary that was written by that Dark Lord when he was in school possessed a student and ordered a Basilisk, which is a snake, to petrify students. When an ex-friend and I went to rescue the student with a teacher, he turned out to be a fraud, tried to erase our memories and ended up erasing his own. I ended fighting the over 20 foot long Basilisk. Ended up almost dying there due to being bitten, but something called a Phoenix bird cried on the wound and their tears can heal anything.

"Third year, Dementors surround the school and these are creatures that cause you to live your worst memories and can suck out your soul if they wish. They destroy all happy memories and feelings. Ironically, they were there because my godfather escaped the Wizarding jail, but he was innocent. We almost got proof he was free, but the teacher helping him, my friends, and I prove his innocence forgot his medication. Since it was a full moon and he was a werewolf, my godfather used his Animagus form of a dog to protect us and the one who committed the crime he was in jail for turned into a rat and slipped away.

“My Fourth year was the worst as they held a Tournament. Only adults, seventeen and above, were supposed to be able to participate, but someone put my name in for a fourth school. I had to get past a dragon, than merpeople, then finally through a maze with a variety of creatures, spells and obstacles. Then, at the end, one of the Dark Lord followers had turned the cup that ended the maze
into a Portkey. Since I and the true school champion grabbed it, the other champion was killed by the rat who escaped my third year. He then raised the Dark Lord using my blood, I was held under a painful curse before dueling and only luck got me out.

“At the beginning of December of last year, my godfather was kidnapped by the Dark Lord followers and was killed by them. I was lucky in that I had managed to find a way to break part of the connection between the Dark Lord and I because he tried killing me by possessing me. Each time something happened, I just got more and more suspicious of the headmaster. He never seemed to care, which isn’t too surprising I guess since he placed me with my relatives. None of the teachers were too interested either and I got tired of being loved one day and hated the next by the public. I just wanted peace, quite, and normalcy.

“I’d actually like to graduate school and I knew staying in Britain, the chance of that was next to none. With my relatives as they are and my school as it is, as well as a Dark Lord with who knows how many followers after me, I’m safer by myself here. Besides this, I was informed of some changes that will happen this summer to me and with the way the Ministry of Magic is like, I’m better off living here. I’ll also have more rights and freedom than back in Britain,” Harry finished ranting, slightly out of breath, yet feeling as though a large weight had been lifting.

Feeling sheepish about how he went off, however, he looked up to apologize. Before he could, Edward stopped him, “Don’t apologize. You obviously needed to say that and I’m glad you trust our family with that. We promise we won’t reveal the information you give us.”

As the rest of the Cullen’s tried to process the information, Carlisle made a decision, “I heard you want to be a doctor.”

“Yes although we call them Healers. I want to work mainly with beings, as well as kids,” Harry informed him.

“I can’t help you understand the magical side, but I do have a lot of medical textbooks that may help. We can look at them sometime tomorrow if you’d like,” Carlisle offered.

"Yes, anything you need help with we're more than happy to help with," Esme added.

Her eyes glowing, Alice made sure to include her own opinions, "Especially shopping."

Ignoring the groans from the guys, Harry's eyes lit up, "Even for a house, like furniture shopping?"

Alice and Esme glanced at each other, "Oh, yes. Rosalie, you in?"

"Why not?" she grumbled half-heartily.

"Another day," Carlisle told them. "Right now, let's get you settle in bed. Esme will be up shortly to make you something."

Too excited to protest, Harry allowed Carlisle to lead him to the one guest room they had and make sure he was in bed. Despite how excited he was over getting to know this family, and the odd feeling of finally locating a piece of himself he hadn't known or realized was missing, Harry was drifting off to sleep before he knew it.
Early the next morning, Harry awoke to a frantic Hedwig dive bombing him repeatedly. It was obviously the now black Eagle owl was desperate for Harry to take the note off his leg, so groaning, he sat up, wondering how on earth Hedwig got in.

Reading the barely legible scribbled note, Harry felt his throat drop to his stomach. He had been so busy and truth be told, out of it, to let Dobby known he was okay. Although Dobby could sense Harry was alive, he was also sure the house elf had figured out where he was and was about to flip out from the tension knowing that his ‘master’ and friend was surrounded by vampires.

Taking the chunky pencil Dobby had thoughtful included, *perhaps in case I had gotten kidnapped and didn’t have access to anything*, Harry smiled, he wrote out a short simple note stating he was fine. That these people were friends.

*I can’t believe I am thinking this, but I’m actually grateful to Malfoy for something*, thought Harry in disbelief. *If he hadn’t needed to learn to read and write, Dobby wouldn’t have learned either.*

A knock startled Harry just as Hedwig left the open window.

“Mind if I come in?” Carlisle wondered, before entering when given permission. “I just wanted to check to see how you were feeling before I went into work today.”

Assessing himself, Harry truthfully answered, “I’m doing good. Bit of a headache, ribs a bit sore, but nothing unmanageable. I heal fast.”

Smiling at him, Carlisle checked him over quickly, “Things are looking good as well, but I still want you to take it easy today and tomorrow. I’d prefer you to at least stay here today, but honestly, I know better.”

Grinning, Harry didn't say anything.

“Yeah, I know that look, it’s the same one my kids give me when they want to plead innocent and aren’t.”

“I’ll stay today, maybe than tomorrow I can show everyone what needs to be done with my place?” Harry gave in a bit while hoping to be given permission to finally finish his house now that he had help.

“We'll see,” Carlisle said. “As soon as you want to get up, Esme will have breakfast ready to go. I think she’s planning waffles, eggs, and bacon, although she'd be more than happy to make you something else.”

“I’m fine with just cereal or toast,” protested Harry, unwilling to heap more work on this family who had taken him in just so he wouldn’t be in the hospital longer or reported as a minor without supervision.

“One thing she misses most about being human is food.”

Piecing together the stories he had heard about each of the Cullen family, Harry wondered out loud, “I’m not sure when you were turned, but wasn’t there something mentioned about World War One with Esme?”
“That’s correct.”

“I’m going to guess then that one reason she loves to cook is a way to remind her of happier times, maybe part of it the fact that she is a mom to so many now and although I don’t know much about them, they seem to have two goals. Feeding their kids and protecting them, which is kind of hard with vampires,” Harry mused. “I have a feeling I’ll be subjected to her mothering instinct than.”

Gently smiling at Harry who had gotten it half right – Esme did have an urge to mother people because of the younger Cullen members and being able to feed him, as well take care of Harry would help satisfy those urges – Harry also didn’t know the full truth. As it wasn’t his story to tell though, Carlisle just agreed, grateful Harry was willing to allow Esme to do so.

“Anyway,” he sighed, shaking of his sudden melancholy mood. “I need to get going. Emmet and Rosalie are out shopping. Jasper is reading a new book he had been wanting for and Alice, well, I honestly am not sure I want to know what she’s up to today.”

Feeling shy all of a sudden, Harry had to force the next words out, “And Edward?”

Sighing deeply, Carlisle shook his head, “He’s out in the backyard, thinking.”

“What about?” questioned Harry, feeling this was something he needed to know.

Seeing the appraising looking, he was started when Carlisle actually admitted, “About what you told us last night, about us having souls. I also thought we might, but for so long, Edward thought we were damned just for existing or something.” Looking at his leather wrist band watch and seeing the shiny silver watch face, Carlisle winced, “Now I really have to go. Remember to take it easy, ask for help from any one or if you need anything, just let someone know. I’ll be back later tonight.”

Waving good-bye to the doctor, Harry’s mind was already far away, trying to figure out how to best reach Edward and ease his guilt.

*There’s no reason at all he should feel this way, none at all. And I’m going to get that through to him one way or another,* he thought determinedly.

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Finished with one of the best breakfast he had ever had, including those at Hogwarts and here in his new home, Harry informed Esme he was going outside for a bit.

“Just don’t stay out too long sweetie,” she warned him with a knowing smile.

Trying not to blush, Harry hurried out the back door. Trying to figure out where Edward might have been hiding, it didn't take more than five minutes to find him sitting on a double swing hung from a tree in the middle of a beautiful garden.

“Mind if I sit?”

Shaking his head, Edward looked as though he was about to get up and leave. Grabbing onto his arm to stop him, Harry told him, “I was actually kind of hoping to talk to you.”

“About what?” Edward wondered, then tilted his head as he realized something, “I can’t hear your thoughts, they’re too muffled!” he stated in wonderment,

“Yeah, I’m feeling more clear headed so I can do a better job blocking my thoughts. That and this,” Harry pulled out his protection necklace. “Really helps. More the necklace than anything. I didn’t
Nodding, Edward let the silence fall between them, unsure and unwilling to speak first.

“I know that this how I likely have a soul and have killed thing is bugging you,” blurted out Harry. “I get it, I really do.”

“Really?” he asked bitterly. “I deliberately set out to kill not just one, but dozens of people over a five year period! Even before this, I felt horrible enough, despite knowing the ones I killed were ones who had committed more than one horrible crime. Now, I have to face that at the end of my…my…” his hands were flying around almost widely before Harry.

“At the end of your existence?” Harry asked gently.

“Yeah.”

“The first time I killed someone I was eleven years old, about four months from my twelfth birthday, but still. I was still just eleven,” Harry told him as calmly as possible. “It was my Defense teacher. He was possessed by the spirit of the worse Dark wizard since the early 1900's, but I still killed a human being by wrapping my hands around his neck and burning him to death somehow.”

Ignoring the sputtering, he continued on, “When I was twelve, I killed the spirit, or more accurately, the part of the soul, of that same Dark wizard that was trapped inside of a diary he had made when he was just seventeen. It was a piece of who he was and yet, I stabbed the diary with a poison covered fang.

“When I was fourteen, I battled the followers of that Dark wizard before facing him. I know I seriously injuries at least one or two to the point their lives would have been changed if the Dark wizard hadn’t killed them after. Five months after my fifteenth birthday, while battling them again, I killed one of them,” Seeing the look on Edward's face that was a cross between pity, sadness, and perhaps horror, Harry smiled grimly at him.

Explaining his reasons, he counted off on his fingers, “At age eleven, I believe I was led to that place in order to battle that wizard to see how I fared. Also, if I hadn’t killed him, I would have likely died and the ones I had called friends then would have as well. The next year, the diary was literally sucking the soul and life essence out of my ex-friend’s little sister in order to gain strength to free himself. If he had gotten free, she would have died, as would her brother, a professor, and I before the Wizarding World would have descended into the type of chaos it is in today. During something called the TriWizard Tournament, which I wasn’t supposed to be old enough to be in at age fourteen, a follower of the Dark wizard made sure I was transported far from the school grounds to raise the Dark wizard from spirit to human. I had to fight to live long enough to bring the body of the other school Champion back. My godfather was kidnapped and killed when I was fifteen. I was forced to fight to try and free him, then forced to fight to try and escape.

Each time, each life I changed or took hurt so much I just wanted to find a cave to burrow into and never come out of again. It was as though something was stabbing my heart and causing me to be unable to think straight. I was at the bottom of a deep pit and couldn’t see a way out,” confessed Harry. “I kept going for the sake of my friends and because it was expected of me by the public. When that didn’t work, I’d tell myself, at least others are alive even when those aren’t.”

Another grim, mocking smile filled his face, “That didn't do much good. Who was I to trade a life for a life or lives? I honestly am not sure how much longer I could have fooled myself into being okay with the fact I had been judge and jury, no matter if I hadn’t taken time and just reacted to save a life.
“When I was fighting against the Dark wizard, whose name is Voldemort, and his followers, or Death Eaters, something odd happened,” Harry reminisced. “As Voldemort called out the killing curse, I called out a disarming spell at the exact same moment and our wands connected. Somehow I was able to force the beam of light close to him and all those he killed came out of his wand.”

Seeing the horrified look on Edward’s face, Harry was quick to reassure him, “With the right spell you can tell which spell was last cast, what was unusual was it recalled all the spells and the physical manifestation of them. I was able to speak to my parents for a short while. They told me they agreed with my plans as they didn’t want me in the war or manipulated any further. All they wanted was for me to be happy. They told me they were sorry for leaving me, were immensely proud of me, that they couldn’t believe how brave I was, and loved me beyond words. Then I was told the most amazing thing. I was told that on this side of death, mistakes will be made, some small, some big, some by accident, some on purpose. No matter the size or reason, as long as you feel remorse and want forgiveness, it shall be given. Not even the fact I had changed lives for the worse, or taken lives mattered, as I felt guilt over them and wished for forgiveness.”

“That’s it?” Edward asked skeptically.

“Well, that and try to not repeat it, my mom said, but my dad said anyone with a soul is going to keep on messing up,” Harry blushed in embarrassment as he remembered the looks his parents gave each other than. Each time he thought about that moment, where time stood still just for him on one of the battlefields, he couldn’t help but be grateful for whoever allowed his parents to speak with him.

“It's not just that,” deciding to process this monumental news later, Edward confessed the rest, feeling he could finally unburden his soul to this sensitive teen. “In April, I had been dating this girl, this human girl. I said I loved her, when I wasn’t sure I really did. But she accepted me and my family, despite who we are and I’d been alone so long.”

Nodding to show he was listening, Harry’s heart began hurting for the lost soul next to him.

“In April, a few vampires came down this way and spotted her. Bella, that’s her name, convinced us to let her go to where her mom lived. The tracker followed her though and managed to get her alone. I tried to get to her in time, but I wasn’t fast enough. He'd already bitten her and the venom couldn’t be stopped.”

Edward trailed off, the guilt so immense it chocked off his voice. His face was downcast and his body slipped over, wearily of life and appearing as if he was moments from slipping off the mortal coil. Shaking off the depressing and gloomy thoughts, Harry carefully thought about what to say.

“Was it just Bella's decision to leave Forks?” questioned Harry.

Shaking his head no, he got a look that clearly stated Edward thought he had missed the story.

Continuing on anyway, well use to looks disbelief and whatnot, he asked casually, “Were you the only one to head out to find Bella after she left? Actually, did Bella even leave by herself?”

“No, Alice and Jasper went with her. When the plan failed, Carlisle and I went to meet up with them.”

“So, Bella was staying with someone who can sometimes see the future and someone who can read the emotions of a person,” Harry pondered. “Yet, despite those two gifts, Bella was able to get away and meet this vampire who she knew was after her by herself?”
Forced to answer, “yes”, Edward did so through gritted teeth, unhappy with how this conversation was going, yet oddly found himself unable to storm away as he half-wished.

“I admit to know little about Divination, telling the future, reading the signs,” Harry explained quickly seeing the confused look. “What I do know is no vision can be accurately interpreted until after it has been played out and even then, not all visions happen. Some things are just meant to be, as much as they suck.”

Blowing out a long breath, Edward thought on that for a long while. After nearly twenty minutes had passed, he finally had to concede Harry was right, “Fine, but how do I stop with feeling bad that she becomes a vampire and then I dump her almost right away?”

“That, I admit, is trickier,” Harry admitted. “The one thing I’ve learned in life is if the people in them are causing a lot more pain than happiness, it is not worth one more second of friendship just to make life calmer or easier on the majority. If you aren’t happy with things and your life, you need to change them.”

Blushing, Edward ducked his head, “I kind of did figure some things that made me happy over the summer. Despite wishing Bella hadn’t had to go through all this.”

Grinning at the look on Edward's face, Harry nudged him, “If you ever feeling like sharing…..” Seeing the blush and embarrassed smile increase, he moved on, “In all seriousness though, I get the guilt. But you didn’t cause Bella to become a vampire. She chose the risks by hanging out with you guys. The fact that things didn't work out stinks, but from what I know dating is for getting to know someone better, see if your compatible and if you can fall in love and stay in love. Dating is a risk. Period. You both took the chance and hopefully, you both learned from it.”

“True, I just wish it hadn’t ended so badly;” sighing, Edward took a moment to think over their conversation. Although it had helped, something was off… “Wait a minute, ‘from what you know?’ What exactly is that supposed to mean?”

Shrugging his shoulders and ducking his head to avoid his bright red face being seeing, Harry said nothing.

“You've never been out on a date or anything?” he asked, astounded.

Shaking his head no, head still down, Harry mumbled, “First off, there's no point. And second of all, when would I and who the bloody hell would see past the whole Boy-Who-Lived?”

“Boy-Who-Lived?” focusing on that first, Edward hoped Harry would answer.

Sighing deeply, he answered somewhat reluctantly, “See, Voldemort was after me after hearing this so-called prophecy saying someone born to parents who thrice-defied him or whatever as the seventh month dies would have the power to defeat him. When it was made, only I and another boy fit the description. Despite being hidden away and trust me, us wizards so have ways we can hide where you can look straight at our house and not see us, he found us after one of my parent’s friends told him. Voldemort came, my father didn't have time to raise his wand before he was dead, and my mom stood by me in my room asking him not to kill me. He killed her, but it’s likely that since she died to save me, her love protected me as when he turned to kill me, the curse bounced off of me and hit him. Voldemort became a spirit and his body was destroyed, thus I became the defeated of Voldemort and ‘the Boy-Who-Lived’,” he told the story quickly and emotionally as possible, yet some bitterness still crept out.

“I’m sorry,” Edward said soft, turning to look at him more. Reaching out slowly, he enclosed Harry's
hand, I can’t imagine growing up without parents. Especially with the relatives you had.”

Shrugging, Harry was speechless.

Squeezing lightly, Edward asked, “So I take it most everyone in the Wizarding World knows about?” Seeing the nod, he continued, “And that makes you like a celebrity.”

“Yep and it bloody well stinks,” Harry laughed roughly, emotions clogging his throat. “It turns out not to matter anyway.”

“Why is that?”

Wondering just how far he should open up to him, Harry debated to himself. He knew what he was feeling was unlike anything he'd ever felt before. It was as if meeting the Cullen family, especially Edward had jumped started something inside of him. This something felt more and more like a major missing puzzle piece, wrapped in warm blankets, coating his insides like a hot cocoa had never done before. Knowing he had a better instinct than most and also considering what his reading had told him, Harry made a decision.

“How good are you on the weirdly odd factor?” Harry bravely asked, trying not to think about how hard his heart was pounding or how his blood seemed to be rushing through his entire body, causing it to heat up and flush.

Raising his eyebrows, Edward said flat with a hint of humor, “I’m a vampire that sparkles in clear daylight, eats animals, and am getting used to the idea that I’m not damned, even with the fact I have a soul.”

Giggling a bit, Harry replied, “Right, ok. Well, I kind of fudged a bit on living alone. I do and I don’t.” seeing the confusion, he plowed ahead. “I have what is known as a house elf. He basically cleans, cooks, does whatever needs to be done. Normally, house elves in our society aren’t paid, but he wasn’t treated well by his last master and wanted to be a free house elf. I helped free him, so he’s been devoted to me. Anyway, he came with and I pay him as much as he allows to help out.”

“Okay, but why tell me this now?” beyond confused, Edward had a cute, lost expression on his face, yet was focusing on what Harry was telling him as it was obviously important.

“I need to show you something and in order to do so, I need him to bring it.”

“That's fine, do you need the phone?” Edward relaxed, calmer now that the situation had been explained.

“No, but be warned, he can be…well, excitable,” cautioned Harry, with a grimace. “When he realizes I’m with a vampire, I’m not quite sure how he’ll react.”

Nodding, Edward motion with his free hand to go on, still unwilling to let go of Harry's hand and waited for what would happen next.
Revelations

Chapter Summary

There are a few changes as a reviewer pointed out that certain countries referenced in the Cambion information weren't around. Thus, I added in that Harry used information from another source and used that revised information. Again, thanks to that reviewer for pointing that out!

Chapter Notes

Edited/Updated June 8th... I realized not all continents were listed in the Cambion information.

To Edward's surprise, all that happened was Harry calling out, “Dobby!”

Within seconds, a loud ‘pop!’ sounded and a three foot, six inch…thing stood there. Taken aback, Edward processed this so-called house elf. He had huge green eyes with floppy ears, a large, thin nose that stuck out from his face and what skin showed from underneath what appeared to be a robe looked like old, worn out leather.

Before he could examine this creature further, a high-pitched voice that kept breaking greeted Harry. “Oh, Dobby was so worried, Harry Potter! Yes, Dobby was! Harry staying at vampire house, oh, what would would…” it seemed Dobby had finally spotted Edward. “Harry, vampire next to you. Holding onto hand? Does Harry wish Dobby to help?” he tried whispering, but failed horribly, causing both Edward and Harry to let out a couple laughs.

“Sorry, Dobby,” Harry apologized. “These are the type Stephan talked about, they don’t eat humans, just animals.”

“And we try to stick to the ones that have too many in the area,” added Edward, trying to be helpful.

Straightening up, Dobby looked Edward in the eye, “Dobby be watching you. You be good.”

Nodding seriously, he wisely chose not to reply.

Trying to get things back on track before he ran out of courage, Harry asked Dobby, “Would you please bring the booklet I compiled about what will take place on my birthday? The one I created from the Founder’s vault and the newer classifications for them that I picked up, please.”

Nodding, Dobby glared at Edward briefly before disappearing.

“That was something else,” Edward finally let go of his laughter.

Swatting him, Harry tried not to laugh as well, but couldn’t help himself, “Just shhhh, he'll be back soon and I don’t want to hurt his feelings. Besides, he could kick your area with a snap of his
Sure enough, Dobby ‘popped’ back in scant seconds later and handed over the small pamphlet to Harry.

“Can Dobby be doing anything else?”

“No thanks, Dobby. I’ll be home tomorrow,” he told him. Seeing the crestfallen look, Harry explained, “I hit my head and damaged my ribs again. The head of the Cullen family here is the doctor who patched me up. He won’t let me back home yet. Even if I told him how well you’d watch out for me, I’d have to figure out how to disappoint the rest of the family.”

Puffing up in pride, Dobby stated, “Harry needs friends. Harry stay long as Harry wants. Dobby goes and takes care of house.”

With that, the house elf popped out, leaving the Harry alone with Edward, hanging onto information that could change his life.

Nervously glancing at Edward, Harry knew it was now or never. Considering everyone with the exception of Rosalie was more than welcoming and seemed to want him in their lives, they deserved to know everything. His instincts were telling him that much. Plus, he may be wrong about some of the information he read, but either way, Edward deserved to know.

“Only a couple people know about this about me and I thought since your family seems to be opening up their doors to me, I should share this with them. I wanted to share this with you first for a couple reasons, one is because, well, I hate bringing up considering everything, but I hate when people keep things from me or lie, so I refuse to do that to you. Even if I’m completely wrong and make an arse of myself,” Harry repeated himself. “Secondly, considering how much we’ve shared this morning, I feel it’s only right you know first. That you have the first chance to say this is way too much to handle, especially considering I just meet you and your family. As long as you are honest, I won’t fault you.”

Nodding in confusion, Edward felt as if his heart had been dropped off the tallest mountain and was free falling through the iciest river. Taking the offered pamphlet Harry handed him, he let go of his hand to do so.

Standing up, Harry informed him before he could look at it, “This is who I’ll become at sixteen, I’ll leave you to read. I’m pretty sure the information is accurate, or at least was when it was written first written a thousand years ago. Some of it has been added on or updated after I did some research. If you want to talk or whatever, I’ll be in the room I was before.”

More concerned about was going on, Edward watched, than listens as Harry made his way up to the guest room. Sighing and knowing the only thing he could do was read, he turned to the pamphlet.

**Cambions**

*(Taken from Godric Gryffindor Text, 1048 A.D.)*

Cambions are a sub-race of the Incubus Race and like the Incubus, are humanoid. Unlike the Incubus race, Cambions can disappear among blood lines for an untold number of years, sometimes seeming to disappear altogether and is forgotten by families before reemerging once again.

Just as in in the Incubus Race, both sets of parents must possess the Incubus gene. However, one or
both parents must also present the gene for the Cambion race for even a chance of this inheritance to be passed on to the next generation. Despite meeting these conditions, only certain witches or wizards who meet particular criteria end up developing into a Cambion. This is due to the necessary magic needed for the initial transformation as well the magic need to sustain said individual.

The Cambion gene selects individuals who have greater magical power than most and whom will receive more magical power upon their sixteenth birthday. The secondary power inheritance does not seem to be relative (this typically occurs between twenty-one and twenty-five). Other factors include a capacity for great emotional strength and the ability to withstand greater trials in life. This is due to the emotional instability that can occur when a Cambions basic needs are not met and/or the individual is rejected by their mate. This is especially true for submissive Cambions. Strength has also been looked upon with great favor by all Incubi races, but especially the Cambion race, so individuals who will be able to withstand physical trials are typically chosen if they as present the other characteristics Cambions feel are worthy. It has been determined that Magic plays a large part in selecting who carries on this sub-race of Incubi.

In the extraordinarily rare event that weakness in some form is present upon inheritance, typically in physical manifestation, the transformation will be much more painful than usual and could possibly even be fatal. This is why Cambions are reported to be so few in numbers and are also a stronger than normal breed of Incubi.

**Classification**

*(Revised 1887 by the United Kingdom)*

Much of Europe and Asia have classified Cambions as XX Creatures or XXX Beings. Cambions may have to register, but are often allowed to housing, jobs – even if some jobs are off limits, custody of children, marriage, and more in some areas.

Although part of Europe, in the United Kingdom, the Magic of Ministry has clarified Cambions as a level XXXX Creature who should register and be heavily monitored. The Ministry does not allow them to vote, jobs, housing, or the custody of kids; however, if a true mate is found, they will not stand in the way.

North America offers the most freedom for Cambions as each country in this continent classifies Cambions as X or AS Beings and admits it is only when Cambions are defending their mate, children, family, or home that such a high level of danger is warranted. They are considered to be just as any other witch or wizard; therefore, they have the full rights and responsibilities as an adult in each country upon reaching adulthood.

South America is similar to North America and offers almost the same amount of freedoms, responsibilities, and rights as other Magical Beings. The only exception is most countries in South America classify Cambions as XX Beings who have the possibility of becoming XXX Beings with the right motivations.

As Australia is only partial self-govered at this time and will not become fully self-govered for a time, the Cambions categorization is currently being debated. Previously, as Australia fell under complete British rule, the rules and regulations for Cambions were the same as for those living in the United Kingdom. However, with the move towards self-government, more freedoms and rights are being argued for the Cambions, along with the ability to be treated as any other Magical Being. Albeit one with a slightly higher classification level.
Categorizations

(Taken from Godric Gryffindor Text, 1048 A.D.)

Near-Mortal Cambions

- More like a witch or wizard than a Cambion.
- Only has some extra abilities and instincts that a typical Cambion would have.
- No outward or inward changes indicating a Cambion inheritance.

Balanced Cambions

- Able to embrace their Cambion heritage as well as their magical heritage fully.
- Have free will and control over their actions.
- Have a great amount of power and abilities.
- At least some to many possible physical changes outwards.

Near-Demonic Cambions *

- Only have a minor amount of mortal blood.
- Mostly act on instincts than anything.
- Major outward physical changes show a full Cambion inheritance.

* Please note: due to procreation for survival with witches, wizards, and other species, over time, Near-Demonic Cambions have become extinct.

Sub-Categorizations

Dominates

Over 95% of wizards identified with Cambion Magical gene turn out to be dominates. Dominates can be identified by the fact that during their inheritance, a growth spurt of at least six inches will occur. In addition, muscles will rapidly develop after the change. The wings will develop underneath the back skin during the first couple days after the birthday before emerging abruptly. Typical wing spans are from eighteen feet on up, depending on an individual’s height and weight. Although the wings will appear almost see-through in their single color (based on the individual's aura) and feel soft as well as thin, the wings themselves are actually one of the Cambion dominates best weapon. The wings are nearly impossible to penetrate, have the ability to easily carry a couple hundred pounds upon emerging and can carry more with practice.

The hair will grow down to their shoulders and can be manipulated through will power. The skin of a dominate will become softer and shinier, as well as tougher so that it is near impossible to hurt them. Although it is not noticeable, the teeth will become sharper. The sense of sight, smell, and hearing will all sharpen in order to sense danger. When needed, these senses will become even more acute if they believe danger may be near. A better sense of Magic and a vague sense of the way Magic interacts with all things will occur after the inheritance as well. This will help the dominate protect what is most important to them: their mate, children, and home, in that order.

The personality of the dominate may change in the beginning until their instincts settle more and they become more in tune with the inheritance. They will likely become much more territorial over whom they consider family, loved ones, and their home until they find their mate. Once this occurs, the intense feelings will surge again as they are transferred and multiplied. Once a mate is found, even after their instincts have calmed, they will expect respect, obedience when giving direct orders,
although how far the dominate wishes to control said mate depends on the individual bonding, the species involved, and other factors.

**Submissive**

Over 95% of females identified with the the Cambion Magical gene will become submissive. Female submissives can be identified by the fact that no growth takes place during their inheritance. In fact, it is not unusual for some individuals to lose a few inches in order to be shorter than their future mate. A male individual will often become more develop more feminine characteristics, such as slightly wider and curvier hips, a less muscular figure, and such. A female may or may not change in overall appearance. In both male and females, the hair will grow extremely long, often to the knees, although it can be manipulated by will power. The hair tends to become softer, smoother and thicker as well. The skin tone will even out and become blemish free, looking almost as if it has a faint glow. Teeth become very shape and four small fangs are formed that can be used when under attack.

Wings for a submissive are typically under 16 feet and again, the span, as well as color is based on the individual’s aura. The wings of a submissive take two weeks to grow in and only develop between ten to sixteen feet. The wings are able to carry great amount of weights, but the ability must be built up over a few months and will never be able to go more than a hundred pounds over the individual’s body weight. The wings are just as impenetrable as a dominates wings.

As with dominates, the skin will become tougher so that it is harder to penetrate, although submissives skin is not as resilient or as impenetrable. The submissive senses will increase nearly as much as a dominates; the major difference will be that their increase sight, smell, and hearing will be tuned into their immediate surroundings to protect what is most important to them: their children, mate, and home in that order.

The submissive will likely experience a shift in personality where they become more introverted and desire to stay at home more. They will be more willing to allow others to stand up for them, allow others to direct them, and just follow along which can put them at a higher risk for abuse, personal usage and more, especially if they are unbonded. The unbonded submissives tend to feel more emotional and are more unstable than unbonded dominates. Although even submissives will stabilize once bonded, the desire to fight is subtle, yet they will not hesitate to fight if their children, mate or loved ones are in danger.

**Soulmates**

Each Cambion has a fated soulmate, although when they will meet said soulmate is unknown. A Cambion will never feel any type of desire, attraction, or sexual pull to another before their inheritance. After the inheritance, if a soulmate is not present, the desire for intimacy and eventually sexual intercourse will occur. As highly sexualized beings, this is perfectly normal and Cambions are able to act upon their desires if they so wish. The exception to this is in the event that their soulmate has already been found; in which case, desire or attraction may begin to develop as early as six months before their inheritance. However, until their inheritance, the future Cambion will remain impotent. Bonding cannot occur until after the inheritance and a soulmate is found.

* In the event the individual wishes to abstain from bonding for a short period, but are finding it difficult, please see Sophronia Blunebaris’ book, Intermediate Cambion Health and Healing Medicinal Potions and Spells. Blunebaris’ has a safe, effective hormone suppressor which can be used long term on page 54.
Cambion Abilities, Capabilities and Traits

**Magic**
- Increased Ability to Feel, See, and/or Sense Magic
- Connection to Magic Allows More Control and Power over Personal Magic

**Physical**
- Better Ability to Withstand Temperature Changes due to Colder Body Temperature
- Better Coordination
- Better Resistance to Injuries and/or Healing Time (Partly due to Denser Bones and Muscles (Much more so on Dominates))
- Better Senses, Including Night-Vision
- Higher Metabolism
- More Stamina – Magically, Mentally, and/or Physically
- Less Sleep Needed (Reduces by about Two Hours)

**Sex Drive**
- Craving for Sex
- Higher Drive
- Will Need Sex to Survive Once Soulmate is Found (Feeds off of Sex)

**Soulmate**
- Abilities, Characteristics, Traits are Shared to Some Extent
- Life Forces Tie One Another Together
- Soulmates Die Soon After Other (Exception is When One is Pregnant)

**Transformation**
- Ability to Change Hair Length, Style, Color
- Ability to do Small Changes to Body – example: Shape of Eyes, Face, Nose, etcetera
- Easier Animagus Transformation – Can Transform to a Fennec Fox and/or a Jaguar (As observed in those who reside in Great Britain)

* Each Cambion receives different gifts and the level of gift varies as well so what is true for one, is not true for another. Those who are Balanced Cambions will tend to experience a greater number and those who are also dominate will experience even more, with more potential to be explored.

* One exception is the Soulmate section, all Near-Mortal and Balanced Cambions will experience this, although the degree to which gifts are shared differs.

**Bonding**
To fully bond, the Cambion must bite and suck some blood from the wound created during sexual
intercourse. If dominate, the wings must be on full display during the act as well. If submissive, the wings must be presented while kneeling before being retracted.

**Breeding Cycles and Pregnancy**

After finding a true mate and bonding, a submissive will go into what is known as a breeding cycle where s/he is most fertile. At this time, for anywhere from four to six days, the two mates will not be able to separate as the desire for sex is at an all-time high. Each breeding cycle can occur from every three months up to every six months. Each individual and individual's cycle is different.

Only in the event of a pregnancy does the breeding cycle pause. A female’s pregnancy is the same as a normal pregnancy whereas a male is similar to a Wizarding male pregnancy. In each case, the instincts and abilities of the Cambion have been reported to be reported as either abnormal or normal compared to a typical pregnancy. The conclusion is this that with each pregnancy, the symptoms will vary.

* If you wish to safely prevent pregnancy for a time, please see Sophronia Blunebaris’ book, Intermediate Cambion Health and Healing Medicinal Potions and Spells for one of the Anti-Contraceptive Potions listed on pages 145 to 153. For more information on Cambion, please continue reading further in this book.

Rereading it over again, Edward sat back stunned. So many questions were squirming around his brain he wasn’t sure which one to grab hold of first. Breathing in and out deeply a few times, he realized two things. The first was why Alice wasn’t around and why Jasper was hiding – more than likely, Alice had foreseen than and earned Jasper. Two, if Harry was going to become this… Cambion being, he wanted to be there for him, in whatever way he could. No one should go through those types of changes alone. And Harry was alone, despite the social worker and homeschool setting. If Edward could offer any support, he'd be there. As for the other questions he had, he'd just have to do what Harry suggested and talk with him.
Uncovering

Bracing himself as he entered the doorway of Harry's room, Edward shuffled awkwardly, unsure where to begin now that he was here.

“Need to talk privately?” Harry finally braved asking after several moments.

“That’d be good,” Edward admitted. “I’m not quite sure where though…”

“If you close the door, I can take care of it,” he offered.

Doing so, despite not knowing why it would help exactly, Edward studied as Harry flicked a wooden sticker out from underneath his left sleeve and murmured several strange sounding words while moving said stick.

“What was that language? It sounded almost familiar.”

Sensing more of an explanation than that was needed, Harry explained, “Well, first off, this,” he held up his wand for closer examination. “Is a wand. It helps direct the magic in our cores to perform spells, hexes, jinxed, curses, etc. This time, I used it to ward the room against people listening in or being able to enter without permission. The language used is based on Latin, although the Magical community has adapted it to its own uses.”

“So any time you want to use your magic, you need your wand and to know this off-shot of Latin?”

“For the most part. Children often have accidental magic which is when magic that is normal done by focusing on directing our cores to complete a spell, is done without a thought. We can also preform wandless, wordless magic. How much is possible and how strong the magic is depends on the individual’s magical core,” here Harry shrugged, trying to come up with a good example. “It's sort of like how some people are prone to be taller. It all depends on the genes passed down, as well as what Magic decides to gift us with.”

Nodding, as that made more sense, Edward gave back the pamphlet he had had read. “So, is this one of those genetic things or Magical gift things?”

“Being a Cambion?” Harry asked, looking at Edward perched at the end of the queen-size bed. Shifting to sit up more against the padded black leather headboard, he answered truthfully, “Both from what I understand. It isn’t something that has shown up in the Potter family ever, and according to what was uncovered, my mother's side of the family did have that trait. However, it hasn’t been seen since Gryffindor's was one and that was back in the late 900's.

“Somehow, despite being a powerful wizard, one of the four most powerful at the time, his line produced Squibs, or someone without magic born to magical people,” he explained. “I have no clue when this happened, but it had to be quite some time ago as there wasn’t any real records of children Gryffindor had. Yet, somehow, my mother was deemed worthy by Magic to be a witch.”

“I honestly have no idea what to say to that.”

Laughing to himself, Harry sympathized, “Up until I was eleven, I had no clue about any of this Magical world either. I didn’t even know about my parent’s background until recently. To find out that there is a force guiding things is pretty shocking, even for someone who is a magical being.”

Seizing on that, he asked, “You hinted about us being Magical beings, but is that just the while
vampire aspect or is there something else?”

“From what I know, any vampire who survives a bite had to have some magic, whether they were a Squib or not. I'd hazard a guess and based on the gifts Alice, Jasper, and you have that you three had at least some level of magical ability that if nurtured could have been developed and used. I've seen some witches and wizards with only talents in one or two areas who are unable to do anything more than simple spells,” reasoned Harry with a slight smile.

Taken aback, Edward was speechless, “I must admit that I have no clue as to what defense to offer to that. I know all of us have wondered why we have extra gifts or abilities when most others don’t.”

“I suspect those without abilities may in reality actually have something, or they may have been Squibs before their transformation.”

Gesturing to where Harry had placed the information on Cambions, Edward said a bit weakly, “At least I know why you tend to take things about us so well.”

“Partly that,” he admitted. “But also I knew of a werewolf and the way he was treated was treated was beyond horrible. Sure, once a month he’d turn to a wolf, but he’d make sure to take a potion to keep his human mind. He'd also lock himself up so as not to take any chances of hurting anyone. He had been a werewolf since he was a young boy and in all that time, he never hurt anyone. Sure, he got cranky, but hell, the females were worse! You didn’t see any one refuse to treat them or cross the street or spit on them did you?

“Sorry,” running his good hand through his hair, Harry blew out a deep breath. “So many times, I’ve heard how badly he was treated. And now, I’m reading these laws and regulations Britain has for any one not deemed quite normal, it just…well, it’s not right! Who has the right to say who is treated by a healer and who isn’t? If someone isn’t hurting anyone, leave alone, let them get a job, a place to live.”

Amazed at the rant Harry had gone on, Edward realized just how much Harry truly cared about the injustices of others.

“I hope things are better here?” he asked quietly.

“Yeah,” sending a small smile his way, Edward felt his heart catch. “The Magical Congress here that is in charge of the magical world does things that makes more sense. I mean, if a witch or wizard wishes to marry a non-magical person, there is a lot of paperwork and time involved, but it seems it protects both the magical and non-magical communities. They also seem to understand Magical beings a lot better and have better laws for creatures. Sure, as beings, we do have to register, but so do all witches and wizards. I won’t be alone in being monitored to ensure that I’m not a danger to others.

“I’m also protected in case something happens that is due to my being status. The Magical Congress isn’t so heartless as to fail to understand sometimes things happen due to the nature of our beings taking over. I also am ensured a right to treatment by all Healers, any needed potions, things like that. If I couldn’t afford to pay, something would be worked out.”

“That does seem logical.”

“That's why when I knew I had no choice but to leave, I choose here,” Harry confessed. “I choose Forks, Washington as it seemed the farthest away from the United Kingdom. It seemed the States would be the most welcoming to a Magically emancipated adult planning on becoming fully emancipated at sixteen, even when it was discovered I’ll be undergoing that inheritance on my
“Sixteenth birthday.”

“Right,” letting out a deep breath, Edward organized his thoughts. “So, you know for a fact this will take place?”

Trying not to roll his eyes, Harry nodded, “There are tests and stuff that were done and this was one thing the Goblin Healers found out.”

“I guess what I’m confused about is, why tell me this?” he confessed.

“Honestly,” blushing, looked down towards his lap and fiddled with his shirt. “Ever since I met your family, I felt like this was some place I needed to be. Then, when I met you, it was like…I don’t know, as if I wasn’t so alone any more? And you heard my thoughts. I honestly have never really thought about anyone in that way except when talking with others to cover the fact that I couldn’t figure out why others checked someone out.”

Taking a deep breath as his face grew more heated, he went on, “The more I was around you, the more dots seemed to connect in my head. I could be totally wrong and off-base and I feel horrid considering you dealing with the aftermath of your ex becoming a vampire so soon, but I can’t put it off. If I continue being around your family and you, you need to know what is honestly happening and what my brain is thinking.”

“So, you are wondering if there is a connection developing because of your upcoming being inheritance that will…” here Edward trailed off, unsure what word to use. “Well, eventually, it will be revealed we are soulmates? Is that what you’re saying?”

“Yes,” Harry said softly, not daring to say anything else.

Blinking rapidly, Edward felt paralyzed by this. He knew it was a possibility, but to have heard it put so bluntly was another.

*But why aren’t I feeling more than shock? I’d think I’d be panicking or something, getting up to pace, Edward continue to sort his thoughts out. Considering this summer, I know the worst I’ve felt over Bella is guilt. Although what Harry has said earlier has definitely helped a lot and I know he was telling the truth. I don’t know why I know that since his thoughts are mumbled to me, but for some reason, I just know I can trust what he says is truth. Sure, he may not have revealed everything, but and I’m getting off topic…*

*The fact is, what do I feel?* Pondering this, he realized for the first time in a long time, he felt safe, like he was less lost than he had been in a long time, as well as more content. *Possibly since I was human. It’s like I know true happiness might be reach.*

Halting his pacing abruptly near the head of the bed, Harry looked up in time to see Edward looked as though he was ready to yell at someone. Hoping it wasn’t him, he braced himself.

“Could you please open the doors, I need to talk to someone. And I have a feeling they are waiting to talk to us,” Edward asked politely, suspicion coating his voice.

Quickly doing as asked, too confused by whatever may be going on, Harry was shocked when Edward opened the door. Alice waiting for them outside, bouncing on the tips of her toes, grinning almost madly like a hyper-active child with too many sweets.

“Get in here, Alice,” demanded Edward, exasperated. Turning to Harry, he politely asked, “Would you mind redoing all those privacy stuff again?”
Bemused, Harry did so and turned to the two siblings, “Want to pull up a part of the bed?”

After hesitating slightly, Edward sat next to Harry, making sure all the while with short, furtive glances that he was okay with it. Alice, on the other hand, wasted no time in finding a spot in the middle of the bed facing the two of them.

“So, whatcha you need from me?” she teased, a gleam of trouble lighting her eyes.

“What have you seen about Harry and I?”

A flash of sadness crossed her face as she thought about Bella.

“Don’t worry, I explained what happened between Bella and I already.”

“This may hurt to hear, but even when you and her were dating, I was already seeing something different than her in your future,” she said slowly. “I wanted to tell you, but after discussing it with Jasper, we knew that I couldn’t just say I saw some guy that could possibly make your future and ours a lot happier. I mean, I had no idea when, or even if, that would happen.”

“I get how subjective visions can be, so don’t worry. It is actually reassuring you didn’t speak up,” Harry brushed off the unspoken apology, just grateful that one person realized the future wasn’t static.

A grateful smile crossed her face, “After Bella became a vampire, I didn’t see her in our future any longer and I began to see more of someone else. I knew he’d be going to the store the day of the accident, although I didn’t see the accident, so naturally I had to go see who this person was as my visions of what he looked like were cloudy. That is very unusual,” she explained to Harry.

Shrugging, he wondered, “Perhaps because of my magic?”

“I don’t know, maybe to some extent,” she drew out the words as if thinking upon things as she said it. “A couple hours after I talked to you, I had another vision and it was a lot clearer.”

“And what was this vision?” Edward asked bluntly, wanting to find out once and for all if what he was starting to feel for Harry would end up hurting him in the long run.

“That’s easy,” Alice smiled wide, bouncing on the bed. “You two are designed to be mates!”

Open mouthed in shock, Harry started at Alice for a moment before looking towards Edward to see he was looking almost as shocked. Worried that perhaps he wasn’t ready for something like this and feeling terrible about forcing this whole situation on him, as well as his family, Harry scooted off the dark blue silk comforter, unholstering his wand.

_I have to get out of here, and fast. Why on earth did I ever think this was a good idea!_ Harry groaned to himself.

Before he could get too far though, Alice stood in front of him.

“Just hang on, I’m sure things aren’t as bad as you might think,” she promised in a worried tone, glancing between the two.

Laughing harshly, Harry could only shake his head.

_OKay, obviously I hadn’t fully accepted that what I was thinking was true could actually be true. Especially considering nothing is this easy in my life. I mean, what are the chances of knowing out_
who I’m destined to be with before my birthday? Slim to none with my luck. Of course, then again, with the whole Edward and Bella thing, which cannot be anything but a major complication and by the look on his face, it doesn’t appear he’s too happy about this whole thing.

Sighing heavily, Harry allowed himself to be led back to the bed, but refused to sit close to Edward this time and instead took over Alice’s spot. Refusing to look at either of them, he took the cowards way out and said nothing.

Figuring she had to be the one to get the two men talking, Alice rolled her eyes, “Edward, what are your thoughts on this?”

Clearing his throat, he choked out, “Honestly, sort of relieved and scared.”

As Harry whipped his head up in shock, Alice saw that Edward still was refusing to make eye contact.

“And why is that…”

“Because,” he sighed in frustration. “I’ve never been good at the whole dating thing and the whole thing with Bella messed me up a bit. What if something happens where Harry gets hurts?”

“First off, he’s a wizard and quite honestly, I know you nothing about that. Secondly, it appears by this pamphlet he’ll become something even stronger at some point and again, I realize you are unfamiliar with that. However, that isn’t a good enough reason considering that is a part of who Harry is and something you can learn about as you go. So tell me, what here has you scared?” Alice drew the answers out of him, as there still was a look of confusion on the other male’s face.

“What I felt with Bella isn’t like what I’m beginning to feel for Harry, okay, are you happy?” Edward barked out, falling back against the headboard in embarrassment. He knew that Alice wouldn’t release either of them without answers she deemed honest and worthwhile. “I don’t know why or how, but something is just different with him. As if there is a potential for me to actually love him as a person and not because I’m lonely and desperate. It’s like he helps fill in the missing holes I’ve had and while I can be my own person, I’m also not a whole person without him. As if I could be happy, find happiness and a sense of rightness with life. Stupid, huh?”

Forced to sit up by Alice pulling on him he started groaning, still highly embarrassed but quickly stopped when he saw the look on Harry’s face. Tears were shinning in his bright emerald eyes, threatening to spill over and a sense of wonder filled his face.

“Harry?” he asked cautiously. “Are you okay?”

Sniffling a bit, he nodded, “Sorry, it just that, well, I feel the same and well…”

“No one ever really said things that made you feel worthwhile?” he asked softly.

Ducking his head was all the answer Edward needed and he pulled Harry close to him to wrap his arms around him.

“I may not know much about you yet, but I promise, we’ll take things at your pace. We’ll figure this thing out together.”

“So you don’t mind the fact I’ll be turning into a Cambion?” he wondered, still unsecure.

“Hell, I’m a vampire, why should I care?”
Giggling slightly, Harry leaned further into his arms, “Even though it’s likely I’ll be the dominate in the relationship?”

“Considering your past, it may be the best outcome,” he reasoned.

After a bit of peaceful silence, Alice spoke up with a smirk laced across her face, “At least this way Edward I can maybe stop seeing the type of stuff you’ve been experimenting with this summer.”

Groaning, he begged Harry not to ask. Despite the promise to do so, Edward saw the calculating look in his eyes and knew he’d soon be spilling secrets he’d had previous hopes of keeping to himself.
Advice

Now armed with more information and the backing of Alice, Harry and Edward decided to call a family meeting once Carlisle returned home in an hour. Unsure what to do until then, the two males looked hopelessly at each other before turning to Alice.

“Honestly you two, do you have no clue where to start?” she giggled. Seeing the hopeless shaking of her heads, she sighed in fake sympathy. “What on earth would you do without me?”

Leaving them dangle a bit, she finally gave in, “Alright, I’ll help, but don’t expect me to tag along on dates with you.”

“Da…dates?” stuttered Harry, turning pale.

“Of course, haven’t you heard the rhyme ‘so and so sitting in a tree, K-I-S-S-I-N-G! First comes love, then comes marriage and then comes a baby in a baby carriage?’” she raised an eyebrow at him, but stopped teasing when she saw how shaken up he was. Thankfully, he was still near the headboard where she and Edward were, so she moved over to squish him between the two of them. “It’s okay if you don’t know the ins and outs of dating. I can totally help with that.”

“Um, thanks, I think?” he offered, confused.

“Jasper and I go on dates still, it helps us bond better and allows time for us as a couple to reconnect. How else do you expect to build a relationship, form a closer bond, learn about each other, fall in love? Hmmm…well, since Edward over there clearly doesn’t want to help out,” she threw out, noticing he was trying to do his best to avoid the awkwardness of the conversation by looking out the window. “Here's my advice to you two. Since you already know there is a bond between you, you need to focus on building on it. Start by talking about what kind of things you enjoy doing and spend time taking each other to do those activities to learn about them. It'll help build up a friendship first while getting to know the other better. You need to share your lives with each other as much as you can to develop trust, discuss what you need and expect out of the future, what values are important. Talk about your hopes, wishes, dreams, stuff like that.

“Things won’t be perfect and that’s more than fine. Despite the fact you know the goal is to learn to be together as a couple, you still need to have time and space to yourself or you'll drive each other crazy. You need to figure out what you can compromise on and what you can't. You don’t always have to agree, but you do need to learn to respect the others opinion,” Alice listed off, remember what she and Jasper had to work out when they first met.

“And Edward, this time,” she turned to face him with a fierce expression on her face. “Don’t allow your partner or what might make them most comfortable decide what you talk about or the dates you go on. That’ll just lead to disaster, am I right Harry?”

Momentarily shocked at the turn of conversation, it took him a minute to respond, “Wait, you're saying that he just did whatever would please Bella for the most part?”

“Not always, but mostly. And it wasn't my best move, I'll admit,” Edward spoke up. “After nothing I said or warned her about scared her away, I guess I just wanted to make sure that she'd have no reason to leave.”

“That is incredibly stupid of you,” Harry flat out told him. “You do that to me, and you will be finding out what a wizard is capable of, got it?”
“Promise,” he said sheepishly.

“I’ll help!” added in Alice cheerful.

Groaning, Edward slump further down on the bed, “Why can I see this not going well?”

Grinning at each other, Harry and Alice shrugged.

“I can’t help what I see,” Alice reminded him. “Speaking of which, I’m just thankful I won’t be smacked upside the head randomly with the type of vision I had this summer.”

Bolting upright, Edward glared at her and hissed through his teeth, “You promised you wouldn’t say anything!”

“To the family,” she pointed out. “Harry isn’t quite there yet, and besides, I think he should know, don’t you?”

“Can’t I tell him on my own time?”

Looking as though her gaze had gone off-focused, she shook her head, “Nothing seems to have changed which means it doesn’t seem to happen.”

“Edward, just tell me,” Harry cut the two of them off. “What, you killed a human?”

“No,” he said, reluctant.

“Okay...” Thinking on it, he asked after a while, “Did you cheat on Bella in some way?”

“No! I defiantly would never do that!”

“Okay, did you hook up with someone after Bella?”

Nodding his head in embarrassment and regret, Harry looked towards Alice in hopes she'd give him a hint. Motioning him to keep going, he sighed.

“And what the bloody hell is wrong with that?!” he asked, some of his frustration slipping out.

Eyes widened in shocked snapped up to look to Harry, “I slept with another vampire for a couple of months. At first, it was just to figure out if I was, you know…”

“Gay?”

“Yeah,” blowing out an unneeded breath, he went on. “But I don’t know, I got caught up and would meet up them whenever I could. I eventually ended it because I hated myself for giving in when I had promised to wait for the right person.”

Rolling his eyes at the clueless, but sweet, vampire, Harry asked, “What age were you turned and how long ago was that?”

“I was seventeen when Carlisle turned me and it was in 1918.”

“That's just over ten years shy of a hundred years ago that you've been stuck as an eternal teenager. Despite the whole being turned into a vampire, you're kind of stuck as at that age, mentally and physically. I'm surprised you lasted as long as you did quite honestly. There are males and females who have lost their virginity at school at a younger physical age than seventeen,” Harry explained. “It’s not something I’m going to hold against you.”
“And at least one of you will now know what to do,” Alice had to point out at that moment.

“Oh, Merlin, some kill me now!”

Huffing, Edward attempted to gently pull Harry out from beneath the covers he had buried himself under to escape attention.

“One thing you'll just have to learn, Alice will be Alice and you'll just have to get used to her,” Edward informed him.

Peaking out with hopeful eyes, Harry asked hesitantly, “So, you really don’t mind this whole thing?”

“No, not at all. And I’m positive the rest of the family will be fine as well. Rosalie will be grumpy and such about it, but she hates change, so just ignore it,” Edward reassured him.

“Speaking of which, if you let us out of here, I'm sure everyone is more than curious about everything and Carlisle should be home now,” Alice reminded them.

Squeaking slightly, Harry crawled out from his blanket cocoon he had created between Alice and Edward. Moving quickly to straighten his hair and clothes, Harry then took down the silencing charms before removing the privacy wards. As Edward heard the thoughts of his family and both vampires heard the movement, as well as communication going on, they looked towards Harry.

“Ready?” Edward asked with a gentle smile, holding out his hand.

Grabbing onto him with a hint of desperation, Harry just nodded and watched as Alice raced back to get the information on his upcoming transformation. Calling out to everyone for a family meeting as soon as she opened the door, she led the way into the living room, making sure she and Edward were once again sitting on opposite sides of Harry. As the other five Cullens sat almost completely unmoving, he began to wonder just how good of an idea this was when his anxiety started to lessen.

“Forgive me if I overstepped any boundaries, but the amount of worry and anxiety I could sense was increasing rapidly,” Jasper apologized. “I thought it might be best to help you calm down.”

“Thanks, I need to let you know some things about me and I’m not really sure where to begin,” Harry admitted. “I guess the best place would be to let each of you read the information on something that’ll affect me soon and then go from there.”

Taking the Cambion booklet and muttering a quick, “brevis effingo charta quinque”. Relieved when his spell worked, he distributed the five copies amongst the Cullens who hadn’t yet read about Cambions.

“The copy will only stay for about a day, but until it disappears, you can keep the temporary copy,” he offered. “I know this is a lot to take in and I’ll try to explain any questions you have after.”

Falling silent after that, he waited and watched each Cullen nervously over the next fifteen minutes. Biting his lip as brief shock registered on each of their faces before fading away, he started squirming in his seat, wishing he was anywhere but where he was. It was only due to the calming presence Edward radiated that calmed him down enough that he didn’t end up bolting; that and the fact he had a feeling Alice would just drag him back. Already he thought of her as someone he could turn to when needed.

I may never have had a sibling before, but Alice seems to already treat me as such considering she's picked on me, given me advice, and supported me. Aside from getting into disagreements about things, although that's what a sibling does from what I've heard, smiling to himself, Harry sneaked a
peek at her. I could get used to having her around. I do wonder how the others will take the news about me and Edward? What if they aren’t as accepting?

His thoughts starting to spiral downwards again and become anxiety ridden, Harry was grateful when the last person, Carlisle, sat down the information provided.

Looking at the young teen, the doctor couldn’t help but ask, “I read that it’s possible to find your mate ahead of time. I can’t help but wonder if you’re telling us this because this is what happened?”

Nodding, Harry looked towards Edward and when nothing seemed to be coming from him, turned to Alice as all he could do was stutter.

Rescuing the helpless males by her, Alice revealed the visions she had been having in regards to Edward’s future.

“If I could have foreseen it, I would have done anything to prevent Bella from getting hurt in any way, but the only visions I had that included her were ones in which she and Edward weren’t completely happy,” she said in a needless effort to defend her reasons and actions.

“If it helps, from what I was told, finding your bond mate, or soul mate as some call it, can be near impossible. Often times, only two beings have an actual chance at finding the right person for them. Although, it is slightly easier for a magical person to find a mate among a human, magical person, or being,” Harry added in. “Often times, it is not uncommon to see magical and non-magical people finding and settling down with those who may not be their soul mates, but are still a good fit.”

At this, Cullens just looked at him.

“So, basically, because we’re not normal, we were able to find our soul mates?” Emmet wanted to know.

“Yes, no one knows why, but it is the way it is. I can’t fault Alice for not informing anyone of what she had seen. Things can change so quickly just with one decision. It's also why I don’t hold Edward responsible for anything. I’ve found you just have to make the best choices in life as they come and deal with them as best as you can, although you may not want to look at me for an example of actually following through on that advice,” he added with more than a touch of self-reproachment.

“Well, everything else aside, I have to say, I am so glad for the two of you,” Esme beamed at him after an awkward silence fell.

“Yeah, just let us know if you need anything, we’ll be more than glad to help, right Rose?” Emmet nudged his wife, hoping she got the silent message to be nice.

“What ever,” she replied, rolling her eyes before turning to Harry with a deadly serious look on his face. “Just don’t go hurting my brother, got it?”

“Not planning on,” he promised. “I can't guarantee things will be perfect, but all I ask is for a chance. I know this must be difficult for everyone here to accept.”

“It explains a few things actually,” Carlisle drew out his words, thinking on everything. “None of us are having issues with being around you, as far as dealing with the smell of your blood as it smells so unique in a non-food way. That is something we've never encountered before. I think I’m also speaking for the majority of us, if not all of us, when I say it feels as though we were waiting for you to help complete our family.”

Blushing, Harry ducked down his head before confessing, “When I met your family, it was like
something clicked. I felt like I could trust you and confide in you, which isn’t something I do at all.”

“Well, I’m glad for that, it sounds like you need a family to watch out for you and I’m more than happy to help, as is Carlisle,” Esme said, still smiling. “I do have to wonder, and please, this is just me being concerned about him. I get that you two are soul mates or what have you, but how is that going to work out as you get older and he doesn’t?”

“The very nature of a Cambion is what will make sure this doesn’t happen. Once my inheritance settles, it will recognize Edward as my true mate, if that is in fact the case. At that point, it will ensure our life forces are tied together, meaning if I am a dominant, I will stop aging either at seventeen or eighteen. If, for some reason, I am as submissive, I would stop aging soon after my birthday or at age seventeen. Neither of us will need to worry about leaving the other behind as if something happens to one, then the other passes away soon after, within days, if not hours. The only exception would be if I was a submissive and was pregnant. I wouldn’t last much past a year after the child’s birth,” he told them frankly, he reassured her, as well as everyone else.

“Umm, I hate to point this out,” Edward said. “But we're vampires. There is no way we can get anyone pregnant.”

Raising both of his eyebrows, Harry shook his head at him, “I hate to be the one to tell you this, but although you can’t become pregnant, you can still get others pregnant. Your sperm is more or less frozen, but still viable, not dead and gone like a female’s egg.”

Giggling at how he had said it so matter of fact, Alice had to ask, “What on earth are you learning at your school?”

“Basic health courses that have been required. Although, I was required to read more about Cambions and I was forced to studied ahead,” Harry rolled his eyes. “And that includes being told every which way it is even remotely possible to get pregnant as well as by which creature and beings! You have no clue how embarrassing it is either as the subject is taught by the seventy-something-year-old grandma of the household sponsoring the homeschool program. I don’t care that she's middle age, I would rather not be taught that by someone of her age and gender.”

“Seventy is middle age?” Carlisle perked up, intrigued. "And yet, it seems in your culture people marry young.

“I can answer some questions about the differences between magical and non-magical people when we go over the textbooks,” he promised. "But yes, wizards and witches tend to live longer, about one and a half to twice as long as normal humans. Yet, as it seems to be a bit more difficult to have children past the age of fifty or sixty, the trend is to marry young, usually by age twenty-five. Of course, in the cases were someone has an inheritance, they will often marry around age sixteen.”

“Thanks. I do have some questions about what I read that I’d to ask now as long you're fine answering them. We can go somewhere else for more privacy if you’d like.”

Leaning onto Edward a bit without noticing he did so, Harry shrugged, “May as well ask them in front of everyone. If I have any problems answering them, I’ll let you know. I may not know everything either.”

“Well, I guess I should ask, when exactly will these changes occur? I for one would like to be there to monitor the changes in case anything goes wrong and to help you if needed.”

“I would as well,” admitted Edward and Alice spoke up that she too would be willing to help out if need be.
“July 31, as it is when I turn sixteen, so I have a couple more months yet. I was just kind of planning on hiding out at home, as I didn’t feel comfortable having my caseworker over. I honestly don’t think I’d mind having you over Carlisle, but I’d like to get to know everyone better first, if that’s okay,” he shyly admitted.

Relieved when no one was upset over that, Harry continued, “From what I’ve read and understand, soon after midnight on the date of my birth, any changes I will go under will begin. How long depends on two different things. The first is dependent on my magical core. Like every witch and wizard, my entire magical core is unlocked in a few stages so as not to overwhelm my body as it is growing. All those with a magical core have access to about fifteen percent at birth and at age ten, receive a boost of about ten to fifteen percent and over the years, can be unlocked up to fifty percent as you learn. At age sixteen is the biggest boost, where you finally have access to ninety-five percent of your core. Depending on how large a magical core is, the boost in power can be painful and take a couple hours before it is complete.

“The second depends on any being inheritance one might have. Depending on what type, the power level, the traits, and features that comes with that creature or being, it could take a few hours, a full day or even more before the transformation is done. Then, there is the recovery time and the adjustment period. Of course, in some cases, like Cambions, some have additional features that grow in over a period of time if they fit into a certain classification. In this case, if a person becomes a Cambion submissive, the wings take longer to grow in due to their more sensitive nature and also to be able to distinguish between a dominant and submissive.”

“Sounds complicated,” the doctor recognized how far out of his depth he was when it came to this area.

“Trust me, it is,” Harry gave out a short laugh. “It’s only because of how much I’ve been studying that I understand as much as I do. I don’t mind if you have more questions.”

Looking at him carefully, Carlisle felt compelled ask, “How certain are you that you’ll become a dominant Cambion?”

Not saying anything, silence fell over the group. Realizing that despite Godric Gryffindor being one, there was no way to be completely sure he too would fall into the same category, Harry sighed in resignation.

“None,” he said softly.

“And that scares you?”

“With my childhood, I have to say yes.”

“What would happen if you were a dominant verses a submissive? I mean, what would the differences be?” Carlisle asked, both in an effort to understand better and to hopefully help his young friend.

“Well, as a dominant, I would be in charge in the bedroom, as a submissive, I wouldn’t. That isn’t too big of a deal, but then there is always a chance of getting pregnant and considering my age, I’m not ready for that. I’m not sure I’d ever be ready for that,” he admitted the most embarrassing thing first in hopes it was quickly forgotten. “As a dominant, I’d be better able to protect myself, I’d be stronger, have better senses. I’d be in more pain during the initial transformation, yes, but it would be over quicker and from what I’ve read, it seems dominants are able to deal with pain better and are more able to withstand injuries and such.
“Whereas with being a sub, I’d have to deal with the pain of wings growing in over time. Yes, I would be less prone to injuries than I am now, which is saying a lot, but not as much as a dominant could withstand. I’d also be more concerned with making sure the home was safe, things were going well, so I wonder how that would affect my desire to become a healer. Would I actually make it or even become one? I wouldn’t be as strong physically, my senses wouldn’t be as good either, and well, honestly, I would rather not look more of a feminine male.”

Blushing strongly now, he bravely continued, “Then, there is giving order versus taking orders. I’ve had to take orders most of my life, follow crazy plans, and more. I’d much rather be the one where giving orders is needed for a sense of peace and mental health instead of having to receive orders to survive and thrive mentally, emotionally, and physically. It just seems there are more downsides than upsides to being a submissive.”

Unsure how else to articulate how he was feeling and the fears of his past repeating, Harry curled further into Edward without conscious thought. Wrapping his arm around Harry, Edward gave Carlisle a look that clearly meant to back off.

Edward spoke softly, “I know you don’t know us yet, but one thing I would like to reassure you of is that I would never hurt you. No matter which way things turn out, I will be fine with it. If you do become a submissive, I promise you, we will find a way to make sure that side of you is happy while making sure the human wizard side of you is as well. We’ll make sure that as long as you can meet the requirements, you can still have the career you want somehow. There has to be a way.”

“What happened to Mister Doom and Gloom?” Rosalie wondered, tilting her head towards him in puzzlement.

Rolling his eyes, Edward chose to remain silent.

Alice promised, “And if he doesn’t keep his promises, no matter the reason why, you just let me know. I’ll be glad to help straighten him out. It’s part of my job as the big sister.”

“Since when did you adopt him?” Emmet asked.

“Since he decided to let me help him decorate his house,” she grinned almost evil at the thought.

Shuddering, he was glad when Carlisle cleared his throat to get them back to the topic at hand.

“Anyway,” he continued. “One thing you should know is that being submissive doesn’t make you weak. It takes a strong person to handle trusting another person to have your best interests at heart. Just as much as it takes a strong person to handle being a good, fair, and loving dominant. No matter what category you fall into, we will be more than happy to help you. For now, why not just leave the worry about it for when it happens?”

“Probably a good idea,” Harry conceded.

“Besides, we’d love to get to know you better,” Esme told him. “You’re welcome anytime and if you ever want a home cooked meal, just let me know.”

“Thanks,” he smiled up at her, happy at the positive response from the family.

“But first, we need to figure out where you and Edward are going to have your first date,” announced Alice.

At this, both males next to her groaned, picturing her forcing them into suits.
“None of that now, I won’t interfere, as long as you two figure it out by tonight,” Alice threatened with an evil smirk.

Sighing, Harry followed Edward to Carlisle office for privacy, both more than willing to figure out things on their own, without interference. Hopefully, things would go smoothly or else the pixie-hair vampire would lower herself to following them on their dates.
After casting a strong 'Muffliato' spell around the office, Harry and Edward moved towards the large sofa situated across from the door. As an awkward silence fell, Harry took the opportunity to notice how the two adjoining walls had built-in bookcases filled with books. A medium size desk stood part-way in the center of the room with an antique looking leather chair. On the wall where the door was located was what appeared to be a hand painted picture of Carlisle with three other regal looking vampires, if their looks and clothing were anything to go by. On the other side of the door an external old and roughly cut cross hung. With the large windows on the wall where the coach was located, light gray painted walls, and medium dark oak flooring to match the bookcases, the office gave a very soothing feeling.

Letting those impressions wash over him, Harry looked anywhere but at Edward, feeling intensely awkward and unsure how to start what should be a simple conversation.

Thankfully, Edward seemed to sense that the silence would continue and was finally was brave enough to speak up, “Why don’t you go first and tell me some things you enjoy doing, things you maybe have wished to do, but haven’t gotten a chance to do?”

“Well, I used to play Quidditch, but that was more because it was expected of me. Truthfully, I just enjoy flying more than anything, although the rushes I got chasing after the Snitch was pretty fun…”

Interrupting him, Edward asked for an explanation. Outlining what Quidditch was, Harry felt it was harder for Edward to grasp the fact that yes, witches and wizards really do ride on broomsticks.

“Anyway, besides flying, I really don’t know what I enjoy doing. I was horrible at Wizard’s chess, which is like the chess you’re used to, but in our version, the pieces are animated and you tell them where to go. Partly I think it was a run-in with a live size version in first year that makes me so resistant to learning,” mused Harry. “I went to a zoo once, but after letting a snake free by accident, we left in a hurry. I’d love to go back to one sometime. I’ve also heard about different museums which sound interesting as I find without someone on my case or restrictions, I actually enjoy learning. Traveling and seeing different cultures would be nice as well.

“Other than that, just the simple things would be good. If I had to stay in one place for a long time, I think I’d be okay with that. I know I’d be more than okay with just watching movies, as I actually have never been to see one, despite having my own theater. I even have a game room, but quite honestly, I haven’t gone down there.”

“Sounds like you prefer learning at your own pace, as well as a simple, peaceful quiet life,” Edward reasoned out.

“Well, yeah,” Harry turned his body to face him more. “I ran how many thousands of miles to escape the so-called adventures a headmaster wanted me to go through, along with a war I never wanted to be in that started before I was even born. I want to be able to choose what I want my future to look like as much as possible. I guess it has to do with the fact that I’ve been told all my life what to do, when to do it, how to do it, and no one has been happy no matter how hard I try to please them. Plus, there is so much I haven’t done, I don’t know what I like and don’t, you know? There’s almost too much to explore that I haven’t done, so that I’m more or less clueless as to what I actually enjoy. I want the time and space to find out for myself.”

“I can understand that,” Edward reached over and put his hand on top of Harry’s, hoping to bring comfort. “I sometimes don’t always feel like I fit in with my family here, as I’d much rather stay in,
listening to the music I’ve collected or compose on my piano. I also haven’t really found anyone who
actually enjoys spending hours just playing board games, card games or arcade games. I enjoy
history, but not as much as Jasper.

“And, if you promise not to tell anyone, I’ll let you on a secret,” he bargained with a sly grin.

“I don’t know…” hedged Harry, giggles bubbling up in his throat. “Maybe I should hear it first.”

Rolling his eyes, Edward sighed, “Fine. I actually like do like shopping, as long as it is antique or
flea market type of shopping. Not a word to anyone though. I’d never live it down and I’d be
dragged every time the girls wanted to shop.”

Giving into his laughter, Harry promised he wouldn't expose him.

“Besides, now you’ve given me good blackmail material,” he pointed out, his bright green eyes
dancing with mischief.

Groaning, Edward ran both hands through his hair and tilted his head down, trying to hide his own
laughter, “I knew I shouldn’t have said anything.”

“So, is there anything else your into?” he wondered, quickly changing the subject so he wouldn’t be
in danger of any reprisal.

“Like you, I do have a fascination with medicine and keeping up with different developments that
come up over the years, although I know I don’t have Carlisle strength of dealing with blood to
actually practice,” pondering on it some more he came up with other ideas. “I enjoy being outside,
exploring different places, even swimming. Other than that, I honestly can’t think of anything.

“What about you, any subjects besides medicine, or what did you call it, healing? That you enjoy?”
Edward queried.

“Hmm, that’s tough,” admitted Harry. “I used to hate potions and thought it was the subject, but it
turns out now that I can study more on my own and with a different teacher, I find it a bit more
fascination. Still difficult, but much more interesting. I love Charms and Runes.” Knowing that
Edward wouldn’t know about the subjects, Harry went on to explain, “Potions is where you mix
ingredients together and a potion is created. Typically, the potion is used for healing, finding out
information about certain things, or used in rituals, although there are ones that can be used for
harmful purposes. In Britain, many potions, and spells, actually, were considered Dark, whereas
here, many of those same ones are legal. Only those which could cause harm are out right banned or
heavily restricted and, or monitored based on why and what field of study or job position is using
them. Since I have chosen to be a Healer, I had to swore a Vow that the information I learn will not
be used against others in a negative or harmful manner and that I would do my best to use the
knowledge in a way to benefits those I interact with to the best of my ability. Basically, that means
that my magic will prevent me from actually using it in an illegally way and if I continually try to do
so, not only will the program I am registered with be notified, the government may be as well. Magic
herself may deem punishment appropriate for me.”

Seeing the horrified look on Edward’s face, Harry hastily reassured him, “I understood the risks and
consequences. Magic herself should never be taken lightly and if used to harm others will cause a
backlash on the user. I am not worried at all and neither should you, as unlike any living being or
person, Magic is all knowing and fair. Besides, this is just one small step for Healing and eventually I
will take more Vows as I get further into my Healing training. Some will be similar to this Vow,
others will be to ensure I protect the privacy of others, but no matter what, it is for the good of the
public and I have the right to refuse or ask Lady Magic for help if I don’t feel it is ethical in some
Nodding, Edward swallowed and offered, “I don’t quite understand, but I’ll trust that you do. Continue, please.”

Suppressing a smile at the warmth flowing through him, Harry went on to explain, “Charms teaches students a wide variety of spells that are wickedly useful, like how to gather water from the air or duplicate objects. Runes helps with a wide range of things, like Warding, enhancing the power of spells temporarily, things like that. They can also help with unlocking curses and determining which spells are best to use. Runes protect and make life easier for the most part, although again, they can be used for illegal purposes. I do study both all areas of Major, from what could be considered Darker spells to Light Magic to everything inbetween, as I would never make it as a good Healer without knowing the full range of what Magic offers,” Harry assured him. “The vow binds my magic only to the point I can only use what may normally considered illegal to help others.”

Shaking his head, Edward simply stated, “Confusing, but I trust you know what you are doing.”

Smiling at the trust so easily given, Harry turned his hand over and squeezed Edward’s. It felt nice to actually have the trust of someone without having to defend himself or his actions for once.

“Anyway, I was thinking about what we both might like to do on our first date. There isn’t much around Forks, but I know in Port Angeles there is a mini-golf course. We could go there, then maybe stop by the antique place that is nearby as well. Or there is a tour we could take that would show us the underground buildings and tunnels created in the early 1900's, as well as some of the newer history of the city. It would give us a chance to look around and discover more of the city.”

Harry wondered, “Would it be possible that we could do both? Just on separate days as the tour sounds as if may take a bit.”

“That would be more than fine with me. I was always curious about the tour myself, but have never taken it, so why not do that first? That way after mini golfing, if we find out that we have time after going to the antique shop, we have a better idea of where we might want to head to next.”

“So I guess that just leave the question of when.”

Shifting a bit, Edward admitted, “Considering everything, I would prefer you to at least let your social worker know what has taken place before our date. That way, if she wants to meet me, she can do so. Just make sure she knows that I’m willing to go anywhere she’d like so that she is comfortable.”

Deciding to explain things further in hopes of erasing the look of exasperation on Harry's face, he further explained, “I want to make sure that there is someone on your side just in case we get into a disagreement, which is quite normal according to what Alice told us if we’re honest to ourselves and each other. I also think it'll be good to have someone who you can talk to about things or ask questions to that aren’t part of my family and who I won’t really see. It will also give you a chance to recover better from the concussion and cracked ribs.”

Huffing a bit, Harry rolled his eyes, “I’ll be fine once Catherine determines if I can have a potion to fix my bones. More than likely, I should be fine with it and a few hours after that, my bones will be healed.”

“Still, a concussion takes a couple days to heal,” reminded Edward,

“Fine,” he gave in. “And I guess you’re right about her knowing, it’s just a bit embarrassing, as it
was bad enough her and her husband knowing about the upcoming transformation. It’s going to be kind of embarrassing letting her know about this and introducing the two of you.”

Choosing not to say anything one way or another, Edward instead decided it was best to make sure Harry ate supper. He knew Esme had been preparing something for him while they were in the room, and figured the two of them could spend more time after dinner getting to know one another.

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Forks, WA

Thursday, June 2, 2005

In the end, with the help of Carlisle, Esme, and Alice, Edward was able to convince Harry to stay at their house until Friday morning. Dobby was more than happy to hear this and eagerly brought over the basics that would be needed, assuring Harry that the house would be taken care. Of course, this was done after sternly threatening Edward once again, as well as ensuring that the other Cullens knew that there would be dire consequences if they didn’t watch out for his master, much to Harry’s embarrassment and to the Cullens amusement.

During those couple days, despite some awkward moments, Harry began learning how to relax around his future family. Jasper introduced him to his history obsession, while in return, Harry shared some of the magical history he knew off the top of his head. Seeing the intrigue, he swiftly promised to get him books on the subject. Rosalie was more difficult to get to know, but with Alice’s help, he learned that any change was difficult for her, but one way to get in her good graces was cars or shopping.

Considering he had never learned to drive but wished to, Rosalie said she could teach him how to drive whenever he had time after he was healed. Granted, Jasper and Alice had to prod her a bit and she was a bit reluctant, but he would take what he could get. Besides, she wasn’t very reluctant when he and Alice set up a time for his furniture shopping in a week. Harry was just thankful that by the time he needed to return home, she was slowly unthawing to him.

Alice was much easier to get to know, as she was just a generally happy person in general and had quickly become a big sister in Harry’s mind. She loved a wide range of topics and was more than happy to talk about anything and everything. Emmet too quickly became an older sibling as he taught him how to play video games. Carlisle took what time he could to discuss the medical books he and Edward had in the office. He also shared the history of himself, making what Harry learned in school about the witch burnings come alive even further. With all of those activities, sitting down and talking with Esme after she cooked a meal was refreshing. Like him, she enjoyed gardening and the two could go about the differences between magical and non-magical plants.

However, Harry found that the best times were when he and Edward took time to themselves. They would spend a number of hours hidden away in Carlisle office playing board games, talking about whatever came to mind or simply allowed a peaceful silence to fall. Other times, Harry was taken up to Edward’s room and experienced his passion for music first-hand. With the numerous and variety of recordings a valuable, Harry soon found himself understanding just how important music could be and was loving how music could help him express his thoughts and feelings in a way he had struggled with for so long.

Learning about how Edward has a desire to defend his country after growing up with a World War looming in his childhood, only to stay home for his mother’s sake. It gave Harry valuable insight into who Edward was at the core of his soul. He had already suspected the vampire was fiercely loyal and dedicated to those who he considered family, but that just provided it. Harry also learned over
the few days, from observing Edward’s, as well as both the family and Edward himself, how much care and love Edward put into his actions. As with the other vampires, the family seemed to revolve around one another, doing what was best for the whole group while still making sure that an individual and their needs or wants didn’t get denied.

To someone who had never experienced this before on such a large level, it was utterly fascinating. To then be included without a word, to be cared for and to feel wanted for who he truly was felt beyond amazing. Harry couldn’t believe just how fast he was settling into this family, considering it had just been a few days before that they were complete strangers. Now, they were the most important people in his life. Edward even more so. Knowing he had to return home nearly had him in tears, despite knowing he would be welcomed anytime and was in fact expected to show up every two to three days.

Allowing Dobby to bring him home after promising to call Edward right after meeting with Cat, Harry was surprised to see her waiting for him.

“There you are! I thought we were meeting yesterday, but you weren’t here. I came back today and I was just about to send a locator spell to your pendant,” she scolded him, dragging him to the back living room while running assessing eyes over him. “You’re injured. What happened?”

“Well, I was going to get groceries Saturday, but a car couldn’t stop in time. Besides the broken wrist, I have some cracked ribs. I did have a concussion, but I’m over the side effects,” Harry promised her. “It turns out the doctor treating me in the Accident and Emergency Ward was one of the vegetarian vampires Stephan had heard about.”

“What?” Shock raced across her face before she demanded him to explain.

Sighing, he started at the beginning, of how part of why he had gotten hit was he had sensed someone or something watching him, only that it turned out to be Alice. He went to tell her about Alice and her visions, about meeting the Cullens family, how right it felt being around them, but especially one called Edward. Then, even though it still odd to talk about, Harry told her he had given him the summary of his future transformation. Alice, when asked, confirmed they were destined to be true mates, so the Cullen family was informed and things were explained, as well as discussed. Thus, why even though he could have been back Tuesday, he had stayed until today.

“Honestly, I forgot it was yesterday,” he apologized. “I was just having such a good time that I forgot.”

“Don’t worry, I can understand,” she assured him, smiling with a far off-gaze. “I remember meeting Stephan for the first time and it was almost exactly the same thing. I didn’t want to leave his side and all I wanted to do was spend my time learning more about this man who I knew was my soul mate.”

“How’d you know he was your mate? I mean, Edward and I feel connected, but Alice had to help us out.”

“Stephan had already come into his and I had my sixteenth birthday coming up in five, which is the only reason why we could recognize what we were to one another. He knew for sure for some odd reason. It was only as it became closer to my birthday got, that became more and more sure about him. You haven’t come into your inheritance yet. I imagine once you do, then you’ll both recognize it.”

“Anything else I should know considering I have only two months before my birthday?”

“Just spending time with Edward as much as possible to form a strong friendship and worry about
the romantic relationship later, which will come more naturally after your transformation. Make sure you add him to your wards here and decide if you want him here when you begin your transformation, as some say having their future mate during the process can help,” she advised. “I can help make sure that you have any potions you need on hand so you’re not panicking at the last minute. Also, did you let at least Edward know of the potential for pregnancy if your submissive?”

“Yes,” Harry was blushing so hard it felt his face was on fire. Changing the topic, he added, “The family and I discussed everything on the small fact sheet I created so they know basically as much as we do about Cambions. For the most part, everyone is very welcoming, and the only one who isn’t just has a hard time trust and dealing with changes, I guess. She was even warming up a bit to me.’

“That’s good,” relief coated Cat’s voice. “So, when will I get to meet this Edward and his family?”

“Well, actually, he wanted me to ask you before our first actual date if you wanted to meet him so you could get to know him,” admitted Harry. “Also, we both figured I should wait till my wrist and ribs heal until I go out.”

“Ahh, yes,” she grimaced, before reaching into her purse. After sorting through it, she finally pulled out a vial. “Here’s the potion to fix that. I’m sorry I forgot about that before.”

Swallowing it down quickly with a twisted look, Harry shook out his head in an attempt to get rid of the nasty flavor. Breathing through the sharp pains as his bones quickly mended himself, he took a deep breathe when the bones finally stopped shifting. Nodding his consent when Catherine pulled out her wand, he waited as the diagnosis spell ran over him.

“Everything looks good,” she said happily, using her wand to banish the cast and then casting a mild ‘Scourgify’ on his arm.

“Thanks!” he grinned, relieved to have the cast off and his arm feeling clean again.

“No problem,” she replied, flashing a grin. “As far as meeting Edward, do you think you could call and see when we could meet, perhaps see if his family wanted to be there, along with you? It spends on what everyone feels comfortable with as I know Stephan will come with me as you know how overprotective he can be.”

Dialing the landline, Harry defended his friend, “Well, he is mostly Veela.”

“Hi, Harry,” Edward greeted as he answered his silver flip phone.

“Hey, I’m talking to Catherine, my social worker here,” he began to explain.

“And would she’d like to meet?”

Quickly explaining everything, Harry waited to see which option Edward would choose.

“Honestly, it sounds like my family would like to meet her and her husband as well since she’s so important in your life. Also, I think Carlisle wants to make sure we are prepared as much as possible to help you out,” Edward confessed. “As far as where we meet, since we need it to be private, it can be either at our house, yours or anywhere you’d like.”

Relaying that back to Cat, it was decided that his house would be used.

“That way I can add you to the wards and Alice knows how bad I am in need of help,” reasoned Harry.
Laughing, Edward said good-bye, already missing having Harry around. As Catherine turned to leave, she was glad she would be meeting the Cullens tomorrow. By the look on Harry’s face, he already looked a bit lost and uncertain of what to do without Edward.

*The poor boy has it bad already and I just know it’s going to get worse as it gets closer to his birthday,* she sympathized, knowing how hard it was to wait for her birthday to come so she could bond to her mate. *I just hope I’m proven wrong and he turns into a dominant, but with so many signs pointing away from it, I can’t help but think that I won’t be. Especially since after meeting who will be his bond mate, Harry has become more reluctant to make choices for himself, especially ones involving him and Edward.*

Sighing, Catherine gave away none of her thoughts and worries, instead promising to see Harry tomorrow mid-morning to help change the wards. With a smile and eagerness about him, Harry saw her off, excited for the next day.
Headmaster's Office, Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry
Sunday, July 2, 2006

As he had done with each weekly Order of the Phoenix meetings, Albus Dumbledore began by asking if anyone had seen, heard, or had any idea where Harry may have gone. With each passing week with no answers and no sightings, the hope of finding him grew dimmer. There seemed to be no logical conclusion as to what exactly happened to him or where he may have disappeared to; the only good news was that according to Severus Snape, none of the Death Eaters nor Lord Voldemort had no idea either of where he may have gone.

How on earth could disappear he? Everything I've found indicates I still have guardianship over that boy, at least until he turns seventeen. The Ministry Children's Welfare Department refuses to track him down, despite him being an underage wizard. Worse, they are not listening to me and the goblins are just as bad! It was as if neither of them cared what could happen to the magical world if the boy isn’t found and soon, Albus fumed. It is appearing more and more as though he simply took off on his own free will, despite all that has been given an sacrificed for him. I have no idea how he could have been so selfish though as to take the Black library. For that, I will have to punish him quite severely as he should have been aware of the fact that we need all those books that were located in the Black library much more than he does. Besides, with all the work I did preparing him to defeat Voldemort could end up for naught and then what will happen? Who will take his place? I simply do not have the ability to fight a long, drawn-out battle anymore and no one must find out about that. For that alone, should I find he was willing, I will ensure he remembers why one doesn’t anger me or disappoint me.

Moving on, hiding his despair and anger, Albus made sure it appeared that he had everything under control. With the Death Eaters being led by what appeared to be a much more rational man, Dumbledore knew he couldn’t afford to lose any more confidence people had in him.

“It seems that somehow the wards that were put into the Magic of Ministry are failing, and in fact, it appears they are no longer working in some areas. It is just a matter of time before they all fail completely,” Bill Weasley reported when nothing more was said. He hated to be the one to give such news, as he helped create those wards along with Albus Dumbledore and a few other powerful individuals, but he had no choice. “From what I can tell, even though the suspected Death Eaters aren’t being allowed back into the previous positions, they are still influencing, bribing, or terrorizing those who hold positions where ever they can. In some cases, it appears that those who support He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named or unmarked Death Eaters are being placed in new openings or advancing ahead of those more qualified.”

“I've seen that happen as well,” Kingsley agreed. “I’ve been on desk duty more often than not and when I am assigned a case, it is just meaningless or having to do with underage incidences. Quite a few of us who don’t agree or go along with the principles those on He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named side are facing the same thing. It means that unsupportive families are being attacked more often and aren’t getting the help needed to defend themselves quick enough. Also, the investigations aren’t done to the proper standards or being ignored completely.”
“The one thing I have noticed,” Arthur Weasley added. “In my department, we have gotten very few reports of Muggle-baiting or issues with Muggles needing to have their memories modified. Quite honestly, all of us in the Misuse of Muggle Artifacts and Muggles Relations Office are confused. Even with the new job requirements of looking out for how Muggles are treated that were added when the wards had been placed, none of us remember Muggles being left alone almost to the point that they are ignored during the last war. In fact, we are having so little work that it is getting to the point where a lot of us are being sent home early and our hours are being cut. Rumors are floating around that people will be fired soon due to the lack of work. Never before has this happened in our department as it has always been run with what is called the bare bones staff, meaning at most three or four people are working at a given time.”

“Hmm, that is curious,” Albus pondered over that, but couldn’t understand why that had changed. Muggle baiting as well as attacking or killing Muggles for sport had been popular in the last war. “How are people responding to the information sent out to help them protect their homes and learn to defend themselves?”

Here, Remus spoke up as he had been put in charge of that area, “At first, it went better than expected and a great number of homes were warded well. There were a number of witches and wizards who came to learn more defensive spells, but as the attacks against them have stepped up again, they have retreated into hiding. Most of the Wards can only hold for so long, giving enough time to hide the younger family members, but not always.”

Sighing, he shook his head, “Quite honestly, it seems as those who have tried the hardest to defend themselves are the ones in most danger. It’s almost as if he is finding out who has tried to prevent him and taken it upon himself to show us that he can do as he pleases, despite our attempts to protect others.”

Shocked, Albus pressed back in his chair, “Are you sure?”

Remus thought it over again and nodded, “With a few exceptions, the families being attacked are those who tried to be prepared and Ward their home. The exceptions seem to be those in the Ministry or those in the Order.”

“But why is he changing strategies now?” Bill wanted to know. “From what I heard, this is completely different to how he did things the first time.”

“It is, and until we get the answers, we just have to keep doing our best to stop him from completely taking over the Ministry,” Mad-Eye Moody growled, frustrated by the unusual turn of events.

As the members of the Order of the Phoenix agreed to keep searching for what had changed Voldemort’s mind to completely change his tactics, each was wondering if they could find out in time to stop him from taking over the Ministry. As corrupt as it may have been before the Wards had been placed, none could imagine how much worse it could become under Voldemort’s rule as he was one where only blood-purity and the old ways mattered.

Most worrisome about this was Dumbledore as he knew how many rituals Voldemort had undergone just to live longer than any other mere mortal. How long he could or would survive, it was impossible to know, but one thing was for certain was that every minute spent on this earth was too much. In the end, Albus came to the conclusion that although it may be considered Dark Magic, he needed to use the blood he had taken from Harry and track him down. One way or another, the boy needed to fulfill his responsibilities that were given to him.
A thin women with frizzy, almost fully brown hair who was draped in a loose dark leaf green shawl, wearing several necklaces, with large rounded glasses that made her eyes appear ten times bigger than they actually were, cautiously entered into the internet café. Glancing around, she darted forwards when she noticed a smartly-dressed man in a bronze suit that matched his perfectly styled hair.

Sitting down next to him, she asked in a whisper, “What on earth are these things and how are they going to help us?”

“Simple, my dear,” he grinned widely, showing off his pearly white straight teeth. “This is what this called a computer and I have used it many times to find information I want or need to know. With this, we can see if there is any record somewhere of Harry Potter or any variation of his name, or perhaps his name along with his godfather's name.”

Looking impressed, she looked over all the information he had gathered. It was one thing knowing how resourceful he was, it was quite another seeing it,

“Well, shall we begin?” he asked, starting up the computer.

Nodding, she watched in fascination as he patiently went through combination after combination of names, first locally than spreading outwards. After four hours had passed, there was finally what he called a ‘hit’ on a combination.

“It says here that a Harry Corvus Jameston Black had been admitted to a hospital in Forks, Washington, United States on May 28 of this year. That seems likely to be him, based on the names,” he said excitedly.

“Finally,” she slumped in her seat relieved. “Now, we can get that brat and drag him back to fulfill the prophecy. There is no way I will allow him to shrink his duties and ruin me.”

“I agree, besides after what he did to me, it is only fair,” the man looked to her, eyes almost hard steel, yet still twinkling at that thought of making the boy pay by sending him to He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. “Shall we get going? It will take a bit to find our way there undetected.”

With a malicious look, she said, “Let’s,” almost floating out of the internet café.

Blissfully unaware of everything happening in his birth country and of the people plotting to find him, Harry found himself enjoying the month of June and the beginning of July more than any other time in his life. For once, he had the freedom to let go and have fun, act his age and do what he wanted. Most of his free time was spent with Edward going to different zoos, farmer markets, antique places, and on tours of historical sites all over the state. They explored museums and the outdoors, spent time in arcades and even went to a couple amusement parks. Some of the times he and Edward were alone, other times, some or all of the Cullen’s family joined in, giving Harry a chance to get to know them better.

It seemed as though the more time he spent with Edward, the more he craved being around him. It would have been awkward, but thankfully, Edward was the same way. Each had talked about their past in more detail and it was shocking that their differences actually brought them closer together. Harry loved the old-fashion nature of Edward, whereas Edward loved that Harry wanted to explore a
world that was kept from him.

“It seems as though we bring out the best in one another,” Harry murmured, cuddling up close in Edward's arms on a sofa in the Cullen’s living room. “I can honestly say that when I found out that I was going to become a Cambion, I freaked out majorly, especially at the fact I could be a submissive.”

“And now?” prodded Edward, knowing that despite the two of talking about Harry's past abuse from his relatives and the manipulation, as well as cruelty he faced throughout his time at Hogwarts, it was still painful and would likely be painful for some time.

“Well, I feel better, lighter somehow, now that you know about everything. I guess I was terrified a bit that you'd hear about how I much I’ve been shoved around and think I deserved it or something,” he confessed, looking down at his lap.

Gently taking his chin, Edward made Harry look at him, “I could never think that of you. If anything, I think you are one of the bravest people I know. And then to have come through all that still being kind, honest, and sweet? I’m honored that I was picked to be your mate and I feel at times unworthy.”

“Trust me, you're not,” Harry whispered, looking at Edward's lips. “You make me feel braver than I am and I don’t know if I would be doing so well with the upcoming changes if it wasn’t for your family and you. I’ve never had that kind of acceptance before. Besides, you have gone through a lot yourself, and I can’t imagine dealing with being changed into a new species overnight without warning. To me, and how you coped with things, yes, even despite your so-called lapse in judgment, means you are not only brave but a good and decent man.”

“Thank you. And know you will have my support, as well as anything else you need that I am capable of giving, now and always,” Edward answered softly, hand cupping Harry's face. Taking a breath, he bravely asked, “May I kiss you?”

Biting his lip, Harry nodded and watched as Edward lowered his head slowly towards him. As his lips touched his, a shock seemed to run through his body, jolting him. Moaning softly, Harry began moving his lips against Edward’s, following the lips of the vampire. After what seemed like an eternity but not enough, Edward pulled away, his eyes glowing and pupils wide.

“Whoa…” Harry breathed out, his brain feeling as though it had frozen and yet as if it was racing.

“Agreed. I've, uh, I've never felt that way before,” Edward said, feeling as though his face was red even though it was impossible.

Grinning widely, Harry just said, “Maybe we should try it again, see if it was a fluke?”

Not bothering to answer him, Edward lowered his head much quicker this time and the two began to kiss slowly, breaking only when Harry needed to breathe. After a few minutes, Harry was left panting, and with heating filling his face, he buried his head into Edward's shoulder.

“Something wrong?” asked Edward with concern lacing his voice,

“Just, uh, need a break,” mumbled Harry.

Laughing a bit, Edward apologized, “I forget you’re new to this.”

“It just feels like shockwaves running through my body and well, that doesn't help!” Harry said swatting at him as he flushed.
Raising the hand that wasn’t wrapped around him, Edward jokingly said, “I surrender.”

“Good,” Harry fake pouted.

In the end, neither one could really say for sure what the fireworks were like as they became too wrapped up in one another and the attraction that had been building up for the past month caused frequent, random make-out sessions. Each of them regretted nothing until Alice and Jasper entered the room, causing Alice to squeal and Jasper to flee from the emotions they were projecting. Blushing, Harry tried hard to bury himself in Edward, but had no luck, as Edward claimed that if he had to put up with Alice’s teasing, so would he as that was part of having a sister. Feeling slightly better about the situation and knowing much worse was likely coming down the line, Harry sighed and resigned himself to the fact that being with Edward meant having a family that teased him.

Of course, this also means the family has adopted me in their own way and has come to love me as well, Harry realized. Not a bad trade-off at all, definitely one I can get used to considering I love being around them just as much as they love being around me.

With that thought in mind, Harry decided it was time to finally ask an important question, “I know Catherine and Carlisle will be there, but I was hoping later this month, the two of you might be willing to be there when I transform? If you can’t, or don’t want to, that’s alright,” he added quickly.

Glancing at one another, the siblings nodded and Edward spoke for both of them, “We’d both love to be there for you and shouldn’t have any issues besides hating the fact you’ll be in pain.”

“Plus, this way, I can finally see what needs to be done to get your house done more to who you are!” Alice said cheerfully.

Wincing a bit, Harry apologized, “I know, I was going to get that done earlier, but I was just having so much fun.”

“Don’t worry about it, I’m glad you were and so is Edward,” Alice told him and when a Harry looked, Edward was nodding his agreement.

“Well, what about tomorrow, do you two have anything planned?”

“Nope, what about you Alice?”

“No, why Harry?”

“I can add you both to my wards and show you around, along with whoever else is free. That way whenever we do get to shopping, you have a clue.”

“Oh, this sounds fun!” Alice rubbed her hands together in excitement. “I think Carlisle could come early in the morning. And usually this is a good week to shop, there are a bunch of deals going on now.”

“I think you've unleashed a monster,” Edward said bluntly.

“Eh, it’ll get things done,” Harry said, not concerned in the least.

“Fine, but don’t say I didn’t warn you.”

“Thanks,” leaning up, Harry gave him a kiss as well, blushing as he did so and was thankful when Alice just squeaked a small bit.
Glancing at his watch, Harry grimaced, “Unfortunately, I have to head home, Catherine will be there in a half-hour and I know Dobby will want to know what the schedule is like for this week.”

Pushing aside his disappointment and trying to remember he’d get to see him tomorrow, Edward stood up with Harry. Giving him a long hug, he also gave Harry a lingering kiss before breaking it off, leaving the human a bit breathless.

“Have a good night,” Edward said.

“You too,” Harry shyly said, happy at how things were going but still easily embarrassed.

Calling for Dobby, he hugged Alice good-bye as well before taking Dobby's hand and allowing his friend to take him back home. Reaching the back living room, he sighed in happiness. He truly had no idea things could go so well. Now, he just had to survive the visit from Cat and Stephan. Shuddering slightly, Harry wished there was a way out.

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“Hey, Harry,” Catherine greeted him.

Smiling at her, he shook her hand before turning and shaking Stephen’s hand, “Hey, thanks for coming by.”

“I know this evening isn’t going to be comfortable for you and if you'd rather it just be me, that’d be fine,” Stephan offered before they sat down.

“Actually, I think I would prefer that. No offense Cat, but, well…” Harry blushed.

“Say no more. Talking about sex with my mom was bad enough, I can’t imagine how it feels getting it from us,” she assured him, before following Dobby into the kitchen.

Sitting down, the two males looked at one another uncomfortable for a bit.

“Alright, maybe I should begin with asking what you do know.”

Blushing even more than he was, which he had no idea was possible, Harry explained how he was given reading material on how men ‘please each other’ in different ways and how to do so. He had also been given health information on different problems and symptoms to look for and if there were any home treatments, stuff like that. He told Stephan that although he knew there was a certain bonding for Cambions, there was no information on it anywhere, but he did read about different bonding rituals on similar species. Nodding, Stephan quizzed him on as much of the health information as possible.

“And these,” he said placing a couple books down by Harry, also clearly uncomfortable. “Are books that we thought it best for you to have. You may have them already, I’m not sure, but it’s on preparing for your first time, what to expect, and some more in-depth information. If you’re interested in more, however, I’m afraid you’re on your own.”

Clearing his throat, he then turned to another topic, “Now, what can you tell me about the potions for Cambions to prevent pregnancy?”

“I’ve read through that book section a few times, but I think I would benefit from help as I am still catching up in potions,” Harry honestly told him. “It’s not that I don’t understand the concept, it’s just that I am not sure I can execute it fairly well. Same with some of the formulas that I’ll need to switch to after my birthday.”
“Ahh, right, you’ll have to switch to the Cambion nutrition potion, as well as a few others,” Stephan remember.

“That and one to help absorb calcium and strengthen bones. I will also have to ensure I have the basic health and medical potions on hand. The spells shouldn’t be a problem, but until I know for sure I can brew the potions myself, help would be much appreciated,” Harry acknowledged.

“Alright, that is something Cat can help with, she is better at it than I am. I think you are as prepared as you can be for everything right now. However, we do wish to know, are you going to delay the onset of the inheritance to give yourself more time to get to know Edward?”

“I’m not quite sure about that yet, I keep going back and forth it seems, however, I’m leaning towards not delaying it. I do need to talk it over with Edward when it comes closer to the time. For now, I do think I’d rather have a potion on hand that delays it for a short time so if I was unsure or Edward wasn’t ready, I could take it,” shrugging Harry gave a small smile. “Better to be cautious than leap into it and then regret it.”

Stephen’s eyes widened briefly to hear this. Sure, Cat had told him often of this young man and how he seemed to be an old soul, but it was another to see it in person.

“That is a very good and wise decision. Again, Cat can help you with that potion.”

“Oh,” Harry added in. “I did ask Alice and Edward to be here if they wanted to and if they could during the transformation. They were more than willing, so I thought you’d want to know.”

“Yes, although it's mainly because by knowing who and how many are there, we can figure out who can help with what.”

Nodding in understanding, Harry let the silence stretch out.

“How are things going with you and Edward?”

“Good,” he tried and failed not to blush as he said this.

“Just good? Hmm, seems better than that!” teased Stephan.

“Fine, we kissed today, happy,” huffed Harry.

“That's a good thing as long as you both wanted it.”

“Yeah, we did,” Harry seemed to soften not just in his tone but in his body. “I feel like the more I spend with him, the happier I am. I feel safe, warm, like I belong and well, loved, as if I can trust my whole self with him and not be afraid he'll reject me, instead, he'll help me accept what's happened and deal with it, I never thought I'd been missing anything till I found him,”

“That's how it's supposed to be…there's supposed to be that sense of rightness and home,” Stephan counseled. “I felt the same with Cat and the feeling just grew with time.”

Smiling happily, he could only say, “I'm glad.”

“So, anything exciting this week happening?”

“I’ll be adding the Cullens to the wards and we are planning to start decorating this place properly.”

“Finally! It's been long enough!”
“I know, I know!” Harry admitted sheepishly.

“Anything else? Or any concerns?”

“No, just been nice to do whatever I wish for the most part. Plus, Carlisle is helping me learn so much about medicine with the books he loans me and the discussions we have about them.”

Shaking his head, Stephan grinned at Harry, “We tell you to take a break and your idea of fun is to learn whatever you can from books, museums, and tours.”

“What can I say, I’m unique?” Harry grinned at him, standing up and leading the way to the kitchen to find Cat.

“So, did everything go alright?” she wondered.

“We, meaning you, need to help him with the Cambions potions, but other than that, were good,” he told her. “Harry was well informed otherwise.”

“I thought so, but I wanted to make sure.”

“Thank you guys.”

“Not a problem Harry. Remember…”

“Use the pendant if need be and Owl or Floo if I need something,” he stated in a flat tone, indicating just how often he had heard it.

Rolling her eyes, she said in a sarcastic tone, “Exactly. Even if you just get hit by a car, I want to know, it’s not only my job, but I do care about you.”

Nodding, he said nothing as it was still odd to have so many who genuinely cared for him, Harry walked them to the Floo. Giving them a hug good-bye, he promised to contact them if he needed them before he saw one of them.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for not posting, but I was away for Christmas and it seems the virus that had gotten me at the beginning of December might be trying to come back. YUCK! Anyway, I did manage to write and now that I am home, they are edited so here the chapters come. I am not sure when the next will be up considering how I feel. Hopefully soon!
Forks, WA

Thursday, July 6, 2006

As promised, Harry showed up at the Cullens with Dobby. Despite the fact the family was expecting them, it still startled some of them as Dobby had chosen the living room as the designation.

“Sorry,” Harry apologized. “After my birthday, I'll be able to Apparate and will be able to choose a better location. Dobby here wants to make sure that I’m safe, so that means he doesn’t want me exposed outside when possible.”

“Dobby be sorry for scaring friends and mate of Harry Potter but Dobby not be wishing to risk Harry Potter,” he explained, ear drooping in shame at the thought of causing unhappiness.

“Dobby,” Edward kneeled down so his height wouldn’t frighten the small creature. “I’d rather much be startled each time because you are making sure Harry is safe and protected. I am so glad you are watching out for him and helping him.”

“Really?” again, the ears twitched, but this time the giant eyes looked at Edward. Seeing him nod, Dobby started sobbing. “Oh, Dobby be most thankful for such a kind being. Not only does yous bring Harry Potter sir happiness, but you be a kind and good vampire!”

Smiling, Edward patted the elf’s shoulder, a bit unease at the praise and confused as well as to what to do. Thankfully, Harry stepped in and just gave Dobby a tight hug, not letting go until he stopped crying.

“Shall we go?” Harry asked the room, not lingering on Dobby's outburst, knowing his friend would be uncomfortable should anyone say anything. Upon seeing the nods of consent, Harry outlined the plan he had developed, “Dobby will take me and two others the first time. I'll take the time to add the two of you to the wards while he picks up a couple more. Once all of you are added, you are welcome to a tour of the house, or Dobby can take you back here. It's up to you.”

“I do have to work at eleven, but I’d love to see your house,” Carlisle confessed.

“It won’t take long to add everyone, Cat and Stephan helped me prepare yesterday everything so it shouldn’t take more than a few minutes per person,” he assured the doctor.

Just in case, Harry had Dobby take Carlisle, Esme and himself first. While he reworked the wards around his home, the other Cullens arrived about five minutes about with simple instructions from Dobby not to disturb Harry. Once all they were all there, Dobby went off to the kitchen, intending to make a snack for all.
Twenty minutes after the arrival of Edward and Alice, Harry was done adjusting the wards.

Turning to the Cullens who were silently observing him from where they stood, he said, “The house will know recognize who you are, what you mean to me and as things grow between us, the wards will sense that as well. Except in certain cases and in certain areas, you'll all be allowed into the house, even if it is manually locked. I also added Alice in for controlling the wards in an emergency if I or Edward aren't around or capable of changing them since she seems to have the most sense of how to do so.”

Amazed by his trust, Edward spoke up as he gathered Harry closer, “Thank you, this means a lot to us.”

Smiling, Harry hugged him back, “You’re already family to me and I couldn’t find a better way to show it. Anyway, should I show you what's what?”

Seeing everyone nod, Harry began the tour by pointing out the single garage connected to the house, “That is connected to the laundry room and is one area you won’t be able to enter without me there with you. I keep my potions ingredients and some potions there, so I have it under additional wards. It's to also help protect me as I brew some potions and also practice spells and whatnot.

“Those two other garages are connected to a hallway that led to the mudroom,” Harry went on. “Right now, they are empty except for some things that I haven’t found space for or don’t have the right furniture for the stuff. So basically, books and yeah... I think that's the main thing I found in the vaults that I wanted besides some pictures.”

Moving towards the front entryway, he opened the door and showed them inside. “This pocket door leads to a large room that goes all the way to the back of the house. There is also a round room at the corner directly across from here,” he opened the door and showed them inside. “I'd like to use this place as a library and have a desk as well. I figure the rounded room off in the corner would do well as a reading space since it has a fireplace and is surrounded by windows.

“I also want different doors than the ones that are here already, as well as different paint and flooring. It is way too dark,” he confessed, as he showed them out the door on the far side. “Inside the circle created by the steps is a powder room and a coat closet near the door.”

Moving on, he showed them the family room which was fairly empty aside from the built-in bookcases on each side of the fireplace.

“Where on earth did you get this furniture?” Emmett wondered, stunned. “I haven’t ever seen stuff like this before.”

“I think it’s from the 1800's,” Harry confessed, blushing sheepishly. “I was told it was from the Victorian age and my family had it stored in a vault in the Wizarding bank. Since I didn’t feel like figuring out shopping, I just used this.”

“We’ll find stuff that suits you and the house better,” Alice promised.

“Not that that will be difficult,” sneered Rosalie. “You have so many empty spaces.”

“I know,” Harry shrugged his shoulders hopelessly as he looked over towards where an eat-in table should be. “I just had more important things on my mind.”

“More like, you chose to ignore it,” Edward scolded gently, standing behind him and wrapping him in his arms.
Sighing, Harry slumped back, relishing the comfort from Edward as he admitted defeat, “Alright, so I’d rather do almost anything than figure out what furniture is best. That’s why I’m asking you guys for help.”

“We’re more than happy to,” assured Esme.

Moving just enough that he was side-by-side and still under one of Edward’s arm, Harry continued the tour, showing them the dark red oak kitchen with light brown aria quartz countertops and built-in stainless steel appliances. As Dobby had prepared snacks for everyone, the Cullens gathered around the center island, fascinated by the fact Harry and Dobby had found food designed for vampires.

“I had no idea such a thing was possible!” an astounded Carlisle said, happy to munch on what appeared to be a variety of hors-d’oeuvres, but turned into blood once consumed. “How is this possible?”

Smiling, Harry said it was all Dobby and he should explain.

Stuttering a bit at the attention, he told them, “Dobby knows vampires do better with human blood but you be hating hurting humans but yous enjoy animals. So Dobby talk to other elves and find America has store to get these. Dobby also finds that one can buy what looks meat but is not so vampires be eating meal. Is in fact blood mix of human and animal. Helps vampires be stronger, feel not hungry longer, be healthier. Is good for them all round and no want humans from this meal. Eyes no change either,” he said. “Dobby asked Harry Potter if wes could get you some and he say yes. So Dobby get and have it for yous. New mate and new family deserve best for making Harry so happy.”

Each of the Cullens was beyond stunned at this and none of them were sure what to say. Each realized that the snack had tasted better than anything they could imagine, but couldn’t imagine that the benefits were as real as blood. Turning to Harry, Carlisle asked the questions on everyone’s mind.

“Yes, you could actually eat this on a regular basis to instead of hunting animals or in addition to doing so. Although it is more or less the same as human blood, thus giving you the added strength, speed, and health you get with human blood, at the same time, it isn’t human blood. That should help any cravings for human blood, as well as reduce the amount needed for feeding,” Harry snuggled closer to Edward, seeing as he was on his lap and Edward was squeezing him tighter. “I can’t recall the name of who invented this off the top of my head, but they did so about six or seven years ago and is readily available here. It can be ordered via Owl, or you can go pick up at Mirage Plaza, the magical shopping area here in Washington.”

“I believe we may just have to take you up on that offer,” Esme said, smiling. “I for one would love to actually eat food like this again. Thank you so much for this Dobby.”

The rest of the Cullens soon followed, although they weren’t sure they would ever give up on hunting completely. Dobby just twisted his shirt before ‘popping’ away. Unfazed, Harry explained that he still wasn’t quite used to compliments.

“It’s become somewhat of a completion between us, I believe,” Carlisle smiled, not missing a beat in the brief interruption of the previous conversion.

Nodding his understanding, Harry slide off of Edward’s lap after everyone had finished and completed the ground floor tour by first showing how the pantry was located off the small hallway that led to the dining room.
“The other door on the far right side of the kitchen leads to a few rooms,” he told them, as they went through the second opening in the kitchen. “On the left is a walk-in closet and on the right side is a mud-room and laundry room, along with an area to hang things. The door at the back leads to the covered walkway leading to my schooling garage as I call it. As you can see, Dobby choose to make his room closet to the entrance in the room on the right-hand side.”

Seeing their looks of disbelief, he spoke up, “House elves typically find it appalling to be paid, have a room, own more than a couple of garments and be treated as a friend, such as Dobby is treated. They actually were the ones who turned to witches and wizards for protection from a world that was killing their species off quickly due to their lack of ability to hunt without being hunted and survive in the outdoors. In return, the elves asked a bit of their magic was shared, that they would be treated well, and in return, the elves would serve the witch and or wizarding family. Supposedly, being treated well meant having a place to sleep, clothing that was kept well, and praise for a job well done or orders being followed. Unfortunately, in Dobby's case, his owner mistreated him horribly and I helped free him. It sounds strange, but Dobby refuses to accept any more than what he has and I have had to stop or risk offending him and him leaving. I fear if he leaves, he will become homeless or not find a place that understands why he wants to ensure he cannot be under the rule of another master.”

“This sounds like another thing that is a bit out of my understanding, but I don’t blame Dobby for his fear if he was treated horribly,” Edward confessed.

“I do have a book on the topic for those who wish to know about the history and Dobby is more than willing to pass on the oral history all elves are taught. Besides, it wasn’t anything I knew until recently either,” Harry comforted him. “Anyway, shall we continue?”

Getting nods, he led them to the staircase and proceed upstairs. Going forward from the stairs into a loft area that opened to a deck, Harry pointed out the fact that the patio doors weren’t his style either. Turning to the right, he led them into one of the bedrooms with a private bathroom, before taking them across the loft area to another bedroom, this one with a bathroom that was shared with the upstairs. Exiting the bathroom, Harry led them to the left and pointed out the small laundry closet that was in the hallway. Soon, the hallway opened up into a large, open space.

“Here is one area I have no clue what to do with. I thought maybe putting the desk in here, but honestly, I think I’d prefer it in the library,” he told them. “Any and all idea are welcomed.”

With that said, he headed back to the stairs and went to one of the last extra bedrooms, this one across from the master.

“I know the bedrooms are all empty, but quite honestly, I liked the house for the ground floor and basement. I wasn’t sure completely if I’d need these bedrooms, but I figured it couldn’t hurt considering no matter where I might move to, I can take the house with me.”

“What do you mean, take this with you?” Edward wondered.

“Due to how the house was built, using magic as well as man-made construction, it is simply a matter of packing up the contents of the house, securing the rest, and then doing some new warding, some spellwork before setting up a Rune sequence combined with spells to move the house to a new area,” he explained. “I don’t fully understand it myself and I’m not sure I ever will, but there are specialists who can do so. Afterwards, they are unable to speak of where the house is moved based on the Vows they take.”

“Awesome!” Emmett pronounced.
"That is so cool," Alice agreed.

Smiling, he showed the Cullens into the master bedroom.

"Yes, I know, horrid furniture again," he admitted as they looked around the sitting room. "I’m hoping to replace all of this as well as the bedroom. I'd like different carpeting and paint too, but I’m lost."

Alice, Rosalie, Esme, and Edward were the most curious about the master bedroom and each of the girls fell in love with the master closet.

"Oh, this bathroom is amazing," Esme sighed. "I’d never have dreamed such of one."

Looking around, Harry agreed. It was heaven having a large, jetted soaking tub that could easily fit him (and Edward, his mind supplied, causing him to blush) as well as an extra-large walk-in shower (again, his traitorous mind supplied that there was more than enough room for Edward as well). It was still a bit odd to have a toilet in a separate space as well as have a double sink, but he was getting used to the luxury.

"I never imagined having any of this and it isn’t even the best part," he grinned, heading back to the stairs, he led them to the basement.

With that, he showed them into the three level mini-movie theater - complete with built-in shelves along the back wall for movies - before taking them into a large family room and then into what he called a game room.

"I haven’t figured everything out here, well, okay most of the stuff, but I have a feeling it will be my favorite part once I do," he admitted, as the Cullens looked around at the various games in awe.

Between the two different pinball games, the Skeeball arcade game, the air hockey table and the basketball hoop game, all of the Cullens were in awe.

Edward though was almost jealous, "You've been holding out on me! I can’t believe all of this and I think I even spotted an arcade table that allows someone to play old arcade games."

"Really, is that what that is? I guess Cat was right, I have been a bit busy, but oh well... Between the school year and this summer, it was worth it," Harry shrugged. "Anyway, I don’t mind sharing the stuff, so feel free to come over and use it. If you find or think of anything you think I might enjoy, just let me know. It'll be easy to add in due to the fact that the room has what is called Wizarding extendable space built into it.

"Basically, I’ve always thought of that concept as if you have a table, but it has additional parts that can be put on to make it larger. Wizard space is the same thing, with the exception up of the fact you say a spell instead of adding a leaf to make it larger. Just like a table, there is only so much you can expand a space as well, typically about three to five times the original size it was built. It all depends on how much magic was used during construction, the runes built in, and the material," Harry explained, then shrugged, looking to see if that made sense.

Seeing it did, he moved on, "At least now I’ll have a chance of getting everything furnished, decorated, and redone where needed thanks to you guys. I seriously don’t know what I’d do if you hadn’t volunteered. I mean, I have most of the stuff I need down here for the wet bar I think, but that's it. No movies, speaker system, electronics, or anything else since well, I honestly don’t have a clue about them. If it wasn’t for the games and exercise equipment left here, there'd be nothing."

"Exercise room?" Rosalie wrinkled her nose in confusion and disgust. "Are you actually going to
“Keep that?”

“Considering most of it is magical, yep.”

“Wait, how can exercise machines be magical?” Carlisle wondered.

Taking them a bit further down the hallway and turning the corner, Harry entered the first door on the left.

“I know non-magical people have a running machine, but this one immerses you into different scenes so you not only see it, but also smell, hear and feel what you would if you were there,” Harry explained as he pointed out a machine that looked similar to a typical treadmill, but was enclosed with what appeared to be heavy, dark purple curtain. Turning to another machine, he went on, “This one is designed for catching a snitch while dodging bludgers. So, you have to move and twist while trying to watch out for and grab the snitch. Again, you’re immersed in the scene and feel, see, and hear what is taking place. The machine next to it is designed on dueling, either with a wand or a sword. Finally, there is just a regular weight machine that is for working the arms and legs, at least that’s what I was told.”

Impressed, none of the Cullens were sure what to say as they were led out of the room.

“What’s that room at the hallway?” Edward asked.

“That leads to a bathroom, as well as to the covered walkway to a pool and play yard in the backyard. There is also a changing room with a stackable washer and dryer for swimsuits and towels. I know I need help with figuring out the bathroom design as it is completely shudder-worthy,” Harry flat out told them. “I guess for most, it might not be too bad, but it is an under-the-sea Merperson village theme and visiting one once was enough. I don’t care if it is meant to be whimsical, it’s close enough that I avoid it for now.”

Glancing at it themselves, none of the Cullens could disagree and Alice wondered what on earth had happened to Harry as they headed up to sit in the upstairs living area.

“I have no clue, I know some flooring and wall colors aren’t to my liking, but that area is just…well, beyond my capability of dealing,” he admitted.

“You’ll probably want some poolside furniture,” Esme pointed out. “As well as patio furniture considering how big of a patio you have.”

Grinning, Harry just nodded, “I know, the patio goes around the whole ground floor. I almost wish the pool was closer to the house, it would mean less of a patio.”

“On the other hand, it means you have space to relax outside,” Edward pointed out. “Plus from what I saw from the kitchen, you have a great grilling area. We will have to figure out that odd play area…”

“Too bad neither Dobby nor I can grill,” he said, as Edward cuddled him in close. “And the play area has this huge climbing rock, huge slides and swings. To be honest, it looks like a park for adults.”

“Cool!” came a course of voices.

“We can also find a way to teach you,” Carlisle offered, focusing on more practical matters. “I’m sure there are classes if need be as well.”
“I’m good for now.”

“Alright,” looking towards his watch, he frowned. “As much as I’d love to stay with the rest of you, I’m afraid I should be heading back so I can get ready for my shift.”

“I understand, I’m just grateful you came,” Harry said. “Now that you know where I am, just let me know if you want to stop by or call Dobby, he’d be happy to help.”

Standing up, Carlisle asked if anyone else wanted to head home instead of staying for an afternoon of planning.

“No offense, but I think I’ll go,” Jasper apologized, Emmett following along as he wasn’t too thrilled with shopping.

“I get it, why do you think I put it off for so long?” Harry joked, saying good-bye before Dobby popped them back home.

With the three Cullens gone, the remaining four and Harry went from room to room, planning on what could be done with each, measuring how much space there was as well how much additional Wizard space there was, and deciding the functions of each room. When it came to talking about what Harry would like in rooms that weren’t clearly designed for a certain function, Harry stumbled over his words.

“What are you thinking?” Edward was curious, as he couldn’t think of a reason why decorating would set off such a reaction.

Sighing, knowing that he needed to be truthful, Harry gathered his courage, “I was just uhh, thinking that well, with the fact that you will be in my life, I’m just wondering how often you’ll be here and how it’ll work after my birthday, you know?”

A bit confused, Edward looked towards the other Cullens in hopes they could help.

“I think what he is wondering is if after his inheritance, once you settle into your relationship, will you two be living together or at least spending nights together. Am I right?” Esme asked gently, aware of the sensitivity of the topic.

Nodding, Harry burrowed further into the couch before being pulled part-way onto Edward's lap.

“As well as things are going, I am hoping that sometime after your inheritance, we can officially bond once we are both ready for that. After that, I was hoping that we would live together like a normal couple does, preferably here as it would give us more privacy. I still would like to spend time with my family and perhaps spend some nights there, but I’d like you with me,” Edward confessed, feeling awkward at mentioning this so soon. However, over the past month, things had become a lot clearer to him in his mind and he knew this was what he wanted.

“I was hoping for that as well,” Harry admitted shyly.

“So what does that have to do with decorating and finding furnishing?” Rosalie asked impatiently.

“Well, if Edward will be here as well, I want him to have a say in things as well. I don’t want the house to reflect just my personality, wants and needs, but his as well, so we're both comfortable,” explained Harry.

Smiling, Edward couldn’t resist giving Harry a kiss. For once, Harry barely blushed at the intimacy shown in front of others and instead returned the kiss enthusiastically. Pulling away after a while, his
lips a bit swollen, Harry curled into Edward, feeling happier than he had previously. It seemed as though with each passing day, the warmth grew deeper and wider inside of him. Instead of worrying him, however, it just caused him to fall for Edward more and more. He wasn’t in love with Edward yet, at least he didn’t think so, but with the way he felt, the day wasn’t far off.

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Early the next morning, Harry was eagerly awaiting Edward, Alice, Rosalie, and Esme to show up. Despite the small amount of dread creeping up at the idea of shopping, the fact he’d get to spend so much time with Edward and some of the Cullens made it worthwhile. Jumping up at the sound of a vehicle, he was impressed to see a silver, four-door truck with a covered truck bed and a large trailer attached to the back.

One of the back doors opened and Edward stepped out. Racing to his side, Harry was lifted up and thoroughly kissed by his vampire.

“Ready to head out?” he asked.

“Yep, I made sure Cat knew where we were heading and I got some snacks for everyone courtesy of Dobby,” Harry smiled as he slipped into the middle next to Alice.

Getting in himself, Edward waited until Harry was buckled before tucking him into his side. As the group of five headed out, conversation flowed and everything from magic to the mundane was discussed. Before Harry realized it, they were in Seattle and parking. Having only been there for trips, never for shopping, excitement soon took over him. Holding onto Edward's hand as they went to different antique stores first, then second-hand stores, before finishing up in stores that sold only new items last, Harry couldn’t believe a whole day has passed by so quickly. To him, it seemed as though he had barely blinked. He also couldn’t believe how much fun it was debating with Edward about what would look best and work well in the house. Each learned more about one another and how best to compromise, although much to their surprise, it wasn’t too difficult. Whereas Edward was extremely passionate and picky about what would be going into the music space, Harry didn’t mind as much, as long as it had enough sound-proofing, acoustics, storage, and seating. On the other hand, Harry was the one who wanted to ensure that a bedroom on the top floor was dedicated to crafts, as he had never had the chance to do more than sketch. Although he knew his time would be limited, Harry still wanted a place he could retreat to where he could teach himself to sketch better, as well as paint and other such activities. There would again, be space for the other as well despite. It didn’t take many compromise or searching to find what both agreed on for the other rooms in the house that would be put to use.

Once all the furniture was taken care of, the group found it easy to pick the right paint and flooring for the areas that needed to be changed. Again, it was also easy to agree on which pictures, trinkets, as well as odds and ends to buy from those that they had seen previously to make the house completely. There were only a few things left that Harry and Edward want to look for: more games, be it electronic or board game and then also picking up the various electronics and movies. Since none of them were as good at that as Emmett, they decided to leave it until another day. Besides which, even with all the shrinking, the flatbed and trailer were both getting to the overfilled point. All in all, everyone agreed it was a fun day of shopping with a lot of teasing, good-natured bickering, and laughter. Although unsaid, each felt as though they had grown closer together, especially Harry and Edward.

Once they reached Harry's home, they decided to wait until Monday to sort everything out as even if the Cullens had energy, Harry himself didn’t. In fact, he was so tired, he crawled into bed soon after seeing them off. Coming up with the start of a plan, he drifted off to sleep with a smile on his face,
eager for Monday to arrive.
Forks, WA  
Monday, July 10, 2006

Floo calling Catherine and Stephan the day before the Cullens came over, Harry was relieved Cat was at least able to come over. With another magical person on hand, everything would be a lot easier and be done faster. Instead of taking a two to three days or longer, between the two, Harry was sure they could get rid of the old and redo what needed to be done within the day.

Describing which rooms would be done in which order as the items were unshrunk, Cat and Harry then Banished the carpeting in the master sitting room, bedroom and closet, before laying out the new carpeting. Harry was impressed to see it took just around a half hour for this to happen and the wall color only took twenty minutes to be applied. As soon as the two of them were done, Cat started in on the other rooms upstairs, changing them to Harry’s specifications, while Edward, Emmett, and Jasper moved in the bedroom furniture, arranging it with the help of Alice, Esme, Rosalie, and Harry.

Amazed at how well the mostly handcrafted medium cherry redwood and metal California king-size headboard with matching footboard fit into the master bedroom, Harry was glad they had found the antique piece. The footboard and the lower half of the headboard had a beveled rectangle before a recessed area was carved so another rectangle could stand out. The only difference between them was that the headboard’s wooden area was divided into three sections lengthwise whereas the footboard was just one. Also, at the bottom, rounded curves encompassed the back corners had a pillar on each side with a carved claw foot on each of the horizontally beveled pillars end. Between these rounded pillars, the curves were hollowed out for two sideways metal designs of swirls. Similarly, the headboard had two carved and rounded pillars with claw feet, but in that case, it enclosed the headboard and curved under the frame. The top of the frame was also intricately designed with a small curve, before dipping slightly, before curving upwards for a ways and mirroring this pattern on the other side. The part between the top and lower part were again metal swirls, this time mostly random except for a heart forming in the middle.

All in all, the bed frame with the simple medium bright turquoise comforter that had a large stripe of darker turquoise silk running across it sideways near the top that came with matching pillowcases, pillows, and cream colored sheets which Alice had picked out (despite Harry’s and Edward’s initial skepticism, it actually turned out amazing) made the bed stand out just enough without overwhelming the senses. With a paint color called ‘light sky high’, natural light red oak plank flooring, matching end tables on each side, and the large, deep-seated medium cream colored sofa slanted towards the sitting room fireplace, the room had an elegant, warm and inviting look.

The rest of the upstairs was quickly finished as most rooms would be staying empty for a while. There were only two exceptions were the bedroom where the bathroom opened to the hallway as well the bonus room. In that bedroom, many storage pieces were added so Harry could finally explore various types of crafts. It would also allow him to expand on his love of sketching and painting, and give Edward a place to carve his wooden figures when he desired. The bonus room was sealed off, sound-proofing and acoustics panels were added into both the walls and the wards so as to be a place to store music, listen to music, and where a baby grand piano would be once bought. Harry also intended to surprise Edward soon with the ability to record his own creations by adding in the right equipment, once he figured out what those were.
Downstairs in the library, the rare find in an antique store of forty medium dark pecan-colored bookcases which were just over nine feet high and six feet across reflected the natural light from the numerous windows. The bookcases were four open shelves with two more that are hidden by a double door, an archway at the highest shelves, carved leaf accents running around the top edge of the bookcase, and carved pillars running down both sides of the shelf. More shelves were needed to fit the numerous books that were in the vaults he wanted to keep, as well as the ones he had picked up along the way, not to mention any Edward had and they would eventually buy. However, along with the two matching desks and four matching file cabinets that had three-drawers and were quite wide, both Edward and Harry had fallen in love with the old world design immediately and couldn’t resist buying the set. Thus, Harry was glad that it was simple enough to duplicate a shelf permanently. Laying down Brazilian cherry flooring and using a color called ‘Bravado Blue’ on the walls, the library was soon transformed. The finishing touches included creating a comfortable seating lounge area with surrounding built-in shelves where the window seat was in the main library, then adding large, deep-seated light tan sofas located both in the main library wherever space was available. In the rounded room, the floor-to-ceiling artic white brick fireplace’s main mental was varnished to a brown cherry, the middle finished mantel became a medium cherry while the one halfway up became a dark cherry wood. Facing the fireplace was two large, deep-seated dark cream sofas and had a dark wood end table that also acted as a bookcase on each side.

One unusual find that Harry had fallen in love with immediately was a handcrafted light cherry wooden round table with four rounded benches, complete with backs and seat padding. He knew it would be perfect in the eat-in kitchen area; Edward hadn’t been so sure but allowed Harry to have his way. When they finally put the pieces in, Harry could help saying, ‘Told you so,’ which led to Edward chasing him around. It wasn’t long before Edward stopped holding back and captured him, tickling Harry until he begged for mercy. Red-faced and still laughing, he continued to be held captured and was pinned side-wise in his areas, Harry stuck out his tongue.

Rolling his eyes, Edward wondered, “What am I going to do with you?”

“I have some ideas,” grinned Harry wickedly.

Up until then, the females had been quiet, but decided it might be best to break in. Otherwise, they might be stuck here all night with the two staring at each other and randomly breaking off into giggles.

“Shall we move on to the basement?” suggested Esme. “Otherwise, we may be here a while.”

“Yeah, all we’ve heard the last few days is how bored he is and misses you,” teased Alice.

Looking sheepish, Edward just shrugged, saying nothing.

Hugging him tightly, Harry whispered, “You could have come over you know. You are always welcomed here.”

“I didn’t want to bother you.”

“Well, now you know. If you do annoy me, I promise to send you somewhere else here or back to Esme’s and Carlisle’s.”

Nodding, Edward gently righted Harry and set him on his feet before the group headed downstairs. Making sure the walls and flooring was redone right, the extra large, deep sofas that had been found at a warehouse were set up in the family room and movie theater. The only difference between those two, as well as the one in the upstairs living room, was the color and number. A pool table that transformed into a ping-pong table and a dining table, complete with storage benches were placed in
the downstairs family room.

Finally, the pool bathroom as it came to be known was completely torn apart and redone in cream tiles with light gray titles for the floors, and shimmery blue tiles on the shower wall, as well as accents on the bathroom wall. All of the patio and poolside furniture placed appeared to be woven wicker but were durable and water-proof. Like the rest of the furniture, they were oversized, but this time, they spouted vibrant, colorful cushions.

The system of Cat taking point on magically vanishing the old flooring and replacing it, as well spelling the pain on the walls with Dobby's help, while Harry helped when not setting up furniture worked better than expected. Even with all the needed breaks for food to replenish their magical energy, it took less than seven hours to complete everything they had wished to accomplish. All that was left was hanging pictures, decorations, and buying the different electronics, as well as games, music, movies, and crafts.

“We still need to get you more clothes because, no offense, but your wardrobe is pitiful,” Alice told him as they relaxed in the living.

“Thank you ever so much,” he replied sarcastically, trying to hide his yawn.

Grinning, Edward pulled Harry onto his lap, “I have to say, the whole magic thing sure does make things easier.”

“It does, although it can take a lot of energy, thus why we took so many breaks to eat,” Cat explained. “I think I’m going to get going. Thank you for inviting me, Harry. This was some of the most fun I’ve had in a while.”

Looking at her strangely as he curled into Edward more, too tired to notice or care about the looks on the other's faces, he just said, “Okkkay.”

“It’s a girl thing.” Alice giggled a bit as Cat agreed with her.

“Thank Merlin I have a guy as a mate, I’d be in so much trouble otherwise!”

This sat off everyone laughing. Once things calmed down, the group said good-bye to Catherine and watched as she disappeared into the fireplace.

“Did she just…” Emmett trailed off, confused and full of wonder.

Smiling at the various expressions that ranged from disbelief to confusion to awe, Harry explained, “It’s called Floo travel and we can also talk via the Floo. We just set up our fireplace to something called the Floo Network and depending if we wish to use it just within our country or international, have it password or not, it determines the cost per year. Then, we buy Floo powder and use that to make calls or travel.”

“I wonder if we could do so.” Emmett wondered.

“I don’t see why not, but I can always ask around to be sure.”

“Please, that'd be nice,” Alice said. “Then, maybe we could hook up our fireplace so it’s easier for you.”

Smiling at her in thanks, he surpassed another yawn. Taking that as their cue, everyone but Edward headed out.
“You have no idea how much I appreciate the help today,” Harry said, turning his body so his head rested on Edward’s shoulder.

“Like I said, we’re family and even Rosalie is even happy with you for the most part.”

“Mhmm,” he said sleepily.

“Should I let you get to bed?” Edward asked softly, all the while pulling him closer.

“Not yet, stay,” Harry pleaded, shuffling a bit to get even more comfortable. “I’m good here.”

Drawing him closer, a sweet smile covered Edward's face as he cradled Harry. Watching him as he fell asleep in his arms, he couldn’t remember a time where he felt so at blissful and amazed just watching someone.

Thinking Harry was asleep, he whispered, “I love you.”

“I love you as well,” he breathed out as he was not quite asleep and smiled, glad he wasn’t the one to say it first as he had been scared of rejection.

Squeezing his love, Edward couldn’t imagine life getting better than this. Reclining on the new couch, he made sure Harry was comfortable before covering him with a blanket from the back of the couch. Not moving the entire night, he spent the time thinking of how lucky he was to have met Harry. It seemed that any rough patches he had encountered no longer bothered him as much as they once did and the only explanation he could come up with was that it was thanks to this green-eyed beauty and his refusal to give up on life. Smiling, Edward found he could no longer feel complete guilt over his previous choices. Not when this sense of peace, rightness, and love was the result.

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Waking up slowly the next morning, Harry was confused at the brightness pouring in from the large windows.

*The bedroom windows aren’t that big and I know they have curtains on it. We just put up those turquoise blackout curtains that are just a few shades lighter than the bed comforter yesterday*, stretching a bit, he shrugged mentally without opening his eyes.

Oh well, I’m comfortable and I don’t remember the last time I slept so good.

Stretching again before starting to curl up, he startled when he heard, as well as felt, a small rumble of laughter. Thankfully, the arms tightened around him so he didn’t fall and he was instantly reminded that he fell asleep curled up on Edward.

“Oh, man,” he groaned in embarrassment. “I’m so sorry. Please don’t tell me you stayed here all night.”

“I went back to the house to change, but you seemed to sleep better with me here,” Edward answered, unashamed and a bit pleased with that knowledge. “I didn’t mind in the least, I found it quite restful.”

Carefully turning over so he could look at him, Harry admitted, “I don’t know if I’ve ever slept that good, so thank you.”

Lifting his head, Harry gave Edward a small kiss, intending to break it off but Edward didn’t seem to mind his morning breath and gently held his head down, allowing Harry to pull away if he wished. When he didn’t, Edward started to lightly kiss him over and over, nibbling slightly on his bottom lip.
before running his tongue over his bottom lip. Moaning at the rush of warmth and shivers running through his body, demanding more, Harry reached up and gently locked his hands in Edward’s thick, soft hair. A sense of want, desire, urgency, and passion overtook him as Edward began kissing him back just as fiercely, their tongues battling at times and Edward teasing his lips with soft bites to throw him off. Drowning in the sensations and wrapped in arms that were caressing him Harry could help but begin moving his body, as it seemed to try and rub against him, trying to feel more and try to get closer to Edward. What he didn’t know for sure, all he knew was that he wanted more of this mindless pleasure that left him hungering for breath, wouldn’t allow him to stop and stay still, or cut off the moans that were escaping him. Confused as to why and how he could feel so much pleasure and yet feel as though he wasn’t getting enough, a frustrated moan left Harry. Seeming to sense something was off, Edward reluctantly broke off the kisses, although he nearly gave in after looking at the plump, red marked lips Harry now sported. Controlling himself, he scooted up enough to sit up with his feet on the cushions, moving Harry sideways as he did so in order that the two could talk face-to-face.

“You okay?” concern laced Edward’s voice as he asked, unable to keep his hands off of Harry, but was at least able to rub his back much slower and in circles this time in an effort to calm him.

Waiting until he caught his breath, Harry nodded, feeling himself blush, “I think so. I guess it’s just a bit overwhelming. I kept wanting something, like something was missing, like I needed it badly. I don’t what I’m missing, and well, it was driving me kind of crazy, you know? Like if something didn’t happen, I’d, well, I’m not sure,” he told Edward honestly, knowing it was important despite the mortification he felt. “It’s like what I want is out of reach. Or maybe I can’t figure it out yet since it might have to do with the Cambion inheritance or something. All I know is I want it, whatever it was and more of it. It both was frustrating, yet wonderful at the same time and yeah, I know it doesn’t make sense, but well, you know up until meeting you I never even noticed anyone so I’m new to this stuff. I don’t know a whole lot, so that could be a reason too for not know.”

“I wish I could help.”

Smiling ruefully, Harry shrugged, “At least it’s not too far off until my birthday. It should hopefully help things when it does as I know Stephan said it seems some parts of my nature are trying to come out already and more may start try to come out ahead of time beforehand.”

“How about we just slow things down?” Edward suggested. “Just so it’s less of a struggle.”

“For which one of us?” giggled Harry, teasing him. “My situation may not let me get hard yet, but that doesn’t mean I can’t tell you were when I was that close to you.”

Turning his head, Edward groaned in embarrassment, “Alright, alright. I admit, so it’s less of a struggle for both of us.”

Grinning wickedly, Harry shook his head in amusement, “And I don’t know if this is a good time or not, but one thing we should both think about is if we want to bond soon after my birthday. There is a potion to delay it where I could take it each month, but I thought it was sort of something we should decide together.”

“Bond as in…?”

Blushing hard, Harry gestured between the two of them, “You know, become intimate or wait.”

Nodding, Edward got a wicked grin on his face.

Smacking at him, Harry shook his head, “Take this seriously will ya? Once it happens, that’s it,
“I am, trust me and I will think about when I believe I am ready, alright,” he told him, rubbing his thumb along the worry lines that had formed. “I have a lot of time to just think about how eventually you will be officially mine.”

“I said be serious,” Harry looked to him. “I mean, don’t you have questions or anything?”

“Honestly, no…I’ve read everything you gave me and I figure I get a hell of a lot out of this.” Seeing the look of skepticism on Harry’s face, he added, “What? I realize life won’t be perfect or easy, but it’s really not my fault that not only are you gorgeous, but you are a kind, loving person who has a great sense of humor, good outlook on life, a sense of fun without losing sight of your personal goals.”

“Not to mention you have good tastes considering the things you enjoy doing for fin and the fact your Cambion chose me,” Edward stated confidently, knowing that saying this served two purposes. “With how well we get along, how we can talk things out, and everything else, we have more going for us than more people do from what I’ve seen.”

As hoped, hearing the positive things that Harry needed to be reminded of often helped to reassure him Edward was in the relationship for the long haul. Secondly, and in the case, perhaps most importantly caused him a bit of discomfort. Sure enough, as expected, Harry tried scooting away unsuccessfully considering he was still mostly lying on top of Edward. Unable to get away, he then tried to hide between Edward and the couch to no avail. When that didn’t work, he then sat up, his face a tomato red color and stuck out his tongue.

“Don’t make me go back on my word,” Edward teased, raising his eyebrows in a suggestive manner. Squawking, Harry crossed his arms, “You don’t play fair.”

“Maybe, maybe not. But either way, I want to help you as much as possible and will,” here Edward sighed dramatically, only partially succeeding in holding back a smile and laughter. “If I must, I shall suffer alongside you. Such is the fate of loving one as precious as you.”

Hearing the serious of the last part, Harry softened and couldn’t help ask, “You really mean that?”

“With all that I am,” Edward promised, his tone soft and serious as he looked at Harry lovingly. “I couldn’t find or wish for someone better to spend the rest of my existence with. You challenge my thoughts, doubts, and guilt, helping make me a better being and freeing me as well. You enjoy a lot of the same things as me, yet there are activities you enjoy I haven’t heard of or done. It’s nice to be able to share those or know that I can spend time on my own and not have you be resentful towards me. Best of all, you are the most kind, courageous, honest, compassionate, caring, loyal, and understanding person or being I have had the pleasure of meeting.”

Feeling his face heat up more, Harry was badly able to stutter his reply, “You know, that I feel that way too. About you, you know? I never thought I’d be able to find anyone who saw me for me and actually liked me, then all this crap happened with my inheritance and well, I thought it’d be impossible. I got incredibly lucky though.”

Smiling at each other, Harry was leaning up towards Edward for a kiss when he felt a shift in his wards. Frowning, much to the confusion of Edward, he quickly stood up, motioning for Edward to stay put as he called softly for Dobby.

“What’s wrong?” Edward asked softly, on guard, sitting up straighter on the sofa, but not daring to
move.

After he seemed to be listening to nothing for a few moments, Edward was about to ask again when Harry responded, “Unknown witch and wizard has crossed the first set of boundary wards and are heading this way. It appears an unknown number of witches and wizards are accompanying them. I need to notify Cat and Stephan.”

“Dobby, can you get our family over here without anyone noticing?” Edward asked when he noticed the elf had come, worried about the safety of Harry and knowing his family would gladly do anything to protect him.

“Dobby be doings. Dobby brings to basement,” with that the elf popped away, bring the other Cullens members over.

Smiling his thanks, Harry just hung onto to his emergency pendant as first Carlisle and Emmett arrived, followed by Jasper and Alice, then finally Esme and Rosalie. Catherine and Stephan arrived moments later from the downstairs fireplace that had been hooked up for emergency use only. Filling them in, Harry informed them that a witch and wizard were enclosing in on the house, and another witches and three other wizards were about five feet behind. Two more wizards were fifteen feet behind them.

“Any idea who they are?” Edward asked, as his family surrounded Harry.

“No, but I’m hoping it’s not the Death Eaters I mentioned. I would think they’d have come with a lot more people. It could be people my old headmaster sent, perhaps even he himself, so I think we just have to confront them.”

“I don’t know if that is a good idea,” Stephan cautioned. “I mean, you said yourself that you don’t know who they are, just the number. Even with all of us here, if it’s Death Eaters or Albus Dumbledore, we could run in trouble.”

“We have never run into real magic, so we have to go with what he says,” Edward apologized.

“Fine,” Harry said with exasperation. “Dobby, do you think you could see how much a threat they are or if you recognize them without them seeing you?”

“Easy for Dobby,” he nodded, before popping away.

Waiting anxiously for him, Harry nearly jumped out of his skin when Dobby returned.

“One be Hogwarts teacher. Predicts Harry’s death. Dobby does not know others. They be getting in group a long ways ways,” he reported. “They bes near edge.”

“Professor Trelawney?” Harry asked, unable to believe it.

“The fake seer?” wondered Alice.

“Well, she did supposedly predict two events,” his voice clearly expressing his doubts. “At least there shouldn’t be any Death Eaters, they’d get too annoyed and kill her. I think our best bet might to have everyone confront them…”

Holding off the protest starting, he told them, “Listen, we make sure they see that Catherine and Stephan have wands and even though I’ll have mine out, I promise I will stay in the middle. If Dobby is willing, we’ll have him move with us, but stay invisible as he can do a lot of damage if need be and also get people out of the way if need be.”
“Dobby would be proud to helps Harry and others!” he exclaimed.

“I don’t know…” Jasper hedged, concerned. “How big is your property first of all? If it’s too large, we should wait a bit, get them closer so we have the house as a shield.”

“If you put the house inside a rectangle, on the long sides, my land would go about 18 acres that direction while on the shorter sides it goes about 24 acres long before meeting up to form a square. It helps protect the house and those dwelling inside the best.”

“So, they are about less than a mile?” Edward was shocked.

Turning to him, Harry gave as bright of a smile as he could, “They are actually at the second boundary line, which is a half-mile away. I know you are worried and I am too. If I could, I’d avoid this, but that isn’t an option. Until they give up or the situation is resolved in Britain, people will always try to find me. To have a peaceful life, at least as much as I can, I have to stand up and ensure that whoever is out there knows I’m not leaving. I also need to know who sent them.”

“We’ll make sure to protect him,” Carlisle promised Edward, with the rest of the Cullens and Mayfield’s quickly agreeing.

Although no one was completely happy with the plan, with a look at the other ten surrounding them, they nodded at one another. For those who could, as well as some who didn’t need to, they took a deep breathe, praying to whomever they could that this fight was over quickly and no one on their side was injured or worse.
Dobby snuck out the back invisible, but on guard, determined to protect them all in any way possible he could. The group has originally wanted to give him ten minutes to get in place, but the house was shaken by some sort of spell. Knowing they were out of time, Stephan and Cat went out the door first, quickly followed by Carlisle, Emmett, Alice, and Jasper. Edward stayed close as possible to Harry while giving him room in the now likely case he needed to use his wand. Finally, Rosalie and Esme brought up the rear as they knew they were the least experienced fighters. Once outside, a protective circle was made around Harry before they moved as one to greet the group.

“I can’t believe this!” Harry said in shock when they were close enough. “That's Professor Lockhart, he taught the Defense against the Dark Arts class in my second year.”

“So, he is good with spells?” Catherine asked, never stopping from her eyes shifting from one person to another, trying to keep track of everyone and any possible movements.

“Merlin, no!” He had to stifle his laughter before explaining, “He was best known for never knowing how to do basic spells rights, messing up spells he did do, and not knowing how to deal with simple so-called Dark creatures. At the end of the year he taught, me and another student were told by him that the books he claimed to write were based on things others did and he cast an Oblivate on those who had done so. He actually tried to erase mine and another student's memory but ended up erasing his own entire memory. I had no clue he had gotten it back.”

Finishing up just in time, the two groups meet about less than fifty feet from Harry's house. The six trespassers clearly were thrown off by Harry being escorted by a group as they looked to the two who led the raid for help.

“Well, this ought to be good, it’s Mr. Dumbass and Ms. Doom leading the way, scoffed Harry.

Taking the lead, he demanded to know, “Why are you here? Surely you must have felt the wards replying all those without an invitation. And why did you send out that spell?”

“You’re needed back in England, Harry,” Professor Trelawney bravely spoke up. “We came as one to ensure no harm would come to you and to free you. The spell was simply a warning to come out peacefully.”

“First off, how dare you speak my name as though we are friends,” he glared at her, knowing by the old rules back in Britain, the Professor would know that addressing him as such would be a major social top a due to his standing in society. “Does Dumbledore know you’re here?”

“No, of course not. He isn’t wise enough to find you. Besides, when we bring you back, we shall be rewarded as heroes for saving the Defeater of the Dark One,” Lockhart sneered. “Now, lower your wands and come with us.”

“So, it's more of you wanting me back to fulfill the prophecy you created so you don’t look like a fraud, is it?’ Harry threw out there, ignoring the command completely.

Speechless, Professor Trelawney huffed, “Watch who you speak to young man, I am more powerful than you know and Seer blood runs in my family.”
“Insanity ran in my godfather's blood, yet he was sane even after being around Dementors for a
dozen years, so that doesn’t mean much, now does it,” he said in an effort to antagonize them,
despite the looks from the Cullens wondering if he had gone mad.

“Come willingly or not, it's up to you,” Lockhart taunted, full of himself. “You will return to
England.”

Rolling his eyes, Harry gave off a snort of laughter and began bragging in hopes of driving them off,
“Even if I believed you had learned a spell besides ‘Oblivate’ or grooming spells, I honestly don’t
think your group is a match for ours. That witch there in front is incredibly powerful with
government connections who can ensure others are here in seconds. The wizard next to her is just as
powerful and has a few tricks up his sleeves as well. Then there are the seven vampires surrounding
me in addition to them, plus a devoted house elf lurking around who will do anything and everything
to stop your group from hurting us.

“Finally, don’t forget about me. At age twelve, I defeated a Basilisk, and not only survived but won
the TriWizarding Tournament at age fourteen. If that isn’t enough, I’ve fought off hundreds of
Dementors until help arrived at age thirteen and chased off a couple on my own at fourteen. Oh, and
of course, I almost forgot. I am ‘The-Boy-Who-Lived’. I first defeated Voldemort when I was fifteen
months old, again at age eleven, fought him and survived him, as well as his Death Eaters at age
fourteen and fifteen. Do you honestly think I'm scared of you or that the odds are in your favor?

“Besides all that, before I left England, I listened to Voldemort's side, reached a truce with him, and
passed the information I had onto the government here. I may not agree with how he gets his results,
but when I told him the full prophecy, we agreed that as long as neither of us attacked the other or
stepped in the country where the other was living, we would not harm the other. Of course, there are
exceptions, but you do get a general idea, right? I am not going to fight in your war that you created
even before my parents were alive. I refuse to save your sorry arses because you refuse to think or
take action for yourself. Now, my suggestion is that if you have an ounce of independent thought
and wisdom, you think about things, get the hell out of here, and never return to the States.”

Hearing all of that, the group began shifting with fear, remember just who they had were facing
down. Yes, this was just a young teen, but this was no ordinary teen. And he had contacted He-
Who-Must-Not-Be-Named willingly! As he was clearly here willingly, they took the only logical
option left and fled the place until only until only Lockhart and Professor Trelawney foolishly
remained.

“But if you don’t come back, the prophecy won’t be fulfilled!” Professor Trelawney whined, lost as
to what they should do now that their group had left. It had been difficult enough to find them as it
was and the boy had to ruin their plans!

“I don’t believe in that crap,” Harry calmly told her, trying to remain as calm as possible in hopes of
getting through to her. “I honestly believe Dumbledore set it up so you would give a false prophecy
to lure Voldemort to my parent’s home as he knew my mother would be the type to sacrifice herself
for me. He probably hoped that using sacrificial magic would defeat Voldemort for good. Even
though that wasn’t the case, it is not my problem any longer.”

Getting in her face after batting away her wand, he continued, “Say that it was true by some miracle.
It would have been fulfilled by now already anyway. I defeated him as a baby, thus fulfilling my
part. Get over it and find a new job, both of you! I guarantee you, if either of you come back or send
anyone here, I will ensure that they are locked up and they will be charged with any and all possible
any crimes.”

“You can’t do that!” protested Lockhart, before looking cocky as a thought came to him. “And what
about her second prophecy? How could she fake that?"

“Considering how vague it was when she referred to the fact a trapped servant would be freed, it literally could have been anyone. So who was it? Peter wasn’t truly trapped, he just was lazy and a coward. It would have taken him time as well to get to Voldemort that night. Heck, considering that Barty was freed in the following summer, that doesn’t that rule him out either. There could be a lot of possibilities! And no offense, but the fact Voldemort will ‘rise more terrible’ all depends on your perspective and which side you’re on, so again that may or may not be true,” Harry pointed out stubbornly, refusing to give into the Professor’s rubbish.

“I for one can say that it is not possible to predict the future with accuracy,” Alice piped up. “I have regular visions, as in, I get visions more than a few times a week. The only thing that can be guaranteed is the fact that every choice and change made by people changes what will happen.”

“Nonsense,” Professor Trelawney seemed aghast at the thought. “Even true Seers aren’t given that many.”

“Believe what you will, but if you used a bit of brain power to think about it, you’d realize the truth,” Harry shrugged, then flinched when Esme scolded for being rude.

Apologizing, Harry ran his hands through his hair, unable to believe she had the nerve to do so in front of people wanting to kidnap him.

“Just because they are misguided doesn’t mean you can be rude,” she told him, reading his face.

As Lockhart laughed, she turned to him as well, “And you, you as well need to gather the proper facts before attempting to break into someone's home. I can understand the tension and desperation you must feel, but that doesn’t mean rules or manners can fall by the wayside. I don’t want to see you or anyone associated with you two near here again. Otherwise, you will have to deal with all of us, is that understood?”

“You can’t do anything of the sort!” the professor blanched, her already pale face whiten further.

“The vampires,” Cat reminded him. “Are part of Harry’s family, as are the two of us. Plus, as part of the Magical American Government, I can and will prosecute you to the fullest extent of our laws here.

“I don’t care if you pled innocent of knowing the laws and rules or not. Any and all possible ones will be applied to the highest degree possible in a closed court so there will be no defense and no way to escape punishment. And yes, this is possible as this adult is under MACUSA protection,” Cat assured him. “Now leave, before I decide to arrest both of you.”

Seeing the fierce desire to do so, the two fled the property. Once all traces were gone, Cat had Dobby report the incidence to MACUSA, just in case they lingered in the country or were here without proper documentations.

Turning to Harry, who had leaned against Edward in relief, she asked, “Do you know why or how they got a hold of your address? This house is supposed to have been unplottable!”

“What does that mean?” Carlisle wondered.

“It means, unless someone knows the location because they have been at the place before, the place cannot be found. A person or being could walk right past it and not see it. Even with an exact address, a person could only guess at the location unless people were seen coming or going.”
“So, anything with Harry's address could give him away?” Carlisle asked in alarm.

“The general area at least, so it's likely they were watching for people coming and going for a while.”

Thinking on that, Carlisle asked, “Could his hospital records have been found by them? Or what about the bills he pays?”

“I don’t have any bills with the exception of a landline and even that is paid for under a different name and address than the one I use,” Harry informed them and seeing the questioning looks, explained. "The house uses the tools Mother Magic has gifted the area with, such as the fact there is more than enough magic in the ground to supply all the energy and power needed for the house. There is also a small body of water that Magic has allowed to be used for the house, so I never have to worry about it running out. I haven’t bothered to set up cable or internet or ways to track me there.”

Thinking on things further, he added, "Having someone finding out from the hospital records might be possible, it depends on how easy it is to find out. Magical people in England, with the possible exception of those born to non-magical people, aren't familiar with modern technology not to mention using it. Britain tends to be a bit backwards in that regards.”

Emmett told them, “For hackers, even those with just a basic level of knowledge, it wouldn’t be too hard. Also, it is likely that your name was on the police report and those are usually public.”

“So, how do I prevent this from happening again?”

“I can easily change the hospital records on my end,” Carlisle offered. “I have done so before.”

Nodding, Cat told him, “I can ensure that the police records, as well as anything else is either erased or changed. I can always ask A.J. for help if needed.”

“Would you guys mind staying a bit please, just in case they decide to come back? The wards need to be reset any way and I’d like to add some additional ones as well, but I’d feel more comfortable having someone watching out while Cat, Stephan and I do so,” Harry bite his lip, hoping he hasn’t overstepped his bounds.

“We were planning on staying anyway until things settle and you felt comfortable,” Esme confessed.

“Remember, you're family now. You and Dobby both,” she added as Dobby entered after ensuring everyone was a truly gone.

Dobby’s eyes filled with tears at that, “Dobby be glad. Yous be good to Harry and Dobby. So happy is we.”

Holding open her arms, Esme gave him a long hug, causing the elf to burst into happy tears.

“Dobby be getting anything?”

“No thank you,” Harry smiled at him. “We were just about to head down to the warding room and would like you to join us again.”

Nodding, Dobby followed behind, starting to getting used to the strange way of Harry treating him as a friend and not a thing to be abused or given orders.

“You can watch and listen, but don’t interrupt or get in the way, no matter what takes place,” Harry
instructed. “It usually takes a good hour and you will likely see some odd things occurring and you might feel a bit odd, but it’s nothing to worry about. Everything is perfectly safe.”

Agreeing, the Cullens stepped back a bit, giving them more room to work when asked.

“Also,” Harry decided to ask on the spur of the moment. “If you would like, I can add any of you to the alarms in wards, so that in addition to you being allowed on the property and in the house anytime, you would be notified if a stranger was close to the house or entered.”

“I think that is a good idea and I would like to be one of them,” Catherine decided.

“How would this work?” Edward wanted to know before agreeing.

“Basically, we add your names and Magical signature along with mine and Dobby's to a certain part of the warding spell. Then, if anything happens, you will be notified by hearing something in your head. Such as for me, to get my attention, the wards chime and then say the message. Dobby hears a beeping noise, followed by a constant whine before repeating the signal. I believe this sequence occurs within a thirty-second time period?” he asked.

“Harry Potter be close. Dobby be hearing beeping for five seconds, then Dobby hear long noise for fifteen seconds. Dobby then hears nothing then Dobby hears alarm until Harry turns off wards,” the small elf let them know. “Is annoying but Dobby bes glad for annoying. Protects Harry and house and Dobby.”

“At least this time it did,” added Harry modestly. “It should work again, especially with two wizards, a witch and eight magical beings as back-up, despite you shouldn’t be required to give any yourself, other than permission to allow a personal alarm. As you can see, what that would entail, I can’t say as depends on so many factors, like how close we are, the actual physical distance ever, and as well as a willingness to protect me. One thing that is for sure is that it can ignored if need be, just by saying a certain phase”

Edward, Esme, Carlisle, Rosalie, Alice, and Jasper quickly agreed that at least some of them should participate.

“I know we all want to offer the help, but I think we should look at this practically,” Carlisle said rationally. “Edward is a given considering how much time he is spending with Harry and over here. Next, I believe Emmett should due to his brute strength. Finally, either Jasper or Rosalie should be keyed in. Rosalie has good fighting abilities, but Jasper might be able to use his ability to calm situations down and his knowledge of fighting to help if need be,” explained Carlisle. “I know the rest of you could hold up on your own, but I’d rather keep you hidden just in case. Jasper is usually with Alice or knows how to contact her. Alice knows how to contact Esme and Esme knows how to contact everyone.”

“I’ll make sure she has our phone numbers before we leave,” Catherine mention.

A bit startled, Esme smiled. “That'd be great, thanks. I’ll give you a list of all of ours. I tried to give Harry ours, but he doesn’t have a cell he said and doesn't have access to his phone in the majority of his home.”

“I’ll get one,” he huffed as he rolled his eyes. “I’ve just never bought one and didn’t see the point. I do now.”

Smiling at him, Edward shook his head, “I’ll help you out and I’m sure Alice will as well.”

“Oh, we can finally get some clothes for you!”
“Maybe in a few days?” pleaded Harry. “I miss reading my books and I’d like to get a bit further ahead for school.”

“Not a problem,” Edward told him.

“You can still come over and cuddle,” he told him, blushing. At the nod, he cleared his throat and refused to look at anyone, “Should we get started? And remember, when you hear a noise or chime noise, think of a small phase to turn it off, but not one that you use. Mine is Niffler Venom.”

Noticing everyone backing up a bit so they could escape if need be, Harry looked around to see if everyone who wanted to be included in the alarm had a stop phrase. Seeing they did, Harry, Cat, and Stephan began chanting in ancient Latin and casting Runes in the air. As they did so, various rooms and parts of the immediate grounds surrounding the house lite up in a warm golden aurora, before the entire house flashed a brighter gold. To ensure there was even more of a warning system, the grounds was divided into four different parts, the outer layer sending a mild warning shock for a few seconds while the one just inside of it sending an even more intense warning shock in case that didn’t work. (As there appeared to be electric fences just before these wards, Harry was told it was legal both magically and non-magically.) With identifying markers placed randomly so the number of people (or beings), their power levels and intent were made known.

If any weapons, including wands, were carried on, and ill intent was suspect, those weapons weren’t allowed over the first boundary line. No one with the exception of those with invitations could Apparition, PortKey, fly in, and call him paranoid, but he also added in any flying vehicles as well as Animagi, Magical animals or beings that didn’t fall into the invitation guidelines. He didn’t care about the odd looks or that it took longer preparing the wards for his upcoming transformation; he was all too familiar with the supposedly impossible (take a flying car or motorbike for example!) And he was not going to risk Dumbledore finding his way through with his Phoenix bird.

Reinforcing and adding on more layers to hide the house as well as to disguise the magic emanating from said house, the three moved on to the trickiest part. Gathering their magical strengths, they added on each of the Cullens, adding an alarm system when needed, then Dobby, before Stephan, Cat, and finally Harry was added in his present form. With everyone free to move about. A three-fold blessing and thanks - one was given for the lending of magic, one to the continued use of magic of the house and the protection of the house, and the final one was for those who were freely added as well as invited to the wards to prosper and share in Earth's magic.

The Cullens watched, amazed as they felt the magic course through them, warm, comforting and bringing a sense of both contentment and rightfulness none of them had felt in so long. It was as if every wrong they had had done to them and had done to other were gone, washed away somehow. Never before had they felt so connected to the earth and nature to or each other. Even if they had wished to speak, none of them could find their voice, as they were so caught up in the magic used. When they were told the wards were done, Harry smiled at the look of awe and wonder on their faces.

“Pretty powerful stuff, huh?” he asked.

All they could do was nod their agreement as it was nothing like being added to the wards.

“I thought that the first time I helped with the wards here. I still feel the same, but as it’s something you expect, the after-effects are easier to deal with,” he assured them.

“Will we continue feeling like this and more connected to one another?” Edward asked softly, still in awe, being the first to find his voice.
“The depth of closeness will fade. More than likely the feeling will continue as magic can be very powerful at bonding individuals depending on the ritual and ensuring that justice is given. See, each warding is personal, how much depends on what is being warded. For example, a house warding is basically the most personal, especially compared to an apartment or dorm warding as that is a temporary space. It’s why I asked each of you if you would mind being here,” Harry explained.

“Even though it didn’t seem like it, all of you helped with the warding. First of all, the fact you all were willing to be here, to be included in the house wards in any way possible, and thought about who would be best to protect me and mine made the bonds of the wards incredibly strong compared to what the would have been. I for one could feel the purity, love, devotion, positivity, desire to stand strong, confidence, and a lot more. All those things created a hell of a major warding ring that will be almost impossible to get through if intentions are even questionable.”

Impressed, Carlisle couldn’t help himself and had to wonder, “Is warding anything similar to bonding?”

Blushing a bit Harry shook his head quickly, surprised at the head rush he felt, “Um, warding and bonding are completely different, I know that.”

“So, when we bond…” Edward prodded, curious himself.

“It will be a lot more intense and I believe it will stay at that level of connection between us or close to it, but honestly, that is all guesswork as nothing is really written about what happens during the, um, well, I guess…process or after effects,” Harry admitted with a lot of uncertainty clouding his voice. “I’m guessing it’s due to the different levels of power each Cambion has, which type of being their mate is and the magical strength of said mate.”

“But I have no magic,” Edward pointed out.

“With your gifts, you do have some. As do most of the rest of you,” Harry reminded the Cullens. “If you didn’t, Alice wouldn’t have visions, Jasper wouldn’t be able to sense and manipulate emotions, Emmett wouldn’t have extraordinary strength, and Carlisle wouldn’t have such great self-control. Even Rosalie’s and Esme's ability to sustain from human blood is an indicator that at one point they had at least the potential for magic. Besides which, considering none of you died when all logic indicates that you should have due to the trauma or illness indicates the presence of magical blood as magical beings tend to be able to withstand more injuries and illness than non-magical humans.”

Each of the Cullens thought it over carefully before having to agree it was at least a possibility.

“At least this happened now and not later,” Esme pointed out. “I have no clue what we would have done if it had.”

“If it does, wrap my hand around my necklace and if Cat or Stephan don’t arrive in time, you have permission to do whatever,” Harry told them, feeling a rush of relief course through his body as he realized how bad things could have gotten. When he saw Cat and Stephan nod to give their permission, his heart dropped somewhere below his stomach as it began to race and sweat broke out on his face.

* I came way too close to losing everything that matters, * he realized, looking at Edward.

Hearing the changing in heart rate, Edward look down to Harry and saw he couldn’t quite catch his breathe, “You okay?”

Unable to answer, Harry began to panic as it felt as though his body had become boneless. Tilting
sideways, the lights dim, he felt hard arms go around him quickly and allowed himself the luxury of, closing his eyes. Edward cradled Harry as gently as he could in his arms as the group raced upstairs to the living room. Despite Harry's protests when they got to the living room, Edward refused to let go of him, pointing out that he had fainted, even if only for a few moments, and still sounded quite weak. Carlisle didn't allow him to get up either and insisted on a quick check-up of his vital signs after having Dobby returned with his bag from the Cullen's home. When ten minutes had passed, he was finally allowed to slowly sit up with Edward support him. Although a bit dizzy, Harry refused to say anything of the sort.

“Is the dizziness just as bad or better?” Carlisle asked as he went to take another blood pressure, hoping it was higher than the time before.

“It's fine,” he sighed, disgusted with himself and his weakness.

Resting his chin on Harry's shoulder, Edward reassured him, “You told me yesterday that all the magic you did would drain you and that you would need more rest and food today. Waking up to something like this and dealing with it on an empty stomach couldn't have been good.”

“Dobby brings food. Harry stay with mate,” Dobby ordered, rushing off to the kitchen.

Carlisle knew Harry wouldn’t give in, so he compromised by telling him, “I want you to eat as much as you can and rest today. I don’t want you doing anything strenuous, understand?”

“I plan on staying and keeping an eye on you,” Edward said, stubbornly refusing to give him any other choice. “We can just have a nice peaceful day playing some board games if Dobby is willing to get them from the house.”

“That sounds like a good plan. I have off today, so just call if you need anything,” Carlisle told them as Dobby came with a small mountain of food.

“Dobby brings for all to eat to feel better,” he nodded, his large ears bouncing with his enthusiasm.

Knowing better than to argue with him, everyone took a plate and began serving themselves. Much to their amazement, even the Cullens family were hungry and ate more than they expected.

“Thank you Dobby,” Edward smiled at him. “We had no idea we were so hungry.”

“You be needing foods after doing magics,” he told them.

Pausing in his consumption, Harry said, “Then you should get some food yourself and eat with us. Especially since you did so well preparing all of this.”

Beaming at the compliment, Dobby did so, but choose to sit on the floor. He may be slowly getting used to Harry’s strange ways, but there was no way he felt comfortable eat on a chair like an equal! For quite some time, only silence and the sounds of eating filled the room, but soon the meal was done. Sighing, Harry looked around at everyone and smiled.

“Thank you guys so much, I honestly don’t know what I’d have done without you.”

Wrapping him back in his arms, Edward cuddled close to him, “Trust me, we don’t want to lose you so we’re happy to help.”

“Yeah, you’re actually alright as a person,” Rosalie admitted. “We still got to work on your fashion sense, but I haven’t given up hope yet.”
Chuckling, he shook his head. While Dobby cleaned up the meal, the Cullens, minus Edward, left via Dobby after saying good-bye to Catherine and Stephan. Once the last of them were gone, Edward stretched out on the couch so Harry could curl up and lay on him better as he could tell he was getting sleepy.

“Thanks, love,” Harry said yawning, feeling happier than he had in a while despite the attempted attack.

“No problem. Just sleep and I’ll be here keeping an eye out,” he promised softly, kissing him on his forehead as Harry drifted off to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you again for reading. It helps seeing the Kudos and comments, as well as the hits, so thank you all! I will continue working on this and keep posting as much but until the holidays are done for and I recover, I will be slower. There will be chunks like this however!
Preparations

It turned out that even though Catherine had allowed Gilderoy Lockhart and Professor Trelawney the chance to head back to England more or less consequence-free, neither of them took what was offered. Now, instead of just a general ban from entering the United States in any way, they were on trial for other crimes as well. Harry wasn’t sure how he felt about this, especially when he saw that the list of charges. Yes, he could see entering the U.S.A. illegally and failing to register for a wand permit, but the charges of attempted kidnapping of a minor with a weapon, criminally endangering a minor, and criminally threatening a US citizen seemed a bit over the top. Even the vandalism and the charge of potentially exposing magic seemed a bit much considering that his house was in the middle of nowhere.

Now, Harry was pacing quickly back and forth as Edward watched on helplessly from the sofa. It was to his great relief when he saw the fireplace light up, although Harry didn’t seem to notice it. Before he could say anything, Catherine stepped out of the Floo, nearly running into Harry as he stalked passed it yet again.

“Sorry,” Edward apologized for him, leading Harry over to the couch before he could say anything. “He's a bit wound up.”

“I can speak for myself you know!” he snapped. “And I have every right to be, its been three bloody days since those arses came after me. What the bloody hell took so long?”

Unfazed, she simply took a seat and explained, “Since we needed to keep who you are a secret, we had to increase the security for their trails after finding why we didn’t just send them home with a warning as we normally might. However, after an internal court hearing, both were found guilty. Since they are both British citizens, what we could do was limited. However, as the risk of them coming back here or informing others was high, the official decision comes down to that they are banned from the United States for one hundred years as well as the fact they are banned from releasing any and all information regarding where you are located.”

“How is that even possible though? I mean it was easy enough for them to sneak in without detection before and I'm sure there's ways around the ban on information,” questioned Harry.

“True, especially with those who escaped, unfortently. We do have their descriptions and are looking for them however,” she conceded. “This time we did inform not only the Magical Canadian and Mexican governments but also the no-majs government in all three countries as well. I believe Canada and Mexico will eventually deny them access for a period of time as well. It is typical for the Magical governments at least to follow one another here in North America. Anyway, before Professor Trelawney and Mr. Lockhart simply used the fact they were British citizens and claimed to be on holiday via non-maj travel to bypass detect on MASCUSA.

“As far as information, they did use a computer and find your hospital records through that, so now that everything related to that has been changed and, or moved, so no one should find it again. If they do try to lead someone here or speak of it, the block placed on their magical core will cause a temporary loss of magic to a permanent loss, depending on the severity of the crime or breech. It is all up to what Magic deems is best.”

Somewhat satisfied, Harry just grunted and slumped back in his seat, arms crossed as Cat left. Truth be told, he was impressed with how well things were handled, not to mention the speed, but he couldn’t seem to shake his mood. It was just the fact that it had taken eleven days for everything to be done and the waiting to find this out had seemed to have driven Harry to his breaking point. It
was as though a cyclone of nervous energy had settled in his veins, driving him to pace randomly. Although he claimed he was fine on his own, Edward refused to leave, not even when Harry would yell at him and accuse him of babying him.

“It's really for my own piece of mind I'm here,” Edward remind Harry after being snapped at for the fifth time that day. He had hoped Cat's news of the criminal investigation and the conclusion would have settled Harry down, but if anything, it seemed to have the opposite effect.

“I know it doesn’t make sense, but I just don’t feel comfortable leaving. It's as if if there's…some thing holding me here or…” he struggled to explain the way his insides would twist at the thought of leaving Harry alone. “I know you’re more than capable of being on your own and I know it seems I don’t trust you or your ability to do so, but please believe me when I say it is more about my failure and needing to be reassured.”

“Honestly, I don’t even know why you’re still here,” Harry said, sighing, knowing he had been too harsh on Edward lately. “I know I've been bitchy. I’m just on edge and knowing that this is just the start doesn’t help. Then, with you here, I realize, well…”

Fidgeting, he takes a moment to breathe deeply, “You're better off without me, I mean, I know I got a shit ton of baggage to deal with and that alone should be enough to make you see sense. Then, of course, you'd be safer well away from me. Dumbledore will find me and your family will be hurt, especially because he won't come alone. Voldemort might even seek me out eventually. He's not known as the most stable, level-headed, logical guy, you know? If he goes crazy again or hell, if Dumbledore goes crazier, well, Merlin only knows what shit will happen, but between the two of them in the last Wizarding War, enough people got killed.”

Lifting Harry's chin, Edward looked at him straight in the eye and told him honestly, “Does that fact that more people could come to try and hurt you scare me? Yes. Do I worry about my family getting hurt? Yes. But here is the thing, you are part of my family and my family thinks of you that way as well. We may not fully understand magic and all it can do to us, but there is something we know with certainty.

“We will do our best to protect you, from whoever tries to hurt you. None of us care who it is or what they are or what powers they may have. We all agreed you’re stuck with us,” he finished softly.

“Why's that?” he softly asked, unable to understand his reasoning as to why tears filled his eyes.

“The thought of the pain we'd go through losing you is a lot worse than the worry about being hurt. I know you didn’t have very good role models for a family growing up, but hopefully my family can change that,” Edward stated gently as he sat down on the same sofa in the living room, pulling Harry onto his lap sideways as he did so. “Besides, think of it this way, you know there are dangers being around us as sometimes nomad vampires take offense to our lifestyle and choices. Yet, here you are, willing to be around us and I doubt it is just because of becoming a Cambion.”

Nodding, he had to agree that he would rather take his chances than lose Edward or any of the Cullens.

“At least soon, I'll be a lot stronger physically and magically so if, or perhaps when, is a better word, others come, I'll be able to protect myself and others and go on the offensive better.”

“True. And honestly, it sounds like you were dealing better with your past before this attack happened. From what I've learned over the decades, your past never really does leave you, but it shapes who you are and you can learn to live with it. I truly think you were doing well with that. Once you have a chance to breathe and stuff settles down, you'll be better able to handle it again.
Plus, after Dumbledore is gone or someone takes care of him, you'll finally have the chance to deal with that stuff.”

“I hope so, it just seems like I start getting a handle on stuff and something comes along and knocks me over.”

“That is life.”

“That is unfair and mean,” Harry pouted.

Nodding, Edward looked thoughtful for a minute before asking, “So how are you really doing with the upcoming inheritance transformation?”

Shrugging, Harry confessed, “A bit excited to see what powers I get, but mostly scared though.”

“Why is that?”

“Besides the whole what if I am a submissive thing?” he glanced up at Edward.

“Yeah, besides that, as remember, we'll find a way that will work for any issues that come up with being a submissive or dominate.”

“I guess I’d have to say I’m almost terrified of the pain how bad it'll be, definitely not something I am looking forward to. Then, the other thing I wonder about and am scared of…. Tailing off, Harry buried his head into Edward's shoulder as much as possible.

“Hey, it’s okay. You can tell me and I won’t laugh if that's what you worried about,” he encouraged in a soft, soothing tone while rubbing Harry's back.

Knowing how right he was, Harry tried to explain, “Well, it’s about the bonding, you know?”

Inclining his head when there was a pause to show he was listening and to hopefully get Harry to continue, he continued rubbing Harry's back in small circles.

“Well, I guess I don’t know when that should happen or anything, you know? I mean, there's a potion which can delay the need to, or maybe desire to form such a bond, I should say, but I don’t know what you want or anything. Hell, I don’t even know what I want,” chewing on his lip anxiously after spitting that out, Harry didn’t wait for an answer. “Of course, then there’s the fact of what if Dumbledore comes during my transition or what if I am a sub and that makes me so weak I can't escape him? What if I end up in bloody England and Voldemort sees it as breaking the truce!”

“Okay, okay, slow down,” Edward drew out each word slightly in hopes of calming him down. “First of all, we're not going to worry about your old Headmaster, okay? I know you don’t want more than Cat, Carlisle, Alice and I there with you when you get you your inheritance, but I'm sure if we asked, the rest of the family would be happy to be close by. We can also ask Stephan as well and see if Cat has any further ideas. Although between Dobby and the wards you have here, she did say you should be fine.”

“Yeah, but that man is scary powerful. I mean, he may be over a hundred, but he took down one Dark Lord already and the so-called current one is the only one who is a match for him!” protested Harry.

“And according to you, Dumbledore believes that you are the one that will kill this man. That must mean you are more powerful, at least in some way or another, than him. Which means,” here he began talking louder to silence the doubts Harry was beginning to express. “Which means, you are
able to also defeat Dumbledore. It is simple logic. If you have the power to defeat one who is equal to the other, you have the power to defeat both.”

“I still say Dumbledore is more powerful,” grumbled Harry.

“Either way, he is still just a man, even if he is a wizard,” Edward pointed out. “And his age should be slowing him down by now, right?”

“Yeah, a bit.”

“So, as far as him kidnapping you, it seems unlikely. However, it would be easy to stop him entering here.”

“Uhh, you have heard the fact we are wizards, right?” Harry looked at him strangely.

“Yes,” Edward said patiently. “But how would he have access to the fire travel?”

“Floo. It’s called Floo, and as I’m sure I mentioned, it’s not our only means of travel,” Harry told him. Shaking his head, confused, Edward wisely chose to say nothing.

“I didn’t?” Seeing another shake of his head, Harry sheepishly grinned, “Opps. Well, we also have Apparition which is kinda of what Dobby does. We just picture ourselves at a place or at a set of coordinates and will ourselves there through our magical core. Hard to do until after you turn sixteen as you most don't have enough Magic in their core until than and you also technically need a license. Then there are Portkeys which can be used to take you any where at any time. Technically, those are restricted in England, but Dumbledore tends creates them willy-nilly. That and brooms is the main traveling, although brooms can't travel as far as long I suspect due to the rider's endurance, plus they are even more restricted due to the whole secrecy thing.”

Looking a bit stunned, Edward gapped a bit at him before saying, “Next you'll be telling me there are magic carpets.”

“Actually, there used to be…”

Holding up his hand, Edward smiled, “I should have figured. But anyway, you have a point about him appearing anywhere. What I can promise you though is that I would never, ever give up looking for you. I doubt any of the rest of our family would easily. If you're too concerned, we'll just make sure you are never left alone. Also, remember, Cat gave you that pendent for a reason and we'll get a cell phone soon as back-up.”

“Thanks,” snuggling in more, Harry smiled up at him.

“But what about the other stuff?” he couldn't help but wonder.

Sighing, Edward smiled back at him and placed a kiss on his forehead, “Right now, we can’t worry about what might happen, so we will just make sure to protect you as best as possible. Same goes with the bonding. I know it's scary and such, but I think until after you go through your inheritance and power boost, we can't and really shouldn't, make any decisions.”

“Smart.”

“Ahh, give it a hundred years, then you'll be a wise teenager as well,” quipped Edward.

Rolling his eyes, Harry laughed as he was suddenly tickled. Finally calling for mercy – as it was
impossible to tickle a vampire – Edward ceased, happy to have changed the grim mood.

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**Sunday, July 23, 2006**

With his birthday in just eight days, Harry began planning for every possibility imaginable. Countless hours were spent making various potions as he realized the ones Cat helped him make had been shattered in the attack. Making sure that this time they were stored more securely and in an additionally warded area, Harry went through *The Intermediate Cambion Health and Healing Medicinal Potions and Spells* and made every potion he thought might be needed. Everything from basic to higher level pain potions, to various healing potions which included Skel-gro, Muscle Tonic, Pepper-Up, and Nutrition Potions. Then, Harry moved onto various conception potions and even potions that could delay bonding anywhere from a month up to six months at a time, as he was determined not to take any chances. It took the better part of two days to stock up, but by the time the last burn solution was bottled and labeled, Harry felt much more at ease. No matter what occurred, he felt sure that between the book, his own instructions, and the various potions, anyone could figure out which was best to use when in case he couldn’t function well after a bit.

Looking over his check-list, he finally went into the house for the first time since he had begun brewing, intent on finding a place he could use for his inheritances. Edward, though, either hadn’t left, had a sense of timing, or …

“A Dobby!” Harry groaned.

A pop was heard before a trembling, high-pitched voice asked, “Harry Potter call Dobby?”

“Did you bring Edward over here?”

“Harry Potter not sleeping, not eating since Harry Potter went brewing. Needs to eat. Mate will make sure Harry Potter does,” he explained with a hesitant, yet oddly stubborn voice.

Groaning, Harry rolled his eyes. He knew he was beaten and besides, he really didn’t want to hurt Dobby’s feelings.

“You’re right,” he sighed before yelping as both Dobby and Edward grabbed a hand and steered, or rather, pulled, him into the breakfast nook.

Seconds later, the table was covered with a white linen cloth outlined in silver with plates full of steak for both of them and mixed in with the strips on his plate. In the middle of the table, a tall sky blue candle and a tall white candle were surrounded in a circle by pink, red and purple candles.

“What’s all this?” Harry wondered, sipping sparkling water from his glass.

“You’ve just been working too hard and I thought you deserved something nice,” he explained, avoiding the questioning glances.

“Alright…”

Giving in, Harry allowed the topic to be changed and spent the remaining time eating going over what he felt Edward should know.

“I know you haven’t been able to really read much of Gryffindor’s book on Cambions since only those with the Gryffindor or Cambion bloodline can do so, but afterwards, you should be able to as my mate. I also think the wards may respond more to you as well.”
“Even before the bonding?” Edward was surprised.

Nodding, Harry scrapped up the last bit of treacle tart on his plate before answering, “From what I've read, yes.”

Smiling at Edward, he was glad that he and Dobby had concocted a way to get him to slow down, even if it was just for an hour or so.

“Thank you so much for this, I didn’t realize how hungry I was,” he said smiling at Edward.

“Well,” Edward took a deep breath and pulled something out of his pocket. “I did have a question to ask as well.

“Will you bond with me?” he asked, opening his hand to reveal a silver ring with an indented middle where emerald stones provided a frame for the carved runes for the symbols Algiz, Ehwaz, Uruz, and Wunjo.

His heart seemed to stop a second as he really took in everything. The romantic atmosphere, candles whose meaning seemed to center around love, happiness, and truth. Then, the ring which stated ‘my love, forever’. Trying to speak, all he ended up doing was letting out a squeak. Covering his mouth in embarrassment, Harry frantically shook his head yes.

Relieved, Edward moved to the seat next to him and gently put the ring where it belonged.

“Now what?” Harry wondered, staring at the ring, still in shock.

Smiling at his finances confusion, Edward said, “Well, it depends on when you'd like to bond. Personally, I figured it'd best sometime after your birthday and we could leave the planning to the Cullen females, depending on how soon after you'd like the ceremony. We can always wait as well. It is up to you.”

Smiling brightly at him, Harry wrapped his arms around Edward and asked, “Have I told you I love you lately?”

“You’ve been busy hold up brewing, but I know,” Edward teased, kissing him.

Staying snuggled in Edward’s side, Harry thought about what he really wanted. Knowing what the near future held did help in making up his mind however.

“I think I would prefer to bond soon after everything,” he said shyly. “Would that be okay?”

“More than fine with me.”

Chewing on his lip, he confessed, “I really don't know about these things though.”

“Well, I hope you don’t mind, but I did talk to Cat about this,” he admitted. When Harry didn’t show any issue with this, he continued, “There are a few different types of bonding ceremonies and there was one I read about that would link us together equally.”

“We'll have to look into that and see if there is anything in my books as well, but honestly, I think the only mention of bonding was, well…” here Harry blushed and rolled his eyes, unable to believe he could still get embarrassed over discussing intimate matters with Edward.

Thankfully, Dobby popped in with a small book, beaming at them, “Dobby is so happy for Harry Potter and Edward Cullen! Dobby be so excited. Book will help. Dobby goes now!”
Amused, Harry looked at the book, then realized how Dobby addressed him. Facing growing pale, he turned to look at Edward, but failed as he was so close to him.

“What's wrong?” Edward asked, concern lacing his voice.

“I just, I…” Harry choked on his words. “You heard what Dobby called me.”

“Ahh,” now aware of the problem, he relaxed. “I've heard him call you that long before and figured you were forced to change your name. It never bothered me that you didn’t say anything, I know what it's like to need to protect yourself.”

Nodding, Harry left out a few breathes slowly and deeply.

Sensing he was calmer, Edward opened the book to the summary on Bonding Ceremonies.

“Let's see, there's the General Bonding, in which two people are joined together in a handfasting ritual. A handfasting can either be a legal marriage (depending on state law), or a commitment for "as long as love shall last." A handfasting ceremony can be tailor made to suit the couple.”

Skipping over a few more pages, he came to the Soul Bonding and read, “This one says it will take the souls of two people and join them together for life. The destinies of the two souls are tied together and often once one dies, the other will soon follow. Each person is strengthened by the other.

“Hmm, flipping a few more pages, he crowed, “Here we go! The Soul and Magical Core Bonding.”

Again, he read out loud from the book, “In which a ritual is performed tying not only the souls, but the magical cores of two people together. The destinies and gifts are shared with one another. There is an ability to realize when the other is in danger, as well as a better sense of connection, and the possibility of mind communication. Due to the closeness this Bonding enables, even in troubled times, there is a sense of empathy, sympathy, and understand, helping to foster a sense of truer equal partnership and love. Often times, this Bonding is used when a being inheritance is revealed or possible.

“This is the one I was thinking of as I believe it will only help both of us,” Edward told Harry. “I just have the feeling it will help us balance and strength each other.”

Making a hum, Harry looked through the book himself. There really weren't too many choices thankfully and he had to admit, it sounded as if Edward had done his research well.

“Did Cat say anything about this?”

Sheepishly, Edward ducked his head, “I did ask after finding this one and she agreed. I just wanted to make things easier for you since I know you have a lot to do.”

Smiling, Harry gave him a quick kiss on the lips, “I do, so thank you. And I think this is best for us. But do you really think Alice, Rosalie, and Emse can handle all of this? It would mean going shopping in the magical world.”

“Cat is more than happy to help, I already asked. She just will need your measurements,” reassured Edward. “Besides, if anything, I fear for the shopping center with that group let loose.”

“Yeah…” Harry had to try hard not to suppress a shudder at the damage they could do money-wise.

“So, are you sure you are okay with all this?” Edward asked cautiously.
Playing with his ring a bit, Harry smiled serenely, “Still a bit worried about getting everything done in time and the actual inheritance happening, but yeah, this I am.”

“Good,” brushing a kiss against his forehead, Edward promised, “I'll try to ensure that the girls don’t go too crazy. You just worry about that checklist of yours.”

Standing up, Harry raised his eyebrows at him, “Good luck with that.”

With that, he giggled and tried to dart away, unsuccessfully, before Edward caught him. As he was lifted into his arms, Harry tried protesting, but he was insatiate on the fact Harry hadn’t slept much in the last two days.

As he was tucked into bed, he pouted, saying “I want known I’m doing this under protest.”

“So noted, now close your eyes,” Edward ordered.

Despite being certain he wouldn’t be able to sleep, within minutes, Harry was out, his checklist forgot for the time being.
I realized I posted the wrong version of this chapter, so here is the correct one. I am so sorry for whoever became confused. Hopefully, my brain will work again soon!

Forks, WA  
Sunday, July 31, 2006

Waking up earlier than he should have considering the mild sleeping potion he had taken around midnight after struggling to settle down, Harry wondered what had unsettled him to be unable to fall back asleep. Shrugging the odd feeling off, he stretched his arms before realizing there was this itch inside of him. It felt as though it was coming from deep inside of him and was pulsating its way up through his body until he could feel it running beneath his blood and skin. Knowing the changes tonight were likely responsible for it, Harry ignored it as he grabbed some toast Dobby offered as he went around the house, ensuring the additional wards were secure.

Moving from the top floor to the basement, he kept casting Tempus as the itching grew worse and worse. Finally, after double checking the warding room, he made his way to the movie room. As this was one of only two room with no windows and wasn’t connected to many electronics in the house, it was ideal for what was to take place. After removing literally everything but the carpeting from the room to help prevent any injuries, Harry summoned a plush nearby mattress and set in on the lowest part of the room, just in case it was needed.

Glancing once more at the time and seeing it was closing in on eleven in the morning - just one more hour, surely I can resist scratching that long - Harry double checked that Dobby knew where the extra potions were stored throughout the house and potions lab. After dismissing the house elf, he flopped down on one of the bean bag chairs he had hauled into the theater for the occasion and tried to think of anything, but the itching and creepy sensation. Unfortunately, by this time, it had gotten so bad it felt like bugs were literally crawling underneath his skin and chewing it as they please.

Unable to stop himself from giving into the intense urge and desire to do anything to stop the insane feeling, Harry promised he would just rub his skin. Within minutes, he was mindless scratching himself, trying desperately to stop the feeling as it got slowly worse by the minute. Rocking back and forth, almost choking on his breath as he tried desperately not to cry from frustration and desperation, Harry was nearing the point where he didn't know if he could take it anymore. Wishing he had brought his wand down, just so he could cast a num pellis spell on himself, he desperately tried to figure out a different way to stop the creepy crawly sensation that made it feel as though something was alive in his body and still stay sane. So involved in trying to alleviate the feeling, Harry failed to register his wards allowing access to someone.

“Harry?” Edward called, listening for his fiancé. When he smelled a hint of blood, his fangs dropped and a growl came rumbling out, “Harry, where are you?”

Desperate, he raced through the first floor to the basement where the blood seemed the strongest.
Opening the theater door, he was shocked to see Harry scratching himself raw in places and oblivious to the fact he had entered. Acting quickly, Edward scoped him up and placed him on his lap, tucking Harry's feet underneath his and grabbing his hands tight enough so he couldn't move.

“Please,” Harry pleaded with broken sobs. “It won't stop, please... Make it stop. It itches so badly... I literally cannot take it any more, please.”

“Shh, Cat will be here soon and hopefully she will have some idea,” he tried comforting Harry as he began to slowly rock him, not allowing Harry any freedom of movement no matter how much he struggled.

Fifteen minutes passed by with Harry fighting on and off to get free before giving up temporarily while Edward muttered nonsense in a hope of calming Harry a bit. As soon as Cat came through the upstairs Floo, Edward called to her and immediately told her what had been happening when she reached them.

“How long has this been going on?” she asked Harry.

“Too long,” he moaned.

“Was it there when you woke?”

“Was what woke me.”

“And when was that?”

“Nine thirtyish,” Harry said, after thinking about it for a moment.

Glancing at her watch, Cat saw that it had been going on for a bit over two hours now. Coming to a decision, she helped Harry drink a regular pain potion and then a generalized healing potion.

“Normally, I'd apply a salve, but I don’t think that will help much,” she apologized.

Watching, Edward and Cat were relieved when the combination of potions was enough to knock Harry out for the most part. Both felt it would be easier for him to be half-asleep then awake at this point.

“I'm going to call Dobby, see if he can get everyone over sooner,” she told Edward as she stood up.

“What a time to have to leave technology behind, huh?”

“Better than having it fried later on today. Let's just hope that by having Harry reinforcing the wards around the floors and exit points in this room, nothing gets damaged.”

Nodding, Edward moved Harry into a more comfortable position in his arms when it was obvious the potions weren't about to wear off sooner, though he kept one hand on Harry's to prevent the subconscious idea scratching.

Seeing Cat smile when she came back in, he moved a bit, uncomfortable with the look he was given. It was one of those that said they thought you were cute and the person found you adorable.

“Sorry,” she apologized. “It's just nice seeing Harry curled up in your arms. You're good for him, your whole family is in fact.”

“Thanks.” Clearing his throat, he asked, “Will Stephan be able to get off early?”
“He needs to wrap up a few things but he said he’ll be here within the next hour or close to it. Your family is gathering up some equipment Carlisle wanted just in case and is driving over.”

Nodding, the two fell into an easy silence as the wait began. The Cullen family was first to arrive and within a half-hour later, Stephan Flooed in. Once everyone was gathered, Edward cleared his throat to get everyone's attention.

“I wanted to ask this before, but thought I should save this for when everyone got here.”

“Go on,” Stephen encouraged, having a good idea what he wanted to know.

“Is this normal for this to happen the day before an inheritance? Harry mentioned there might be a few, well, side-effects, is how he put it, but I don’t think he thought they’d be this extreme. Neither did I really.”

“Everyone is different and from what I observed over the years, those with more of a magical core, and thus ones who will have a bigger boost on their sixteenth birthday, tend to suffer from more beforehand, as well as worse effects,” Cat told the group. “To be honest, I haven’t seen an instance like this, however.”

Noticing Harry was waking up, she tilted her heads towards him to warn the others.

“Hey, how you feeling?” Edward asked, love shining through in his voice.

“Ugg, like ants ran over my insides,” he replied.

“Feeling better?”

Assessing himself, Harry nodded, “Kinda starving though.”

Reaching for the picnic basket she had brought along, Emse took out the food and offered Harry first selections.

“Eat as much as you want,” Stephen advised, watching as Harry deliberated over taking more than a couple sandwiches. “Not only is there plenty, but you'll need the energy for later.”

Nodding, Harry took a couple more sandwiches, along with a couple pears, a bunch of grapes and an apple. Concentrating on his food, he was shocked at how quickly he ate.

“I can't believe I could eat that much,” he said in awe.

Grinning, Stephan raised his glass in silent cheers, “I know the feeling. I ate enough for ten meals before my inheritance.”

“What about you, Cat?” Harry wondered.

“Just a couple meals worth, but then again, my inheritance didn’t include anything, but a power boost,” she told him.

Nodding, Harry began moving his feet and then his legs restless, feeling as though he needed to do something. What he wasn’t sure of, but he could almost feel the energy building inside of him. His fingers began twitching with excess energy as well now and he got up to pace, although with how fast he was moving, it wouldn’t take much to break into a jog.

Not sure whether to be amused or not, Edward just shook his head and watched as Harry circled the room, bouncing up the steps. Hoping he'd stop soon, he kept one eye on Harry while talking over the
previously made decisions for tonight. Knowing Esme and Jasper would be guarding the top floor, while Emmett and Rosalie were on the first floor helped ease his concern. Knowing Carlisle and Alice would be staying with him and Catherine watching just in with Stephan in the nearby warding room as back-up helped as well. Edward honestly wasn’t surprised Harry was so hyper, the waiting was driving him nuts and he could only imagine it was worse for Harry. Seeing that he was flagging and mostly dragging his feet, yet didn't want to stop moving, Edward got a grin on his face and before anyone one could register what was happening, had Harry scooped up in his arms.

Giggling, Harry wrapped his arms around him and asked, “Come to rescue me?”

Smiling down at him, Edward carefully sat while answering, “If you want me to.”

Leaning his head on Edward's chest, he gave a contented sigh before quickly drifting off to sleep.

“Well, that was fast,” Alice remarked, grinning widely at the picture the two made.

Staring down at him lovingly, Edward just nodded, not even noticing the reactions others had. Leaving the two in peace, the group talked about the upcoming bonding ceremony that’d be held in two weeks.

“To be honest, I’m impressed at how quick everything is coming together,” Cat admitted. “Mine and Stephan’s was a nightmare to plan, even though we didn’t have more than a dozen people coming.”

“Weddings are easy after the first few,” Alice let her in on their secret. “I don’t know how many weddings we've planned for Jasper and I or for Rosalie and Emmett. Even Charlise and Esme have had a few. Bonding ceremonies are a bit different I'll admit, but are still the same at the core with just a few changes.”

“We haven't had that many weddings,” Rosalie protested stubbornly, not willing to admit just how often she enjoyed getting married.

Glancing at one another, Emmett and Jasper remained silent, fearing they would just end up in trouble otherwise.

“I saw that look you two,” Rosalie accused.

“Sorry, honey,” Emmett apologized. “You know I hate those monkey suits though.”

Huffing and rolling her eyes, she remained silent, not wanting to wake Harry.

Taking out a notepad and pen, Alice began writing down ideas with input from everyone still awake to pass the time. As eleven o'clock drew near, Harry abruptly awoke, startling everyone.

“Hey, how you feeling?” Edward asked softly.

“Hungry,” Harry said sheepishly, already reaching for the nearby food.

Watching as another six sandwiches were demolished, followed by four apples, a few bunches of grapes, and a ton of water, Edward had to admit to being impressed. After the late night dinner, Harry got up to use the bathroom and stretch before making his way back onto Edward's lap. For some reason, he was feeling clingy to him, but as Edward was feeling the same way, neither minded. As quarter to twelve closed in, everyone who needed to leave left after wishing Harry good-luck and promising they’d stay until he was awake again. Thanking them, Harry closed his eyes, feeling a sudden drain on his energy again.
As the time crept even closer to midnight, he had felt this buzzing of energy as well as this strange sensation of something moving, shifting, and almost breathing deep inside of him. The closer it came to midnight, the more intense it became and the more exhausted he became. Sensing it was close to the time, Harry tried standing up but ended up collapsing back on Edward. Waving off help, as he couldn’t stand anything touching him as his very skin felt as though someone had taken a veggie peeler to it, he crawled to the mattress. Collapsing on it, he was breathing heavily and felt as though his organs, especially his lungs and stomach were being squeezed tightly. It was as if someone had stuck them in a juice squeezer and was using a rock to press down on it.

At exactly midnight, a loud, piercing screaming was heard throughout the house as the slight burning Harry had felt but could ignore suddenly escalated. It felt as though every inch of his skin and marrow was caught in a raging inferno. His organs weren’t spared either as they too seemed to be charred, squeezed, and stretched beyond human capability, all at the same time. The stretching feeling that he now vaguely realized was coming from his core turned into a ripping sensation as if his very core was torn apart.

As the fire built even hotter, Harry was unaware of how his body was shaking almost violently and how much sweat was pouring down his body. All he could think about was how it felt as if his core was being stuffed, over-stuffed really, with something that was beyond anything he had felt before. It hurt worse than any beatings he had gotten – even the rare ones resulting in broken bones, yet at the same time, the fire that burned his body seemed to soothe and comfort him and his core. Seconds felt like minutes and minutes felt like hours as these endless waves of pain and comfort came.

With an abrupt shattering over every inch of his body inside and out, a feeling resembling that of a bone breaking, everything suddenly stopped. Panting, Harry felt paralyzed and prayed that it was over. Hearing whispers of sound, he tried turning towards it, but pain resonated through his body, leaving him whimpering in so much pain and wondering why no one was helping him. Surely those whispering knew he hurt and would help?

Almost as soon as this question left his mind, a different pain began. It was like a low vibration throughout his body. It quickly grew in intensity and unable to take any more, Harry gratefully slipped into the blackness.

As Catherine witnessed the struggles Harry began having just before midnight, she had the feeling that this was to be one of the more powerful inheritances she would witness in her lifetime. Wincing in sympathy as the pain was clearly etched on Harry's face and the ear piercing screaming that was quickly cut off, she could only hope that this first part would be over quickly.

“I know it looks bad, and it is,” she admitted at the glares from Alice and Carlisle, who were having to restrain Edward from touching Harry. “I've had to be at other inheritance before due to being in social work and it is never easy.”

Reaching over, she placed her hand on Edward's arm, only to move it quickly out of the way at the low growl. Knowing it had to be harder on him, she shook her head at the attempts to apologize.

“It's okay. What I want you to remember is that Harry will make it through this,” Cat told him. “Harry will remember the pain, but thankfully, it does fade quickly after waking up from it.”

Giving a sharp nod, Edward continued watching as for the next half-hour Harry would let out random screams or whimpers of pain.

*Please, just let this be over soon,* he asked, running his hand through his brown hair repeatedly.
Finally, when there was a sudden burst of light and a final scream, Catherine let out a sigh of relief.

“First part is over,” she whispered, not wanting Harry to hear anything that could cause him distress.

Feeling the restraining arm tight on him briefly, Edward glanced over to Carlisle and then continued leaning forward, intent on lending whatever comfort he could, even if it was just in words.

“We’re all still here,” Edward let him know. “Alice, Carlisle, Cat, and I haven’t gone anywhere. You’re okay love. Just close your eyes and rest.”

Repeating it over and over, Edward didn’t stop until he sensed something happening. Glancing over at Cat, she nodded. All of them watched as a wave of pain overtook Harry, causing him to pass out.


“If a magical boost is powerful enough and is followed by a being inheritance, I believe so,” Cat said carefully, her uncertainty clear in her voice. “Either way, I do think this may be the best thing considering how powerful Cambions have been reported as being. It will spare him pain hopefully.”

As far as the four of them could tell, the only difference was the strange pulses of light that were bouncing around Harry’s form. First one color would be seen, then another, and another, until a multitude of them were racing around.

“If I were to guess, this is where the basic DNA and structural form is being changed,” volunteered Cat.

As if agreeing with her, the colors faded after a few minutes and a strong gust of wind picked up Harry’s still form and raised it so he was standing straight up. It was as if his body was being stretched as it lengthened an inch and a half, so his new body height reached almost exactly 5’8” tall. Slight muscles emerged on his form, giving Harry a much more compact figure while his skin darkened slightly to an almost medium pale pink skin tone, giving him a healthier look from his once almost too pale skin. His hair then began growing quickly until it reached Harry’s lower thigh, before darkening to a midnight black with auburn highlights mixed in. Even with the hair as long as it was, they could see Harry’s ears had become somewhat pointed. Just as the thought the changes might be over, a thin tail covered in black with auburn highlighted hair emerged from his tailbone. To Edward, it resembled almost a short cat’s tail, and made Harry even more beautiful than he was before.

As the wind died down and Harry was again lying on his side, Edward breathed in deeply as he smelled something wonderful coming from Harry. It was a deeply rich, tangy, and woodsy type of smell that called to him and made him think of home. Without being aware of his actions, he attempted to move but was tackled sideways by Alice and both she and Charlise held him down until his head cleared some.

“Sorry,” Edward stuttered when he realized that not only had he fought them, but had also growled and tried to bite them. “I… I don’t know what came over me. He just smells…and….”

“He smells like yours, doesn’t he?” Carlisle asked knowingly with a smile.

“Yeah,” Edward breathed out, looking at Harry with awe. “He was so beautiful before but now…”

“It's because your vampire recognizes him as your mate,” Alice grinned widely.

Shaking his head, Edward looked at her confused, “But why is it so intense now? I mean, I realized that awhile ago and accepted it when you told us about it, but it didn’t feel anywhere near this
intense.”

“It’s stronger now as he isn’t human,” Stephen explained, as he came in to check on everyone. Wincing as a shudder went through Harry as his magic struggled to settle down completely, he continued, “As vampires, it is almost unheard of for a mate to be human. In fact, I believe in only a couple of cases has that occurred, as for some reason only known to Magic herself, vampires only can recognize their mate if they are another being.”

“So, is one of those mysteries we can’t solve?” Edward raised in eyebrows in amusement, still not taking his eyes off Harry.

His mate… wow, it was one thing knowing it and another thing recognizing it on a primal or subconscious level.

“Yes. Let’s just hope things go alright when he wakes up,” Cat said. “You know he might have a hard time when he realizes he didn’t emerge from this with wings.”

Groaning, Edward ran his hands over his face, “I don’t care what the damn book says, I am not about to give him orders unless it is for his safety and we would discuss that first. I refuse to have control over him like that.”

Shock registered on both Cat and Stephen’s faces before they looked at one another.

“Do you think?” she asked.

“Possible, we need to see first, but…”

“What are you talking about?” Carlisle asked.

“Just wondering about some things and if they are accurate,” was all Stephan would say. Neither he nor Cat wanted to admit anything they were thinking until there was more evidence. “We’ll let you know later though, we promise.”

Shaking their heads, the others could only begin to imagine what the two were talking about. As Alice made the rounds through the house to let everyone know it was just a matter of time before Harry would be brought up to his room, the others settled in to wait.
Groaning, Harry slowly tired moving only to discover even breathing seemed to hurt. Moving his muscles was simply beyond him at this point at it felt as though he had been hit everywhere by multiple Bludgers all over his body. After a few minutes of simply breathing and hoping the pain would at least die down to a dull roar, he eventually faced the fact that he'd have to open his eyes to discover exactly why he hurt so bad.

*Now, if only doing so was as easy as thinking it,* Harry thought.

Sighing heavily, he slowly opened his eyes a bit, wincing despite the dark room. Tilting his head, he spotted four people. Frowning, he swore he recognized them, but it took a bit to actually remember considering the amount of pain.

*Right, Edward…Carlisle…Alice…Cat,* he recited to himself. *And I'm…in the movie room because…right inheritance. Damn, no one mentioned it'd be this painful!*

Coming over to him with a pain potion, Cat helped him drink it as she asked, “So, do remember what happened?”

Grunting, he muttered, “Yeah, why couldn't you warn me how bad it could be?”

“Everyone is different,” she said with a shrug.

As the potion finally cleared the last of the pain out of the system, Harry looked himself over.

“No much seems different. Just the longer hair.”

“Your features of a Cambion receded while your powers settled,” explained Cat. “You'll learn how to control them as needed.”

“So am I a dominate or…” a tremble was heard in his voice as he slowly sat up, refusing to look anyone in the eye.

Gently, Carlisle inquired, “What do you think?”

Shrugging, Harry shook his head, “I honestly can’t tell. But considering you’re avoiding the questions, I’m guessing I am, aren’t I?”

“Yes, you are,” stated Catherine calmly.

“Oh, gods,” moaned Harry, burying his face in his hands. “I knew it! I’m just going to end up a mindless slave! It didn’t matter I ran from everything, did it, I just end up in the same situation!”
Nodding sharply to Edward, Cat indicated he needed to try and calm Harry down. Even though he knew it was important to figure out just how much control he had over Harry, it hurt Edward not being able to physically go and comfort him right away.

Taking a deep breath, Edward commanded sharply, “Harry, stop crying now.”

“Fuck off!” Harry yelled, finally looking up to glare at him. “How the hell would you feel after finally escaping a life where everyone either controlled you, manipulated you, or tried to mold you into someone you’re not, just to wind up in the same damn situation huh?”

After a few seconds of silence, he raised his voice even more, “Answer me! Now.”

“Harry,” Alice cautiously approached him. “Do you realize what just happened?”

“Yeah,” he bitterly answered. “I got screwed over by the fates again.”

Touching his shoulder, only to be shaken off, she backed off again.

“Actually, despite getting a command for your dominate, you, well, I don’t know if failed is the right word, or perhaps choose to ignore the command,” Alice pointed out once she was sitting by Carlisle and Edward.

Looking at her strangely, Harry raised an eyebrow and just stared.

“It’s true,” Catherine supported her. “It seems as though you do have free will.”

Blinking rapidly, Harry seemed to struggle a bit at grasping the concept, so Carlisle prodded Edward to give another command. This time, he chose one much more important to him and demanded Harry to come by him.

“What’s going through your mind?” Alice asked gently after a few minutes of watching Harry seeming to fight an internal battle.

“It’s like half of me wants to obey, but on the other hand, my brain is asking why. I feel like,” here he paused, unsure how to explain it. “It’s like I know I'll feel happier if I obey, but considering how I'm so worn out yet, I really don't want to physically. Yet, I feel bad about it and yet, part of me doesn’t and part of me is upset.”

“Upset at the order?” Carlisle wondered, trying to clarify what Harry meant.

“Yeah, it’s like Edward should realize how I feel and be watching out for the best interests for me. It’s almost like a betrayal since he isn’t.” Noticing the hurt and remorseful look on Edward’s face, Harry relaxed a lot more, “Edward, please don’t take it personally. Seeing your face now has actually helped for some reason, though I’m not quite sure.”

“Still, I do apologize, we felt we needed to know how much this affected you,” Edward said softly.

“Why don’t you come here, that’ll help,” suggested Harry. Once comfortably wrapped in Edward’s arms, he had to ask, “So, what does all this mean? I thought that a sub would have to follow orders and such.”

“We, meaning Stephan and I, know that a submissive Cambion tends to have a more obedient nature when it comes to their dominate, however, it is our theory that it is not as strong as Godric Gryffindor may have suggested in his book. Then you need to take in the fact he was a dominate during a time period where there were such defined roles where the man, or dominate, was in charge of providing
for the family while the woman, or sub, was in charge of the house and typically followed orders without questions. It simply was the way it was,” Catherine explained their thoughts.

“Considering all of that, it is natural that Gryffindor believed subs would automatically obey any commands given. That's why we had Edward give you those commands. We wanted to, as well as needed to, see how you would react,” she gave apologetic smile as she said this.

“As far as you reacting so hurtfully to the fact Edward wasn’t looking out for you, perhaps that indicates that when your being side realizes something is being done that is harmful, it wouldn’t allow you to react as a way of defending yourself. Considering how resourceful and their need for a continuation of their self and their species, it makes sense,” she reasoned out, shrugging.

“So, basically, the fact of some old, outdated ideas,” Harry choked out in disbelief. “We basically were misled about the power of how much control a dominate has over their mate?”

Nodding, Carlisle stepped in, “Unless there is more to the text than what you've explained or we've missed something, it seems that way. Although it does appear to me that if need be, Edward could possibly exert some control over you to ensure your well-being.”

“Goody,” spat Harry. “Just what I wanted, to be an experiment.”

“Harry, look at me please,” Edward asked gently.

Sighing, he told Harry, “I can tell you that I honestly hate the idea of making you do anything and it took a lot to put that much power behind those commands. It's like there is this, well, I'm honestly not sure what to call it, but whatever it is that connects us? Well, that part of me senses the loathing you have for being a sub and the desire to be free.”

Sighing deeply, he continued on, “I know that I could only use that connection if you were in danger. Even then, I'm not sure I could as it would literally and figuratively hurt me. Beyond that, there is nothing that could make me abuse the power, no matter the amount. I just couldn't.”

Tears shining in his eyes, Harry gave a weak smile. He wanted to trust Edward, he truly did, but after so many had broken his trust, it was hard.

“Don’t worry love, I'll prove it to you,” Edward promised, knowing Harry's fears.

As the silence lengthened, Catherine could see the longing starting to grow between Edward and Harry. However, she knew that it was more important to see what other changes Harry may have gone through that they weren't aware of and so she began asking the few most important questions.

“So is there any other changes we should be aware of?” she wondered.

“Well,” blushing Harry ducked his head before taking a deep breath. “I feel more drawn to Edward and there's this scent coming from him. It's like…fresh baked home goods, you know like fresh baked bread and chocolate chip cookies? And this smell of fresh cedar woods underneath.”

Taking a deep breath in without realizing it, Harry smiled, “It smells like home, safety, comfort. It draws me in.”

Edward breathed in deeply, smiling contently at being able to hold Harry again. This time though, as he thought about things, he realized how much different things felt between them. It was as if his senses were finally awakening after a long hibernation. Shocked, he looked down and saw the same surprised look on Harry's face.
“What is it?” Carlisle asked anxiously.

“It's odd, but it's as if there is a greater connection now, almost as if by being with him, I can feel more. At least as it relates to Harry,” Edward grinned.

“How so?”

“It's like being submerged in a warm bath after being cold for so long,” Harry said in amazement. “Or rather, like a warm blanket fresh out of the dryer with these wonderful smells more like. I can't feel the chill from him anymore, instead, it's just as though Edward is the perfect temperature. All along my skin, well…”

Here he broke off, blushing bright red and buried himself in Edward's arms.

Grinning, Alice chuckled, “Feels kind of like what you'd imagine electricity to feel like as it buzzes through wires, huh?”

Nodding, without raising his head, the others in the room smiled and tried to control their laughter, especially after Edward glared at them.

“Sorry, it's just that we've all felt that way when we met our mates,” Catherine apologized as the others nodded. “I'm sure you're still tired Harry, it might be another day or so before you start getting into a schedule again. You had a higher than normal power boost.”

“Don't feel like moving,” he mumbled, already half asleep curled up in Edward's arms.

“I'll take him upstairs,” Edward said, gently lifting him after waiting ten minutes to ensure he was asleep.

“We'll continue being posting around the house until he's awake,” Carlisle promised.

Nodding his thanks, Edward made his way up out of the basement and first floor until he reached the second floor. As he headed to the master bedroom, Jasper went ahead and pulled back the sheets before resuming his position on the deck off the bedroom. Tucking in his mate, Edward lay on the covers, feeling a sense of contentment and happiness he had never known before.
Wedding

Chapter Notes

Thank you all so much for the reviews and help! Trust me when I say it has helped a great deal :)!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

This time as he awoke, Harry remembered everything that had happened and was thankfully pain-free.

*I don't mind putting up with the stiffness as even that seems to have gotten better and it's a lot better than anything else. I am defiantly going to have to cut my hair shorter, or at least attempt to.* Harry thought back to all of the times his aunt and uncle tried to shave him bald and yet, his hair had regrown overnight. Trying not to shiver at the phantom pains from the punishments for that, Harry figured it'd be a lot easier to deal with shorter. *It's already getting tangled and yanking on my skull. I mean, I don't want it as short as it used to be as I would prefer somewhat longer hair to control it better.*

Sighing, he snuggled into the warmth behind him, not even realizing it was Edward as he was so intent on processing everything.

*I am just glad that Gryffindor wasn't right about how much control dominates have over their subs. I honestly don't believe I could handle that. I'd find a new place to hide out and suffer if that was the case I believe,* he contemplated. *I know that'd be harsh and cruel to us both, but I really can’t handle anyone else trying to control me. Thank Merlin Edward doesn’t have that type of control nor does he want that. Besides, I already am in love with him and if I ever had to leave to protect myself, I'm not sure I'd survive.*

As Harry wrestled with his feelings and thoughts, Edward simply lay there on his side, spooning him in hopes of providing some comfort and reassurance. After nearly a half-hour of silence, Harry finally spoke up.

“Thank you.”

“For what?” asked Edward, clearly puzzled.

“For not pushing me to talk, for promising me to not give me orders, for wanting to look after me, well, in short, for being you,” Harry turned over and faced him so Edward could see how sincere he was. “Despite all this stuff being thrown your way, you're still here. You're still helping me and caring about me just as I am. That to me is huge as I haven’t had that happen. I'm incredibly grateful for that.”

Smiling sweetly at him, Edward responded, “Why I act that way is simple. The fact is that from what I’ve learned so far is that you are a very forgiving, kind-hearted, loving, loyal soul to those who earn your trust. I am just grateful to be able to be included in that list. It also is very easy for me to give into my protective instincts, the ones that want to take care of you and ensure you never want for anything again considering how much I already love and care about you. It seems the more I find out about you, the greater the feeling.
“Besides which, you too accept me as I am despite my past. I've also struggled with being what I am and the knowledge you told me about my creature, so to speak, has helped. You've already given me a lot more to hope for than I have ever had before. I honestly don’t know where I would be without you here. I can't help but love and care about you greatly.

Harry shyly smiled as he admitted the respect, admiration, and love that had been growing since he had been spending more and more time with Edward.

“I am just glad that I was lucky enough that you came to Forks,” Edward told him, leaning down to kiss him.

Tilting his head upwards, Harry met Edward's lips and soon was hesitantly began kissing him back as fiercely as Edward was. The reluctance melted away quickly as he felt a tongue sweep across his lips and giving into the rising heat he felt building in him, Harry let out a low moan. As hands began rubbing up and down his sides, Edward tangled his tongue with Harry, causing waves of passion to course through his body. For what seemed like hours, Harry let himself be carried away, loving the light-headed and dizzy sensation that stole his breathe away, before finally forcing himself to pull away.

“Sorry,” Edward apologized immediately, thinking he had gone too far. “I didn’t mean…”

Swatting at him, Harry told him after a few minutes so he could get his breath back and organize his thoughts, “Don't. It's just, well…” Here he began blushing a fierce red.

“What?”

“Well, you know I can't do anything until after bonding?” Seeing him nod, but still confused, Harry took a deep breath. “Well, ever since met you and getting my first kiss, I keep feeling this something in my gut. It’s like this deep ache that hurts but is also kinda of pleasant. I always thought there should be something more to it and well, after snogging you after the inheritance, it’s even more so. It's like…almost like a pleasant torture.”

Trailing off, Harry felt his face heat up even more, although he wasn’t quite sure that was possible, “Sorry, not sure what I can't shut up. Seems my brain has no filter right now.”

Smiling, Edward reassured him as he rolled off of Harry and gathered him in his arms, “I may laugh at how you word things, but I will never make fun of you to be cruel. And if it helps, I was in the same boat as you, wanting more.”

“This will likely be the only chance to be alone like this before we have before the bonding ceremony together,” Harry sighed. “I know we gave your family and Catherine freedom to do whatever, I just have a feeling they'll try to pull us in to keep us out of trouble.”

“I figured that too, but since we have to wait until your wings grow in any way…”

“Argh, don’t remind me,” Harry told him, wrinkling his face in disgust.

“Don’t worry hun, I'll be here to help,” Edward promised before hastily adding on, “As long as you want me to anyway.”

Sighing heavily, Harry gave him a disgruntled look, “Look, I'm sure I'll be cranky and bitchy at times, but I'd much rather have you around. At least if you don’t mind, I think I’d prefer you around. And feel free to ask any questions you have about anything.”

Laughing a bit, Edward laid a kiss on top of Harry's head in hopes of easing his worries, “How
about since we're both concerned about overstepping boundaries or invading each other's space, we make a deal? If either of us needs time alone, we let the other know.

“As far as questions go, I think I am fairly sure of how everything will go, or at least as much as I can be sure,” he amended when thinking how they couldn’t rely as much on the Cambion Inheritance book as they had hoped. “What about you?”

Harry abruptly yawned, still worn out from the night before. As his eyes closed part-way, he spoke up, “I do have a question.”

Rubbing Harry’s back soothingly, Edward softly inquired, “Yeah?”

“Where are we going to live after or is the previous plan of switching still on?”

“Well, I hope this isn’t too presumptuous, but I was hoping that I could move in here,” Edward cautiously told him. “Of course, we can always think of something else and I don’t mind talking about it.”

“No, no,” Harry quickly answered. “I love this house and was hoping we’d live here, but I didn’t want to assume anything. Especially since you’ve lived with your family for so long.”

“From what I’ve been hearing is that Cat is trying to find jobs within the magical community for whoever wants them. That way, we all can stay where we are now and not have to worry about people asking questions.”

Nodding, Harry gave off another yawn and this time, it was even harder for him to keep his eyes open.

“Sleep, my precious one,” Edward whispered. “I'll be here when you wake up.”

Nodding slowly, Harry borrowed in closer to Edward, sighing as he felt the warm, strong arms wrap around him and hold him tight. Finally giving into his body's demands, he drifted off to sleep with a contented smile.

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Sure enough, over the next eight days, Alice, Rosalie, and Esme kept both Harry and Edward busy enough that they barely had time alone. On the occasions the two did have time either alone or together, Harry was often found working on his schoolwork as he was determined to become a Healer despite the challenges he would face. Thankfully, Cat had reassured Harry that whenever a breeding cycle occurred, time off wouldn’t be counted against him as all jobs were part of the Magical Work Force Union and as such, protected everyone, no matter their classification or job as long as it was legal. There was also a great amount of time where Harry had to practice calling forth his Cambion features fully. Even with practicing three hours a day, it took him four days to do so and another seven hours to figure out how to call forth each individual feature.

Despite the hectic nature, Edward couldn’t help but be proud how well Harry was coping with all the sudden changes in his life while still looking towards his future. He would often sit and watch Harry, memorized not just by his beauty, but the way Harry could focus so well on one single thing to the exclusion of all else. Whenever things became too much for Harry or the growing wings began giving him too much pain, Edward would take an hour just massaging his body until he fell into a peaceful sleep. Other times, the frustrations seemed to take hold of Harry and he would crawl on top of Edward, determine to kiss him senseless. Needless to say, Edward never protested Harry using him as an outlet for his frustrations as it relaxed both of them. The only downside was each time, it
made it harder and harder to wait for the wedding night.

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Forest Clearing behind Harry Black’s House

Forks, WA

Sunrise, Monday, August 14, 2006

As the Cullens, Catherine, and Stephan gathered round in a semi-circle facing a hand-carved gazebo, all of them were pleased with how well everything turned out. Carved from dark cherry red wood, the gazebo had four posts and two of the ends had eight triangles forming one large one. The sides were attached in middle with a post that ran from front to back; this allowed the wood to have an appearance of canvas that draped in each of the four sections. Sheer light yellow curtains wrapped around the sides and back while a hanging candle chandelier. In the center of the gazebo was a natural rock shaped similar to an altar. There a small lake in the background, trees and flowers surrounding the oval shaped area, Conjured butterflies fluttering around, and star-shaped twinkling lights throughout the tree. It was the ideal location for a bonding ceremony and the symbolization for Harry and Edward was perfect.

As Theodore Jenkins, a prestigious Bonding Officiant, Portkeyed into the clearing with Alfred Lewis, Catherine got up to welcome them.

“Thank you so much for coming A.J. and you especially, Officiant Jenkins. It's an honor to have you here.”

“Nonsense,” Theodore cheerful said, waving his hand as if to shoo her words away. “When A.J. told me about this young man, under a Vow, of course, I was more than willing to help out. Harry seems to be an extraordinary young man.”

“Still, thank you,” she smiled at him before Alfred led them to their seats next to her husband Stephan.

“May I ask why you are so pleased to have this Officiant?” Carlisle asked.

“Even though he was born a while ago, his specialty is Bonding Magic. Somehow, he is able to create more powerful bonds and help those who bonded share gifts or reduce troublesome ones. Theodore is able to thread not only their magic but their life force together in such a way that both are changed for the better. Such as, I always struggled with accidental magic even as an adult, but when I bonded with Stephan, the instances were reduced by at least half or more. Theodore has more of a gift than most and could easily surpass that without much effort. It also would take a lot less time for the bonded to become closer to being one with the other, or at least as much as it is possible.”

“As far as my age, I was born in 1879,” Theodore grinned playfully.

Most of the vampires’ mouths dropped open, stunned at his age.

“You mean to say you're 127 years old?” Rosalie asked flabbergasted.

“Yes, I am getting up there in my years, so I work part-time in the Bonding field. I work full-time elsewhere as I am still fairly young. Wizards and witches can live a while if they take good care of themselves. It used to be 100 was the normal, then 150 years, and now it seems with all the advances, it means even longer lifespans.” Looking up towards the sky, he saw the sun was just about to rise.
“Alright, Mrs. Senault should soon be Appararting in with Harry while Mr. Senault will be bringing along Edward.”

Not more than four minutes later, there were two distinct cracks, one on each side of the row of seats. After finding their balance, Edward and Harry looked up, finding the other quickly. Both had on black slacks with a half dozen golden button on the front. Right wear the ankle was, there were three more buttons, causing the pants to have a slight billowing effect. The shirts were white, high-collared with pearl buttons running down the front, as well as on the cuff. As a wedding gift, Harry had given Edward a pair of black with tints of red and yellow knee-high dragon high boots he had found in his vault. He too wore dragon hide boots, but his were pure black and the top looked curled over. The best part was the knowledge no dragon was hurt when they were made.

Led by their assigned Senault member, Harry and Edward finally meet in the middle of the gazebo. Breathing deeply, both knew that the upcoming changes would be painful, but well worth it and were eager to begin. Thus, as Bonding Officiant Theodore Jenkins began, they couldn’t contain their smiles or excitement.

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“Welcome family and friends. We are all here today to witness Harry Corvus Jameston Black, nee Potter, and Edward Anthony Cullen, nee Masen Junior, join hands and be bound together by their love, now and forever more.” Officiant Jenkins began with a warm smile on his face as he stood next to the stone altar.

“Today is a day to celebrate the love of Edward and Harry. They are two people who are the halves of a whole. Two souls, coming together to form one single being; two hearts, beating in a single rhythm. Today we join in our support of them as they offer themselves to each other and bind their souls together. We celebrate their love, their joy, and their expectations.”

Raising up his hands to the sky, Theodore intoned, “We acknowledge the Presence and the Power of Magic which has brought us here today. We give thanks that these two souls have been drawn together by divine fate, and will be held together by the power of divine love. We rejoice that these two will now become one, will experience soul satisfaction and fulfillment, and that Magic has chosen to bless Harry and Edward. May Her love be expressed through them now and always.

“Edward and Harry, the bonding of your two souls is not one to be entered into lightly, but only under the guidance of Magic and Her Infinite Wisdom. When there is a true bond such as yours, it is proper that public acknowledgement of it be made. We are here to bear witness to your entering into this closer relationship of husband and husband, and we believe you are already one in spirit.”

Walking behind the altar, Theodore lit sticks of carnation, chamomile, and cypress, raising them to the East before reciting, “Blessed be this marriage with the gifts from the east, new beginnings that come each day with the rising sun, communication of the heart, mind, body, and soul.”

Setting them down in a clear glass bowl, he cast Incendio on two medium white candles, setting them on the edge of the altar closest to the couple as that was south, then spoke the ritual words of, “Blessed be this marriage with the gifts of the south – the light of the heart, the heat of passion, and the warmth of a loving home.”

“Blessed be this marriage with the gifts of the west, the rushing excitement of a raging river, the soft and pure cleansing of a rainstorm, and a commitment as deep as the ocean itself,” lifting a bowl of purified water to the west.

“Blessed be this marriage with the gifts of the north -- a solid foundation on which to build your
lives, abundance and growth of your home, and the stability to be found by holding one another at the end of the day,” taking crumbled rocks, Theodore let them shift through his fingers into another clear bowl before offering it to the north. “These four simple blessings will help you on your journey that begins today. However, they are only tools. They are tools which you must use together to create the light, the strength, the infinite energy now and forever of a love you both so richly deserve.

“What is your name?”

“Edward Anthony Cullen.”

“And what is your desire?”

“To join with Harry Corvus James Potter, whom I love.”

“Will you seek to do him harm?”

“I will not.”

“And if harm is done, will you seek to repair it?”

“I will.”

“Will you seek to be honest with him in all things?”

“I will.”

“Will you support him in times of distress?”

“I will.”

“Will you temper your words and actions with love?”

“I will.”

“These things you have promised to your partner, before this company and the Gods. May you ever be mindful and strive to keep the vows you have spoken,” turning to Harry, Officiant Jenkins repeated each of the questions and received the same answers, although this time despite the firm resolve, there was a hint of happy tears behind them.

Moving on, he picked up the rings and showing them to everyone, said, “May these rings be blessed with air for hopes and dreams, Fire for the spark of love, water for harmony and healing, and Earth for strength.

“The circle is the symbol of the sun, earth, and universe. It is the symbol of peace. Let this ring be the symbol of unity and peace in which your two lives are joined in one unbroken circle. Wherever you go, return unto one another and to your togetherness.”

Coming around to stand in front of Harry and Edward, he bid them to look into one another's eyes and hearts. “Edward Cullen, please place the ring on Harry Black's finger. Do you promise to show Harry your honor and fidelity, to share his laughter and joy, to support and stand by him in times of difficulty, to dream and hope together with him, and to spend each day loving him more than the day before?”

Looking down at Harry, Edward beamed at Harry and promised he would. After Harry was asked the same, he too was proud to answer in the affirmative after swipe away some tears with his shoulder that leaked out.
Looking at the wedding bands for the first time, Harry was amazed by them. The band was plain silver and not very thick, but the five jewels on it were exquisite. His ring was surrounded by two diamonds on each side was a teal alexandrite. The best part was that the jewels were set into the metal so he wouldn't have to worry about catching things on them. Noticing Edward's, he saw that it was almost identical, with the exception that his birth stone - a ruby – was set in the ring.

As they slide the rings on, Theodore uttered, “By the exchange of these tokens of your love for one another, so are your lives interlaced. What one experiences, so shall the other; as honesty and love build, so will your bond strengthen and grow.

“Please take the individual candles and if it is your desire, combine it into one.”

As practiced, on his nod, Edward and Harry turned towards the altar and taking the candle nearest to them, held it over the medium blue and purple swirled candle. Once it was alight and the Officiant had proclaimed them as one, they blew out their individual candles.

“Now that the vows of love have been spoken. I ask you now to cross your hands over each other, and take one another's hands.”

Taking an athame, he nicked both palms of Edward, followed by Harry before instruction them to hold onto the other's hand. Once Edward's right hand was holding Harry's right and his left holding Harry's left, Theodore went on to loosely bind their wrists together with a white silk cord.

“Edward, Harry, as your hands are bound together now, so your lives and spirits are joined in a union of love and trust,” he told them as he knotted the cord. “Above you are the stars and below you is the earth. Like the earth should your love be a firm foundation from which to grow stronger through the seasons. Like nature, may you live in peace and harmony, knowing when to support one another and when it is time to grow alone. Like a star should your love be a constant source of light. Like a flame should your union be warm and glowing with love and passion in your hearts. Like the wind may you sail through life safe and calm. Like water should your relationship remain clean and soothing, that it may never thirst for love.

“May all who encounter you be blessed with love. May your lives be full and your hurts be few. May you draw forth, each from the other, the highest and the best. May you be open and receptive to divine inspiration and guidance. May you express poise, patience and understanding with each other. May you be open and willing to see, listen, and care always. May your lives blend together in harmony and joy and may your days be good and long upon the earth. By the Winds that bring change, by the Fire of love, by the Seas of fortune and the strength of the Earth do I bless this union.

“Your two hearts now beating as one, your two souls now deeply joined anew, walk forward together, forever hand in hand. May your marriage be a lifelong celebration of love! Now that the rituals are complete, you have made your promises, and exchanged your rings. May your lives together be filled with love and laughter. By the power vested in me by Mother Magic and MASCUSA, I now pronounce you husband and husband!

“You may kiss your husband!” he concluded with obvious joy.

Once the two broke up, he grinned widely before finishing up by removing the cord with a silent spell. As it appeared in a wooden box, Theodore told them, “This cord symbolizes so much. It is your life, your love, and the eternal connection that the two of you have found with one another. Yet the knots of this binding are not formed by these chords- but instead by your vows. Either of you may drop the chords, for as always, you hold in your own hands the making or breaking of this union.
“It is with great honor I present to you Mister Edward Cullen and Mister Harry Black!”

With that, the guests broke out in applause as well as some cat whistles when Edward bent down to kiss Harry again knowing within the next hour pain would occur for both. Despite that, he couldn’t help but feel it was worth it seeing as how he now had his beautiful soulmate with him.

Chapter End Notes

If you wish to know how I came to some chooses in this chapter (as yes, writing involves research and sometimes it is simply a matter of me not being able to handle research, not a lack of ideas that holds up a chapter-the horror!)

The meaning of incense chosen:
Carnation: protection, strength, healing, love, and lust
Chamomile: harmony, peace, calm, spiritual, and inner peace
Cypress: strength, comfort, healing, eases anxiety, stress, self-assurance, confidence, physical vitality, willpower, and concentration

The meaning of candles chosen:
White: Reverence, virginity, peace, humility, innocence, youth, birth (of a new life), goodness, and marriage
Blue: Peace, harmony, unity, trust, truth, security, confidence, loyalty, immortality, stability, masculinity, and protection
Purple: spirituality, ceremony, mystery, transformation, wisdom, and enlightenment
Less than twenty minutes after the ceremony was completed, Harry stopped dead in his tracks as pain and pressure suddenly began building up not only in his back but in his stomach as well. Dimly aware of what was taking place, he drew his shirt over his head as fast as his trembling limbs could handle before collapsing where he had stood.

Right before waves of agony overtook him, the last coherent thought he had was, Thank Merlin the reception wasn't held right away.

Feeling nauseous and dizzy from the sheer amount of torture his body was putting him through, Harry tried desperately not to claw his own skin as his claws emerged without permission. Rocking back and forth in an effort to quiet down his screams, Harry had thought the excruciating burning that had begun along his shoulder blades couldn't possibly get worse when he was proven wrong. There was an abrupt feeling of his inner muscles shredding and pulling apart before ripping apart, followed by the outer layers of skin slowly pulling apart. With an audible pllop!, his wings burst forth, wet with blood and fluid. Screaming in anguish and shock, Harry collapsed face first onto the ground, moans interspaced between his heavy breathing.

Just as he thought everything was over, Harry’s body stiffened and his stomach twisted so sharply that a weak cry emerged from his lips. Even worse was the feeling of bones shifting and moving, almost as if rocks were grinding inside of his body and swords were stabbing his muscles unrelentingly. Finally, after thirty minutes of this pure torture and another fifteen minutes of rest to recover his sanity, Harry tried to lift his head a bit only to realize Edward was lying next to him. Attempting to ask him if he was alright, all Harry managed to do was grunt as the stiffness and soreness weren’t completely gone. Edward too was in the same situation after having experienced debilitating stabbing, twisting pains in his stomach for over ten minutes. Slowly, the two reached out for one another and as their hands grasped the other, a bright white light burst free from their hands before settling down over their bodies and healing them.

As the light sank in, both breathed in deeply, feeling whole, peaceful, and healthy like never before. Sitting up without letting go of the other, grins were prominent on their faces as they looked to one another. Scooting in close to Edward, Harry let out a sigh of contentment when he was pulled on Edward's lap and his arms were wrapped around his body. Never before had Harry felt such a sense of peace or love and he didn’t care how many people were there, he wasn’t ready to give up the sensations he felt being in Edward's arm.

The silence was finally broken when Esme asked with concern lacing her voice, “What just happened? Are they okay?”

Theodore Jenkins assured her that it was quite normal, “Granted, it usually takes a bit longer for the bond to begin forming and the needed changes to commence, but on very rare occasions they do. It just means that at least one or more persons that bonded is strong and, or gifted magically or perhaps the connection between the persons bonded was incredibly strong even before the ceremony. Then
again, it could be a case where the individuals are destined to be together by Magic. If I had to guess, I would believe all three of these instances apply in this case.”

“It also helps that you performed the bonding ceremony,” Cat pointed out. “Anyone with a true connection seems to form a bond quicker thanks to you.”

“Nonsense, it’s not me,” Theodore blushed and denied the claimed. “I am simply a vessel for Mother Magic to bless those who She deems worthy.”

“Be that as it may,” Harry said as Edward stood up with him in his arms before lowering him to the ground. “We greatly appreciated you taking the time to do so and are honored you did so.”

Simply smiling a bit uncomfortable, he said nothing and was glad when Dobby popped in.

“Dobby be sorry but Mister Harry Potter and Mister Edward Cullen musts be eating,” he told them. “Lots of energy spent. Needs to eats to feel better. Dobby gots food all ready.”

Realizing for the first time how drained he was feeling, Harry thanked Dobby. Holding onto Edward as his wings made him feel off balance, the newly married couple led the way to the large, round table. Covered with a white linen cloth with a blue runner going across one way and a purple runner going the other way to form an ‘x’, the table was covered with all sorts of food. Dobby had somehow managed to find the Potter china, so every cream colored dish, bowl, or plate had the Potter crest and was rimmed in gold. Sitting down on white wooden benches with padded seats, everyone fit comfortably while still being able to talk to whoever they chose.

Over the next couple hours, everyone feasted on the brunch served, taking the time just to relax and enjoy the morning. It was a nice change of pace after days of rushing around trying to accomplish everything before today. As the food disappeared, a four-tiered cake was unveiled next to the table. Covered in white buttercream frosting, the chocolate and vanilla swirled cake, it was topped with miniature figures of the grooms. The other layers held a forest scene made from sugar paste that was similar to the one they were in, with the exception that the figures were moving. Amazed by Dobby’s creation, many pictures were taken before Edward and Harry sliced the cake together.

Following tradition, a dance was held, although neither groom participated much beyond a couple dances, too worn out from the magics that had overtaken them before. Despite all that, they still had an amazing time and were sad to see the end of it.

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After Apparating to the Cullen’s house, Harry demanded to know the question that had been bothering him. “So, where are we headed?”

Smiling, Edward shook his head and steered him to the back of the limousine he had hired, refusing to answer.

“Come on, I did my part,” Harry pouted at him.

“Alice put you up to this, didn’t she?” he tried glaring at him, but considering how adorable Harry looked, didn’t think he pulled it off too well.

“Well, Rosalie mentioned something about being jealous about what we planned on doing and Alice told her to hush, but she had that look,” Harry chewed on his lower lip. “You know that look, the one that says she wants something and can’t have it?”

Mumming, Edward said nothing and just watched in amusement as for the next hour Harry tried to
get him to reveal their destination. As they pulled into the William R. Fairchild Airport, Harry perked up.

“I didn’t know Port Angeles had an airport.”

Grinning, Edward pointed out, “Well, you tend to stick close to home.”

Driving into the private airline section, Harry became more excited while Edward fought, and lost, to keep his grin off his face.

Swatting at him, Harry stuck his tongue out at him.

“Real mature, husband of mine,” Edward told him as he opened the door for him.

Melting a bit, Harry shrugged. Following his husband (and Merlin! was that going to take some getting used to!), Harry was led to what to him appeared to be a small airplane. Stunned, he watched as the limousine drive unloaded the bags and drove off after being tipped by Edward.

“Are you going to tell me where we are headed now?” he asked, his tone reflecting his stunned awe.

“Nope,” Edward smiled, kissing him quickly as a man and woman came down from the plane.

“This is Liam and Harper Baker,” he introduced, as Harry shook the couples’ hand. “They’re the pilots for our trip.”

Nodding, Harry followed Edward up the steps at the back of the plane, only to stare when saw the inside. Expecting rows of seats, there was instead a four-seater leather couch done in chocolate brown on the right side of the plane. On the left side were two black leather that appeared to recline and between them was a long rectangular end table with storage underneath. If Harry wasn’t mistaken, next to that set up closest to the back of the plane was a bar. Across from that was yet another black leather chair, although this one didn’t seem to recline, nor did the two that were against the wall that seemed to separate the main area from where the pilots had disappeared to.

“Pretty cool, huh?” Edward asked, noticing Harry’s reaction. “With how often we travel and move, Carlisle decided having a plane was a smart investment. There is actually a small office behind the right hand wall and the left hand side houses a game area.”

Slowly spinning him around, Harry was shocked to see that he wasn’t quite in the back of the plane.

“Don’t ask me why, but he figured adding a few more seats was a good idea and of course, due to regulations, we had to have the kitchen and bathroom.”

“This is like a small house!”

“Well,” Edward said sheepishly. “Sometimes we have to move quickly, so it’s helpful to have. We can load most, if not most of our stuff up and just go. Plus, with having blood packets on board, we don’t need to stop.”

Sensing that perhaps some of the times were due to incidents were humans were involved, Harry wrapped his arms around Edward. “Hey, shite happens. Just remember, I know your past and who you are. I love you, just for you, got it?”

Bending down to snuggling him, Edward nodded, “You ready to get going?”

“Are you ready to tell me where we’re headed?” Harry asked slyly.
Picking him up and depositing him on the sofa, Edward sat next to him. Buckling them both in, he said, “Nope!” before letting the pilots know they were ready.

Pouting, Harry tried every trick he knew to worm the answer out of Edward, but nothing worked. Not cuddling, not pouting, not snogging, nothing! Eventually, he sighed and promised Edward he’d pay for it later.

Smiling, Edward said nothing, knowing the surprise would be worth it in the end.

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Nine hours later, the couple was landing at Inguana Airport on one of the main Bahama Islands.

“The Bahama’s?” Harry asked excitedly, looking around in wonder.

“Not quite…” Edward teased, leading him to a small car.

After loading their bags into a black car, he drove them to a nearby dock where the boat Catherine had promised was waiting. Sighing, Harry following him onto the boat, nearly dragging his feet. Even after sleeping for most of the time on the plane, he was still worn out and Edward knew he was reaching the end of his patience.

“Give me two more hours and all will be revealed,” he promised mysteriously.

“Fine,” Harry gave in, unable to resist the pleading look. “But so help me, you do this again…”

Nodding, Edward started the boat and began steering towards their destination while Harry plopped on the seat next to him.

“You really hate surprises, huh?”

“Yes and no,” Harry sighed. “I don’t really remember many good surprises in my life. In fact…”

Thinking on it, he waved Edward silent as he really went over his life, “If it wasn’t for some birthday gifts and this whole inheritance thing, I honestly don’t know if I could say for sure that anything really good has come out from surprises. Everything that was a surprise was marred by something bad. Like finding out magic was real was tempered by finding out I’m famous, a psychopath was after me, my life was being manipulated and so forth.

“The only reason I’m fine, well, more than fine,” blushing he looked at Edward under his eyelids. “With this whole Cambion inheritance is the fact that at least I have you to help me through it. I mean, sure there is the whole submissive thing that I’m not quite sure on yet, but I know if it wasn’t for you and your whole attitude, it’d be impossible to accept and handle.”

Adjusting a few controls and ensuring they were on the right course, Edward moved next to Harry, “I can understand that. Waking up to find I was a vampire was terrifying at first, especially when I craved human blood. Only having Carlisle around helped since he understood and truly got it. When so much of life is out of your control, it helps having someone around to guide you or at least be there for you.”

“Exactly,” Harry sighed as he leaned his head on Edward’s shoulders.

Kissing him on the top of his head, Edward scooped him up and sat down in the captain’s seat so they could cuddle while he guided the boat. Despite the small protest, Harry didn’t mind in the least. It was nice having someone who loved and cared for him just as he was for once. Plus, he didn’t
know how he could ever turn down the chance of being in Edward’s arms. To him, it represented safety, home.

All too soon though, Harry was brought out of his peaceful daze and placed back on his seat. As what that likely meant registered, he perked up and stumbled to his feet, blushing as Edward steadied him.

“We almost there?” he asked, ignoring his clumsiness.

Turning the wheel and guiding the boat into a port, Edward answered, “We’re actually here.”

Blinking rapidly, it took a minute for Harry to realize that an island had appeared without his knowledge.

“Where’d that come?” he asked, sounding dumb even to his own ears.

“This,” Edward told him as he tied off the boat. “Is a wedding gift from the Senault family as they own several Magical islands. It is a smaller one, but also one of the small number of fully Magical islands in the Bahamas. Only if you know about it can you see it ahead of time and it is now ours.”

Shaking his head in awe, Harry accepted Edward’s help as he stepped on the deck. Pristine white sand filled the beach before Poinciana, coconut palm trees filled the space. A curved path opened up randomly, lined with bougainvillea and hibiscus in all colors.

“You mean to tell me this is ours now?” he had to make sure he heard right.

“Yes,” reassured Edward. “When they gifted this to me ahead of time for the honeymoon, I protested, but they said that it was part of the tradition of their family to gift something practical, beautiful, and desirable to those who fall in their care.”

“You mean, those without family?” Harry added, realizing what Edward had left out.

Uncomfortable, Edward nodded.

“It just means that much more,” he said softly, tears forming in his eyes.

“So,” clearing his throat at the awkwardness, Edward moved on. “Would you like to see what the island offers?”

Nodding eagerly, Harry reached for the bags but was stopped.

“There’s a house elf awaiting inside. They won’t be around unless we call since the family they bonded with live in these islands.”

Reaching out, Edward clasped Harry’s hand and the two strolled through the forest, both memorized by the birds. Spotting the house for the first time, both stopped, stunned by the beauty that unfolded before them. A two-story, very light blue house with white trim showcased a large, rounded tower on the left side of the entrance while a smaller one jutted out from a rectangular section on the back of the house and touched the square area on the side.

Entering together, the foyer opened to a spacious living room, already decorated with bright blue sofas that matched the wooden tables and muted yellowish-cream walls. Three white columns separated the living room from the dining room and a dark blue curved wall separated that area from the kitchen. This time, although the table was a dark brown, the chairs were made from a dark brown wood and the seating was done in cream. A large patio window allowed lots of natural light into the
living room, as did a large square window in the dining room. A second window matching the
dining room one and the entire right wall of the kitchen would mean during the day no lights were
ever needed.

Looking over all the modern amenities included in the kitchen, Harry was surprised to find magic
could still work. It seemed the entire island had natural ley lines and could withstand both without
any problems. On the kitchen table, which was a smaller version of the dining table, was a large
welcome basket. Upon reading it, a small house elf *popped* into the room, startling both Edward and
Harry.

“I am Liz, how may I be of help?” she asked, smiling up at them.

Looking towards Harry for help, Edward was relieved when Harry let her know of their bags still
being by the boat.

“Is there anything else I may be doing?”

Glancing in the fridge and freezer, finding it full of food for both of them, Harry shook his head.

Taking that as his cue, Edward smiled and said, “No, I think we are good for now. If you could just
put the bags in the master for now. Thank you.”

“You are welcome. Call for Liz anytime and I will come,” with that, the elf *popped* out.

“She certainly speaks better than Dobby,” Edward commented as the two of them moved on to
explore the other side of the house.

“Well, considering how he was treated, it’s not surprising,” Harry sadly said.

“Hmm…”

To both of their surprise, the room by their staircase was a television room with a ton of movies
along the wall. It also held a fold-down pool table behind the large dark brown sectional.

“I sense Alice at work here,” Harry raised his eyebrows at Edward, seeing if his suspicions were
correct

“I wasn’t allowed here before, but I would assume so. Where would you like to go next?” he asked,
wanting things to go at Harry’s pace.

Before he could answer, Harry’s stomach answered for him by grumbling.

“Well, I guess that answers that,” Edward smiled, taking his hand and leading him to the kitchen.

Seeing that the jet leg was catching up with Harry, he made a salad followed up by grilled cheese
and chips. Waving off apologies, Edward assured him he understood.

“After all, you are human. Well, mostly,” he teased as they went upstairs, not stopping to look in any
of the rooms and just went to the master at the far right of the house. “As long as I am with you, I’m
fine.”

Yawning for what seemed the hundredth time, Harry smiled as he took off his shoes and crawled on
top of the covers. Once Edward was next to him, he curled half-way on top of him and was quickly
asleep.
Waking up, Harry was surprised to find himself wrapped in Edward's arms on his right side while he sat up reading what appeared to be a textbook. Stretching a bit, Harry smiled up at him before getting up to use the bathroom quickly before crawling back in bed, hating that he even needed to move from his comfortable spot in the first place.

"Have a good night sleep?" Edward asked, setting the book down on his end table once he returned.

"Yeah," he nodded his head. "Did you actually stay here all night or was I just that out of it?"

"I got up to get the book, but you barely stirred before cuddling back in."

"What you reading anyway?"

"*Cambions, An Incubus Race: Their History, Traits, Mating and More* by Godric Gryffindor," he read off the title and author to answer his question. "I figure I should start learning more about things so I would know what to expect."

Looking interested, Harry raised an eyebrow and asked, "Oh, yeah? Find anything good?"

"A few things," he admitted. "But shouldn't you know the book or at least the highlights by now?"

"Unfortunately, I found out the book likes to reveal only what it wishes, when it wishes, so even though I thought I had learned what I needed and wanted to know, there was still a lot to learn."

"When did you find this out?"

"The night before our wedding. I kinda forgot about it until now," he confessed sheepishly. "I swear Magic has a weird sense of humor or the book is trying to make sure only relevant information is revealed to protect itself."

"Or both," Edward pointed out.

Shrugging, Harry was forced to agree.

"It doesn't really matter why anyway. It just means there might be some surprises or things in there I read that you can't and vice verse. Since the spell to update the language was applied so long ago, the only certain thing is that the information has likely been incorrectly translated in some areas. We'll just have to see if we can add on any information we figure out on our own, such as if there were any other unknown factors that caused typical Cambion traits to be changed," he mused. "At least the health book is accurate."

"And at least the other book can give us a guideline and possibly prepare us," Edward acknowledged.

"I wish that things could be easier than this," apologized Harry.

"I'm okay with not knowing for sure and dealing with whatever comes along," he said sincerely, as he scooted down and made sure Harry was looking at him. "The fact you're a warm, honest, loving, caring individual and more, makes it easy for me to accept anything we may face. You accept me for who and what I am, past and all. You've also have helped me heal and give me hope, made me happier and feel as though my future isn't going to drag on forever in endless monotony. It wouldn't
matter if your Cambion creature had allowed you to chose who to bond with as I still would have
chosen you, no matter what difficulties came up.”

Smiling softly at Edward, Harry, “It wasn’t hard for me to accept all the changes and defiantly wasn’t
an issue that my vampire side chose you as it’s mate so to speak. I was relieved that you didn’t run
the other way after hearing about my past and everything going on with me. You just care and
support me in ways no one has ever done before. Not to mention you’re the first person who has
truly made me feel loved, wanted, cared for, and as if I have worth as a person. It’s also nice feeling
protected and without feeling smothered.”

Noticing the tears glistening in his eyes, Edward leaned over him and cupped his face as he gently
scolded him, “Hey, none of that. You deserve to have respect, love, care, and more.”

Reaching up and placing his hand on Edward’s arms, Harry couldn’t help but reveal, “I’m beginning
to learn that, thanks to you. I’m just so glad my luck changed enough that I found you. I’m amazed at
how lucky I was to find you considering how things typically go for me. I honestly can't believe how
much I love you already.”

Leaning down closer to him, Edward promised, “I will never leave you. I love you too much as
well.”

Meeting Edward's eyes as his head lowered further, Harry felt his breath leave him as he saw the
passion and love emanating from his husband. Seeing how wanted and desired he was, just as he
was, sent him reeling as goosebumps rose and his blood began boiling. Tilting his head sideways,
Harry arching his head up slightly to meet Edward's pale red lips and saw how Edward's golden eyes
widened slightly at the first touch before his own eyes involuntarily closed as overwhelming
sensations ran through him.

Turning on his side, Edward leaned closer and stroked the right side of Harry's face with his thumb
while his hand pulled the back of his head closer to him. Tasting his soft, firm, full lips, Edward
closed his eyes and slowly deepened the kiss. Moaning at the responsiveness of how Harry moved
his mouth in sync with his, Edward pulled away for a brief moment, placing kisses on his jaw before
moving up towards his ear. Teasing him, Edward sucked on his earlobe until Harry groaned and let it
go with an audio pop. Unable to resist as the mere sight of the red, flush cheeks, the quickened
breath, and Harry's own scent which seemed even more prominent, Edward nibbled and kissed his
way back down to the luscious mouth.

Grasping the back of Edward's head, Harry began taking control of the kisses as they became wilder
and sloppier. Feeling his husband's slightly rough tongue run over his mouth, Harry eagerly allowed
their tongues to battle as random sparks of heat and arousal shot through both of their bodies, causing
Edward to moan and Harry to whimper at the unexpected pleasure. Unable to hold still, Harry seized
onto the upper part of Edward's arm and tried turning, just to be able to feel more of his lover's body
close to him. Distracted and overwhelmed by the sheer pleasure, he managed only to make it part-
way on his side.

As Harry grunted his frustration, Edward could help but moan and begin biting, nibbling, and
sucking on Harry’s lower lip in a random pattern, trying to drive him as crazy as he himself felt. The
sheer taste of each other and the natural emanating fragrance from the other sent both lovers heads
spinning until almost all sense was lost and the only thing that matter was the other.

Before the bonding, the connection between them had been amazing, but now, it seemed everything
was taken to new heights. The want and need, excitement and anticipation, heat and arousal
coursing through each of them caused each touch of their lips and roaming hands to be felt and
bouncing through their bodies. Each moment and each kiss between them was so incredibly intense
that inside of each of them fire spiraled upwards, slowly consuming them. The warmth, home, and woody spicy smells radiating between them caused each touch to be magnified and sharper. As the succulent undercurrents climbed higher and higher, Edward finally gave in and settled his body almost fully on Harry, leaving just enough space so he had the freedom to move his hands where he wished.

Sensing his need for more, Edward ran his hands under Harry's purple t-shirt, his head spun in delicious euphoria at finally being able to explore his husband's body. Feeling the semi-hard cloth-cover cock under his right leg, he hissed, drawing his right hand upwards to massage Harry's sides. Waves of ecstasy swept through Harry at this new sensation and he couldn’t help thrust up into the leg between his as he keened loudly and arched his back, wanting more.

Harry broke away from the sloppy kisses being exchanged as he couldn’t resist any further. His back was itching fiercely, his blood was pounding fiercely, and there was an incredibly tense, coiled feeling in his stomach making him feel dizzy and off balance in the best possible ways. Reluctantly detangling himself, Harry moved off the bed and shakily removed his shirt.

Kneeling down and displaying his jade and magenta tinted black wings, Harry waited with nervous anticipation for Edwards’s response. Seconds later he got his answer as his husband knelt next to him and raised his bowed head. Gently kissing him, Edward took the time to shower his chin before moving up his face. Reaching his ear, he pulled the lobe into his mouth, tugging on it. Letting it go while still sucking on it, Harry heard the wet plop.

Edward whispered in-between licking his ear, “Are you sure, love? We can always wait.”

“I’m sure,” he said with a shakiness in voice. “Please, I need you…want you…”

Leaning back down to kiss him, Edward wrapped his hands around his waist. Helping his lover to stand up together without breaking their mouths apart, the two wrapped their arms around each other’s waist, moaning as their hardening cocks rubbed against each as they rubbed together, unable to hold still. As the kisses turned sloppier and more frantic, Edward turned Harry towards the bed and helped him lay down, removing all but his boxers before removing his own clothes. Resting his body half-way on top of him, Edward proceeded to nip, suck, and lick Harry’s lips until they were even more red and swollen and Harry was groaning in frustration, wanting something more.

“Fuck!” Harry screamed, coming abruptly without warning as Edward sucked on his clavicle before biting and sucking some of his blood to mark him as his.

Panting, heavily Harry looked at him glassy-eyed, stunned by the euphoria and high he felt from the act as Edward licked the wound closed.

Still just as hard as he was before, Harry ordered, “For Merlin’s sake, get on with it!”

Grinning impishly, Edward continued his slowly tease by kissing and sucking his way down to Harry’s left nipple. Taking the pink, erect nipple in his mouth, he scraped his tongue over it, causing Harry to swear loudly as bliss shot through his body. Sucking on it and then twirling his tongue over it again, Edward then bit and pulled on it caused Harry to swear yet again and heave his chest forward in an effort to get closer to the wonderful torture Edward was giving out. Letting the nipple go, he soothed the erect nipple with a twirl of his tongue before kissing and licking his way over to the other nipple. This time, he licked and scraped his teeth over it, refraining from doing anything as Harry was bucking up into his leg and moaning continuously. Making his way down to the toned stomach, he reached the belly button where his tongue dived in and out of while he gently pulled Harry's silk boxers off of him.
Despite Harry's pleas for more, Edward ignored him and moved down to his inner thighs. Suckling on the inside of them as he gently moved Harry's legs apart, he was pleased to see how much precome his husband was leaking. Marking a spot on the opposite side, he finally gave in and buried his nose in Harry's groin, inhaling the wonderful natural aroma. Nothing could be better than that to him. Holding down Harry's hips, he looked up and grinned at him.

Moaning, Harry barely managed to stutter out, “Wh...What? Stop...need...”

“Oh, trust me, I'll give you what you need,” he said wickedly. “I just plan on exploring every inch of this gorgeous body of yours first though.”

With that said, he grabbed Harry by the waist and tilted him up slightly. Rubbing his lips at the sight before him, Edward swiped his tongue around Harry's balls before licking all the way to the top of the seven-inch medium thick cock. Pleased with the low moan he had drawn out of his lover, Edward twisted his tongue around the head of his shaft, lapping up the copious amounts of precome and dipped his tongue into the slit. Cupping and gently massaging the ball sack, Edward kept his eyes on Harry as he lowered his head down on his erection. Sucking hard on the head, he let up slightly and took it down as far as he could before drawing up, scraping his teeth near the top.

Shocked at this new, wondrous pleasure, Harry quickly began to lose all sense of himself and his surroundings. All he could do was grunt and moan his pleasure as Edward continued teasing and torturing him.

Seeing the look on Harry's face showing how lost to the sensations as he licked and sucked, twirled and scraped his way around Harry's cock, Edward grabbed the lube from the end table drawer. Massaging Harry's opening, Edward moaned as even more precome leaked out on his tongue. Noticing how tight Harry's ball sack was becoming, Edward slowly slipped a lubed finger into Harry's entrance, still bobbing up and down on his erection. Pulling at the walls with his finger, he sucked hard at the head of Harry's cock, moaning at the same time. Pursuing his lips tightly, he sucked hard as he deep throated Harry and introduced another finger.

All Harry was feeling at this point was the need for more as a third finger was inserted. The blurry sight of his husband going down on him, the feel of the wet warmth encircling his cock and the pressure around his cock was making him insane. It felt as though he was on the edge of falling and flying at the same time and as the fourth finger started stretching him, something was hit deep inside of him that made everything he was feeling increase a thousand percent. His blood was too hot, his stomach was coiled too tightly and with a loud shout, he exploded inside Edward's mouth without warning, feeling as if his hips would never stop twitching. Finally, though, they fell with a small thud. Dazed and unaware of everything, Harry didn’t notice Edward was still sucking on his hard erection, licking up all of his come.

Knowing that now would be the best time to enter Harry, Edward removed his fingers and quickly lubed up his eight and a half inch cock. Amazed at the fact Harry was still hard, Edward moved closer and slowly pushed his cock past Harry's guardian muscles. Making his way into the hot, tight channel, he was forced to breathe in and out slowly. Backing out a bit, Edward clamped down on the base of his erection to stop himself from coming. He had had no idea that it would be this intense or this hard to remain in control. Remaining still, he waited for Harry Harry to shake the last of his stupor off.

“What...” mumbled Harry as he wiggled, wincing a bit at the feeling of being so full.

“Welcome back,” Edward said between pants as he grinned. “Ready?”

Nodding his head to let Edward know he was fine, Edward backed out a couple inches before gently
going back in. Repeating the rocking motion, Harry soon found himself thrust his hips upwards to meet him. Taking that as a sign to move more, Edward withdrew until only the head of his cock remained and thrust back in. It was only after a couple of these that Harry began moaning even louder than before.

“More, harder,” Harry begged, as the fire built higher inside and the coil tightened until it ached.

Adjusting slightly to balance better, Edward thrust in hard and Harry howled as his prostate was slammed into. Meeting him thrust for thrust, Harry was soon sweating and swearing more as the bliss overtook his mind and nothing matter but releasing the tension inside of him.

Without warning, Harry’s fangs descended and he clamped down on Edward’s shoulder near the neck, sucking his blood. The eroticism of feeling his boiling blood being sucked and licked by his lover caused the coil inside of them to shatter and the fire explode. Releasing his come into the constricting tight warm channel, Edward felt as though it would never end and left him feeling raw and jagged. Harry too ended up feeling raw and on edge after an extended climax. Licking the wounds close, the two were panting when a circle of pure white light, magenta, green, violet, and pure golden light swirled around and inside them.

“What the hell was that?” Edward asked.

“Bonding’s complete, the color represents our auras merging,” Harry explained, still feeling aroused.

“And I don’t know about you, but that kinda turned me one,” he admitted grinning as he wiggled his hips.

Laughing, considering Harry had just come three times to his one, all Edward could say as he hardened inside his husband was, “Good thing vampires have a ton of stamina and are sexual creatures.”

Grinning and blushing, Harry shrugged. Opening his mouth to reply, he was silenced as Edward kissed him and they soon were lost in each other once again.

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Harry’s hunger for actual food drove the two of them out of the bedroom and into the kitchen in the early afternoon. As Edward made steaks for the two of them – Edward’s the vampire version as he had no intention of going back to feeding from animals if he could help it - and home fries for him, Harry just watched his husband’s almost graceful movement.

It certainly is a sight to see his muscles flexing and his body moving so smoothly, Harry reflected. And that tight deep red shirt and black silk boxers certainly don't leave much to the imagination.

Knowing he was being watched, Edward made sure that each step and movement was a smooth and sensual as possible as he had found teasing him to be amazingly exquisite. Plating the food, he leaned over Harry to set it down, stopping to kiss him breathless. Smiling smugly when he pulled away after a couple minutes, Edward sat down next to him, watching as Harry fought for control.

“So, what would you like to do this afternoon?” Edward asked after eating some of his meal.

Smirking a bit, Harry began with, “Well…this morning was pretty fun. But since we only have a couple of weeks here, what about checking out what the magical islands, seeing what they have to offer? I have to say, I’m most interested in those over the others.”

“Understandable. And we can always come here whenever we want, so there's no rush so we could
always wait until tomorrow as well. It's up to you.”

Nodding, Harry finished up his meal before taking Edward's plate to the sink and rinsing them.

“Shall we get dressed, maybe explore around here?”

“Lead the way,” Edward swept his hand towards the stairs with a wicked smile.

Laughing, Harry baited him, “You just want to check out my arse.”

Shrugging nonchalantly, Edward responded, “All's fair after all.”

Rolling his eyes as he laughed, Harry raced past Edward and ran up the stairs as fast as he could, only to find Edward not far behind. As they approached the bedroom, Harry tried faking him out by dodging left then going right, but with Edward’s vampire speed was caught and tossed on the bed. Edward caged him in with his body and began running his fingers up and down Harry's sides gently.

“Stop, please,” Harry grasped between giggles as he was mercilessly tickled.

“Make me,” taunted Edward, loving how Harry was squirming under him.

Finally, after what seemed like long minutes, with tears building in his eyes and his breath ragged, Edward ceased his teasing. Catching his breath slowly, Harry wrapped his arms around his husband and glared at him, failing to fully hide his smile from him.

“What on earth am I going to do with you?” Harry wondered.

Shrugging, Edward leaned down and kissed him until he couldn’t think straight.

“Whatever you want I guess,” he told Harry as he stood up and grabbed clothing for both of them.

Throwing an emerald green t-shirt, jeans and a jacket on top of Harry, he warned, “You’d better get dressed or I might not allow you to leave the bed.”

“And that's a bad thing?” Harry asked, raising an eyebrow while rolling off and starting to get dressed despite the tempting thoughts.

Deliberately sighing with a grin on his face, Edward moved over to Harry and waited until he had pulled up his jeans before wrapping his arms around him. Tightening his grip on him, he gave a few soft kisses on Harry's lips, stopping himself from going any further as he knew how much Harry wanted to explore the islands.

“It wouldn't be bad at all,” Edward confessed. “However, there are a lot of things to do and see during the day. We have plenty of time later for fun.”

Agreeing, Harry allowed his arms that had somehow wrapped themselves around Edward's waist to fall and buttoned up his jeans as Edward pulled on a long-sleeve deep red shirt. Grabbing their wallets, they headed downstairs and out to the backs to begin exploring, hand in hand, feeling the calm peacefulness of the island wash over them.
Wow, my very first smut scene is now complete…whew (I know I’ll have one more scene as it is a honeymoon, but after that, will be a bit)! If it stunk and someone wants to write a better one, I am more than willing to see. And of course, give credit! I have never done this before so no clue if I did it right lol! Anyway, moving on…

If anyone is curious on why I chose the tint for the wings and bonding that I did, the explanation is below.

I based the tint of wings and bonding based on aura colors (as I had stated wing colors were chosen based on auras), but as not everything was accurate, I did shades of the color to represent that not all what was said about the aura fit (which seemed to be okay according to the sites I used as some may not have a ‘pure’ color or in other words, may loosely, yet closely fit the color). I also had two colors as two seemed to fit equally well. What is in bold is inform I thought fit Harry:

**Magenta (Just Harry)** a.k.a. Pink Aura people are by nature loving and giving. They love to be loved too, they gather around them close friends and family at every opportunity. They like to host family events and are very generous of their time. They have a high regard for their health and will look after their bodies with good diet, nutrition and exercise.

Pink Aura people are very romantic and once they have found their soulmate will stay faithful, loving and loyal for life.

The Pink Aura individual is a natural healer, highly sensitive to the needs of others and has strong psychic abilities. They also have very creative ideas and strong imaginations. Because these personality traits the Pink Aura person makes great writers of novels, poetry or song lyrics. The Pink Aura individual hates injustice, poverty and conflicts. They strive always to make the world a better place and will make personal sacrifices in the pursuit of this ideal.

Pink Aura people are strong willed and highly disciplined and will expect high standards from others. They have strong values and morals and seldom deviate from them. Because of their honesty and likable nature they are valued as employees but also make excellent employers because of their sense of fairness.

**Jade (Both Edward and Harry)** a.k.a. Green Aura people are highly creative and very hard working. They strive for perfection in everything they do. They have a very determined and down to earth nature and will not allow fanciful dreams and unrealistic ideas to color their world.

Their creativity takes the form of practical matters such as gardening, cooking and home decorating. The Green Aura individual has a fine eye for beauty and will ensure their appearance and clothing, home and surroundings are both practical and beautiful.

Green Aura people tend to be very popular, admired and respected. They make for very successful business people and can create much wealth and prosperity for themselves. Green Aura people like security, stability and balance in their lives. Any plans they make a well thought out and because this, they seldom make rash mistakes.
Close friends of Green Aura people will be treated to generosity, loyalty and practical advice. Green Aura people do not suffer fools gladly and choose their friends very carefully. People with a predominant green Aura tend to be rather health-conscious and ensure their diet is nutritious; health giving and tasty. They are always in tune with nature and love the great outdoors.

Violet (Just Edward) I combine two auras to come up with this one:

Blue Aura: Having a predominant blue Aura or energy field surrounding you can point to a number of personality traits. Totally blue Auras are quite rare but can show up as one of the boldest Aura colors in people with strong personalities.

Blue Aura people are the master communicators of the world. They have the ability to convey their thoughts, ideas, views and concepts eloquently and charismatically. They make for excellent writers, poets and politicians.

Blue Aura people are also highly intelligent and very intuitive. They certainly have the head and heart balanced in making difficult decisions and choices. They are incredibly good organizers and can motivate and inspire others.

People who have a predominant amount of blue in their Auras are peacemakers and have the ability to calmly smooth out angry situations. They prize truthfulness, direct communication and clarity in all their relationships. The downside of the Blue Aura personality is that they can take on too much, become workaholics and neglect their personal relationships.

AND:

Purple Aura people are highly psychic, attuned to the emotions and moods of others and very sensitive. People who have a predominant amount of purple in their Aura are seen as mysterious and secretive.

The Purple Aura individual possesses a philosophical, inquiring and intuitive mind. They love to learn and never stop exploring and inquiring into new subjects and areas that interest them. Because this they tend to be extremely interesting and knowledgeable people.

The Purple Aura individual does not have a wide circle of many friends. But the friends they do have are held close and are respected, admired and loved. People with a predominant purple Aura tend to be unlucky in love but once they have found their perfect soul mate is loyal and loving for life.

Purple Aura people connect well with animals and nature. They are attuned to animals and can sense their emotions and feelings. Purple Aura people tend to take in and care for strays as their loving and caring nature makes it difficult for them to turn strays away.
Exploring

Early the next morning, after Edward served Harry breakfast in bed, the two of them set off in the rented boat for Golden Coral Enclave, the main Magical island, as they couldn't forgo the boat until Harry had actually seen where to Apparate.

As they'd predicted, the main Magical island wasn't more than a half hour away from their own island. Docking, they were greeted by a welcome wizard and given maps of each of the island, along with the various museums, activities, marketplaces, restaurants, and festivals on all the islands, both magical and non-magical, that would be held throughout the year.

The welcome wizard showed Edward and Harry a fifty-some page booklet called *Magic and the Bahamas*, which they could purchase that was on the history of both the non-magical and magical islands, as it pertained to Mother Magic. It also highlighted key spots to check out where historical events took place, hidden places that may be unknown to many or only accessible to magical people, and places where magic was especially strong. Despite the high cost of 30 Galleons, they knew that it would be well worth it, especially considering the amazing pictures and purchased six copies of them - one just for using on the trip and would stay in their house while the others would be souvenirs for themselves and others.

Talking it over, they decided to start with the history museum and decide from there what to do next. Neither was sure if they would be able to fit everything on this one trip considering how much was packed into each museum and the number of them as well. From one that focused solely on the culture from past to present to a maritime museum, another that focus on famous people to one that was all about inventions and improvements from the magical community. There was even a sex museum and a seashell museum!

Besides those things, there was Agwé Pathway that they both wanted to explore to see the difference as what was offered for Magical people between it and Astra Valley, Washington state's Magical marketplace. They also wanted to check out a couple of the larger farmer and flea markets that were high-rated by locals and visitors. Then there was the music festival scheduled three days later on the Magical island of Whispering Silver Haven and one in five days in the non-Magical island of Abaco. Between all that and the information they knew they would want to locate and see in person after reading *Magic and the Bahamas*, neither were sure two weeks were long enough.

“Good thing a lot of these places are open to eleven or twelve at night, huh?” Harry grinned as Edward asked him that.

“I am beginning to think we're going to have to find a way to either stay longer or come back again soon,” Harry told him. “Thank Merlin I won’t require as much sleep anymore.”

“Mmm, that and now that you did that thing with the wards, you can hook up our home to the Floo thing,” Edward pointed out as he enclosed Harry's hand in his and they began walking. “We should be able to come up for day trips, if not for a weekend, without interrupting your schooling.”

Sighing, Harry glared at him before speaking up, “I'm almost wishing I had chosen an easier career.”

“You wouldn't be as happy though, love,” Edward said gently, tugging Harry close to him so he could throw his arm over Harry's shoulder. “Besides, we have eons of time to explore the world.”

Nodding, Harry suddenly realized something as he looked at his husband and a bit of panic showed in his voice when he pointed out, “You don't have the necklace on!”
“Odd,” Edward said, looking confused. “It feels as though the normal voices I’d hear are muffled.”

“Really?” Harry looked up at him quizzically and steered them to a bench so they could sit and talk. “I knew some things might change after we bonded fully, but I didn't realize it'd be this quickly or anything. Or that it'd affect your gift in this way.”

Seeing the anxiousness on his face, Edward sought to calm him, “As much as you consider it a gift, I consider reading minds to be somewhat a burden. I don't mind in the least that this has happened.”

Relieved, Harry let out a deep breath and steered the conversation back to deciding what to do first.

“Alight, so where would you like to head first?” he wondered.

Thinking about it, Edward looked over the booklet they had gotten.

“Why not the Center of History? It'll give us an overview of the island's history and with how small it is, we should be able to see everything before it closes at four.”

“Sounds good. We can grab something to eat before heading back then and just relax,” Harry added with a smile.

Figuring out where it was located, they headed to the history museum, happy just to be with one another.

Harry and Edward soon fell into an easy, relaxing pattern, one that for Harry, he had never experienced before. The only time they did plan ahead was for the Magical and non-magical musical festivals that were taking place on the third and fifth day of their honeymoon. Otherwise, sometimes they would travel to Golden Coral Enclave and from there, see the different marketplaces, as well as Agwé Pathway or explore the natural Magic spots on the island. A couple days were spent on the main islands exploring different areas and one day was spent at a waterpark on Paradise Island. Many hours were just by themselves on their island swimming in the lagoon they had discovered on their first day or relaxing indoors.

However, they made sure to eventually visit the Ruby Moonshire Animal Reserve, where many of the less harmful animals found in Newt's book of Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them and many others could be found. One long day had them seeing artwork, artifacts, old maps, jewelry and gems, old costumes and clothing from different time periods and all different countries at the Guardian Museum. Another day found them exploring the Origins Museum which featured exhibits on various types of transportation, communications, technology, spells and a medicine related area that were invented and improved over the years in the Magical community.

Both museums had featured items from around the world and they had got Harry to thinking about how far things have come in the Magical world. Some countries seemed to have advanced more than others, which lead him to more questions. Eventually, he couldn't contain his curiosity and while getting Shanghai Knights ready to watch, decided to bring up the questions he had for Edward, hoping that what insights he had gained over their honeymoon would help him guide his husband into thinking about a career path he’d enjoy.

“What do you think you’ll do once you graduate high school again? Are you thinking about maybe finding a career or something in the magical community or…?”

Sighing heavily, Edward was silent for a long moment and sat back on the couch before answering, “I've had to be a high school student or take the first couple years of college over and over for so many years it's hard to imagine finally being able to complete a degree. Let alone be able to work in
a field that I would actually enjoy without having to worry about drawing suspicion.”

Thinking out loud, he continued as Harry sat down next to him and faced him, “I think I would love to be able to at least go to college and get a degree. I mean, yes, I have studied some subjects enough where I could have gotten some type of medical degree, like a physician’s assistant or even gotten a degree in the areas of math or English and who knows what else. But I’m honestly not sure what I’d actually like to do. It’s not something I have ever had to think about.”

“Well, what do you love doing or learning about?” Harry asked. “I know you love the piano, maybe you could teach music. Or maybe take why you wanted to join the army as a teen and find something that fits into that?”

“I think I was so fascinated with the thought of join the army just because I saw it as a way to support my country in a respectable and challenge job that could take me places,” Edward speculated out loud. “As a vampire with access to what is equal to a couple dozen life times worth of fortunes that are continually invested, I don't need that. I have plenty to spend on travel or whatever I need or want now. I know I am not passionate enough about history to go into that field, although I believe Jasper is thinking of some sort of career in that. Music is much too personal for me to try and teach or anything. Something sort of low-key and mellow, predictable, but not too predictable, would be up my alley I think.”

Nodding at that, Harry said as he smiled contently, “At least we have a ton of time to decide what, if anything we want to do in life.”

Chuckling, Edward corrected him, “You mean me. You already figured out a career before you had spent sixteen years on the earth!”

Blushing, Harry could only say, “What can I say, I’m an overachiever.”

Rolling his eyes, Edward couldn't help but smile lovingly at him as he said, relief resonating in his voice, “At least after this high school graduation, I no longer need to worry about high school.”

Wrinkling up his face, Harry shuddered, “I could barely get through Hogwarts for the four and a half years I did. I can't imagine repeating it again and again. I swear I’d die of boredom.”

“Let's just say I am glad I developed the ability to write notes while daydreaming or I’d have gone mad,” Edward admitted. “Some of the teachers I've had were horrible and I wonder at times about how they never got fired, let alone got a teaching degree in the first place. Of course, it seems kids are less and less willing with every generation to respect and listen to their teachers which doesn't help.”

“It seems to be different in the magical world in America versus England. After only two years of education, we were forced to choose additional classes that would help us in future careers and honestly, I’m not sure many thirteen-year-olds can decide that. I mean, at least in America, you are required to still take the full courses so if things don't work out or if you change your mind, you have the education needed to pursue a different career. It's also nice that you're allowed independent study as long as you keep up on the regular work and are in schooling longer. It makes a lot more sense.”

Nodding, Edward agreed, “I still don’t know how you are taking so many courses though and still keeping up. I've seen those books and some of them look complicated.”

Grinning, Harry shrugged and admitted, “I studied ahead while at my old school, but didn't let anyone know. I’ve always loved learning too which helps. Not to mention being able to help others in similar situations like mine is a good motivator.”
“I can see that,” Edward acknowledged. “I'm just so proud of you for working so hard.”

Blushing, he buried head in Edward, “It'll still be a while before I become an apprentice though and a few more years after that till I qualify to be on my own.”

“Still, I've been around a lot longer and I can't even imagine what on earth I'd love doing day in and day out.”

“You'll get there,” Harry said confidently. “I wouldn’t be surprised if you already knew, but weren't aware of it.”

Looking surprised, Edward had to ask, “What do you mean?”

Laughing, Harry smiled at him, “Just think about it. What do you like reading about? What have you enjoyed about our trip so far?”

Seeing the look on his face, he swatted him. “Besides that!” he said blushing bright red.

“What can I say,” Edward said with bright, lust-filled eyes drilling into Harry's. “It's very enjoyable…”

At that point, all talking ceased and the two turned towards each other. As Edward shifted Harry onto his lap, Harry opened his lips slightly. Closing the gap, Edward locked onto Harry’s mouth, moving against them slowly and gently at first. Feeling the hold on his neck get tighter, he too secured his arms around Harry’s back more, one near his waist and the other just under his arms. Giving into the increased pressure from his lips, Edward moaned into Harry’s mouth.

Pulling away for a second and looking up at Harry, seeing his flushed face, dilated eyes and wild, lust-filled look to him, he was unable to resist him any longer. Harry moved his head back down, opening his mouth slightly at the unbelievable pleasure shooting through his body.

Oh, Merlin, he thought as Edward ran his tongue over and around his lips before kissing his way down his neck. More, I need more!

Moaning, his hips started thrusting without his consent as Edward began licking his way up Harry’s neck. Finally reaching his mouth, he enveloped Harry in a kiss before breaking away.

“Damn,” Harry groaned, hips thrusting even wilder and harder than before.

Suddenly, Edward’s hands grabbed his ass, causing him to gasp sharply. When his lips tugged on his right earlobe before harshly sucking on them, Harry felt a hot white heat building up inside of him and all too quickly, it spread from his head and his toes, causing him to cry out in need.

Lowering his head down to nip his lips, Edward reached his arms around Harry to squeeze him tight. As the kiss intensified even further, both men began rubbing their hands over each other wherever they could reach. Breathless, the kiss ended momentarily before Edward pushed Harry’s head down and recaptured his lips.

Moaning, Harry swore he was being consumed by fire.

“Edward,” he panted, with desire burning in his eyes. “Please…”

Pushing his shirt up, Edward turned so they were front to front after removing his shirt. Feeling Edward’s hard cock brush his stomach, Harry groaned and reached for Edward’s shirt, his movements shaky from pent-up desire.
“More, please…” he mumbled, unaware he was saying so out loud.

Flipping Harry roughly on his back, Edward latched his mouth on his left nipple before licking his way to the right, sucking them hard before swirling his tongue around them. Feeling Harry arch against him caused his cock to harden further and unable to withstand the pressure more, he unbuttoned his jeans and pushed them down with his boxes. Doing the same for Harry, Edward slowly kissed, sucked and nibbled his way up to Harry’s mouth, stopping to suck his Adam’s apple hard enough to leave an almost purple mark.

Seeing his eyes widen at the feel of his cock against his, Edward leaned down further to relieve some of the pressure building up in both of them. Running his tongue around the outside of his mouth, Edward teased Harry for what seemed like an endless amount of time before giving in and allowing their tongues to play. Soon, too soon for Harry who felt he was on the edge and ready to tip over, Edward began making his way up to his earlobe, sucking on it gently. Crying out, Harry’s hips began thrusting into Edward’s as the heat built up faster and hotter than before. When Edward let go of his ear and eased his body away from his, he moaned in despair.

“Please,” Harry stuttered. “Need…”

Noticing how long, hard, and thick Harry had become, Edward knew it wouldn’t take much more for him to come. Nor would it take much for him to release either. The knowledge that it was his husband who was moaning and writhing beneath him in passion caused something in him to need to protect and possess him. Giving in to his instincts, Edward lunged down onto Harry, thrusting against him, hard and relentless as Harry began thrusting eagerly into him. Each time their hard, throbbing cocks meet they would both cry out. Feeling his nuts beginning to contract and heat envelop him, Edward knew the end was near for him. Wanting Harry to come with him, he began sucking on his earlobe as his fingers pinched and massaged his right nipple.

With a hoarse cry, Harry’s hips suddenly snapped forward harshly while his head arched backward and he shot out his release in a long, colorless rope. Feeling as though his heart was trying to beat out of his chest and as though there was no air in his lungs, he finally stopped coming after a few long minutes. As his body settled down to twitches and small releases of come, Edward at last found his release and collapsed on Harry, completely spent.

“Wow…” Harry finally managed to mutter.

“Agreed,” Edward said panting, trying to move, but as Harry still had his arms and legs wrapped firmly around it him, he found himself stuck. Not that he minded.

“Don’t gotta move,” he told him. “It’s kinda nice.”

Settling down with those words, Edward wrapped his arms back around him and settled his weight more on his side.

“Just don’t want to squish you.”

Laughing at that, he was informed, “Don’t worry, I’ll let you know if I feel any danger from that. Merlin, I just wish we never needed to go back.”

“I know, but we still have a few days before heading back at least,” Edward reminded him as Harry stretched a bit.

Nodding, Harry scooted in closer, sated and content just being with his husband.

“I’m just glad you’re school starts at the same time as mine,” Harry admitted. “I’ve already gotten
used to you being around.”

Smiling as he brushed Harry’s hair back, Edward said, “Same here. And even if I’m not sure what I’ll do after graduating again, at least this time I have time to figure things out. Not to mention, I’ll have a chance at a real career thanks to the magical community.”

“I have faith you’ll figure it out,” Harry gave a grin at him as he said this. “Just remember, think about the things you enjoyed learning about on the trip.”

A confused look came over Edward’s face for a few moments before it cleared up.

“Got it now?” Harry asked, grinning.

“Yeah, well, down to a couple things,” Edward told him, shaking his head. “I can’t believe I didn’t think of the choices sooner.”

“Hey,” soothed Harry. “You’re just not used to actually to knowing what you truly want out of life is possible. I get that. I didn’t think it was possible for me either and it takes a bit to realize you can have what you want out of life.”

Hugging his lover and holding on, Edward thanked him. “I honestly don’t know where I’d be without you.”

Shrugging off the compliment and blushing a bit, Harry confessed, “If it wasn’t for you and your family, I honestly don’t know where I’d be either, so I say things worked out.”

Nodding, Edward grabbed their black silk boxers and once Harry was snuggled up in his arms laying down, he finally started the movie Harry had picked out. Letting out a content sigh, neither one could imagine anything more peaceful or perfect and were determined to spend their last few days just as they had been doing.
I apologize for any errors. My laptop and I are not getting along, so I am stuck using grammar programs I am unfamiliar with :(

I wish to thank all those who have been reading, commenting and sending Kudos. They have been so appreciated, you have no idea!

Black and Cullen Home
Forks, WA
Friday, September 1, 2006

The days since coming home from their honeymoon four days ago were peaceful, but Harry knew it couldn't last with school starting next week. Therefore, he found himself already reading the textbooks and starting assignments whenever possible so he could spend less time during the school year focusing heavily on work. Not that he minded the work so much; with subjects he actually enjoyed and the fact he could work leaning back in the mountain of pillows (which had steadily grown in number in what was dubbed the music lounge), it wasn't difficult to immerse himself in the textbooks. In fact, it seemed to be quickly coming to become a routine, to relax in the music lounge, a favorite place of both his and Edward's, to spend an hour or more together. They’d either listen to music, discussing his homework topics since Edward enjoyed learning just what magic could do to help in regards to the medicine, integrating magic and technology, as well as learning more about the history and culture. If not that, it would be like now, where Harry would be listening to Edward play his baby grand piano while studying. The hour or two spent daily in the lounge was precious to both of them and both knew it would last.

Looking up at the passion and emotions painted on Edward's face, Harry gave a small grin. I don’t know how it's possible to fall more and more in love with someone each day, but it seems to be my new reality. I never get tired of just being with him, even if we aren't interacting. It’s almost as if my being and soul is at peace… And that music he’s composing! It hits me right in the guts.

Feeling Harry's eyes on him as he noted down some changes, Edward kept the smile from his face with great difficulty. Seeing the love and affection that someone had for him still throw him for a loop and he too couldn't help but wonder when he'd stop falling for the man he married. According to his family, although they had each experienced something very similar, it wasn’t nearly as intense and Edward couldn’t help but wonder if it was still the effects of the bond settling between them.

Caught in the intensity of the others eyes, Edward was shocked when an uneasy feeling ran over his being. Noticing the brief flash of panic in Harry's eyes, he was about to voice his concerns when Harry closed his eyes.

“Two vampires tried crossing our wards,” Harry informed him, eyes flashing rapidly behind his lids. “Still attempting to get through.”

Nodding at the report, Edward pulled out his silver Motorola Q cell phone and quickly shot of a text to his family members asking for helping. Following Harry's path, he too slipped into the entrance
tucked away into what appeared to be part of the master bedroom. Climbing silently up the spiral staircase to the widows walk, he paused at the top of the steps, not wanting to startle him, before softly saying Harry's name.

“Harry!” Edward called again a bit louder when he didn’t receive an answer.

Knowing nothing good could come from silence, he braced himself mentally as he took the last few steps to the top. Seeing out the window what had Harry speechless, Edward too, felt his words leave him and all he could do was wrap his arms around Harry. Below was seven vampires, all clearly led by the same tall, blonde headed female who was constantly trying to pass through the boundary wards.

“It'll be okay, help is coming,” Edward reassured Harry, trying to sound confident as possible, but knowing he was failing.

Even with his family's help, if these vampires were indeed sent by someone, it could be a close battle. If more were hiding, well, he really didn't want to think about that. Hearing a text message come through, he slipped the phone from his pocket.

“Everyone is less than a minute a way. We need to open the wards a bit for the wolves.”

“We should get the door open as well,” Harry said flatly, nodding to show he remembered the truce struck up between the Cullens and the Quileute Native American tribe before turning to walk downstairs.

Feeling helpless and unsure what was going through Harry's mind, Edward followed silently, only stopping to let Dobby know what was happening. Not long after his family crossed through the garage door, five wolves came barreling behind them, skidding to a stop in the mudroom. Almost hexing the wolves, he quickly apologized under his breath before muttering a spell to allow them to change into the clothes he now spotted tied around their back legs as they transformed. Still keeping his wand trained on them, Harry nodded to let them know they were safe enough to transformed.

“Jacob Black, head of the Quileute pack,” he introduced himself as he brushed his long black hair back from his face. “So, I heard you have some blood suckers trying to invade here right now?”

“Vampires,” Harry emphasized the word before continuing. “Have tried at the far opposite end of here. There seems to be about seven of them. Two ran right into the wards before they stopped. Now it appears just the leader is trying to find her way through while the rest stay back. I don’t know if they are anymore or why they are here.”

Turning to Alice, he questioned, “Do you think this is the group of nomads you saw in that vision?”

“It could well, although as I said, I never got a fix on them,” she answered helpless, knowing it wasn’t the one he wanted.

However, as she had informed Edward and Harry when they came back, for some reason, she couldn’t get a fix on who the group coming to their area was nor did she have any other clues to help. Normally, in the past, when nomads had past by or through the area their family was living in, all the Cullens needed to do was to approach the group and it would get around to other nomads. This time however, despite the Cullens and the Quileute wolves being forced to kill three of the five nomads that attacked hikers, she still kept seeing a larger group coming. Hopefully, this was the group so they all could find answers and find a way to stop more from coming into their area.

Nodding, Harry leaned against Edward, clearly at a loss as to how to approach this. He didn't have
experience dealing with vampires aside from the Cullens and didn’t believe the information he had acquired about ‘vegetarian’ vampires from his textbooks would be much use in the case.

“If I may,” Carlisle spoke up hesitantly. “We would all be protected by your wards until we crossed them, correct?”

“Yes, I made sure of that when we changed them,” Harry said, confusion written on his face. “The only reason the five others could enter behind you was because I could make a temporary opening allowing passage through the area everyone entered. I closed it immediately afterwards.”

“I take it than that you can sense your wards, the boundaries and whatnot?”

“Yes, and Edward might be able to as well, although his ability won't as good as mine yet.”

“Than why not stay within the wards and inform them of the consequences should they not leave the area,” Carlisle suggested. “It would definitely help considering the size of our group and with Jacob and his packs help to do so.”

Biting his lip, Harry looked up to see what Edward thought of the idea. Shrugging to show he really didn't know what else to do or say, but was behind whatever he choose, Harry sighed heavily. As he listened to the various points for and against the idea, he figured Edward had the right idea. There really was no other good ideas and five long minutes later, and several more attempts to get inside his and Edward's home, Harry had had enough.

“Alright! Clearly there are both good and bad points,” Harry broke in. “Who is in favor of Carlisle idea?”

Seeing the majority raise their hands, he nodded sharply, “Okay, that's what we'll do unless someone else has a better idea.” Waiting for a few moments and hearing nothing, Harry stated, “Anyone who doesn't want to come, don't feel bad for staying here or leaving, although staying here might be safer for now.”

At that, protests came from all present against staying behind before Carlisle reigned everyone in and got the location of the nomads from Harry. Transforming outside, the wolves split so three of them were on one side of the Cullen/Black family and two on the other. Leading the group was Harry with Edward close to his side; the nearer the group came within sightline, the tenser everyone became until it was almost a relief to spot the vampire nomads a half mile away. Stepping up their pace, the Cullens and Quileute pack stopped a little less than thirty feet away from the boundries.

“Why are you trying to invade our land?” Harry spoke up loudly, his wand out but still hidden from sight.

“Yours?” the blonde hair leader nearly snarled out the words. “We were told this area was prime hunting group, free to roam.”

“It's not,” he pointed out bluntly. “This area, along with Forks and the surrounding area is our area.”

Laughing harshly, one of the vampires, the second in command, if Harry had to guess, chose to speak, “How, you are but a human with human companions and wolves.”

“Not just a human, nor are these just humans or wolves,” Harry smirked as he began tearing down their delusions, knowing their senses were cut off due to his wards. “I myself am a wizard and come from the Incubus race. I was strong enough to place a ward around here so only those I choose can enter. These so-called humans are my family, as well as vampires, all with exceptional gifts themselves that give them an edge over normal vampires.”
Seeing the widening of the leader's eyes and uncertainties beginning to take over, Harry delivered what would hopefully send them off and warn others who dare encroach on his area. “And these are most certainly not pet wolves. They are true shapeshifters from a long line who exist to protect their land and people from vampires such as ourselves who are out for human blood.

“Now, tell me, who sent you and where did you come from? Are there more of you? Did you send others ahead of you?” he demanded, unaware of the fact that he was radiating with power, causing the wind to pick up and the earth to tremble slightly underneath the nomad group.

“We came from up north,” the leader said quickly, starting to wish to be anywhere but here as she felt this wizard's power. “We came on the word of another nomad, I don't know who they are. I had sent my scouts ahead but they didn’t return.”

Nodding, Harry replied, “I will give you one chance to flee. If I find that you or anyone connected to you is in this state again, I will hunt you down. Understand?”

“Wha... what about the wolves?” the one Harry dubbed the second in command asked meekly.

“I have no control over them, so I suggest you run fast,” Harry said, raising a hand and shoo them away, only to watch in amazement as the group stumbled back as if hit simultaneously.

Watching as they turned and fled, he let out a huge sigh of relief and started to collapse, only to be caught by Edwards. Confused, he looked up to his husband as he regained his footing.

“Did I have something to do with that?” he asked in wonderment, feeling almost drained for what seemed to be no reason.

“I believe so, love,” Edward said gently, hugging him tightly as he felt the slight tremors his words caused.

“But... how... why now?” rattled off Harry.

“I believe it may be due to your Cambion nature,” Alice told him with a slight grin. “You were protecting your home and family, so I’m guessing it caused your natural instincts to surge.”

Staring at her with questions eyes, Harry tried to form words but was startled as the wolves howled. Looking around, he hadn’t even noticed they had chased after the nomads. Shrugging, he turned back towards Alice.

Before he could even open his mouth, she shrugged and stated calmly, “Since you and Edward bonded, I've been able to see flashes of things related to your Cambion side.”

“As well other things as well, I’m sure,” he rolled his eyes at her innocent looked and scoffed. “So, you saw this, potential, or whatever?”

“Something along those lines, enough that I'm not surprised,” she chirped happily at him.

Shaking his head at him, Harry turned back to look at his husband, “What are we supposed to do with her?”

Laughing, Edward wisely kept his mouth shut and instead suggested they head back. Feeling the urge to rest and eat, although unsure which was the priority, Harry quickly agreed and invited the rest of their family back with them. As everyone wasn't quite sure the nomads were gone yet, they all headed back to the house where Dobby had a meal waiting for them. Hopefully, within the next couple hours they would hear back from Jacob and know for sure the nomads had fled.
Moody

Chapter Notes

First of all, thank you all for your kind words and patience! I finally am able to write again, although it is taking a while. Sorry about that. Between everything going on...getting paperwork done for help with rent this year, yet more paperwork, starting PT, and dealing with the fact my brain is fogged in, writing is difficult. I am hoping to be able to figure out and post the next few chapters after this while I am babysitting my parents dog while their on vacation.
Also, please note this was completed on my tablet, so although I have used some grammar and spelling checks, I wasn't able to use the best free ones and there will likely be errors.

After the nomadic vampires had been chased half-way through Canada thanks to the Quileute tribe, Edward had hopes for peace to return to the Black-Cullen household. He knew with school starting up again for both of them, there would be less time to spend together considering the workload his husband had decided to take on. However, he honestly wasn't prepared for the moods Harry fell into quickly or how much Harry began isolating himself. With each passing week, things seem to deteriorate further and further between them until Edward began feeling as though he was an unwelcome guest in the house. Dobby was even noticing the issues along with the growing distanced and was starting to be affected by everything after a month. Finally, realizing he was over his head and needed help, Edward turned to the one person he thought might be able to guide him.

“All Harry seems to do is report into school as needed and then hole himself up into his study upstairs. I can tell through our bond that something is clearly off with him, that he's stressed out and anxious as well, but I have no idea what is going on or what changed,” Edward confessed to Carlisle after putting up with nearly five weeks of this behavior.

Pacing around the Cullen's living room, he sighed before slumping into the armchair across from his father. “Dobby keeps mentioning to me that although he has been bringing Harry up meals and snacks, he barely touches most of it. He’s also staying up late and getting up early to the point where he is barely sleeping. You can even tell it isn't enough just by looking at him just how sleep deprived he has become."

“Anything else you’ve noticed?”

Thinking about it, Edward ran his hands through his hair in frustration, “Besides barely talking to either me or Dobby? If I had to guess, I’d say he's starting to lose weight. His moods are horrible, the littlest things can set him off, otherwise it seems he is almost depressed or something. It all seems to be getting worse and on top of that, Harry almost seems to avoid us, almost like he's afraid of us finding out about something… What that might be, I have no clue. There's just something I can't put my finger on that seems completely off with him, I can just sense it.”

Sighing heavily, Edward shook his head, “I don’t know, maybe I'm paranoid or something, but…”

“I would listen to your instincts,” Carlisle stopped him from expressing further doubts. “You tend to have good instincts that don't steer you wrong and if something feels off, it's worth at least talking about it. Then, when you take into account that the bond is allowing you an insight into Harry's
moods and or thoughts, that there is even more reason to listen to your instincts, however unclear or uncertain you may think they may seem.”

Nodding, Edward looked up from gazing at the floor and wondered where they should start.

“First of all, what is Harry taking this semester?”

“Let’s see, he is taking seventh grade Language Arts, sixth grade math, and sixth or seventh grade science. I can’t remember which one. Besides those, he is also taking a NEWT level Herbology course, Magical and Non-Magical Culture and History, Magical and Non-Magical Healing Level Two Program, Magical Beings and Creatures Studies, as well as a NEWT level course called Defensive, Protective, and Offensive Magic,” Edward listed.

Shocked at the number and variety of subjects Harry was trying to complete, Carlisle raised an eyebrow and said almost impassively, “That sounds like an awful lot of work and I don’t even know what most of those classes would entail. Is it as much as I fear?”

“Basically, the culture and history course is similar to any other history and social studies class I’ve taken recently. The main difference from what I understand is that Harry is learning both the magical and non-magical side of everything. As far as the healing courses go, he is starting to gain basic medical knowledge, at least that is what it appears to me from what I’ve read in his course books,” Edward explained with a shrug.

After seeing Carlisle motion to continue, he continued, “I believe Harry may start learning some procedures that are a bit like advanced first-aid and then near the end of the semester, will be what is close to level one EMT training. Either that, or the more complex training begins next semester, I’m not too clear on that. Again, I’m sure both Magical and non-magical means will be used.

“The Magical Beings and Creatures Studies seems to focus on American laws mainly in relation to each creature being. It also studies the physiology and anatomy of each different being and creature. I believe there may be more involved, but truth be told, I got kind of lost half-way through the text,” Edward sheepishly admitted, rubbing his neck. “I do know this semester is a bit more involved than the last though. As far as the last course, I honestly am not too sure what it entails. Harry just said it mainly will teach him how to fight and protect himself using magic in addition to teaching him how to keep safe at home. I think it has to do with wards and such.”

Shaking his head, Carlisle sighed, “And all of this was approved by the teachers and his social worker?”

“Supposedly,” Edward shrugged helplessly. “I think he could have taken more if he wished to since the students choose what to learn and when at this level of schooling but Harry decided this was enough. The only reason Harry would have to reduce his work load would be if he wasn’t keep up or maintaining the grades he needed for his career.”

“And no one has said anything or questioned how stressful he appears to be?” he asked in disbelief.

“Not to my knowledge. Then again, Cat has reduced her visits to every other month now considering everything and Harry isn’t required at school daily, so they may not be aware of it.”

“Why is that even allowed? It sounds as though that much could be the main contributing factor as to what is effecting Harry.”

Rolling his eyes, Edward said with a hint of jealously coating his voice, “According to Harry, since three of his subjects are non-magical, he’s able to study at his own pace as long as he takes a test
monthly to monitor how well he is learning the material. He can always get a tutor if needed, but otherwise, until he catches up to the others his age, this is how the Senault family has decided to handle it. There is also the fact that since he is taking some different subjects than are typically offered, he usually goes in two or three days a week. I guess since there aren't as many private school teachers in those subjects, so the teachers come for a half a day before moving to another private school.”

Smiling a bit at the clear envy Edward had that Harry only had school part-time, Carlisle pointed out, “Just remember, in two years, after graduating from high school this time, you won't need to return thanks to the opportunities in the magical world.”

“I know,” he agreed. “But it still doesn't solve what I am supposed to do about whatever between is happening between Harry and I right now.”

Sobering at that, Carlisle thought over everything he had learned from Edward. Certainly, it appeared school was one of the contributing factors and so, unable to come up with any reason other than Harry being overworked and stressed, he told Edward the best thing to do was confront Harry.

“Just stay calm and let him know you are concerned that he isn't taking the time to relax and care for himself. Let him know that you miss him,” he suggested. “If possible, try to do so when he isn’t so busy and has time to actually hear what you are saying. Also, listen to him as well. Don’t accuse, order him around, or demand what he can’t give you. Remember, his schoolwork is incredibly important and with his history, it is possible he hasn’t learned how to prioritize correctly yet. Let him know you’re willing to help set a schedule if he is open to it.”

“Alright, I'll try,” Edward agreed, knowing that it would be easier said than done.

Standing up and walking to the back door, he thanked Carlisle for everything.

“It’s what I'm here for,” he reassured his oldest son as he smiled and patted him the back. “Good luck and if you need to talk again, let me know. Otherwise, I'll see you two in a few days for our weekly dinner.”

Nodding, Edward stepped out and ran back to his house, hoping that there would be time today yet to talk to Harry. He hated being at odds with him and despite living with him, missed Harry something fierce as they hadn't had time together in weeks. Unfortunately, Harry had once again blocked him from his office with magic and it wasn't until two days later that he finally had the ability and correct timing to step into the office. Painted with a Swiss Coffee Cream color, it off-set the rich mahogany L-shaped desk placed in front of the window. Sitting down on the small light grey tufted wingback loveseat in front of the desk, Edward watched as Harry seemingly remained oblivious to his presence.

For ten minutes straight, Edward sat silently, not daring to move considering how frantically Harry seemed to be writing. Only on occasions was there a brief glance towards a book or what he assumed to be notes. Amazed at the fact Harry barely slowed down writing, Edward was at a loss as to why Harry seemed to be so frantic. Gathering his courage and keeping in mind what Carlisle had told him, Edward cleared his throat.

Seeing Harry jump a bit, he quickly apologized, “I’m sorry for interrupting. I was just hoping to talk with you for a bit.”

“I'm busy,” Harry snapped at him with a slight glare.

“I know,” he said calmly. “But I haven't been able to talk to, really talk to you, in quite some time. I
miss it and to be honest, I am worried about you as well.”
“I'm fine,” came a somewhat distant reply as Harry’s eyes wandered back down to his papers.

“I've noticed you're not eating or sleeping as much as you used. You're also almost always working on something and don't seem to slow down or take breaks,” Edward went on calmly, wincing inside at the look he was given. “I love you too much to not speak up, even if you are angry at me for doing so.”

“Well, excuse me for not devoting my every waking second to you,” Harry said sarcastically. “I had no idea you were so needy.”

“It's not that,” Edward said a bit harshly. “I'm worried that you're going overboard with everything and pushing yourself too hard.”

“I am not!”

“Then when was the last time you ate a full meal? Got a full night’s rest? Took a break and had fun?” challenged Edward.

Growling in frustrating, Harry pushed the rolling leather desk chair away from the desk and headed for the door. Quickly stopping him, Edward grasped onto Harry’s arms and forced him to look at him.

“Look, get with angry at me, yell at me, I don’t care. Just tell me…why are you doing this to yourself?”

Grunting, Harry pulled away, “You wouldn’t get it!”

“Maybe, maybe not. But I can’t help if you won’t say anything.” Sighing heavily as minutes passed in silence, Edward tried again. Softly, he pleaded, “Please, just tell me what is wrong?”

“I'm an idiot, okay! Are you happy now!” he yelled, pacing by the window, feeling caged in and trapped.

“What on earth do you mean?” Edward wondered.

“I am sixteen years old and I can’t figure out this stupid arse math that twelve year olds have figured out!” Harry gestured to the desk where his books and homework was piled up as he ranted. “On top of that, this English shit is beyond confusing what with trying to remember all the stupid grammar rules and reading all the damn time!”

Walking over to Harry, Edward enveloped him a hug and just held on until he felt his husband finally relax some. Steering him over to the loveseat, he pulled Harry next to him and tilted his head up.

“Look, you have ever right to be frustrated and confused. It isn't easy the first time you learn these things,” he soothed. “I may not really remember how well I did as a human, but I do know that if it wasn’t for the fact that us vampires have near perfect memories, I never would have passed the first time. Hell, even with that ability, I struggled the first couple times I went through some of the classes. Such as with the history classes since what they taught didn’t line up with what I witnessed. Then there is the fact that for some people, things tend not to make sense right away! but it doesn’t make you stupid.

“If you discount those classes and focus on the Magical classes, you're doing well, am I right?”
“Yeah,” agreed Harry reluctantly.

“Probably are figuring those out fairly quickly and you're at least on par with where you should be?”

Shrugging, Harry didn't answer, not wanting to admit that it was typically the case as he had feeling where this was going.

“If you truly were as stupid as you thought you were, you wouldn’t catch on so quickly to those subjects,” Edward pointed out. “Everyone has their strengths and weaknesses. Plus, you never went above a fifth grade level, am I correct?”

“I'm not sure. In England, I went to Year 5,” he admitted, curling up next to Edward, feeling relief at being able to get some of his worries off his mind.

“That would be a fourth grade level here,” Edward figured out quickly, familiar with both the United States and United Kingdom's school systems.

“Considering how much you need to catch up, you are doing extraordinarily well. You've already tested and passed through two levels of English and at least one of science, as well as one level of math. That's in less than a year! I know I am proud of you and you should be as well.”

Blushing, Harry buried his face in Edward's chest, refusing to acknowledge the chuckle he heard and felt from his husband.

“Still hate this,” he muttered, not wanting to admit that Edward might be right.

“I don't blame you,” Edward said, rubbing his back. “It will take time to catch up though and it doesn’t matter how long it takes. It's not as if we don’t have eternity to waste.”

A weak smile appeared on his face at that, “True. Still, I hope I’m still not on my secondary education for years beyond when I should have graduated. Stupid government rules about getting a non-magical diploma on top of a Magical one.”

Not wanting to upset Harry as he was finally calmed and fell half-way asleep, Edward just made a noise of agreement. Happy when he finally fell asleep, Edward picked him up and tucked him in bed before crawling in next to him, hopeful the peace would last.

As Harry woke early the next morning, he stretched out the best he could consider Edward had wrapped himself around him. Smiling not only at the possessiveness but also at the fact that for once he wasn't feeling too off, he glanced up and greeted his husband with a softly spoken, “Morning.”

“Morning, love,” Edward smiled warmly back, tightening his hold briefly for a bit before releasing Harry. “Sleep well?”


“I’m glad.”

“You do know I still can't just laze around or whatever right?” asked Harry, walking back from the bathroom. Flopping down, he gave into the urge to curl up with Edward again until the Invigoration Draught started to work. Biting his lip, he told Edward nervously, “I get I need to slow down a bit but I do love school. Well, except for those general Non-Mag ones. I find them fascinating and I don't want to give any of them up.”

“I'd never expect you to, but I do hope that you actually take breaks and pace yourself before you
collapse,” Edward told him. “If you keep going at the rate you have been, it will happen sooner rather than later and I don’t want to see that happen to you.”

Sighing heavily, Harry rolled on his back, loving the fact that Edward still held onto him and began rubbing Edward’s left arm in appreciation.

“I guess I’m just too used to doing whatever needs to be done without thinking ahead too much, you know?” he said, thinking out loud. “Not having anyone one around who really cared much about what I did unless it was for their purpose, I guess I’m not used to looking after myself.”

Muttering under his breath so low and fast that Harry wasn’t able to catch it, Edward straddled Harry and caged his head between his arms.

“Well, things have changed for the better now. You not only have me and Dobby here but my family, well, our family, is here for you as well,” he promised. “I guarantee anything you need or want, just let us know and we will do our best to get it or help you. We also plan on making sure you’re well taken care of and loved no matter what.”

Grinning happily, Harry leaned forward and pulled his husband’s head down to envelop him in a soft, slow kiss. As Edward’s soft, silky lips guided Harry’s slightly chapped ones, both sighed as the tension between them melted away. Resting more of his weight on his husband, Edward pulled away for a few moments, allowing Harry to catch his breath before tangling his hands in his long hair and began kissing him with all the passion and love he felt. Tracing Harry’s lips with his tongue, he fought back a groan as he was let in and their tongues began dancing together. With each passing moment, the heat and desire grew higher and higher until neither one could stand the heat burning between them.

As his body moved without his consent, Harry begged Edward to touch him, take what was his and do whatever he wanted. Just so long as he touched him and didn't stop.

“Anything, huh?” Edward asked with a mischievous grin, thinking of how to pay him back.

“Yes, please, anything!” Harry implored, shifting in hopes of getting closer to the enticing scent that was radiating even more strongly than normal and slowly driving him out of his mind.

Giving into his lover’s demands, a flash of satisfaction flooded Edward when Harry melted into the bed with a half-sigh, half-grunt of satisfaction as he finally slid his hands under the t-shirt, massaging every inch of skin his hands encountered. Sitting up just enough to help get rid of it, then helping Edward discard his, Harry quickly began to caress the silky skin as his lips nipped at random areas. Moaning, Edward felt as though his sense of self-control was leaving him quickly and pushed Harry back on the bed before tearing off both of their pajama pants. With that accomplished, he scooted downwards and without warning, sucked Harry’s semi-hard cock into his throat. Ginning at the surprised shout and the small thud as Harry landed on his back, Edward quickly fell into a rhythm of driving his husband to the brink of insanity. In what seemed like endless minutes to Harry as he was first tortured with a cool, wet mouth that devoured his shaft before that same mouth sucked him hard as it came up. Edward then swirled his tongue around his cock as he made his way to the base and back up. Once reaching the tip, he dipped his tongue into the slit over and over again before sucking up the leaking precome. It wasn't long until Harry was achingly hard and dying to come.

Just as Harry felt as though he would finally gain relief, Edward pulled completely off and away, ignoring the pumping hips and squeezed the base of his cock. Ignoring the yelps, whimpers, and frustrated mutterings, Edward started the process again until he was forced to back off once again or risk Harry coming.
This time, when he felt Harry had calmed enough, Edward grabbed the lube from the bedside table and placed it next to Harry's left hip. Letting go of his shaft, he made sure a spaced-out Harry uttered the correct spells before grabbing his husband's ass and squeezing it while lifting it up and placing his face directly in front of it. Opening Harry's ass cheeks further to show him the hole, he made sure to tighten his grip on Harry before licking from the perineum and hole. Ignoring the whimpering and pleading, Edward licked up and down the pucker, side to side, before swirling his tongue around and around before suddenly plunging it into the hole. Feeling incredibly satisfied with the howl he caused, Edward pulled out and after a few more licks around and across did so again. Circling his tongue inside and jabbing deeper, he pulled out a bit before starting over.

Seeing the quivering mess Harry had become as well as how close he was to coming, Edward was forced to squeeze Harry's cock to stop him from coming too soon as he wanted to push him to his limit. Applying a bit of lube on his right index finger, he gently pushed it inside next to his tongue. Stretching out Harry's hole slowly, Edward took his time before nudging his other index finger and slowly pulling them apart to tease Harry more with his tongue by going deeper.

Feeling the slight tremors and hearing the pleasured groans Harry couldn't seem to stop making, he slowly took his tongue out. Licking and sucking at Harry's sack, Edward replaced his left index finger with his right middle one. Quickly easing the third finger, he noticed Harry was too far gone to notice or care. His mission to drive Harry to the brink was more than successful and Edward felt an odd sense of accomplishment at seeing his lover lost in pleasure and being only able whimper to and plead at random times for more.

Coating his cock, Edward eased his fingers out and with one hard thrust, was finally deep inside Harry. Giving Harry a moment to adjust just in case it was needed, Edward then slowly pulled out until the tip of his shaft was stretching Harry's hole open. This time, Harry did cry out, wrapping his legs around Edward's hips as he did so. In a blink of an eye, Harry had yanked Edward down while raising his hips up sharply then dropped back down on the bed, repeating this cycle over and over as he tried to take control from a stunned Edward.

Flipping them around so he was on his back, Edward held onto Harry's waist and watched as his mate began rising up and once his cock was almost out, would let his hips slam down harshly, causing both of them to groan with pleasure. With each push, the moans and whimpers grew louder, though at this point, neither knew who they were coming from. All Edward knew was that his cock wrapped in that tight, warm heat was driving him insane and there was no way he could stop himself from thrusting up hard each time Harry came down. Harry only knew sharp bliss as on each pass, his prostate was hit and needing more, he drove himself downwards as hard and as fast as he could. Before either realized it, they were screaming out an incredibly powerful release…one that caused Harry to collapse on Edward and both to tremble, unable to move for several minutes.

Finally regaining his breath after a long five minutes, Harry looked up from where he was lying on Edward and still out of breath and trembling slightly, panted, “Whoa. That was intense.”

“Very,” Edward agreed with an impish smile while pushing back some of Harry's sweaty hair. Glancing at the clock, he groaned, “As much as I hate to do this, we both have to get going. School is starting soon.”

“Do I have to?” whined Harry, wanting more than anything to just fall asleep.

Lifting him up and carrying him into the bathroom where he sat him on the shower bench, Edward nodded. “It is if you don't want to fall behind.”

Sighing heavily, Harry nodded and stepped under the shower head Edward turned on, allowing his husband to wash him. Glad to see the change of attitude, Edward couldn’t stop smiling and hoping
that things would at last get back on track.

Unfortunately, despite the wonderful morning and Harry’s seemingly determination not to allow school to completely rule his life anymore, within a few days, things started falling apart again when Gringotts sent out letters. Feeling hopeless once again, Edward decided to wait a few more days before bringing anything up, in the hopes their life would start returning to normal. It was a decision he would end up regretting.
It seemed Harry was drowning himself in endless work, refusing to get enough sleep, and wouldn't eat proper meals. Harry’s moods changed quicker than before; although depression and anger seemed to be the main mood setting, he would suddenly become energized or lethargic for no reason. Becoming more and more concerned about Harry’s state of mind and well-being, Edward observed him even more closely and what he saw not only puzzled him, but deeply concerned him as well.

Although Harry tried to hide whatever was going on, and at times did so quite well, as a vampire, Edward could see that at times he would need to fight to regain his balance for no apparent reason or run into things. There was also a slight tremor that he detected, as well as what appeared to be frequent headaches based on the winces, aversion to sunlight, and how Harry kept massaging his temples. It seemed as each day passed, Harry was a bit worse off physically than the last and Edward kept sensing as though something more was occurring than he could detect. What was wrong was beyond him and even their family had no idea on how to help; it got to the point that Jasper had to avoid him for his own sake as his empathetic senses spiraled out of control around Harry. All Alice could advise is that it would be wise to continue monitoring him as she hadn't seen anything happening.

Huffing as the so-called advice repeated itself once again in his head as he again watched Harry struggling with whatever homework was consuming his attention, Edward finally snapped after eleven days of seeing Harry go downhill and barged into the office.

“I thought we agreed you would take it easier,” he stated in a tone louder than he had intended.

Glaring at him, Harry shook his head before trying to hide the wince it caused.

“No,” he hissed between his teeth. “I said I would try. And that was before all that stuff from Gringotts came in a while ago. If I hadn’t done that right away and gotten it back it, there could have been serious consequences considering stupid Dumbledore.”

“What do you mean?”

Sighing, Harry put it bluntly, “He filed a motion saying I was too young to be emancipated either part-way or completely. He also is saying that there was never proper will reading conducted so my inheritance isn't mine and fines should be assessed at the very least. Worst case, my entire inheritance should be forfeited to the British government for fraud. On top of that, due to my citizenship and refugee status in America, Dumbledore is trying to revoke my seats on the Wizengamot, which is basically the British version of a Congress. Finally, there are hints or threats, whatever you want to call them, that I would soon be charged and extradited for the murder of a fellow classmate if I didn't cooperate and return on my own.”
Outrage, Edward’s fists began squeezing together as his anger grew. Seeing this, Harry waved it off, “It’s just a bunch of bullshit. He’s just running scared and broke most likely. Besides, he just wants his tool back for a war, which I don’t understand in the first place!”

“Still…” Edward started speaking, concerned over the influence this man seemed to have.

“Still nothing,” Harry stated firmly. “I got the paperwork done and filled out and sent in. It’s nothing to worry about right now and the goblins should be able to handle it. What I do have to worry about is catching up on the schoolwork I missed the last four days trying to sort through the delusions of Dumbassdore!”

Sighing, Edward sat down heavily on the couch and approached the real reason he was here, “I can tell you feel like crap. You aren’t going to get better pushing yourself so hard.”

“I’m fine,” he said, already distracted with his Herbology assignment.

“No, you aren’t!” argued Edward. “You’re shaking half the time, you keep stumbling and seem to have trouble balancing and then there’s the fact you act like you have headaches more often than not! On top of that, your moods are swinging faster than a pendulum. You’re eating even less and you barely even drink enough to keep hydrated anymore.”

Throwing his pen down, Harry huffed and asked, “What the fuck do you expect me to do? Drop everything cause of a stupid cold or whatever?”

“Yes!”

“No happening!” Harry more or less growled out, standing slowly in hopes he wouldn’t sway this time.

“You can barely stand without wobbling and holding onto the desk,” Edward pointed out, wincing as he realized the instance he said that he should have kept his mouth shut.

Letting out a wordless yell, Harry Apparated without warning much to Edward’s shock. Scared of what could happen considering the state Harry was in, he quickly informed Carlisle just in case before letting the rest of his family know.

“Hopefully that stubborn git will be back soon or go to one of them,” Edward grumbled, hiding his unease.

Knowing it was useless to stick around Harry’s study, he went to the music lounge to play his baby grand piano, desperate for anything to keep his mind off the growing unease.

Beyond angry at everything for reasons he couldn’t even understand, Harry was relieved to see hardly anyone was shopping at the Thriftway when he Apparated into the parking lot. Flopping onto the bench outside the store, he debated what to do, but kept circling back to the argument.

Edward has no right at all to tell me what to do, he thought angrily. I’m an adult according to the system and they wouldn’t have given me that status if they weren’t sure I could take care of myself. Besides which, I’ve seen more than my share of life than most. So what if I’m not a hundred percent? I’m still mostly human and will get sick. Why the hell should he care if I got a cold or whatever? I’m dealing just fine…

Well, apart from this stupid dizziness and headache…and motion sickness, Harry reluctantly acknowledged to himself. Beyond that, its just a cold, well, maybe the flu considering the nausea. Whatever it is, it'll go away.
Nodding sharply to himself, he suppressed the wince when a sharp pain pierced through his head. Grumbling to himself, he carefully got up from the bench, hoping to Merlin that the dizziness wouldn't get any worse.

*Once I get something to eat, I'll feel better.*

Sighing when the dizziness increased and threw off his sense of balance further, he looked out of the side of his eyes to see how far it was to the grocery store. Determined that a cold or the start of the flu wouldn't stop him, Harry slowly made his way inside, getting a cart for something to lean on as things that should have been stationary began moving. Repeating to himself that he just needed some bread, yogurt, bananas, grapes, cereal, and a ton more of those pre-made frozen smoothies along with some sort of juice, he never noticed a young teenage girl around his age come up to him.

“Hi, is there anything I can help you with?” she asked with concern lacing through voice.

Startled, Harry breathed as deep as he could to calm his racing heart and was dismayed to find that it wasn’t as easy as it was even a few minutes ago. Refusing to think about it further, he took in the six foot teen with light brown hair and light brown eyes. Sensing that she was likely harmless, Harry gave off a tight smile.

“I'm fine, thanks...Angela,” he told her dismissively after reading her Thriftway store name tag.

Nodding, Angela went back to her check out lane, keeping an eye on the teen as something seemed off with him. This wasn't the first time she had seen him in the store, but he had always appeared to be in good health. Besides the fact there was a breathless quality to his voice, his walk seemed incredibly awkward. It was almost as though he couldn’t determine where or how to place his feet; it also seemed to be a struggle to not run into anything. On top of that, Angela wasn't sure that this guy could full stand up without the help of the shopping cart.

Keeping an eye on him as much as possible while returning to her duties as a checkout clerk, she wasn't too surprised when, after rounding a second aisle, the young man cut the corner short. Much to her and Harry's dismay, this threw him off balance and when the cart bounced backwards from the impact, Harry was shoved into the nearby shelves.

Swearing at the turn of events, Harry at first hoped to Merlin no one witnessed what happened. When his breathing caused even more chest pain and he couldn't draw in a full breathe no matter how hard he tried, Harry began rethinking that wish. With dread mounting and both grey and black spots formed in his eyes, his last coherent thought was that he hoped someone was nearby enough to notice. Unable to stop the inevitable, the last thing Harry saw as his body collapsed was the worker rushing over.

“Sir, sir?” Angela called frantically while moving the cart out of the way and kneeling down next to Harry. “If you can hear me, a co-worker is calling for help, so just stay still. Help will be here soon.”

Checking him over for injuries, she kept talking when she saw his eyes fluttering and trying to open, “I don’t see anything wrong, like bleeding or anything. That’s a good thing in my book. It would be even better if you could wake up.”

Hearing a soft groan, she was hopeful that the young man may be waking but was startled when his body starting shaking as though he had been in the cold way too long. Asking for some toilet paper, Angela quickly put the packets around his head to help reduce the risk of injury. Hearing the siren pulling up to the store, she sighed in relief as her first aid skills had never been needed or tested before.
“What do we have?” Ethan, one of the paramedics questioned, taking Angela's place besides Harry.

“This guy came and he didn't look so good. He kind of looked almost like he had the flu or something but I noticed he had trouble walking. I went up to see if I could help, but he didn't seem to hear or notice me at first,” Angela described as the medics were taking Harry's vital signs. “He also didn’t seem to be breathing too well, but brushed me off, so I just kept an eye on him. He somehow tripped, ran the cart pretty hard into the corner and when it came back at him, he just, well, collapsed.”

“Was he shaking like this before?” Marcus, the second paramedic, asked while getting a glucose reading.

“Umm, no,” she said. “I mean, he was kind of shaky and all, but not this bad.”

Nodding their thanks, the paramedics tried getting answers from their patient, but as much as Harry tried, all he could do was stare up at them through partly open lids. Hearing them talk, he tried focusing on their words, but it was harder than finding and grabbing onto the Snitch while defending the goals during Quidditch.

All he could do is lay there trembling as his shirt was cut away and sticky pads were placed on his chest so his heart could be monitored. At the same time, the other paramedic hooked Harry up to a nose canal for oxygen. Feeling them lift him onto a gurney, he couldn’t help but moan as nausea and pain rolled through his body. Closing his eyes until he was in the ambulance, Harry hoped that he would be allowed to sleep. Instead, Marcus kept talking, trying to get him to respond as he calmly inserted an IV of saline solution while Ethan pulled away. Ignoring the questions and nudges as his vitals were taken once again, Harry let the report Marcus was giving to Forks General Hospital wash over him. He was simply too worn out, too tired, and in too much pain, and had reached the point of no longer caring.

Over hearing the description of the young man without identification that was given to Dr. Melinda Douglass, his main boss and the head of the ER, Carlisle realized who was likely was in the ambulance. Going over, he had her ask if the teen had a scar in the shape of a lightening bolt on his forehead, he waited anxiously for the answer.

Once the radio was cut off, Carlisle spoke up, “I know the young man. His name is Harry and I've treated him before. If you don't mind, I would like to take his case.”

Relieved when Melinda allowed it, Carlisle headed out to the ambulance bay, texting Esme about the situation. He knew Edward would want to come see Harry but he also knew that it would be better to wait a while and hoped Emse could reason with his oldest son. He also sent off messages to Alice and Catherine just in case. Stashing his phone in his pocket as the ambulance rolled up, Carlisle opened the door before the paramedic inside could do so.

Wincing inwardly, he couldn’t believe the sight of Harry…not only were the tremors still present despite having 10 mg of diazepam, his breathing was still labored. With his increased hearing, Carlisle could detect that Harry's heart was working at a little over one and a half times what it should. All this was noted within a couple blinks of an eye before Harry was taken into Trauma Room 2.

“What were his vitals?” Charsile questioned quickly as he went about gathering new ones with the help of the nurse.

“Blood pressure was 170 over 115, pulse was about 140, respirations 43, oxygen stats at 94%, temperature 100.8 degrees,” Marcus rattled off as he helped Ethan transfer the cardiac leads to the
hospital monitors and hook up the oxygen to the hospital's supply.

“Still about the same yet,” muttered Charsile. “Any other information?”

“Nothing new.”

“Alright, thanks,” he said, dismissing them before placing his fingers inside Harry's limp one. “Harry, can you hear me? It's Carlisle, I need you to squeeze my hand if you can hear me. Come on, just squeeze them.

“Good, that's good,” he praised, reassured by the weak grip. “Can you tell me what you are feeling?”

Dismayed when a couple minutes passed and Harry's didn’t even attempt to vocalize anything, he moved on with his exam. Flashing his penlight to test the pupil reaction of Harry's somewhat glazed and half-mast eyes, he apologized quickly when Harry flinched harshly. Explaining what was happening as he quickly checked his ears, throat and ran his hands over various areas of Harry's body, Carlisle grew more concerned as the tremors increased even further near the end of the assessment.

“Let's try another 5 mg of diazepam, try and get these tremors under control,” he directed June, the main nurse on staff before ordering a wide range of blood tests. “Also, get a chest and head CT and let's get an x-ray of both while we're waiting. I want the results asap.

“Don’t worry Harry, we'll figure this out,” he reassured his son-in-law as he heard June acknowledge him and direct the other nurse helping out.

Taking a moment to update Harry's chart with the orders, he had to admit to himself as much as he may hate it that for the first time in a long time, he had no clue where to even begin with helping a patient. Clearly, Harry was aware at least somewhat but to what degree and how much was actually making sense was hard to determine. What troubled him even further was how quickly Harry seemed to have gone hill. Intellectually, he knew some problems could began silently or with very few symptoms; the moodiness and problems Edward had discussed with him could in fact have been the beginning. The only issue with that was that Carlisle didn’t have a clue as to what disorder, disease or any potential exposure to a product that may fit the symptoms as some seemed to contradict one another. On top of that, was that fact that he knew Harry could have been exposed to something he had never seen or heard of before. If that was the case, he was truly at a loss.

Resigning himself to waiting for the test results, he busied himself with checking and double checking that everything was placed correctly. He also closely monitored for any and all changes, talking randomly about nothing in particular until Harry was brought to the CT scanner fifteen minutes later. Knowing it could take at least thirty, he left the trauma room and haunted the lab until at least some of the blood work was complete. Reading the partial report found him even more frustrated and at a loss.

Unsurprised that the test showed that there was some sort of infection, he hated that there was no indication as to why there was one. The fact there Harry had some deficiency in nutrition and dehydration wasn’t unexpected! but what really shocked him chemical panel. Not only was the liver showing signs of toxicity, inflammation, and damage, so too were Harry's other organs were showing various degrees of damage. Shaking his head in disbelief and glad that at least the damage wasn't too severe yet that it couldn’t be undone, Carlisle was finally handed the tox screen; however, this was perhaps the most disconcerting of all. He also had a suspicion that not everything recorded was actually the last of what could lay within Harry's blood considering the potions he knew Harry took and could possibly be exposed to at any given time.
Carlisle had to ask the lab technician, “Are you sure this is correct?”

“Positive,” he said solemnly. “It's not at any high enough levels yet to cause any problems obviously, but they are present and worrisome. I ran it through twice. As far as the other testing you wanted, it will take a couple more hours.”

Nodding, Carlisle thanked him as he walked as quickly to the emergency room waiting room once he was found out that Harry was still in CT. Unsure where to go with this information, but glad he at least had a starting point now, he had to wonder if it was truly unusual to find the substance in Harry's blood or if something more might be going on. Knowing that he would have to discuss this with Catherine and hope she had some idea, he could only hope Harry would remain stable long enough for the answers to be found.

Spotting Emse, Edward, and Catherine in the waiting room, he quickly told them to follow him before any of them could speak. Leading them back to the trauma room, he looked up to a frantic Edward.

“I know you want answers, but I need to ask you some questions first, alright?” Carlisle firmly stated. Seeing the resigned nods, he went on, “I know that you said Harry has been working hard, so he hasn’t been sleeping or eating right, correct?”

Again nodding, Edward shifted restless, wondering what this had to do with anything.

“Has anything else been going on, anything at all? Even if you don’t think it’s important, I need to know.”

“We talked about things not long after I talked to you. Things seemed to go back to normal for the most part,” Edward said, thinking out loud. “I know he was still working hard, but he seemed to sleep even less. I thought perhaps he was getting sick because of how his balance and coordination was off slightly. What worried me the most though was that he still seemed, I don’t know, on edge or anxious, but it could be the whole mess his old headmaster is trying to stir up. That's what we argued about today anyway. I reminded him of his promise to slow down, not push himself so hard but… well, it was like he just snapped.”

Sighing heavily, Edward paced the room, trying to expend the energy and worry building up, “I really don't know what happen. Sure, he’s been well, cranky, I guess, and I can never figure out what his moods are going to be even hour to hour, but what does that have to do with anything?”

“What about his appetite, is that normal?” Carlisle continued on.

“According to Dobby, he isn't eating as much and he is sticking to certain foods more and more.”

“Anything in particular?”

“Smoothies and soft foods, I think, although what soft foods I can't tell you,” Edward shrugged, frustration mentioning every syllable. “What the hell is going on?”

“I’m not sure,” Carlisle confessed with a soft sigh of his own. “He collapsed at the market and was brought in with a number of symptoms. For some reason, he started shaking fairly bad and although I'm fairly sure it's not due to a seizure, I cannot say why he is having the tremors. Medications haven’t help. His vital signs are also worrisome, as our his lab work. I also need to warn you that even though Harry did respond to one of the commands I asked of him, he seemed to struggle greatly and didn't seem to be completely aware of his surrounds.”

“What!” exploded Edward.
Before Carlisle could try and calm him, he could hear the technicians returning. Handing Harry's chart to Catherine, he asked, “Can you please look over this, see if anything stands out to? Maybe figure out if there is more that should be looked into consider Harry's…biology shall we say?”

Grabbing the transport stretcher, he helped guide it next to the trauma bed, wishing he could dismiss the techs and handle settling Harry back himself. As soon as the two techs straightened up, he gave off a tight smile, thanking them and ignoring the odd looks thrown his way. Rehooking Harry up to the oxygen and the heart monitor as they exited, Carlisle was glad to see the brilliant green eyes being able to fight a bit more successfully against the pull of the lids, even if they were still hazy.

Rubbing Harry's chest gently, he encouraged him, “Hey, come on, wake up. That's it! I know you're tired but I need you to keep those eyes open please. Now, can you squeeze my hand?”

Waiting a minute, he was just about to give up when he finally felt a few fingers move against his hand. It was nowhere near a squeeze, but he smiled again and praised Harry for the effort. Each small task asked of Harry seemed to take awhile to complete and they were no where near done as Carlisle had asked, but the improvements from when he first came in were enough for him, especially considering Harry was still somewhat awake.

“Edward and Emse are here,” he told Harry, waiting patiently until a slow, short nod came. “I need to talk with Cat a bit, but they'll keep you company.”

Smiling as he passed an anxious Edward and nervous Emse, he walked to the computer to check to see if the CT results had come yet. Seeing none, he went to the x-rays and motioned Cat over.

“One thing that isn’t in his chart yet is that his lungs seem to have some fluid built up. Again, I’m not sure why, I would have thought it was due to something as simple as a cold or flu, but considering his other organs are showing at least some minor damage, I have to wonder if the lungs are also damaged for some as of yet unknown reason. Hopefully the x-rays and CT pictures will clear it up,” Carlisle informed her.

“The only thing I noticed wrong was on the toxicology report,” Catherine confessed. “I'm out of my depth here, but I would recommend having a specialist consult from Silverleaf Valley Hospital.”

Seeing Carlisle’s eyebrows raise in confusion, she explained, “It's the closest hospital that treats the Magical community and would have someone who could help as they do have privileges in most non-magical medical facilities.”

“Good to know,” Carlisle said slowly, unable to help but be fascinated by this despite the circumstances.

“Is it okay if I duplicate these records to make things faster?”

“Yes, of course. Is there anything I need to sign to make it legal?”

“No, not at all,” Cat assured him before uttering ‘secretum fama salutem geminio’.

As another copy appeared, she explained, “This spell allows only those in the medical field or who have authorization from a family member to view the records. If you just give me a bit, I'll stop by the hospital and see if anyone is available or how it might take.”

“Of course, we'll be heading up to the room on the second floor soon so if we're not here, just ask at the desk,” Carlisle said, not letting his bewilderment show.

Once she was gone, Edward simply said, “Apparition.”
Nodding in enlightenment, Carlisle looked over to see how Harry was doing and saw he was once again asleep. Hating to wake him, he again checked to see if the CT results were in and was successful in finding them. Making his way over, Edward scanned the images as well and frowned. “I know its been a while since the last time I went to med school, but these don't look right,” he said.

“They don't to me either,” Carlisle acknowledged. “There is something almost fuzzy coating the pathways in his brain but I can't even hazard a guess as to what. The lung images are similar, almost as if the blood vessels are filled with something more than blood. If Harry was a normal patient, I'd think the issue lies within that. However, since he isn't, I can't say if it is in fact normal for his biology, genetics, or what have you.”

Nodding, Edward led the way back to where Harry lay, his body now sweating on top of the constant, almost violent tremors and breathing in a short, fast rhythm as though he couldn’t catch his breath or breathe deep enough to satisfy the needs of his body. With his vitals still higher than normal, all three of the vampires were relieved to see Cat again twenty-five minutes later with someone who appeared to be at least somewhat past middle age due to the heavy facial lines, despite having mostly reddish-brown hair with a few white streaks.

"Carlisle, this is Healer Sarah Brystowe, a senior healer who has been with Silverleaf for over forty years and specializes in Emergency Medicine. Healer, this is doctor Cullen, his wife Emse, and their son Edward, who is bonded with Harry,” she said, waving a hand to each one as she introduced them.

Assessing the doctor and those around Harry with sharp, knowing eyes, she added in, “My training also requires me to have in-depth knowledge of medical toxicology potions, Herbology and the like, so hopefully, I should be able to find out what's wrong quickly.”

Seeing the family relax, the Healer made her way to the bedside before inquiring, “Has any more tests results return?”

“Yes, these were the CT results of his brain and chest,” Carlisle rolled the computer over and pulled up the scans. “It seems fairly normal, with the exception of Harry’s veins.”

“Yes, they do appear to be abnormally fuzzy,” she mutter absent-mindedly. “With your permission, I'd like to draw some bloodwork and run some more tests. I see you did a fine job but often times the non-magical way can miss things. I'd also like to run some scans of my own.”

Looking at Edward and seeing his permission, Carlisle said, “Feel free to do what is needed. I told my co-workers not to disturb me until I ask to bring Harry to his room.”

Smiling while she flicked her wand out, Sarah began moving it in an intricate pattern, over and over as she chanted so softly and quickly that the Cullens could barely make sense of the words. After a minute, a paper with typing appeared on a nearby table. Finally, three minutes later, Healer Brystowe had finished. Glancing to ensure the results were copied correctly, she hummed before within drawing a large blood collection tube from what appeared to be an old fashion doctors bag that she had brought. Placing the end near the crook of Harry's arm, she flicked her wand and with a quickly uttered 'sanguinem coligentes', blood filled the tube three-quarters of the way. Again, scanning her wand over the tube of blood while chanting, the Healer ensured the results were gathered before vanishing it.

“Shall we see what is going on with this young man since the reports should have finalized?” she asked, not waiting for an answer before looking over the findings.
Reading over the new results, her face couldn't contain her shock or outrage and her voice was hard steel when she spoke again.

“I cannot believe this!” she snapped out while handing the chart to Carlisle. “I have no idea what would he would be exposed to with all that in his system but I do know one thing for sure. There is no way that it was an accidental exposure as the levels are way too high for the ingredients. If I had to make an educated guess, Harry has likely only lasted as long as he has without collapsing due to the amount of Invigoration Draught he has been consuming on a regular bases.”

“I've heard of some of these components, but I never would have suspect them showing up in blood work,” Carlisle admitted. “I knew there was at least one heavy metal present but the rest…”

“You wouldn't,” the healer assured him. “Non-magical blood isn't usually tested for or pick up these. We routinely test for them as they and other herbs, fungi, plants, and whatnot are used in potions. We also check for heavy metals like the arsenic and mercury for the same reason, although the number of potions which use it are incredibly rare and would never have the amounts that were found in Harry's blood. Quite honestly, the only explanation I can think of at this moment is perhaps he was exposed to a new, experimental potion or perhaps a couple of his potions became mixed together before he was exposed to it. Beyond that, I am afraid I admit I am at a loss.

“I need to consult someone who specializes in potions at Silverleaf,” she told the Cullens and Catherine, duplicating the file she had created. “My advice until whatever is effecting Harry is discovered that you should continue treating him with the intravenous fluids, diazepam as needed, and a low dose of atropine, more if his heart rate and blood pressure stays the same or increases in the next couple hours.”

Packing up her bag, she tried reassuring the small group, “I'll try to check on Harry at least once or twice a day, if the answer isn't found quickly. It all depends on my schedule how often I can come here and how hectic things become. However, be sure to contact me using this phone number immediately if anything changes as I or one of my colleagues will come straight away. Hopefully, we will have the answers soon.”

Thanking her, Esme saw her out before returning to a silent hospital room. Sighing softly, she knew she needed to take charge as her husband had no clue how to handle a depressed Edward who was on edge.

“Carlisle, call up and see if they are ready to have Harry settle in his private room. Edward, I know you want to stay here, but I need you to go to Carlisle office and call Dobby. Let him know what is happening and ask him if he can find anything that might be out of place or anything that might give us insight as to what happened.” Turning to Catherine, she asked, “Would it be possible for you to contact the Senault family for us, let them know about Harry and that he won’t be in school for awhile? I'll contact everyone else.”
I want to once again thank everyone for the Kudos and reviews...they help a ton! Please feel free to comment on how you believe the story is going, what you wish to see or what you don't wish to see. I may have an outline, but I love hearing from readers and seeing if I can tweak the story a bit. It also helps a ton to know what is liked and disliked!

Even though his instincts screaming at him to hole up somewhere and protect Harry, Edward was finally convinced to listen to Esme’s reason and left while Carlisle speed up the transfer of Harry to his private room. As they waited anxiously for answers, Carlisle devoted himself solely to keeping Harry as comfort as possible despite the battle going on inside his body. Edward refused to move from his side and simply sat there, holding Harry's hand, talking about anything whenever he noticed the green eyes fighting to emerge beneath the heavy eyelids.

The rest of the Cullens were never far away and took turns visiting. Finally, just over two days since Harry was admitted, Healer Brystowe return with a somewhat short man who looked as though he was just barely in his mid-thirties.

“This is Healer Quinn Wilkinson, a specialist in potions,” she introduced him.

Nodding his head, he went straight to the point, “After extensive research, I discovered that there was only one possible conclusion between the mercury, arsenic, wormwood, hemlock, asphodel, levisticum officinale, rosemary, and cascabela thevetia that showed up in the patient's blood as well the symptoms noted by Healer Brystowe. That is that Mors Tactus est Scriptor Capturam is responsible for this patient's state.”

“What is that?” Edward demanded, not wanting to wait for this healer to flip through the book he had brought with.

“It is a very old poison, one that was banned well over a century ago and quite frankly, the instructions for how to brew it should no longer exist with a few exceptions,” Sarah told them quickly, seeing the frustration and anger building in Edward.

“What exceptions?” Carlisle asked, his own anger bubbling just slightly under the surface. This was his son that was poisoned by a potion that shouldn't even exist!

“Unless a recipe has escaped notice, a copy is kept under heavy wards in one of two places, either a hospital if a country is small, such as Great Britain, or within a government building, such as the MASCUSA here,” Sarah told them, knowing her colleague’s blunt manners were not going over well. Taking the book from Quinn, she handed it over to Carlisle. “I think the text will explain it better, but keep in mind, it was published a long time ago.”

Making sure he didn't lose the correct page, Carlisle flipped to the copyright page curious as to just how the information was, as well as who had complied it and read:
Seeing Edward reading with him, Carlisle waited for a nod from him to confirm he had finished before going back to the page his finger had bookmarked and together they began reading the ancient text.

**Mors Tactus est Scriptor Capturam**

‘Mors Tactus est Scriptor Capturam’, loosely translated in English to mean ‘Death’s Touch Draught’, is now classified as one of the highest illegal and dangerous potion throughout the world. This is due to the high probability of causing damage and/or death the longer the poisoning continues. Poisoning also continues even after exposure to this poison is stopped unless treatment is given.

This potion is typically given to an unsuspecting person by one of two ways: either through food or drink as the slight smell and taste is covered, or by directly injecting it into the blood stream using the spell arque liquido. Other means have yet to be uncovered, although there is suspicion that when Mors Tactus est Scriptor Capturam was first invented during the early 1600's, the potion was used to coat weapons as a way to inflict damage upon enemies during war. There have also been cases where Mors Tactus est Scriptor Capturam has been used for suicide, assisted suicide, and familicide. As such, this draught has been banned in almost every country and if caught with Mors Tactus est Scriptor Capturam, fines and long-term to life-time imprisonment will occur.

The greater the amount of Mors Tactus est Scriptor Capturam consumed at once, the faster the first symptoms will appear and the quicker each stage of poisoning will be reached. As this draught is typically used for those wishing to do another harm, often times, Mors Tactus est Scriptor Capturam will slowly be given repeatedly over a period of time, causing the poison to build up in a person’s body before the first symptoms begin to show. Because of this, the effects can be milder in the beginning and often the victim is unaware of the poisoning until later stages of poisoning show.

Due to the harmful and often deadly nature, all brewing recipes were ordered to be destroyed in 1741 by the International Confederation of Wizards. Only one copy per country was allowed to remain in existence and could only be kept under heavy wards at the main Magical hospital or Ministry. The fear was without the knowledge available of what was included, those who may have the recipe in family libraries, along with those who may have kept or find copies may eventually use Mors Tactus est Scriptor Capturam some time in the future, despite copies being actively sought out and destroyed along with stiff fines being imposed and possible prison time simply for those found with the recipe. Information about the effects and treatment were voted against being banned, but this information was tightly controlled and eventually became harder for the general population to find as time passed.

**Stages and Symptoms of Poisoning**

**First Stage of Poisoning:** Individuals will begin experiencing headaches, dizziness, nausea,
lightheadedness, low-grade fevers, tiredness, weakness, and a general sense of unwellness. At the beginning, these symptoms are mild but will worsen over time without treatment. It may take anywhere from two days to a week depending on the dosage and frequency of consumption for these symptoms to occur after the ingestion of Mors Tactus est Scriptor Capturam. Not all individuals will experience each symptom and some other symptoms may occur.

**Second Stage of Poisoning:** All of the symptoms of stage one typically occur more frequently and become more severe. In addition, symptoms can include vomiting, stomach cramps, lack of appetite, excessive thirst, dehydration, joint and/or muscle pain, shakiness, fainting, behavior changes (for example, mood swings or depression). These symptoms begin approximately a week after the first signs of poisoning begin. Not all individuals will experience each symptom and some other symptoms may occur.

**Third stage of poisoning:** Again, the previous stages and symptoms of poisoning will occur at a greater frequency and will become much more severe. Along with this, breathing problems (such as shortness of breath, a dry cough, etcetera), an increased heart rate, higher blood pressure, confusion and/or disorientation, lethargy, and blurry vision can take place. In almost every case, there is at least a difficulty of using magic or the person is unable to use magic at all. This occurs within a few days after the symptoms of the second stage of poisoning begin. Not all individuals will experience each symptom and some other symptoms may occur.

**Fourth stage of poisoning:** At this stage, the symptoms from the previous stages will become worse and the organs will begin struggling to function before starting to shut down. The liver will become flooded with so many toxins it will begin to break down quicker than other organs. Coma is a possibility at this time, breathing will likely cease or be difficult to maintain, white blood count will be at an all time high. The possibility of a stroke or heart attack is a high portability due to the increase of the heart rate and blood pressure.

**Treatments**

If not treated in time, permanent damage to the organs and/or magic core, as well as death, may occur. How long an individual has depends on different factors, such as the amount of poison in their system, if the poisoning was done over a period of time, when and what treatment is given to help during the different stages of poisoning, as well as the individual's core power level, prior health, and genetics (those who are magical creatures in addition to being a witch or wizard seem to fair better). The rough time frame for knowing if damage or death will happen is between within one to four weeks after the Fourth Stage begins.

**First Stage:** Treat each symptom as they come and watch for a worsening of symptoms. Drink fluids to flush out the body of the toxins and use a blood replenishment potion along with an immune boost potion. Limit the amount of magic done.

**Second Stage:** Immune boost potions, blood replenishment solutions, Harmony Repair potions, and Aguamenti Augere draughts should be used. If needed, pain potions should also be used. Again, watch to see if symptoms worsen and limit the amount of magic done.

**Third Stage:** Continue with previous potions and draughts as needed. Have the patient cease using magic, drain blood at regular intervals, and use blood replenishment potions to filter out the blood. If the depression and/or mood swings are severe, a mild cheering charm may be placed on the patient.
every three days but no more.

**Fourth Stage:** Continue with previous potions, draughts, and treatments as needed. If breathing ceases, use the Spiritus Auxilium Spell as it can be used for up to four days before needing to be replaced. Increase the amount of blood drained and blood replenishment potions. If seizures, convulsions and strokes occur, Reducere Tumentes may be used in an attempt to prevent their recurrences and future damage.

**Survival Rates and Recovery**

The further along a patient is, the more likely damage will be permanent and death will occur. In Stage One, the recovery rate is approximately 85%, Stage Two has a rate of about 75%. Stage Three has a 50% to 60% recovery rate and at Stage Four, the recovery and survival rate drops drastically to about 30% to 45%.

If the patient survives, there will be a need for a potions based regimen as well as other regimens to help the patient back to their best possible health. These regimens include but are not limited: magical core strengthening and regenerating, body and muscle strengthening, a diet plan that will help any damaged organs recover as well as help the patient regain strength both physically and magically, breathing exercises to help the patient with damaged lungs and reduced lung capacity.

**A Word of Caution:** After one is at the end of Stage Three, there is a high likelihood of damage to the persons Magic Core and the likelihood being able to reach the previous power levels is diminished. The individual's core will drain faster for an unknown length of time and the damage could become permanent.

Silence filled the room after Edward and Carlisle had finally finished and the words sank in.

“He’s at stage four, isn’t he?” Edward whispered, shock making his voice waver.

“We believe so,” Healer Brystowe said sympathetically.

“So, what do we do? Or…” Emse trailed off, terrified that nothing could be done.

“Since the poison often times binds itself to the red blood cells, I believe the best course of treatment would be to hook him up to dialysis, using a couple of potions during the process that would also help filter his blood. This should not only flush the toxins of the poison out of his body quicker than just the potions alone but hopeful stop any further damage as well as help reverse some of the damage already done to his body. Once the blood work comes back as clean and showing no more toxicity, then we can cease with dialysis,” Quinn outlined his treatment plan in a bored, monotone voice. “In addition to that, the patient will be on a regimen of various potions while in hospital and if the patient survives, he will be on a long-term potion regiment outside the hospital.”

Seeing the anger building on top of the confusion on the Cullen's faces, Sarah reassured them, “Just know that there are a lot of good potions to help off-set as well as help Harry recover.”

“Will he recover fully?” Edward asked after gathering his courage, not wanting to believe the dismal outlook Healer Wilkinson had.

“I do believe there is a good chance of recovery, at least higher than the book speculates due the
advancement since the book was written. It also helps that according to the scans, Harry's magical core is hardly damaged, which is unusual considering the amount of toxins in his system. However, although this is almost unheard of, it should increase how quickly Harry heals. It may take a while for the side effects, especially the fatigue to dissipate completely, but since Harry seems to just be entering the fourth stage, it wouldn’t be as long or as terrible if the poison had a chance to set in further. As Quinn did state, Harry will need to be on different potions and will need to be monitored, as well as follow certain instructions after being released.”

“How do we prevent this from happening again?” Emse wanted to know.

“That is a good question. The Aurors will need to be informed so they can look into the situation,” Sarah explained. “They will need permission to access to yours and Harry's home. They also will need to talk with everyone after they are informed of the situation.”

“Actually, I already contacted them,” Healer Wilkinson said as though he had done everyone a great favor.

Edward blanched at this, “Normally, I’d say whatever they need, considered it done, but…”

“But what?” Quinn asked with an even more snotty and pompous attitude.

“Look, I appreciate you finding out what was wrong with Harry,” Edward said, his jaw clenched tightly as he tried to control his anger. “But you really don’t have a grasp on the situation here.”

Huffing, he rolled his eyes, “Let's see, your husband was somehow slowly poisoned over the last few weeks if not longer and you don’t want to find out why, is that about it? Got something to hide?”

“Healer Wilkinson!” Sarah reprimanded him.

“You have no clue what the hell is going on!” snarled Edward, not caring who overheard them as his temper finally snapped. “Do you even care that Harry fled Britain for a number of reasons, including the fact that he wanted to actually live past his sixteenth birthday? Or the fact that numerous people, including a number of high ranking individuals and organizations are after him just because they feel like it? Or that he just wants to feel safe and loved, not used and abused like he had been up until he came here seeking refuge less than a year ago?

“Did you ever stop and find out more about who you were treating before you passed judgement on us? No, you just saw what you wanted and did as you pleased. You didn’t give two shits about who you were treating, whose name, by the way, is Harry. Harry who is also my bonded husband that I love deeply!” he ranted, clenching his fists over and over, trying desperately not to hit or do worse the pompous jerk. “By informing these Aurors or whatever without knowing the situation, you are potentially exposing him to those people again! They already found him once! Do you really want Harry dead?”

Deflating at the lecture, the healer didn’t know what to say, “I…I'm...I'm sorry. I may have overstepped my bounds. It's just that…well, in 1917, a witch in my family suffered over a series of months before Mors Tactus est Scriptor Capturam was finally found to be the culprit. By the time it was figured, it was too late and she died less than a month later. My family has been told this story and is the reason so many of us have specialized in potions in the area of healing. We are told from a young age no one should have to suffer from something such as that and...well, I guess...I just reacted. I didn't think beyond what I told or as I was trained as I feared history would repeat itself.”

Sighing, Edward waved him off, refusing to look at him and instead sat down next to Harry's bed,
holding his hand.

_Please, whatever God or gods may be out there, please, watch out for him. He doesn’t deserve what is happening to him. He has been through more than enough and deserve a chance to finally live his life free of pain and full of happiness, he begged. Plus, I need him and love more than I ever believed was possible. I know that is selfish but I can't help it, nor can I help being afraid of existing without him in my life._

Healer Brystowe looked at Quinn with disappointment, “I received the same training as you about when to report incidences but I also remember that there was also a lesson about how to do so. Just doing so without talking it over with the family first or even another Healer was not what we were told. I expect you to ensure that those investigating understand the circumstances involving the potential risks that may come to this young man and his family.”

“Yes, Healer Brystowe,” he agreed quietly.

“Good, now since you have outlined the treatment plan, if it is fine with you Edward, I will take the lead on Harry's case and Healer Wilkinson will only be consulted if need be,” she said, turning to face the family gathered around the bedside. “Of course, you are welcome to help Carlisle. As far as keeping quiet about the true nature of illness and treatment, it won't be too difficult as we already have a system in place.

“We already have three nurses who work here at Forks General who have been screened and have signed confidentiality agreements with Silverleaf. One is June, who you work with in the ER, another is Hayden, she works in the ICU, and finally, Stefan who rotates between peds and ortho. Although Hayden and June aren't informed about the Magical community, they are told enough that they realize certain patients cannot handle what they deem to be normal medications and treatments, thus requiring a unique and unusual form of medication. In Stephan's case, as he married a witch, he is somewhat informed and I will likely ask him to be the lead nurse with June as a back-up at night in Harry's case.”

Seeing the unease in Emse eyes at this, she reassured her, “These nurses were aware before signing that because of the agreement, the contracts would forbid them to discuss magic, with the exception of Stephan's case considering he is part of the Magical community. They all were aware that at any given time, they may be temporarily moved from their normal positions if a patient isn't stable enough to move. They know enough to treat a patient and yet, not ask questions. You have nothing to worry about as far as upsetting them or about any of them giving away anything.”

“Catherine is already making sure the ambulance files are changed enough that Harry won't be recognized through them. I have also put down a false name for his charts here and am planning on misplacing them permanently once he is well enough,” Carlisle added in, hoping to further ease everyone's mind.

“I'm just glad you have a system in place,” Edward admitted, still not looking away from Harry, afraid that if he did, something would change for the worse.

“We learned the hard way to do things this way,” Sarah confessed. “Before, we often had to find ways of forcing hospitals to accept our staff and only our staff on Magical patients in situations like Harry. Often times, the hospital workers were displaced and lost their positions or would lose out on wages because of it. Also, it was a major headache trying to cover the paperwork considering the fact potions are used and we had to cover our tracks.

“Anyway, I need to make sure my colleague here contacts the Aurors,” she said, wrinkling her nose in distaste over the situation Quinn created. “I also need to head to Silverleaf and pick up some
supplies which may take an hour or two. While I’m gone Carlisle, I need you to stop the atropine and only use the diazepam if Harry starts seizing. Unfortunately, non-magical and magical medication don't typically mix well so it will be better if he is off all medications by the time I return.”

Immediately getting up, Carlisle started tapering down the flow of the atropine drip, keeping a close watch on Harry's heart rate and blood pressure.

“What about the IV?”

“Keep that as fluids can only help, plus the potions will be administered through it.” Thinking a moment, she added, “If you could set up a feeding tube as well while I'm gone, that would help as I believe he will need to be on that for at least the next couple weeks as I will be ensuring Harry stays asleep until progress is made.”

“Alright, I'm just going to stay and monitor Harry for a bit first,” Carlisle said distractedly, focused on listening to Harry's blood pumping through his heart and veins, wanting to do whatever he could to ensure nothing would happen.

“Good. I will see you soon.”

“I'll walk you out,” Cat offered, getting up from where she had sat quietly. “I'd like to ensure the Aurors realize exactly why they need to be careful in Harry's case and I know who to contact if they need confirmation for anything. I also can let those in charge of the investigations into Edward and Harry’s home temporarily as I am designated as a secondary for their wards. I'll be by to check on Harry later tonight. The Senault family will likely stop by then as well.”

Nodding, the two healers followed her out of the room and the instant the three were gone, the vampires all expelled a sigh of both relief and frustration.
Hope

Chapter Notes

Thank you all for the comments and Kudos...I cannot tell you how much they are appreciated nor how much they motivate me!
I do have another chapter written, but as I am not quite happy with it nor am I sure how to connect it with the following chapter (or chapters, as it is just summarized so I am unsure of the final length).
Again, there may be misspelled words or grammar issues as this was edited via a tablet and despite my best, it seems the tablet isn't as good as a laptop!
Anyway, thanks again for reading and the reviews and Kudos! I look forward to hearing any comments, what readers are looking forward to, etc etc.

Pacing around the room quickly, trying to drain some of the pent-up anger, frustration and anger filling him, Edward tried to tune out the faint pain he felt from his husband. As much as he had celebrated finally being close enough and trusted by Harry to allow the connection to start opening, he did wish there was a way to close it. Knowing that Harry was suffering was one thing, but to feel a small portion of it and realize how much greater it was truly only made him feel even more helpless.

“I can’t believe this,” Edward despaired, unable to take the silence as he finally settled back on the chair by Harry's side, holding his hand with both of his as though afraid if he let go, he would end up losing his love. “I'd ask who the hell would do something like this to Harry, but his enemy list is huge.”

Not knowing what to say, Carlisle and Emse just stood behind him, offering their silent support. After a few minutes, Carlisle went to the nearby supply closet to gather the feeding tube equipment, hating that it came to this.

“Harry,” he called softly while getting on his gloves. “Harry, love, I need you to wake a bit.”

Seeing him struggle to focus, Edward squeezed his hand, “Hey, love. Carlisle needs to put a tube in your nose. It will feel funny, but it'll be over soon.”

Not making any sign that he had heard them, Carlisle's struggled not to sigh out loud. Despite it seeming as though Harry wasn’t up to comprehend anything right then, he explained what was happening as he slowly inserted the tube into his nose and down his throat. As Harry gagged slightly, Edward and Emse each tried to soothe him to no avail. Once it was complete, Edward offered Harry water but the task proved to beyond Harry's scope of understanding or ability.

Regulating his breathing, Edward kept reminding himself, Gotta keep calm, otherwise Harry might panic. Besides, if he is aware of what's going on, he's going to have a hard enough time dealing with this and doesn't need to try and cope with your panic as well.

Wanting to distract himself, he called for Dobby. Hearing the pop he turned to face the house elf whose face had fallen at seeing his master and friend in such horrible condition.

“What be wrong with Harry Potter?” he squeaked in a much higher pitched voice than normal as his
emotions got to him while tears filling his large eyes.

“Harry is very sick right now, but he will get better soon,” Emse soothed. “See, someone somehow poisoned him and the poison made him ill.”

“Who is doing so?” Dobby demanded, anger filling his voice as he stood up straight.

“We aren’t sure and since we aren't sure if this could affect you, I'd like you to get yourself checked out as soon as possible at the Silverleaf Valley Hospital or allow Harry's Healer to run a scan on you the next time she comes to checks on Harry. If you prefer going to Silverlear but you don't know where the hospital is, just ask Cat. Also, keep a close eye on any food or drinks you eat that may seem off. In fact, I'd prefer you to have them tested before consuming anything since the poison can be found in food or drink and can only be detected that way,” Edward looked at Dobby sternly while telling him this, hoping the house elf would understand not only the seriousness, but his concern for his safety as well.

“Oh, Harry's mate be good to Dobby, so good and kind! He bes caring about me as Harry Potter be and make me happy!” he said, grinning as he ran to give Edward a hug. “I is making sure I is safe. I promising.”

“Thank you,” Edward said sincerely, hugging him back. “Also, the Aurors will be looking to find out how this happened. I wanted to warn you that I’m going to have Catherine open our wards to let them in temporarily. Also, I was hoping that even though they can have full access to everything, I would be grateful and more comfortable if you could keep an eye without letting them know you’re doing so.”

“Dobby be doing so. Does Harry Potter’s mate wish Dobby for anything to do?”

“No, that is more than enough,” Edward gave off a weak smile. “Harry will be here a while, so I will be staying here until Harry starts getting better. Whenever possible, I'll call you so you can come visit if you would like.”

“Dobby would be happy with that! Dobby goes now, makes sure house bes clean for nosy Aurors!”

“Just remember to get checked out soon and be careful with whatever you eat,” reminded Emse.

“Dobby be doing so after cleaning,” he said solemnly. “I is also be making sure no ones be hurting my Harry Potter and not found.”

Popping out without another word, the three Cullens couldn’t help but smile a bit at the fiercely protective elf.

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As promised, Healer Brystowe Apparated back within the hour with a large case and what appeared to be a normal dialysis machine. Hurrying to help set the box down as it wobbled, Carlisle found himself unable to curb his curiosity and asked what everything was.

Smiling a bit, Sarah opened the lid to revel numerous vials. Taking out one of each kind, she held it up as she explained what each of the various potions or draughts were.

“This first one is Altum Somnum which should hopefully help Harry to sleep until the blood work shows marked improvements. Although perfectly safe, it hasn't been used on Cambions before, so I am not sure if it will be effective. Next is an immune boosting potion which will help increase the size and efficiency of Harry's immune system. The Harmony Repair potion which will help repair the damaged organs and should slow or stop further damage as well. These here are an Aguamenti
Augere draughts to be added to his IV to increase the effectiveness in flushing out the toxins while this is a Restoration Elixir to help further repair the damage. Each time Harry is hooked up to dialysis, both of these will be added to the machine to filter the toxins from the blood. Unlike non-magical dialysis machines, this one allows potions to be added and a single treatment only takes ninety minutes. As such, we are able to treat patients every two days instead of every three as their bodies aren’t put under so much strain. Hopefully, after five to six treatments, dialysis will no longer be needed.

“I brought along blood replacement potions just in case they are needed since some dialysis patients do suffer from anemia and blood transfusions don’t work as well for Magical beings. I also have a couple different potions in case Harry's heart rate continues to be high and a few will also help his blood pressure as well, an anti-seizure brew, and different levels of pain potions just in case they are needed,” she said, wrapping up the explanations. “It may take a couple of tries to find the correct potion and dosage, but I am sure that it will be possible. All of these that won't be used in dialysis can be injected into Harry’s IV just as any other medication. Any questions?”

“Some of those weren’t listed in the book, so are they safe to use in this situation?” Edward wanted to know.

“The reason the book hadn’t listed some of the potions is because they weren't discovered or invented until after the book was published. I and Healer Wilkinson believe that they will be beneficial. Is there a risk involved? As with any new medication being introduced to a person’s system, yes, there is but I believe it to be minimal and well worth it,” she said honestly. “I believe this treatment is the best bet not only for a full recovery but it will also reverse the effects of the poisoning much quicker.”

Noticing Edward's acceptance, Carlisle asked, “Shall we begin?”

Agreements came from Emse and Sarah before Edward spoke up again, a bit awkwardly, “Is an operating room needed or do we just need to leave the room or…”

“I just need to insert a temporary hemodialysis catheter in Harry's right external jugular vein for the dialysis machine, which I will be placing magically. I am also going to insert a catheter in his lower left arm so it will be easier to draw blood. I'm not going to move the IV from Harry's right wrist unless it becomes compromised in some way. There may be some blood with these procedures, but it will be minimal, so it is up to you if you'd prefer to stay or not. It won't take long, perhaps five minutes.”

“I prefer to stay,” Edward decided.

Debating, Emse too decided to stay to support both her sons. Thankfully, the procedure was done under a numbing spell and Harry didn’t even noticed anything until the dialysis machine was hooked up. Still too out of it and tired to think coherently, let alone vocalize his thoughts, he just gave off a few distressful whimpers. Shushing him, Edward explained what was taking place as slowly and as simply as possible. Thankfully, much to the relief of all those present, Harry soon drifted off to sleep again.

“Sleep really is the best thing for him right now, especially considering how his body was running on fumes and Invigoration Draught,” Sarah said sympathetically. “If this treatment works as we hope, within the few days or so, things will start clear up that Harry will be able to stay awake longer than a few minutes.”

Eagerly looking forward to that, Edward leaned back in the chair, once again holding onto Harry’s hand, all the while trying to avoid looking at and hearing the noises of the machine which would
decide his husband's fate.

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The next four days passed by slower than Edward thought they could and much to the dismay of everyone, Altum Somnum proved to be mostly ineffective. No real signs of improvement were found until bloodwork taken the fifth day after the discovery of the poison showed that finally Harry's health was starting to turn around. After that, each day, the blood work showed more and more of a reduction of the toxins; the damage to the organs were also showed that they were slowly being reversed. Other, less noticeable indicators were the continual reduction of Harry's heart rate and blood pressure, as well as a decrease in the severity of the tremors. Despite all this however, Harry still remained unconscious and Edward still refused to move from his seat next to his bedside.

Finally, mid-afternoon on the ninth day of Harry's admission and after the fourth dialysis treatment the previous day, Edward noticed a vast difference. For the first time, the tremors weren’t coursing through Harry's body - he was completely still with the exception of his breathing. Shocked by the abrupt change, Edward called Carlisle's over.

“He’s stopped shaking completely!”

Checking his-son-in-law over, Carlisle smiled, “He did indeed and his reflexes are better as well.”

“So why isn't he awake?” Edward almost sulked as he asked this.

“His heart rate and blood pressure are still a bit higher than they should be. Plus, his body has been through a lot, especially when you consider the dialysis treatment. I imagine Harry simply needs the sleep,” he speculated. “Just give him some more time.”

Nodding, Edward paid even more attention to Harry, barely noticing when Healer Brystowe came by that evening for the nightly check up. Once she had seen the differences herself, she ran another series of blood work, despite having run one in the morning.

“Normally, I would wait until tomorrow,” she said, seeing puzzlement flash through Carlisle's eyes. “However, with the changes, I'd like to see where we are at now.”

Looking over the results, she smiled, “These are much improved from this morning. I believe tomorrow will be his last dialysis treatment.”

“Really?” Edward asked eagerly.

“You know I can't give any guarantees, but the amounts of poisonous components are very scant right now. I'll leave the ports in just in case for another week however.”

“When do you think he'll wake?” he asked.

Sighing, Sarah shook her head, “I have a feeling Carlisle already told you that Harry will wake up when he does. It is now simply a matter of waiting for his body to heal enough that Harry can expend the energy to wake-up and stay awake. I will warn you, it is likely to be only for short intervals at first until his body adjusts.”

Nodding, Emse grasped Edward's hand as she leaned over and told Harry, “You hear that, sweetie? You just rest and we will be waiting for you here. All of us, Edward, Carlisle, Alice, Jasper, Emmet, Rosaline, and myself of course. Just take your time.”

As if Harry had heard and understood her, he slept heavily through the next day and was only awake
for a few minutes a few different times the next day. Everyone was thankful that after this, Harry did
wake up almost every couple hours for at least five to ten minutes and each day thereafter, he woke
up more frequently and stayed awake longer. It took a further five days after the last dialysis
treatment for Harry to be conscious enough to actually speak though.

Harry let his head flop over to where Edward was once again encouraging him to wake up before
asking in a dry, rough voice, “Wh…at ‘app’n?”

“Hey,” Edward grinned widely, relief and happiness surging through his body. “You got sick, real
sick. You're getting better though.”

Nodding as well as he was able, Harry accepted that without question. Considering how weak and
out of it he felt, he wasn't surprised.

“How l'ng?”

“You've been here about sixteen days,” Carlisle told him as he stepped up to the bed. “If you don't
mind, I'd like to exam you.”

“Sure,” he said, after gratefully sipping on the water Edward gave him.

Running through some basic Neuro checks before moving to see how his reflexes were, Carlisle
rambled, “Edward has been here the whole time, hasn't left. Emse and I just told his school that he
had an upper respiratory infection, so he could stay as long as he wanted. All he'll need to do is take
make-up exams. The whole family has been here as well when not at school. Dobby has made sure
all of us are eating properly and are taking good care of you.”

Finishing up, he let Harry know about Healer Brystowe, “We had to call someone in from Silverleaf,
the nearest Magical hospital to help us out. She will be stopping by in a couple hours now that you're
awake. If you want a nap before then, feel free.”

“Thanks,” Harry said softly, quickly nodding off.

Hearing a voice he didn't know, he forced himself to wake up, shocked to notice that two and a half
hours had gone by, not minutes as he had suspected by the exhaustion that dragged at his body still.

*Must have been more tired than I thought*, he concluded. *Wonder what the hell I caught.*

Noticing that her patient was awake, Sarah smiled brightly before introducing herself.

“It's nice to finally meet you properly,” she said cheerfully. “I'm just going to give you a quick exam
myself and do some bloodwork.”

“Sure, go ahead,” Harry agreed, feeling as though he didn’t have much choice in the matter.

Despite the numerous times he had ended up in the hospital wing, watching the Healer work was
fascinating. Healer Brystowe did things completely different than what he had seen and to know that
this was what he wanted to do eventually made it all the more interesting. Having his blood drawn
without needles was definitely a plus, although, he did wonder what the two different lines in his arm
were for and what was sticking out of his chest.

“Looks like you are healing quicker than we expected, most likely due to the size of your Magical
core, which is great,” she reported after a while.

“So, how long ’till I can get out of here?”
Chuckling at Harry's eagerness despite the clear tiredness, Sarah said apologetically, “Not for at least a week or so unfortunately. You need to regain some of the strength you've lost and start on a potion regimen as well to help you heal. You’ll also find yourself tiring a lot more easily, so we need to work on finding your limits, knowing when it is fine to push them and when not to so you don’t collapse. I’ll likely put you on an exercise program as well. I will also need to make sure that you understand certain things will be off limits for a while.

“Right now however, what I want you to do is just need to rest and relax. We'll try you on some clear liquids and see how it goes. If it goes well, we'll take out the feeding tube and start you on solid foods in a couple days. Sound good?”

“Sure,” Harry shrugged. “What about these things in my arms and chest? What are those?”

“We can actually take those out now if you'd like. I would just need to use a few spells,” she offered, side-stepping the reason for them, knowing Harry needed to be stronger before he was faced with the real reason he was hospitalized.

“Sure, go ahead.”

Working quickly once everyone but Edward and Carlisle had left, Sarah was able to remove them fairly simple in under ten minutes. Wrapping his arm where she had knitted the skin together, she asked if Harry wanted any decoration on it.

“No thanks,” he said, slightly amused.

Laughing, Edward got a sharp look from Harry that quickly shut him up, “What, I think it’d be awesome.”

“You would,” Harry said, still glaring at him before a yawn broke out, ruining the effect.

“Would you like to nap or something to eat?” Carlisle asked, cutting the two of them off before they could continue.

“Something to eat please. I'm actually hungry.”

“That's a good sign!” Sarah was happy to note. “I'll be by later tonight to check on you.”

“Alright, thanks.”

Saying good-bye, Healer Brystowe Apparated out, glad to have avoided the topic of the true reason of Harry's illness.

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Much to Harry's disgust, things took a lot more effort and time than he had anticipated. It had taken four days before he could stomach any soft food and even then, it was a struggle for him. Since both Carlisle and the Healer wanted him to be on soft foods for at least three days before attempting to walk. Harry hated the fact that even when he was allowed to walk, he had to do so with assistance, never mind that he never could have managed on his own until five days after his first attempt. Controlling his temper and frustration at the lack of steady and quick progress was only tempered by two things; the fact exhaustion still clung to him, causing any outburst to drain what little energy he did have.

Then there was the fact Edward had been forced to return to school so as to avoid suspicion and although he was getting closer to Edward's family, he still wasn't comfortable enough to take out his
emotions on them. Instead, Harry just tried to keep everything inside while he regained strength returned and things became easier to accomplish. Unfortunately for Edward, Harry had been trying over the last week to find out what exactly happened to land him in the hospital. He may not know much about medicine yet, but he did know that no simple bug could cause this much trouble, especially when you take into account that he was part wizard and part Cambion.

“What the hell happened?” he finally confronted Edward one evening after they were almost done eating supper. “I know there is no way that I was simply sick, especially with the way everyone is avoiding the questions I have. I also know would have recovered long before this due to my genetic make-up, so please, just tell me. I'd rather know than be kept in the dark any longer.”

Sighing, Edward set aside his blood steak, hating to be the one who broke the news to him. He knew however, that it was time and so, starting slowly, he explained everything - from the time Harry had collapsed, to the discovery of the poison in his system as well as the consequences of said poisoning.

“So, basically I was an arse to you for so long, have felt horrible and still feel like shit because of that posion?” Harry asked, stunned.

After Edward more or less confirmed that, he went on, “And this poison, The Death's Touch Drought, built up so many toxins in my system that it wrecked havoc with my organs, causing Healer Brystowe to put me on dialysis and a ton of potions? And that's why I'm on so many now and have a long list of do's and don'ts?”

“Basically,” Edward acknowledged.

“Damn,” was all Harry could think to say.

“Yeah, that about sums it up.”

“So how did this even happen though?”

Shifting awkwardly, Edward realized this was even worse than telling Harry about being poisoned. Gathering his courage, he said, “As all the recipes were banned and supposedly destroyed in the early-to-mid-1700's, the Healers are certain that this was done purposefully. Especially considering there is only supposed to be one copy per country just in case something like this happens. Even information about this is difficult to find now a days. However…”

“Someone obviously broke in wherever they were stored and copied it, has a private copy, or was given a copy or access to one,” Harry finished, sighing as he ran his hands through his hair.

“Exactly. I did gave permission for the Aurors to search our house so all food with the poison would be destroyed, although I made sure Dobby watched them,” Edward gave a small smirk at this before it disappeared rapidly. “Unfortunately, various amounts of the poison were found in the smoothies and some of the juices you've been drinking.”

“How is that possible? I buy the stuff myself and I'd think others would be affected as well.”

“The Aurors aren't sure yet, but they believe that someone was following you in the store and spelled it in the drinks as you checked out. They have been reviewing the store security cameras but Thriftway doesn't keep more than four weeks of recording, so it may be difficult to find out who is responsible considering how infrequent you shop.”

“Great. Do they have any idea on why someone would do this at least?” realizing the stupidity of the question, Harry shook his his head and quickly said, “Never mind, I can think of at least four or five off the top of my head plus an organization plus an actual government.”
“Yes, that is precisely the other issue they have,” Edward agreed. “Catherine and I told the senior Auror a bit about your history as otherwise, the investigation wouldn't have been kept private.”

Snorting at that, Harry raised his eyebrows and asked, “Do you honestly believe this is not going to get back there somehow?”

“I know it is unlikely, but I figure trying to minimize the fallout anyway possible was smart,” Edward said, sounding defensive.

“I'm sorry,” apologized Harry, reaching over to grab Edward's hand. “I do appreciate the effort and I know it couldn’t have been easy on you. I'm just going stir crazy here.”

“Well, what about going for a longer walk? If you keep up what you’ve been doing, Healer Brystowe will allow you to be discharged soon,” he reminded him.

Perking up at the thought, Harry scrambled to stand up, “Let's go. I'd rather be home with a babysitter than stuck here any longer.”

Laughing, Edward grabbed hold of the IV stand, allowing Harry to walk without help this time, knowing how much he was craving his independence. It wasn’t as though he wouldn’t be fast enough to catch him anyway.
I have added a stand alone one-shot story about what took place between Bella and Edward before Harry came to Forks, WA. It can be found by going to the first part of this series (and can I just say, trying how to figure out how to create series and link these two together was difficult!)
Anyway, here is the next chapter and I am hoping this makes sense. It took so long to write and rewrite, yet I am still not sure it makes sense! Hopefully the one after, which will feature an Order meeting, shouldn't take too long, although it is just summarized right now. Again, this is done on my tablet so please excuse any errors.
Thanks again for reading, leaving comments and Kudos! Suggestions are always welcomed!

Black and Cullen Home
Friday, November 24, 2006
12:30 p.m.

Carefully stepping out of a brand new red Jeep Grand Cherokee Edward had purchased as a ‘welcome home' gift for him, Harry smiled as he breathed a sigh of relief. Seeing his and Edward's home and land, smelling the familiar scents, and hearing the wildlife nearby sent waves of happiness through him. Unable to help himself, he leaned back in Edward's arms, just soaking up the positive vibes he was getting. Before either Edward or the rest of the family could say anything, the front door flew open and Dobby came bouncing out to greet him.

“Oh, Dobby be so happy to have Harry Potter home again. Dobby be missing him, yes he has!” he squealed, his ears flapping in his excitement. “Dobby promise to take good care of his Harry Potter. Rules be wrote down by Healer Harry Potter is following. Yous be getting strong and healthy real soon.”

“Thank you Dobby, but I am sure not all the rules are needed,” Harry said casually.

“Oh, no,” Carlisle scolded him, acting very much like a father in Harry's opinion. “Until either I or Sarah says otherwise, those rules will be followed, understand?”

“Fine,” he huffed. “But I honestly don’t see the point of missing even more school, taking a nap, or why I have to always have someone close by just in case. I've been doing well so far.”

“Yes, but you still tire easily and continually push your limits. We unfortunately cannot trust you not to overdo your exercise program as we worry you won't notice when to take a break until it is too late and you collapse,” Edward explained patiently. “All of us here care about you too much and after the scare you gave us, well, we're going to tend to overprotect you for a while.”

“How long is a while?”

Giggling, Alice answered, “I don't think you want to know.”
Groaning, Harry shook his head. Leading everyone inside to the first floor living room, he sat down. Curling up next to Edward, Harry was surprised at how tired he was and had to suppress a yawn. Despite his efforts, everyone noticed and with a bit of work, as well as a promise to talk about the investigation further after his nap, Harry allowed Edward to guide him to their room. Falling asleep almost as soon as he lay down, he never noticed his husband taking off his shoes or tucking him in.

*Thank goodness Carlisle had me bring a set of sweatpants and a comfortable shirt,* thought Edward as he gently kissed Harry on his forehead. *It certainly made things a lot easier not forcing him to change when he was half-asleep already.*

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**Black and Cullen Home**  
**Friday, November 24, 2006**  
**4:15 p.m.**

As Harry made his way out of bed, Edward came rushing up to help guide him down the steps, informing him that Catherine was just showing in the lead Aurors.

As they made their way into the living room, he explained, “They realize you just got home but thought that you would like an update into the investigation, plus they do have some questions for you.”

Nodding, Harry more or less plopped on the couch the Cullens had brought up from downstairs for the visit.

“Well, I’d save a lot of time explaining things later,” he said, grinning a bit, settling close into Edward. “That is if it is okay with you two?”

“That’s fine,” one of the Aurors said, clearing his throat as he got his notes out of a briefcase. “Anyway, my name is Jackson Reeds and I’m head of the Auror Division for Washington State. This is my partner Domenic Haywood. Although we have had to pull in a few other people to help with this case, I want to ensure you that each person has signed a binding Magical contract that will not allow them to discuss any aspects of this case unless I or Domenic are present.

“For the record, I believe you are aware that we believe the Death’s Touch Draught was spelled into your drinks at the local grocery store and we were looking into the close-circuit TV, or CCTV’s, there?” he asked. Seeing Harry’s nod, Jackson consulted his notes before continuing, “As you may know, the store only saves the recordings for four weeks and therefore, we were only able to view your entire shopping trip twice and only the end of your shopping a third time. However, our tech person did notice a pattern each of those times you were at the check out.

“At first viewing, you can see a different individual stop within ten feet or so of where you are and it doesn’t seem suspicious at first glance since the person appears to be examining something on a shelf. However, closer viewing showings that individual muttering something with arm movements. It wasn’t until the tech Auror applies a filter to reveal magic that we can see that the person is casting something directly after the muttering and if we had to guess, had their wand under a concealment charm. What was even more startling was when the tech scanned for the Magical signature,” here, Jackson sighed in frustration. “Well, it turns out that the signature was the exact same for each individual, leading us to the conclusion that there is likely one suspect under Polyjuice for spelling the poison into your groceries.”
“Wait, what is that? Polyjuice?” Edward interrupted.

“It’s a potion that when mixed with a part of an individual, such as their hair, will actually a person turn into that individual for up to an hour at a time,” Harry briefly explained.

“It is considered a very advanced, difficult to brew considering the length of time and steps involved as those who fail to brew this correctly can have severe consequences. Even when brewed well, as Harry stated, usually most brewers can only get the formula to work for an hour at most, although it can work up to twelve hours if done perfectly. Even those who have graduated Potions class at the N.E.W.T. level normally struggle to brew Polyjuice which lasts an hour. Therefore, whoever did brew this version has to be well advanced in Potions, perhaps even a Potions Master,” Domenic added in.

“I hate to argue, but I did help someone brew it when I was twelve and we did drink it. It lasted close to the hour mark, so I am not sure that it is as difficult as you make it out to be,” Harry contradicted him.

Shocked, the two Aurors looked at one another, not sure what to say.

“Well, I guess we may have to revise some beliefs we have here,” Jackson said. “Either that, or you and your partner were much more advanced in Potions than most.”

“Really?” Harry scoffed, thinking they were just attempting to placate him.

“Harry!” Esme scolded.

“Sorry,” he said only somewhat meekly.

“No, no, you are right, we don’t know everything and can admit when we need to learn more. Especially if we are wrong about the difficulty level, it is well-worth investigating. Typically, most countries are more open about findings and whatnot about such things, but I have to say most information we get from Britain is second-hand or by other means,” Jackson admitted. “They are a very close minded and closed mouth society over there.”

“I’m not surprised, considering I’ve witnessed so-called leaders willingly bury their heads in the sands and do whatever it took to ignore problems. Honestly, I can say that I don’t think I’m truly aware of what the war is about over there, despite everything.”

“What do mean by that?” Jackson questioned, curious as no one told him or his partner what led to Harry fleeing.

“Considering Dumbledore’s actions in the past involving me, I strongly feel that he was trying to mold me as a weapon against Voldemort. It made me question what his true motives are as far as this so-called war goes since the way he went about it was, well, in a word, insane. Besides that, when I left, I told Voldemort that I would leave him be and stay out of Britain if he would leave me be and, he agreed without hardly any conditions or hesitation. And yet, despite me running away and letting Dumbledore know about the truce, he is still trying to find a way to get me back to Britain. It doesn’t seem to matter if it is through legal means or blackmail or whatever means.”

Writing this down, Domenic raised his eyebrows before saying, “Well, that at least gives us a good place to start as to who to look at for these crimes. Is there anyone else you can think of?”

“Too many,” sighed Harry, feeling older than he was when he thought about all those who seemed willing to control him and his life or seemed to wish him harm in some fashion. “I mean, Dumbledore is the obvious choice as he seems to enjoy being over-involved with as many lives as
possible. He messed up not just my life, but my godfather's as well just by refusing to allow a will to be read. Then there is the fact he created something called the Order of the Phoenix. I'd have to say that with the exception of Remus Lupin, there is a possibility that anyone involved with that group could have something to do with everything. Dumbledore simply has way too much control and influence over everyone in the Order. I didn't even hear from those I had thought were my friends due to the fact Dumbledore said it was for the best not to write one summer after making sure they were hidden in the headquarters.

"Severus Snape, a Hogwarts Professor and Potions Master," added Harry, "Is supposedly a spy for him and reports back on Voldemort's plans. I overheard that the Snape does so only due to the fear of being sent back to Azkaban without Dumbledore's support. Snape also hated me from the first time he saw me and treated me worse than anyone that wasn't from his house, which is saying something. I have no clue as to why, other than being told that he and my father never got along.

"I'd also say that as far as those who would enjoy harming me, Minister Fudge and his undersecretary, Delores Umbridge, would be right up there as suspects. Fudge and Umbridge have both tried at least once before that I know of to expel me from Hogwarts for simply defending myself against Dementors," seeing the looks of confusion, Harry explained. "Their reasoning was using underage magic and doing so in front of a Muggle. I pointed out self-defense was the exception to the rule and considering the Muggle was my cousin, he already knew about magic. Anyway, Fudge has also tried making me out to be some sort of crazy, attention seeking individual in the newspapers. Umbridge used blood quills on students, including me, for whatever reason she deemed fit. It appeared I was the main target, so I would learn not to tell lies about Voldemort being back. I'm not sure if she ever was found out as that was during my fifth year and I left half-way through."

Thinking more on the subject, he added, "Besides those, I guess you could add in Alastair Moody, someone named Tonks, and another who goes by Kingsley. All of them are in Dumbledore's order and are also Aurors, although Moody may be retired. They just seem to blindly follow Dumbledore, although Moody seems to be better at thinking for himself than the others. The Weasley family also tends to blindly follow Dumbledore, especially Molly. To be honest, I think Arthur just is too weak to resist her strong-will and as long as things are peaceful, he doesn't bother with meddling or anything.

"I know Gilderoy Lockhart and Sybill Trelawney found me before but I'm fairly sure they couldn't tell anyone nor would they be able to come back into the U.S. without dire consequences. Not that either of them would be smart enough to figure something this diabolical out even if both their brains were used," Harry shook his head. He still had no clue how they had figured out where he had relocated so quickly. "Personally, if I had to guess, she was just worried that word would get out another one of her prophecy wound up being false, unless Dumbledore hid the information I gave him about the one she gave me in my third year. Lockhart I'm sure wanted to regain fame again. The other option is just too…yuck."

Shivering at the thought of those two together, Harry tried his hardest to get rid of that image. Looking towards the Aurors, he was surprised to see them looking at him in awe.

"What?" he asked, his eyes peering at them in suspicion.

"It's just normally, someone your age doesn't have that long of a list, nor do they have such a good a grasp of potential enemies might be," Jackson said in awe. "Normally, most people would list Voldemort as well but you didn't. Can I ask why?"

"Besides the response I got back from after telling him that I didn't care what the prophecy said, I wasn't about to fight him nor was I going to remain in Britain? I don't know, he just seemed a lot
more…sane than when we had previously interacted.”

“Wait,” Jackson held up a hand. “What do you mean previous? According to our knowledge, there was a potential encounter during the TriWizard Tournament and another in the Ministry of Magic just before you came here.”

Smiling sadly, Harry said softly, “Those both did in fact happen. Actually, to be more accurate, Voldemort tried to possess me in the Ministry. Sometime afterwards, I knew somehow that he was again mortal, even though I had never realized he was immortal. Granted, there was a few huge clues, but yeah anyway… Later on, I realized that the faint connection between us had disappeared as well and something fundamental had shifted. What that was or is, I cannot tell you but I do feel that what happened was positive. See, Voldemort had possessed my Defense professor my first year at Hogwarts. That teacher wasn't quite normal and then of course, Dumbledore made sure I and two of my now ex-friends went through an obstacle course. At the time, we had been led to believe that if we hadn't done so, Voldemort would have been able to collect the Philosopher’s Stone and return again.”

Sighing heavily, he grimaced before confessing, “It turns out that it really was just a set up, however, unlike my second year when an echo of Voldemort’s sixteen year old self was trapped in a diary ended up possessing a first year. That caused a Basilisk to be freed from the Chamber of Secrets and eventually the possessed student was trapped down in the Chamber. As the only Parselmouth, I went down with the brother of said student and the current Defense teacher, but thanks to said teacher and a backfiring wand, part of the area collapsed, leaving me alone to kill the snake before destroying the diary.”

Shaking his head, Harry quickly summed up his other encounters, finishing up by going back to the time at the Ministry of Magic before stating, “I know Voldemort was obsessed with finding some Prophecy involving the two of us, which is why he lured me to the Ministry. However, neither his followers nor I heard it as while being attacked in what was called ‘The Hall of Prophecies,’ I destroyed it as everyone on both sides were on the defensive. I believe that is why I was possessed, Voldemort wanted to see what, if anything, I knew about it. It just seems odd that instead of causing a break in his sanity, it seemed to cause the opposite.”

“What you've said does make sense and fills in some pieces. The U.S. Hit Aurors and investigators stationed in the United Kingdom reported that changes began occurring about a few years before your parent's death. Perhaps it was even a bit longer without any noticeable differences but that is when the first signs appeared. The investigators weren't able to find out what caused Voldemort's sudden personality change, but they did observe that his followers were acting strange.

“According to our sources back then, the group under Voldemort were grew more and more skittish, as well as more extreme and secretive. They would be caught with Dark Magic books and objects by our agents, some of which were what we categorize under Forbidden Dark Magic. Unfortunately, what we could stop from reach Voldemort was limited and we knew most of the material or objects were under some sort of concealment spell. Voldemort became not only much more violent and irrational but he would supposedly ordered his followers to commit horrible crimes, raids and terrorist acts. His new love of violence and extreme views had a domino effect,” Domenic sadly explained, not able to look anyone in the eye as he detailed British's history that was either forgotten or covered-up.

“Anyone who disobeyed his orders were severely punished and they seemed to take it out on innocents. New followers tended to have extreme views, again causing more violence and destruction. It was within a year or less that the group were labeled Death Eaters. Many have forgotten or chosen to ignore that the followers weren't always that way, nor that it wasn't even those
who pledged to help Voldemort when he was sane that committed violent acts for fear of his anger. Since the U.S. wasn't the only country keeping an eye on everything, we were able to find out a lot of information but no one could ever figure out what exactly caused the seemingly random changes or how to stop the rapid downturn in things. Many countries rightly didn't wish to get involved.”

Shrugging helplessly, he continued, “What we were aware was that from what was confiscated that Voldemort was likely trying Dark and Forbidden Dark Magics to help him win. It seems likely he was looking for ways to take on the characteristics of those who are immortal or near immortal and based on what you said, either intentionally or unintentionally, did find at least one way to never die.”

“Why would you think that just from my experiences?” wondered Harry.

“It actually makes perfect sense as you say Voldemort has become much more sane and rational since the possession. Also, you said you noticed a huge change between the two of you afterwards, not to mention feeling that he was mortal again, meaning the possession itself was the cause” Jackson pointed out. “One little known fact about trying to possess a person is that if you have a connection with them, no matter how small, there is always a consequence for the person who attempted to do so. You two were likely bonded by the failed Killing Curse and therefore, when Voldemort possessed you, any Forbidden Dark Magic he used was stripped away from him as punishment.

“Ironically, in this case, it seems to have brought back what seems to be a mortal Voldemort that is sane and rational. This is a man who is once again a knowledgeable politician and good war strategist. He may still have some characteristics of immortal beings, perhaps even to the point where death is near impossible, but we can't know for sure and I doubt he can truly know either. At least not without risking his humanity again, which is something I doubt he would willingly do so.”

“So what exactly are you saying? That Voldemort was cursed insane and because of that, delved into Forbidden Dark Magics that made him immortal until he possessed me and afterwards, became mortal, sane and rational? Harry asked, shocked and taken aback by this. “And what, he isn't responsible for his actions during that time because of all that? It's all forgiven and forgotten?”

“Not forgotten but yes, in a way the time before he was temporarily defeated and immersed himself into the dangerous Magics until the time until he regained his sanity is forgiven. See, considering the strong evidence that some outside force drove him to that point, leniency would be granted by any non-corrupt courts,” Domenic stated. “It wouldn't be right or fair for Voldemort to be punished due to another’s action against him. Than again, this is only relevant if he isn't able to take over Magical Britain or reform it.”

Picking up where Domenic had left off, Jackson continued, “I know it sounds strange but considering other countries are not willing to become involved, there would be no one to punish Voldemort if he won. Even the terrorist acts and activities would be forgiven.”

“But why wouldn't other countries do anything about him murdering whole families?” Harry demanded.

“No and for simple reasons,” admitted Jackson. “Many of them already have similar laws established that Voldemort wishes to have in place and also believe similar things as Voldemort does. The differences aren't large enough that the countries are willing to invite conflict with Britain. Either that or they simply don't care as they have their own problems to deal with. Besides, yes, Voldemort is fighting dirty but what everything is boiling down to is a simple civil war, one between the old ways with different restrictions where there is a lot more separation between Magic and Non-Mag and what is considered to be indulging the Non-Mag’s and their ways while ignore the old ways.”
“Seriously?” Harry asked, enthralled and astounded by the information. “I was always told Voldemort wanted to destroy all Creatures, Beings, Muggleborns and Squibs, so that they could keep the lines strictly pure. All I heard about was his love of violence and destruction but honestly, it never made sense though. It simply didn’t seem logical that if he was always as crazed as everyone on the so-called Light side said, that he’d be able to gather and keep followers.”

“This is what I dislike about the British, no offense, Harry” Domenic complained. “In reality, Voldemort wants to separate those that are Non-magical from the Magical community to lessen the risk of exposure, much like we do here. He also wants to reestablish the old ways. You know, such as observing and celebrating the traditions the Winter Solstice, Beltane, etcetera. He also doesn’t wish to restrict any magic at all, Dark, Light, Grey, or Forbidden. As to creatures and beings, well, I am not sure what Voldemort's stance is on them but I do know he has helped them in the past which I would believe shows favor to abolishing the horrible restrictions.”

“That actually sounds rational.”

“More or less,” Jackson acknowledged. “As Domenic said, here in America, we believe in separation as well, but unlike Voldemort, we believe we can and should learn from those without magic. They can often do amazing things and as long as we are careful not to expose ourselves, why not enjoy both worlds? There are specific rules and regulations, as well as a governmental group assigned to that task. It has prevented exposure for quite some time now.

“We do think some Magics need to be banned, such as Necromancy or Inferi, while others need to be strictly monitored and, or regulated. Thus, why you have taken oaths to do no harm with the information you are learning for schooling. Magic is mostly about intent and almost all spells can be used for good or bad. Finally, Magic schools teach and encourage the practice of the old ways, but allow and teach other religions as well. We are a lot more open than Britain is currently or where Voldemort wishes to take the country.”

“So, some good may actually come out of what Voldemort is doing, although there may be downsides as well,” summarized Harry.

“Exactly,” Domenic smiled, glad he understood. “Voldemort is actually trying to take over legally now using the ancient laws. See, he realized that even though in the 1860's, the British Minister began to select Wizengamot members and by the 1900's, it became a tradition, although it was never put into law. Voldemort knows that by forcing people to follow the old laws, one would to be at least thirty years old and have two or more years of Latin as well as Magical Politics and Laws plus a year or more of Magical Ethics and a year or more of Dueling on top of five years of core classes before being accepted as a Wizengamot member. Voldemort is slowly killing off those who qualify under the original laws but do not agree with him. That way, he will eventually have the majority in his hands and he will be able to establish new laws for the Magical Community, over turn old ones, and move more of his people into the ministry. Voldemort is incredibly smart and seems to be taking his time to move his people into position while ensuring those opposing him can no longer challenge him. How long that will take is unknown.

“Granted, we'd be a lot happier if he and his followers could find a way not to kill those who qualify and don’t have their same beliefs. However, our War Aurors warned the Minister and were more or less laughed at, so we are now choosing not to get involved with what is essentially a civil war.”

“If only I could get Dumbledore and his idiots to realize I won't allow them to use me.”

“Don’t worry, even if they do file that motion to extradite you that they threatened you with before, both the US magical and Non-Mag government has the right to arrest them should they come to enforce said documents. This is due to the fact that we could then prove that Dumbledore and the
Minister not only made a false document but had intention to use the false document to harm you in three different ways,” Domenic smirked. “Those documents would show proof they wished to obtain property belonging to you, to cause you financial disadvantage and to try and influence the exercise of your public duty. Therefore, they could each face up to ten years in Non-Magical prison as well an additional ten years in a Magical prison.”

Blinking rapidly, Harry was speechless for a moment, “Wow…I really don’t know what to say. I almost hope they try it. Thank you.”

Smiling, Jackson told him, “I believe you will enjoy what will happen once we discover who is responsible for causing you harm, as it will be easy to bring them here for trial. See, our policy with both sets of government will allow us to extradite the person or people responsible and we have much harsher punishment here. Those involved could be looking into a lifetime plus a number of years in prison. On top of that is whatever fines are assessed and there is a possibility of losing their magic. But before we can assess what the possible fines may be, I need to record what you are facing as far ass your recovery goes due to the poisoning.”

“Carlisle, would you?” Harry heaved a deep sigh after desperately asking him.

Nodding, he explained, “For at least the next six weeks, Harry will need to take Revitalization Tonic for repairing damage to his muscles and Strengthening Solution to help encouraging stronger muscles. He will also need to take the Magical Core Regenerative Drought to speed the recovery of the Magical core, Core Replenishing Potion to encourage the magical core to recover, and Essences of Vitality Protection for repairing damage to organs for the next six to eight weeks. Healer Brystowe and I are hopeful that at that time those three will no longer be needed.

“For the next month, Harry is restricted to minor spells, such as those he was taught during his first year of Magic schooling and can only produce six to twelve spells a day, depending on which spell he uses and the strength behind him. After which, each week, he can slowly increase the amount of spells and power behind them but needs to do so under supervision so as not to push too hard and collapse,” at this, Carlisle looked over at Harry and grinned slightly, knowing how stubborn he could be.

At the huff he received from Harry, he suppressed his chuckle and continued, “It could take anywhere from three to four months to return to the levels where Harry was previously. Of course, considering what I know of him, it may take more time if we don’t keep a close eye on him. That is one of the reasons he can't be alone and had to be supervised by one of us here. That and Healer Brystowe is worried there may be a relapse or a medication may stop working but we may not be aware of it until something happens.

“We've set up a meal plan, as well as an exercise plan. Each week, the exercises will become tougher and last longer. Periods of rest have also been included and unfortunately, most of Harry's work is put on hold indefinitely. Healer Brystowe does want me to do a quick check-up every other day for the first week and at the end of a week she will conduct her own exam. If all is going well at that time, the exams can be done every three days but again, she will check up on Harry after a week. If all is well the second week, an exam can wait until the following week when she stops by. After this she’ll allow me to do the exams every other week for the next month and she will take the other weeks. Once the eight weeks mark has passed, if all is going well, Harry will then be scheduled for a check-up in three weeks, than four weeks before being officially discharged at that appointment.”

Taking a few minutes to finish writing down the notes and process everything, Jackson looked up at Harry seriously, “With all this, I am sure that it will be easy to assess high fines on those
responsible.”

“But what about until they are caught?” Alice asked, concern radiating in her voice. “How are we supposed to know if this is happening again or if something else is being done?”

Shifting in his seats at the piecing stares, Jackson promised, “Until we know you are safe, anytime you shop, I want you to contact us. We will have someone follow you and than scan your items at home to ensure they are safe. It will mean not going out to eat and only eating at home for the foreseeable future but I’m afraid this is the best we can do for now.”

“Understandable,” nodded Harry. “Thank you for your honesty.”

Standing up, the Aurors smiled at him.

“No problem, hopefully with this list, between us here and our contacts in Europe, we should discover something soon. We’ll contact you or Catherine as soon as we know anything,” Jackson said, reaching for the Floo powder Cat had in her hand.

Breathing a sigh of relief as the second Auror disappeared, Harry leaned back in Edward's arms, declaring, “I'm glad that is over with now.”
Thank you all for the comments and help with figuring out not to push myself to post too early. It helped a great deal, you have no idea and the next couple ones will actually makes sense, as well as be better thanks to you! As always, feel free to leave reviews letting me know what you think, even if they point out issues or you are left confused. I don't mind constructive feedback!

Black/Cullen Home
Thursday, December 7, 2006

It had only been thirteen days since he discharged from the hospital, but Harry honestly couldn't figure out if things were actually improving or not. True, he seemed to be getting stronger physically and the aches and pains seemed to be decreasing by small increments each day while the shakiness was quickly clearing up. The lingering nausea and dizziness still came and went, but the severity was no where near what it had been so Harry was hopeful that within a few more week all those symptoms would be completely gone. Better yet, he had at least fifty to sixty percent of his magical core at his disposal whenever he needed it and the rate his core was being replenished was faster than before. Knowing that within the four to six weeks or so, his magical core was should be at its peak again, even if there would still be issues with it being used up quicker helped immensely. What worried him however was the odd, random symptoms that didn't seem to be connected whatsoever to the poison he was told he'd experience for some time yet, nor the side effects of the potions he still would need to take for some time that he had begun suffering from in the last five days.

The new fatigue grew so bad that Harry was actually glad for strict guidelines dictating how much sleep he got, the scheduled nap times, the fact Edward had returned to school, and that someone from the Cullen family was always around just in case he needed anything. For some strange reason, he hated being without one nearby and was feeling oddly clingy to them. Even the thought of trying to cope without one of them tended to send him into a panic. On the positive side, this resulted in developing a much closer relationship with each of them and even with his unease, Harry was finally feeling like part of a family. The downside was that everyone noticed and told Edward. This of course caused Edward to become worried and after two days of observing to try to figure out just what was wrong with him, Edward asked for everyone else to leave early. Unfortunately, feeling pressured, Harry just let out a high-pitched whine, unable to explain his unease and discomfort to himself, even in his own mind.

“Harry, I need to know what's going on,” Edward said, sighing as he squeezed his husband tightly, unsure what to do to comfort him. “It seems like things are just getting worse in some regards and I don't know how to even begin helping you. Emse and Carlisle love being here while I'm at school, but they're worried too, this isn't like you.”

“I don't know what it is,” murmured Harry, still buried in Edward's arms. Not wanting his husband to worry and wanting to throw suspicion off himself, he forced himself to say, “I should be fine without them here if you're gone. I'm certainly fine enough to be alone now.”

“That's the thing though,” Edward said quietly. “I honestly don't feel you are ready or well enough
on your own yet, even with Dobby around. Healer Sarah Brystowe has even said she isn't quite sure yet. Plus, I know there is something off with you lately. I'm not sure what, but it worries me and I really prefer someone around just in case.”

Huffing in protest, while still burrowing deeper in Edward's arms, Harry reasserted he was fine, not realizing his actions were screaming the opposite was true.

“Look, I know you feel fine and I believe you feel basically back to normal with just a few lingering issues. I can sense that, as well as your conflict over the help you're receiving. I mean, you've more or less spent all of your life taking care of yourself, others, or fighting for your life, so I understand you aren't used to having help. I know that you are probably feeling stifled,” Edward reasoned.

“However, I need you to realize that I have little to no knowledge of what happened to you or how any of that stuff affected you and I need more time to wrap my head around the magic and healing parts of stuff. I also need the reassurance of having someone besides Dobby around until the Healer clears you completely. As much of a help Dobby is, he can get overexcited and panic when things aren't clearly spelled out for him.

“I know I should trust what you are saying and I do to a certain point, but I also know that you have a tendency to push yourself too hard and not ask for help. Such as how you were with your schoolwork. Despite offers of help, you refused to give in and tried to do everything alone. I care too much about you to see you push yourself so hard that you end up sick again.”

Sighing deeply, Harry nodded slowly, “I guess you're right about that whole not being able to see I'm doing too much thing. It's just hard when I’ve always had to be the one pushing myself. I just don't want to fail and prove the Dursley's right. Plus, I don't really know how to count on others, you know?”

Edward said sternly as he hugged his husband tightly. “You will never fail as long as you try. Besides, are so much more than you give yourself credit for and it's their problem they couldn't see it. As far as not knowing how to lean on others, I am more than willing to be here and help you out if you're willing to be open-minded.”

“I do know that all of this has made me realize maybe I need to slow down with my schooling. I think I was trying to take too much and in over my head. Especially with the Non-Mag classes. It is so hard catching up considering how many years I was in a magical school. I’ve been actually thinking about maybe next semester, I will just finish taking the no-mag classes I couldn't complete due to the hospitalization and after, getting caught up on the rest of them before taking Magical ones again.

“I know it would mean my schooling would take a lot longer and I would probably have more free time,” Harry stated in a rush. “But honestly, some of those classes are more difficult than I expected. Plus, I think knowing some of those subjects will help with the Magical ones.”

“I personally believe it's a great idea,” encouraged Edward. “It doesn't matter to me if it takes longer or if you choose to do something else or even nothing at all. I just want you to be happy and I think going that route will be the best way to find out. You can always take a break as well if you want with school. Like I said, there is plenty of time and it's not as if we need the money. I'm willing to help with any of the classes I can, although I have a feeling the Magical ones are out for me.”

Nodding, Harry smiled tiredly at him before resting his head back down on his chest.

Frowning at the odd heat he felt coming from Harry, Edward went back to the original subject, “So how have been feeling, honestly?”
“Just a bit off, but I guess that isn’t unusual considering,” Harry confessed, shrugging. “Why?”

“Because even I can tell you’re warmer than normal and something has seemed off with you the last few days. I can’t figure out what, but my instincts are telling me something isn’t quite right,” Edward told him. “Are you sure you’re okay?”

“It hasn’t even been that long since I got home and both Carlisle and Healer Brystowe have said things are slowly getting more or less back to normal,” Harry pointed out, deciding to ignore his own concerns. “I’m sure it’s nothing to worry about and they even said that there’d be some issues that’d linger for a bit. You heard that neither one was concerned at the last check-up.”

“Yes, but they also said nothing was for certain and to bring up anything unusual. So?” Edward asked, unwilling to give up.

Knowing Edward wouldn’t be distracted, Harry rolled his eyes, “I’m just feeling a bit off, maybe a bit odd. Like my skin is a bit tight or itchy or something. I’m sure it'll go away soon.”

“Why don't we head to bed early anyway?”

“Any way I can get out of that?” Harry looked up at Edward with his eyebrows raised.

“No.”

Pouting, Harry followed Edward up, grumbling as he went about overprotective, paranoid vampire husbands. Unfortunately, it seemed Edward was right and whatever was effecting Harry wasn’t gone by morning. In fact, it had gotten worse and after the events of that morning, Edward knew a call to Healer Sarah Brystowe and Carlisle was required.

------------------------------------------------

“So, what's going on, Edward?” Healer Brystowe asked after Flooing into the living room. After being unable to spot Harry, she glanced around and asked, “And may I ask where Harry is?”

“That's actually why I called you and Carlisle over,” he said sheepishly, gesturing to where Charsile was entering with a unique looking cat fighting to escape his grip. “Harry has been a bit…off lately. Even yesterday he seemed more restless and crankier than is normal for himself. Than this morning, well…to put it simply, Harry was very snappish and argumentative. I tried to defuse the situation, but nothing seemed to work. I had been staring right at Harry when this cat appeared in his place.”

Looking nonplussed, Carlisle handed Edward said feline - a beautiful creature with short, reddish-golden brown background fur color with dark streaks and stripes randomly throughout and a tail that was tipped in black. The slightly oversized feet as well as medium-sized ears and emerald jewel-toned eyes gave off an intelligent, almost human look to the other humans in the room. Sensing the disgruntlement and general unhappiness, Edward immediately began to scratch the cat behind the ears. Thankfully, this did the trick of calming the feline down and it soon started kneading his lap.

“Unfortunately, I honestly don't have a clue as to what happened or why Harry would transform into some sort of cat. I wouldn’t have believed it was actually him if I wasn't looking right at him,” he said helplessly, shrugging carefully so as not to dislodge Harry.

“Actually, I don't believe he is technically a housecat as you may be thinking of,” Sarah clarified when she gathered herself, clearing her throat awkwardly at the questioning looks.

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Actually, I don't believe he is technically a housecat as you may be thinking of,” Sarah clarified when she gathered herself, clearing her throat awkwardly at the questioning looks.

Continuing, she informed them with a small smile, “It actually is incredibly relevant and important to know this than one would believe. First, is it alright if I run a few scans to make sure Harry is in fact
the Animagus breed that I believe to be and is currently well?"

At the nods from not only Carlisle and Edward but also Harry in cat-form, Sarah preformed a quick series of diagnostic scans.

“Well, the good news is I was correct, Harry has become what is known as the Geoffroy Fennec Feline. The other good news is that this is a known Magical Tribrid, or in other words, a mixed breed of Kneazles, Geoffroy's Ocelot, and Fennec Foxes. Harry is able fully capable of understanding us and defending himself even in this state.”

Blinking rapidly at the amount of information he had no clue how to process, Edward went on to ask, “So, what is the bad news then?”

“Unfortunately, I can only give you some educated guess as to why you transformed into your Animagus form, Harry,” she said, speaking directly to her patient. “My thought is that since you are still healing from the Death's Touch Draught Harry, your body cannot cope with both a heat cycle or even a pre-heat cycle and the side-effects of the poisoning. Thus, your body has overreacted to what would be considered normal pre-heat behavior and sought refuge in your Animagus form. Now, I realize this may be embarrassing, but I feel you should know pre-heat cycle feelings can include feeling defensive, needing to find somewhere safe to escape to or build a neat-type area, feeling overwhelmed by emotions or certain situations, as well as being unable to cope with what you typically are able to. This is important as if you aren't aware of them, it may be harder to cope with reverting back to human form or the issues may come up and it is best to prepare for them.

“As to whether or not your pre-heat cycle is on schedule, I am not quite sure;” she continue to explain. “It is possible that your body is on schedule, but there is no way to know for sure. It is possible that the poison interfered somehow with your cycle. Perhaps you just had started the very beginning stages of your heat cycle, where your body is preparing to produce the hormones for the pre-heat cycle. The poison may have been introduced or begun building up at enough at that point to suppress those biological processes. That would mean your schedule was delayed for weeks. If not that, than the poison could have triggered your heat cycle to start earlier now that it is working its way out of your system. It could have even set it off later than it should somehow.

“Then again, I could be wrong and it is the fact that your body was so saturated with the poison that until now, your body wasn't able to process the hormones that typically start the cycle. If that was the case, I am not sure why the hormone production wasn't stopped completely and your first heat cycle skipped over.”

Shrugging her shoulders, Healer Brystowe apologized, “I know that doesn't make much sense or help much, but unfortunately, there really is no way to know what happened or why it happened. We also won't know what schedule your heat schedule is on for a bit as it takes approximately ten to twelve weeks for all of the Death's Touch Draught to be completely out of your system. After that time, you should be able to learn within a couple of cycles when to expect them.”

Whining at that news, Harry began to turn around before realizing he was still not human. Yipping, Harry shook himself and put his paws on Edward's chest. Looking up at him, he whimpered, hoping his husband would understand his concern.

“What about Harry's Animagus form?” Edward asked, waving one hand over Harry's form while petting with the other him in hopes of reassuring him.

“The good news is that now that you have converted to Animagus form, even if you become stressed during future pre-heat cycles and transform, you will have an easier and faster time turning back. Right now, you are more or less stuck as you are because of everything your body has gone through
and is still going through. Plus, you simply don't have the needed magical reserves and as Animagus conversions take a good amount of magic, you will need to build up enough before attempting to revert back. It will take some time, but don't worry. You should be back to your human self within the next twelve to twenty-four hours. You may change back and forth during the pre-heat cycle considering how much you are coping with but it all depends on how you feel,” she warned him. “I also suspect with your abilities you will eventually be able to change back and forth within a few hours though. Once your magic is more stabilized and reliable, each time you change forms it will be even easier as it uses less magic and you will have much greater control.”

“Wait, how long could this last then?” Carlisle asked, concerned at how long Harry could be stuck as this type of feline.

“I don't know for sure how long pre-heat cycles will last as each individual is unique, but they typically last between ten and eighteen days.” Sarah noticed the embarrassment and questioning look on Edward's face and offered, “I can send some information on pre-cycles and heat if you'd like.”

“That'd be helpful,” Edward answered gratefully while Harry gave a small nod of agreement.

“How sure are you that everything that has happened won't effect Harry the next time he has a cycle?” Carlisle wondered.

“Well, at worst, this pre-cycle may be a bit longer, as I have heard of that in some other cases similar to this. However, as the poison is still working itself out, we won't know for sure until that time. Cambions just simply haven't existed in so long and are highly secretive,” she told them. “However with what information I do have, considering when Harry's inheritance hit and this cycle hit, I estimated there to be about 18 weeks, give or take before the next cycle hits. Since the poison will only take approximately six more weeks to completely work itself out of Harry's body, there should be no concern about similar future instances. The only sure thing is what I mentioned previously, about having to retake any long term contraceptives.”

Relieve, Edward slumped further down on the couch and as he did so, Harry wiggled partly out of his hidey hole to flop his head on his knee. Once he had done so, he gave Edward a long look as he gave out a deep mew of frustration and looking at his husband with a pitiful face.

“Anything else I can help with today?”

Looking down at Harry, who was still half-way trying to hide from Healer Brystowe and Carlisle while burrow into him, Edward shook his head.

“I think for now, that's all. Thank you for coming over so quickly.”

“I don't mind, it's what I am here for, she reassured Edward as she made her way to the Floo. Tossing in the powder, before leaving, she added in, “I'll call in a couple days if I don’t hear from you.”

Sighing heavily, Edward grimaced at Carlisle before softly petting Harry in an attempt to comfort both of them. Somehow, he would find a way to make his husband feel safe again, no matter what it took.
Manipulations

Chapter Notes

I have the next chapter written out and an outline of the one after that typed out. I am not sure when I will get to them, but hopefully soon. At least my brain is starting to work better and the story is starting to reveal itself to me from this point on much more clearly! I hope you all enjoy this chapter. Feel free to let me know what you think. Thank you again for reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Cottage under Fidelus Charm
Hogsmeade, Highlands, Scotland, Great Britain
Mid-Morning, Saturday, December 9, 2006

“What do you want now?” barked a man hidden in the shadows, trying to suppress the loathing and fear he felt at seeing Albus Dumbledore.

“Now, now, is that anyway to speak to domini vestri?” he taunted his captor.

Getting no response, the elder man said coldly, “I have heard that your attempt to bring Harry back home have failed. Not to mention your attempts with Lupin!”

“Good,” he couldn’t help smiling at the news, proud his plans had backfired.

“Remember who you are speaking to!” Albus barked, furious that nothing had come of either of the initial plans.

“Oh, I do, trust me,” he replied bitterly. “It is not my fault that Lupin recovered so quickly. I told you with the Wolfsbane he would be more resistant than most. And how could I have foreseen or known about the possibilities of Harry finding a specialist outside of the UK? Besides, you should be grateful considering what could have happened. You got in over your head with that one and you know it.”

Huffing in frustration and irritation at the arrogance shown to him, the headmaster reminded him, “I don’t care about that, all I know is that what you planned for the boy failed. Now, I will give you three days to come up with new ideas.

“Remember, sottumessimi,” he said softly and calmly, using the Corsican keywords to trigger unquestionable submission to his orders. “I want you to lay out the charges with solid facts behind them so that the American government cannot deny our request to being Harry here for a trial.”

Pulling out the packet, they were slapped down and looking sharply once more at the man, “Make sure to have multiple examples considering the disaster of your previous plans. I’ll ensure the right people are directed your way again.”

“Yes, heaven forbid you get your hands dirty,” the man scoffed, only to flinch as a hand was raised in warning towards him. Hating himself for his helplessness, he simply nodded his consent.
Albus cast a specialized modified Oblivate spell guaranteed to temporarily block the memory of his captive and his more devious schemes. Every time the next meeting was scheduled, an pre-arranged owl would deliver a short message with a certain code word or words hidden within. As soon as he was once again left alone, the man let out a deep breath and slumped down in his seat, happy to be left alone despite knowing what he must do in the upcoming days. There was never any use in fighting, not with the numerous spells and wards placed upon his person and prison. He couldn’t help but once again wish for death - his or his so-called master, it matter not which. Either one would bring about the death of the other, freeing him. Until then, with so many wards and spells placed upon him and the house he was kept in, there was no choice for him but to obey. After all, there was things worse than death… he had, after all, experienced numerous of them.

12 Grimauld Place
London, England
Order of the Phoenix Meeting
Early Evening, Saturday, December 9, 2006

Watching as everyone settled around the kitchen table through the nearby parlor, Albus had to suppress a sigh. To be honest, he wasn't quite sure where to steer people anymore. It hurt that so many were relying on him with ever increasing frequency when he held no answers. However, Voldemort no longer seemed to be following any of the same patterns he once did, leaving everyone confused and on edge. With fear and desperation taking over, more and more arguments seemed to erupt each meeting. Not that he could blame anyone as no one knew which family may be targeted next and be wiped out without warning.

The fear, paranoia, and suspicions of anyone not well known meant people tended to push away those who could actually help and Albus feared it may be even sending some to Voldemort's side. Considering how many were destroyed the last time, he even could almost understand why one may choose to do so. However, it certainly didn't help their cause. The fact everyone was worried about their family’s safety and the unease with even friends was causing a lot of discord in the Order and ruining how unified the Order was as a group. Too many were consumed with finding ways to protect all family members instead of focusing on the larger picture since no one knew when the Death Eaters and Voldemort may strike. This single-minded focus was causing the original goals of the Order of the Phoenix to fall by the side. No longer did it seem people came together as one to fight for the well-being of the Wizarding World.

Albus was becoming beyond frustrated with the lack of willingness to do whatever it took to stop Voldemort's rising power. That, coupled with his suspicions that his spy could no longer be trusted since less and less useful information was being brought forth each time, made Albus curse in his mind as everyone gathered around the table. With all of his carefully thought out plans slowly but surely falling apart, something had to be done and fast. He just hoped Harry returned home soon.

If not, he knew Voldemort would soon take over even more of the Wizarding World, dooming the citizens to what he knew would be a horrible fate. All Albus could hope for was the new plans would work in his favor, boost morale, and bring Harry back to his rightful place – on the front lines of the war. Sighing heavily, he cast a quick ‘Tempus’ and noticed the meeting was due to begin. Gathering himself, he flashed a smile as he settled into the head seat at the table, ensuring his mask of a tough, wise, yet kind and compassionate old man was in place. After quickly greeting everyone, he moved on to the most important topics.

Albus turned to Remus and queried with false concern almost oozing from his voice, “Before we begin, how are you feeling Remus?”
“I'm fine, just a bit under the weather. Nothing serious,” he replied, puzzled by the man's tone and how he knew he had been ill lately.

“Are you sure, you haven't seem yourself recently,” the headmaster persisted. “I can't help but worry about what I see.”

Remus shook his head, dismissing the notion. Despite the fact he had seemed to never have fully recovered after the last full moon, he just assumed it was some sort of illness. Unfortunately, being a werewolf didn't prevent him from everything and in fact, somethings were actually easier for him to catch. Four days of flu-like symptoms was nothing to worry about.

“Good, good,” Dumbledore cheerfully responded while inside he was raging, although why, he wasn't quite sure. Perhaps it was the fact that without Remus around, Harry would be forced back to take over his Wizengamot seats? Then again, it made no sense how Remus was able to use those seats in the first place.

Shaking off his frustration, he moved on, asking Severus, “Is there any word on Voldemort's plan or any other information yet?”

Snape glared at the headmaster before snapping out, “No, nothing new. He is just gathering new forces and is still finding legal loopholes within the government. Besides, he doesn't seem to be so forthcoming with many of his people any longer.”

Nodding slowly, Dumbledore tried his best to keep his temper under control. After all he had done for Severus, his spy no longer was bringing back any useful information. Again, he had to wonder if Snape was trusted by Voldemort or if he simply was no longer on the light side. He couldn't afford to anger the Potions Master quite yet until he knew for sure one way or another though and there was no one that could find out about Severus’ true loyalties.

Turning to what he considered the other trouble maker of the Order, Remus Lupin, since he had somehow gained control of Harry's Wizengamot seats yet refused to allow him to guide him, Albus questioned if he had heard anything from Harry. Upon receiving a negative answer, he tried reading Remus' surface thoughts but was promptly ejected. Not bothering to apologize, Dumbledore turned to face the rest of the main Order members.

“Does anyone have any new information or ideas?” he asked hopefully.

“My contacts told me Harry was poisoned,” Mad-Eye Moody spoke up. “Not sure with what exactly, was an odd name…something like Mortces Scraptor Capturam.”

“You mean Mors Tactus est Scriptor Capturam?” Severus interrupted, seemingly stunned.

Glaring at the man for daring to interrupt him, Moody never-the-less nodded, “Yeah, sounds ‘bout right. Anyway, it's supposedly been illegal for over a couple hundred years. Even some of the ingredients alone are banned. Supposedly most copies were destroyed except for ones kept in government safe holds just in case.”

“How is Potter even still alive?” Snape wondered out loud, disbelieving that such a vicious poison could leave a victim alive. The only reason he even was aware of it was due to an old family copy that had been hidden in a Gringotts vault. “Some of those ingredients in that recipe alone have been banned, not to mention it has been banned for a couple hundred years or so. It should only be found in one area under heavy wards in each country. The side effects alone can cause issues for weeks, if not months even, if a person does survive.”
“Is Harry alright?” Remus asked, hating he couldn't contact his cub while his nose flared when he caught a hint of excitement at the news.

What on earth? Who would be happy about such news? Remus wondered, shaking off the eerie sensations he felt to hear the response to his question.

“Gettin' there,” Mad-Eye nodded in confirmation. “Might be a bit before he's completely well.”

Relieved, Remus allowed his body to sink down while his eyes cautiously moved over those gathered, before a sudden thought caused him to sit up rigidly.

“I thought all patient information was confidential,” Remus asked suspiciously.

“Typically, yes it is,” admitted Mad-Eye. “However, since the potion has been illegal for so many years and hasn't been used on anyone since I believe the early 1900's, the governments were informed about the case. That way, should it occur again, the methods used to save Harry's life and detox him will be on record. You are correct in that normally the patient's name is not used in these cases. However, I had an acquaintance who worked in the Health Department who owed me a favor and believed that I should know about this.”

“Is there anything we can do to help?” Molly wondered.

“Unfortunately, we still aren't sure where Harry is located and can only hope he has help recovering. That is why I'd like to discuss ways of trying to either find his location or bring him back home by any means necessary. I know it sounds cruel, but I am hoping there is some way we can use this to our advantage,” Albus said, looking concerned.

Fending off the protests from Molly Weasley, he hastily added, “I know you wish to protect him, as do I, but we all know without Harry that Voldemort will take over. I am merely hoping that we can find a way to contact him and offer him protection as he trains until he is able to take down Voldemort. If there was another way, trust me, I would not hesitate in doing so.”

A few scoffs were heard before Remus spoke up, “Why on earth would Harry come back? You know as well as I do that as of right now he has a pact with Voldemort stating that he will not come back to Britain and interfere as long as Voldemort leaves him be. After everything you've put him through, along with that agreement, I cannot see him returning for any reason whatsoever.”

“I don't know what you're talking about, my boy,” Albus denied. “I know Harry got in a couple of rough spots, and yes, perhaps some were worse than others his age thanks to the feud with Voldemort, but I certainly never had anything to do with it. I cannot see why he would not help if we were given the chance to explain things.”

Shaking his head, Remus just huffed at the idiocy of the headmaster.

“If you feel this way, why are you even here?” Mrs. Weasley demanded of Remus.

“I swore to protect my cub at all costs and that's what I'm doing,” he said simply, refusing to mention he was protecting Harry from them and not the supposed Dark side.

Sensing that people were getting riled up and would lead to arguments shutting down yet another meeting, Albus stepped in with a heavy sigh, “This won't get us anywhere. What we need to focus is on how to find a legal way to get Harry back to England. We all know that he is the only one who can possibly save us from Voldemort.”

As people began talking over one another, Albus said sharply, “We need to figure out something
quickly. The Ministry is thinking of bringing Harry up on numerous charges, some of which are quite serious. I have no idea if I could stop them, nor if I could get the Minister to see reason should Fudge force Harry over here to face them. Honestly, at this point I am wondering if it may be a good idea to go along with them and then when he is on British soil again, offer him a deal where all charges are dropped if he helps us with Voldemort. It is his destiny after all.”

Murmurs of shock ran through the room at this as most had no idea this was even a possibility.

Shaking his head, Severus snapped, “Considering all that you put him through and all he ran from, do you honestly think Harry would come willingly?”

“Considering that it would be between the possibility of being charged with certain crimes and protection from us in the long run, yes, I do believe he would,” Dumbledore said calmly.

“What crimes?” Remus almost growled out, desperately wanting to know what on Merlin's green earth was going on now.

“From what I have heard from my contacts, there a few different charges. Ones that could land the poor boy in Azkaban or worse,” Albus said, presenting a false sense of sadness. “Then there are other, smaller crimes, ones that are just as serious. Ones I am not quite sure of just yet, but I do know are serious.”

“How stupid can those dunderheads be?” Severus huffed. “I may not like that boy or know much about politics but even I know that cannot be legal.”

Surprised that Snape was sticking up for his cub, Remus just nodded his head and voiced a sound agreement.

“It is actually quite easy to apply certain charges as many either don’t have a statue of limitations or the time to file hasn’t passed yet. Also, the Minister can bypass the statue of limitation in times of war in some cases,” Auror Kingsley informed the Order members. “The main problem would be actually executing a warrant as even though we are aware of which country Harry lives in, if that country feels there is not enough evidence, then the case could cause conflict between our countries. Or, worse yet, they could feel as though Britain is trying to unjustly accuse Harry of crimes and without evidence to back up the claims, Britain could be held responsible, especially if they tried to interfere in some other way besides the warrant. For example, if the Minister presented evidence that caused the Goblins to either reduce or deny Harry access to his accounts, than anyone involved would then be brought up on charges themselves.”

“But why would the Ministry even bring up charges that could be proven false?” Ron spoke up, clearly confused and unable to stay silent despite the order to do so before the meeting.

“They could just be getting desperate, but I honestly am not sure. It was hard enough finding out the information I did as everyone is paranoid of everyone else. If it wasn’t for my contact in the Minister's office, I doubt I would even know this much,” Kingsley shrugged hopelessly, at a loss himself.

“You are right that legally, it really doesn't make much sense,” he agreed as he explained further. “In fact, laws would possibly need to be bent or ignored to actually make the charges stick, especially those that should be handled by the Goblins. I can only assume the Minister Fudge and his lackeys are hoping Harry doesn't know or understand Britain's Magical laws. I mean, yes, technically, Cedric Diggory did died in Harry's presence and if the Wizengamot went back to some very ancient and outdated laws, Harry could possibly be charged some sort of fine for not defending Cedric. That is, unless Harry knew enough about how dangerous past TriWizard Tournaments were before entering
and that people have been killed before. He'd also need to prove Cedric understood the possible risk. An advantage in his favor however, was that his wand was never tested immediately afterwards for any spell which would prove one way or another if he helped defend Cedric or not.”

Continuing on despite Albus trying to cut him off, Kingsley summed up what he knew, “There is simply no way to prove it was Harry who was responsible for Diggory's death, especially since it is now known He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named was brought back during that time Harry disappeared. There is simply too much circumstantial evidence and if the Ministry tried to extradite him with all of that, especially using the outdated laws, the Ministry itself would be seen as criminal in the eyes of America and it could end up with the International Council of Wizards being involved. As far as the other accusations the Ministry may wish to charge Harry with, it would end up as a Goblin trial in the end and as I am sure they are aware of much more than anyone, I doubt much, if anything, would be done since the Goblins would already be aware of such crimes. It is not exactly easy to break Goblin rules as you may know.”

“So, Harry likely doesn’t know this and there has to be a way around the government,” sighed Dumbledore, feeling hopeless at the situation and upset that this information was given out.

Now, with everyone knowing more than he wished, he would have to figure a new plan since he could clearly could not offer protect from the Ministry as the werewolf would inform Harry to fight any charges on his new home ground. Despite this though, he wasn’t ready to give up on the plan considering how long it had taken to develop, especially as it was one of the best ones considering one of the plans dealing with poisoning had completely failed. The other had partially failed and he had no way of knowing if it would eventually succeed.

“What do you expect? You cannot treat someone as a pawn and expect them to be happy about it or go along with it,” Remus scolded him. “Besides, how many times do I need to tell you Voldemort and Harry have a deal. As long as Harry does not come back to Britain, he will be left alone.”

Deciding to ignore the comment, Albus looked around at the defeated faces, “Does anyone have any other news?”

Seeing numerous heads shake, he longed to put his head down in despair, “Any ideas?”

After a long silence, Dumbledore lowered his head briefly, before looking up and asking hopefully, “Has anyone made progress anywhere else?”

“I would suggest looking into the old laws of the Wizengamot, sir,” Hermione spoke up hesitantly. At the look of encouragement, she went on after pulling out some papers. “I’ve been tracking the families which have been killed and listing what each had in common. Each of the families are ones that have been around for quite some time, usually at least two hundred years or more. It took some time, but I found all of them were educated in various subjects according to what members of the Wizengamot was expected upon reaching a certain age requirement. These rules were set up during the conception of the Wizengamot. The families also had multiple family members who would meet the age requirements and which could be considered either light or neutral families.

“The laws were kept, but after a certain time when membership lowered, people were educated freely while serving. The laws were followed to the letter until a certain time in history when too few people met the requirement and eventually, it led to the laws being ignored just to fill the seats.”

Pausing to make sure everyone was following along, Hermione continued, “I believe that He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named is killing those families who qualify under the original laws and that don’t share the same beliefs or can be manipulated by him. I also believe he will soon ensure that the old laws will be reinforced again and will have his unmarked followers fill in the empty seats, as the families
leaning towards the He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named appear to be left alone. Further research shows that there has been an increase of hiring in tutors in the subjects needed to be accepted by the old laws of the Wizengamot. I believe that soon Voldemort will soon make sure enough unmarked followers are in place and will find a way to ensure that the old law is enforced again.”

“So, you believe Voldemort is replacing those who don't agree with his ideals by using our old laws against us?” Albus asked, looking partly defeated and partly excited at the new information.

“Yes, sir. Although it seems he is waiting for some moment as there aren't enough people on his side to form a majority,” she agreed.

“Interesting,” he muttered, wondering what to do with this new information. “Thank you, Ms. Granger. I assume you found information about the old laws?”

At her nod, he asked for her to leave a copy with him. As he tried digesting the information, Albus tried to keep the panic off his face while the Order members whispers filled the air. After several minutes, he called for silence.

“Does anyone have any idea how to stop this?”

“No one here with the exception of you and Professor McGonagall meet the requirements. Kingsley is very close to meeting the requirements, however he does need to complete a couple courses which would take a couple years,” added Hermione in hopes of helping.

Dismayed, disappointed, and fearful looks flashed across the faces in the room. How on earth are we to stop Voldemort now? Albus wondered. I never imagined or even thought of him taking over legally. Before, he couldn't focus long enough to make changes logically. What in Merlin's name happened?

“Everyone here knows the prophecy. Everyone knows we need Harry Potter, without his help, I fear we may be lost,” he said grimly, choosing to ignore everything else for the time being. “We need to find a way to have Harry come back and fight.”

Ideas were shouted out as they were thought of but each one was shot down. Kidnapping Harry would just make things worse and bring the US government upon them. Offering protection from harm was a contradiction considering they needed Harry to fight against Voldemort. Promising him rewards didn't seem to be a good idea either considering the wealth Harry had from his inheritance. In the end, the only solution the Order could come up with was offering to drop the charges if Harry helped with the war.

With no more new information, Albus dismissed the group, retreating quickly. He didn't feel like putting on his cheerful mask to raise others spirits as he was having major doubts about the plan to entice Harry back to his home country. He just couldn't see where things went wrong with that boy or where his sense of loyalty and honor had gone. After everything everyone had sacrificed for him, it was simply irresponsible and childish to flee. Dumbledore couldn’t wait until he could finally set Harry in his place.

------------------------------------------------

Cottage under Fidelus Charm
Hogsmeade, Highlands, Scotland, Great Britain
Late Evening, Sunday, December 10, 2006

Finally having completed listing all the possible charges along with reasonable arguments for each,
the man hidden and locked away looked over the parchment once more to ensure was in order. Just reading it sickened him, but he quite literally had no choice. He just hoped that the Magical Congress of the United States would throw out the charges or ignore them. Harry didn't deserve any of the possible consequences and in his opinion, should be protected.

As his captor came in, he silently handed the scroll over and waited as Dumbledore read what he had come up with.

“Good, very good,” praise poured from the headmaster’s lip. “I think we should send this, along with a letter to the Magical Congress. These are very serious charges and I cannot see how they could possibly deny cooperating with our own government.”

“You do know this could backfire on you very easily? The evidence for some of these is sketchy at best,” he warned.

“It doesn’t matter, so long as Harry believes we have the power to do so,” Albus said dismissively. “Besides, there is more than enough for the Americans to extradite the boy back.”

“Fine, what do you want the letter to include?” the man asked, resigned.

“Just say we are ready to press charges, although we are willing to work with him to the benefit of all of us as long as he returns here peacefully,” he was told. “Keep it vague as unfortunately we have not figured out how to get on his property as of yet so a government worker will likely read it.”

Sighing, the man did as instructed before handing everything off, feeling truly sorry for Harry. No one should be forced to fight in a war they wanted nothing to do with and he could only pray that this man was taken down soon.

“Now, what else have you come up with?”

Sighing, he reluctantly showed some ideas he had written down, knowing the consequences of not even attempting to develop plans would result in pain worse than the Cruio Curse. As they were looked over and glee emerged, he felt sick to his stomach.

Merlin help them all, he thought. No matter who wins, it seems as though all of them will lose.

Chapter End Notes

domini vestri means "your master".

sottumessimi means "submit to me".
Ultimatums

Chapter Notes

It seems being stuck at my parents was a good thing...wrote a bunch so got a couple chapters done.
Hopefully, these are up to standard. Again, thank you for reading, reviewing and leaving Kudos! All reviews are welcomed and help inspire me to write!

Cullen/Black Home
Monday Afternoon, December 11, 2006

Much to Edward's dismay, Harry hadn't transformed back from his Animagus form as Healer Brystowe suspected he would, staying as a Geoffroy Fennec Feline to protect himself. Knowing that as useless, helpless, and as frustrated as he felt, Edward knew the feeling had to be worst with his husband. Edward finally had enough and after talking over ways to protect Harry and ensure his safety with Carlisle, he made his way into their home movie theater where Harry was still hiding and curled up in a far corner. Despite appearing as though he was asleep, Edward wasn't fooled one bit and sat down next to him, stroking his back gently.

“I know you’re not asleep,” Edward said softly, ignoring the fact that the feline didn't so much as move. “I may not fully understand what you are going through, but one thing I do understand is the unease you feel considering our location has been found out somehow. I feel it too.

“This isn't healthy for either of us, especially for you considering your past and submissive nature likely trying to protect you. I don't blame you in the least for hiding,” Edward assured the feline Harry, who had opened his eyes slightly. “Truth be told, whether it is my vampire side and our bond, I’m not sure, but lately I've been struggling a lot as well. I constantly have to stop myself from just grabbing you and running somewhere far away where no one knows our real names, not even the rest of our family. In school, I have to fight to stay there and actually pay attention. I don't even remember the last time it was this difficult. Perhaps when I was a newborn or after I came back from my rebellious period.”

Sensing the guilt coming from his husband, Edward held up a hand part way, “You have nothing to be ashamed of, Harry. Nor anything to feel guilty or bad about. None of what is happening is your fault. All you have done is react as logically as possible to the situations you've been forced to deal with, situations no one should deal with, let alone someone your age. I've learned that war may be an unfortunate fact of life, but children should not be raised to be disposable weapons as you were raised. Adults are supposed to care about children and no one from either the non-Magical or Magical world back in Britain did.

“You didn't allow that to turn you into a bitter, hard person or someone gave up easily. You did what you could and were smart enough, brave enough to do something about your situation and to get help to leave. I cannot tell you how proud of you I am for seeking out help from those Goblins, considering they seemed to be to be the only ones who could have done anything for you,” Edward praised Harry, inwardly shuddering at the thought of what could have happened. “I honestly don't care what those people from Britain try to do, I promise to always be with you. I had a good idea what might come up before I married you and completed the bond. Even with all that has come up, I
can say I still have no regrets and cannot see m6sely ever having regret.”

Looking at Harry in his cat form, he said firmly, “I promise again, I will always be here. I love and care too deeply for you to leave you. If you wonder why this is, it is because I can see who you are…a truly kind, compassionate soul. Someone who cares for others, sometimes at the expense of themselves. You see the best in others, listening to what happened without judging and are forgiving. By forgiving me, you have helped me start to heal and forgive myself for the harm I have done in my past. So you see, even though we haven't been together long, you are already teaching me so much. I never would know the beauty of laughter and love without you and I no longer can see life without you, so you're stuck with me as long as you'll have me.”

That said, feeling somewhat embarrassed, despite knowing Harry had to hear it, Edward gave him a light squeeze. Letting a few minutes of silence with the exception of Harry’s odd purring as Edward stroked him, Edward cleared his throat.

“Since neither of us are the type to run and hide, plus we know that these people won't give up, I talked to Carlisle. I wanted to wait until you transformed back and could participate, but considering we aren't sure how long it will take…” he trailed off awkwardly. When Harry just glared at him, he continued with a smile, “I know you hate being trapped inside, but I truly believe it is best to stay within the house and when you go outside, I'd prefer someone goes with you.”

Hearing the low growl in protest, Edward continued undaunted, “I know this seems like overkill, but as I said, my baser instincts seem to be in hyper drive, telling me that I must watch over and protect you at all times and at any cost to myself. It is why Carlisle and I decided to pull me out of school for a while as I am struggling to control my emotions and reactions. I can barely get through a school day right now.”

Knowing Harry would take the blame for this, he quickly reassured him, “Yes, we're fairly certain this is due to the dominate aspect of my vampire side, which has become more so since bonding with you. However, I don't want you to feel guilty about this. I'd much rather have to deal with these issues than not have you around, especially considering how meaningless, lonely and empty my life was and felt like until you came into it. You will just have to cope with knowing that until things settle down, it is near impossible to control this side of myself and therefore, I need to be close by you to appease my vampire side. Besides, my human side is agreeing so either way, you're stuck with me.”

At this, Harry nuzzled Edward's hand, trying to convey his sympathy and understanding, as well as love and gratitude. If anyone could understand not being able to control the being part of themselves fully, it was him. For Merlin's sake, he was a freaking Magical feline right now!

Smiling at Harry's attempt to comfort, Edward sighed deeply before continuing on, knowing the next issues would be harder, “I apologize about this before hand, but I refuse to hear an argument about this as well. Although I believe those agents idea about watching out while grocery shopping and testing the food is a must, I don't believe it is enough. Neither does Carlisle considering the fact we are dealing with those who can use magic, which is not always easy to detect according to you.

"Therefore, after asking who would be willing to help out, which was the entire family, we have decided that we will take turns driving a couple cars to random places before leaving said car and running to a different area to grocery shop. Hopefully, throw off anyone who wishes to try again.

“All of our family believe it is best to contact the Quileute tribe and let them know at least some of what is happening. They should be prepared in case these wizards and witches somehow find out about them and confront them.”

Nodding his head vigorously to show his agreement to that, Edward chuckled, “I thought you would
think that way. We would also like to ask them to run patrols near our properties, only if they are willing. If you don't feel it is insulting or is the proper thing to do, we can offer some sort of compensation for it as they would be doing us a huge favor.”

*It would be a good idea, but if these shape-shifters feel it is within their duty as protectors of the people of Forks, wouldn't it be insulting? Of course, than again, this goes above and beyond the treaty set up between the Quileute tribe and the Cullens, so perhaps it could be looked at as a new contract between them, even if it is temporary and therefore it would be wrong not to do so, Harry debated internally.*

Frustrated he couldn't express these feelings, he ended up rotating his head back and forth while moving his shoulders awkwardly, Harry tried demonstrated he had no feelings about that either way. At least none that he could communicate verbally. Thankfully, the bond between him and Edward was strong enough that Edward could sense the internal confliction.

“I know,” Edward admitted quietly. “There doesn't seem to be any easy answer to that issue other than ask and hope.”

Huffing, Harry did his best to glare at him before giving in. Honestly, the idea relieved him as he wasn't sure when he would feel comfortable shopping again. It was just the thought that he wasn't given a choice in this matter that irritated him, as odd and contradictory as that sounded.

Smiling as if he could tell what Harry was feeling, Edward added, “We also contacted the coven up in Alaska, just giving them a general idea of what was happening. They are more than willing to come help if need be, or if worst comes to worst, we can go there. I know it wouldn't be comfortable considering Bella is there, but your safety is more important to me. I love and care too much to risk you and if it means dealing with her, than so be it. Besides, I’m sure you could also find a way to mess with her if she got to be too much for either of us.”

Seeing the teasing grin on Edward's face, Harry startled letting out an odd noise. Concerned at first, Edward relaxed when he realized it was just him laughing.

Wanting to hear more of that, he scooped up Harry in his arms, tickling the cat. A few minutes later, the six pound feline became much heavier as Harry transformed back abruptly.

“Oh, thank god!” Edward breathed out, eyes closing in sharp relief to have his Harry back as a human.

Humming, Harry just clung onto to him, happy to just snuggle and not move.

Laughing when ten minutes had passed and all Harry had done was burrow further in deeper, Edward wondered, “You're not letting go anytime soon, are you?”

Shaking his head, Harry apologized sheepishly and admitted in a semi-horse voice, “Feel off, kind of… I don't know.”

Rubbing his back, Edward told him, “don't worry. Healer Brystowe told us to expect this considering that normally this would be your pre-heat or heat cycle. It's just a bit more intense since the reason for your hospitalization is causing this one to be skipped over. Do you mind if I call Dobby done so Carlisle and Healer Brystowe can be notified?”

“Umm, no,” Harry decided after a few seconds, a bit mumbled with his face pressed into Edward's shoulder. “I refuse to move just so you're aware.”

“That's fine with me,” Edward smiled gently before softly calling for Dobby.
With a pop that startled Harry, he appeared, asking, “What can Dobby do for Masters?”

Asking him to contact the Healer and Carlisle, Dobby almost left, before remembering.

“Ohs, Master Harry, yous got letter,” he announced and with a sharp click of Dobby's fingers a thick scroll of parchment appeared next to them on the floor. “Best be opening. Yous be owing Dragots if not.”

With that dire warning, Dobby popped away while Harry reluctantly moved far enough out of Edward's arms to grab his mail. The further and further along he read, the wider his eyes became.

Unable to take any more, Edward asked impatiently, “What is it?”

“Read, just read,” Harry said softly, tears forming open his eyes as he tried desperately not to panic.

Reading over the list Harry was being charged with, Edward felt his jaw drop as he sighed heavily in disgust and amazement, unable to believe what he just read. Just how any first-world country government could be so cruel and idiotic was beyond him. Although he sensed Carlisle and the Healer were waiting for him to acknowledge them, he focused on Harry, more concerned about him than anything else at that moment.

“It's okay, love,” he whispered, knowing only Carlisle could hear him besides Harry. “We will figure this out and find a way to stop them. There has to be a way. I mean, I don't know much about law in general, let alone those in Britain and certainly not those in the magical world, but this seems more than illogical and illegal considering everything I've heard.”

“Yes, well, Magical Britain isn't exactly known for being logic nor for being fair or following any of their own sets of laws,” Harry pointed out grimly. “Just look at what happened to my godfather, he was thrown in Azkaban without a trial. The Wizengamot also tried to throw me into Azkaban after defending myself, despite the law clearly stating I had a right to defend myself with magic outside of school if my life was in danger.”

Rolling his eyes, Edward shook his head, “I still can't believe that. It's beyond ridiculous.”

“You're telling me. And do they honestly believe I'll willingly show up to a trial where I know they will do there best to find me guilty?”

“True, but then again, couldn't they force you to attend in some way or try your case even if you aren't in attendance?” wondered Edward.

Huffing in frustration, Harry said, “I have no idea. I guess I'll have to contact Catherine and see if she knows what to do. Maybe she can recommend a lawyer as well.”

Nodding in agreement, Edward hugged Harry tightly, the very idea of losing him caused his less human side to rear up and urge him to protect his husband at all costs. Only when Harry squeaked and protested being squashed did he let up a bit. All Edward could think was it was a good thing Harry felt an intense desire and need to be close to him as there was no way he could let Harry out of his reach until this fiasco was cleared up.

Softly, Edward asked, “Are you alright with Carlisle and Sarah coming in now? I believe it'd be best for them to check you over quickly. After that, we can just have some time alone to process everything or contact Catherine.”

Nodding his agreement, Harry just snuggled in deeper, not wanting to think about anything.
Sensing the reluctance, he promised Harry wouldn’t have to leave his lap. Harry moved himself closer to Edward while he called in Carlisle and Sarah. Noticing Harry’s behaviors, Sarah smiled and stopped a few feet away.

“Hi, how are you doing?” she asked softly, aware that he was likely still feeling fragile from the aborted cycle.

“Oh, just great considering Dumbass is now trying to get me back to Britain via persecution,” Harry replied a bit hysterically.

Throwing a questioning look at Edwards, he told the two of them about the numerous charges being leveled against Harry.

“Quite honestly, it borders on harassment if you ask me.”

“Do you need any help fighting this?”

“I’m not sure,” Edward answered honestly. “We plan on asking his case worker, see if she knows anyone who might be able to help or knows how to fight this.”

Relieved at this, Sarah gave off a small smile, “Good. I know it is easier said than done, but try not to worry too much until you know for sure what will happen. Now, I'm afraid I don't have much time, so would you be okay with me running a few scans?”

Leaning back into Edward, Harry closed his eyes while nodding, wanting to shut out the world for a bit longer. Quickly completing her check-up, Healer Brystowe smiled when she got the results.

“Despite it taking longer than expected to transform back, your core is more stable than I expected,” she announced happily. “You shouldn’t need to worry about random transformations back and forth now unless things get really bad. Even then, with how much of your core is available, it is less likely than I first expected. I know you're feeling drained, but it's nothing to worry about. It is unfortunately just a side effect and will go away in time. All that you can do is just rest and listen to your body, or at least as much as possible, considering the current situation.”

Breathing a sigh of relief, Edward thanked her.

“No problem, I'll be back in a week or so unless you need me sooner,” she waved him off. "I'll leave the information about your Animgus and the heat cycle with Dobby."

“I'll walk you out,” Carlisle offered. “I’ll contact Cat and let her know what is going on so she can start looking into things. You two just take it easy.”

Nodding his thanks again, Edward turned back to watch Harry as he slowly drifted off to the first truly restful sleep he had had in days.
This one was a pain to do and I debated long and hard about including a document type of charges. I went with it in the end as I assumed a lawyer would go over it. I based it off of research I did, any errors are mine and if anyone has suggestions or thoughts on it, please let me know.

Again, reviews would be welcomed (especially this chapter as I am worried this into too many details and technical stuff, not to mention how often I went back and forth on what to do with this hehe!).

Either way, thank you for reading and I hope you enjoy!

Black/Cullen Home

Wednesday, December 11, 2006

“Harry, Edward, I'd like you to meet Liam Renshaw from Augustyn, Dahlstrom, and Renshaw Law Firm,” Catherine introduced the couple to the man next to her, standing at about 6’9”, lightly tanned with very few wrinkles, silver-haired reaching half-way down his back, sharp greyish-green eyes framed by thin, black half-framed glasses. “He came recommended by my contacts in MACUSA as Liam here has been certified in both non-mag and Magical law here in the United States as well as over in Europe for over fifty years. Not only that, he has helped MACUSA develop and define laws over the past twenty years or so.”

“Thank you for that introduction,” he said graciously, smiling at her as he was led to the library and she left the three alone.

Offering him a seat at a small table Dobby set up in the library for this meeting, Edward and Harry thanked him for coming over so quickly.

“Nonsense, these types of cases are what I live for!” he waved them off, setting his briefcase on the table to the side and opening it.

“Quite honestly, Harry and I are worried that the Magical British government is using this as a way find out where we live, as well as to have control over him,” Edward confessed, getting right down to the problem. “We're hoping that we won't have to step foot in Britain as we truly believe that Dumbledore’s organization will use any means needed to control Harry. Than, there is the fact that Harry reached an agreement with the other side stating he’ll stay out of the country and the leader will leave him alone.”

“It really was a lose-lose situation staying there considering either Voldemort or his followers would have continued coming after me in an effort to kill me,” Harry explained in an apologetic tone. “I didn't want to be a part of any of that and quite honestly, all I wanted was to be free to live my life the way I wanted and to actually live. Neither side seemed to want me alive for longer than they deemed me necessary and at least with that agreement, I only had opposition from one aide, not two.”

“Yes, quite understand and quite reasonable,” Liam agreed, pushing up his glasses with his index
finger. “I have been kept informed with more than what the typical public is aware of and I spent yesterday gathering as much information I could on the situation over in Great Britain. It does seem as though you acted in self-defense. Unfortunately, the Great Britain Magical Ministry does not see things the same way and has brought up quite a number of other charges as well. Typically, the time for charging you with some of these would have already passed, but as Magical Britain has declared itself to be in a state of emergency, these charges are unfortunately allowed to go through.

“What I would like to do is read the document out loud and then go through each of the charges individually. Afterwards, I do have some ideas of extra protection you could take just in case the British Ministry of Magic decides to do something illegal, so you will not face them finding any information on you that could compromise your safety, lead to your extradition, or arrest.”

Nodding, Harry moved a bit closer to Edward, not wanting to hear the words out loud, but knowing that it was best to listen to Liam.

“Alright, this reads:

Ministry of Magic
Department of Magical Law Enforcement
Westminster, London, United Kingdom

The Wizengamot – hereby known as the Plaintiff

Verses

Harry James Potter – hereby known as the Defendant

Defendant’s Date of Birth: July 31, 1990
Defendant’s Present Age: 16 years old
Location: United States of America (Further Information Unknown at this Time)
Other Notes: Emancipated as of July 31, 2006 (Creature Inheritance as noted by the Department of the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures)

Defendant's Current Legal Status: Fugitive from Great Britain’s Ministry of Magic Department of Magical Law Enforcement
Date of Arrest: Charged in Absentee on Sunday, December 10th, 2006 at 7:00 a.m.
Approval for Arrest: Members of the Wizengamot
Trail Locale: Courtroom 10, Ministry of Magic, Westminster, London, United Kingdom
Trail Time: Monday, December 20th at 9:00 a.m.

We, the Magical People of Great Britain do hereby charge the defendant with the following violations (listed in order of seriousness):

Charge I: Violation of PC 289

Conspiring with Magical Terrorists (Known as the Death Eaters, led by He-Who- Shall-Not-Be-Named) - The defendant has knowingly and willingly agreeing with those practicing unlawful and harmful Dark Magic. The defendant has done so despite knowing the dangers the Magical people of Great Britain face from this terrorist group.

Possible Sentencing – Due to the age of the defendant at the time of offense (age 15), the defendant faces up to fifty years in a medium security Azkaban cell, a 20,000 Galleon fine to go towards families affected by this terrorist group, community service consisting of forty hours per week for
twenty years after Azkaban, a loss of access to all but ten percent of what is inside their Gringott's vaults, a loss of all homes as one shall be appointed to them upon leaving Azkaban. The defendant also faces a bind on their magic and will be monitored closely for a period of fifty years after completing the community service; if the requirements are not met, harsher punishment can be decided and used at that junction.

**Charge II: Violation of PC 289.6**

**Conspiring against Great Britain’s Magical Government** – The defendant did knowingly and willingly fail to do his part in stopping the Death Eater’s by reporting their location, by refusing to report any communication between the Death Eater’s and himself. Due to these inactions, the defendant allowed the Death Eater terrorist group to commit further crimes against Magical Britain’s people and the government. The defendant also willingly and knowingly destroyed government property on December 7, 2005, thus causing untold damage to priceless weapons and historical artifacts that could be used to fight terrorism.

**Possible Sentencing** – Due to the defendant's age at the time of these incidents (age 15), the defendant faces up to thirty years, but no less than ten years in a medium security Azkaban cell with their magic being bound for a period of up to twenty-five years afterwards.

**Charge III: Violation of PC 32**

**Accessory after the fact of the homicide of Cedric Amos Diggory** – The defendant did willingly and knowingly fail to report the murdered and murder of Cedric Amos Diggory.

**Possible Sentencing** - Due to the defendant's age at this time (age 14), he faces the loss of his TriWizarding Tournament Earnings and Title, as well as up to 15 years, but no less than 2 years in a minimum security cell Azkaban.

**Charge IV: Violation of PC 32.9**

**Evidence Tampering** - The defendant knowingly and willingly removed crucial evidence from a supposed scene of a crime on June 24, 2005 in Little Hangleton, Yorkshire, England, Great Britain. This includes the removal of Cedric Amos Diggory's body by the defendant on this date.

**Possible Sentencing** - As the defendant was a minor at the time and therefore faces up to one year in a minimum security Azkaban cell and a 2,000 Galleon fine, half of which shall go to the Diggory family.

**Charge V - Violation of PC 1072**

**Willingly harbored and concealed Escaped Prisoner Sirius Corvus Black (hereby known as PX390)** - The defendant willingly and knowingly concealed the location of PX390 from Aurors.

**Possible Sentencing** - Due to the defendant’s age (age 13 onwards), the defendant faces a 5,000 Galleon fine as well as up to 10 years in a minimum security Azkaban cell.
**Charge VI - Violation of PC 1072.4**

**Willingly Aided and Abetted PX390** – The defendant knowingly knew of PX390's fugitive status and willingly did not report the location of said fugitive, the defendant also knowingly and willingly gave aid to PX390 in order to help the fugitive flee from Aurors.

**Possible Sentencing** - Due to the defendant’s age (age 13 onwards), the defendant faces a 5,000 Galleon fine as well as up to 5 years in a minimum security Azkaban cell.

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**Charge VII - Violation of PC 982**

**Unlawful Magic Use** - The defendant did willingly and knowingly use magic outside of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry before the age of emancipation multiple times, including but not limited to - a levitation charm and an incident involving a flying Ford Anglia were both recorded in August of 2002, an inflation and engorgement charm upon a Muggle was used, before an Alohomora spell was recorded on August 6, 2003. On June 24, 2005, an unauthorized Portkey was used and numerous spells were recorded in Little Hangleton, Yorkshire, England, Great Britain. The Patronus charm was used on August 2, 2005 and on December 7, 2005 at the Ministry of Magic, and mid-December through his emancipation on July 31, 2006.

**Possible Sentencing** - The defendant shall have his wand snapped, a 5,000 Galleon fine, up to five years community service consisting of 20 hours per week and if recommend by a committee, may have his magic bound and after serving his time, all traces of magic may be wiped from the defendant's mind to protect Magical Great Britain.

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**Charge VIII - Violation of PC 984**

**Use of Magic around Muggles** - The defendant did willingly and knowingly use magic outside of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry in front of Muggles, including, but not limited to - a levitation charm and an incident involving a flying Ford Anglia were both recorded in August of 2002, an inflation and engorgement charm upon a Muggle was used, before an Alohomora spell was recorded on August 6, 2003. The Patronus charm was used on August 2 of 2005.

**Possible Sentencing** - The defendant faces have his wand snapped, a 2,000 Galleon fine, up to five years community service consisting of 20 hours per week and if recommend by a committee, may have his magic bound and after serving his time, all traces of magic may be wiped from the defendant's mind to protect Magical Great Britain.

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**Charge IX - Violation of PC 455**

**Felony Breaking and Entering** - The defendant did willingly and knowingly enter the Ministry of Magic unlawfully on December 7, 2005.

**Possible Sentencing** - Due to the defendant age at this time (age 15), he faces up to 200 Galleon fine and one year in a Ministry holding cell.
Charge X - Violation of PC 91

**Felony Criminal Damage of Government Property** - The defendant did knowingly and willingly destroy government property on December 7, 2005, including but not limited to – Time Turners, Prophecies, as well as items located within the Department of Mystery.

**Possible Sentencing** - Due to The defendant age at this time (age 15), he faces 20,000 to 40,000 Galleon fine for items destroyed, up to 200 hours of community service per property destroyed, 8 years minimum security in Azkaban or 4 years in a Ministry Holding Cell.

Charge XI - Violation of PC 102

**Abandonment of Government Post** – Upon receiving adult status, the defendant has knowingly and willing failed to serve the Ministry of Magic Wizengamot as is his duty as the last of the Black and Potter Heirs.

**Possible Sentencing** - Removal of Wizengamot seat, removal of Potter and Black names, up to five hours of community service four days per week for up to four years.

Charge XII - Violation of PC 38

**Tax Evasion** - The defendant did knowingly and willing fail to pay taxes to the Ministry of Magic and British government for fifteen years in addition to failing to pay inheritance fees.

**Possible Sentencing** - The defendant shall face a 35,000 Galleon fine in addition to all back-taxes.

Charge XIII - Violation of PC 19

**Unlawful Inheritance** - The defendant did receive Sirius Corvus Black's estate unlawfully as said person was an escapee convict and no record of death or innocence was ever established.

**Possible Sentencing** - Despite being a minor at this time (age 15), the defendant faces forfeiting Sirius Corvus Black's inheritance, his right to the Black name, as well as a 5,000 Galleon fine.

Charge XIV – Violation of PC 686

**Failure to Register with the Department of the Regulation and Control of Magical Creature (hereby known as DRCMC)** – The defendant knowingly and willingly fail to report in a timely to a summons from the DRCMC.

**Possible Sentencing** – The defendant faces up to a 2,000 Galleon fine and/or 5,000 hours of community service that must be completed within one year time. If not, the defendant faces five years in a medium security Azkaban cell.
The Wizengamot intends to prove each of these charges are true and factually correct with the evidence collected by the Investigator Auror Division of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement. In addition to the possible sentencings for individual charges, please be aware of the following:

The defendant must send in all information, including any past or present names the defendant has been known by, any addresses the defendant has lived at for at least four weeks, and any past or current school information (including names, addresses, grades, etcetera). The defendant must supply any past or current income received, such as from jobs, investments, interest, etcetera and all current financial records available in both the Muggle and Wizarding Worlds. All past and current health records, including immunization records, must be included. The defendant must also include their full creature status as required by the Department of the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures, including but not limited to, their mate and bonded status, as well as their current heat schedule and any past or current pregnancies.

The defendant must send all this information to the Ministry of Magic Department of Law Enforcement and the Department of the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures by December 14, 2006. Failure to do so will result in non-compliance charges being filed.

If the defendant fails to show up on time for their trial, a plea of guilty on all charges will be entered upon their behalf and sentencing will be determined at that time. The extradition process will begin immediately.

If found the defendant is found guilty of Charge I and Charge II, the defendant shall also face being stripped of rights to Wizarding Britain as well as a permanent binding on their magic in addition to the standard sentencing of the individual charges.

If the defendant is found guilty of Charge III, Charge IV, Charge V, and Charge VI, the defendant faces an additional twenty-five years in a medium security Azkaban cell and after Azkaban, a five year binding of their magic, with a fine of 10,000 Galleons in addition to the standard sentencing of the individual charges.

If the defendant is found guilty on Charge IX, Charge X, Charge XI, and Charge XII, all inheritances, as well as any current financial holdings, stocks, bonds, investments, properties, and any item with monetary value shall be turned over to the Great Britain Ministry of Magic. Any and all possible future earnings will have a deduction of sixty percent taken and the defendant may not own any properties, nor may not invest in stocks, bonds, or investments of any kind at any point in the future. A possible ban from Magical Great Britain may also be imposed. All this is in addition to the standard sentencing of the individual charges.

If the defendant is found guilty on all charges, all current financial holdings, stocks, bonds,
investments, properties, magical items, and items with monetary value shall be turned over to the Great Britain Ministry of Magic. The defendant's magic shall then be bound permanently and the defendant's memory wiped clean before serving a twenty-five to fifty year term in a minimum to medium security Azkaban cell. Once the sentence is over, the defendant's memory of this time shall be wiped out and the defendant shall be left in a Muggle hospital entry way.

The defendant has the right to register one of three pleas before the trial - A Not Guilty, stating the defendant believes they are innocent. No Contest, stating that you do not agree to guilt from any of the charges, yet cannot argue against the facts presented by the Wizengamot or the Great Britain Department of Magical Law Enforcement Department; if you have entered a Not Guilty plea, it can be changed to this at any time before the end of the trial. A Guilty plea means that you the defendant admits your guilt for any or all charges; again, if a Not Guilty plea was initially entered, the plea can be changed to Guilty any time before the end of the trial. The defendant has the right to negotiate a plea bargain to satisfy both parties before the trial if pleading guilty.

The defendant has a right to know and understand all charges against them, as well as the possible maximum penalties. The defendant has the right to hire an attorney. The defendant has the right to attempt to present evidence or witnesses to counter the plaintiff. The witness has the right to attempt to use Pensive. The defendant has the right to question the Plaintiff’s witnesses and evidence. The defendant has the right to ask for clarification and for more information, although this does not necessarily guarantee the defendant a right to those answers.

Thank you for your cooperation,
The Wizengamot

Finishing up in the same dry voice he had begun with, Liam looked over to Harry, “My, my, and you are only sixteen years old? Such ambition and determination you must have to cause such a ruckus over there. It is a wonder they have not figured out you sooner. Although, even I cannot figure out a clear plan from all of this of what you wish to accomplish. Genius work, congratulations.”

At this, Harry and Edward burst out laughing, unable to calm down for a while when they caught the mischievous glint in Liam's eye. Smiling slightly at the pair, glad to have made the both of them feel better, he gave them time to sort themselves out, taking time to distribute notebooks and pens to each of them.

“Now, although I have a wonderful memory, I find having all of us take notes to be beneficial. I can always duplicate them if you would like, but I find it helps to organize thoughts and bring questions to the forefront of the mind quicker,” the lawyer explained. Seeing the agreement, he continued, “The first two charges seem more or less similar and you did explain why you contacted Voldemort, or rather, He-Who-Shall-Not-Be-Named. However, I need you to be fully honest with me at all times if I am to defend you, did you in any way help them out?”

“Perhaps by leaving the country?” Harry hesitantly wondered.

“What do you mean?”
“There was a prophecy involving me defeating Voldemort…” he began, before being cut off.

Liam waved a hand carelessly, “Prophecies are complete and total nonsense. If Great Britain hasn't figured out that a prophecy only foretells a potential future that may or may not come true. Besides, did you or did you not defeat him as a child?”

Nodding his head yes, Harry was glad that someone else besides his family saw it that way. For some reason, it helped ease the burden and sense of guilt he had just a bit further.

“Good,” Liam said, satisfied seeing the looks crossing Harry's face. “Now, as to the next charges, I do know it happened during the TriWizard Tournament, but beyond that, I am unaware of the events. I know it will be difficult, but you need to explain to me in your own words what took place that day.”

Feeling the guilt, horror, and paralyzing fear invading his husband, Edward wrapped his arm around Harry as securely as he could, trying to bring a sense of comfort. Taking a few minutes to gather himself and inhaling deeply, Harry began describing one of the worst days of his life. He recounted the horror of finding Krum somehow being under the Imperious curse and torturing Fleur with Cruio, the guilt of encouraging Cedric to take the cup with him only to have Cedric killed in seconds after the Portkey took them to a graveyard. He described how he was tied up and the ritual Peter Pettigrew used to resurrect Voldemort before his followers came. How he was being hit with Cruio himself before being forced to a duel with Voldemort and finding put their wands had a strange effect on one another, one that caused him to see Voldemort's victim's, including his parents and Cedric, who pleaded for him to take his body back to his parents. Harry ended with how despite the fact that Minister Fudge was there, he refused to believe him, even after Mad-Eye Moody turned into Barty Crouch, Jr.

Stunned by all of this, Liam wasn't quite sure what to say. He had never thought that the British Minister of Magic had been there and quite probably seen the return of Harry and Cedric's body. The fact Harry had been suffering the after-effects of torture and a duel should have given the Minister at least enough suspicion to investigate the situation. Instead, Liam knew from his information that Minister Fudge denied Voldemort being back for quite a few months. In his opinion, the Minister should be brought up on charges, not Harry! Shaking off his thoughts, he wrote down a lot of notes before moving on, knowing it was best not to get too emotionally involved.

Nodding his head to show he had processed everything, Liam moved on, knowing he wasn't going in order, but also knowing from his research that the next question would help him understand the other charges better.

“So, why do they believe you broke into the Ministry of Magic?”

“Because I did,” Harry admitted abruptly. “I would do it again in a heartbeat too.”

Taken aback, all he could ask was, “Why?”

“His godfather, Sirius Black had been kidnapped by Voldemort and his Death Eaters,” Edward took over, knowing it was too difficult for Harry. “According to what Harry has told me, he tried getting help from teachers at Hogwarts, including those in Dumbledore’s organization, but no one would help him. Harry did what he could to rescue Sirius, but he was killed during that battle, as they call it.”

“Is that true, Harry?” Liam asked as gently as possible.

“Yes,” came a muffled reply, as Harry had buried himself in Edward’s arms.
“Could you explain about Sirius Black, Edward? And Harry, just let me know if anything is incorrect or should be added,” offered the lawyer.

Sighing, Edward rubbed Harry's back, “Sirius actually never received a trial, he was just thrown into Azkaban. During what was I believe Harry’s third year, he did escape prison and found the person responsible for the crime everyone thought him guilty of, but no one listened.

“I believe besides Harry, there were two students and two professors, correct?” Edward asked Harry, pulling him out slightly.

“Yes, but one professor was a werewolf and it was the full moon on top of it. The other was a Death Eater spy and couldn't care less. I wasn't the only one who helped him with food and other stuff. There were actually other adults and some Aurors helping cover Sirius tracks on Dumbledore’s orders,” he told them bitterly. “Oh, and before you ask, I am not talking about the stupid Magic outside of school yet again. I am sick and tired of that, as it seems as if one incident everyone is fine with it and the next I am being crucified over it! For Merlin's sake, not even all of it was my fault and I already had to go to court over the Patronus charm, all cause I preferred my cousin and I living to being soulless husks!”

“Fair enough,” Liam agreed. “Knowing that the incidents have been dealt with will actually help our case as it is illegal to try someone twice for the same things. It is called ‘Double Jeopardy’. If you can just list when and where the incidents were dealt with and if you still have the proof, that will help.”

“I'm sure I do, I just don't feel like figuring it out right now,” Harry admitted wearily.

“Understandable,” Liam knew Harry was reaching his limit, but decided to push on as there was only a couple more issues to go over. “Now, you've never held a paying job, correct?”

“No, why?”

“Taxes should be automatically taken from your vault yearly. If they are not, it is the fault of the Goblins, not you, therefore, this charge is completely bogus.”

Huffing, Harry leaned back on Edward and shut his eyes, “Why am I not surprised.”

“Also, how did you receive Sirius Black’s inheritance?”

“The Goblin's informed me that his death had been recorded with them, and as such, his will had been released. I was named his heir as he had blood adopted me as a baby with my parents permission.”

“You signed over temporary control of your Wizengamot seats to Remus John Lupin?” Hearing a uhuh answer, Liam concluded his question with, “Finally, when the form was sent out, you were already a US citizen, correct?”

“First of all, I never got a form,” Harry corrected his lawyer, opening his eyes. “Secondly, I never knew you had to do, as that isn’t something they teach you about at Hogwarts or announce in any extra lecture. Thirdly, yes, I’ve had refugee and US citizenship since December of 2005.”

Smiling at his client, Liam thanked him, “I know this took a lot of time and took its toll on you. I apologize for that. Unfortunately, we are just getting started. The good news is that I can start working on a few things and give you a break tomorrow as I know you are still recovering, how does that sound?”

“That sounds like a good idea,” Edward said before Harry could say anything, silencing his husband.
with his eyes. “Thank you for your help and understanding.”

Standing up, Liam motioned them to stay seated, “As I stated, these are the cases I live for as I truly believe no one should be taken advantage of in any way.”

As Liam, headed towards the library doors, Dobby appeared, “Dobby show lawyer man out.”

“Thank you, Dobby.” Harry said gratefully, feeling mentally and emotionally exhausted from the few hours spent with the lawyer.

Harry couldn't help thinking, *With the physical issues finally starting to get back to normal, all I want is for this stunt to be over. Hopefully, Liam has a real good plan so that this nightmare will end soon.*

Knowing how much Harry needed a distraction, Edward suggested watching a movie and a family game night with whoever could come over. Smiling at him, Harry quickly agreed, eager to find some way to get out of his head and knew that the Cullens would be glad to help. He honestly didn't know how he got through life without them before and knew he never wanted to deal with things without their love and support ever again.
Finally! Sorry this took forever! Hopefully, another chapter will be up soon. Thank you all so much for your support, patience, Kudos and especially reviews! The kudos and reviews kept me writing and working even when I could barely function. It would have been twice as long without you guys!

Arriving promptly at eight o’clock the next morning, Liam laid out the steps needed to be taken in order to create a solid defense. With so little time available, Harry was forced to admit that it wasn’t possible for him, Edward, and Liam to accomplish everything alone. There was simply too much paperwork to verify for accurate and credible information that would back-up their defense, too many witnesses that needed to be found, debriefed and in cases where the witness couldn’t make it to the trail, written depositions that had to be taken. Already having known this, Liam had five of his most trusted law associates on standby and swore them in that morning before sending them off to work. Even with those associates working at least twelve hour days, the group just barely succeeded in fulfilling the set goals.

The fact that Harry now stood a chance of being able to successfully fight the charges was only due to the emergency petition sent to the International Confederation of Wizards. If it hadn't been for that, Harry and Edward knew things would have gone drastically different and not for the better. As it now stood, thanks to the I.C.W., there would be a committee comprised of twenty-eight witches and wizards, nine from the British Wizengamot, nine from the American Chief Justices, and ten from I.C.W. who would hear the case and decide on the verdict. Although the I.C.W. hadn’t yet reached a decision on whether to allow the charges of underage magic use to go through or even if they would stop evidence of underage magic use from being given since the British felt it was a key piece in proving guilt, they did tell Liam that they would review everything and have the judge read out the consensus. The Council did force Britain to relocate the trail to MACUSA headquarters after reading Harry’s recent health records and with the current situation in Britain, as well as promising no one would be able to detain Harry before or throughout the trail. As the end of December 18th came, Dobby was busy packing for not only Harry and Edward, but also the Cullen’s family as well as himself while Harry reviewed the charges once again.

“Hey, love,” Edward came up behind Harry and gently clasped his shoulder. “Dobby has everything in the plane ready to go and I just got a call from Liam that he is almost to the airport so we should get going.”

Sighing, Harry nodded as he stood up and stretched, a weary look on his face. Looking around the main floor living room, taking in everything and hoping it wouldn’t be the last time he saw his home, he simply nodded, agreeing resignedly.

Knowing better than to speak, Edward simply took his hand after grabbing the stack of papers and led him out to the car where the rest of the family was waiting. The flight to LaGuardia Airport in Queens, NY was filled with awkward starts and stops to conversations by the Cullens, while Liam and two of his associates went over the defense outline yet again. After the long, six and a half hour flight, everyone was relieved to disembark.
Spotting the large, luxury vehicle and then seeing that the inside had ten large, comfortable leather seats with plenty of leg room, Harry raised his eyebrows in disbelief, “This is the company vehicle you told us about?”

Walking over from the small company vehicle that would take them home, Liam chuckled, “Yes, our firm found out through someone that a used limo bus was being sold. It wasn't in that great of shape, I'll admit, but we got a great bargain and with some repairs and modifications, we got it working like new again. Wait until you see the apartment the company has, it is even more outrageous in my opinion.”

With that warning, he ushered them into the car before nodding to the driver that they were ready. As they went through the streets, he told them about various parts of New York City, focusing on the Magical aspects.

“Our firm has been around for quite some time, so as I have said before, we do have numerous connections and as you'll see here,” he told them as they pulled into the underground parking at One Brooklyn Bridge Park. “We aren't afraid to use them. In this case, we were able to get a steal on an apartment. Although, in this case, the company does rent it out when it isn't in use, so it does double as a rental property and has more than paid for itself over the years.”

Opening the doors to a modern, sprawling apartment with gorgeous views of not only the Brooklyn Bridge and part of downtown, but also the waterfront and the Statue of Liberty, Liam continued describing the apartment to the Cullens while the driver brought in the luggage.

“My firm has taken care to ensure all widows were spelled completely light-proof and dark-tinted so you may walk around freely during the day without worry. Animal blood of your preferred type as well as other types is included,” he showed them the kitchen while letting them know. “If you need any more, just call. Harry, whenever you'd like something to eat, we do have food here for you, otherwise there is a twenty-four hour concierge service available so just go ahead and place an order whenever you wish as it is included in the rental price. There is also many delivery options as well and that information has been included in a booklet placed on the kitchen counter by the coffee machine. All the bedrooms are downstairs, enough for each of you, including private, attached bathrooms.

“I'll leave you to settle in now. I will be Flooing in from the library at eight tomorrow morning to meet Healer Sarah Brystowe,” he informed them. “The court appointed Healer Josephine Hawkins should be here around nine. After, we'll run through the case again once more to ensure we are ready to go and make sure you know exactly what to expect in court.”

“Thank you,” Carlisle smiled at him briefly, more concerned about how exhausted Harry was looking than anything else.

Nodding, Liam left with the driver, intending to go back to his office and work a bit longer. No matter how much he and his team had prepped for the trial, he still wanted to do his best to make sure nothing was overlooked as in his eyes, Harry and his family didn't deserve what was happening to him.

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MACUSA (Inside the Magical Part of Woolworth Building)
Department of Magical Law Enforcement: Court Room 3
December 20, 2006

Once Liam had left Harry with his associate, Joel Yates, to oversee the swearing in of the jury members, he and the rest of his group were led into a medium size cream painted room with an
entrance opposite the doors they had come through. Lining the walls were older style dark mahogany chairs that appeared to hand tacked leather backs, seats, and arms rests with legs that resembled sabers ending in a round, gold cap. Being directed to sit in the chairs until called upon, the group was informed that before entering the court, each of them would need to individually either swear upon their magic to a court Auror. In the case of those without an active magical core, in other words, just the Cullen’s family, they would need to sign a magical binding contract designed for this reason so they could no divulge any information without written permission.

After all of them had done so, they each took their place in what appeared to be an almost normal looking court room that one would see on TV with a large aisle splitting the prosecution’s viewing area from the defendant’s side. There were a few minor differences, such as the viewing area was clearly split in the middle by some sort of barrier so that the prosecution nor the defense could cross over. To that effect, it seemed the court ensured that there were separate doorways as well since there were two sets of double doorways in the back and two doorways located on the sides between the judge’s bench and the lawyer’s tables.

The judge’s bench was raised just as it would ordinarily be to view the entire room with room for a scribe on one side and a witness on the other, although the chair for the witness did have chains that appeared to be able to wrap around said witness if needed. The only exceptions were the three rows of stadium seating to each side and slightly to the back of the judge’s bench, along with a large table in front of the judge’s bench where Healer Josephine Hawkins sat, along with four Aurors, and someone whose title was simply ‘Wards’. Done appraising the room, Harry nervously took his seat in between Liam and Joel, biting on his lip, determined not to even look at those who came to stand against him.

Hearing an Auror loudly proclaim, “All rise,” Harry nearly jumped at this and it seemed was only thanks to Liam that he didn’t fall flat on his face as he stood quickly. Heart pounding, he watched as a skinny Japanese woman, standing maybe around five feet tall with gray-hair walk in from a previously unnoticed door behind the bench. As she entered, he saw a banner displaying the African continent with some of the other countries above it surrounded on the left side with four wavy black stripes, the first of which had stars on it. Before Harry had a chance to read the ‘International Confederation of Wizards’ encircling the picture, the Auror broke into his thoughts, startling him again. Thankfully, this time, he wasn’t caught off-balance.

“Department One of the Superior Court is now in session. Judge Mari Kaho is presiding. Please be seated.”

“Before we begin,” Judge Kaho began speaking while holding up her wand, “I wish to state that I, Mari Anna Kaho, swear upon my Magic to do my duty to judge this trial fairly and without bias to either party, to uphold the international laws of Magic. Both the prosecution, Great Britain, and the defense, shall each be allowed to present their evidence to prove or disprove the accusations against Harry Corvus Jameston Black, previously known as Harry James Potter.” As she muttered a Lumos to prove her truthfulness, she asked, “Auror Hynes, please swear in the lawyers for the Prosecutions, Henry Lane and Kent Jarvis, as well as the Defense lawyers, Liam Renshaw and Joel Yate.”

Going over first to the tall, muscular Irishman co-leading the prosecution, the head Auror swore him in before swearing in the deceivingly more delicate looking head lawyer, Kent Jarvis. Once that task was accomplished, Auror Hynes was forced to walk back nearly to the front of the courtroom before being able to move to the defense due to the wards.

“As this case has become complicated due to Mister Black being a natural-born Great Britain citizen, as well as a citizen of the USA with refugee status, the International Confederation of Wizard’s has been called to provide a balance and fair approach to this trail. Due to the court’s Healer Josephine
Hawkins report from yesterday, as well as from the International Confederation of Wizards own investigation, the court has determined that the additional charges the Prosecution asked be added onto this case will be denied as there is more than just cause for the defendant to not only have fled to the United States of America, but to remain in the country after doing so.

“As the International Confederation of Wizards judicial representative in this matter, I will ensure that no laws which violate the defendant's rights and that laws are applied equally, fairly, and without bias towards him. Thus, each witness who has been asked to give their testimony shall do so unless just cause is given and will be subject to Veritaserum. No witness on either the prosecution nor the defendant's side shall escape this as we in the I.C.W. wish to find out the truth of these accusations.”

At this whispers rushed through the room, as no one had known beforehand that this would be required. Harry on the other hand sighed in relief, knowing that this could only help him.

Rapping the gravel, the judge ordered everyone be silent before continuing, “With that state, this trial will now officially begin. We are gathered here for case number 72098431KZS, with the Great Britain Ministry of Magic, represented by Prosecutor lawyers Kent Jarvis with Henry Lane as assistant verses Harry Corvus Jameston Black, birth name of Harry James Potter, represented by Defense lawyers Liam Renshaw with Joel Yate as assistant, in the matter of ten different charges.

"These charges are as follows: charge one is the violation of PC 289, conspiring with Magical terrorists, in this case, those known as the Death Eaters, led by Voldemort. Charge two is the violation of PC 289.6, conspiring against Great Britain’s Magical Government. The third and fourth charges are both related to the Cedric Amos Diggory murder on June 24th, 2005. One violation of PC 32, accessory after the fact of a homicide of Cedric Amos Diggory, and the other, is violation of PC 32.9, defined as evidence tampering in this murder case.” Pausing a moment, Judge Kaho set down the list and sipped her water, shaking her head slightly at the charges.

Gathering herself, she cleared her throat before beginning again, “As to the fifth charge, Great Britain is charging Harry Corvus Jameston Black with the violation of PC 1072, whereas he did willingly harbor and conceal an escaped prisoner, more specifically, Sirius Corvus Black, or PX390. The sixth charge is also in conjunction with Sirius Corvus Black, whereas the defendant violated PC 1072.4 by willingly aiding and abetting said individual. For the seventh charge, the violation of PC 982, there are a total of over eight times recorded where Great Britain feels the defendant did use Magic unlawfully.

“Before we continue with the list of charges, I would like it to be noted the I and the I.C.W. looked into many of these charges as there was conflicting reports from the prosecution and defense side. Our conclusion to these charges is that Harry Corvus Jameston Black was already disciplined by the British Department of Underage Magical Usage when the Levitation charm was recorded. As to the flying Ford Anglia incident, although we feel the outcome was too lenient, we are aware there was another individual involved and that the school took disciplinary measure, therefore due to that, and Mister Black's age at the time, we will not take any further measure. We will, however, have that incident on record for you and Mister Ronald Weasley, understand, Mister Black?”

“Yes, your honor,” Harry was quick to answer, grateful for the leniency. “I can assure you that won't happen again. I learned my lesson.”

“See that it doesn't,” Judge Kaho said sternly, glaring at him. “As to the inflation and Engorgement charms upon his aunt, along with an Alohomora spell in August of 2003, as Mister Black has provided Pensive memories that have proven to be true of meeting British Magical Minister Fudge afterwards and being told that it was nothing to be concerned about, the I.C.W. has taken the same stance as the British government. In other words, as this incident was written off by them, we are
doing so as well. The unauthorized Portkey is a different matter, which will be discussed at a later
time.”

Sighing lightly, she sat a bit back in her chair, “As to any other charges of underage magic use, after
Mister Black was forced to participate in the TriWizard Tournament, he legally became Magically
emancipated. As such, as long as no magic had been performed around no-Mags, or Muggles, with
no knowledge of our world, he had every right to perform magic as any other seventeen year old
would in Great Britain. Therefore, the I.C.W. finds this charge to null and void. However, if the
prosecution can prove that an unauthorized Portkey was created, and used willingly by Mister Black,
he will face possible charges. Depending on different factors, a fine of up to 10,000 Galleons or
15,000 Dragots could be assessed.

“The next charge would have been the violation of PC 984, the use of Magic around no-Mags, or
Muggles. However, as I have already established, Mister Black did not misuse his magic without
consequences and the only person he preformed Magic around after becoming Magically
emancipated was his cousin. Someone who was indeed knowledgeable of his abilities,” she stated
harshly when she suspected the prosecution was about to speak out. Looking over her notes again,
Judge Kaho saw that with having to go over the reasons for those two being eliminated, she had
already taken up almost an hour.

“Now, the eighth, or technically the sixth charge, with those two dropped, the next violation is the
violation of PC 455, felony breaking and entering. In this case, it is reported the Mister Black broke
into the Ministry of Magic. While doing so, he also did felony criminal damage of government
property, a violation of PC 91. The eighth violation is of PC 102 whereas Mister Black abandoned
his government post. Finally, the last two charges are violation of PC 38, tax evasion and violation of
PC 19, an unlawful inheritance in the matter of Sirius Corvus Black's estate.

“I have received that Mister Black has pled not guilty to these accusations, is this still correct, Mister
Black?” Judge Kaho asked, looking at him in the eyes.

“Yes, your honor,” Harry replied, standing up as he did so.

“Very well, let it be recorded that Mister Black has entered a not guilty plea,” she told the court
scribe. “After each side has presented their evidence and witnesses, the defendant will have the
choice to take the stand. If he does so, the defense will question him first. There shall be no
interrupting of answers given by a witness as the potion will force witnesses to answer truthfully and
without hesitation. If either the prosecution or defense objections to said questioning, I, as picked by
Magic to rule over this case fairly and without bias, shall decide to put a temporary memory block on
the Jury members in order that said line of questioning will not influence their judgement in this case.
I shall remove the blocks after the trail has concluded.

“There are twenty-eight jury members,” the judge gestured to the men and women to the left and
right of her as she spoke this. “Nine from Great Britain, nine from the United States, and ten from the
I.C.W. Each have sworn upon their Magic in front of the head lawyers and Aurors to judge this case
fairly and without bias, to not release any information whatsoever, except that which I permit them to
do so. The information which will be released will be decided upon from the International
Confederation of Wizards, although both the prosecution and the defense will have the chance to
argue for or against said actions beforehand. The jury shall decide upon the validity of the
accusations against Mister Black and what charges, if any, he shall face. If any of the charges are
proven truthful, the jury under my guidance shall also decide upon a sentence and where the
sentence Mister Black would serve. Any questions from the prosecution or defense?”

Both Liam and Kent responded with a respectful, “No, Your Honor.”
Judge Kaho nodded once sharply, looking towards each of them before informing them, “In order to keep things simplified, we will call each witness forward, starting with the prosecution’s side, and all questions pertaining to the accusations shall be asked at that time. During this time, any evidence that can support or dispute the witness’ claims shall be presented after the witness has been questioned. If any other evidence needs to be shown, the prosecution may present said evidence after calling their witness. The defense will then have the same opportunity to call their witnesses before presenting any evidence that may not have been related to what was said during questioning. After both sides have presented their case, Mister Black will then have a choice to either give testimony or remain silent. If he remains silent, it shall not be held against him, is that clear, members of the jury?”

Satisfied when the jury acknowledged this, Judge Kaho nodded to Kent, “You may begin by calling your first witness.”

“We call upon Great Britain’s Ministry of Magic, Cornelius Oswald Fudge,” Kent Jarvis announced, trying and failing to hide his nervousness. “Before we begin, I would ask that as he is Minister of Magical Great Britain, he is not put under Veritaserum due to his position and service to the people of Great Britain.”

“Denied,” the judge decided, with barely any hesitation before reprimanding the prosecution. “Each individual has sworn not to reveal any information, therefore unless Minister Fudge has information to hide, there is nothing to fear.”

Nodding, Kent licked his lips as Minister Fudge was administered Veritaserum and given the test questions to ensure it was working.

“Minister Fudge, please state the reasons you believe Mister Potter has been helping He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named.”

“During the TriWizard Tournament, somehow Potter was able to compete and win against others three years older than him, which made me suspicious. No one that young could do so well without help during a task. During the final task, an incident occurred where he and the other Hogwarts champion disappeared, yet only he returned alive. Later, it was discovered that He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named had returned during that time those two had disappeared. There seems to be no logical explanation as to why Potter would escape yet not the other boy if Potter was not involved with the Death Eaters or Dark Magic.

“In December of the same year, Potter broke into the Ministry, destroying countless artifacts and objects in various departments. At the same time, Death Eaters as well as He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named showed up and again, Potter was unharmed by them. It is simply not logical for Potter to escape as this group is known to fight and kill whoever opposes them and their beliefs. If Potter was one of those who was a threat, there was enough time for them to inflict damage on Potter before the Aurors arrived, yet except for minor wounds, Potter was uninjured.

“On top of that, Potter abandoned Britain after writing to He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. This clearly shows Potter is at the least opposed to the Ministry of Magic, if not conspiring with this terror group,” Minister Fudge concluded in a monotone voice.

Handing out pieces of parchments to the court Auror, Joel stated, “In Exhibit 1A and 1C are the sections of Magical British Law, which states, ‘Whomever hath the ability of communication to a sworn enemy of the Ministry of Magic or the Magical People of Great Britain, it is their sworn duty to report said communication to proper authorities.’ The second part states, ‘All communication with a sworn enemy of the Ministry of Magic or the Magical People of Great Britain shall have a tracking charm placed upon it.’ As you can see in Exhibit 1E, your honor, there are quite a few letters which Mister Potter wrote to He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named as well as the responses.”
Allowing the judge and jury a few moments to look over everything, the lawyer turned back to his witness, “Minister Fudge, when did you first gain knowledge of the letters between Mister Potter and He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named?”

“About ten weeks ago,” came the reply.

“Did you find any information or indication that tracking or any type of compelling charms were used during the correspondence?”

“No.”

Nodding, Kent said, “No further questions at this time, your honor.”

“Mister Renshaw, you may question Minister Fudge,” Judge Kaho motioned to the defense.

Getting up, Liam slowly walked around the table and approached Minister Fudge to make sure he was still under the effects of the truth serum. Seeing the glazed over eyes and dull expression indicating this was the case, he began.

“What Dark Magic, or rather, Black Magic as it may be called, did Mister Black use in order to win the TriWizard Tournament?”

“I… I am not sure,” Minister Fudge was forced to admit.

“So, it is possible Mister Black won the tournament on his own talents, is that correct?”

“Yes.”

“Please describe what you saw happen to Mister Black and Mister Diggory, the other Hogwarts champion, in the graveyard after they disappeared from the tournament grounds on June 24, 2005,” Liam requested calmly, seeing out of the corner of his eye the apprehension building on the prosecutions face.

“I don’t know what happened.”

“Why not?”

“I wasn’t there.”

“As that is the case, how can you truthfully say Mister Black was involved with Lord Voldemort or the Death Eaters?” wondered Liam, still questioning him casually.

“I can’t.”

“You cannot say with any certainty if Mister Black had any help in the Ministry of Magic before the Aurors arrived either, can you?”

Minister Fudge struggled at first to keep silent before admitting, “No, I can’t.”

“Your honor, I would like to question the witness about his personal opinion about my client as I believe it may explain a few things.”

“I object!” Kent nearly shouted in outrage. “I fail to see the relevance to this case or what it could answer.”

Liam replied sharply, “I feel it could answer just why the British Ministry is so intent on charging my
client. I also believe it will show Minister Fudge has a bias against my client which has clouded his reasoning. If that is truly the case, than my client has the right to know so we can show evidence supporting our suspicions."

Holding up her hand, the judge stopped further arguments and debated about internally. Knowing it would be the right thing to do she announced, “I will allow it.”

“Thank you, your honor,” Liam thanked her, truly gratefully. “Minister Fudge, what are your personal feelings towards Mister Black?”

“He is a liar, an attention seeker, a show-off who enjoys creating chaos believes that he should get away with anything and everything. It is very possible he could be the next Dark Lord with the amount of power he has and his attitude.”

Burying his face in hands in embarrassment and shock as murmurs swept through the gallery, mainly on the defense side, Harry almost couldn't believe what he had heard. He just wished he could disappear at that moment.

Glancing at Harry, Liam gave him a sympathetic look as Judge Kaho rapped her gavel to silence everyone. Picking up where he left off, he wanted to know, “And why do you believe this to be true about Mister Black?”

“Just based on his track record at school and outside of school, as well as what Albus has told me about him.”

“Are these personal feelings and issues influencing the charges against Mister Black in any way?”

“Yes.”

“In what way have your personal feelings affects the accusations against Mister Black?”

“I ensured that all possible laws were used to bring charges against Potter, no matter how outdated the law may have been or how infrequent it may be used. I wanted to make sure that any and all possible charges could be brought against him so when the government would charge him. I also ensured that the harshest punishment possible would be used as the bare minimum punishment and then case up with even harsher punishments so that when Potter was charged with the crimes, I would no longer have to deal with him.”

“Considering that a trial must be conducted in front of the Wizengamot before being a person is voted guilty or not guilty, you seem fairly sure that Mister Black would be charged with these crimes, is that correct.”

“Yes,” Minister Fudge reply.

Taking a minute to gather his thoughts, Liam asked curious, “Why did you believe the verdict would be guilty?”

“I was told by many people that they would support me in my efforts to control Potter or get rid of him, no matter what it may entail.”

“Were you the one who came up with this idea?” Liam asked.

“No.”

“I'd like to ask the Minister about this,” he sighed wearily, unsure just how far the level of betrayal
“Objection! My client should not be forced to do so!” Kent barked out, his face red and blotchy when he saw just how fast things were going down for his case.

He had known there were risks taking on such a case, but when he had been it was an almost guaranteed win and that with that win, the help he had been so desperately needing for so long would be given, he couldn't turn the case down. Now however, Kent was starting to realize he may have been foolish. How badly, he wasn't certain, but there was no way to rewind time.

“In order to find out what is truly going on here, as is my sworn duty,” Judge Kaho glared at the prosecution before she could speak again. “I will allow it.”

“Minister Fudge, what is the first and last name of the person who approached you with the idea to charge Mister Black initially?” Liam continued on as if nothing had happened.

“Albus Dumbledore.”

At this, shouts of denial and accusations of corruption spread across most of those on the prosecution side. Albus Dumbledore on the other hand, was eerily quiet, though with one look at him, anyone could tell he was straining to retain his peaceful, calm, and undisturbed look. His eyes, usually resembling a medium sparkling Paraiba tourmaline gemstone, now look like an unpolished and rough tanzanite gemstone. Tight lines around the Hogwarts Headmaster’s eyes and mouth, along with the tense shoulder muscles and posture didn't help matters either. As sharp, anger-filled eyes from the defendant’s side turned towards the man, his expression only grew more tense.

“Order! ORDER!” the judge commanded, finally bellowing the last time to get everyone’s attention as rapping the gavel wasn't helping. It took a couple minutes for everyone to finally settle back down, but once they did so, she continued on. “Please refrain from outburst like that again or I will be forced to have Aurors to silence you until you are capable up or until the end of the trial.

“Now, with this new information, I believe this is not the typical case that the British Ministry of Magic would wish it to appear as the I.C.W. was suspicious of something more going on than what looked this case first appeared to be when we reviewed it. As such, beforehand, we, at the I.C.W., did discuss what to do if something out of the ordinary was discovered. One of the items permitted would be if I felt that there was just cause, I could question a witness. I could also dictate what order witness are called upon in order to get a full and clear picture of just what may have caused these charges to come about.”

Pausing, Judge Kaho debated what would be the best course of action, knowing that carrying on with the trail would not be just for the young defendant. She also knew that knowledge that could benefit not only the I.C.W., but also other Wizarding communities that could be lost as well. Taking a deep breath, she motioned to the court Auror, questioning if the British Minister was still under Veritaserum.

Checking him over, the Auror nodded, “It is still working, but according to the court healer, the Minister should not be under for more than another hour or so. Even with the longer-lasting Veritaserum being safer, it is still not advisable.”

“Thank you. At this point, I will be taking over questioning Cornelius Fudge as a neutral party. Minister Fudge, where there any others involved in planning what charges to bring against Mister Black besides Albus Dumbledore?”

“Yes.”
“What are the first and last names of these people who were involved?”

"Severus Snape, Gilderoy Lockhart, some others as well, but I don't know who they were."

“Do you have any clues as to their identities?”

“Some were teachers, others worked with Albus,” Minister Fudge paused for a bit, seeming to struggle to think. “One was an old woman, one that had red hair who said her husband worked at the Ministry. No one else stands out.”

“Is there any reason besides getting rid of Mister Black for bring up these specific charges?” Judge wanted to know. When Minister Fudge answered in the affirmative, she simply asked, “Why charge Mister Black as you did so?”

“We planned on doing whatever is possible to secure Harry and find a way that he would be forced to return to England. He is destined to fight He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named.”

“I take it you didn't expect the trial to be held here, with the I.C.W. presiding and Veritaserum, did you?” Harry huffed, outraged that those people still thought they could control him somehow.

“Of course not. No one is usually stupid enough to question me,” Minister Fudge answered the rhetorical question, still under the effect of truth serum.

Sighing, the judge looked over to the defense and prosecution, “Do either of you two have any questions for Minister Fudge?”

“No, your honor,” Liam said as respectfully as he could, trying to hide his glee at the way the case was turning out for Harry, all the while enjoying how much Kent was failing to hide his misery.

“Very well.” Turning to look at the jury, before the courtroom, she sighed again, “Aurors, you may administer the anti-dote to Minister Fudge and lead him to the recovery room where the Healer will check him over. We will recess for ten minutes and began again. Please feel free to get up and walk around, but keep in mind that you will not be able to leave the room without an Auror nor will you be able to cross the aisle or interact with those on the opposing side. Court is now in recess.”
Recess

Chapter Notes

Edited on February 9. New chapter coming soon...

I am so sorry it has been so long! Between Thanksgiving, recovering from Thanksgiving, a weekend trip early December, recovering from said trip, and getting ready for Christmas, I haven't had a chance to post!
I am not sure when I'll next post...I know what to write, just am tired from the holidays!
I hope you all had a Merry Christmas and thank you much for reading, leaving Kudos, and comments.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Once the twenty-eight jury members were led by a few Aurors waiting in a private wing, Judge Kaho headed through a nearly invisible door behind her chair. Sighing as she sank as gracefully as possible into the thickly cushioned medium espresso brown leather wingback chair with recessed arms and legs given the weariness she felt, Judge Kaho just looked around at those gathered.
Rubbing her temples, Judge Kaho wondered why on earth she had taken this case considering the last time the International Confederation of Wizards took over a case similar to this one was well over a fifty years ago. Even with everything being recorded from those fee cases, much of the information was lost over the years due for one reason or another. That, along with new information, laws, and different needs for the Magical community meant that each case had to be done following vague outlines at best.

Typically, the I.C.W. would just oversee a few court cases a year on average and instead, focused their time, effort, and energy on ensuring all Magical communities follow the agreed upon laws set forth, debating new and old laws, ensured the safety of Magical and non-magical beings, as well as creatures, all while keeping the Magical world hidden. The I.C.W. also did what was needed to keep the peace between Magical countries, and within the Magical communities of those countries when needed, in addition to helping the Magical communities thrive. Judge Mari Kaho had never quite known why the I.C.W. didn't take more of an active stance in high profile cases or cases that involved multiple countries.

Too late to turn this case down, she thought ruefully. Besides, there weren't too many judges who met the requirements and for some reason, I turned out to have the best qualifications.

Sighing heavily, Mari Anna looked around the approximately four by six feet dark espresso brown oval table supported on each of the longer sides by two triangular bases that have concave sides, hand carved decorative scrolled, and an octagonal base which held a reed pattern. Seeing the looks of worry, concern, shock, and down right disgusted, she took another moment before addressing the five advisers that had been watching from these chambers.

“So, is there any objection to how I have handled this so far?” Mari Anna tentatively asked.

A gentleman with silver hair in a pony-tail that went half-way down his back spoke up almost immediately, “No, we all agree on that so far, you are doing well preceding over the case. As we all know, our sworn duty is to ensure that Mother Magic is protected and that her people are as safe, as well as protected as they possibly can be with the knowledge and resources we have available, both
Magical and non-Magical. For far too long, Britain has been isolating and cutting itself from other countries, believing it and their ways are superior. The truth needs to be found and this trial may finally give the I.C.W. the chance to see a glimpse behind the mask they attempt to show the world. We may not have gotten far into why the British Ministry of Magic is prosecuting Mr. Black yet, nor have we gotten much insight as of yet into the British laws, government, and such, but I believe we will be able to do so considering how you are steering the court case.”

“Agreed, Elder Milton,” a young, dark blonde woman with a dark brown wavy braid spoke up in a heavy Italian accent. “As you know, Italy has had reports from young adults and older teens who have sought refugee from their families, the war, and, or from laws that could hurt or even kill them. These issues are unreasonable in my countries eye and we wish to help those who cannot flee. This may not be an ideal time or reason to do, but to disregard this chance would be fool-hardy and in the long run, harmful. We may not have another chance to gather information about Britain, and Mister Black's case does give us a lawful way to find a way to protect the future generation.”

Nodding in agreement, Judge Kaho saw all were in agreement. With that being the case, she moved on, “Elder Greta and Elder Ukrit, as certified a Potions Master and Mistress, do you believe the Veritaserum will hold up over the long run?”

The Italian witch took a moment to debate the issue before answering, “No, I believe the efficiency would wear off sooner than we would like if you take into account how long the interrogation may last. The more powerful a witch or wizard is, the easier it is for the Veritaserum to wear off quicker as well.”

Nodding his agreement, a man with dark brown hair and an odd combination of a svelte body with a rounded, oval face, conceded with Greta, “It would pose many risks as well to continually re-dose someone, especially as the potency is approximately three to four times greater with the long-term formula. To do so, even on a willing participant, would be unethical and immoral.”

“We could use the ‘Tempus et Motus’ spell,” blurted out a fairly young Canadian witch, considering she had just reached her 40th birthday. “It is incredibly rare, one that not many know as it was rediscovered just over a year ago, perhaps a year and a half ago. For some reason, this spell and others were buried in the archives of the library I work at, along with all the data from the time it was invented until it disappeared sometime around 1768. Research has been done to ensure that the data was correct and the ‘Tempus et Motus’ spell is completely safe to use. In addition, there is no time limit on how long it may be used for on someone. It hasn't been released to the general population, however, it will soon be released to governments that swear an oath to use the spell properly.”

Looking quickly through the notes she had on about this spell, including the details as she had hoped to have time to research it and what appeared to be another connecting spell, Emma cleared her throat, embarrassed. She knew that it was odd to bring work along when she didn't need to, but she found her work too fascinating not to do so and had thought it may end up helpful. Trying to contain her blush, she soldiered on, ignore the looks coming her way and instead focused on the papers in front of her.

“The only limits on this spell are that it is only able to be used in situations such as ones similar to this, or where a situation which will have an impact on a great number of people and the typical way to discover the truth will take too long. This is a complicated spell, thus there are conditions that one must swear an oath they will follow before attempting said spell. If this is chosen, there are four separate parts of this spell, two each at the start and ending of the spell. The energies and Magic pulled to maintain the spell is from the earth itself, ensuring that no one will suffer from Magical exhaustion and also the spell is self-sustaining until the counter-spells are spoken.”
“That will be ideal Elder Emma,” Mari beamed at her, relieved they were finally getting somewhere. Glancing at her watch, the judge’s eyes widened as the scheduled recess would be finished shortly. Knowing that more time was needed, she motioned one of the Aurors over and asked him to inform everyone that the time would be extended by ten minutes. Continuing, knowing there was much to cover and not long to do so, Judge Kaho said, “Now, I know this is controversial, but I would like to invoke the ‘Tempus et Motus’, as well as the ‘Loquimini Veritatem Testes Advocatorum’ spell so this matter is resolved either today or tomorrow. I believe otherwise, this could drag out for weeks, if not months.”

Elder Milton, being the oldest, nodded sharply and led the vote, “All in favor, please raise your wand.”

Two hands shot up quickly, while a third did after a minute. Knowing a unanimous vote was needed, Elder Milton asked the second youngest member, Sarah, if she wished to share the reason she voted against the spells. “I simply do not understand how the ‘Loquimini Veritatem’ spell works and as such, I am not comfortable voting to use it,” she admitted with a dark blush painting her pale face.

“Ahh, understandable,” Elder Milton said, nodding, as he leaned back in his chair. “I shall spare you the history lesson, but the ‘Loquimini Veritatem’ spell and the few variants of it, such as the one we wish to use, has been around for close to two hundred and fifty years or so. Usually, it is known only to those in the judicial system, although some outsiders end up hearing how to invoke it. Unfortunately, because they are typically using it for personal gain or ill will, the spell back-fires on them in some way.

“In order to properly use this spell, at least three people must say the spell together, although the more Magic users, the better. The only ones who can say this spell without fear of backlash must have said the vows of a judge or adviser to a judge. They must also genuinely wish to use the spell to bring forth the truth, help discover the truth – whatever it may be.”

“So, a person must be pure of heart, seek justice for the sake of justice, be sworn in as a judge or judge adviser?” Sarah repeated back, making sure she understood correctly.

“Exactly,” he said, smiling, proud of how quickly she understood it. “As long as you meet those qualities, the spell will not judge you unworthy. Once the spell is cast, although time appears to be moving normal to everyone outside the dimensions stated in the spell, such as those in the courtroom, we will in fact moving forward much more quickly. As soon as a verdict has been reached, ‘Loquimini Veritatem’ will automatically stop us moving so rapidly and we will merge with the normal time line. Perhaps a half a day or so will have passed outside the courtroom, but no ill effects will occur from the brisk swift pace we were at during the trail.”

Speaking up, Emma let them know, “The ‘Tempus et Motus’ is quite similar in that a vow needs to be spoken beforehand that those invoking the spell are doing so due to the belief that it is for the best. At least four people are needed for each spell and there is a certain order in which they much be read. The first spell is the ‘Motus Subsisto Magnitudine’ spell. Once the four Magical beings state that, followed by the dimensions of the space, aging of those with the parameters of the time bubble will cease until ‘Motus Sileo Magnitudine’ and the dimensions are spoken. Depending on how long was spent within that time pocket, just a day or so will have passed. The ages of everyone will not change, nor will appearances or anything else. Absolutely no harm will come to past due to the spells.

“The other set of spells are ‘Prohibere Tempus Magnitudine’, which will pause time within the bubble size chosen until ‘Horologium Sileo Magnitudine’ is spoken,” informed Emma. Glancing
over everyone to ensure they were still following her, she continued, “These spells would be best if all of us participated, although it could be done with as few as five people. The spell is complicated and previous notes indicate that more Magical beings involved, the easier the spell is to cast and the more powerful it will be.”

“That is what I was worried about,” confess Sarah. “I do feel as though that this will be the best option as otherwise, like Judge Kaho has stated, this could drag on for far too long. We need to learn whatever we can as soon as possible.”

With that, Elder Milton began asking with a small smile that was close to a smirk who was for and who was against each of the spells once again. This time all the hands were raised and so with a quick flick of his wand, Elder Milton sent instructions on how to perform the various spells.

“Always be prepared,” he quipped with a wink before they began casting.

Connect the tips of their wands together, the group chanted six times, “We invoke Mother Magic, let all surround this space be touched and unchanged as forward through time and space as we move for justices sake.”

After the last the last word was spoken, a bright light radiated from their wands and spread out throughout the courtroom and attached rooms. Amazed at the sight, the witches and wizards took a minute to soak in the warmth and love that came from the spell. Elder Milton deliberating coughing to direct them onto the second spell refocused them and soon they were again chanting together, this time asking Mother Magic show truth and light the darkened path. The end result wasn’t as speculator, however, the feelings it created were.

This time it was Judge Kaho who brought everyone's attention back to where it needed to be by say, “With time running short before recess is over, I am hoping that some of you have questions I could ask the witnesses. I do have some, but any insight would be appreciated and feel free to write in my two way journal if someone sees, hears, or thinks of something I don't.”

Standing up, she smothered her grin as much as possible as she was handed at least a couple sheets of paper from everyone. Thanking them, she turned and braced herself as one of the Aurors opened the door for her.

Show time, she thought, hoping that things would go peaceful and the truth revealed would led to a better world. To her, it was long past time to protect all of those touched by Mother Magic.

Chapter End Notes

For those curious:
Tempus et Motus means Time and Motion
Loquimini Veritatem Testes Advocatorum means Truth Speak Witnesses Lawyers
Motus Subsisto Magnitudine means Stop Movement Size
Motus Sileo Magnitudine means Movement Restart Size
Prohibere Tempus Magnitudine means Stop Times Size
Horologium Sileo Magnitudine means Clock Restart Size
Commandeered

Chapter Summary

Realized today July 8, 2019 I contradicted myself so I changed this chapter a bit so it wouldn't. I somehow forgot I wrote before the Horcux was mostly gone and yet, here Harry was having visions as if it was still there!
Opps!

Chapter Notes

I know, it has been way...way too long. Please forgive me (should I be ducking curses, hexes and jinxes?)
I swear, this chapter has given me fits. Plus WI weather has thrown its own fit... I learned we can have the wind-chill/temperatures increase by 90 degrees and still not get above the freezing point!!!! Yep, we went to almost 60 below to about 30 degrees above zero within days. Wow, is that hard physically (and mentally!) on a body.
Anyway... here is the next chapter. The next one is written out, but it lacks something...
I am not quite sure what, but it needs something more. Once I figure that out and proof it, I will get it out.
Until then, thank you all for your patience, Kudos, and comments, the last two have kept me going when I just want to bang my head and give up!

Receiving a signal from his wand notifying him that the recess was about to end, the head Auror called out, “I need everyone to return to their seats and come to order.” Waiting a couple minutes, he nodded, then instructed the gallery to rise as Judge Mari Kaho reentered the courtroom.

Sitting down, she stated, “You may all be seated. Before resuming this trail, I wish to inform all those present what has taken place during the recess and what has been decided by the International Confederation of Wizards and myself. First of all, from this point forward, I will be taking point on this case, which means that I will be the one to determine which order the witnesses are called up. Although I will be questioning them first, each lawyer will have the chance to question the witness as well as present evidence. Whether the defense or prosecution goes second will be based upon which side has called the witness. Each side also retains the right to make objections. The reason the I.C.W. advisors and I are taking over Mister Black's case at this point is due to the suspicions we have that there may be more going than what has been told to us. As always, the International Confederation of Wizards goal is to find out the truth.”

Holding up her hands for silence at the buzzing that began emanating from the gallery, Judge Kaho continued when silence fell, “The priority here does remain to have the jury decide on whether Mister Black is guilty or innocent of the charges that the British Ministry has filed against him. Although we may be gathering facts to help determine what will occur after the decision is reached in his case, no decisions will be made until Mister Black's status is determined.

“My advisors assigned to me from the I.C.W. and I have also decided that due to the numerous
issues that need to be addressed, we used a spell that has recently been rediscovered,” she continued explaining. “This spell essentially creates a time bubble. We will be taking breaks whenever need be for food or a small recess as while this spell is in effect, our bodies will not register the fact that time has paused as the spell will pull energy we need from the earth around us. After the spell has been removed, it will be around five to six in the evening of December 20, 2006 still. If there are any side effects of this spell, it should be limited to a temporary increase need of food and drink, as well as an increase in fatigue for perhaps two or three days at most. The fatigue, of course, can be counter-acted by the use of Invigoration Draughts.”

Moving aside the stack of papers detailing the ‘Tempus et Motus’ spell, the Judge took a deep mental breath, knowing the next item wouldn’t be as well received.

“The other decision my advisors and I came to is the fact that we believe that as there is a lot we need to know from each witness that we plan on calling to the stand. Due to how long it is likely to take to question an individual and the limitations of Veritaserum, as well as health risks of long-term exposure to said potion, we feel that this is not the best option,” she explained calmly, keeping an eye on both lawyers. “Instead, we have placed the Loquimini Veritatem spell over the witness stand, as well as the defense and prosecution areas. For those unfamiliar with this spell, it is a spell commonly used in long court cases which is similar to Veritatem in that there is a compulsion component to it. However, unlike Veritatem, answers will not be limited as the spell ensures a witness will have no choice but to answer with the whole, complete truth.”

Completely outrage, the prosecution lawyer shoved his chair back, barley restraining the anger in his voice as he loudly proclaimed, “I must object to these measures! It is as if you plan on persecuting anyone involved in this case, not just the one who is on trial, which is surely unscrupulous and wrong considering Great Britain is just trying to ensure its protection. And I mean no disrespect here, but the measures which you spoke about will violate privacy and could very well reveal secrets that threaten other peoples’ privacy, national security, and possibly even lives!”

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“Mister Jarvis,” she said sternly, glaring at him in displeasure. “May I remind you that each individual here is under the strictest Vows which will prevent them from revealing any information that I deem inappropriate? Not to mention, once Mister Black reached out to the I.C.W. for input in this case, which is his right as a citizen of two countries involved in the I.C.W., you were informed of this. Your legal team, along with the defense team, and Minister Fudge had been given a packet of information which stated that the court would use whatever means needed to find the truth behind the charges.

“You and the defense had a period of time to try and resolve these charges on between yourselves. In the case of the British Ministry, they had had the chance to back out and drop the charges after we became involved. As the British Ministry did not do so and signed a statement saying that International Confederation of Wizards terms had been read and were agreed upon, we are now legally able to enforce the rules, regulations, and are able to conduct the court trial, using whatever means I and my advisors feel are best to find the truth behind the charges.

Feeling exasperated by the seemingly ignorance of the prosecution, especially considering Albus Dumbledore could have, and should have, explained all this to Minister Fudge, she struggled to maintain a calm, steady outward appearance.

“We care only for finding what the truth is, whatever it may be, and bringing justice as is our swore duty. This includes laying out any additional charges if need be if more evidence is found against the defendant. It could also mean that if someone falsely charged the defendant, the one responsible for the charges will be, at the very least, fined for wasting time, money, resources, damaging a person,
person's or family name and, or reputation.”

Nodding sheepishly, Kent sat back down, defeated and trying to hide his embarrassment at the scolding. Moving some papers pointlessly in hopes of diverting attention from himself, he waits for the judge to move on.

“Very well,” Judge Kaho says with a light sigh. “I would like to begin by calling Mister Harry Corvus Jameston Black to the stand.”

Sitting down in the over-stuffed leather chair, Harry sees his husband smiling at him reassuringly. Feeling better, he turned part way to the side in order to face the judge better, reminding himself to just keep calm.

“Now, Mister Black,” the judge begins. “Considering the list of charges against you, we will start at the top of the list.”

“Certainly,” agreed Harry, before blushing suddenly. Looking up at her, he asked sheepishly, “Umm, would it be possible to get a copy of that so I know what topic we are dealing with?”

Giving Harry a barely noticeable smile, Judge Kaho took her list and muttered *Geminio* before levitating the duplicate to him.

“Thanks,” he mumbled, looking over the list quickly. “So would you just like me to explain why I believe these charges are false in my eyes?”

“Although would not be typically allowed, I will make an exception in this case and permit you to address each charge individually. I will interrupt you as needed however for clarification and if there are questions that need to be addressed,” she decided after a minute of internal debate.

While not what she originally she had planned, Judge Kaho hoped this would reduce the amount of time needed to get Mister Black view of what was, and had, taken place. It was the hope of the advisors and her that once Harry had shared his side and defended himself, it would help refine the questioning they had developed for the next witnesses.

“Alright,” Harry inhaled deeply and held it for a few seconds before exhaling to center himself upon hearing what the judge wanted. Rereading over the first charge, he couldn't help his reaction and gave off a sharp chuckle at the sheer ridiculousness of it, his tone of voice clearly showed how foolish he thought the charge was. “Let’s see, conspiring with Voldemort and Death Eaters… First of all, if having any type of contact, be it willingly or not, with any declared British Ministry enemies and not reporting said contact is what would constitute conspiring with terrorists and is illegal, I have to wonder why these charges weren't brought up sooner. I also have to wonder why others haven’t been charged with this. Dumbledore knew of a connection between Voldemort and me at least as early as my first year at Hogwarts. I say this because the Defense against the Dark Arts teacher for that was possessed by a shard of Voldemort and my scar would often times cause me severe pain, yet no one ever did anything or reported this to anyone to the best of my knowledge. Not even after the confrontation between the two of us at the end of the year. I should probably also mention that this is when Dumbledore alluded to the fact that he was aware of said connection as he said the reason I could drive off Voldemort was that he could not touch me due to the lingering effects of my mother love that had protected me from his killing curse.”

Not aware of the shock registering on the judge's face, nor the notes she was writing down, Harry continued talking, this time in a much calmer, steady tone, “Then there is the fact I was receiving visions of Voldemort's meetings and actions at least early as the start before my fourth year at Hogwarts. I mean, I didn't mention the visions right away, true, but only because I wasn't sure what
they were. When I did know what was happening, I would let Dumbledore or someone know what I saw through the connection.”

Shaking his head to dispel the memories of just what he witnessed during those visions, he placed the paper on his lap, “I will admit that near the end of my summer between fourth and fifth year at Hogwarts, but especially during the beginning of my fifth year I had the goblins send letters to Voldemort for me. I had hoped that an agreement between us could be reached and he would leave me to live my life in peace, the way I wanted to and not how anyone else dictated it. Since I had learned about a so-called prophecy and that Voldemort targeted me specifically was due to part of a prophecy he had heard, I thought that by letting him know the whole prophecy, Voldemort would see that it was either a self-fuelling or bogus prophecy that wouldn’t benefit either of us if he continued to try and stop it. It simply was too vague and could have referred to so many different time periods, people, and what not depending on how someone chose to interpret it.

“Besides this, some information the Goblins had found about Voldemort led me to believe that some sort of compromise could be reached. I cannot say what that is as I took a Vow not to repeat the information except under certain circumstances,” Harry informed the court before they could ask. “Either way however, I feel as though that I took the only reasonable, possible action I could to ensure my own safety and the fact I would be able to choice my own future, something that had been denied to me up until that point.

“Again, considering I did report what little I knew about Voldemort's meetings,” Harry shrugged, taking a drink of the water in front of him. “Well, I cannot see how that would lead to conclusions that I was conspiring against the British government. All I wanted was to ensure I lived to adulthood, found happiness, and was able to make my own choices about my life and future. Then again, the British government never seemed to care more about the welfare, safety, or general well-being of their citizens. They seemed more to care about being seeing as correct, as better than others, and care more about their own interests.”

“Object, I'd like those last words stricken from the record!” called out a desperate prosecution lawyer.

Thinking it over, the judge knew that although Harry's opinion may have had nothing to do with his case, the fact that he felt compelled to state his feelings about the British Ministry said a lot. Seeing a note which backed-up this thought, along with another about how it could help determine issues unrelated to the Black case, Judge Kaho over ruled Jarvis without giving a reason. Taking time to jot down notes to ask further about what the young man meant by his last statement. As her colleague had noted, Mister Black sounded both bitter and weary even just thinking of whatever treatment he had seen and been exposed to, so that alone spoke volumes to her.

“Are there any other instances that you can recall where you interacted or communicated with Lord Voldemort or his followers called the Death Eaters?” Judge Kaho inquired.

“Anytime I spoke with Professor Quirrell, I would assume that I was speaking with Voldemort or at the least, he was influencing the conversation considering the whole possession thing so that may count. As far as Death Eaters go, I don’t know if Severus Snape qualifies as Dumbledore says he is a spy for him and the so-called Light side. I cannot tell you for certain if this person was convicted as a Death Eater, but I do remember freeing Lucius Malfoy's house elf, Dobby, the end of my second year. I am sure he is a supporter as he was fighting with the Death Eaters at the British Ministry,” Harry bite his lip, trying to think of other instances. Feeling sheepish at almost forgetting what would be considered a large interaction with a Death Eater, he exclaimed, “Oh, yeah! There was my fourth year when the Defense teacher turned to be a Death Eater using Polyjuice Potion. Of course, then there was what took place at the end of the Third Task of the TriWizarding Tournament. Other than
that, just whoever I met at the Ministry trying to help my godfather, Sirius, survive. Obviously, I’m sure there are other times, but considering one thing and another, I couldn't tell you for sure since they operated in secret as much as possible.”

“Now, I realize this may be difficult to speak of,” she moved forward, barely pausing, aware of the pain it would likely cause the young man. “But can you please describe what happened in the death of Cedric Diggory on June 24 of 2005?”

“As far as Cedric’s death…” closing his eyes, Harry cleared his throat, hating to even remember that night, let alone speak of it to others. “Well, the four Champions, which include him and I had entered into a huge maze. During that time, I encountered one of the Beauxbatons Champion's being held under the Crucio curse by the Durmstrang Champion. He, in fact, was actually under the Imperious curse by someone else.”

“Hold on, you were fourteen at that time, how were you able to recognize those curses?” interrupted Judge Kaho, a tremor heard in her voice from the astonishment and horror of what that could mean.

“Our Defense teacher, the one who was Death Eater that used Polyjuice to impersonate an Aurors,” clarified Harry. “Well, at the beginning of the year, he demonstrated the Unforgivables on enlarged spiders, as well as held each of us in the class under the Imperious curse. He did so more with me, however, as I seemed to be able to fight it on the first attempt and thus he seemed to want me to practice it. I was very familiar after that with the signs and symptoms.”

Wincing, Judge Kaho shook her head, underlining notes an advisor had made.

“What took place after this?” she probed.

“After shooting up sparks from one of their wand so that a teacher could tell were the students where, I continued on in the maze. I was near the end and helped Cedric stop an Acromantula from attacking him.” At this point, Harry’s voice was cracking under remembering the soul-freezing, utter terror that had him feeling more helpless than he had ever had before. Rubbing barely dry eyes, he gestured widely with his hands, as he began falling apart, “Maybe I am somewhat responsible for Cedric’s death as I told him to take the damn TriWizarding Cup with me. I figured that at least it would still be a Hogwarts victory since Cedric was trying to get me to take it by myself and I felt it wouldn't be fair.”

Regret echoed in his voice as it died down to almost a whisper, “I never thought we'd end up in some graveyard or that I’d hear Voldemort telling Wormtail…um, Peter Pettigrew…to kill the spare, meaning Cedric. He was killed before either we could blink. I… I couldn't even begin to comprehend what had happened before I was tied to a gravestone and blood was forcibly taken from me as part of the ritual to resurrect Voldemort. I was then ordered for me to duel Voldemort while the followers who had shown up at his call were ordered to stay out of it. I don't remember really what happened next, except for being held under the Crucio curse for a bit at least once.

“We both shot off a few spells, but once I tried disarming Voldemort with Expelliarmus, he tried using the Avada curse at the exact same time. It caused our wands to connect and for those he murdered to come out of his wand. I…I…saw the guy in my vision that Voldemort had killed before Cedric and my parents emerged. Cedric asked me to take his body back and I was told he and my parents would protect me until I got to the cup. I couldn't dishonor Cedric's finial wish, I just couldn't…”

At this point, Harry was barely able to breath from trying to hold everything back. Quickly, the judge ordered a half-hour break and within seconds, Edward was kneeling down in front of Harry, not even waiting for permission.
Wrapping his arms around his mate, he whispered, “Just remember, you cannot control or choose the actions of others, only how you reacted, love. There quite literally wasn't any time to do anything except what you had done, which is a lot more than you most could have done.

“Certainly, it is a lot more than anyone had any right to expect out of you and it is obvious to me from what those ghosts or representations of those who passed, that they do not blame you either,” Edward told his mate, soothing him as Harry nodded, still curled up in his arms. “The fact you survived is quite simply a miracle, one that I am grateful for, as from what you have said, not many have escaped. Just remember that and stay strong, okay love? Just keep telling yourself what has happened has happened and you can only do so much. I know it is far from easy, but I will be here every step of the way.”

Nodding, Harry gave a wearisome smile as he dried his eyes. Taking a few deep breaths on Edwards’s advice helped to regain the little control he needed to regain. Hugging his husband fiercely, he couldn’t help but be grateful for the support and love from him. Seeing the judge point to her watch, Edward gave her a nod, knowing time was short and just grateful she had waved off the Auror. Rubbing his hands up and down Harry's back, he reminded him how proud he was and how much he loved him. Giving Harry a kiss, he smiled seeing the determination back in his eyes. Going back to his seat, he bowed his head towards the judge in thanks as she announced the continuation and waved off Harry's apology.

“Let's just continue with everything, shall we. I believe the next accusation is about Sirius Black,” she read off the sheet, as Harry had not just broken down. “What information do you have about this individual and did you have any responsibility toward helping said individual escape authorities?”

“Yes, I do have some responsibility,” admitted Harry. “See, my godfather escape Azkaban using his unregistered Animagus form. However, my two friends and I found out during my third year of Hogwarts that he had just been thrown in Azkaban without a trial. It turns out that the rat my friend had as a pet was another unregistered Animagus who had been part of the group of friends my father was part of and confessed that he was the person who was responsible for the murders of the Muggles, not to mention that he was the secret keeper for my parents. Only Mister Dumbledore and Remus Lupin believed us, but as Remus was currently a werewolf at that time, Dumbledore sent one of my then friends and I back in time with a time turner to help him escape. If it wasn't for him, Sirius would have received the Dementors Kiss that Minister Fudge wished to administer upon sight as Sirius was a supposedly dangerous escaped criminal. I also wrote and received letters from Sirius, as well as saw him in person.”

“So, not only did Albus Dumbledore know about Sirius' escape, he helped ensure you could free Sirius?” Judge Kaho asked, a bit dumbfounded.

“Yes, your honor.”

“Was there any other time that Mister Dumbledore was knowledgeable about the whereabouts of Sirius?”

Although the prosecution yelled out an objection, Harry answered, not even hesitating, unsure if it was the spell or his willingness to share the truth, “Yes, your honor. I know that Sirius began living in his family home around the half-way point of my fourth year. He was concerned about my unwilling entry and participation in the TriWizard Tournament, as well as my safety. I know he wasn't happy Dumbledore did nothing to prevent me from participating. I was told and saw Dumbledore would Floo-call him, keeping him up to date and I know that he would stop over often that summer as it was the headquarters for the Order of the Phoenix.”

Puzzled, the judge wondered, “What is the Order of the Phoenix?”
Shrugging his shoulders a bit helplessly, Harry told her, “As far as I am aware and from I've seen, it was a group built of those loyal to Dumbledore and his way of thinking. I do know it was created and led by Dumbledore, supposedly to fight Voldemort and his Death Eaters.”

Seeing the look of betrayal and anger flashing across on his ex-headmaster's face caused Harry to almost smirk. *Take that old man, I know that group of yours is more than for fighting Voldemort considering everything I've been through.*

“Thank you,” she says a bit distractedly as she notes down this new information. “Is there any more information about Sirius that may involve Mister Dumbledore?”

“Just that, I, along with Dumbledore, were not the only ones aware of Sirius whereabouts. There were many others as well, including two Aurors since they were in the Order of the Phoenix,” Harry told her, inwardly smiling. “I'm not sure if that's what you mean, but…

Nodding, Judge asked him to proceed to have him tell the court in his own words what occurred right before he left for the British Ministry, along with what took place while at the Ministry in December of 2005.

“First,” here, Harry sighed loudly and deeply, knowing the information he next spoke of would cause a stir. “I should explain that the connection to Voldemort I used to have through my lightning bolt scar was due to it being a Horcrux.”

Waiting for the murmurs and whispering to die down, which only took place after the judge demanded for order, Harry shook his head.

“Anyway, as I was saying,” Harry continued, suppressing the urge to roll his eyes at what he considered to be an overreaction when he hadn't said everything related to that subject. “This connection is now completely gone, thanks to Goblin Healer Ralacor Hizeld and due to the incident at the Ministry. See, despite the Goblins taking care of the Horcrux, there was some remnants that connected us. My guess is that Voldemort found out and decided that it was a good idea to punish me for it. I knew that I was taking that chance when I got it removed, but to me, I thought anything was better than the visions I got.

"I was wrong," Harry admitted sadly. "That night, Sirius house elf came and told me Bella had stunned and taken Sirius to the Ministry. If I wanted him back, I would have to do as they ask upon my arrival. I only believed him as he had Sirius wand and a necklace he never took off after finding it in his room. I tried telling my Head of House, Professor McGonagall, but as usual, she did not listen. I knew about Snape's supposed position, so I went to him, but he wrote me off. I even tried getting ahold of Remus Lupin, but he wasn't at the house. Sirius was the only one at the time that I trusted or cared about besides Remus Lupin, as my friends had deserted me the year before and I had begun to question whether I should be trusting Dumbledore around the end of second year."

At that comment, judge saw a note appear asking what Harry meant by saying his Head of House did not usually listen and why he no longer trusted his headmaster.

“With no one else around I could turn to, I bound the house elf and snuck out of the school using my invisibility cloak, then rode a Thestral to the Ministry. I followed the same path I had seen, still under my cloak, and although it took a few tries to find the right door as they kept spinning, I eventually found where Sirius was. He was chained up to a post and beaten up pretty badly, probably had some curses on him too. I used both the ‘Emancipare’ and ‘Finite’ spells to release him from the post. At that point the three Death Eaters in the room noticed my movement as they began coming towards us. I stuffed my cloak into my pocket and returned Sirius' wand to him. By that point, both Sirius and I were ducking and weaving, shooting spells out. Remus came in at some point chased by some
Death Eaters, but beyond that, I am not sure. I just remember watching Sirius fall through that curtain thing before everything went dark.

“At that point, there was so much pain, as if my mind was being ripped apart,” recalled Harry with an almost blank expression on his face while his body shuddered in remembered pain. “I heard this voice taunting me about how my godfather was gone now and even though I denied it, I felt the truth when that voice told me that the Veil never returned its victims. I was told to just give in and surrender, but even with the pain growing and that taunts about being alone, I just couldn’t. I…I don’t know what I did, but I just began thinking of how much I wanted that voice out of me. I wanted it gone. Hours could have passed, but eventually something happened and it felt as if my brain was grabbed and ripped away from me before slamming back into my skull. I was close to passing out from pain and exhaustion at that point, but I know the voice was gone at least. So was the last little bit of the connection with Voldemort thankfully.”

Wincing at the description, the judge queried, “Did you enter any other room besides the room which held the Veil?”

“I may have set a foot or two inside the various doorways, but I don't believe I ever went further than that. Just enough to check to see if the room was the one I was looking for as it didn't sound like a good idea to go anywhere I didn't need to in a place called the Department of Mysteries. Plus, I honestly didn't know how much time, if any, Sirius had and he was my main priority.”

“I do wish to make my condolences known for the loss of your godfather.”

“Thank you. It still hurts, but considering I know he would likely never have been freed under Fudge's reign or likely any other one, so I have a feeling he is a lot happier.”

Not knowing what to reply to that honest, heartfelt comment, she moved on, “I do need to know is did you appoint someone to your Wizengamot seats before leaving Britain.”

“Yeah, I mean yes, I appointed Remus Lupin. He is the closest thing I have left to a godfather. I have a feeling that the British Ministry doesn't feel he is qualified for this position as he is a werewolf and laws prohibit werewolves from more or less anything in Britain. However, luckily for us,” Harry grinned mischievously. “According to the rules and regulations set down by the founders of the Wizengamot any human or being may serve as long as the requirements are met or they are appointed by the head of the family. As he not only is well educated and could meet the requirements for the Wizengamot, he was also appointed by myself, who is the head of both the Potter and Black families.

“In addition, before leaving Britain, I talked with my Goblin Account Manager Gragnok to ensure that all taxes were caught up on the Potter and Black vaults. I was told those vaults had been partly suspended, basically meaning the investments made up until my parents’ deaths or Sirius’ imprisonment were continued. In addition, all taxes had been paid on time for those vaults, investments, as well as all properties and I do proof of that is need be. If a current certified copy is needed, I just need to ask for my current Goblin Account Manager to send over everything. Otherwise, my lawyer does have a certified copy of the records before I left Britain. As far as the Gryffindor vault goes, that one was trickier as it had been sealed for…” Harry paused, while his face twisted up, as he tried remembering just what he had been told about that vault. “I believe it had been closed off for about seven hundred years, give or take. I'd have to consult the Gringott's sheet. As Hogwarts hadn't found an appropriate heir for Gryffindor in long while, over a century and a half I believe, that vault was in a bit of a mess to say the least.”

Interrupting him from shock, Judge Kaho found herself inquiring, “Wait, you're saying that Hogwarts, a castle, chose you as the heir of Gryffindor?”
“Yeah,” Harry sheepishly admitted, blushing. “From what I learned through the archives in the vaults, the Gryffindor family blood was becoming diluted fairly fast from marriages. So, I guess somewhere between 1200 or 1300 A.D., one of the last families with direct Gryffindor blood, decided that Hogwarts had become sentient enough to choose who the next heir would be. This family ensured that this person had to be someone who was decendent from Gryffindor and had enough of the family blood running in their veins. The person would also need to embody the traits Godric Gryffindor placed the most value on – chivalry, courage, daring, dedication, nerve, and virtuous. I believe there are other traits, but I can't recall. Anyway, I guess whenever a male student would pass through the doors of Hogwarts that could potentially meet these qualifications, the castle would be alerted and whomever passed the test, or tests, set forth by Godric Gryffindor’s ancestors, would become the heir. I am not sure when I passed this test, or tests, but I believe that perhaps it was when I pulled Gryffindor’s sword out of Gryffindor’s Sorting Hat in my second year that began setting all the events in motion. Of course, it wasn't until my fourth year and I was Magical emancipation that I began investigating options other than staying in Britain that I was told about the vault or that it had just been unsealed recently.”

Impressed, the judge just looked a bit wide-eyed at him, never realizing such a feat of magic had been, or could be, placed upon Hogwarts. Knowing that this young man had been chosen due to the qualifications he had at an age when many were struggling to find their own path and chose who they would become made it all the more astounding in her eyes. Not many had the fortitude or strength of character Mister Black had. She certainly had struggled at his age. Clearing her throat, she smiled softly at him.

“Everything was sorted out with that vault, then?”

“Yes, the goblins figured it out somehow by taking into account investments that were no longer relevant, as well as investments still bring in profits, along with the value of the vault. I admit that is all I can tell you as I really don't understand it, but I do know the goblins ensured that it was done according to the laws posted by the British Ministry about reactivated vaults. I do have a folder that can be copied if you would like, just ask Liam for it.”

Gesturing to the Auror in charge, Judge Kaho says, “Please do so, and gather a copy which states Harry has given Remus Lupin control to vote in his stead at Wizengamot sessions.”

While the Auror is copying everything the judge wondered if the only reason Harry left Britain is due to the current situation with Dumbledore.

“Part of it, certainly, but not all of it,” Harry said truthfully. “I started thinking of leaving because after seeing how so-called friends reacted when my name was called by the Goblet of Fire, and then being deserted by everyone, felt I had nothing left in Britain. At least nothing except a public who would turn on me whenever they wished, expectations I couldn't or wouldn't fill, a future that was determined without me or my choices in mind. I also had a Potions teacher who hated me and refused to allow me to learn, an education which seemed to hold me back instead of allowing me to grow. Yes, I did have so-called family, but honestly, I was hated by them. My aunt and uncle treated me worse than unpaid help. A lot of days, my aunt would unlock the small cupboard under the stairs where I lived until my eleventh birthday. I'd than cook breakfast and if there wasn't school, I spent my time until it was time to cook supper at five cleaning the house, gardening, weeding, mowing, shoveling, painting, doing whatever was demanded. I didn't dare refuse as otherwise what little food I got twice a day would be reduced or taken away or worse.

“Knowing that I had a chance to escape all of that, be more or less free, I had to contact Gringott's and see if it was actually possible. When I was told I was coming into a Cambion inheritance, I knew then that if I didn't leave,” Harry shook his head mournfully. “Well, I wasn't sure what would
happen, other than being labeled as a ‘Dark Creature’, but I know how Remus is treated. As much as it pains me to admit, I didn't want to stay in Britain dealing with how people who may treat me like him along with everything else. I was just grateful that I chose where I did, considering. I mean, all I ever wanted was to be happy, to be loved, to have a family, and be able to have a say in my own life. Now I have all that and more.”

Unable to stop himself from smiling like an idiot, Harry just gave off a small chuckle and looked over to where the Cullen’s were sitting. Seeing his mate smiling back at him just filled him with warmth and love.

Although she was glad the young man had found what so many seek for so long in life, having heard the part about his family caused Judge Kaho's eye to narrow in suspicion.

“What do you mean your family would do worse?” she asked.

Shrugging, Harry looked down, wishing he didn't have to answer, “Once in a while my aunt would take a swipe at me or my uncle would hit me. It wasn't so bad when Aunt Petunia tried hitting me, I could duck or move quicker than her and at most, I'd just get a bruise or scratches from her nails. Uncle Vernon though…”

Harry shook his head, trying to throw off the memories, “I think he and Dudley are the reason I had the broken bones that the Goblin Healer had to fix.”

“Do you have a copy of these records?”

“Yes, your honor,” Liam stood up with the records in his hands, hoping to save Harry any more pain. Handing them over to the head Auror, he sat back down, sending an encouraging smile toward Harry.

“Mister Black, do you have any idea why you were sent to your non-mag relatives, Mister and Missus Dursley?” the judge wondered as she took the health records as she watched copies being dispersed to the jury and prosecution.

“Yes, at least I believe I do. Dumbledore always said he sent me there as since my mom scarified herself for me, there would be blood wards around the house to protect me. I was also told by him that I was to stay there for most of the summers to ensure that those wards stayed active.”

“Did anyone ever check on you?”

“I didn't realize until later, I believe during the summer between my fourth and fifth year at Hogwarts that Miss Figg, a squib who was part of Dumbledore's Order of Phoenix, was assigned to watch out for me. Before, I had only known her as a nearby neighbor would take me in whenever the Dursley's went anywhere. I overheard Missus Weasley scolding Dumbledore that summer about how she hadn't been doing a good enough job keeping an eye on me and he replied that Miss Figg was the only one available to move into the neighborhood at the time.”

“Is there any other reason you don't trust Dumbledore besides this?” Judge Kaho peered at him, feeling as though there was more to things than what she was hearing. Deciding to look at the records a bit later, she continued staring at a squirming Harry.

“Yes, ma'am,” Harry admitted as he ducked his head down, his face turning a slight pink. “Honestly, I started wondering what on earth Dumbledore was thinking my first year at Hogwarts and later, I had to wonder if he was training me to fight Voldemort as soon as I got to Hogwarts. I mean, I hate thinking that, but…”
“Why would you think along those lines?”

“Well, my first year, even before Hogwarts, Hagrid, the Hogwarts’ groundskeeper, came to take me to get my school things. I found out usually a head of house does that, especially for those who know nothing about magic and I didn't even suspect I had magic,” explained Harry. “On top of that, Hagrid had to pick up some sort of package for Dumbledore and I was told to keep it a secret. I know most eleven years old are curious, but I had learned early not to be, yet I found myself unusually curious after arriving at school. I don't think I had ever been that inquisitive before, so when I found the vault had been broken into, I became more so. Especially once my friends and I found a Cerberus guarding a trap door. Hagrid also gave away a couple clues”

Shaking his head, he took a break to drink some water, “Somehow I got my father's invisibility cloak at Christmas and found the Mirror of Erised. Despite losing my cloak a few times, once or twice on purpose, it always ended up back in my dorm on my bed. I admit I was worried someone was after the Philosopher’s Stone once my friends and I figured out what the package likely was and that someone was attempting to steal it, but honestly, I didn't much care. It wasn't until a while after that it felt like I was compelled to go after it. I tried telling my head of house in hopes of stopping whatever was going on, but she didn't listen to me and brushed me off. My friends and I ended up going through an obstacle course and I eventually found myself facing the Defense teacher who was possessed by Voldemort. Honestly, I don't know what happened, but I do know I got the stone from the Mirror of Erised and the Voldemort possessed Quirrell came after me. I only survived because my touch burned him. I found out after waking up in the hospital that he didn't survive.”

Scoffing, he shook his head regretfully, “I don't know what it was that saved me, be it my mother’s love or sacrifice or something else, all I know is I hadn't wanted to be in that situation and yet I was and it ended up with a man dying partly because of me. During my second year, the Chamber of Secrets was opened. To make a long story short, near the end of the year, someone was taken down to the Chamber and a message written saying they'd never be seen again. Again, I felt as like I had to save her, as if I had no choice, but to find the Chamber and rescue the girl. Luckily, Hermione, a friend of mine then had figured out before being petrified, a basilisk was the monster. I and another friend figured out that fifty some years before a girl had died from seeing the basilisk, so we took that years Defense teacher with us, mainly so he wouldn't Oblivate us.”

Grinning a bit, Harry chuckled at the irony, “That was that teacher’s specialty, Obliviating people and writing their stories. Anyway, we went into the Chamber, but the idiot tried using Ron's broken wand, Oblivated himself and caused a cave-in. I went in and found Ron's sister being drained by the memory of a young Tom Riddle, later known as Voldemort. Riddle called the basilisk and that was when the phoenix Fawkes brought the sorting hat. As I pulled out Gryffindor’s sword, Fawkes blinded the basilisk, which helped me to defeat it. In the end, I stabbed the diary Ron's sister had written in, accidentally draining her essence and freeing Tom. Riddle disappeared, she woke up and Fawkes took all of us up. I only survived due to Fawkes, the Hogwarts’ phoenix, had used tears on the wound I had got from the basilisk fang. I figured out Dumbledore knew who had been responsible for the girl’s death fifty years before, but allowed Hagrid to take the fall. I also believe Dumbledore knew where the entrance was and could have stopped it as he made a few references to what was within the area I was and I know Ron didn't see any of what Dumbledore referenced.

“What was even stranger, but wasn't revealed until recently is the same diary that was used to possess that girl and open the Chamber, is the same one that…” Harry paused, searching for the right word. “Infected, I guess would be a good way to put it, Tom Riddle so many years ago.”

Mentally shaking off that thought, Harry took a deep breath, “It didn't occur to me until third year, however, as that was the year a supposed mass murder was after me. Of course, with Dementors surrounding the school, I didn't think much on it. At the end of that year, with Dumbledore telling
Hermione and I to go back in time to save Sirius, well, I didn't question that at first as I knew that there was a ‘Kiss on sight’ order. That summer, though, I had enough time to wonder about why Dumbledore didn't use his influence to demand a trial. I mean, there were Dementors surrounding the school, yet Sirius was locked up. It didn't make any sense.

“It was in fourth year, however that all my faith and trust in Dumbledore was lost. He never once stood up for me or tried to get me out of the TriWizarding Tournament. I had overheard him saying to Snape that it would be good for me, that it would toughen me up, ensure I became who and what the wizarding world needed, especially considering Snape’s Dark Mark was getting darker and clearer. I was so disgusted by his attitude and when Dobby, a house elf, mentioned about me being magically emancipated, I knew that I had a chance to escape. I was done fighting and being hated and scorned. I had lost the few friends I did have and even with the two adults I did have that I trusted the most, I knew that it was more important to escape. Too many times I had been put in danger and honestly, I believe Dumbledore could have done more but chose not to as I was just a weapon to mold.

“The worst thing I believe though, was finding out that Dumbledore ignored my parents’ wills. There was a list of those who were meant to raise me and in each of the wills, my parents specifically said I was not to go to my Muggle relatives. Knowing he willingly ignored that and I had to endure so many years with the Dursley's, I think that may be even worse than trying to shape me as he wanted.”

Liam stood up at this point, hoping that the information he had would help their case, “Your Honor, at this time, I would like to enter into evidence a certified copy section of James' and Lily's will, which states who was to be Harry Black's guardian, along with information that the will had been read and notarized by four people, including Albus Dumbledore. I would also like to direct your attention to the certified copy of Harry Black's health scan before leaving Britain.”

“I'll allow it,” she agreed.

Reading the will first, she was shocked to see a long list comprised of three individuals and four couples. Out of them all, one individual had passed away, another -Sirius Black – had been illegally imprisoned by the sounds of it, while in Remus Lupin’s case, he was discriminated against solely due to his werewolf status. Out of the four couples list, two were deceased and another couple cursed into insanity. All this had taken place eight months before Harry had become an orphan or within six weeks after the event.

“Mister Black, why you didn't ask Andromeda and Ted Tonks for help once you discovered your parent's wishes to have you placed with them?” she questioned.

“I honestly didn't feel as though I could turn to the Tonks' family for help, considering their daughter was part of Dumbledore’s Order of the Phoenix. In addition, she is an Auror, so I honestly didn't know if I could trust the couple. I had worries and fears that they would either blindly follow Dumbledore, allowing him to take control of my life or perhaps allow the British Ministry to have control over my life. I felt it better, safer, to go somewhere no one knew me. I realized it would be difficult to be independent at such a young age, but I also knew I had the financial resources needed and knew how to manage a household on my own since I had more or less been doing so for years. I did realize I would need help, which is why I readily accepted the help from social services and the school. Without that help, the Goblins help, and the Cullen's, I will admit it wouldn’t have been as easy and I would have made a lot more mistakes.”

Nodding, the judge began reading the health report, her stomach dropping more the further she read.
Gringott’s Deep and Full Health Scan

Name: Harry James Potter
Age: Fifteen
Magical Status: Adult
Legal Status: Minor
Magical Guardian (No Longer Applicable): Sirius Corvus Black
Height: 5’4”
Weight: 105 pounds

**Improperly Healed Bones**
Left Clavicle – broken at age 6
Left Wrist and Lower Ulnar – broken at ages 3, 4, 7, and 9
Right Mid-Fibula – broken at age 5

**Other Physical Issues**
Numerous, severe diaper rashes starting at age 15 months
Multiple muscle and tendon tears in lower leg extremities from ages 4 years and up
Low bone density and muscle density stemming from chronic micronutrient and under-malnutrition starting at sixteen months and worsening as age increased

Broken fingers on both hands – numerous times at various ages (unable to approximate)
Concussions – minor ones at ages 5, 11, 13
Broken right ulnar and radius – ages 3, 5, 8
Broken left tibia – age 5
Broken metatarsal bones on both feet – multiple bones at various ages
Incorrect eye glass prescription (severe near-sightedness)
Macular eye degeneration and darkness adaptation difficulties
Scars
Lightning bolt shaped scar on right side of forehead – Aged 15 months old (Note: Horcrux)
Burn marks on top of feet, ankles, upper shoulders – various ages
Scars on scalp – various ages from age 4 to 9
Small puncture mark on lower right back – age 10
Basilisk puncture on lower right arm – age 12
Deep line markings - age 12 and 13
Acromantula bite mark – age 14
Knife wound on right arm – age 14

Other Noteworthy Magical Events – Including Major Potions Used
Magical Exhaustion – age 11
Compulsion Potion – age 11
Removal of bones on right arm – age 12
Skele-Gro – age 12
Polyjuice Potion – age 12
Compulsion Potion – age 12
Phoenix Tears – age 12
Magical drainage due to Dementors attack – various times at age 13
Imperious Curse – age 14
Cruciatus Curse – twice, age 14
Pepper-Up Potion – age 14
Possession – age 15

“May I inquire as to whether these issues that would have a lasting effect on your health have been taking care of?” she wonders after finding her composer again.

“Yes, your honor. The Goblins ensured that all potions were cleared out of my system and that I was given the correct potions to help heal any damage they could not undo,” he assured her. “Thankfully, between the Goblins, the potions, and my inheritance, I am more or less where I should be according to Healer Bystowe, the Healer in charge of my case. Well, with the exception of the recent poisoning incident, but within another couple weeks, even that wouldn’t be a much of factor.”
“Good,” she stated, clearing her throat. “With your permission, I would like to investigate some items that have raised some questions for me here. I can assure you that they would be under the same secrecy spells as those in this court room.”

Looking towards Liam and seeing him nod, Harry agreed, “I have nothing to hide so go ahead.”

Motioning to one of the Aurors off to the side of the court, she handed him a stack of papers and gave him instructions on where to take them.

“As I have no further questions at this moment, I will turn questioning of Mister Black over to the defense lawyer, Liam Renshaw.” Glancing at Harry before turning to the defense, she added in, “Please keep in mind that I do still have the right and responsibility to step in and pose further questions if need be.”

“Yes, your honor,” Liam said respectfully as he stood up.

Although he felt most of the ground had been covered, he knew that there still were areas that the prosecution could try to use against his client if he didn't approach them first. With that in mind, Liam started off with what he knew would be the hardest question.

“Mister Black, by now, the prosecution and the jury has seen your medical records. Did you ever report what you no-Mag relatives did to you before Hogwarts?”

“No, I didn't.”

“Did you attempt to do so before Hogwarts?”

“No.”

“And why was that?” Liam looked at him with raised eyebrows, hoping Harry remembered the warning he had issued that this may come up.

“Because teachers had noticed things about me, things that didn't seem quite right. They would ask about bruises I had, or why I was having trouble with my arm or leg or whatnot. They offered to sign me up for programs as they could tell I didn't get enough to eat and my clothes were at least a few sizes too big, as well as worn out. Yet, I had to beg them not to in fear of my uncle become upset over it. Even when someone did report something, all that came of it was the teacher leaving for a new job within days. The one thing I got was new bruises and more chores for me to complete as I was told ‘I couldn't be grateful for what I was given and had to be sprouting out lies’.” Harry had quoted part of the last part, stating with a world-weary sigh, “Or at least that is what my uncle would say each time.”

Nodding, Liam went on to ask, “Did these incidences where teachers had new jobs occur frequently?”

“Thankfully, no. Just usually once or twice every school year.” Shrugging, Harry added on, “It seemed to stop after I reached what is the equivalent of third year here, however. I never found out why.”

“And what about when you went to Hogwarts, did you ever seek help there?”

“I told Dumbledore that I didn't wish to go back since I wasn’t treated well. I even offered to clean the castle if I could stay.” Harry chuckled at that. “I asked him for the first three years there and was told I had to return as it was important to ensure the blood wards would stay in place. I almost told Madame Pomfrey, but during the Christmas holidays in my first year, I saw Dumbledore casting an
Oblivate charm on her. I didn't know what it was then, but I knew whatever it was, it wouldn't matter if I tried to get her help as it would ultimately up to Dumbledore.”

“Any proof of this?” Judge Kaho interrupted to question.

“Just my memories of what I saw, your honor.”

“Do you know the process to extract memories?”

“Vaguely. I believe a person concentrates on the memory they have and either they or someone else removes it somehow.” Harry hesitantly explained.

“Very good,” she said in approval. “I would like to do so to verify this once the defense and prosecution are done.”

“That is fine with me,” Harry told her, giving a small smile.

“You may continue, Lawyer Renshaw.”

“Thank you, your honor. Now, Mister Black, according to Britain's Magical laws, as soon as you entered the Magical world, you had a responsibility to ensure that any accounts in your name were in good standing, correct?”

“Yes,” Harry drew out the word, unsure where this was going.

“So, why did you not do so?”

“I actually was never told about these laws and the Goblins never had a chance to inform me considering how anxious Hagrid was to get his errands done at Gringott's Bank. I also was never told what material or books Muggleborns or Muggle-raised students should get before their first year.” Irritated at his next thought, Harry made sure it showed in his voice as he said, “Furthermore, I was never allowed to have my key to my vault and was given the impression Dumbledore was in charge since I had no Magical guardian.”

Interrupting the questioning once again, Judge Kaho asked, “What other reasons did Mister Dumbledore give you that led you to the conclusion he was your Magical Guardian, thus having a say in your life?”

“Besides the fact he was the one who decided to leave me on my relative’s doorstep in the middle of the night, which my relatives made sure to remind me of once I finally learned about Hogwarts? Or the fact that he always dictated whether I stayed with said relatives no matter how much I pleaded?” he asked bitterly. “I guess it is the fact that from what I understood, a guardian was supposed to be in charge of that person’s welfare, both health-wise and financially. Dumbledore over-ruled my godfather's permission to go to Hogsmeade, and would at times, counteract decisions made by other teachers, such as when I was a first year and was granted special permission to play as Seeker on my house Quidditch team. Dumbledore also allowed me a lot more freedom around Hogwarts than any other student and the punishments for rule breaking were weak to non-existent if he was involved in the decision making progress. To me, that showed favoritism, similar to what I had witnessed other parents and guardians doing with their children.

“Then, there was the fact I knew he held onto my Gringott's key and I could not withdraw money from my own trust vault without him knowing about it. There is also the fact that even when I was injured along with a fellow student, despite the fact I know that other parents were notified about what took place, Dumbledore never once wrote my aunt and uncle. My relatives were never informed of events taking place at Hogwarts that affected me, even though other parents or guardians
were told of such events. I was always told not to concern myself about them, meaning my relatives,” Harry clarified before continuing, hoping that his ramble was making sense. Despite preparing for this possibility with Liam, it seemed that whatever spell, or spells, were activated were helping him to recall more of his history and in a lot clearer manner than before.

“I was told by Dumbledore at the end of my first year after winding up in the hospital that he would make sure that I wouldn’t have to worry about how my relatives would react to an owl, as none would be sent out without me knowing beforehand. As I had never been told of any that were sent out during my time at Hogwarts, I can only assume Dumbledore never sent any as I was never punished in the summer for such a thing.” Sighing heavily, Harry gave a helpless wave of his left hand before concluding, “When I added that all those things up, along with what I was told by him about how he ensured the Blood Wards were placed on my relatives house and that the influence Dumbledore appeared to have with me at least when it came to the Magical side of my life convinced me of Dumbledore’s status as at least my Magical guardian. To me, nothing else made sense.”

“Did you ever request your key from Mister Dumbledore?”

“No,” Harry sighed, shaking his head. “Although, I never was given a chance though as anytime I went to Gringott's, someone else held the key or picked up funds from my trust vault.”

“How was it even possible for someone to access your trust vault?” Liam threw the question at him.

“When I owled Gringott's and met up with them before my fifth year, it was discovered that a permission note had been signed by someone posing as me.” Shrugging his shoulders, Harry added in, “We never found out who did so, but my manager and I had a fairly good idea.”

“Your honor, may I ask Mister Black what he and Gringott's manager Gragnok believe may be responsible for this breach?” Liam asked respectfully, knowing it was a long shot.

Sure enough, Jarvis stood up and stated, “I object to that line of questioning, your honor. I feel such answers would not help lead the court to the facts in this case.”

“I am disallowing the question,” Judge Kaho ruled. “Please move forward with your questioning Mister Renshaw.”

“I have no further questions at this time.”

“Very well, we shall move onto the prosecution then,” she stated. “Mister Jarvis, please begin.”

Gathering his thoughts, Kent knew he was in a tight bind. Many, if not all, of the questions he and the prosecution would have wanted clarification on seemed to have already been covered. Wary of asking anything further as the case already had been damaged against them, at least in his eyes, he stood up, smoothing out his robes.

“At this time, the prosecution has no questions for Mister Black.”

Nodding at Kent, Judge Kaho turned to Harry and said, “I would still like to view those memories of what you witnessed your first year involving Mister Dumbledore and Madame Pomfrey. Once the memories have been withdrawn, I will view them with my advisors.”

Turning to the courtroom, she announced, “There will be now a long recess in which food will be provided. Please use the time accordingly and we will resume the session in approximately two hours, although if the advisory panel needs more time, the time will be extended. Court is now in recess.”
With that, she banged her gavel before conjuring a glass vial and walked over to where Harry sat.

“I want you to concentrate specifically on any time you saw any interaction which involved Hogwart's Headmaster Albus Dumbledore using any form of Magic, be it spells, charms, potions, or the like, upon Hogwart's Matron Poppy Pomfrey.” Giving Harry a few moments to recall not only the instance he spoke about, but any others that his mind may have suppressed either by natural or Magical means, she then asked, “Do you have the memory, or memories, clearly in your mind?”

“Yes, your honor,” he replied slowly, concentrating hard on what his mind saw.

Upon hearing that, she touched his forehead and withdrew a long strand of wispy white smoke before placing it into the vial.

“Thank you. This shall be returned to you after the break is over.”

With that, Judge Kaho turned and left the courtroom, helping to find more answers to a puzzle that was already more complex than she had first thought when presented with the case.
A bit over two hours later, the head Auror once again heard the alarm set to alert him to the pending arrival of Judge Kaho and called the courtroom to order. Upon her appearance, everyone could tell that whatever had taken place over the break had caused her distress as harsh lines ran across her forehead.

“At this point, my advisory panel and I have decided that the copies of the Pensive memories Mister Black gave will be used,” she told the courtroom. “Although details cannot be given out at this time to anyone but those serving the court, what I can say is that the Pensive memories are untampered with and showed a lot instances than what Mister Black mentioned previously.”

To say the least, Judge Kaho was thankful that word of how Mister Black witnessed on more than one occasion where Albus Dumbledore used Magic upon a person seemingly without permission via a spell or potion. This was especially a relief considering how each incident was done so in a suspicious manner, such when a person's back was turned or they were unaware of an additive to their food or drink. To have any witnesses, observers, or even lawyers know about this could be potentially harmful if, or rather more likely when, a case would be built against Albus Dumbledore.

Shocked at this information, Harry hastily scribbled down on a notepad, ‘How is that possible if I wasn’t aware of all of these memories?’

Nodding sharply once to show he had seen the paper, Liam continued listing to what Judge Kaho said, hoping she could explain this unusual phenomena as well. Thankfully, due to a stir from those in the prosecution’s side of the gallery, he hadn't missed anything other than her calling for order.

“I am aware that when giving Pensive testimonies such as Mister Black did, only those memories which are asked to be given are withdrawn. However, if you recall, I did ask for him to focus on any and all times where he saw Albus Dumbledore using any type of magic on Poppy Pomfrey. I did not specify whether it was done willingly or not as I wished to get a clearer picture into the situation,” the judge explained, rubbing the temples of her forehead in hopes that the Cephalgia Tonic would kick in soon to remove her budding headache. “What I and my advisors found was that Mister Black witnessed a fair disturbing number of times where Albus Dumbledore did use Magic upon Poppy Pomfrey without her consent. As of right now, some of the advisors are looking into this further as we do realize that in some cases it may be warranted and necessary.”

Sighing heavily, she ignored the small murmurs coming from the gallery and moved onwards, “With that in mind, I would like to call Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore to the stand.”

Dressed as though he believed he was attending a semi-formal event, Albus wore deep, rich red
Gryffindor closed robe with gold checked outlines that attempted to match the gold sleeve cuffs and center panel holding the robe closed. Both the cuffs and panel were covered with jewels representing various power symbols, helping to amplify the look of being oddly calm, confident, and slightly odd all at once. To Harry, if he didn't know better, he would assume that his ex-headmaster was simply on his way for a friendly chat. Coughing to cover the sudden desire to snort at that image considering how much Harry knew Dumbledore enjoyed putting on a front of being a kindly old man who may be just a bit off his rocker, yet still wise and powerful, not the man he knew Dumbledore truly could be. At least if his suspicions were correct and he had a feeling that Judge Kaho was about to find out that was the case. Tuning back into what was taking place, he realized that Dumbledore had already been asked about the times he had used Magic on Madame Pomfrey without her consent or knowledge.

“I cannot recall a time in which I performed any spells or other Magic other than a renewal of her contracts with Hogwarts,” Albus stated confidently without hesitation. “I would never do so to anyone, unless there was an emergency, or if I had permission from someone else.”

“So, you deny any knowledge of using Oblivate on Matron Poppy Pomfrey during the Winter holidays of 2001?”

“Yes,” he stated, nodding slightly.

“And what would you constitute to be an emergency situation where upon you would use Magic?” she inquired.

“Any cases where a life was in danger and if no lives were at risk, I would willingly use spells to save property as well.”

Almost snapping out the next question, as the Hogwarts' headmaster seemed to feel it was unnecessary to expand further for some odd reason, she inquired, “What would you define when a life was in danger?”

“Say an accident occurred, be it a spell was miscast or perhaps there was a potion accident,” the headmaster began explaining. “If a person, or persons, were severely injured to the point they fell unconscious and measures had to be taken to stop them from severe disfigurement, harm, or death, if no one else was around who could do so, I would do my best to sustain that person's life until help could be reached. Otherwise, as I said, unless given permission by an individual, or perhaps in some the case of minors, especially when backed by a medical professional, I cannot see any time why I would perform Magic upon someone’s person or property.”

Knowing that it was impossible to lie with the spells activated, yet equally aware Harry Black did in fact see Albus Dumbledore using such illegal spells on Madame Pomfrey stunned the judge. This was especially true in light of the claims made by said man that he would never perform any Magic upon a person unless their life was in danger. Unsure what to do, she looked down to see if any of her advisors had any suggestions, but it appeared that they were just as shocked as she were. Deciding that it was best to simply keep questioning the witness in hopes of determining if the spell was in fact working, she switched topics.

“Very well, let's move on,” she stated so that everyone else knew that she was leaving that issue be for now. “Was Minister Fudge was correct in that you helped determine what charges to bring up against Mister Black?”

“Yes, I did have a hand in helping determine some of them as Minister Fudge consulted me for advice.”
“Do you believe each of those charges to be lawful, as well as truthful and fair then?” she queried, honestly wanting to know.

“On one hand, I do believe that most of the charges, if not all, are truthful some fashion or another. They also do follow the letter of the law as I understand it,” he said, before hesitating for a moment. Finally, after a tense thirty seconds, Albus continued reluctantly, “I cannot say however that all of the charges are fair. It is very possible, with the exception of a few charges, such as the break-in at the Ministry, that many of these charges may not have been issued at all if a citizen other than Harry Potter had been involved.”

“Why do you believe that others would not be charged as Mister Black has?”

“Most Magical British citizens wouldn’t be watched even half as close as Harry has been. If he wasn’t watched so carefully by so many, especially by high ranking officials, then it is very likely his activities would have not been witnessed. Harry is also held to a much higher standard as he is meant to set an example to those around him. In addition, much is expected of Harry and there is a great need for Harry back in Britain. Without issuing these charges, we are unsure how else to force him to return to his rightful place.”

“How did you hope this tactic would encourage him to return?”

“Honestly, I am unsure,” Albus confessed.

Pondering what was revealed, Judge Kaho and her advisors felt even more strongly that this trial against Mister Black was a farce. Despite their feelings however, she knew if that matters weren’t gone through carefully and followed the law, it could end up back-firing on the young man and mean another court battle in the future. One that may or may not go his way.

“As you seem uncertain, we shall go through each of these charges and what your belief is, as well as any evidence you may have to support it.” Ensuring the list of charges was in front of her, the judge began what she knew would be a lengthy questioning period. “Do you believe Harry Black is now, or has ever been, part of the Death Eaters led by Voldemort?”

With sadness and regret clearly in his voice, Albus said, “I am honestly no longer certain if he is involved or not, but I do admit and regret that his behavior from about his fourth year onwards has lead me to believe he is, or may be soon, at least in some form or fashion.”

“Why do you believe Mister Black may be involved with the Death Eaters or Voldemort?”

“There are a few things actually. We never could figure out how Harry’s name was introduced into the Goblet of Fire and although a Death Eater was found to be impersonating a teacher at the end of the school year, the fact Harry preformed so well is suspicious. That, along with his mood swings in that year and the part of his fifth year that he was present for was very much out of character for him, raising alarm bells, not just for myself. These alone may not seem like much, but when added up to the most recent fact that Harry had refused to do any type of tracking or locating spell while he was in communication with Voldemort is all very worrisome indeed. I hate thinking this way of any student, but I must wonder just how far Harry is participating or even thinking of doing so,” he explained with a heavy sigh.

“Even if Harry is not willing to cooperate with the Death Eaters and Voldemort, by being unwilling to do whatever could be done to slow or stop the spread of terror by using these spells, Harry allowed evil to continue. Harry has also refused to offer help in any way to those of us who are fighting against Voldemort. He is unwilling to offer financial resources, denies access to any literature that resides within his properties or vaults that could prove helpful to the cause. He has even
cut off the house used by Order I lead in the fight against Voldemort, an invaluable resource, might I add, that has helped protected many individuals in the past. Without that housing option, many are at risk. Finally, Harry fled the country, despite knowing that it is his destiny to stop Voldemort. Without Harry, Voldemort will not be defeated. Therefore, I do have to conclude that Harry has fallen from the Light side, the side which is moral and ethical.”

“Why do you believe it is Mister Black’s responsibility or density to stop Voldemort?” the judge wondered.

“Before Harry was born, a prophecy was foretold that ‘the one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches…born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies…and the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal, but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not…and either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives…the one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord will be born as the seventh month dies…”’ Looking at the judge with pleading eyes, Albus gestured helplessly, “You can see just through that alone why Harry is needed. It will not matter what our efforts are as without him, Voldemort will win. We very much need his help.”

Trying not to show her disgust in the absolute belief he showed in a single prophecy, she had to confirm, “You strongly believe in prophecies, namely this one?”

“How could I not be? I do admit that I assumed prophecies were something incredibly rare in this day and age. I certainly never expected to have been witnessed to one myself. However, not only was I a witness to said prophecy, clearly this one is truthful as Voldemort marked Harry at fifteen months. Harry, who was born as the seventh month died and whose parents had thrice defied Voldemort previously,” he emphasized, so strong and sure in his belief. “I had no choice but to accept this prophecy was in fact real, that it was clearly about Harry and it is his destiny to end Voldemort, not anyone else’s.”

Shaking her head at what she deemed to be pure idiocy, as would many others who had any education in true Divination. The way things had occurred were too suspicious and too coincidental. Writing down a few notes in case she decides to come back to that, she questioned, “Does the fact Mister Black has decided not to fight against Voldemort mean that you believe Mister Black is conspiring against your government?”

“I am not as sure if he is at that point yet, but again, I am fearful the boy is turning towards the Dark and may soon be willing to work with Voldemort. If so, that would mean Harry would be seen as an enemy against the British government in my eyes and again, I would fear for him.”

“What evidence do you have or what have you witnessed which lead you to believe that Mister Black is turning Dark, or more accurately, towards illegal Magic, as you say?” Judge Kaho asks curiously.

“I see Harry ignoring his destiny and actually running from it. It appears to be more than teenage rebellion, considering he came all the way to America. Harry also has willing communicated with someone known to have committed crimes against Wizards and Muggles. To me, that suggests and makes me fear Harry is becoming more like those who serve Voldemort… a person who is out for their own self, their own power. Someone who does not care about the greater good.”

“Where were you when the murder of Cedric Amos Diggory occurred?” Judge Kaho inquired, glancing up as she wrote to her advisors that she sensed something was off with the testimony being given. She wasn't quite sure what yet, but hopefully soon the answer would reveal itself.

“I was on the Quidditch pitch grounds at Hogwarts School.”
“Am I correct in that this the same incidence in which a supposedly unauthorized Portkey was used by Mister Black?”

“Yes, no one had knowledge of it before hand.”

“And what object was used as the portkey?”

“The TriWizarding Tournament Cup.”

“Did Mister Black have access to the cup before hand or that he was even aware of how to create a Portkey?”

“I don’t believe so, especially considering he was at best an average student,” Albus said after taking a moment to think about it.

“As you were not a witness as to what took place in the graveyard, we will move on,” the judge decided, relieved that at least Albus hadn’t had anymore strange and unexplainable episodes.

“Normally, at this point we would ask if you had any evidence regarding Mister Black’s involvement with Sirius Corvus Black, but as the court has already heard testimony regard Mister Black’s dealing with said escape convict, I will abstain from the line of questioning. I do however have a few questions for you regarding that situation.

“Considering that you were reported as a witness to both James and Lily Potter's will, both of which clearly stated that Sirius Black was not the secret keeper, is there a reason why you not at least ensure he received a trail?”

“I knew Harry needed to be with blood family in order to ensure that Blood Wards could keep him safe, which is why I ensured he was brought to the Dursley family. That was more important than anything at that time I know,” stroking his beard, Dumbledore was confused as to why that October night was so fuzzy. Speaking notably slower, he recalled, “I do believe I had the intention of talking with Sirius about what took place after James’ and Lily’s death, when Harry was safe. Sirius had been their secret keeper supposedly, but after hearing what happened between him and Peter, I just didn’t for some reason. I wish I could tell you the exact reason why, but I cannot. All I can say for certain is that it feels I may have had no choice perhaps? Or maybe that I was blocked by others in my attempts to find the truth?

“I do apologize that I cannot give a clearer answer,” Dumbledore gave a small smile, shrugging his left shoulder slightly, not noticing the frown coming the defense and judge.

Frustrated that something seemed to actually be preventing the truth from emerging, Judge Kaho then wanted to know, “Did you ever check on Harry?”

“No, I had promised the Dursley family I wouldn't interfere and I also didn't wish for Harry to question why it was so important to stay with them. He needed to be kept safe and lead a normal life above all else. I did ensure that Arabella would let me know if anything unusual took place or if something happened with Harry that she felt I should know. I wanted to ensure his safety above all else.”

“How did you communicate this with the Dursley's?”

“I wrote a letter so they would know more than what I could impart upon them in a short time. Other than that, I cannot recall what exactly was in the letter as time was short and speed of the essence. I had met Petunia previously though, so I had no concern about placing Harry in her care. Besides, they were family and family always takes care of family,” Albus felt helpless and irritated at his
inability to remember these things. Yes, he had hated admitting what he had so far in the courtroom, but he hated showing signs of weakness even more.

“So, before Mister Black showed up at Hogwarts, you received no reports from Arabella?”

“Just bi-yearly updates stating everything was fine and nothing was amiss,” Dumbledore said.

“If you were so confident in Mrs. Dursley's ability to care for Mister Black properly, why than did you place Mrs. Figg near-by? Was it worry of Mister Black doing magic in front of non-magicals? Or was there another reason?”

“Mostly it was to ensure that in case of any accidental magic, that I would be notified and could clear things up before the Improper Use of Magic Office could interfere with Harry.”

“The Improper Use of Magic Office would have informed Harry of what took place, why it occurred and his heritage, correct?”

“Yes,” the headmaster agreed.

Judge Kaho was puzzled over this and wanted to know, “Why than would you wish to interfere with their job of informing a minor about these important facts of their life?”

“Harry could not be aware of his fame or heritage before attending Hogwarts for his own good.”

Even more confused, the judge pressed for more information as to why it had to be this way.

“Without knowing who or what he was, Harry was at much less risk. It would also ensure that when he did learn about being a Wizard, he would be eager to learn Magic, thus helping to prepare him for his destiny,” explained Dumbledore calmly.

Disgusted at this and feeling as though she was beating her head upon a brick wall, Judge Kaho decided to switch topics a bit and asked, “Did Mister Black tell you anything about the conditions of his home life upon arriving at Hogwarts? Or did he give any clues that the Dursley home wasn't the best place for him?”

“No, Harry never said anything and there was no indication either,” Albus shook his head in firm denial. “I do know he asked to stay over summer break, but many have done the same. Especially those Muggle-raised or Muggleborn, more so if they are orphans.”

“As you cannot give us more details of this time, can you recall why you allowed Mister Black and a fellow student to help Sirius Black escape British Ministry custody?”

“I simply could not allow an innocent man to be Kissed,” Albus replied, shrugging his shoulders as if to say it was that simple.

“Why did you, yourself, not do anything to help Sirius Black at that time, whether it was fighting for a trail or help him hide until such a time that the Wizengamot could convene for said trail?” Judge Kaho demanded to know.

“Minister Fudge was determined to have Sirius Kissed and I knew I could not be seen to be helping him as it could compromise my positions in the Wizarding World.”

“Why were your positions more important than an innocent man?”

“I knew Voldemort wasn't gone completely and would be back one day. I needed to ensure I kept
my positions in hopes of when the time came that he did return, I would still have the people's trust and faith in order to warn and prepare them,” he said with a note of sadness. “It was not an easy choice, but the needs of the many must always come before the needs of an individual.”

“How can you justify trying to charge Mister Black with the same charge you yourself are guilty of?” she asked, trying to figure out just how the man's mind worked.

“I was not directly involved, therefore it is not the same,” he claimed defensively.

“Where did the time turner come from that was used by Mister Black and his fellow student?”

“Ms. Granger had it already upon her person,” Albus stated, hoping she didn’t ask any more about that.

Unfortunately, Judge Kaho saw how he was beginning to figure out how to work around the Loquimini Veritatem Testes Advocatorum spell and was determined to get answers no matter how long it may take.

“And they did this student have such a highly regulated device?”

“I had given it to Minerva McGonagall in order to pass on to Ms. Granger to use at the beginning of the year to take extra classes,” he sighed, forced to admit to something he had kept hidden even from Minister Fudge.

Nodding in satisfaction, she wanted to know, “Is there actually creditable evidence behind the charges involving breaking and entering, as well as damages to items within the ministry?”

“Yes, of course!” Dumbledore looked shocked at the notation that there may not be. When told to explain in detail what he knew occurred on the night Harry had gone to the British Ministry of Magic, Albus explained to the court, “I was told by my Potions professor, Severus Snape, when I returned from an errand that Harry had sought him out. Supposedly, he had had a knowledge of Sirius being held captive in the Ministry. When I realized the boy was not within Hogwarts, I contacted the members of the Order of the Phoenix and told them that I feared Harry had gone to the Ministry and Death Eaters may be involved. When we arrived at the Ministry, we found Harry in the Department of Mysteries area where the Veil is located, fighting alongside Sirius and Remus against five Death Eaters. Voldemort and some of his other followers soon showed up after us.

“During the fight, fights moved to other places within the department. Unfortunately, Bellatrix Lestrange sent some dark curse or hex at Sirius and he fell through the Veil. Voldemort possessed Harry at this point, but within minutes, was somehow forcibly ejected from Harry. As quite a few of his followers were disabled in some fashion, Voldemort and the Death Eaters not captured left. I placed a Portkey on Harry, sending him directly to the Hogwarts infirmary, along with a Patronus to Madame Pomfrey as to what had occurred.”

“Did you see at any time if Harry was involved in any of the destruction of the British Ministry property?”

“I was not there until near the end of the battle, so no,” he said wearily. “I only know that of which I was told by others.”

“Did you check on those who were fighting within other areas in the British Department of Mysteries?”

“Of course, as soon as I could,” Albus respond in a tone that to do so otherwise would be absurd.
“What did you find?” she asked.

“Most of the fighting was ending or had already ceased. There was quite a bit of rumble and destruction in those areas. The Order members and Aurors were mostly unharmed, although there were a few small, minor injuries.”

“So there was damage visible from fights occurring from others, is that correct?” the judge clarified.

“Yes.”

“Yet you feel Mister Black is the one responsible for all of this. Why is this?” she queried.

“Harry should not have run off to fight as he did. He should have waited until an adult, such as myself, was informed and able to organize a rescue mission. There were also reports from others that some of the damage was done by Harry.”

“Can you name these individuals who claim this?”

“No, I cannot,” he sighed wearily. “It was much too hectic that night and I barely had been able to piece together what I did, let alone who exactly was involved, minus for a certain few individuals.”

As a thought crossed her mind, a look of confusion on her face and forced Judge Kaho to gather her thoughts so as not to stumble over her words as she stated, “You wanted to let Mister Harry Black leave Sirius Black in a compromised position for an undetermined amount of time where he could have been killed at any moment. For some reason, you did not want to have Mister Black face Voldemort or his Death Eaters at that time. Yet, you feel it is Mister Black’s duty and responsibility to deal with said group. Am I understanding this correctly? And if so, why would you feel that way?”

“Yes, that is correct. It was not the correct time for Harry to face Voldemort as it needs to be when I have decided and when am ready, I had not yet been able to mold Harry into who he needed to be to fight Voldemort and win.”

As Albus realizes what escaped his lip, shocked gasps were heard from the defense and the gallery on the defense side.

Desperately, he spoke up over them frantically pleading to them, “Please understand. I would never put a life above another. I simply wanted to ensure that Harry would have all the tools he needed and the resources to finish off Voldemort for good. There is too much he doesn't even yet know. Until I could be certain of this, I wanted to ensure Harry stayed out of the fighting. I wanted to ensure he would survive as I do not wish any harm to come to him. I had hopes that attacks from Voldemort could be held off or reduced in severity by others who were well-trained already. Each person’s life is too valuable to waste and without careful thought and planning, this is what could happen too easily again.”

Unable to comprehend the contradictions coming from this man, Judge Kaho fought to organize her thoughts.

*He claims the needs of the many is more important, yet also says Harry is more important than anything. There is also the fact that even the compulsion and truth spells working, they could not force Albus to reveal the truth for certain questions, leading me to wonder just how much his testimony can be believed. Unless… she speculated to herself, an idea beginning to form. I wonder if he has been Oblivated somehow or is under the control of another? However, any such control methods should have been stripped from his persons due to the wards and protections of this*
courtroom. It would take an incredibly strong person to get around them. Albus Dumbledore is certainly strong Magically, in the top five percentage of Magical strength in the world, if not higher, so the likelihood of that occurring is slim to none. Albus’ power levels and abilities also mean there is a minute chance of that happening as well.

Taking a few moments to write down these thoughts, Judge Kaho was glad to see the advisers believed as she did and called the thankfully mostly silent courtroom to order to issue the decree.

“Due to circumstances that have arisen, I am ordering Albus Dumbledore to undergo an exam by court appoint Healer Josephine Hawkins immediately. If the results of this examination are favorable, the court will continue will the questioning of Albus Dumbledore before allowing the prosecution and the defense a chance to cross-examine the witness. During the time that Albus Dumbledore will be undergoing said exam, the court will continue on with its final witness, British Minister Cornelius Fudge. Auror, please escort Mister Dumbledore to Healer Hawkins room.”

As a confused and slightly alarmed Albus was led away, whispers were flying across the gallery. No one was sure what was taking place or why, but obviously something had been seen that rose concern from the judge.

“In order to get a clearer picture into what took place on December 7, 2005, the court will now question Minerva Rhona McGonagall. As she could not leave Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, the International Confederation of Wizards has set up a mirror system in order to observe Miss McGonagall,” Judge Kaho explains while large mirrors were brought in and set up in such a way that all could see Minerva in her office, accompanied by three others. “Two Aurors will monitor her and the other witnesses under the Loquimini Veritatem Testes Advocatorum spell. An International Confederation of Wizards approved healer will be on site just in case.”

Turning to the mirror closest to her, the judge asked if everyone was ready to begin. Upon confirmation, she began questioning the Hogwart’s deputy Headmistress once everything was set.

“Please describe in your own words what took place on December 7, 2005 what took place with Mister Black at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry while Albus Dumbledore was out of the school?”

“Mister Potter approached me in my office, telling me he had seen his godfather, Sirius Black, kidnapped by Death Eaters and taken to the Ministry of Magic in a vision.”

“What was your response to this?”

“I told him I would look at the situation as soon as possible,” she replied with a huff.

“Why did you not look into the matter immediately?” Judge Kaho queried, looking sternly at the mirror showing the stern witch.

“I was extremely busy,” Minerva defended herself. “Not only was I attempting to ready things for end of the semester, but I had duties as Deputy Headmistress.”

“Did you believe that this was accurate information?”

Sighing heavily, she said, “I wasn't sure what to think or believe. Albus had said that there was a connection between Harry and Voldemort, but that was all. I was never told what type of connection or how it affected Harry. I do know Harry woke up at times with so-called nightmares, terrible ones, that could make him ill during the time he spent at Hogwarts and instead of being taken to the hospital wing right away as any other student, he would insist on seeing the Headmaster. Harry was
always granted access, no matter the hour, to Albus.”

“Can you think of any reasons why Mister Black would doubt that you would in fact ‘look at the situation as soon as possible’?”

“Yes, I suppose,” she admitted reluctantly.

“Could you please expand on why this may be so? Perhaps give some specific reasons Mister may have doubted you and your truthfulness?”

“In Harry’s first year, I didn’t listen when he and his friends warned me that their Defense professor was after the Philosopher’s Stone so they ended up defending it themselves. I didn’t listen to either Harry in his second year when he had information about the Chamber of Secrets and ignored what was taking place while the TriWizarding Tournament was taking place in his fourth year,” Professor McGonagall sounded somewhat ashamed of her actions, or rather, lack-thereof, but never once did that seem to show anywhere, but in her eyes.

Nodding at this, the judge moved on, “Please describe how you came to be at the Ministry of Magic and what exactly took place that night in question.”

“When the headmaster returned, an alert is given to all heads of houses in case we have urgent business to discuss. I did, so I made my way to his office. I met Severus Snape there, learning Harry had approached him after failing to get my attention or help. The headmaster used some sort of means to see if Harry was still in Hogwarts. When the results came back, we were notified that Harry had apparently left. Severus was put in charge of the school so as not to compromise his status as a spy,” she admitted.

“I sent Filius a Patronus to meet myself and the headmaster in the office. While filling in Filius about the situation, Albus contacted the Order of the Phoenix members before the three of us Floo’ed out to the Leaky Cauldron and Apparated near the Ministry. Once there, Albus used a tracking spell and found Harry had made his way to the Department of Mysteries. After arriving, we decided to split up to cover more ground faster as the tracking spell failed.

Recalling more, her body tensed up even further, “I ended up in what I could only describe as a room full of clocks. There were Time Turners and many other objects. The Death Eaters must have had an alarm as two came up while I was looking around and I was forced to defend myself. Luckily, Auror Robards came in and helped stun the two assailants.”

Finally done with what was asked, as Minerva got the memories under control once more, her body finally relaxed slightly.

Noticing this, Judge Kaho hated to ask, yet knew she had to, “What, if any, damage occurred to that room and, or your person that you can recall?”

“I do know some of the items were broken by spells, hexes, charms, and the like. Some were broken due to the Death Eaters falling or stumbling into the shelving. As for myself, I am unsure as to what happened exactly, but a curse caused me to land on something breakable. I sustained bruises as well as cuts from this.”

“Did you see any sign of destruction before entering?”

“No.”

“About how long do you believe you were in that room before the assailants entered?”
“I believe no more than five minutes,” the professor said after a few seconds.

“Did you witness Mister Black in that room at any time?”

“No.”

“Did you go elsewhere after the attack in this room?”

“Yes.”

Thrown off guard as there had been no forewarning in her deposition of this information, the judge made sure her advisors would look into how this took place before asking, “Which room, or rooms, did you enter? If you are unaware of the name, please describe it.”

“It was the Veil Room, or the Death Chambers, as it may be called.”

“Please describe what you observed and your actions to the best of your abilities.”

The shaking of Minerva’s hands was the only indicator that she was still shaken up and the judge had to admire her for that. Judge Kaho’s impression of a strong, fierce woman only grew as she and those in the American courtroom listen as the Professor described how quickly time seemed to pass while defending herself against those who attacked her and attempting to disarm those wearing Death Eater attire, all while dodging spell-fire from other small battles around her. When Minerva faltered at describing how Harry had let out a banshee-like scream and it took a few seconds to realize it was due to his godfather falling through the Veil, the judge had to suppress her own shudders. It was no wonder after that that the battle more or less ceased.

Suppressing her own shudders at that the image Minerva provide, Judge Kaho swallowed harshly before asking, “Once the battles inside the rooms ceased, what took place afterwards?”

“Honestly, I am unsure. I do know that Albus went after Harry, as Harry had gone after someone else. Who that was, I can only speculate. The Death Eaters either Apparated away or were caught by the Aurors. Those injured were taken to the Hogwarts infirmary,” she informed the judge. “As for myself, I left fairly quickly after finding and helping Filius Apparated to Hogwarts as he had been injured and need to get to the infirmary.”

Nodding, Judge Kaho than turned to the prosecution, “Do you have any further questions for Professor Minerva McGonagall?”

Looking over their notes quickly, Kent slowly shook his head, “No, your honor.”

“Very well,” she acknowledged, turning to the defense side. “Do you have any further questions?”

Standing up, Liam said, “Yes, just a few, your honor.”

“Very well, go ahead.”

“Professor McGonagall, you were Harry Black’s head of house as well as well as his Transfiguration Professor during his time at Hogwarts, is that correct?”

“Yes, that is correct.”

“As such, your role meant that you served as a mentor-type figure and have gotten to know my client over the years, correct?”

“Objection!” Kent stood up abruptly. “Relevance?”
“I am trying to establish how well Professor McGonagall knew Harry Black and in doing so, I am hoping to show that how much or how little Hogwarts lived up to its responsibilities to my client. I do believe that this will show that Harry Black had no support or proper education besides the basic Magic classes, therefore, causing him to use any means to escape Wizarding Britain.”

“Overruled, I will allow you to continue, Mister Renshaw.”

“Thank you, your honor,” Liam said politely, bowing his slightly. “Now, Professor McGonagall, would you like me to repeat the question?”

“No and in answer, I must say outside a few interactions, such as career counseling or disciplinary matters, I never had the time to get to know Harry,” she acknowledged. “Between my duties as a teacher, Headmistress, and Head of House, there simply wasn’t enough time to do so with even a tenth of the children.”

“That is all the questions I have your honor,” he said, sitting down.

“Minerva McGonagall, you are dismissed,” the judge declared. “Please bring in Filius Felix Flitwick.”

Once the Charms Professor had taken Minerva’s place and the necessary spells were cast, Judge Kaho continued, “Professor Flitwick, could you please describe what took place on the evening of December 7, 2005 once Albus Dumbledore returned to Hogwarts?”

“Certainly. I believe it was perhaps less than twenty minutes after I had received notification of the Headmaster’s return that Minerva sent her Patronus to me, asking me to come immediately to the headmaster’s office. I floo’d there immediately and she told me that Harry Potter had had a vision where he had seen his godfather taken by Death Eater’s to the Ministry. I was skeptical of this at first, but she assured me that Albus was certain it was the truth as there was a link between Harry and You-Know-Who. Albus, Minerva, and I floo’d to the Leaky Cauldron before Apparating to the Ministry. There, Albus cast a spell to track Mister Potter.

“As he could only trace Mister Potter’s signature to the Department of Mystery, we decided to split up then in order to cover more space faster as we feared for Mister Potter’s safety,” at this point, the usually cheerful Professor’s voice turned a bit grave and only grew darker as his tale continued. “I was unfortunate to encounter the strangest room I had ever seen. There were what I could only describe as brains of all sizes with tentacles attached to the base. Before I could leave, two Death Eater’s exploded jars next to me, causing the brains to start attacking me. The tentacles wrapped themselves around my arms, hips, legs, whatever part of my body they could. I had to use quite a few blasting charms to remove even one of them.”

Sighing heavily, Filius smiled weakly, “I was lucky the Death Eaters were just interested in causing chaos and harm as I doubt I could have fought them successfully if they had attacked and not left. Honestly, I am not quite sure why they left. Anyhow, I do not know how long it took to remove the odd brains, but before I knew it, I had done so. I was in quite some pain I will admit and exhausted, so I am unsure how much time passed before Minerva showed up. She helped me out of the Ministry, to Hogwarts, and got me to the infirmary.”

“Thank you,” the judge said quietly, aware of the pain the Professor must still be in, both mentally and physically. “Does the prosecution have any more questions?”

When they declined, followed by the defense, she dismissed the Charms professor, before calling in Auror Nymphadora Tonks. Thankfully, this witness had little to add, as she had been too concerned about the fact she came due to Albus Dumbledore’s call and was there at the beginning. Although,
even Judge Kaho could admit, if not for Auror Tonks quick work, the two Death Eaters who had attacked Professor Flitwick would have harmed him further. She also ensured that many Death Eaters flooding into the Ministry after the wards were down were trapped within the Floo system.

It seemed like for each other Auror who was also part of Dumbledore’s Order of the Phoenix or those just part of the order, most had done their part well to keep the destruction and injuries to a minimum, all while ensuring that they would not be caught associating with the group. Wise, considering that the current policy was against vigilante groups and the Order of the Phoenix reeked of such. However, Judge Kaho had to acknowledge that perhaps in this case, it did have its usefulness considering how much faster the three Hogwarts professors, along with Aurors Tonks and Kingsley had arrived.

Rubbing her forehead at the mess, glad that there were just a couple more witnesses left, she called Auror Robards forward.

“Please describe what took place on December 7, 2005 at the Department of Mysteries.”

Nodding sharply, he began describing everything arrived, “I arrived later on, as I was initially not on call that night. When I came into the room holding the Veil, I heard a young male screaming. Turning, I saw him struggling to get out of the grasp of an older man and I began running towards them. However, it was quite difficult as there were individuals who were bound by ropes, others just standing, wands pointing outwards, so I had to be cautious. The younger man saw someone in a hooded robe moving out of the room and tore out of the arms holding him, running after that man. I was close enough to the doorway that I was able to go after them both. The two stopped in the atrium of the Ministry and that was when I saw not only Minister Fudge coming in from his office, but the identity of the two individuals. The one who had the hood up had somehow lost his robe and I could tell clearly it was He-Who-Shan’t-Be-Named. The other I deduced was Harry Potter by the pictures in the papers I had seen, along with the fact he was being taunted. Not long after that, Albus Dumbledore arrived, which made things worse, as You-Know-Who somehow took over Harry Potter’s body and attempted to make him curse the headmaster. Mister Potter seemed to fight, however and was able to reclaim his body. Before I could react, You-Know-Who fled and the Minister began asking what was going on, as well as who the person was that had just left.

“Seeing that Mister Potter had passed out, I was concerned, but Albus Dumbledore assured me he had a Portkey to the Hogwarts infirmary and was sending him directly there. Once Mister Potter disappeared, I headed back to help the other Aurors with processing the remaining Death Eaters.”

“Prosecution, do you have any questions for Auror Robards?” Judge Kaho asked.

“No, your honor.”

“Defense, are there any questions you have for Auror Robards?”

“No, your honor.”

“Auror Robards, I would like to thank you for your service and time. You may leave.”

“There is one final witness that the court has to call. As he is not allowed on the grounds of Hogwarts, he is at an undisclosed location. This witness also had a request in exchange for his cooperation and his testimony,” the judge said, smiling slightly as the mirrors began to change.

“Auror, please take this to Mister Black. Mister Black, please open this after the court has adjourned.”

Seeing the mirrors had come into focus, Harry realized who Judge Kaho was talking about and
smiled widely, blinking away the tears trying to form. He didn’t realize just how much he missed Remus, but seeing him now made that all too painfully real.

“Remus John Lupin is now called to the stand. Mister Lupin, could you please describe what took place on December 7, 2005 in regards to what happened before and during the events in the Department of Mysteries?”

“I had gotten back from some errands and was relaxing at Sirius, uh, Sirius Black’s place. I know he had gone out in his Animagus form for a bit as he was getting restless,” he started, trying to focus to the questions and not Harry. “I heard someone call from the fireplace, but by the time I got to there, whoever they were was gone. Perhaps a half-hour, maybe a bit later, Severus Snape called and told us Harry going after Sirius who had apparently been kidnapped. He sent his Patronus less than a half-hour later stating Harry left Hogwarts and was likely trying to find Sirius at the Ministry, but that Professors Dumbledore, McGonagall, and Flitwick were already on their way there. I had to help, Sirius was my best friend and ever since getting to know Harry in his third year, he has become like a godson to me.

“I followed a Death Eater to the Veil room and saw Harry, Sirius, two of the Professors, and some Aurors battling Death Eaters. I had gotten close to where Harry was when Sirius fell into the Veil. I could barely hand onto Harry and keep him from following. When one of the robed Death Eaters left, I couldn’t stop him and he left. I was frozen in place at the time, unsure what to do,” he said, regret echoing in every word. “I just watched as the Aurors gathered the Death Eaters who couldn’t escape and saw the Professors leaving. I tried reaching Harry, but the next time I did, it was only because he needed help leaving.”

“As someone who feels they know Harry Black, do you believe him leaving Britain, especially in the manner he did so, was the only way he could?”

Laughing bitterly, Remus nodded, “Of course. I hated knowing he had to contact someone who has caused him untold amounts of pain to ensure he is left alone, but as Harry explained it, Dumbledore has caused him just as much considering all he has been through. I am not just talking about in Hogwarts, but where Dumbledore left him during his childhood. Plus, Harry escaped before his inheritance could emerge, which is a great thing as in Britain, he would be considered a creature and creatures have very few, if any rights. I mean, as a werewolf, society looks down upon me for something that happens to me once a month. I cannot get a job, hold property, marry, or have children. If I leave Britain, I would not be allowed back in. I am only allowed to go to the Wizengamot as Harry’s representative due to the Houses he represents. Harry would have it a lot harder here and a lot more restrictions I fear.”

The judge smiled at him before asking if the prosecution, then the defense, had any more questions. At the negative reply, she thanked him before wishing him well and dismissing him.

“I would now like to recall Minister Cornelius Fudge to the stand,” Judge Kaho announced.

Walking nervously up to the stand, the Minister twirled his bowler hat in his hands while he was reminded the truth spells were still in effect.

“Minister Fudge, I realize that you were already questioned by both the prosecution and the defense. However, I do have question that my advisors and I would like answers to,” she explained. “Aren’t you as the British Ministry of Magic supposed to be neutral and fair in order to prepare those under your leadership?”

“I am,” he told her nervously.
“And how do you believe you do?”

“Fairly well.”

“If that is the case, why did you refuse to acknowledge certain information given to you, such as the case with Sirius Black or trying to discredit Mister Black?”

“The government cannot afford to waste time or money or its reputation on those things. If we do acknowledge mistakes like Sirius Black’s, we could potentially lose a lot of Galleons and damage our image as a fair and just Ministry. As far as trying to discredit Mister Black, we had to do so. If the people became afraid that He-Who- Shall-Not-Be-Named was back, it would hurt the economy and could lead me to losing my position as Minister,” he explained helplessly, knowing he was damning himself in the eyes of the court. Unable to stop himself, he continued, “Besides, Harry is only good for stopping Voldemort and for publicity. He refused to help me and I refused to allow him to walk away from it unscathed.”

“Are any of the charges against Mister Black based in fact? Or are they blown up in proportion or created out of nothing?” the judge asked, almost amused at watching what was supposed to be a powerful man seem to whine.

“Some were created out of scenarios he was involved with. Others were just thrown in in hopes they would stick,” Cornelius sighed, swiping his hand over his sweaty face. “But Albus and I ensured that each charge that was at least based in something Harry was maximized or expanded on, or in some cases, used information that is old and outdated. We figured we could explain each charge in hopes of achieving our goal.”

“And what was this goal?”

Sighing again, he replied, “I had planned on saying we would sentence Harry to fifteen years as a Magical in Azkaban before being stripped of his Magic, then spending another fifteen years there before being thrown to the Muggle world with nothing to his name as all his assets would be confiscated. He would have been offered a deal after month, which would have stated that his time would be erased and half his assets returned if he would destroy He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named for us.”

Astonished at the level the two men, especially the British Minister, was willing to go through, Judge Kaho looked to see if her advisors had written any questions down for what she thought was a disgraceful and despicable man. Seeing one, she read, “What would you have done if Mister Black had refused to do so?”

“I… I don't know,” Fudge said honestly, never having thought that would occur. Then again, he never suspected this trail would take the turns it did either.

Nodding her head and seeing there was no further questions from the advisors, she asked, “Are there any other questions that you would like to posse Mister Jarvis?”

“No, your honor,” Kent stated, feeling it would be best to remain as quiet as possible considering how badly things were going and just pray to Merlin that Judge Kaho was merciful to the prosecution lawyers.

“Lawyer Renshaw?”

“No, your honor.”

“Very well, you may return to your seat, Mister Fudge,” she said, purposefully leaving out his title.
Once Cornelius had sat down, she announced, “Unfortunately, Healer Hawkins has reported some concerns during her initial screening of Albus Dumbledore and feels that he cannot safely or reliably testify. As her orders include a thorough physical, mental, and Magical health screening by a top neutral healer team approved by the I.C.W., it is uncertain how long it may be until what the root problems are and how to deal with them. Thus, all this court can offer is the testimony heard from Mister Dumbledore thus far.”

Silencing the court room that began discussing just what could have befallen such a powerful Wizard, much to her irritation, Judge Kaho rapped her gavel, calling for silence. Finally receiving it, she continued, “Since court does not have any further witness to question, we will turn to the prosecution. Who is your next witness?”

“The prosecution rests its case, your honor,” Kent said respectfully, standing up briefly.

“Defense, your next witnesses?”

“The defense rests as well, your honor,” Liam replied, feeling confident that Harry would be cleared.

“Very well.” Turning to face the jury, she instructed, “At this time, I will ask the jury to gather in the prearranged room and decide whether Mister Harry Corvus Jameston Black is guilty or not guilty of each of the charges. Please keep in mind that unlike in most court cases, there is no need to have a unified vote, simply a majority vote. Magic will guide you to ensure that your vows to fairly, ethically, and judicially apply the laws of the International Confederation of Wizards are carried out in this case.”

“This court will be in recess until further notice. Please use this time to eat and rest.” With that, Judge Kaho banged her gavel and left the courtroom, desperate to consult with the advisors in hopes of finding the solution to this befuddling case.

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The advisor panel and Judge Kaho had been notified that the jury had come to their verdict after only three and three-quarters of an hour. This was an impressively short amount of time considering the amount of material that had to be reviewed before even seeing what evidence did or did not back-up the charges. Not to mention applying both British and the I.C.W. laws. Thankfully, the panel was also quick to come to an agreement and just an hour and a half after receiving notice of the verdict, had come to what they felt were the only conclusion they could make.

As Judge Kaho entered back into the court room and all but Harry and Liam sat, she braced herself, knowing that what was about to occur would cause a major stir.

Deciding it was best to get started, she asked the chair person of the jury, “Have you reached a verdict on the charges facing the defendant, Mister Harry Corvus Jameston Black?”

“We have, your honor,” an elderly Wizard from Africa replied as he stood up.

“How do you find the defendant on charge one, conspiring with Magical terrorists?”

“Not guilty.”

“How do you find the defendant on charge two, conspiring against Great Britain’s Magical Government?”

“Not guilty,” he said, reading off the paper he held.
“How do you find the defendant on the third charges, accessory after the fact of a homicide of Cedric Amos Diggory?”

“How do you find the defendant on the fourth charge, tampering with evidence in the murder case of Cedric Amos Diggory?”

Sighing as she paused for breath, the judge hated that this type of formality was needed. Carrying on, she asked, “How do you find the defendant on the fifth charge, whereas the defendant did willingly harbor and conceal an escaped prisoner, more specifically, Sirius Corvus Black, or PX390?”

“Your honor, on this charge, no one could reach a consensus on,” he admitted.

“Yes, your honor. Although we, the jury do feel Mister Black did harbor and conceal Sirius Black. However, we also do not feel that it is right to consider Sirius Black a prisoner considered he had never received a trial by the British Ministry,” he explained. “In conclusion, we feel it must be up to you as if there had been a trail, this may not have been brought up as a charge against the defendant.”

“I see,” she said. “Is this how the jury feels about the charge brought against the defendant of willingly aiding and abetting Sirius Corvus Black, or PX390?”

“Yes, your honor,” he confirmed.

Nodding to show her understanding, she continued on, “How do you find the defendant on the seventh charge, felony breaking and entering to the British Ministry of Magic?”

“Guilty,” the gentleman looked remorseful having to say so, but unfortunately, all of the jury were in agreement in this case – the lad had definitely gone where citizens weren't allowed, even if it was for the right reasons.

Nodding at him, Judge Kaho quickly moved on, “How do you find the defendant on the eighth charge, felony criminal damage of the British Ministry of Magic government property?”

“Not guilty, your honor.”

“How do you find the defendant on the ninth charge, abandonment of a government post?” At this, the judge had to force down a chuckle, even before reading the jury's notice, she had known what this would be.

“Not guilty.”

“How do you find the defendant on the tenth charge, tax evasion?”

“At such, I am imposing a one hundred Galleon fine, or one hundred and fifty Dragots due to be
paid to the British Ministry of Magic within ninety days,” At this pronouncement, Judge Kaho had to stop her smirk. Just because she had to uphold the law did not mean she could not take into account what an individual had gone through and adjust the punishment accordingly. “You may be seated as your case is now dismissed Mister Black, however, I do advise you to consider renouncing your British citizenship. It would make it increasingly difficult for the British Ministry of Magic to charge you with any crimes and also give you more protection as you would only be an American citizen. If you need help deciding or renouncing said citizenship, I would suggest talking to your previous social worker as she could help.”

Smiling at her in thanks and relieve, Harry didn't honestly think he'd care what came next. Just knowing that everything was finally over with and he would never need to face the accusations again had him sinking slightly in his seat. As he tuned back into the judge, Harry realized he must have missed a lecture as both prosecuting lawyers, along with the British Minister, were looking very ashamed and worried about something. It seemed Judge Kaho wasn't quite through and he had listened in at a great time.

“Although Mister Black has been found guilty due to the nature of Law and Magic, the very fact that these charges were brought forth tells the I.C.W. advisory panel something is clearly wrong in Britain. Normally, yes, we do stay out the Magical communities and the running of their governments, but at this point in time, we can no longer do so. Britain is no longer seeming to uphold its pledge to self-govern itself in a way that benefits all Magical beings, Magic, and the economy. We fear that soon this will not just be a problem localized to Britain, but will soon effect other Magical communities as well.

“There is not just the issue with Lord Voldemort,” she said, staring harshly at Cornelius when he startled at the name. “As such, the International Confederation of Wizards will be doing a deeper look into the running of the British Ministry, including the people employed there, as well as the set-up. Whatever problems there may be, the I.C.W. will find them and find the best resolutions for all involved.”

“Furthermore, for this stunt, as it seems to have been thought up by mainly you, Mister Fudge,” Judge Kaho said, making sure he was hearing her. “You are ordered to personally pay for sixty-five percent of the costs incurred due to this trail as well as any expenses Mister Black has accumulated. That includes not only his defense lawyers, but accommodations for himself and his family, food, and anything else. Is that understood?”

Standing up meekly, Cornelius replied, “Yes, your honor.”

“Good. Please remain until the Aurors dismiss you as the two spells need to be taken down yet. Bare in mind some disorientation for a few moments afterwards is normal. As over a day has passed in this court room, yet only an hour or so at most outside the time bubble, any lingering fatigue should be overcome with an Invigorating Draught. If there are any questions or concerns at any time about the side effects of the spells used, Healer Josephine Hawkins will be on call for the next five days. For reference, it is still December 20, 2006. The time is now near the noon hour.” With that, Judge Kaho hit her gavel sharply and said before exiting, “This court is now adjourned.”
Update

I realized it's been two months more or less since the last chapter and I wanted to gives an update, as well as an apology. I had had to send in my tablet for repairs late April, thus I had had to move all my docs off the tablet. I ended up with a new one (free thanks to warranty), but I seemed to have missed a few docs in saving to my microSD.

Basically, I lost my summary of my story, which had my questions I wanted to answer in further chapters, a ton of notes, etc. Very depressing :( That, along with my mental and physical health being off, means I just am not able to write as of now.

I haven't given up and am almost done redoing the summary, which is sparking the ideas needed. I just am not sure when the next chapters will be posted. I can guarantee that more that one will be posted next time. When that happens, I'll replace this chapter with the next chapter in the story. I truly apologize.

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