Through the Fire

by Lady Giovanna Potter Malfoy

Summary

Harry comes into his magical inheritance on his birthday. He finds out that those thought were his most trusted are the ones that that will hurt him the most. And, the ones that he thought he could never trust are the ones that will stand with him through the fire.

Notes

This is my first time trying to write a fic. I have read so many of them and loved them. I thought this was my way to give back a little of what I have gotten. I am looking for a beta so if you would like to help let me know. As it stands my first chapter has not been beta'd so please let me know if I made any mistakes.

I will try and update as often as possible will be a long one, I hope that I can entertain you with humor and romance. This will be a M/M fic no female bits will be added to this.
See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter Notes

THIS STORY IS BEING EDITED SLOWLY, I apologize to those that have already read it and had to deal with all of my grammar errors. Please let me know if you see any other grammatical errors.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

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Chapter 1: Changes

Harry Potter better known as the boy, who lived, sat in his small bedroom at four Privet Drive where he stayed with his relatives every summer. His bedroom was small with all of Dudley’s old and broken toys, packed along the left side of the room. On the other part of the room stood Harry’s bed that looks more like a cot along with a flimsy blanket that barely covers him at night. Harry looks around the room one last time; the room he never claims as his, because this place is not his home it is his prison.

Today is Harry’s seventeenth birthday. Wizards in the magical world once you reach the age of 17 you are considered an adult. Which means Harry will be able to live on his own. Once a wizard or witch reaches the age of maturity they will come into a magical inheritance. Harry does not know much about wizard heritages so he is unsure what he would receive magically, maybe an extra power boost.

Harry checks the clock once more and sees that he has five minutes. Harry gets up and takes one more look around his room making sure he has everything packed. As soon as the clock strikes midnight Harry will make his escape. Living with his relatives this summer was a complete nightmare. Uncle Vernon was constantly yelling. And who can forget the beatings between he received from both his Uncle and Dudley.

There were times during the summer Harry wished for his death. Harry hoped to Merlin the scars on his back heals before the start of school. And, he thanks the many gods for magic the more visible scars on his arms and legs already healed. How sad that his aunt Petunia never came to my rescue. The look of hate in her eyes should have been a clue. Harry can hear Petunia’s laughter whenever Vernon would beat him until he passes out.

During the beatings and the constant verbal abuse, Harry realizes his distrust for Dumbledore. The numerous times Harry begged Dumbledore to stay at Number 12 with Sirius before he died. Hurt and anger fills Harry when he thinks about his life without his godfather. The times Harry tries to stress that he and his relatives did not get along very well. The only answer the old bastard would give him was that staying with his family was for his protection. According to Dumbledore, the blood wards protecting him and his relatives from the seeing eyes of Death Eater’s and Voldemort. Thanks to the sacrifice his mother made the night Voldemort killed his parents. Harry tried to do research to find anything on blood wards, but all the books and journals have disappeared from the
Harry finally realizes that Dumbledore wants to keep him in the dark. Wants to keep him pliable, beaten and dependent on him. It is the reason he sends him back to his relatives each and every summer. Harry miss his godfather, thinking about Sirius Harry feels an ache in his chest. Sirius died at the end of his fifth year protecting him. Another person dies protecting me when I can protect myself! Harry made a promise to himself that night after what happened at the Ministry. He promises that Bellabitch would feel the depth of his pain before he kills her.

Harry turns his thoughts back to the matter at hand and looks back at the clock two minutes to go. Harry cannot keep the excitement he feels. He will never have to come back here. A couple of days ago he thought about going to stay with the Weasley's at the Burrow. Harry changed his mind he fears they will turn him over to Dumbledore, who will bring him back to his relatives. Harry realize that he can no longer count Ron and Hermione his best friends. Their actions after what happened at the Department of Ministries prove his suspicions. Also, he finds it strange that Hermione never spends the summer holidays with her family; she spends the majority of her time with the Weasley's.

Whenever Harry would try and speak to them, they would ignore him or tell him they need to stay away from for awhile before he drags them into more danger. Harry knows that Mrs. Weasley will harp at him about the dangers he puts Ron and Ginny in one breath. Then in the next she tries to encourage him and Ginny to get back together. Harry sighs and shakes his head in disappointment when he thinks of the stupid mistake he made. He should not have started a relationship with Ginny. Harry had genuine affection for her until she broke his heart by she cheated on him with Dean and Seamus that is something he cannot forgive. Harry feels he has been betrayed too many times in his life, first starting with Dumbledore and his now ex-best friends. Trust is important to him, and once broken you can never get it back.

When Harry came up with the plan to make his escape he got in touch with Neville and asked him if he could stay with him for the rest of the summer. After Neville said yes he asked him not to say anything to anyone especially Ron and Hermione. With his grandmother gone on a holiday for the rest of the summer, Neville assured Harry he did not mind having some company. Neville and Harry's birthday are so close together. Both born a few hours apart, he and Neville sometimes kid that their birthdays are on the thirtieth and thirty-first.

To hide their close friendship, Harry and Neville would exchange birthday gifts. Harry considers Neville his brother, in all but blood. It never occurred to Harry how much closer e is to Neville than Ron. At the beginning of Harry and Neville budding friendship, Ron would comment that Neville is not the sort Harry should be friends with, the same words Draco Malfoy used when he told Harry about Ron. How Ironic?

Harry walks over to Hedwig’s cage, “go on girl. Go to Neville’s I will meet you there.” Harry turns and looks back at the clock he realizes he only has 30 seconds remaining. Very soon he will be able to do magic and not have the DOM breathing down his neck about underage magic. Maybe before I leave this hellhole I will leave them with a little surprise, thinks Harry.
Harry starts his countdown, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1. “Happy Birthday to me,” Harry whispers sadly to himself.

Harry takes his wand from his pocket points it at his trunk then shrinks it and Hedwig’s cage. Harry walks over to the bed to get his invisible cloak when a sharp pain rips through his back. The pain hurts so badly it makes him gasp for breath. Harry reaches down slowly to sit on the edge of the bed hoping the pain would pass. However, before he can touch the bed, another pain shoots through his arms and legs crippling him instantly. Harry falls to the hardwood floor with a hard thud. Suddenly out of nowhere a blinding bright light rips through the window of his room and attacks Harry rendering him unconscious.

Harry’s body is lifted into the air and starts to change. Harry’s once short unruly hair begins to lengthen taking on a midnight black and silky straight texture. The scar that always connected Harry to Voldemort begins to bleed. Blood drips from his scar and mixes with his raven locks. A black mist seep out of the scar and a howling face appears from the mist as if it is in pain then slowly disappeared.

Black markings in the form of tribal tattoos start to appear on the left side of Harry’s neck and makes its way down to the back of his right hand. The tattered shirt Harry is wearing begins to rip on his back as two slits starts to bleed; skeleton bones slowly protrude from the opening of his back until they are completely out of his back. Silver, green and black feathers begin to appear. The bright light makes the feathers shimmer and sparkle. Harry’s face and skin have a luminescent and androgynous appearance in the light. His nails elongate and turn into sharp claws for protection. Harry’s wings surround and cocoon him from the light. It seems all of the changes are completed as if a hand was holding him up the entire time. He is lowered to the bed slowly. The light disappeared and was gone in an instant as if it was never there.

In Scotland while the Headmaster sleeps soundly, the Castle known, as Hogwarts is awake and shakes with glee to know that her Heirs has finally come into their inheritance. The sorting hat that usually sits on the mantle of the Headmaster’s office with a frown on its face smiles of the changes that are about to come. Fawkes the Phoenix, who rest on the stand by the Headmaster’s desk, lifts her head and cocks it to the side as if listening to someone whispering in her ears. Fawkes begins to flap her wings and flash out in a puff of smoke.

In another part of Britain at the Riddle Manor, Lord Voldemort awakes with a gasp for breath and screams a gut-wrenching cry as if someone has him under a crucio. How pitiful is it that no one came to Voldemort’s rescue? Not even his most faithful and loyal servant Bellatrix Lestrange.

At Malfoy Manor, Draco Malfoy the Prince of Slytherin just got into bed. Draco’s mind goes back to his birthday that passed the previous month. He finally came into his magical inheritance. Draco celebrated his birthday in a private but lavish affair with his family and trusted friends. It is a family secret that the men on his father’s side are full blood Veela. Draco, who looks like a younger and better version of his father. Draco has golden blond hair with silver streaks that passes down to every Malfoy male. The silver...
sets off his gray/blue eyes a mixture from his mother and father.

Before, the start of the summer Draco’s once seeker body now resembles that of a beater with a muscled frame now standing at a height of 6’1. He will no longer be able to play the Seeker position on the Slytherin Quidditch team. Draco used hair growth potion and lengthens his hair that now rest in the middle of his back, it also adds a certain charismatic look to his masculine features. Pansy likes to refer to Draco; he is sex on legs. Draco lifts his right hand, to admire the series of tattoos that marks left arm. On his forearm is a winged face lion, its body, resembles a coiled snake in the form of an “S”, with sharp eagle-like talons. The snake has a badger’s tail. The rest of the tattoos looks more like a blazing fire going all the up to the back of his neck.

The morning after Draco woke up after his birthday and receiving his inheritance he rushed to the mirror excited to see the changes. It was odd because he experienced minimal pain and discomfort. The first thing Draco noticed was the markings. Wasting no time Draco ran to his parent’s room bursts in without so much as a knock. Draco startles his parents from their sleep, showing them his arm. Lucius pulls Draco’s arm to get a closer look then smiles, telling him not to worry. It was his mating mark. The marks signify that his mate will have something similar. All Veela couples have similar markings, this way the alpha Veela can recognize his submissive partner. The marks also inform another Veela’s that you are mated pair.

“This is a way to find the one that is your match,” Draco remembers his father Lucius Malfoy telling him with a smile on his face. Draco chuckles as he recalls the pleasant smile his father had on his face when they talked about Draco’s mate being out there waiting for him to find. Draco hopes his mate is male and not a female; he has never hidden his sexuality from his parents. Considering male wizards and Veela’s can get have children there is never a need to worry about adding Heirs to the Malfoy bloodline. Some Veela’s when they came into their magical inheritance don’t get a mating mark and won’t until a mate is born for them.

The Wizarding World believes Lucius Malfoy to be a cold man; in public he will cut you to the quick if angered him with just one look and a raised eyebrow. Draco has seen it a time or two. Draco will never admit it out loud, how much he hates his grandfather Abraxas for what he has done. After, being threatened with the life of his wife and son by Abarax Lucius was forced to take the dark mark, and serve a madman bent on revenge for his personal nature. Lucius thought he had no other choice. However, with the help of his friend and brother in all but blood Severus Snape Lucius went to Albus Dumbledore and both became spies for the light side.

The Lucius Malfoy in public is not the same person when he is at home. Draco knows his father can be witty, kind and above all else loves his family and those he holds dear. The Malfoy family wear a mask in public because it is a tradition had started way before his father was born. The public is judgemental of those who has wealth and prestige. The wealthy you are the more you are judged. However, those with wealth also judge those who are less fortunate and views them ill-mannered and dregs of society. The public would find it odd to know that the Manor is always laughter. The same can be said about Draco’s mother, Narcissa Malfoy nee Black. The public sees her as a cold, heartless bitch. But, at home Draco’s Narcissa can be heard laughing throughout the manor at something her husband or son did or said. No one would ever guess that his mother likes to cuddle with him on the couch and reads to him even at this age. Narcissa boasts that one day Draco will give her lots of grandkits to spoil when he finally finds his mate.

Draco’s biggest worry about his figuring out who his mate will be. And whether he like them or not. Draco voiced his fear to his father the day after his inheritance.

Mini flashback
“But, what if it is someone I don’t like? What if it is someone like Harry Bloody Potter?” Draco says. “Or Merlin forbid that bumbling fool Longbottom.” Draco shudders at the thought.

“Remember Draco your mate is chosen for you by fate. There is a reason you are mated to them.” Draco’s still not convinced. His father looks at him, “even if you are mated to Harry Bloody Potter is your chosen, your mother, and I will still love you. Never forget that.

Flashback ends.

Draco is brought back to the present when he feels a burning sensation on the mating marks on his left arm, not enough to cause blinding pain. It puzzles Draco for a second at who it could be, but he places it in the back of his mind to ask his father about it. *Maybe my mate is thinking about me as I am thinking about them.* Again Draco thinks back to the last part of his conversation with his father if his mate is Harry Potter. Worse what if it is, and Potter rejects him? The rejection of a Veela mate means a slow and painful death. One thing Draco is sure of he is not ready to die.

Chapter End Notes

Editing of the other chapters as well as a new chapter will follow in the future.

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Chapter Two- More Changes & Revelations.

Chapter Summary

See Chapter One for summary and notes.

I do not own Harry Potter that right goes to Ms. J.K. Rowling.

Also, for this story Fawkes is female. An addition for the Gryffindor lion is added that is not cannon.

Chapters 1-4 still need to be edited please forgive the grammar.

Harry woke the next morning gasping for air. He looked around not realizing that he was still at 4 Privet Drive. Everything is blurry. Reaching up to scratch his eyes instead of touching his eyes fingers bumps the glasses on his face. Taking his glasses off his face Harry rubs the sleep from his eyes. Once he removes his fingers realization hits Harry that he can see perfectly well without his glasses.

Remembering what happened last night and, the bright light. I came into my magical inheritance. Did It fix my eyes? Confusion shows on Harry’s face. Is that all it did? Harry moves to get off the bed when an intense pain hits him in his back causing him to scream in pain. Harry quickly covers his mouth with his hands in hopes that he does not wake the Dursley’s. His breathing is harsh behind his hands, and tears wells in his eyes, something is wrong with me. Tentatively Harry takes one of his hand from his mouth and moves it to his shoulders then down his back. Harry stops and gasps in surprise when his fingers touch soft feathers. He is not sure what to think of this new development.

This time with care Harry gets off the bed. Slowly and quietly he makes his way to the bathroom. The outcome of waking his relatives will not be pleasant for him especially with feathers protruding from his back. The last thing he needed was his Uncle Vernon seeing more of his freakishness that even he cannot explain. Once he reaches the bathroom, he closed the door quietly. He walks over to the mirror eager to see if there are any changes to his eyes and what his newly acquired feathers. Harry gasps and cannot believe the person he sees’s standing in the mirror. He turns and looks behind and to the sides of him to be sure it is his reflection staring back at him. His
eyes are still green, but now they are much brighter than before. They seemed like swirling pools of emeralds that would glow even in the darkest room.

He reached up to touch his face with his right hand and noticed the tribal tattoos on his arm. On his forearm was a Griffin with the head and face that looked liked the basilisk from the Chamber of Secrets. The basilisk fangs had what Harry can only guess is venom dripping from it. At, the end of the body was its tail that looked it belonged to a Badger. Harry trails his fingers on the rest of his arm; he ends up taking off what is left of his tattered t-shirt to see the rest of the tattoo completely. Harry blinks a couple of times because his arm has angry red flames of fire surround it, even the one surrounding the Griffin. The red flames go all the way up to his neck.

Harry continues to look at himself in the mirror for more changes. He noticed that his features were more androgynous rather than masculine. He looks pretty rather than handsome. "Not sure how I feel about that," Harry whispers in the empty bathroom. Harry reaches up and touches his hair that was once a Potter trait of unruliness is now midnight black and bone straight that reaches down to his mid thigh. His lightning bolt scar that was sometimes red and aching was now faded and almost gone. What am I? Maybe an elf with my new features and hair? Quickly as the thought comes to his mind, Harry moves his hair to the side and pears at his ears. And notice that they did not change. No not an elf. Harry finally take notice of the feathers on his back, the silver color dominates the green and black. When he moves his, feathers make a soft ruffling sound as if a soft breeze is blowing. Harry is not sure how he will be able to hide his wings before school starts. He hates that he might have to depend on the intelligence or Hermione. But hope Neville will be able to help him. Harry knows with certainty that the other boy will not judge him for his lack of understanding.

“Wow!” Harry whispers as he continues to take in more of his new features. He smiles to himself and sees that he has little fangs where his canines should be.

The only thing that did not change was his height. I will forever be the shortest person in the room. Pouts Harry. Harry decides to go back to his room. With the Dursley’s still asleep now is the perfect time for Harry to leave. Harry make his way back to his room and close the door quietly. He turns to see Fawkes the headmaster’s Phoenix sitting on his lopsided bed frame. She trills a soft note of hello to Harry. He walks over to her and caress her feathers. It was then for the first time Harry notice that there is something different about Fawkes feathers.

Her feathers look as if they are on fire and would be hot to the touch. He is positive that she was not due for another rebirth. For an unexplained reason, Harry bends down and stares into to Fawkes’s eyes. The longer he looks into them, the more hypnotized he feels. That is when he feels it. It was the feeling of being sucked into the memory of a pensive.

Harry falls with a thud to the ground. “Fuck!” Harry yells. He gets up and begins to look around and tries to figure out where he is. Harry turns around in a circle observing the large and empty room and stops when he see Fawkes sitting on the shoulder of a red-headed man who is standing beside three other people. There were two men and two women. The red-head man is in crimson robes and the other in emerald. One of the two women in the room wore yellow and the blue robes. Their backs are turned to Harry, speaking in hushed tones. Seeing that they are not alone they turn to face Harry with smiles on their faces.

“Welcome Our Young Heir ” The red-head man in crimson robes bows to Harry. Shocked at the gesture Harry is not sure what to say. No one has never showed him that kind of respect. Wait a minute did he just call me Heir? What the hell? “I am Lord Godric Gryffindor; these are my companions Salazar Slytherin, Rowena Ravenclaw, and Helga Hufflepuff. We are the founders of Hogwarts and you my young friend are one of our Heir.”
Harry starts to back away from the group standing before him. This is a dream. I somehow fell asleep staring into Fawkes’ eyes. I am not standing here looking and listening to the founders of Hogwarts. They are dead for crying out loud. Oh no, am I dead? Unbeknownst to Harry’s warring thoughts Godric Gryffindor continues to speak.

“Do not be afraid all will be explained” He turns to Fawkes and nods his head in respect to the regal bird. That stops Harry from trying to find an escape. Not even the Headmaster shows Fawkes such respect.

“Thank you my friend.” Fawkes sings your welcome.

A snort behind Godric Gryffindor which cause Harry to look behind the other man’s hulking frame to see that it Salazar Slytherin who is trying not to be amused by Godric. Godric turns his head turn to look at Salazar.

“Sal my love what do you find so amusing?” He asks.

Harry can see the mirth dance in Salazar Slytherin sparkling and swirling green eyes. Harry can also see something different behind those eyes. If he is not mistaken for Godric shines bright. If Harry were to look any closer, he would have seen that he and Salazar have the same vibrant, swirling emerald green eyes. Salazar Slytherin’s features are the same androgynous as Harry. Salazar Slytherin looks so much alike it would take a fool not to notice the similarities. The only difference between the two is Harry’s hair is raven black, and Salazar’s is blonde.

“You and that bird have a very strange friendship,” Salazar says in a soft melodious voice. “You are the only one who can ever get her to do as requested. Helga, Rowena and I have been telling you that for centuries.”

“And the same can be said for your snakes my Love” responds Godric

Salazar turns to Harry and notices look of astonishment on his face that was there earlier. Salazar separates himself from the others and walks over to Harry. Salazar lifted his hand and cupped his cheeks with a smile he eases Harry’s fears a bit.

“Do not pay Godric any attention. It has been a while since he has spoken to his companion,” He reassures Harry.

Salazar took Harry’s hand in his turns and guided him to the table that was not sitting there before. Harry looks down at their joined hands and cannot believe that the great Salazar Slytherin is holding his hand. Harry moves his gaze from their joined hands and focuses on the table in front of him. Each place setting has a crest symbolizing the houses of Hogwarts. Yellow and black with a Badger that representing Hufflepuff. Blue and bronze with an Eagle with it’s enlarged wings spread for Ravenclaw. Green and silver with a large snake a warped around the trunk of a tree for Slytherin. Last, scarlet and gold of a lion and the body of a Griffin in mid roar for Gryffindor.

“Do not be afraid our young Heir,” Helga told him. “We have much to discuss in a very short time,” she tells him with a smile.

Salazar pushes Harry in the empty chair in front of them before taking his place beside Godric. Harry stares at the four people he has heard and learned so much about and still cannot believe he is sitting here with them. How can I be here? I pray I’m not dead like them. That’s all I need now to die a virgin and mateless. And if I am not dead why now? Why bring him here now? Harry stops his thoughts and stares intently at the four founders before him. He takes in their appearances. Realization hit him that he has a little for each of hem, that he noticed in the mirror this morning.
Harry sees Helga has straight blonde hair with blue eyes. From Rowena the blue-black curly hair and gray eyes. Salazar has the same feminine like features and emerald sparkling eyes. Lastly, Godric his skin complexion while the others had an olive skin tone. Godric is pale with his fire red hair and hazel eyes.

Harry takes a large gulp of air before he speaks for the first time.

“Am I dead?” He blurts out then adds. “How the hell did I become your Heir? And what the hell am I doing here?” They all smiled at Harry brashness.

“An excellent question young heir but no you are very much alive. I know you have other questions and we hope to answer it in the time we have. A long time ago all four of us met and became good friends in our young age. We were all friends with same ideals and desires for the wizarding world,” Rowena says. “Godric and Salazar became lovers we all knew they were destined to be. Then Helga and I became lovers,” She says with a smile. "Knowing that we would never marry or be with any other. We decided any children we conceive would be blood adopted among us and make them our Heir.” Rowena pauses for a second before continuing. “This part will be challenging to explain. We are unsure of how it happened without a male’s semen we can only guess that mother magic saw fit to do it this way. I’m sure times have changed, and there is an explanation to explain how two women in a relationship can conceive a child without a male to provide their semen. Helga was the first to become pregnant with our daughter. Godric and Sal blood and adopted her. Two years later Salazar had a son with Godric and in turn we blood adopted him. We did not question Salazar’s announcement of his expecting child.”

At that, Harry is flabbergasted. The founder sees the look on his face. “Surely you know that wizards can have and carry children, my young heir?”

“Umm…it’s Harry and no I wasn’t aware.” Harry answers. “I grew up in the muggle world. And Muggle men cannot have children.”

“What the bloody hell!” shouted Godric “How hell did you end up in the muggle world?”

“Godric please settle down this instant. We will explain it all to him after we tell he needs to know,” Salazar says calmly.

Godric turns to Salazar and gazes his sweet and kind face that automatically makes him smiles kindly at his lover. Harry watch the show of love between the two men with envy. No one has ever looked at him that way. Harry hopes one day to find the someone that will care for and love and him the same way Godric seems to care for Salazar. Godric then looks to Rowena and gives her a stiff nod to continue the rest of the story.

“For many years we lived happily in the castle with our children. When our daughter turned eleven, we came up with the idea to open our home and turn it into a school. Salazar came up with the name Hogwarts. We began to infuse our magic into the castle. We came up with the idea of the sorting hat. The sorting hat was created with our combined magic and took on a personality of his own. He chose to call himself Alistair, which we accepted. It helps to tell what personality would best fit into what are now called houses. Our daughter was the first to be placed in Gryffindor. She was brash and daring like Godric was at her age. I cannot tell you the amount to times we had to get her out scrapes she got herself into.” Rowena says with a chuckle. “Salazar and Godric’s son was sorted in Ravenclaw.”

As years went, we had more children each. They were all blood adopted. Mother magic saw fit to bless Helga and me with twin’s boys, and they were sorted into Slytherin. Sal and Godric and a girl and she got sorted into Hufflepuff. Each had a little bit of us yet; they still had their personality.
More years followed, and the school thrived. We decided to extend an open hand to families with half-bloods and Muggle-born children.

Our children grew up, later in life they got married and had children of their own. As the years went by we noticed that there was discontent with a few of the students. You must understand my young hair we believed in the old ways celebrating Samhain, Beltane, and Yule. We taught these ideals to our children and also to our pupils. It was a few years after we open the doors to Hogwarts letting muggle born and half-blood students we began to notice there was a discontent. Muggle-borns, who used to celebrating Christmas, Thanksgiving, and Easter wanted to celebrate their traditional holidays. The half-blood pupils were indifferent being from both worlds but tried to argue the point of understanding magical holidays. To stop the debates, Salazar suggested that we authorized those who wish to celebrate their traditional holiday is free to do so we will not discourage them.”

Rowena stops speaking and turns to Salazar, who takes her hand in his. She turns her attention back to Harry without relinquishing Salazar's hand. “We still encouraged those who wanted to hold on to the ways of magical tradition. We incorporated their holiday with our belief. For years we prospered, and lived in peace. We continued to keep our world a secret from the Muggles.” Rowena stops speaking and seems to find what she is about to say difficult to explain.

“The children that were Muggle-borns we took them from their parents,” She whispers. Shock register on Harry’s face. He looks at the three other members sitting at the table and see regret showing on their faces.

“How could you do that?!!” Harry yells.

“We had no other choices!” Salazar screams. “We did what we had to protect our world!. You have no idea how much it hurt us to do it. But it was for our protection my, young Heir.” He says calmly. Harry watch as Godric pulls Salazar in his arms and comfort him. Whispering softly and placing gently kisses on his forehead. Harry move his gaze away from the display of affection and look at the other two women.

“We had them magically adapted to those families who desired children of our world.” Helga picks up the rest of the story. “Then we had experienced Ministry Aurors obliviators use a memory charm on their muggle parents. Also, we kept watched for the rest of their offsprings for underage magic. We hired ministry officials to keep watch because the job got to be too much for us. The watchers as we call them were to take the children and have the parents memories altered.” Helga reaches across the table and takes Harry hands in her’s.

“Please understand my young Heir we did not do it out of anger or hate. We did it to protect our existence from the muggle world. I know what you're thinking how could we do that. We have lived long enough to see the hate of what muggles do because they do not understand our world. We have seen friends and families burnt at the stake for being a witch. The four of us made a promise never to let that happen ever again, protecting our world was at the forefront of our minds.” Helga finishes.

Rowena places a comforting hand on Helga’s shoulder squeezing it before she continues. “Soon we
all were too old to continue with the care of the school and the students. We turned the mantle to over our children and grandchildren. I am sure the history books all claimed we died, but I can safely say there are no records of our deaths.”

“Do I look dead to you?” Godric asks speaking up for the first time since welcoming Harry to the room. Harry was not sure if it was a rhetorical question or not but finds himself shaking his head no.

“No my Love you are very much alive,” Salazar assures him with a gentle pat on his chest.

Rowena speaks up pulling Harry’s attention from the couple. “They are correct we are not dead. However, we are ascended to a different plain. We are not able to return to the living world no matter how powerful we. But before we left this plain Godric put a spell on his familiar as a safeguard. If ever there is a war, discontent or even if a Dark Lord should rise and threaten our way of life; that he is to find our last two remaining Heir and bring them to us. We will teach and train them to defend our world.”

Harry sit in his chair absorbing this new information. Harry’s mind is reeling that he is an Heir to the four founders. That’s what they said because Fawkes brought him here to talk with them. Harry is trying to understand that what they did to keep our world a secret was for the best but he still cannot wrap his brain around it.

The lies the history books have told that Salazar Slytherin hated Muggle-borns and half-b bloods. When, in fact, he encouraged them to continue in their beliefs. What have I never read or heard that Godric and Salazar were lovers? Or about their children? Why are the important parts of history removed? Harry have so many questions but is not sure who to ask for answers.

Then it hits Harry. Did she say TWO remaining Heir!!
More Revelations

Chapter Summary

Harry comes into his magical inheritance on his birthday. He finds out that those thought were his most trusted are the ones that will hurt him the most. And, the ones that he thought he could never trust are the ones that will stand with him through the fire.

Chapter Notes

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This is a Mature and M/M fic there will be few intimate scene between Harry and Draco. It is also a MPREG. I hope that I can keep you all Interested till the end and with that I want to say THANK YOU!! To all those, you took a peek and left kudos and comments if you have ideas I will take them.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harry couldn't stop thinking about what is going on in the short time he has been here.

“I know you have to be wondering who the next Heir is because they will be related to you know matter how distant your bloodline turns out to be,” Helga says breaking his thoughts. “Our magic and blood is so powerful that no matter how far apart in relations you are Fawkes can find you. Also, you will be drawn to that person the minute you are close proximity of each other. We made sure that our descendants would be able to recognize each other. There are things that we have kept out of the history books about ourselves. That answers my earlier questions about why I do not know more about the founders. Thinks Harry.

“For instance,” Helga continues. “Salazar and I are direct descendants of Veela bloodline while Rowena and Godric are Elfin. By the looks of your wings, you are a Veela.” She chimes happily. “We are all able to also control the four elements. We each have our own extraordinary gifts. Godric is able to communicate and speak to wild beast such as lion which is why a lion represents his house. Salazar can communicate with dragons as well as snakes a dragon was too big to fit on the house flag so he used snakes,” Helga says jokingly.

“It also comes naturally to him,” Godric adds.

At that, the last comment Harry speaks up. “I can talk to snakes. But I was told I got it because of when Voldemort killed my parents some of his magic was transferred to me.”

The founders look at Harry as if he had two heads, “what fool told you such rubbish are they not
teaching anything at Hogwarts? The ability to speak to snakes or any animals is a talent a gift from Mother Magic herself. It is something that is born within each of us. It helps us to understand if our fellow creatures are in need of aid. It also helps when we are able to change into our amigus ability and to be one with nature!” Shouted Godric

Taken aback Harry didn’t know if he should respond but he did anyway. “Umm.... Dumbledore, the current Headmaster of Hogwarts, told me that.”

“Maybe you should tell us your story young Harry before we continue with ours,” Salazar said in a soft tone trying to calm himself and the rest down.

Harry looks at the four people seated at the table. This is the first time anyone seems to actually want to hear what he has to say. He took a deep breath to calm his nerves and begins. Harry starts from the beginning and tells them he was born Harry James Potter the pride and joy to parents, James, and Lily Potter. He shares the sadness of how they were brutally murdered by Voldemort. And that when Voldemort tried to kill him with the killing curse when he was just a baby.

Harry continues his tale and tells the founders that night his parents were murdered, he was left in the cold on the doorstep of his muggle relatives who staunchly hates magic. He tries to hide the shame that his Uncle Vernon and cousin Dudley abused he since the time he could walk, but they say threw his carefully worded words. They knew his life was not easy. He told them about when he got his Hogwarts and how it was addressed to him. Harry Potter: The cupboard under the stairs.

When he got to what happened in his first year, the founders could not believe that he had to face the man or the thing that killed his parents in cold blood. When spoke of the incident in the Chamber of Secrets and having to fight and slaying the basilisks Salazar cried saying that his pet was used for evil when she was a gentle soul. Salazar grew the basilisks from a hatchling to protect the school and students. It hurt Salzar to hear that his sweet pet was used for evil and not the great work she was brought up for. The founders could not believe the terror that Voldemort rained down on the wizarding and muggle world.

Before Harry could get to the Tri-Wizard tournament or the deeds of Professor Umbrage, they were all angry and ready to kill on his behalf. It only angered them more when Harry told them that he was forced to participate officials citing the rules and threatening him with the loss of his magic. Shyly Harry tells them more about himself and the things he enjoys doing like flying and play Quidditch. Harry explains his worry about his best friends Ron and Hermione and the way they have been acting towards him of late. He angrily talks about his growing distrust of the Headmaster. Harry smiles when he talks about Neville and the reason why they feel the need to hide their friendship from others. When Harry was finished with his story, the expressions their faces shocks him. Sorrow, astonishment to anger and most of all pride.

They room is silent and to Harry felt like forever before Rowena speaks up. “If I were able to return I would kill that blasted Headmaster. How dare he leave you a helpless baby on the doorstep of those damn muggles and not once throughout the years check to make sure that you were alright?”

Rowena gets up from her seat and walks over to Harry. She pulls him into a crushing hug, the next thing he knows he gave a gut-wrenching wail and began to cry for the first time, not from a beating but because of his hurt. He cries for the death of his parents, the way he grew up the fact that he had no to give him the love he should have gotten from a parent. Harry cried because he realized he was cheated out of so many things in his young life. Usually, he would brush it off and move on but now everything has bubbled up and over. When looked up through blurry eyes he realized
that not only were Rowena holding him so were the others and, that made him cried some more.

“Harry, believe us,” Godric bends down to Harry and Rowena’s level. “We may not be able to return to the living world, but we will help you the best way we can. There are a few things we left behind for our Heirs to communicate with us. We will never leave you alone, my child.”

More emotion builds in Harry. Other than Neville no one has ever taken Harry’s side, not Hermione or Ron. Whenever Harry tries to share his concern about Dumbledore to them, Hermione would discount his words. She would say that he is wrong to doubt the man then cite how great the Headmaster is. And the great accomplishments and contributions he did for the Wizarding world by allowing students like her a Muggleborn to attend Hogwarts. Ron just agrees along with whatever she says. After what seemed like forever Harry is able to compose himself. The founders went back to his or her seats. Harry now notice that the founders themselves were wiping away tears from their eyes.

“I’m sorry I made you all cry,” He tells them. “It’s just that sometimes I feel that no one really wants to hear what I have to say and at times I feel alone.” Whispers Harry.

“I speak for us all when I say it is quite alright a young Harry,” Salazar says. “We asked you to tell us your story. We did not know that the world has changed so much where a magical child can be hurt and no one seemed to care. When we established Hogwarts, it was so that children had a safe haven in Wizarding England to learn, a place to challenge their minds not for people to use as a playground,” Salazar sighs. “And, this Voldemort, who spouts that he is my Heir, all because he can speak to snakes. It is utterly ridiculous. A wizard or witch is born with a gift as Godric said it is part of their core and being able to communicate with snakes is dark magic.” Harry can see the frustration in Salazar’s face as well as hear it in his words. “And to use my pet for evil as to kill an innocent child without care make me furious. I do not blame you for your ignorance Harry, or for killing my pet. I blame those who used you for their own gain.”

“Your headmaster has failed you young Harry. So has every wizard and witch that depend on you to free them from Voldemort. You have lost so much in your life. Yet all other’s can see is their selfish desires. The adults who should have been there to protect you from your relatives left you out in the cold.” Continues Godric. “Mark my words young one we will make them pay. No one abused those of our blood and gets away with it.

Salazar turns and smile at his love then remembers why they came up with the idea of opening their home to start the school. Each corner of the castle is infused with their magic. That is how they can live in the world of the living. They made sure that the castle would always be able to recognize their heirs. Salazar’s brows crease together in worry and confusion something must have happen because the Lady Gray should have been able to protect Harry while he is at Hogwarts. As with Alistair, the Castle gained her own personality. Before they ascended, she was beginning to take form. Salazar looks at Harry then to his lover and the two women he considered his sisters in all but blood and knew they were thinking the something. They would have to spend some time getting Harry ready for the next step in his life.

Before Salazar can voice what he was thinking Fawkes reappeared and with him the second Heir. Harry turns around when he hears the popping sound enters the room to see whom or what it is. A surprised gasp escapes his mouth when Harry sees Fawkes sitting comfortably on the shoulders of who he can only guess is the second Heir is!
Can anyone guess who the second Heir is????

Chapter four is in the works I will post it as soon as it is completed!!
Chapter Four- The Second Heir

Chapter Summary

Harry comes into his magical inheritance on his birthday. He finds out that those thought were his most trusted are the ones that will hurt him the most. And, the ones that he thought he could never trust are the ones that will stand with him through the fire.

Chapter Notes

Harry finds out who is the second heir, they both find about the mating process.

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Gia

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“Neville!” Harry yells after he gets over his shock now seeing who was the second Heir.

Harry would have chuckled at the stunned expression on his friends face, but he understand what his friend is thinking and feeling. “Ummm…Harry, what’s going on? Neville asks. Harry can tell that Neville is trying to figure out where they are because of the way he is looking around for an exit. “The very last thing I remembered was coming into my magical inheritance on the eve of my birthday. I must have slept a day or two because receiving my inheritance was so draining. When I woke up, Fawkes was sitting on the end of my bed the next thing I know I'm here.”

Harry takes in Nevilles new appearance and can see the difference in him. He seemed to have a luminescent glow like an angel but without the wings. His hair was longer reaching his mid back, where it was black before it now had streaks of red. If you look closely, you can see his pointy ears hidden behind his hair. Right off Harry can tell that Neville is an Elf.

Neville was already taller than Harry, but with his inheritance he grew a little more in height. He also gained muscles instead of the chubby frame he had before. One thing that still remained the same kind face and calming aura that was Neville.

Both friends looked at each other and smiled for the first time since they were transported here.
Harry felt for the first time everything was going to be ok. Then it hits him, it was still his birthday. Harry checks his pockets of his tattered jeans and realizes he is not wearing a shirt. Forgetting about his state of dress for a minute Harry reach into his pocket and pulls out a wrapped gift and hands it to Neville.

“Happy Birthday my friend,” Harry says with a huge smile on his face. Neville takes the gift from Harry’s outstretched hands.

“Thank you, Harry. I have your gift at home.” He tells Harry. Then Neville pulls him closer whispering in his ear. “Not to sound crazy but are we dead and of we are not will we ever go home? Also, who are they?”

Harry began to chuckle then outright laughed at Neville’s questions. It is a true testament of Harry’s sanity that he has been here too long. *Speaking of which how long have I been here?*

“To answer your questions, young heir,” Rowena says. “You are not dead, but very much alive. Also, you will return home when you both have completed your training.”

“What about time?” Harry asks. “We are supposed to start school in a month.”

“Time here passes a little different than it does in your time,” Godric says. “As to where you are we are in the “in between.” It is the place where if you use just a little bit time, space and magic you are able to speak to those you choose.”

Smiling to that Harry looked to his left side to see Neville take a seat that seemed to appear out of nowhere. “Why are we here?” Neville asks.

“You are here because you have come into your inheritance. You along with young Harry are our last remaining Heir. As you can guess, we are the founders of Hogwarts. You were brought here today because the Castle is in danger it needs your help in defending her and keeping her students safe,” replies Salazar

The flabbergasted look on Neville’s face is so funny Harry could not stop the belly laugh. If Harry had the same expression he had on his face when they told him, he could see why they laughed at him.

Neville turned and looks at his friend in surprise. Hearing Harry laugh was a surprise but also a great thing. It was not often that his friend laughed especially like that. This made Neville laugh at the situation. If it weren’t for the fact that Harry’s laugh was so infectious, he would have thought he heard wrong. Trying to catch his breath “Yeah, mate that’s pretty much how I looked when they told me,” Harry says to him.

“Wait but I thought V-Vo-Voldemort was the heir of Slytherin because he is a Parselmouth.”

**THAT UPSTART IS NOT MY HEIR!”** Salazar yells, quieting the room laughter. "Please do not refer to him as my Heir, ever!"

Poor Neville jumped. He did not mean to upset the founder especially if his guess was right and that it is Salazar Slytherin, but he was just stating the things that he was told. Seeing the look on his face, Salazar calmed down and apologize for getting upset.

Looking at the founders Neville notice they looked nothing like he thought they would. They all had a Fey or Elfen like quality to them. Like Harry, Neville started to recognize the similarities in his new appearance to the founders. But, he noticed his features were more like Godric and
Rowena. How could that be? It was if Godric used Legilimency on him.

“I can see on your face you have many questions and we will answer them. We told young Harry some before you arrived. We have much to discuss and do in so little time.”

Each founder took their time explaining the same thing that they told Harry. While they were speaking Harry took the time to study his friends face he watched closely when it was mentioned that some wizards are born with the natural ability to communicate with animals or even nature.

“What can you speak to Neville?” Harry asked before anyone else can continue with the rest of the story. Neville had a pensive look on his face; he fidgeted in his seat not sure how to tell Harry what is was that he could speak to. Harry smiled to reassure his friend that anything that he had to say would not change their friendship.

“I will never look at you any differently no matter what it is, you should know that by now. Until today, I thought of you as a close friend. But right now I see you as my big brother.”

Neville is silent for a second, then he took a deep breath “It’s not that I can speak to them really it’s that I can hear them. I can hear them when they cry from people not care of them. I can hear the plants; I can hear the seeds before they are planted. At first I thought it was just my natural ability in herbology. But then other things started to happen. They listen to me when I talk to them. For example, the mandrakes quiet down when I tell them to without even touching them. I kept it a secret from everyone because in second year when you stopped that snake from attacking Justin.” He takes a deep breath before he continues. “I saw how everyone treated you. I didn't want to be treated like that Harry. I’m sorry, Harry I know that you would not have treated me any different but I just couldn't take that chance.”

“It’s ok Nev, I understand,” Harry told his friend. The crazy thing was he did.

Rowena spoke up “Neville that fact that you can hear the plants not only shows your natural ability but also that one of your elemental power will be Earth. One of the things we are going to do his help you both bring out your elemental powers. We are going to also, help you both harness your natural abilities.”

Rowena looks at both Harry and Neville and her heart aches because the wizarding world has made children afraid to show their strength. Making them afraid to show their true self. She shook her head in despair the reason why Rowena and the others decided to open their home.

“Never be afraid of your who you are.” Rowena tells them. “Your abilities are what make you who you are. When it comes to magic, all things boil down to your own power. It seems the Wizarding world we left have become focused on light and dark magic. That is not the way it should be.”

Helga is the next to speak, “By both your tattoos and appearances we can see that you both have mates that are or was born to the both of you. Harry if you have not already guess you are a Veela. By your feminine appearance, you would be qualified as the sub in the relationship. Most likely your mate will be male, he will be the dominant or alpha of the relationship. Your mate will be the one to care for you protect your kits no matter the cost. He will be your perfect match in every way power, strength, and intelligence. Once you find your mate and consummate your bond, some Veela couple gains an extra boost in powers. Your markings will be similar and your mate will know if you are in dire danger. His markings will heat up as if his skin is on fire and will not stop until he finds you.

Such as the ability to speak to each other through your mind. You will be able to feel when each other are in mortal danger.
Neville, on the other hand, is an Elf as with Harry you have a destined mate or mates. Most Elves’ need more than one mate to keep them grounded. You and your mate will have special abilities also; they will be able to send you apparate if they feel like you are in danger. Judging by your size you will be dominant in your relationship. You will want to protect your mate no matter the cost to your life. Any children that will bring out the need to always want to protect your family. There are still many we do not know about Veela’s and Elves after they mates. But those are the major ones.”

Harry and Neville sat there trying to absorb the well of information that they have just gotten about the mating process. The only thing that keeps coming back to mind has a family no matter who is mate will be one day he will be able to have children. The other thing that keeps going through his mind was the fact his mate will be a man. He never thought of himself as gay, I wonder how I will be able to tell who my mate is. Not realizing that he voiced that out loud he was surprised when the questions were answered for him.

“There are a few ways to tell who you mate is. The first will be the mating marks unless your mate has a glamor covering their markings so no one will see it. The next will come from your senses or better yet their scent. Your mate will have a pleasing smell that will awaken your desire for them. All other smell will not be pleasing to you. Unless they are masking their scent the other way to tell is by touch. After you have been touched by your mates at one time in the past, you will not be able to tolerate any other’s touch if they have intimate or sexual feelings towards you.” Helga explained.

“So what you're saying even before we had our magical inheritance,” Neville begins. “If our mate has touched us before, if some who has strong sexual feelings for us now and tries to touch us now we will get sick or something?” He asks

“Yes, that is essentially what we are saying,” replies Rowena. Harry and Neville racked their brains trying to think of all the people that have touched them in the past. Out of the people, they have come across anyone could be their mate. Mainly in a school as Hogwarts the possibilities were endless.

Chapter End Notes

Ok in the next chapter I am going to do a two week time jump to move the story along. Also, I'm am undecided on who to have as Nev's mate Luna or Blaise so I am going to let you guys decide.

The next chapter will be updated as soon as it is completed!!
Two weeks later finds Harry and Neville making their way to Gringotts. After Harry was flashed back to his room at the Dursley’s by Fawkes, the first thing Harry notices is that his room is in the same state it was in before he left. It also means that the Dursley’s never once checked on his well-being. Harry shakes his head at their apparent neglect he could have died. Harry is pretty sure they wouldn’t have cared if he lived or died. It did not escape his notice that there are no letters or the usual birthday presents from his friends. *Maybe our friendship is truly over. Last year they practically ignored me, no matter how many times I tried to talk to them.* Harry also remembers that a few times Ron, Hermione and Ginny would disappear for hours. The only time the three would speak with him is when Ginny tries to throw herself at him and or have Ron encouraging Harry to date his sister. Hermione would make snide comments under her breath when he would sometimes ask for help or she would give him the are you that stupid look? She would apologize later with a smile that never reached her eyes. Harry tries not to feel hurt by their attitude, but honestly, he was. *Years of friendship I wasted on people who now see him as a pariah.*

Harry tries not to dwell on the situation anymore as he gathers all his belongings. He tucks his trunk and Hedwig’s shrunken cage in his pants pockets and pulls on his invisibility cloak. He walks out of his room listens to for any noise wondering if his relatives are home. When silence reaches his ears, Harry smiles he might have even cackled silently of his plan *this will be perfect.* With his cloak still on walks down the stairs and stops directly over the spot of the boot closet. *The prison that was my home for so long.* Taking a deep breath, Harry close his eyes and concentrate on his magic. After the Founders had explained everything to Harry and Neville, they began to train and help them develop their new powers. Harry focus on the boot closet and search for a weak point in the walls. Harry finds it in the corner where bugs
used to crawl out of and bite him. Harry sends a small amount of his magic to the crack causing it to split larger and deeper sending it up the walls branching off into a tree. Harry push a little more of his magic expanding the cracks surrounding the house, weakening the beams and bursting the pipes. Harry walks down the rest of the steps. With each step, he smiles at the misfortune that is about to happen to the Dursley’s home. Harry enters the kitchen and walk out the front door and stands under the tall hulking tree that was once his solace and friend. Harry touch the tree thanking the tree for being a comfort to him and also asking for its forgiveness. With a stronger push of his magic, Harry sends it through the tree and down to the roots cutting them off weakening the tree. The leaves on the branches begin to rustle, and the tree starts to sway as if a large gust of wind just blew by. Harry walks around the tree and stands on the other side of it. The tree stands directly beside the Dursley home. With a gentle push, the tree teeters over and falls on the already weaken home bringing it crashing down beneath the tree. Suddenly a loud boom can be heard, and quickly Harry throws up a shield, protecting him from the flying debris.

Canceling his shield Harry lifts his nose to the air scenting gas, another idea forms in his head. Harry steps back further from the demolished home and calls up his shield once more. Quickly he sends an incendio charm at the leaking gas that is now leaking and traveling from underneath the broken home. In an instant the rest of what's left of the house goes up in flames with a loud boom, and also sadly killing the tree. Harry smiles under his cloak. Finally, he has taken away their safety the same way they took away his. Precious memories that Petunia savored of Dudley and special family events now burns to nothing but ashes. Neighbors rush out of their homes to see the destruction that only seem to happen to the Dursley's home. Harry turn his back to it all walking away. Never will he need to see these people again.

_Neville is waiting, and it is time for me to start my new life._ Thinks Harry as he apparates away from what is now his past moving towards his future.

Before Harry and Neville got sent back to their world, the Founders gave them a few bits of advice and where to find their private chambers. Contrary what Dumbledore believe the Chamber of Secrets was not where Salazar Slytherin resided. But, in a family suite with the love of his Godric Gryffindor. The chamber was his potions lab. Salazar, who insisted that Harry calls him grandfather as with all the other founders, shared a few secrets about his lab and where to find the rarest books and ingredients. Ingredients such as another basilisks egg that is under the strongest preservation hidden in a secret room of the chamber. Salazar instructs Harry that if he ever feels the need to hatch the egg to say the spell in Parseltongue.

Harry appears at where he and Neville are supposed to meet. Harry takes his cloak off and looks around to see if anyone noted his sudden appearance. When no one takes notice, Harry pulls up the cowl on his new hooded sweater. His grandmother Rowena taught Harry and Neville more complex glamor and Transfiguration spells. Harry looks around and sees Neville walking towards him. Neville stops in front of him then nods his head in Gringotts direction. Harry nods back, and they begin to walk. As they reach the entrance to the bank, the familiar words appear in front of them both.

_Enter, stranger, but take heed, Of what awaits the sin of greed. For those who take, but do not earn, Must pay most dearly in their turn. So if you seek beneath our floors A treasure that was never yours, Thief, you have been warned, beware Of finding more than treasure there”._
Neville and Harry walk through the doors ignoring the words; they have no plans to betray or incite the wrath of the Goblin Nation. Before they could ask for help Griphook steps before them blocking them from walking further into the bank. Griphook bows before them.

“Lord Potter, Lord Longbottom we have been awaiting your arrival.”

Both returning the bow acknowledged him. “May your gold grow and your enemies’ blood cover your blades. Master Griphook.” Harry and Neville chorused together. Their grandmother Helga taught Neville and Harry proper wizarding etiquette and customs and how to greet other magical creatures.

For a second, Griphook is amazed by hearing the respectful greetings. Influential wizards and witches view goblins, as ugly disgusting and greedy “creatures.” Wizards are forgetful and selfish creatures, thinks Griphook. They forget that the Goblin Nation bore masters and mistresses. We have fought, and won wars built a strong nation and bows to no one but their King. However, it seems these two have been taught to respect those others deem lesser and insignificant. Breaking from his thoughts Griphook replies with a slight bow once again, “May your endeavors thrive, and your enemies bleed by your hands for their treachery.”

As they stood up to their right position, Griphook could not stop admiring to two men who will change wizarding history. “This way my Lords,” he says as he turns and leads them down a different hallway away from peeping eyes.

Griphook shows them to a room closing the door quickly. Then waves his hand at the door wandlessly warding the room from anyone who dares to try and listen. Griphook walks over to the enormous desk in the room then takes a seat behind it. Piles of neatly stacked parchments with Gringotts official seal on them appears on the desk the second Griphook sits down.

“You can drop your glamor’s now young Heirs; this room is very secure.” Griphook instructs.

Both did as they were instructed by removing their glamor. But, before taking the offered seat Harry had to know. “Master Griphook how did you know who we are that we would visit today?”

Griphook chuckles, “It is very simple young one. The eve of your inheritance one of the many magical seals that were placed on the vaults by the Founders of Hogwarts broke, signaling the return of their Heirs. The minute you were close enough we the goblins felt your power and prepared ourselves for your arrival.”

“Can anyone else feel the new powers?” Neville asked.

“No ordinary witch or wizard, however, those of Elfin or Veela blood might have had they been in the vicinity.”

That made Harry pause for just a second, he checked his memory to see if he felt anything different when he appeared in the square or the bank. When nothing comes to mind Harry summarizes that he and Neville were safe from being recognized.

“Now Lord Longbottom,” Griphooks says breaking into Harry’s thoughts. “Let’s begin with you considering you are aware of your Lordship since birth.”

He handed a few parchments to Neville, who looks them over nodding his head as in agreement with whatever is written on them. “As per the law we have removed Augusta Longbottom’s name from all your accounts and have set up a separate vault with a monthly stipend. We have also
rented Blackbird Manor located in England to her. The funds will be withdrawn from her monthly stipend before the rest is deposited in her vaults.”

After looking them over Neville looks at Griphook, who then hands him a sharp and oddly designed dagger with a yellow, gold, and blue handle. Neville takes the dagger pricking his finger, blood pools at the tip of his finger. Neville quickly presses his blood tipped finger to each and every parchment. From his angel, Harry peeked over at the parchments in Neville’s hand reading the closest one to him.

Certificate of Birth

Name: Neville Franklin Longbottom

Father: Frank Longbottom-Living-St Mungo's Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries

Mother: Alice Longbottom-Living-St Mungo's Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries

Agusta Longbottom-Living relative- Magical Guardian – Regent to the House of Longbottom

Heir of Dukedom
-Archaic and Royal House of Gryffindor
-Archaic and Royal House of Ravenclaw

-Heir to the House of Longbottom

Estates & Properties
-Hogwarts
-Blackbird Manor, England
-Samuel Cottage, Switzerland
-Cobalt Manor, Ireland

Vaults
733-740-Longbottom
145-200-Gryffindor & Ravenclaw

“Now Lord Longbottom because you are the Gryffindor and Ravenclaw Duke you are allowed to wear both signet rings. You may choose to wear them both along with your Lordship ring.”

“I will wear the Gryffindor ring please, but have the Ravenclaw sent to Hogwarts.” Harry has no idea what Neville is thinking. However, wearing both rings shows his power and entitlement. He is a Duke, which is higher in status than a Lord.

“Very well,” Griphook says then snapping his finger, two boxes with the Gryffindor and Longbottom crest appears in the room in front of Neville on the desk. Griphook opens both boxes, and Harry see a large, beautiful and sparkling ruby square cut ring with a lion who seems to be pacing in the middle. Harry guesses that is Godric Gryffindor ring. The other smaller but equally beautiful clear crystal with the head of a blue eagle. I guess Neville was always meant to be the Duke of Ravenclaw after all. Harry thinks to himself.

“To ensure your claim over your Lordship and Dukedom young heir, I need you to prick your finger once again and add a small drop to each ring,” Griphook says.
Neville does as he was asked pricking his finger and tapping the jewel of both rings. Harry watch with fascination as the blood seeps into the rings and begins to glow. “You have been accepted as the heir of Longbottom and Duke of Gryffindor. Now take both the rings Duke Gryffindor and place them on separate fingers.”

Taking the rings, Neville put the Longbottom putting it on his right index finger. And the Gryffindor ring next to his ring finger on his left hand. With all of that done Neville looks at Griphook, and the goblin nods his head in approval.

“Now Lord Potter there is a few things we need to clear up before you can claim your Lordship and Dukedom. Since the death of your parents, we have kept a very close eye on your vaults. We have also sent letters to you every year since you started Hogwarts.”

“I haven’t gotten any owls.” Harry interrupts the goblin.

“That’s unfortunate; we have tried to reach you on numerous occasions. I am quite sure we have sent letters to your magical guardian Albus Dumbledore. He knew we desired to speak with you about the wishes of your parents and recently your Godfather’s wills.”

Harry seethes in his chair, gripping the handles. To hear the news that the goblins have been trying to get in touch with him, and that Dumbledore was his magical guardian. He didn’t even know that his parents left a will, and the fact that Dumbledore knew and kept all of this from him increased his mistrust in the Headmaster. That bastard!

“Master Griphook, I was not aware that I had a magical guardian. I have lived with my muggle relatives since the death of my parents.”

“How unfortunate,” Griphook sadly replies. “Now that you are here we can rectify the problem, we can also satisfy the wishes of your parents last will and testament.”

Griphook hands Harry three envelopes, they all had his name on them with three distinctly different handwritings. Harry guesses the letters are from his parents and Sirius. Sadness slowly creeps inside of him; these are the last words of the ones that loved him most. Three individuals that died saving his life. Tears wells in Harry’s eyes and he blinks a few times to keep them at bay. He puts two of the letters down and keeps the one with dainty and wispy handwriting that looks as if a female wrote it, maybe it is from his mother. Harry opens the letter and scans down to the end to see who signed it. He was right the letter is from his mother.

My Dearest Son,

If you are reading this, it means sadly I have died. I hope that you had a wonderful life and me that your father, Sirius, and Remus has not turned you into their littlest Marauder. I hope that my death did not take you away before I see you married and have a family of your own. But if, by chance, I was taken too soon I hope that you had a happy life with laughter and joy.

I hope that your father and I showed you what real love looks like and that I was there to see what a handsome young man you have grown up to be. I hope each and every day I as your mother encouraged you to be the best man you were meant to be. And, to let you know I am proud of you and that I am proud to be your mother. Harry my son, if I was not around to say it, I love you. I loved you from the day I knew you were within me, and I knew the minute I held you in my arms. Harry, I know that you will have your father’s strength, never be afraid of your strength, my son. His strength is one of the reasons why I fell in love with him. And his ability to make me laugh.

Harry, it is with sad regret that I write this letter. There is a war between the light and the dark
and you my son are the target. By now you know that your father and I are in hiding. There is a mad bent on his personal agenda trying to kill us. I pray my son we will not make it. There are so many things that I wish that I could say to you, Harry. But if your father and I die I want you to be protected. Remember Harry you are the light of our world, don’t you ever forget that.

I Lily-Ann Potter nee Evans of sound mind and body leaves this as my last will and testament.

First, to the goblins, by chance that James and I do not survive this war. I leave the care of Harry to his father, James Potter. James, please do not despair Harry will need you. Remember I love you always. And, please my darling find love again do not close your heart off, open it again love to another.

Second, if in the event that James Potter is not able to care for Harry. I leave him in the care of Sirius Black. Sirius, teach him, guide him. Tell him about James and I never let him forget us.

Third, if Sirius cannot care for Harry, I leave him with two people I trust the most. Remus Lupin and Severus Snape. Yes, I know about you two, I have known since our fifth year. I am pretty sure James and Sirius do not know because they would have kicked Severus’s arse. And, as to how I know I followed you Severus one day when you went to meet Remus. I trust you both to show Harry, love. Love that his father and I were not able to give him. Take care of him; protect him. Be the parents that we could not be.

Last by not least, I do not want Harry to go to my sister Petunia. I know that she is my only blood relative. I Lily-Ann Potter renounce Petunia Dursley nee Evans as my sister and blood relative. I renounce Vernon Dursley as my brother-in-law. I renounce their offspring Dudley Dursley as my nephew. I renounce any other child or children Petunia and Vernon Dursley should have. So mote it be.

Please, do not listen to anyone that claims Harry needs to be with Petunia. She is a vile woman. He and her husband are bigots; they hate anyone and anything to do with magic. I fear that if Harry should end up in their care he will be abused and neglected. He will not be loved and care for as a child should be.

I leave this last message to whoever is taking care of my pride and joy. I DO NOT TRUST ALBUS DUMBLEDORE. There are things that I have seen that have made me call into question his actions. The most important is the prophecy he speaks of and Harry's involvement. I question the validity and wonders if it is fake or misinterpreted to fit Dumbledores needs.

Dumbledore's reasons do not validate his motives for the greater good; I have been trying to find the truth. I fear my inquiries could lead to James and my death. The only ones I have voiced my concerns to are James, Frank & Alice Longbottom. I have reasons to believe that Dumbledore is hiding something. Please find the truth.

Remember most of all Harry, my son, I love you always.

Your Mother,
Lady Lily-Ann Potter nee Evan

The Noble and Ancient of Potter
I hope to get the other two letters in the next chapter or chapters.
Holding back tears Harry carefully and neatly refolds his mother’s letter and put it back in the envelope. Harry pinch the bridge of his nose closing his eyes in thought. His mother did not trust the Headmaster. What were her reasons? She mentions his actions, what was the Headmaster doing to Lily Potter the smartest and lightest witch to not trust him? Harry wishes he knew the answers and could ask someone directly. But who can he trust? Remus would be the perfect person to ask but so far all Harry can see is that the other man have utmost trust the man has in Dumbledore.

Harry removes his hands from his face and leans forward resting his elbows on his knees then running his fingers through his hair. Things are getting so fucked up! Would Snape still hate me if he knew my mother wanted him to care for me? I will never know the answer to that. Harry leans back and looks at Neville, who was watching him intently. Neville knows what was in his mother’s letter because he read it out loud for Neville and Griphook to hear. Neville rests his hand on one of Harry’s shoulder and squeezes in it support and comfort. Harry pats Neville’s hand gripping his fingers as if it is his lifeline. Harry then picks up the next envelope and opens it. He scans it like he did with his mother’s letter seeing it is from Sirius.

Hey Pup,

I guess if you’re reading this then I am dead. I know you Harry; I know that you think my death is your fault. Do not blame yourself. Things happen in life that we cannot control. You are not at fault, so get that thought out of your head right now. Protecting you is my only priority.

I’m sorry pup. I regret that the night your parents died I did not stay with you. I should have stayed
and cared for your needs than my need for revenge. I regret so many things since that night. I am sorry that I was not there for every step in your childhood. I am sorry because of my foolish decision you went to live with those gods’ awful muggles who did nothing but abused you and caused you nothing but pain. It is why I hope what I am about to do will make up for everything. I love you, Harry James Potter, and you are the son I wished I had. You are brave and courageous. You are not your father. You, Harry, are your own man with your destiny. Do not let someone choose the path you should go. Choose your path in life no matter what some prophecy declares.

I love you, pup. Know that your parents and I are proud of the man that you are and will become.

Oh and hey pup; when you finally get rid of old moldyshorts do it with a smile on your face.

LAST WILL & TESTAMENT

I Sirius Orion Black, of sound my and absolutely gorgeous body, declare this as my last will and testament.

To Remus I leave Fifty thousand galleons, buy some new clothes Remus J Lupin (no give backs), spend it on the brooding bat. I also leave Remus the Raglan cottage off the coast of Ireland. Make it a home with Severus. Yes, I knew I saw you meeting him on the map one day in our sixth year. Be happy Remus.

To Severus first let me say. I am sorry for the mean tricks that and pranks I played on you when we were in school. I let childish pettiness get in the way, and we could have been excellent friends. Make him happy Severus; find a cure for him I know you can do it. To Severus Snape, I leave seventy thousand galleons.

I Sirius Black Lord of the Most Noble, and Ancient House Black hereby disinherit Bellatrix Lestrange nee Black from the house of Black. I hereby, reinstate Andromeda Tonks back into the Most Ancient House of Black. So mote it be.

I Sirius Black hereby, name my godson, Harry James Potter, my heir, my son in all but blood. He will have the title Lord Black and the Black family vaults and estate. I hereby name Remus J Lupin and Severus Tobias Snape as Harry’s godfathers and magical guardian. It is what Lily would have wanted.

Last but not least, Harry, there is so many things that I wanted to say to you. But every time I tried to get you alone someone interrupts us. One thing I have noticed pup is they cannot be trusted. Trust no one but Remus and Snape. They are the only two besides myself I believe have your best interest at heart. They will protect and teach you. The others are lying to you. I have had a niggling feeling that Dumbledore is lying to us about the prophecy and Voldemort. I am not sure how to prove it.

But ask yourself this Harry, why was it I was sent to Azkaban when Dumbledore was the one who cast the fidelius charm. He was there when we worked out who the secret keeper was. My mistake was running after Peter. Dumbledore could have asked for my retrial. He is the Supreme Mugwump after all. The leader of the light, everyone listens to him. But, he didn’t Harry. I was left to rot in Azkaban for twelve damn years, and you were sent to live with those dreadful relatives.

I know that I am going off on a tangent. But, find the answers and the truth for yourself Harry. I know that you can do it. I have faith in you pup. I have one last advice, Harry. Find love and never be afraid to hold on to it. I don’t care if it is a man or a woman, as long as you are happy. Love is important and do not let anyone tell you any different. I made that mistake. I never told the woman I loved how much I needed her in my life, how much I loved her. Don’t do the same thing I did,
Harry. You will regret it the same way I did. I love you!

Your Godfather,
Lord Sirius Black

Lord of the Noble and Most Ancient House of Black

Harry is stunned. What the hell! The second important person in his life that questions Dumbledore motives. Even their words confused him. If they had so little trust in him why did they follow his lead in everything? Harry has to find out what is going on, and there are too many unanswered questions swirling around in his head.

The sound of a throat clearing pulls Harry from his confusing thoughts. He looks up from Sirius letter to see Griphook holding a small jewelry box in the palm of his outstretched hand. Harry leans forward and gently takes the box from the goblins hand. Neville’s hand that rested on his shoulder while he read Sirius’s letter slowly falls off. Harry opens the box and gasps at the beautiful ring nestled between plush cushions.

“This ring belongs to the House of Black family. You may choose to wear entitled to Lord Black.” Harry snaps his head up staring at Griphook. Call him silly but he thought the Black family ring was well black. Not cobalt blue with specks green, yellow and another color Harry cannot name. The gem sits on a white gold band. Griphook saw the questioning look on Harry’s face chuckles and answered his question. “Young Lord, that is the black opal. They are rare gems because of the time it takes to produce one of the precious stones. They are found deep in the mountains of Ethiopia and Mexico.” Griphook explains.

“The gems are a quite extraordinary Harry,” Neville tells him.

“That ring has been in the Black family for centuries, passed down to each Black Lord.” Griphook continues. “No one is sure where it came from, but some believe it is from Andamooka in South Australia.”

Harry pulls the ring from the jewelry box, he holds it up in the air inspecting it looking for something new but does not find anything. Harry gets ready to slip the ring on his finger when Griphook stops him. “As with Duke Gryffindor you will need to apply a small amount of your blood to the ring,” the goblin tells him.

“I wanted to ask,” Harry says. “Why do I need to give blood to a ring?”

“It is so that the ring knows who you are,” Neville responds. “With magic anyone can impersonate you with the use of polyjuice, you saw for yourself when Crouch Jr. pretended to be Moody in the fourth year. When we do a mini blood ritual especially in a place as magically permeated as Gringotts with family heirlooms, the jewelry recognizes you as a part of the family, and no one can steal it from you.”

“Wow, Neville,” Harry says with a smile. “I had no idea you were so knowledgeable about blood rituals.”

Neville’s cheeks pinked, embarrassed by Harry’s compliment no doubt. Then he shrugs, “I spend a
lot of time alone with lots of books, nothing to do but read.” He whispers.

“Well, I’m glad to have you on my side Nev,” Harry murmurs. It is a shame no one gets to see this side of Neville. The smart, funny and easy going man sitting beside him. All they see is a bumbling fool. No longer, this year things are going to change.

Harry picks up the same knife Neville used to prick his fingers. Harry follows the same instructions the other man did then slips the ring onto his ring finger on his right hand, and the ring glows then shrinks to fit his finger.

“Would you like to continue young Lord or take a break?” The goblin asks.

“Yes, let us continue,” Harry continue. “But is it possible to get something brought in for us to eat?”

“Certainly, I will order something for us to eat, and you can continue to read. I believe you have another letter waiting.”

The truth is Harry was trying to stall. He was not sure he can read another letter, especially from his father. But he had to do, he needed to know what were his father’s last words. He picks up the last letter, and it felt heavy in his hand. It’s now or never. Taking a deep breath and letting it out slowly, Harry opens the letter and begins to read.

My Prongslet,

If you are reading this before you reached the age of sixteen, it means I have died. And, I am sorry I was not there to see you grow to become the man I know you can be. I know that you were told stories about the madman trying to kill us, and it is true. Please, Harry, understand that your mother and I are doing and did everything that we possibly can to keep you safe. I have set up provisions in place just in case your mom and I both die.

I want you to know Harry we love you. The day I found out that your mother was carrying you, I was terrified. I was afraid because I did not know if I would be a good father to you. There are so many things I wanted to teach and show you. I wanted to be there when you had your first crush, the first time you had your first kiss or see your face the first time you flew on a broom. The freedom I felt the first time I flew beyond the skies on a broom it was indescribable. I’m sorry my son, I’m sorry I failed to protect you.

Harry eyes blurs with tears he’s been holding back. This day did not turn out the way he expected. Last words of his parents were not something he expected to read today. Harry wipes the tiny droplets of tears that fell on his cheeks. Strong hands engulf him from his left side, holding him close. Comfort, love and acceptance emotions he has never felt before.

“You are no longer alone Harry. We are in this together. From this day forward we are brothers in everything even blood.” Neville says in his ears. Harry leans in Neville’s strong arms, who rocks him while he cries. Hours or even minutes later Harry begins to calm down, but Neville still has him in his arms. Harry pulls away slowly and turns to look at Neville, they stare at each other for a long time, understanding passes between men. Harry cup’s Neville cheeks leaning up, even kneeling the other boy is taller than him. Harry kiss Neville on the forehead then press their heads together.

“Brother’s,” He says.

Neville cups the back of his head, “blood and all.” He finishes.
After a few minutes they part from each other, Neville goes back to his seat. Feeling stronger than he did before Harry picks up his father’s letter and continues to read.

_The day that you were born, and the medi-witch gently placed you in my arms I was lost. And, your baby green eyes locked onto mine, I knew that I would do absolutely anything to protect you and keep you safe._

_I hope that with the time I had with you, I did a good job, I hope that I lived long enough to see all the things I talked about earlier. I hope that I was the day you found the man or woman you want to spend the rest of your life with, I was there to see you take their hand in marriage. I want will to find the same if not, a deeper and passionate love that your mother and I had._

_My greatest hope is that you will never have to read this. But, I fear Voldemort will find us, and we will not survive. Which is why I included this in my letter to you._

_LAST WILL & TESTAMENT_

_I James Charlus Potter of sound mind and body declare this my last will and testament. I hereby name my son, Harry James Potter my heir to the Noble House of Potter and all it holds. At the age of sixteen he shall be declared emancipated and receive the title of Lord Potter._

_If his mother Lily Potter nee Evans cannot care for Harry, he will go to the care of Sirius Orion Black, his godfather. Sirius, I know that you will care for my Prongslet as if he was your own._

_If Sirius Black is unable to care for Harry, he is to be placed in the care of Remus John Lupin and Severus Tobias Snape. I know that they will watch and care for him. Severus, no matter what we were in the past I know you will put it behind you to care for my son. I James C. Potter trust Severus Tobias Snape with the welfare of Harry James Potter. I also leave fifty thousand galleons each. For Merlin, sake get yourself some new clothes. I also leave to you the rear defense first edition books and journals you have coveted in the Potter library. Snape take care of my best friend if hurt him I will hunt you for the rest of your life. I leave you both the Potter cottage in Scotland._

_Prongslet, I leave you with these final words. If I meet my death before your fifth birthday, I place the blame squarely on my shoulders. I put my trust in the wrong person, and it lead to my death. Do not trust the twinkling blue eyes, behind those eyes are lies and nothing but deceit and betrayal. I found out too late, Harry. And, there was nothing I could do to stop it in time. Keep your friends close and your enemies closer._

_I am proud and love you, Harry. Live your life for you and no one else._

_Your Father,_

_Lord James C. Potter_

_Lord of the Noble House of Potter_

Harry stops reading and set his father’s letter down. Harry covers his face with his hands, hiding and holding back more tears. In the span of two weeks, he’s cried more times than he can count. His parents and Sirius did not trust Dumbledore, but he followed the old man’s lead, maybe he did it out of guilt. Also, from Sirius’s letter it seems that his friends cannot be trusted as Harry himself is beginning to suspect. His mother, father and Sirius all basically said to trust Snape. _How can I trust a man who believes I am a replica of James Potter and nothing else?_

Harry tries to get himself together, but his emotions will not settle. He gets up from the chair for
the first time since entering the room. There are no windows, and he feels a bit stifled. His breathing begins to speed up, and his heart feels as if it is about to burst through his chest. The room becomes silent and sweat washes over him. Harry’s wings bursts from his back, tearing at his clothes. His nails grow into claws. He feels as if he is going crazy. Harry opens his mouth, and a loud animalist roar comes from his mouth. The sound bounces off the walls and ceiling in the room; It sound as if a large animal made the noise. Harry is too much in his pain and grief he did not see Neville and Griphook covering their ears.

Why must life be so cruel?

Harry continues to roar with anger, pain and sadness. Neville did not comfort him this time because he understood. Griphook a goblin with a heart of steal wipe a solid tear from his cheek. The noise was so loud and strong it broke the silencing charm Griphook placed on the door when they came in. The sound echoed through the halls and into the main entrance of the now empty bank. The goblins who remained bowed their heads as they listen to the creature’s sad cry. Back in the room, Harry is seen on his knees, and his wings cocooned around him. The room is quiet and still.

Slowly Harry’s wing part and the man inside of it falls to the floor. He curls into the fetal position and close his eyes tight blocking out the world. Why am I so weak?

“You are not weak my son; you are in pain.” The sweetest and calmest voice Harry has ever heard replies.

Harry opens his eyes and connects with pools of black eyes, with long silver hair. The entity seems as if it is bathed in a bright luminescent bright light. The entity had the face of both male and female, but oddly it was not unattractive. Quickly he gets up and looks around. He is still in the bank, and Neville and Griphook are still in their position looking at Harry, but they are not moving.

“Who are you?” Harry whispers. “And what have you done to them?” He asks pointing to Neville and Griphook.

The smiles, “I am who was, who is, and who is yet to come.” The entity steps closer to Harry. “Worry not young one your friends are safe.”

Harry creases his brows as he stares at thinking of what this thing could be. The entity moved closer to him and lifts is chin gently for Harry to look in its face. Then it hits him, “Why do you hate me?”

“I do not hate you young one, and you are my most precious child. There will come a time when you must choose life and death for another. And what you experienced will help you decide their fate.”

“Why-why me,”

“Because you will change the world, young one. You are destined for great things.”

“I do not feel great at the moment,” Harry murmurs to the entity.

“Well, you are because I willed it that way. I must leave you but remember my words young one. The day will come when you must decide his fate.”

“Who? Whose fate?” Harry did not get an answer in an instant the entity was gone, and Harry finds himself sitting in the chair and his father’s letter in his hand. His clothes back to normal and his wings are hidden once again. Everything was back to what it was before. Did I just imagine that? No, I couldn’t have.

“Lord Potter-Black are you ready to continue.” Harry turns his head quickly facing Griphook, then
down to the object in his hand. He was holding another box and this time Harry recognized the Potter crest. Harry brushed what happened a few minutes ago and focused on the matter at hand. As with his mother and Sirius letters Harry carefully fold his father’s letter and place it back in the envelope.

He clears his throat, “yes, I’m ready.” His voice sounds scratchy as if he has been yelling and screaming for hours. Neville and Griphook did not seem to notice, and if they did, neither mentioned it. Griphook opens the box and inside was a ring, the Potter family ring a marvelous red ruby. Not wasting anytime Harry takes the ring from its cushioned pillows and follows the same thing he did with the Black family ring.

“You, can put this on the same finger with that of the Black ring. They will meld together.” Griphook informs him.

Harry did as he is told putting on the Potter ring on the same finger with the Black ring. Both the Black and Potter ring became one. Both rings melded together and created a unique symbol of yin and yang.

The next course of action was working out the Black and Potter estates and vaults. Harry's mind was not focused it kept going back to what he just experienced. Each vault has a substantial amount of galleons. Harry knows that both the Potter and Blacks family are a part of the old Pureblood wizarding family. Harry also knows that members of the Black and the Potter’s contributed significantly to the wizarding world, with the inventions of spells and potions. That adds more galleons to their vaults handsomely. He combined with all his the vaults together made Harry richer than even the Malfoys.

“I just need you to prick your finger, then with the tip of your bloody finger tap each document.” Griphook directs. “We can now move on to the next part.” Harry did as he was told.

Griphook gave Harry a copy of his birth certificate as he did with Neville. And parchments copy of his vaults and estates holdings.

CERTIFICATE OF BIRTH

Name: Harry James Potter-Black
Father: James Charlus Potter-Deceased
Mother: Lily Potter nee Evans-Deceased
Sirius Orion Black-Godfather
Remus J Lupin –Magical Guardian
Severus Snape-Magical Guardian-Hogwarts Potion Master

Heir of Noble and Ancient Houses & Dukedom
-Archaic and Royal House of Slytherin
-Archaic and Royal House of Hufflepuff
-Archaic and Royal House of Peverell

-Heir to the Noble House of Black
Potter
Estates & Properties
-Hogwarts
-Black Manor, England
-Grove Cottage, Switzerland
-Kingslake Manor, Ireland
-Ashtree Court, Scotland
-Potter Manor, England
Number 12 Grimmauld Place, England

Vaults
156-250-Pervell
110-144-Slytherin and Hufflepuff
770-820-Potter

What the fuck! Harry is completely dumbstruck; I am a descendant of the Peverell’s? Why the hell didn’t I know this? Harry thought the names were a myth tale’s parents tell their children of the three brothers who held the deathly hallows.

Harry looks at his birth Certificate again; he is not shocked anymore to see Snape’s name as his magical guardian. His parents and Sirius already made the point clear that they trust Snape. Now I just need to figure out if I want to tell him or not. Then Harry remembers something from his father’s letter. “Griphook, in my dad’s letter he emancipated me at the age of sixteen. Is that why you were trying to get in touch with me? And if I am emancipated shouldn’t I have gotten your letters?”

“That is true young Lord, but according to your magical guardian, you wanted to concentrate on the war at hand.”

Harry shakes his head, in astonishment at the Headmaster’s lies and deceit. “Griphook, I take it he also had access to my vaults as well?”

“Yes and we regret that, young Lord.”

“But it says here that Professor Snape is my magical guardian. Does anyone else know about this?”

“On the night your parents died. Albus Dumbledore had their wills sealed with the authorization from the Ministry. He informed the Ministry that he was your magical guardian, and at the request of your parents you were to be sent to a safe, undisclosed location.”

Harry is seething; he could not believe the manipulations of the Headmaster. Then a thought hit him. “If he is my magical guardian, I would have also gotten a monthly stipend or the individual of who cared for me?”

“Yes, they would be able to access your vaults to provide for you. When you reach the age of eleven, your vault key would be given to you. We also keep a record of who had access to your vaults. We assume whoever accessed you vault has your permission of course.”

Harry’s eyes widen at that statement, the only one he gave permission to once was Mrs. Weasley. He quickly grabs his records from Griphook’s hands and scans them for names and dates. He gasps at the names of who entered his vaults without his permission.

Albus Dumbledore –November 1981-Present
Molly Weasley –June, 1991-Present
Ronald & Ginevra Weasley, August 1991- Present
All this time they have been stealing from me. Where they paid? Was it their plan all along to befriend me then use me? For what? What purpose? Question after question runs through Harry’s mind, and no answer comes to mind. It is as if they conspired against him before they knew him.

This time Harry did not have a meltdown, he held in his anger and began to plot his revenge. Harry and Neville took a bit longer to finish up with the goblins. Out his three Dukedoms, Harry decided to wear the Slytherin ring. The Slytherin ring he wears on his left hand next to his vacant ring finger. Harry instructed Griphook to carry out Sirius and his parents’ wishes to the letter.

Before leaving Gringotts, Harry ensured that he had new keys to his vaults. Harry decided not to pursue his ex-best friends and the others for the stolen money. What they took would not put a dent in his galleons Harry has plans to recoup his loss in other ways. Harry and Neville because of their wealthy status in wizarding society was given cards that are connected to their directly to their vaults. This way they would not have to carry a pouch or come back to Gringotts each time they require money or to make a purchase. After all the paperwork was taken care of Griphook told them that as a direct order of their king the powerful and great Ragnarok, the goblin nation stands behind him. They will aid him in his fight against their enemies. The last thing Harry and Neville did before leaving the bank was a blood exchange.

Harry used his fangs and bit into his wrist, and Neville did the same. With Griphook as their witness both males put their wrist together repeating the chant officiated by the goblin.

“One alone now together, brother’s in blood brothers in flesh.”

Harry and Neville watch in fascination as blood runs down their joined arms and falls in the bowl underneath mingling together becoming one. Griphook tells them to separate their wrist from each other. In an instant, the bowl begins to shake then breaks. The liquid within lifts up, parts in two and wraps around their wrists. Slowly the red liquid begins to disappear below their skins and their bite marks with it. Once all the blood is gone a shiver runs through Harry and Neville from his reaction to him gasping and taking a breath. Harry looks at the boy that is now and truly his blood brother and notice his appearance did not change.

“If you are wondering Young Lords your appearances will not change, however, you will know when your brother is in need. His blood will sing to you.” Harry and Neville nod their heads turn and look at each other and smile. What a day. Harry can only think from now on things will have to get better.

When Harry and Neville walked out of the banks with their glamor’s back in place, they decided that it was time for him to look the part of well-respected Dukes. Neville and Harry make their way to a more upscale part of Diagon Alley. For the first time in his life, Harry bought clothes that fit. He realizes he like the way leather looks and feels on him and purchases a few leather pants and jackets. New underwear, silk shirts in various colors, most silver and green. Harry also buys new shoes in leather, as well as leather boots with thicker, wider heels that give him adding height to his already short stature.

Harry also decided to get a new trunk with more compartments with no lock that requires a password to open. For once in his life Harry did not care about the money and his friends shopping with him was poor. Neville spent as much as he did if not more. Because his new growth Neville bought a whole new wardrobe. Harry walks in front of the mirror wearing black jeans so tight they look like a second skin and a purple silk shirt. Harry nods his head at his appearance. With a new look and a new attitude, Harry felt like an entirely new person. He tried not to bring his thoughts down by thinking of what the entity said, who’s life will I need to decide on and why me?
With two weeks left before the start of school, Harry and Neville decided to take a mini-vacation. That required more shopping that Harry find that he enjoyed much to Neville’s grumblings of displeasure. They made their way around the Alley, gathering their required school supplies getting it out of the way. This year Harry promised himself things will be different. No longer will he be made to look like a fool. He remembers his father's last words “Keep your friends close, but your enemies closer.”

Chapter End Notes

This will be the last chapter for a while. Not too long though. I want to update two chapters at a time so I will be working on them.

In the next coming chapter's they will be at school. Also, the first kiss between Draco and Harry will happen.
Chains Crossing is always busy with students the beginning of September going back to Hogwarts. Harry and Neville arrived early to beat the rush of all the other students who tries to stow their trunks on the train. While vacationing Harry and Neville discussed what they learned from Sirius and his parents letters. Harry planned on holding back the event of meeting the entity. Harry explained what happened and described the features of the Being. Neville along with Harry believe he encountered fate itself. Fate’s words constantly ring in his ears. “There will come a day when you must decide his destiny.” Neither Harry or Neville can figure out who that person will be. Harry secretly hopes it is not Dumbledore; he is not sure he can put aside his anger at the man to save his life.

They also discussed revealing themselves as their heirs for Hogwarts and agreed to keep the knowledge to themselves until the right moment. Neville the genius he found a spell that would hide their rings identifying them as Dukes. Harry and Neville will be the only ones to see their rings. Once they discover and become comfortable with their mates, the rings will be visible to them also. Harry and Neville both wondered who their mates could be. Harry admitted to Neville that before grandmother Helga told him his chosen will be male he notices that he enjoys staring at the male physic. The length of their fingers, the width of their shoulders and chest. And sometimes his eyes go directly to their crotch wondering how big their cock could be. If Harry were to admit out loud, he likes guys who have a more alpha personality. Harry remember the burning in his cheeks revealing this all to Neville, who looks completely unfazed.

They talked about the best way to expose Ron, Hermione and Ginny. It still hurt to think that the ones he considered family are stealing from him. The lies of pretending to be his friend making
him feel as if he is apart of their family. Especially the Weasley’s. Ms. Weasley, who made him feel welcomed, showed him motherly care one minute, and in the next breath takes from his vaults behind his back. Ginny, who Harry now suspects, wants to marry him for the title of Lady Potter and all the honor that goes with it. Ron, who has always been jealous that Harry has more than he does. More money, more people that likes when they don't want to, and looks better. And Hermione, who Harry cannot figure exactly why she would betray him, Hermione is smart and alright in the looks department. Her parents in the muggle world are substantially wealthy, what could her possible motive be?

“Harry, do you plan on speaking with Snape?” Neville asks, breaking Harry from his thoughts.

“I’m not sure.” That was another situation that concerned Harry. The fact that Severus Snape is his magical guardian. In some sense now that Sirius is dead Snape is his magical godfather.

“I got an “O” in potions on my O.W.L.S,” Harry tells Neville shrugging his shoulders. “I will be in his advanced potions class this year. I may use the opportunity in one of my many detentions he will no doubt dish out for something he deems unworthy.” Harry tells him then turns to look out the window. "Do you think Snape and Remus are still dating?”

Neville shrugs his shoulders in response, "Maybe," He answers then asks. “Do you think if he knew he is your magical guardian that he would have treated you different?”

“Maybe, maybe not. With Snape, you can never tell.” Harry hopes that if and when he speaks with Snape the man at least listens to what he has to say.

“That is very true.” Neville responds. “I’ve been wondering who my mate could be,” He says switching topics. It was one thing noticed with Neville his mind goes from one topic to another. “Have you thought about who your mate might be?” He asks Harry. Neville continues speaking without waiting for Harry’s response. “I'm not picky about gender love is love. I hope that it is someone who can accept me for who I am.”

“If they don’t accept you it is their loss Nev,” Harry tells him. “Besides I will kick their arses for you.” Neville chuckled at the stern tone of Harry’s voice.

“I believe you brother,” Neville says. “I like calling you that.”

“Calling me what?” asks Harry.

“I like calling you brother; it feels natural saying it,” He says with a pleasant smile.

Harry returns his smiles with a nod of his head in agreement, “I know what you mean. And to answer your question.” He continues. “I have thought about it, Nev I just hope it’s not someone I dislike.” Like Draco Bloody Malfoy. Harry mentally shivers, as good looking at the other man, is he cannot picture himself with the blonde git. They would constantly argue, he would drive Harry mental. “Now we just have to be careful of who touches us,” He says to Neville.

The train begins to fill up. “I hope they don’t find me.” Harry did not need to clarify who they were. Harry want to have a peaceful train ride back to Hogwarts without Hermione asking questions and Ron his stupid “yeah mate” responses. They chose a compartment in the far back hiding away from prying eyes or ears. The compartment door opens both Harry and Neville starts in surprise. Harry prays it is not the three traitors instead Luna walks in then close the door and goes down to one knee.

“I Luna Rayen Lovegood, pledge myself, my gift and knowledge as a seer to the heirs of Hogwarts.
Duke Gryffindor and Duke Slytherin. I promise to aid them in the defeat of the Dark Lords that plagues the Wizarding World. So mote it be!”

A bright yellow glow of light that engulfs all three in the compartment then quickly disappears. Heat settles then run up Harry’s spine making him gasps, he turns and looks at Neville, who has the same reaction to Luna’s pledge.

Luna gets up then sits on the opposite side in front of Harry and Neville. Both are speechless and unsure of what to say. The compartment is silent as all three sit and stares at each other; no one noticed the train started to move because of what just happened. “Luna, why…how…?” Harry could not form his words correctly to ask the proper questions.

“Don't worry Harry, all will be revealed in time,” Luna, tells him. “I know there are things I cannot reveal, and there are some things I must let happen, and there are things I cannot see. But I will help you in any way that I can.” Luna assures him.

Harry did not know that Luna was a seer, but will not use her knowledge. He does not want to violate the cosmic balance by knowing something he should not.

I can feel what you are thinking Harry,” She says then turn to Neville. “You as well Neville.”

Neville opens his mouth to respond, but Luna stops him. “This is new to all of us. Neville an Elf and the Duke of Gryffindor and Ravenclaw. Harry a Veela and the Duke of Slytherin and Hufflepuff. And I am a Seer and the Guardian of Hogwarts.” No one spoke at Luna’s announcement. “I came into my inheritance earlier this summer. It was a shock to my father and me, with magic we have to learn to expect the unexpected. There will be things all three of us will be required to do some will be very unpleasant, but it must be done for the preservation of magic. Voldemort is correct magic is dying, and we need to hold on to it at all cost. But he is wrong it is not because of muggles it is because of ignorance and the unwillingness of to accept the differences of others.”

She’s right, magic has a way of changing every aspect of our lives and the less we know about it, the less we will want to keep it alive within us. Harry had no idea he was a wizard until the age of eleven, and now he inherits a kingdom of sorts all because of magic. Magic comes in many different forms. And maybe Voldemort is right like Luna says, but at the moment Harry cannot see beyond his need for revenge to see through the other man or is it creature’s agenda. “I agree with you Luna, magic has a way of making your life delightful and on the other hand, downright dreadful on the next. It is up to us how exactly we want those changes to affect you.”

The three friends smile at each other, despite the seriousness of the conversation they always find a way to make each other feel at ease. “Congratulations on your inheritance, Luna,” Harry says,

“Yes,” Neville pipes in. “Congratulations.” Neville gets up from his seat to hug Luna.

Harry is about to stop him when Luna says, “I’m not his mate, nor yours.” She chuckles. “And as beautiful and handsome as you both are I see you both as my big brother and not my lovers.” With a sigh of relief Neville hugs, Luna, when he pulls back Harry, pulls Luna into his arms giving her a hug. When they pull away from each other Luna touches his face, “I am sorry they hurt you, big brother. But now you have me, Neville and your mate and soon more family members than you will ever dream of.”

“Thanks, Luna,” He says kissing her on the cheek. They all sit back down breaking the tension from earlier.

“Now how was your vacation?” Luna asks Harry and Neville. Harry chuckles and begins to tell
Luna about their vacation with Neville jumping in. Laughter filled the compartment.

Draco is anxious and, he could not figure why. After, his birthday and inheritance the rest of his summer went fine. Draco’s thought about who his mate would be especially two weeks ago for split second emotions of anger and sadness pierced his heart. Before Draco could wonder if his mate was hurt or in danger, the feeling was gone as if it was never there. Draco knows he should have spoken to his parents about it but for an unexplained reason he wanted to keep it to himself.

Other than that he still hung out with his friends, Blaise, Pansy, and Theo. Draco and his friend would meet up for outings such as shopping, flying and anything they felt like doing that day. Two weeks ago Draco and his parents decided to take a mini-vacation to a tropical island. He was able to let his hair down so to speak and not worry about school or finding his mate. This morning before heading to Kings Crossing his father pulled him aside and told him not to focus on finding his mate. He express to Draco that he should keep up with his studies and to keep his nose out of trouble. His father hugs him then tells Draco he loves him before they floo to the train station.

Draco sits in the compartment listening to Theo and Blaise argue over their favorite Quidditch team. Blaise is Draco’s best friend. They have been friends since they were kids always getting into trouble and have each other’s backs no matter what. Theo joined Blaise and Draco’s friendship just before the start of their first year. Theo lived with his aunt in another part of England. Theo’s father lost his mind after the death of his wife during childbirth. Pansy and Daphne sort of became a part of the group; no one can rightly point out when they joined the group it was as if she has always been there.

Currently, Theo thinks that his team the Falcons will cream the Chudley Cannons this year for the Championship Cup. Blaise thinks otherwise.

“What do you think Dray? Whom are you rooting for?” Theo asks.

Draco would rather not be a part of the conversation, but he gives Theo his famous Malfoy smirk. “I not rooting for either team. I agree the Falcons have it in the bank. Woods is a good beater but without Krum as their seeker they don't have a chance. Now the Ravens they have a better shot at the cup, did you see the Mason Chatman caught the snitch in less than it took Levi Odem to score a goal.”

Both boys scowl at him for that comment. Everyone and their mother knows that the Ravens are Draco’s favorite Quidditch team. Draco believes no other team is better than the Ravens. Blaise and Theo certainly did not agree they are about to debate Draco’s claim when Daphne another female of the group speak up.

“So Draco, have you thought any more about who could be your mate?” It was not a secret among his friends that he is a Veela, granted they were all sworn to secret that they cannot reveal it to anyone outside of their group.

Draco shrugs his shoulders, “I have thought about it. It’s just going to be very hard to figure out who it could be.”

“Do you think it is someone who attends Hogwarts?” Question Daphne. That has been Draco’s biggest issue. Is his mate a student at Hogwarts? Will they money and power hungry? Or some weak and sniveling fool? Draco hopes fate will not be so cruel to him and pair him with someone
he will constantly have to protect because they cannot protect themselves. Draco knows his mate will be a submissive, but he wants them to be strong and able to take care of themselves and any kits they will have. Draco wants an equal partner for his mate.

“They might be,” Draco answers. “But who knows.”

Thank Merlin for small favors Theo changed the subject just before Pansy could ask a question no doubt about his mate. “Did anyone hear any juicy gossip about Potter this summer?” Draco lips pull back in a smirk leave it to Theo to ask a question about Potter. Draco has a feeling that Theo has a slight crush on Potter. “There have not been any news regarding Ha- I mean Potter.”

*Poor Theo* thinks Draco. Theo is a couple inches shorter than Draco is with compact muscles. *Theo is not a bad looking guy, but he is just not Potter’s type. Wait! What how the hell do I know what Potters type is?*

“Tracy told me she saw him at Gringotts with Longbottom about two weeks ago. If I remember his birthday was over the summer.” Daphne declares to the group.

Gods I hope he got some clothes that fit?” Pansy adds in. “As anyone ever wonder why he is never seen during the summer?”

“I would figure the fact that a deranged man wants his head on a silver platter should answer that question.” Theo says sarcastically shocking everyone in the compartment. Everyone turn to look at Theo as if he lost his head. No one defends Potter most importantly a Slytherin. After Theo’s statement, Draco the subject to something more important Potter.

Before the train arrives at Hogsmeade Station, all of the students on the train changed into their robes. Realizing that he needed to use the loo, Harry excused himself from Luna and Neville. Making his way to the bathroom, he sees Ron and Hermione making their rounds. Quickly he slips into the restroom on the train before either one of them noticed him. As they pass by, he hears a little of their conversation.

“Did you see Potter on the train?” Probes Ron.

Ron and Hermione stop in front of the bathroom door. Hermione being the smarter out of the two quickly checks her surroundings to make sure that no one could hear their conversation.

“No, and I looked for the prat.” Hermione answers. “How stupid can you be not to notice that we do not like you?” Ron shrugs his shoulders in response to her question. “I’m telling you, Ron, I will not put myself in danger on his behalf no matter what the Headmaster promises. I am through with all of his adventures.”

“I feel you, Mione. He has no regards for the danger he drags us in. Every bloody year we have to listen to him bitch and moan about his relatives. Blah, blah, blah… Merlin, I don't know how much longer we can pretend to be his friend.”

“We just have to stick it out until he gets rid of the Dark Lord and marry Ginny. After that, we can get rid of him.” Hermione tells Ron. “Just a little longer. Then we can have the life we always dreamed of, you and me traveling the world all on Potters dime,” She says sweetly.
“I hope it’s not too long,” Ron tells her as he steps into her personal space wrapping an arm around her tiny waist. “Do you think the Headmaster will let Ginny slip him any more of the potions?” Ron leans down placing gentle kisses on Hermione’s cheeks. Hermione moves her head to the side allowing him to kiss her neck. She giggles when Ron’s breath tickles her ear.

“I don’t think so,” Hermione says pulling away from his arms with a smile. “Maybe he has something different this year.” She runs her hands down her robes straightening it. “Since the imperious spell doesn't work on him, he will have to find something stronger.”

Ron smirks at Hermione's attempt to stop his roving hands from touching her while they talked. “Hopefully he hasn't figured out the ones that are already on him,” For Ron, it seems each time they plot Potter’s demise he gets aroused. He loves touching Hermione while her marvelous brain continues to work; he finds it erotic that she never gets distracted from their topic. She filled out wonderfully over the summer. Larger breast, a nicer bum and let’s not talk about her shapely legs that Ron loves grabbing onto while he fucks her stupid when they are wrapped tightly around his waist.

“This is Harry we are talking about Ron,” Hermione says pulling Ron from his erotic thoughts. “The idiot could not figure out a question even if the answer were given to him,” She says folding her arms across her shapely breasts. “Come on let’s try finishing our rounds before the train reaches the station.” Hermione walks in front of Ron and even with her robes on his eyes zooms right to her bum.

They walk away from the bathroom door. With no idea that Harry heard the whole conversation. Harry stays in the restroom a little longer getting his thoughts together. Harry got over being hurt backstabbing gits. He is angry than hurt. Those fucking bastards have been drugging me with the help of the bloody Headmaster! Harry needed to find out what spells and potions they were using on him. He knows of one person he could go to, the only thing that bothered Harry is whether the man will listen and if he can truthfully trust him. The next thing is doing it without the old goat finding out.

Harry slowly opens the door; he peeks out the bathroom door to make sure it was clear and no other student was in the hall. Other than Ron and Hermione, Harry did was not in the mood to bump into Malfoy or one of his lackeys. Seeing no one loitering, Harry quickly makes his way back to his compartment with Luna and Neville. Luna and Neville were dressed already in their school robes when Harry returns to their compartment. Without wasting time, he pulls out his new robes and put them on in silence.

This year Hary forgoes the traditional school robes and orders ones that are much more stylish. He had Madame Malkin’s design and made his school robes more form fitting to his slender figure. His new robes look like a long sleeveless overcoat with slits on both the sides and the back. His black leather pants sewn from dragonhide that fit him like a glove. His boots were also dragonhide. He puts on a pristine white button down shirt that is fitted and stretched over his lithe, muscular chest flawlessly. Harry decides to leave his shirt untucked and the top two buttons open. His Gryffindors tie is loosely tied hanging around his neck. He glamor his long hair, to reach his shoulder, pulling up the top half from his face with a green leather string, few strands hanging on both sides of his face. Over their vacation, Harry and Neville got their ear pierced. Harry has a dragon in both his ear, one with ruby red eyes the other with emerald green. To complete his look, Harry use black eyeliner and lines his eyelids. When his is complete, Luna says he resembles an
avenging angel. Harry smiles at her assumption because this year he plans on having his revenge on all who betrayed him.

Harry walks into the great hall Harry and hears the whispers. He ignores them and makes his way over to the Gryffindor table. As he sits down, Harry hears a whisper in his ear. “Welcome home my Lord and Heir” surprised Harry looks to the person sitting beside him and notice that it is Neville who has the same stunned expression on his face. Hogwarts is happy to see them. He glanced at the head table and noted that the Headmaster is staring at him. Harry does not back down glares back at the old man but not long enough to give the Headmaster time to see in his mind. He refuses to waste his energy on the old coot tonight he has all year to get his revenge on the old fool. He moves his gaze over to the potion’s master, for the first time he noticed that he was not looking at him with hate, but with concern. Could he be worried about me? Does he know about being my magical guardian? Nodding his head to the professor Harry turns and his eyes travels over the rest of the student body. He was not the only one to experience a magical life changing growth spurt.

Harry’s eyes stop at the Slytherin table and finds one particular staring at him with his mouth hanging open. His name starts with a “T” I think. Teddy? No that's not it. Maybe Tanner. Nope that name does not fit either. Theo that's it! Theo Nott that is his name. Harry thinks proudly. He is kind of cute, has all the characteristics of what I like in a guy. Tall, muscular. Feeling a bit brazen Harry licks his bottom lip then winks at the boy before he looks away, but not before he notices the cute blush on the other boys cheeks.

Harry continues to look around the room to see some of the students staring at him blushing and giggling behind their hands. Harry leans closer to Neville whispering in his ear, “you would think they have never seen me before?”

Chuckling at his brother, “I told you the new look would turn heads.” Neville says.

Harry nods his head, “It will pass soon they will want to crucify me again.”

“Maybe, but enjoy this while you can,” Neville tells him

Before they could continue their silent conversation. Someone calls out his name. “Harry mate, is that you?” Harry and Neville look up to the voice to see Ron, Hermione and Ginny making their way over to the Gryffindor table.

Raising a pierced eyebrow, “who else could he be?” Neville draws perfectly that would make even Lucius Malfoy proud.

“Wow! Harry, you look so hot,” Ginny breathes as a blush staining her cheeks. She also had a strange gleam in her eyes that Harry did not like.

Harry told her thank you, and then turns back to Neville effectively letting them know he has nothing to say to them

“Harry, why couldn't we find you on the train? You know we were looking for you” Hermione says in that reprimanding tone that grates on Harry s nerves. Usually, Harry would ignore it because before he thought she did it out of care. But now that Harry knows exactly who she is he will not ignore her speaking to him as if he is an idiot child.
“You could not have looked hard enough,” Harry snaps. “Considering that Neville, Luna and I was sitting comfortable in the last compartment.” She opens her mouth to speak when he cuts her off. “You are not my mother, Hermione. I do not answer to you or anyone else.” Then he smirks in her face, “I tell you what Hermione the next time I need to take a piss I will ask your permission. Will that be fine with you?”

“Harry, why are you talking like this?” Hermione asks ignoring his sarcastic attitude.

“Yeah, mate what with you? That was from Ron. Oh for bloody sakes there goes the fucking parrot. Harry thinks in response to Ron’s “Yeah mate.” Here is a news flash Ron, I am not your bloody mate! Harry mentally screams.

Harry did not want to play his hand too early in the year. But did not want these three backstabbers to be around him any longer. Fuck Dumbledore and fuck them! “No why don't you tell me?” He snaps again. “At the end of last year, neither one of you wanted anything to with me. You all ignored me as if I was plagued with dragon pox. So why the sudden change now?” When none of them answered his question, Harry growls at them. “That’s what I thought, now run along and stay the fuck away from me,” He turns his back completely ignoring them this time. Embarrassed and having nothing else to say the three sulks off with their heads down and sits at the far end of the Gryffindor table. None of the Gryffs commented on the turn of events, between Harry and his three friends. For the first time since Harry entered Hogwarts, the Gryffindor table is the quietest out of the four tables.

Across the hall, two Slytherin watches the interaction between the golden trios plus the Wesalett. The two Slytherins turn to look at each other; something is different between Potter and Longbottom. Potter has always had an arrogant attitude, but today he exudes arousal. Longbottom seemed to be showing more confidence and walks like a lion on the prowl looking for its mate. The two Slytherin could not wait to see what will happen the rest of the year will bring.

“What do you think that was all about?” Slytherin one asks.

“I know just as much as you do,” Responds Slytherin number two. “I will say Potter knows how to add excitement to what would have been a boring night.”

Both Slytherin chuckles then begin to eat their meal.

At the Head Table, the Headmaster watched the interaction between Harry and his friends with anger and disappointment. He might have a smile on his face and a twinkle in his blue eyes, but on the inside Albus Dumbledore is seething. How dare that impertinent brat disappear for the rest of the summer? Then walks in here as if nothing has happened and dressed like a wanton little slut. Live it up not you foolish child soon I will have you back under my thumb. With a Machiavellian smile, Dumbledore begins to make his plan. I will paly along and leave him enjoy this moment, let down this new guard and confidence he seems to have. Then I will strike like a cunning and deadly snake at the right moment when he least expects it.
Across from the Headmaster Severus Snape is worried. Two weeks ago he and Remus got official letters from a Gringotts, bank manager. Severus and Remus could not believe that Harry was theirs. The shame Severus felt for all the time he spent hating Harry and blaming him for Lily’s death when she trusted him with her child. James Potter, even Sirius Black, found him trustworthy to care for his son and godson. *How could I have been so stupid and so utterly blind?* Knowing what he now knows Severus’s hatred and distrust for the Headmaster deepens. Severus realize now more than ever it saddens him that he made a deal with the devil.

When he went to Dumbledore begging the Headmaster to protect Lily he thought he made the right choice. Now he knows he did not. Severus made a lot of mistakes in the past, not tell Remus what he knew about Lily, James, and Harry. That was a promise he should not have made with Dumbledore. But at the time Severus thought he was making the correct decision by protecting the people he cared for by becoming a spy for the light side was never in his plans. But again Dumbledore alluded that if the public happens to discover Remus’s furry little problem.

When Remus found out that Severus was spying for the light side, he was livid. When Remus learned about the deal he made with Dumbledore to protect him and Lily but placing himself in danger. Severus had never seen his mate so angry with him Remus accused him of not being able to protect himself. Their relationship suffered a bit. And Severus was not sure they would ever be the same. Remus was lost for a while, one of his best friend was dead and the other accused of causing his death and in the middle was a young child he thought of as his cub was gone not leaving a trace.

Severus looks at the child, no young man who he does not know but wants to know. He and Remus talked about it in detail and Severus agrees that they should try and talk to Harry. Severus wonders if Harry will forgive him for the way he’s treated him over the years. He looks back at the Headmaster sitting at the head of the table, and the expression Severus see’s on the other man's face worries him even more. It is not often Severus Snape; spy extraordinaire worries about anything. But, the way the Headmaster is staring at his mate’s godson an uneasy feeling settles deeply in the pit of his stomach.

“Lucius!” Voldemort yells from his seat in his throne room

“Yes, my Lord,” Lucius Malfoy steps forwards and bows.

“Tell your son I want weekly reports on Potter, since his birthday I have not been able to see into his mind.” Voldemort leans forward from his chair. “Do not fail me!”

“Yes, my Lord. I will inform Draco of your order.” Quickly Lucius rise from his position and walks out of the throne room leaving Voldemort and the rest of his Death Eaters to do his bidding.
It is a month later since the students returned to Hogwarts when another change happened in Harry’s life. Since their return, Harry has been restless during the day and experienced sleepless nights. Usually, Harry would be able to attribute not getting enough sleep on his visions from Voldemort. But since his birthday he has not seen or heard anything from Voldemort. Harry feels as if something is missing or rather someone to be exact.

He gets out of bed no use sleeping if he cannot and makes his way over to his trunk pulling out his invisible cloak. Harry wraps it around himself and quietly goes to the astronomy tower. *Maybe staring at the stars will help.* Harry takes off his cloak, feeling safe he drops his glamour. Harry’s hair lengths down to his ankle it’s grown a bit more since his inheritance. Harry was not wearing a shirt, and his wings unfold from his back and fans out. Harry takes deep cleansing breaths. He feels free for the first time in a month. He looks up at the stars trying to name them all and is so absorbed in his thoughts that he did not hear when another person walks into the tower.

Draco could not sleep. His dreams plagued visions of his mate. Draco remembers his father telling him that until he finds his chosen cone. He will get snippets of what his mate might look like such as their wings or their fingers but never their face. Tonight he had a vision of a series of colors silver, green and black. Draco gets out of bed and puts on his dressing gown. He quietly walks out of the Slytherin dorm purposely avoiding Mrs. Norris Draco decides to go to the astronomy tower. *Maybe counting the stars will help my mind to settle.*

Draco walks through the door and stops in his tracks, and that is when he saw them. Standing at the far end of the tower is his mate. His mate stood in the darker side of the tower. Draco cannot see his mate’s face, but he recognizes the wings. They are the wings from his visions, and they are beautiful up close. Draco’s confident that his mate is a male, he came to that conclusion weeks ago and refused to think otherwise. Quietly Draco steps closer and reaches out to touch the wings, but stops short. Feelings of joy and lust run through Draco at seeing the other half of his soul standing in front of him. He studies his mate, the other man his shorter than he is.

Draco wants to see who his mate is, wants to touch his sweet face, but another desire takes him over. In an instant, Draco grabs his mate by the shoulder and turns him around without looking at his face he claims their lips in a sweet but demanding kiss. Draco moans in their kiss tasting his long awaited mate for the first time. It is a taste he will crave for the rest of his life. Soft, tender lips open with gasps and Draco sweeps in and deepens the kiss. Draco pulls the delicate body into his arms and realizes his mate his shirtless. *And Merlin he fits perfectly for and against me, he was made to be in my arms. I don’t want to let him go.* Arms circled around his neck, and Draco slowly reaches down and grabs on the muscled globes enjoying how they feel in his hands.

Harry is being kissed within an inch of his life. *Whoever is kissing me knows what they are doing.* Harry’s brain is short circuiting his body is on fire. Arms circle around his naked waist and pulls him close to their body, and he feels safe being in their arms. He reach his arms up and puts it around their neck pulling their head down and deepens the kiss. Harry moan and opens his mouth when the person kissing him sweeps his tongue and deepens their kiss even more.
The kiss seems to go on forever, and Draco did not mind. He is kissing and holding his mate in his arms. Draco pulls his mate closer confirming his thoughts that this delectable body does indeed belong to a man. Reluctantly their kiss ends with the need to breathe, Draco pulls back hoping to finally see who his mate is. He tried to clear the clouds from his eyes but was pulled into another smoky kiss. Before Draco could enjoy the taste of those sweet, soft and delectable lips they were gone. He opens his eyes expecting to see his beautiful mate standing before him, but he realizes he is alone, his mate is gone. Draco turns around and heads for the door hoping to see his mate. But when he gets to there he see no sign of the other man. He could not have gotten far. Draco was disappointed that he never got the chance to see who his mate was. All he saw and felt were their wings and hair. Draco licks his lips tasting the remnants of his mates sweet lips. Draco looks down at his pajama pants and notices for the first time he has a noticeable erection. He smiles at the thought that his mate already as a hold on him and he has no clue what the other boy looks like. Draco adjusts his erection making sure his dressing gown is fully closed. Draco could not take the smile off his face, he found his mate. He begins to make his way back to the Slytherin dorm with a pep in his step. The chase is on my little submissive, I will let you run for a little longer but when I catch you, I promise I am never letting you go. On his way back to his dorm, Draco whistles loudly not caring if he is caught by a professor or Ms. Norris nothing can take away his high from being with his mate.

Harry is freaking out. Holy shit, Draco Malfoy kissed me. Draco Malfoy is my MATE. Fuck. My Life!

Chapter End Notes

I know I asked about making Luna Neville's mate. However, two bossy twins told me they would prank me if I tried to take her away from them.

I know some are wondering if Hermione will turn out to be good in the end. No, she will not. Her reason's for betraying Harry will be explained in coming chapters.
Harry watch a frustrated Draco look around the astronomy tower, then rushing out of the door. On the inside, Harry silently screams at the hand fate has given him. For some reason, he believes that the Deity chuckles each time she or it fucks with his life. Harry pulls off his cloak once he is sure that Draco will not return. *What the hell am I going to do?*

Warmth covers Harry as if someone pulled him in a hug. Quickly Harry turns thinking that Draco returned to the tower. When he sees no one Harry feels the ghost of a kiss graze his left cheeks. *“I am here to comfort you, my Heir. Just call my name and I will come.”* Whispers in his ear. Warms unseen hands touch his cheeks and Harry close his eyes and nuzzle his face in the palms on his face. A few seconds the hand is gone and so is the warmth. Harry pulls up his cloak around him and turns to look back out at the stars.

*Maybe I am worrying too much, Draco has no idea it is me. All I need to do is continue as if nothing happened between last night and see what is going to happen.* Harry touch his lips and smile, wow, *I had my first kiss, and it was wonderful.*
The next morning Harry sits in his usual seat at the Gryffindor table, the Great Hall is buzzing with activity. Harry could not believe what happened last night, what am I going to do? Do I approach him? Hell No! I can see it now. Me walking up to Draco saying, hey Malfy I’m your mate. The blonde boy would laugh his arse off and whose it as the perfect opportunity to embarrass me in front of the whole school. No, thank you, and I rather do not want to continue to be the gossip of the school. Harry sighs, since last night his thoughts been all over the bloody place.

With the knowledge that he is the only one who knows he is Draco’s mate. Harry uses it his advantage discreetly watches Draco’s every move. Harry chuckles under thinking that his breath his dominant is so adorable. Harry watch as Draco put a breakfast sausage in his mouth. Then licked his fingers slowly, he became fascinated with the way Draco’s lips circle around each finger then drew it in his mouth. Harry licks his lips remembering the taste of his Dominants lips and the tender grip of his strong fingers. A shiver runs down his spine the memory of how Draco’s took charge of their first kiss together.

A jealous pang hits Harry as he wonders where his mate learned how to kiss like that. The expertise in the way Draco’s devoured his made him forget who he was for a few minutes. Made him forget that they are rivals and the shit that will come once Draco realizes they are mates.

Harry sighs at the upheaval that has been his life in the past few months. Being Hogwarts heir, gaining a big brother, grandparents and a castle who comforts him the a mother should. This morning Harry woke to soft, warm unseen hands caressing his face. A gentle good morning my heir is silently whispered in his ear. Harry makes a point to ask Neville if he is experiencing the same thing hearing Hogwarts speaking to him. Harry looks over at his mate one more his brows crease together when he sees Pansy leans over and whispers something causing Draco’s face to light up as he tries to hide a smile. I am the only one that is supposed to make him beam like that. I should be bothered that he is my mate, but I am not. Harry worries what Draco will say or do when he does find out they are mates.

The animosity between Harry and Draco is very real. Will they ever be able to look beyond that? Harry already feel that he can look beyond their past and move forward with their future. Will Draco accept me as his mate or reject me once he finds out?

A stolen kiss will not fix the hate Draco feels for me. Harry groans at his silent thoughts. I’m going to drive myself mental with worry. For now I will hold on to what we shared last night. With his mind made up Harry decides to keep his distance and identity from Draco for as long as he possibly can.

“…ry….arr…Harry!” Harry is startled from his musing at the sound of someone calling his name. Harry slowly turns his gaze away from Draco to see Ron and Hermione sitting across from him. Ginny is sitting in the empty chair to his left Harry looks to his right to Neville sending him a silent message. What the fuck do they want now?

Neville shrugs his shoulders as if to say, I have no clue.

“I’ve been trying to get your attention for the last ten minutes, mate,” Ron tells him. “What the bloody he are you thinking about so intently?”

“What do you guys want?” he snarls at them. Harry was not in the mood to go another round with the three traitors.

Ginny reach out to touch his hand on the table and Harry quickly pulls it away before she can get the chance. “We have not seen you or spent time with you since we have been back,” Ginny says with the look of neglected puppy begging for scraps on her face.
Who did Ginny think she was fooling? Harry is well aware that all her longing looks and the sudden need to touch him are nothing but orchestrated lies. Harry takes a deep breath and hopes that when he speaks the anger he feels does not show in his tone.

“I am not sure if you are aware, but some of us are in our last year of school. So Neville and I have been busy studying for our NEWT’s exam. I realize it is only a month since school started, but we want to be prepared rather than waiting until the last minute.” Harry tells them. But we are also studying more advanced courses that are not being taught at Hogwarts.” Harry looks directly at Hermione when he says his next statement. “Neville and I are ranked at numbers one and two in the whole thanks to our O.W.L.S.” Harry was shocked to find out that he and Neville were allowed to retest at the Ministry if they scored too low the first time. The day before the start of school Harry and Neville spent the day retaking their O.W.L.S in the courses they scored below average in they the first time they tested.

They received their scores before leaving the Ministry, and Harry was shocked and ecstatic of his score. Harry and Neville celebrated the fact that they are ranked the number’s one and two smart students out of the top ten knocking Hermione and her pompous arse to number five.

“Were you not aware of that fact Hermione?” Harry asks her. “I was convinced Ministry officials would have notified you of the change?” He asked rhetorically. “I wonder who has he number three spot?” Harry turns to Neville. “Nev do you know who it is?”

Wiping his hands on a cloth napkin then the sides of his lips slowly, then placing it on the table Neville answers. “If I am not mistaken it is Draco Malfoy.”

Shit! Harry had forgotten about that in his glee to rub his achievement in Hermione's face; he is ranked higher than his mate. Another point again me, fuck! I swear fate is having a go at my life.

Harry hides his worry when he turns back to look at Hermione, he would have laughed because of the scowl on her face. “It seems you will always be second best to Draco Malfoy, Hermione.” Harry taunts as he picks up his pumpkin juice to take a sip but for an unexplained reason thought better of it and set the glass down. Harry looks at the three who use to be his friends and see a disappointed look in their eyes, Harry could not decipher the reason for the look.

“Why the sudden change in your studies Harry?” Hermione snaps. “It is hard to believe with your performance over that last few years that you are now ranked higher than me in the whole school at that.”

Harry chuckled at her attempt to embarrass him, “I got rid of old baggage and distractions.” Harry calmly tells her. “Plus, I am thinking about different career options one that will require me to use my intellect.”

“Career options? What are you changing it to mate?” Ron pipes in. “I thought you and I are going to be Auror? That's why we tailored our schedules for that specifically.”

Harry turns his attention to Ron, the boy he thought woul have been his friend for life. “When I entered the Wizarding World, I was told what I had to be and what I had to do. I had to become an Auror because it is the only option for me. Everyone expects me to be one because that is what my father and Sirius would have wanted me to be. From the moment, I was told I am a wizard, Hagrid and everyone like to remind me that it is my responsibility to vanquish Voldemort. Me a mere child when there are adults with more experience and training who should be able to handle him.” The students close to Harry including Ron and Ginny flinch when he mentions Voldemort's name. But he ignores it and continues. “I was told I had to kill him because he killed my parents and because of a prophecy. I was not given the option to choose like everyone else. But, after this summer it occurred to me that prophecy or no prophecy I get to decide what I want to do with my life!”
Harry realizes his voice is rising, and he takes a calming breath before continuing. “When I attended muggle grade school, I always loved numbers. Math was one of my favorite subjects. So this summer when the Dursleys left me alone I studied every chance I got. I read every book I was denied over the years and became fascinated by Numerology and Grammatica, the theory of Numerology. It made me realize that I do not want to catch dark wizards, and I do not hunger to fame as some would believe, and I do not need to continue to put my life in danger for ungrateful individuals who get to live their life the way they want. I have decided to become an Arithmancer Professor. I have been meeting with Professor Vector every other night after class, and she has been helping me get caught up so I can take my NEWT’s.”

“Wait a bleeding minute,” Ron snaps. “Are you trying to tell me you want to teach arithmetics when for the last six years you and I have relied on Hermione to help with our assignments?”

“That is exactly what I’m telling you, Ron, that is not the life I want to live are you daft?”

Hermione interrupts Ron before he can ask anymore idiotic question. “Harry it’s about time you took an interest other things besides the Auror program. I am very proud of you.” She tells him.

“I did not do it for your approval, Hermione.” He drawls

Hermione ignores his condescending comment, “Why didn't you tell us? Why keep is a secret?”

“What is your bloody problem Hermione, does he need to update you on every aspect of his life?” Neville snaps stopping any further question Hermione was about to ask.

Hermione turns to look at Neville and scowls at him as if he smelled horrible. “No he does not Neville being an Arithmancer is very challenging. Are you sure you're up to the challenge? We all know you're not very focused when it comes to your studies.” Hermione asked him in that condescending tone he has grown to hate.

“Did you miss the fact that he is the number two smartest person in Hogwarts, or have you gone as daft as your ginger hair boyfriend?” Neville argued. Harry clears his throat to stop the chuckle that threatens to come out. No one has ever seen this side of the quiet, shy Neville.

To stop a bigger argument between Neville and Hermione. “I was not keeping secrets, and I have just been too busy trying to keep up with my studies and everything else. I have also decided to take a vested interest into my family vaults and estates. And, yes, to answer your question, Hermione, I believe I can handle it. It is wonderful to know that you have so little faith in me.”

At the mention of his family vaults and estates, Harry notices his three ex-best friends still. Harry carries on as if he did not notice. He is still not ready to address them on their deceit.

Harry suspects that Ron did not like the tension between his girlfriend, Harry and Neville because he asks. “Hey mate, so you want to go flying later? Quidditch season is about to start,” Ron sounds nervous when he spoke.

Again pretends not to notice his nervous twitch. “I’m afraid I can’t Ron. Neville and I will be busy studying together after classes. He’s helping me with Herbology, and I'm helping him with defense. Besides, I have decided not to try out for Quidditch this year.”

“What! It’s our last year. You have to play, and you're the youngest and best seeker we have, without you playing we don't have a chance of winning,” Ron argues.

Harry sighs and begins to gather his things for his first lesson of the day. “Quidditch is not everything Ron, there are more important things going on in my life,” Harry explains.
“Yeah, like what?” Ron demands

“Oh, I don't know, like the bloody war, or the fact that a madman has been trying to kill me every year. But maybe that’s not important to you.” Harry's temper begins to rise again. He cannot talk to them anymore. The tranquility Harry had while watching his mate enjoy his breakfast evaporated.

“You've been spending an awful lot of time with Neville, why is that Harry?” Ginny asks. Her arms crossed under breast pushing them up so that he would notice. However, the angry look on her face is what made him pay attention.

“I trust Neville, Ginny. I have no had cause to doubt his friendship. At least I know he won’t stab me in that back.” He snaps at her. Harry gathers his books in his hands and stands to push himself from the table. Neville does the same. “Excuse me I would like to get to potions early before Professor Snape finds cause to give me detention.” Harry walks away from the Gryffindor table and out of the Great Hall before Ron, Hermione and Ginny can say anything else.

Harry did not lie about getting to potions on time, for the past month he’s been trying to work up the courage to talk with Snape. After last night, Harry wanted to use this opportunity to speak with the other man. Harry has gotten a couple of letters from Remus, but he just have not responded to him as of yet. He is not sure what to say to his pseudo-godfather. There are million of questions Harry wants to ask Remus, does he trust Dumbledore and why? Harry is not sure he is ready to read how much trust Remus has in the Headmaster. In the last month, Harry has noticed certain things about the old Headmaster. Dumbledore watches Harry like a hawk and is constantly trying to get Harry alone in his office. Harry refuses to meet with Professor Dumbledore alone he fears that the man is up to something sinister. After hearing that the man has placed spells on him over the years, Harry is trying to stall for time. It is one of the reasons he desires to talk with Professor Snape, and Harry wants to know if his mother, his father, and Sirius was right can the man protect him and should he trust him. Harry and Neville make their way down to the dungeons before they can step into the potions classroom, Neville stops them.

“Shit, I forgot my potions homework.” Harry turns to look at his brother and realize what he is doing. Neville I giving him the time he needs to speak with the potion professor. Harry knows for a fact that Neville put his homework in his rucksack the night before. “You can do this,” Neville says squeezing his shoulder in support then walking off in the other direction.

Harry watch as Neville turns the corner, he turns and face the potions classroom. Steeling his resolve Harry takes a deep breath then steps through the door without knocking he see Snape sitting at his desk scanning over parchments, with his usual scowl on his face.

Harry walks further into the classroom and clears his throat to get the Professors attention. “Umm…Professor…do you have a…. a few minutes?” He asks nervously.

“What do you want Potter? As you can see, I am busy grading what you dunderheads call an essay.”

“I wanted to talk to you about the letters you received from Gringotts,” Harry says getting right to the point. He watches as Snape lays his quill down slowly. Snape then reaches for his wand points it to the door. The door slams shut and Snape members the silencing charm. Harry watch as Snape puts his wand down and gets up from his desk. Snape walked over to Harry and did the most
unusual thing by pulling him into a tight and protective hug.

This is absolutely not what Harry expect to happen. He expected Snape to be sarcastic, snarky or even condescending. Harry expected to get yelled at or rejected for just wanting to talk. What he did not expect is affection. Harry lifts his arms slowly he encircled them around Snape waists then buries his face in his robes soaking up his scent and fatherly care.

Snape slowly pulls back from their hug and looks down at Harry back and stares in his face. “You have her eyes. I always thought they were the most beautiful emerald jewels I have ever seen. Lily was told many times that her smile was captivating, but her eyes were arresting.” Snape whispers never taking his eyes away from Harry.

“Is that why you hate me?”

“I do not hate you, Harry. Your Father and Black yes, them I despised. But, you…what I felt and have been feeling towards you is guilt. I carry the guilty of not protecting your mother better and the hate that your father did not do enough to protect you both.” A tear streaks down his face. Harry can see the pain in his eyes.

“Did you love her?” Harry asks.

“As a brother would love his sister” Snape replies.

Harry looks at the clock that hangs on the wall above Snapes desk and realizes they have five minutes before students would start showing up for class. “We have so much to talk about, and Remus is worried sick. Why have you not responded to his owls?”

Stepping from Severus’ arms Harry over to his desk. “I’m not sure what to say to him.”

Snape seems agitated by Harrys response by nods his head. “Ok, I tell you what come back after dinner, and we will discuss our situation a bit more. I will send a message to Remus and let him know you need more time I am sure he will understand. How does that sound?”

Harry nods and agrees with the idea “That should work.”

Severus charms away the tears stains from their faces. It shows no sign they had a tender moment. Harry opens his potions book while Severus cancels the silencing charm and opens the door standing beside it to wait for his students. Minute later students begin to enter the classroom. Once all the students arrive and are in their seats, Severus starts his class with his usual un-sunny disposition.

Draco cannot stop smiling, thoughts of his mates’ lips linger in his mind all day. All he can think about are the feel of soft lips and a lithe body that fits perfectly in Draco arms. Not knowing who his mate still bothers Draco. This morning while in the great hall having breakfast Draco scanned the faces to see if anyone or anything would stand out to him. Granted his mate would not have their wings out, but maybe the length of their hair or even the shape of their face would ring any alarms. No one screamed I am your mate to him this morning. Draco remembers the softness of his mates’ long midnight raven locks. He loved the way it felt when he ran his fingers through it. Draco is almost tempted to tell his mate he is never allowed to cut his hair once they are
completely mated. Images of his mate’s hair hang over his shoulder and pools on green silk sheets while Draco fucks him from behind goes through his mind. Draco shivers with arousal at his thoughts and hopes noticed his frame of mind.

Throughout the day, Draco observes each of the males he came in contact with. He looked at appearances, they way they react to him when he spoke and how they looked at him, but he did not touch them. Now that he has come I contact with his mate, taking the risk of touching someone that might not be his mate. _Maybe he is wearing a glamor’s to hide not just the length of his hair_. Draco is not sure what exactly he is looking for, but he hopes that he would at least recognize something of his mate. Draco smiles once more, as he rubs his thumb absently across his lips a very pleased feeling settles inside of him as an idea. Looking around the great hall now at dinner sniffed the air to see if he could catch a scent of his mate’s pheromones. Disappointment fills him when he smells nothing that would point him to his mate. Draco sighs, as he realizes that finding his mate is going to be harder than he thought.

*My Chosen is excellent at hiding himself. I am a Malfoy after all, and Malfoy’s never gives up when someone we want belongs to us. I will find you, my mate, mark my words.*  It is as if Draco remembers that he is a Slytherin a sneaky smile appears on his lips. _Time to use some of that cunning and sneakiness that Slytherin’s are well known to possess._ With his mind made up Draco pulls his thoughts away from finding his mate for now and tune into the conversation around him.

After dinner Harry makes his way back to the dungeons, he is nervous and excited at the same time. Harry feels this talk should clear up the misconceptions between him and Snape. While walking to the potions classroom, he had potions in earlier, Harry wonder if he should tell Snape about his inheritance. Harry decides that he will wait to see how the conversation goes before he reveals everything to Snape. Stepping inside the classroom, he sees that Snape is not there. Harry walks further in the classroom then over to the office door, he knocked on the door and waited for Snape to respond. When no response came from behind the locked door, he decides to sit and wait for a bit. Harry takes out his books and gets a head start on his homework. Thirty minutes later, Snape walks in the classroom, and Harry is engrossed in working on his assignment he did not hear the professor walk in the room.

“Potter, you are here. How long have you been waiting?”

Harry starts at being surprised looking up to see his Professor standing at the door. Harry close his eyes and takes a deep breath. “Serious did you need to scare me?” Harry asks.

Snape smiles and to Harry it seemed a bit weird, he has never seen the man smile before, “my apologies for my tardiness and for scaring you.” Professor Snape says.

“Oh it’s alright,” Harry says as he gets up from his desk. “Besides I have not been here long Professor. When I saw that you were not here, I decided to get some homework done.”

“How are you fairing this semester?” The professor asks stepping into the room and closing the door. This time, he not only used a silencing charm Snape also added a few extra just in case. They are stalling Harry can tell, Snape is a man that did not show his emotions. After this morning and the smile just a few minutes ago Harry figures the professor will make sure that it does not happen again.
Harry shrugs his shoulders and scuffs his shoe on the floor tile. “I think I'm doing pretty well so far. Even in potions when you are not breathing down my neck I'm able to concentrate and not get nervous.” Harry did not mention the school ranking, and he knows that the professors are aware of the changes in ranks.

Snape nods his head in agreement. “I am proud of you Harry, and you are showing remarkable restraint so far this year.” The professor tells him as he put his wand back in his front robe pocket. He turns around and walks to his desk. Harry ducks his head to hide his blush.

“Thank you,” Harry whispers. To hear Snape say that made him want to continue to make the other man proud.

Snape stands behind his desk, and they stare at each other, both unwilling to break the contact or the silence around them. Clearing his throat, Severus starts the conversation. But, Harry beat him to it.

“Did you know you are my magical guardian?” Harry blurts out.

“No, I did not. I didn't even know about the wills. I was already spying for the light side. Remus was on a mission when your parents died. When I got to the house, that night you were already taken away by the Headmaster. Dumbledore had already taken you to wherever he felt you needed to be. He refused to tell anyone where you were, only that you will be very well cared for.”

Harry scoffs at the last comment. “Well cared for my arse. I was treated worse than a house elf. Beaten and starved.” Harry says counting off his fingers his anger rising when as it always does when he speaks about the people he survived after living with them. “I didn't even know I was a wizard until I got my Hogwarts letter that my aunt and uncle refuse to let me read. Do you know how the letter was addressed to me?” Severus shakes his head no. “Harry Potter, Cupboard Under the Stairs.”

To say that Severus is utterly shocked is an understatement. “All my life everyone has been lying to me! Do you know what my relatives told me about my parents?” Again Severus shakes his head no. “They told me my parents did not want me, my father was a disgusting drunk and my mother a whore and strung out on drugs. They told me every day from the moment I could understand their words that my father killed them both because they were driving drunk. And, they were forced to take me in. All my life I thought my parents hated me, and, that they didn’t want me. Do you know how much it hurt to know they died for me protecting me instead!?” Harry did not wait for Severus’s response. “I wanted to die when I found out. I had no friends of my own growing up. Dudley, my cousin, would always scare them off. The clothes I wore were his hand me downs. Anyone that showed me a bit of kindness I grabbed on to it. Maybe that's why I gravitated to the Weasleys and Hermione so quickly. Because I thought they want to me my friends but, in the end they lied to me too.”

They are silent again after Harry's confession. Severus is ashamed that he believe the Headmaster when the man told him Harry was safe. The life Harry lived since the death of his parents had not been a good one. The lies told in regards to Harry, and the naivete of them for believing so easily trying to ease their guilt. Dumbledore expressed to anyone that inquired about Harry on his behalf or health that the child is living like a prince. Even after he started Hogwarts Severus was
concerned for Harry even through his guilt and distrust of the child he wanted to know why the boy looked so malnourished. But each time he asked the Headmaster he would say Harry is a picky eater. Each year Severus would watch as the child devoured every morsel of meat on his plate. And each time Severus trust and faith in the Headmaster would lessen. After soaking up what Harry just said Severus had to ask, he needed to know what Harry meant, “What do you mean by that Harry? What do you mean they lied to you in the end?”

Harry, not Potter, since the day he got the letters he stopped seeing the child as Potter. Severus watch as Harry close his eyes tightly and takes a deep breath, “Dumbledore have been paying them, with my money to spy on me.”

“What, who?!” Severus yells. Harry flinches as the rise in his voice.

“It’s true. I saw the evidence when I went to see the goblins. Dumbledore, Molly, Ron, Ginny, and Hermione have all had access to my vaults. Access I never gave them. Dumbledore and Molly before I started Hogwarts. The rest after I started. I also heard Ron and Hermione talking about charms and hex’s they have all placed on me.”

“After our first occlumency lesson, and I saw what was in your mind. I become very concerned. I went to the Headmaster and voiced my concerns. He told me to ignore it. And that you are obviously, doing a better at emptying and shielding your mind better than we thought. I should not have listened to him. But, I was also blinded by my guilt and hate that I did not want to believe what I saw.”

Harry looks down at his desk; he did not want to see Severus face with what he is about to say. “Until this summer I hated you. I hated that you judged me because of my father and Godfather. I do not condone their actions of what they did to you. What they did was wrong. I hate bullies; they pick on someone they deem weak, without trying to figure out their strengths. I didn't even know you and my mother were friends. I knew nothing about you and the Wizarding World. Through all of that hate I respected you, I still do.”

Severus did not know what to say. The only thing he can do is nod his head accepting Harrys’ words. Thank you,” Severus says his voice gruff with emotions he tries desperately to hide.

Harry finally lifts his head, “Do you forgive them? Do you accept their apologies? Do you still hate them?”

Severus is a bit taken back by Harry’s questions, and even Remus has never asked him those questions. Potter and Black are dead never coming back yet I still hold on to my hate for them and in turn took it out on someone they loved and cared about, and I know I should not have done that. Severus can only answer honestly. “I don’t know, Harry, I am trying to move passed what happened, but it is hard.”

Harry looks into his eyes as if searching for his honesty. “I can live with that answer, but I hope after tonight you will stop seeing me as my father or as a protege of Sirius Black and see me as Harry Potter, the man who is trying to live his own life.”

Severus can honestly say that the person sitting in front of him is not James Potter or Sirius Black. He is more mature than Potter and Black were at his age. More assured of himself and seems to know what he wants, No, this person in front of him is a man with his own destiny and purpose in life.

Severus nods his head, “I already do Harry. I see you as the person you are, especially since this year started.” Harry’s face turns a pretty shade of pink that Severus found cute. He chuckles, “We
need to check and see what spells are placed on you.” Severus says recalling Harry’s words.

“How do we do that Professor?”

“Stand up, and when we are alone like this or with Remus, it’s Severus” Harry stands up and nods his head. Severus waves his wand in an intricate manner in front of Harry. Severus can tell that Harry was wearing a very strong glamor. No one would be able to tell unless they saw the boy put it on. “Is there a reason you are wearing a glamor?” Severus asks confused.

Harry licks his dry lips and clears his throat. “A lot happened in this summer. I came into my creature and magical inheritance on my birthday. I am not ready to show it to you as yet. I think Remus needs to be here when I reveal what my creature is, but I feel you will have to wait until I show my appearance to my mate. There are things that I need to say that Remus needs to hear. Is there a way to see the spell around the glamor?”

“There is a spell I can use if you give me a few minutes.” Severus waves his wand around Harry. “Revelabit,” blue light spurted from the tip of his wand. It swirled around Harry. Beside him, words in yellow appear. Harry studies Severus’s face as each word appear, he did not like the worry he sees on his face.

“You had seven spells that were put on you. The dominantur and magicis dolor was placed on you were eighteen months old on the night of your parents death to be exact. He pointed to each spell as he speaks to Harry. “Suadibilis was placed on you right after you started Hogwarts. Along with the amicitiam incantatory and Carmine confundamus. Cantus amoris was placed on you in your fourth year and again to reinforce it in your sixth year.”

“Do you know who put them on me? And if they are still working?” Harry is anxious to know, he wants the spells gone as soon as possible.

“All but the Cantus amoris was placed by the Headmaster. Ginerva Weasley did the other. It seems that whatever your creature and magical inheritance happen to be, it is strong enough to cancel out the spells.” Severus cancels the revelabit spell and watch Harrys’ face change from hurt to anger.

Is there anything that the bastard won’t do to keep me under his thumb, thinks Harry. “I never had a chance did I? If my inheritance did not happen, I would have continued to live my life according to Albus Dumbledore. Completely oblivious to what was going on around me? Well, isn’t it too bad for him that I found out? I’m going to kill the bloody bastard for fucking with my life!” Harry finishes his angry rant, his face red and his breathing hard and loud.

Severus walks closer to Harry and grabs him by his arms, Harry flinch expecting pain, but none came. Severus looks in Harry eyes, “Your, life is your own. No one should have the right to dictate how you choose to live it.” Severus lets go of Harry then steps back from his personal space.

“Remus needs to know what is going on.”

“The first Hogsmeade weekend is this weekend. He can meet me at Hogshead we can talk then.” Harry says much calmer than before.

“I will send him a message. No doubt the Headmaster is watching your correspondence.”
Harry nods his head, “I would assume so. Thank you, for listening,” He tells the older man with a shy smile. Harry is feeling a bit vulnerable for what he revealed tonight.

Severus pulls Harry into a hug, for the first time since entering the room. “I’m here for you Harry. I know our past has been rocky. But, I would like for us to start out on a better path for our future.”

Harry pulls out of his arms ans wipes away the tears he does not remember falling on his cheeks. He gathers his things and leaves the classroom. Instead of going to his dorm he goes to the Astronomy tower again. The tower seems to be his go-to place when he needs to think. Harry place his books down, he undid the tie from his hair. He takes off his school robes, tie, and shirt. He drops his glamor, feeling safe and frees his wings once more. Harry thinks back to the conversation with Severus. For the first time since the summer, some of the weight he has been carrying on his shoulders feels as if it has been lifted.

“You're here” Harry freezes in his spot at the voice, he is caught unaware again by his dominant. I really need to learn to pay better attention to your surroundings! He mentally berates himself. “Are you going to let me see you this time or run off again?” Harry remains silent not answering any of his mates questions.

Draco can not believe it. The second night in a row he catches his mate by surprise again. I need to teach him how to be vigilant if I can sneak up on him, thinks Draco. He had come up here to think. Once again he walks in and sees the figure standing in one of the corners with little light. Draco can tell it is his mate because of is wings. “You're not ready to see who I am.” His mate whispers. Draco could not distinguish the whispered voice.

Draco sighs in frustration, “You know you are making this harder for us to be around other?” Draco asks him.

“I know, but it has to be this way for a while.” His mate tells him.

Draco runs his fingers through his hair, “Give me something, tell me your name at least.” Draco says relenting. As much as he wants to see who his mate is Draco knows he cannot force the other man to tell him who he is. Draco does not wish to start their relationship by force.

After a few minutes of silence his mate answers, “Evan. My name is Evan.”

“Well Evan, I am Draco. Do you know what we are to each other?”

Evan shakes his head “We are destined for each other.” Draco studies what he could see of Evan from his back and arms. He was right his hair was long like the color of midnight. He can see parts of the fire design of Evans’ mating tattoo. Evans mating marks seem more angry and blazing than Draco’.

“Why are you not ready for me to see you?” Draco walks closer to Evan. He touches Evan’s wings gently with the tip of his finger. Evan shivers at his touch. Suddenly Evan moves his wings from his fingers and covers his face hiding from the light, he turns to face Draco.
Harry turns with confidence in mind to tell Draco who he is. But the moment he looks up at Draco through his wings words failed him. Gods, he is handsome, with his long blonde hair and sparkling blue-gray eyes. He is maybe a head taller than Harry, with more muscles than he remembered Draco having last year. Thinking quickly of a way to distract his mate, Harry gets on his toes and reach up to cup the back of Draco's neck then pulls him down for a passionate kiss. This kiss is different from yesterday Harry is instantly overwhelmed by the sweet taste of Draco, and he wanted more.

Draco gently moves Evans wings aside keeping and pulls the other man into him as he explored the depths of his mouth. He swipes his tongue along Evans' lips, feeling his fangs elongate and his need to claim his mate begins to tug him hard. Draco groans when Evan run his tongue quickly across Draco’s fangs. Evan opens his mouth giving Draco free reign to explore his mouth. This kiss is just as passionate as the one they shared last night. When Evan’s body started to shiver Draco knows he has to pull away before he claims his mate right here and now. Respecting his mates wishes not to reveal his identity Draco keep his eyes closed, and slowly pulls away from Evan’s sweet, tender lips. He presses their foreheads together.

Draco takes a deep breath inhaling his mates scent; he wants to memorize Evans scent. It is Draco’s way of telling Evan that he will not be getting away so easily. “I am going to let you run for now, Baby. But be warned I am coming after you. And, when I catch you, know you will never leave my side.”

Harry nods his head yes, Draco’s words do something to his insides. His words are Dracos way of staking a partial claim, “I understand, Dominant” he whispers.

Draco pulls him up for another passionate kiss. He steps back from Evan turns his back to him; then walks out of the tower leaving Evan to his earlier thoughts.

Chapter End Notes

I used google for a translation of the spells.

controlling
dominantur
simple minded
simplicium
compliant
suadibilis
Next chapter update it should focus a little on Neville. Hopefully his mate will be revealed.
Neville Longbottom or better known to his friends as Nev walk the halls of Hogwarts thinking about the changes in his life. Since he started Hogwarts a month ago, Neville realizes there are times that Hogwarts herself will speak and comforts him like a mother does a child. As he walks the quiet halls of the school, Hogwarts herself shields him from the eyes of Professors, students and Ms. Norris patrolling the halls after curfew. Since the night of his inheritance, Neville has improved from what he was to what he now allows others to see. In his first year, he was shy, chubby, clumsy, with low self-esteem, and afraid to speak his mind. As the years passed, he developed a backbone, one day he went from being a bully magnet to being ignored. That suited him just fine. The only person that knows the real he is his little brother Harry. Neville smiles when he thinks of how close they have gotten. Their life intertwined since their birth, from different parents but had similar up brings.

In the beginning, Neville doubted the sorting hat for placing him in Gryffindor. Growing up with his grandmother was definitely no picnic. Agusta constantly comparison between Neville and his dad. Although Neville had house elf’s and was not made to do his own chores, he grew up without love and affection. Harry and Neville connected on the things they have in common. They both lost their parents when they were babies. Granted his parents are alive in the flesh. But, their minds are dead; no amount of magic or medicine will bring them back. There are expectations placed on their lives, Harry to vanquish Voldemort and Neville to be an extraordinary wizard and Auror like his father. The last name and bloodline of Longbottom produces greatness that makes a difference in the wizarding world. Neville’s grandmother makes no bones drilling that in his head whenever she is home.

In the beginning Harry was like a brother to him since their first year they made a connection. Now he is his brother in blood. After Harry saved his life in the first year. Harry always stuck by him and encouraged him when everyone else would put him down. It was in the second year when
Harry and Neville really got close. Neville cannot explain how or when it happened, but they did not flaunt their friendship especially around Ron, Ginny and Hermione who seemed to protest each time Harry made a new friend. But through it all Harry and Neville was always there for each other. It was no question when Harry went to the Ministry that Neville would not go with him. Sirius had meant the world to Harry.

Neville will never forget how broken Harry was after Sirius death. Ron and Hermione comforted him physically. But they ignored his broken heart. Neville understood what it felt like to lose a loved one. His parents do not know he exists, Neville pulls out the picture he always carries with him from his pocket and looks down at it. It is a photograph of his mother and father holding him when he was just a baby. The smile on their face says it all, and they loved him. The images in the pictures moves and Frank Longbottom cups his wife’s face and place a gentle kiss to her lips. He then bends down and kiss a baby Neville on his chubby cheeks. The family looks happy and content. Too bad that happiness was broken the night the Lestrange attacked and tortured Neville’s parents with the cruciatus curse. Neville’s parents are a shell of what they use to be relying on the help of others to do everything for them and worst of all they have no idea who Neville is. The vacant and lost look in his parents eyes breaks Neville’s heart each time he visits with them. In a sense to Neville his parents are dead.

That is the major factor that brought Harry and Neville together. Two orphans were born hours apart in a world that expects so much from them but gives back so little. As Neville and Harry’s friendship grew so did his courage to step out and speak up for himself. He still seek out the approval from his grandmother. That was until he turned seventeen this summer. Neville and Agusta argued before his birthday. And it was always about the same thing. She wanted him to enroll in the Auror academy and become an Auror like his parents. He wanted to stay at Hogwarts, to apprentice with Professor Sprout. Neville wants to acquire his Mastery in Herbology. And like Harry teach at Hogwarts, as the heir Neville cannot see himself leaving the Castle unless it is to take a holiday. Neville could not take it anymore and blow up at Agusta. His grandmother did not understand his fascination with plants. The many times Neville would try and talk with Agusta why he finds Herbology so fascinating she would ignore him or changed the subject. Agusta would belittle his efforts to study plant life, would degrade him on his weight and looks. She would constantly tell him that becoming an Auror would improve his standing in society. It is the reason Neville never revealed to Agusta he can hear and communicate with plants. The comparison to his father is more than enough.

“I am not my mother and father Gran… I will never be.” Neville remembers shouting at Agusta during their last argument.

“Your father would be ashamed of the way you speak to me. You are right you are not your father. He was better than you. All you do is talk to your plants. You are mediocre in looks, and no woman will want to marry you. You are worthless and do not deserve to carry the name Longbottom or be the Heir.” She yelled back at him.

Neville did not want to say something that could already injure the already fragile relationship. At the time, she was the only living family he had left. It was then Neville told her that maybe it was time for her to go on holiday. After his birthday, she would not be needed nor will she be living at the Manor with him. Agusta left a week before Neville’s birthday without a so much as a goodbye. Neville should have felt heartbroken at the time. But thinking about it now he is happy to have aAgusta out of his life. Neville does not wish any ill will towards his grandmother, he hopes that she continues to live her life by her rules and stay away from his.

It was the argument with Agusta Harry asked to stay with him for the rest of the summer. He eagerly agreed. The night before his birthday he felt weird he could not describe it. He knew that
he would get a magical boost. But, what he got was so much more. Who would have thought he is one of the founder’s descendant and now a Hogwarts heir along with a creature inheritance. Being from a pureblood family Neville grew up with the knowledge that there was a possibility of receiving a strong magical power boost once he reached seventeen. Neville was not expecting to become an Elf, with pointy ears, long straight flowing hair, and flawless skin. In one night, Neville went from having baby fat to having a six and broad shoulders. Neville could not believe it was him staring back at himself when he woke up many hours later. The aspect that he also has a mate or mates out there somewhere shocked him. Neville has no sex or gender preferences; love is love. He thinks to himself. It is also the reason Neville was unfazed when Harry told him he prefers and hopes his mate is a man and not a woman. Neville chuckles when he recalls the boyhood crush he once had on Luna, but the more he got to know her, the more he saw her as a friend or better yet a little sister.

Neville silently continues to walk the halls taking in the beauty of Hogwarts. He has no destination in mind. His life has changed in so many ways Neville is just trying to accept them by taking one step at a time. Protecting Hogwarts has become imperative to him. He no longer looks at it have a school but as his home. Neville knows that Harry feels the same as he does. It came as a shock to Neville when the Castle begins to shake the minute he turns the corner. To break his fall, Neville grabs on to the first thing in front of him. Instead, he is pushed backward, and he hits his head on the stairs close to him.

Neville put his hand on his head and checks for blood in the spot he hit. Nevilles close his eyes and shakes his head as he tries to clear the stars from his eyes. He winces at his stupidity because shaking his head only aggravated the onset of a headache that he is starting to get. Neville opens his eyes to realize someone lying on top of him. Slowly Neville moves his eyes up from sweet, succulent lips to see who is on top of him when his eyes connect with the most beautiful creature he has ever seen. Eyes made of pools of milk chocolate a man could drown in. Neither said anything to each other as they continue to stare into each other’s eyes.

*It can only happen to me, my mate would literally fall into my arms when I least expect it.*

*“Two with the power to vanquish the Dark Lords approaches…. Born as the seventh month dies ...They will be equals, Brothers in arms and blood…they shall vanquish the snake and the false Lord of the light, they will have power the Dark Lords knows not ...they will fight and conquer… They will rebuild their home…. Neutral and Light shall prevail…. Two with the power to vanquish the Dark Lords will be born as the seventh month dies...”*

“They must know the truth, my Guardian. They must know about the Headmaster and the false prophecy,” says the serene voice. “The time is near, and they will be needed my faithful Guardian.”

“I will tell them, My Lady, your Heirs will know the truth. But first they need to join with their mates. Together the brothers will be strongest.” Replies Luna.

“I cannot hold the Headmaster back much longer. He is starting to get suspicious of young Harry. I see him watching the bond between the brothers grow. He knows that young Harry has begun to mistrust him, and his old companions. Our time his running short.” Lady Hogwarts is worried for her Heirs and the danger that coming for both. They will need their mates to ground them. She hopes they find them in time. “The bonding process needs to start soon. I fear the worst if it does
not happen in time.”

Luna smiles and looks at the glowing figure in front of her. “It has already begun.”

Lady Hogwarts sighed, “Why do they hesitate. Human is such complex creatures.”

“They fear rejection My Lady it is human nature. If they are rejected not only will their hearts break. It could also mean their deaths.”

Anger boils in Lady Hogwarts, a swirl of wind surround the Being at the thought of her Heirs dying. Her silver white hair seemed to take on the form of a raging fire. Her silver eyes glowed with anger. “I have not been able to protect my Heirs the way I should, but from this day forth I… WILL…DESTROY…. ANY…WHO DARES…TO…HARM…THEM!!” The Castle begins to shake, with her anger.

Luna understands the Castles anger. For years, she had to sit by and watch her Heirs be abused and could not interfere until they received their inheritances. Everyone see Luna as crazy or loony as they like to call her. But, just like a well bred Slytherin, who wears the perfect mask. Her mask is of a separate caliber. “My Lady, do not upset yourself. They are protected, by myself, and the two other you have hidden in secret to watch over them. We will not fail you, my Lady.”

Lady Hogwarts calmed, and the Castle settles. “I must go. There are things I must prepare.” Luna bows her head in respect. And, Lady Hogwarts disappears. Luna walks out of the Room of Requirements and goes to her chambers that host her lovers. Her lovers are nestled together, most would find their relationship disgusting, but Luna accepts that the two men love each other as much as they love her. Yes, it is different because they are related in blood, but love comes in many diverse forms. If only other can see how beautiful they are, the way the love and care for each other, no one will think they are disgusting. Luna changes out of her clothes then climb on the bed with her lovers. Sensing her presence they separate giving her room to lie between them.

“Everything alright?” one asks as he glides his finger up her body and cups her breast.

“Yes,” she gasps then licks her lips.

What’s got Lady Hogwarts upset?” asks the other as he nuzzles her neck.

Luna sighed as gives him access, as she feels the tip of his tongue grazing her neck. “She is ready for the bonding process to begin. And, she wants to exact her revenge on those who have hurt her Heirs.”

“So are we,” They reply together. Luna decides to change the subject, with two naked and sexy redheads in her bed, talking is the last thing Luna wants to do.

The next morning the Great Hall is abuzz about the castle shaking. Those who were awake last night gossiped about the Castle shaking. Some speculated that He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named tried to enter Hogwarts and the shields surrounding it stopped him and his forces. To stop the worry, the Headmaster stands on the podium to get everyone attention.

He clears his throat “ Sonorus.” He says. “Last night, there was an explosion in the Castle. The Professors and I have investigated the surrounding areas of the Castle. Mr. Filch has deduced that
it was a prank played by students who used products from Weasley Wizard Wheezes. There is no damage done to the Castle. On that note products from Weasley Wizard Wheezes are banned from school property. If any student is seen with one of their products will have detention with their heads of house. Enjoy your breakfast.” Dumbledore finishes then ends the sonorous and walk back to his seat.

Students in the Great Hall goes back to their previous conversations. No one notices the smirk on Luna’s face. She knows her lovers had set up fake bombs in certain areas of the Castle, after a very cosmic night. Even you, my Lady we will protect.

Three days later

*My mate is here.* Draco sits in his Transfigurations class scenting the air. Draco catches the sweet scent of his mate and knows he is very close. It is a mixture of strawberries and vanilla with a hint of lavender. Evan must not be blocking his scent as he was before. Draco looks around the classroom to see if he can figure out who is mate is, and no one resembles the man he had in his arms last night. Draco now has a name to call his mate the next time he pleasures himself with the memories of the way Evan’s lips tastes.

Draco notices Potter and Longbottom sitting together their heads was bowed as if in a deep conversation. But as with the beginning of the year he pays Potter no attention. To appease his father Draco sent home the weekly reports as requested, but other than that he did not care what Potter does. Draco has been too focused trying to find his mate. Draco is happy that Evan did not reject him but realize that his mate is afraid of Draco knowing his identity. It has only been a couple of days, and Draco is trying his best not to lose his mind.

Draco moves his gaze from the two and scans the rest of the classroom, but nothing one out of the ordinary jumps out at him. The Weasley and Granger sit opposite to Potter and Longbottom. Draco knows that some sort of an argument happened between the schools golden trio but again did not concern himself with the rumors.

Before class begins Draco sees an owl he did not recognize enters the room and heads straight for him. She is a black and gray spotted owl. The owl lands on the desk in front of him and within her beak is a letter. Draco takes the letter from her, and he pets her making apologies for not having any treats to give her. She nips at his fingers drawing a few drops of his blood without hurting him. Then flys out of the classroom. *How odd?* Ponders Draco.

Draco looks at the letter in his hand; the handwriting did not look familiar. He is confused as to why he received a letter in the middle of the day and also during class. He knows it was not from his parents; she was not one of the family owls. His curiosity gets the better of him, and he opens the letter and starts to read….

*My Dominant,*

*I know what I am about to ask of you is hard. I want to do nothing more than to give myself freely to you without fear of rejection. My life is not easy. I hide who I am from you and others to protect myself to protect my heart. I have been hurt too many times by those I have trusted; if you reject me, it will break me in the worst way.*
From what I observed my Dominant you, and I was brought up in entirely different worlds. Yes, we are destined to be with each. We know nothing of significance about each other. I propose that we try to get to know each other before we meet face to face. I will miss your kisses and your touch. I cannot stop thinking about how safe I feel in your arms. But I want more for us. I want us to be able to talk with each other and not let sex be the only thing we have in common.

Please think about it, my Dominant. To respond this letter, whisper Athena’s name and she will come to you. She will find me when I am alone and deliver it to me. You will not be able to track her back to me. So please do not try to put a tracking charm on her.

I await your response.

Yours truly,

Evan

Draco scans the classroom to see if anyone is watching him. No one is acting suspiciously to him. He folds the letter and put it in the front pocket above his heart. He will re-read it later and send his response to his mate. It seems Evan is more cunning than he thought, he apparently realized Draco would have tried to put a tracking charm on his owl. Maybe in his response to Evan he will ask certain questions would give him clues as to who is mate is. And why the hell did Athena take drops of my blood. Draco smiles, Soon, my little mate, I will find out who you are, and there will be no more running.

“Who is it from Dray?” Pansy asks getting his attention.

He turns to look at her, “it is from the father,” Draco tells her. As much as he cares for Pansy telling her about the trouble he has with his mate is not a brilliant idea. One he will never hear the end of it. And two he wanted to figure out who is mate is on his own. “Father is reminding me of duties, and that’s all.”

Harry watches Draco’s face go from confusion, then surprise as he reads the letter he sent. He battled with himself on whether to send it or not but in the end gave in. He needed to start somewhere. Harry wishes his mating could be as easy as Neville’s. Neville and his mate have not bonded yet but have decided to take things slow. Neville is ecstatic his mate literally fell into his arms a couple of nights ago. Harry is happy for his brother. Harry also explained to Neville about his dilemma and who his mate is.

After, Neville laughed his arse off; he sat down and helped Harry with the best way to show himself to his without Draco knowing who he really is. He hopes Draco responds soon because the wait will be excruciating.
Okay what kind of questions do you think Draco should ask Harry.

Neville's mate will be revealed soon. I will reveal them to the school.

I struggled with rewording the prophecy I hope that it makes sense.

I will not update again for another two weeks. If I get what I need to do done before then I will update.

Thanks for reading.
Harry is having a bad day no make that a bad fucking week. It has been a two days since he sent his letter to Draco. And to his disappointment, Draco has not gotten back to him. *I hope he has not rejected me.* To top off his bad mood, the Headmaster strongly suggested that Harry must see him tonight after dinner. And as much as he tries to delay it Harry will have to go and sit the old fool. Harry chose to wait as late as possible to speak with the Headmaster, he can use the excuse of meeting his friends for dinner to make a quick escape. Harry stops in front of the Headmaster office door about to knock when he notices that it is cracked, not enough to see inside but enough to hear.

“You say he has not spent any time with you since school has started?” He heard the Headmaster ask.

“No sir, he is spending more time with Longbottom, they've been very secretive. And, every time I try to touch him he backs away. We know they spent the rest of the summer together. Also, Harry and Longbottom are quick to defend each other. Before Neville would shy away from confrontation but since the year started, it is as if he will take on anyone who tries to belittle him.” Harry knows that was Ginny. She has tried on numerous occasions to get close to him; he is constantly rebuffing her advances. Also, whenever Ron or Hermione are around Neville, Hermione mostly tries to show she is much smarter than Neville.
The next person to speak is Ron “I can tell you they study a lot, though. I saw them in the library a few days ago. I was looking for Hermione; they were talking about plants. I doubt they noticed me.”

That is where Ron is wrong, Harry and Neville were discussing their mates when they saw him trying to sneak around the corner. They quickly changed the subject so that he would not overhear their conversation.

“Ms. Granger, I trust you made sure the Dursley’s did what was required of them this summer?” Dumbledore asks.

“Yes, I spoke to them personally. I made sure they slipped the potion into his daily water intake. I also told them to be extra hard on him since it was his last summer with them. They were quite eager to comply.” Hermione eagerly replies. “Umm. Professor, I meant to ask you a question.”

“Yes, Ms. Granger what is it?”

“Is it true that Neville and Harry are ranked the top two students in Hogwarts?”

“I’m afraid it is true, Ms. Granger,” Dumbledore tells her. “It seems Harry and Longbottom decided to retake their O.W.L.S. before the start of the term and scored exceptionally well.”

Harry wish he could see the expression on Hermione’s face. “Sir,” She says meekly. “Is it too late for me to retest they way they did?”

“I am afraid so Ms. Granger,”

“B-,” She begins but is cut off by Dumbledore.

“If you applied to retest before the start of the school year, it would have been fine. However, since the semester has started it is too late.” Dumbledore tells her. “Now lets us get back to the task at hand.” He says stopping any other questions Hermione might have had. “What else can you tell me of Mr. Potter and Mr. Longbottom’s relationship.”

Harry hears a gasp in the room, “Do you think that is what it is?” Ron asks. If Harry is not mistaken, there is disgust in his voice. “Do you think they are together, as in sleeping with each other?”

“Maybe, he was given enough of the Amortentia potion, and he should be completely in love with me, not that bumbling idiot Neville,” Ginny snaps. “Something must have gone wrong.”

Harry would have laughed if he could. Oh, Merlin, they think Neville and I are in love, wait until I tell him, he will laugh his bloody arse off.

“Forget about that,” Ron says. “Do you think he found out about the money we took from his vaults?” He asks. Good old Ron is always thinking of himself.

“Please, Potter is too stupid to know anything, besides we covered our tracks. Isn't that right Headmaster?” That is from Hermione. “I have no bloody idea how he cheated on the retest!”

“You are correct Ms. Granger. As his magical guardian, I can authorize others to go into his vaults.” He replies. “However, it is an offence to cheat on any magical exams, the consequences is the loss of magic and live the remainder of your existence as nothing more than a squib.”

That must have pleased Hermione, “Well then Professor allow me to investigate. And once I find
evidence that he and Longbottom cheated we can turn him in after we have gotten all of his money.”

“Very well, Ms. Granger.”

“Is the Marriage Contract between him and Ginny still valid? I want to make sure that after we kill him or have him thrown out of the Wizarding world there will be nothing stopping my family or us from getting his money.”

“It is my boy. Once Mr. Potter defeats Lord Voldemort, Ginny will marry him. We will do away with him before she has any heirs. You family will not need to worry about finances for the remainder of their lives. Also, you will all be gloriously praised for helping Mr. Potter for riding the world of Lord Voldemort.” Dumbledore continues. “And, Ms. Granger, will be the next Minister of Magic. And, I will still be seen as the Greatest Light Lord the Wizarding world will be at our feet. I do not want my legacy to be the man who helped Harry Potter defeat Voldemort.”

“How much longer do we have to pretend to like him? It’s very daunting. It’s times like this I’m very glad that he is with Longbottom more than us.” Harry hear the utter distaste for him in Hermione's voice. “When do we move to the next step?”

Dumbledore begins to speak, and Harry can hear the glee for their plan in his voice. “I have sent Mr. Potter a message letting him know I would like to talk with him.” Thinking Harry takes a chance by stepping closer to the small crack door and inched it open just a bit giving him a better chance to spy inside Dumbledore’s office without being seen. Severus would be proud of me if he could see me now. He peeks through the door just in time to see Dumbledore opens a drawer on the side of his desk and pulls out a few parchments.

“This is a copy of his will,” Dumbledore begins. “When he comes in to see me tonight I will get him to sign it, his tea will be drugged, and he will have no knowledge of what happened. Harry trusts me completely, he would never doubt my intentions.”

Harry covers his mouth so that he would not make a sound at Dumbledore's plans to get him to sign a false will.

“What if we get him to marry Ginny before he defeats Voldemort. Then we wouldn't have to wait until it is over. We could just kill him in during the battle.” Ron asks.

There are so many things wrong what Ron just said. First of all, he said Voldemort's name when he usually cringes when Harry says. And the fact that they all suspects that Harry is going to marry Ginny willingly is truly beyond him.

“That is a splendid idea, my boy.” Dumbledore praises Ron. “Voldemort’s broken soul that is inside of Harry has to be killed by the man himself. If one of us is around Harry when the two finally meet in battle. Then we can make sure that both Harry and Voldemort is dead. Voldemort will be completely human. Until then neither can die.”

“Do you know where the other souls are?” Asks Ginny. It would be better if we find and destroy them first,” asked Ginny.

“Besides Harry, the diary and Nagini, I have not been able to locate the other Horcruxes.” Dumbledore replies. “But we cannot find the without Harry. I have an idea of where they are located.” He continues.
“Do you know what they are?” Hermione asked

“Since you will be the ones to help Harry on the hunt for them, I see no reason by not telling you. Marvolo Gaunt’s Ring, Salazar Slytherin’s Locket, Helga Hufflepuff’s Cup, and Rowena Ravenclaw’s Diadem.” He told them.

“The question is how are we going to get Harry to look for them without tipping our hands,” Ron asks. They all sit in silence for a few minutes.

Harry took the chance to sneak off without being seen or heard. He quickly makes his way to the dungeons. Harry needed to find a way to not sign that Will. How dare they. Harry could not wait to enact his revenge. Harry realizes he is going to need help to follow through with his plans. He opens the door Severus’s classroom without knocking or announcing himself. He could not wait until this weekend; he need to tell Severus and Remy everything. What he needed to do he will require their help.

“Professor,” He calls out. “Is there a way you can get in touch with Remy? I must speak with you both.” He says impatiently to Severus in a way of greeting.

“Yes, I often entertain him into my private quarters,” Severus answers as he creased his eyebrows and looked up at Harry, as he remained seated behind his desk.

“Can you do it without Dumbledore finding out?” He is seething.

Severus raises a perfectly arched eyebrow. “Of course. I am a spy Potter. How do you think I leave the school without students realizing?”

Harry closed his eyes, takes in a deep breath to calm his rising anger. “Can you do it tonight?” He asks ignoring Severus’s sarcasm. “What I was not ready to reveal to tell you both, I am now prepared to trust you with my secrets.” Harry, continues before Severus can ask any more questions. “There are others that I need to inform, can we meet in your quarters after dinner. That way it will not look suspicion to have us all meeting together.”

“Of course.” Severus gets up from his desk and walks over to Harry and cups his face with his hand. Harry does not flinch when Severus touches him. There is no need the older man has no sexual designs on him, Severus see’s him as a father does a son. Severus lifts Harry’s head for him to look in his eyes. “Whatever it is we will fix it.” Bending down he gave Harry a chaste kiss on his forehead right by his fading scar.

Again, Harry soaks up the affection. He nods his head turns and leave Severus’s classroom. Now he just need to find Neville and Luna. It’s time to put things into action.

Harry gets to Severus’s private quarters before Luna and Neville. He knocks on the door. Severus opens the door promptly and lets him in. Severus quarters surprises Harry. It has the look and feel of a high-rise muggle apartment Harry has only seen on muggle television. There are three bedrooms. The walls were painted brown with white trim. The sofa is chocolate brown leather big enough for two to relax comfortably. They are soft blue and silver throw pillows arranged neatly in each corner. There is a kitchenette off to the left side of the room, it is big enough to accommodate a dining table with eight chairs. To the right is the fireplace with two leather wingback chairs in front of it. Soft candles are lit all around the room.
The room has an inviting atmosphere something Harry did not expect from Severus Snape, the snarky potion’s master. While Harry is taking in the room, Severus disappears. When he reappears, Remus is with him. Remus quickly walks over to Harry and pulls him into the tightest hug. Harry hugged him back.

“Oh, Remy I’m so sorry,” Harry whispers into his chest. “I didn't know what to say.”

“It’s ok cub. I’m here. You don't have to say anything just let me hold you. I've missed you so much.”

“I've missed you too Remy.”

They stand in the same spot holding each other for what seemed liked hours and not minutes. Remus did not want to let his cub go. Remus feels as if he let Harry down by not doing everything he could to protect him enough. He is smart and intuitive and let’s not discount a Marauder. And yet, Remus did not see Dumbledore’s manipulations. Remus’s thoughts are interrupted when there is a knock at the door. Severus jerks his head to the left indicating they should take their reunion to another room. Remus and Harry moves and goes to one of the empty bedrooms looking doors while Severus went to answer the door to his private quarters.

Harry did not have time to take in the décor of the room. Soon after, Severus came and got them. When they walked out Neville, Luna and the Weasley twins are there. Harry is not sure what the twins are doing here.

“George…Fred…what are you two doing here?”

“Come on Harrykins...” starts Fred.

“…you were going to have a party....” continues George.

“…and not invite us....” They say together.

“How did you know I was going to be here?” Harry asks.

“That can easily”…. George replies.

“….be explain later Harrykins…” Fred goes on.

“…..don’t you think you and Neville…” George continues.

“…you should drop your….” Fred picks up from where George leaves off.

“Glamor…” They finish together as they hug him.

“You can trust them” Luna assures him. “They are my shield and your guards. They have been here since the beginning of school. Lady Hogwarts keeps them from hidden from all eyes and ears. They are on your side.”

Harry looks at the twins it was a relief to know that he could still trust some Weasley. It hurt Harry to think he might have lost their friendship. “Before we do that is this room safe,” Neville asks.

“Lady Hogwarts along with Professor Snape has warded the room. We also have a warning if someone is approaching the door.” Luna replies.

Neville and Harry look at each other then drops their glamor everyone in the room gasps. Harry gaze travels around the room. Luna and the twins are smiling happily while Severus and Remus
look on with shocks on their faces. Although he felt comfortable in the room, Harry did not release his wings. Harry feels the only one that will see his wings should be his mate. Harry also controlled his Veela thrall, after spending time with the Founders, Salazar taught him, and Neville how to control their thrall on other. Besides Harry feels he has enough issues keeping his mate from finding out who he is, having an admire is not what he needs at this point. He did not want anyone to touch them. There is a whistle from one of the twins, Harry can tell who they are by the differences in their voices. “Harrykins you are hot!” Fred tells him.

“Neville, wow!” You grew, exclaimed George.

That had the whole room chuckling, “Hey hands off he’s practically a married man.” Harry tells the room.

“Found yourself a mate did ya?” Fred says wagging his eyebrows suggestively.

Neville blush, the banter, seems to break the tension in the room. Harry turns from Fred and Neville and looks at Remus, who takes the opportunity to pull Harry to the side. “Cub, you came into your creature inheritance? A Veela at that, I didn't know James had creature blood.” Remus’s questions quickly.

“That is one of the reasons why I wanted Neville here. What we have to say involves our magical inheritance. I’m sorry Remy. I did not know the right way to tell you everything that is going on with me.”

Remus looked at his Cub “I guess that Dumbledore does not know?”

“No, he does not. And, after what I just heard today he damn sure will never know if I can help it.”

“Why don't you tell us what’s going on Harry.”

Remus walks Harry to the leather sofa and they both sit down for the first time. Remus pulls Harry into a one arm hug and places a kiss on his hair. He takes a deep breath. “It all started on the night of my birthday. Like every year…” He and Neville take turns telling their side of the story. They did not leave anything out. He looked at Severus directly when he tells them about being the heirs of the founders and the owners of Hogwarts. No one says a word or interrupts them. Until Harry gets to the parts, he heard when he on the train, and what he heard in Dumbledore’s office.

The wolf inside Remus is growling ready to tear the room apart, and then go after Dumbledore ready to protect its cub. Severus now knows that he definitely made a deal with the devil, the Headmaster has been up to no good. For an unexplained reason, Severus thinks that Lucius should hear this, but not because they are both spying for the old coot. It is as if Lucius will have more of a pivotal role in whatever is about to happen from this night forward. Severus addresses the room before anyone else can say anything else.

“Harry I think there is someone else we need to include in this conversation. You can trust him.”

“Who is it?” He asked.

“Lucius Malfoy…He is also a spy for the light side. He's never trusted Albus wholly, but there was no other way out for him. He became a spy to protect his family.”

Harry hopes he masked his shocked expression, his mates father is a spy for the light side no less. *Why must fate torture me so?* Harry mentally whines. This decision will not only affect Harry it will also affect Neville, he turns to his big brother asking for guidance. “What do you think Nev.?”
Neville turned to Severus and asks him. “Will he swear an oath on his magic that anything we say will stay between us? And, he will aid us in bringing down Dumbledore and Voldemort?” For the first time, no one flinches at hearing Voldemort’s name which brings a lot of hope to Harry. "We are brothers not in words but in blood, and we will protect each other even from those who claim to care about us. Remember that.” He says menacingly.

Harry watches Severus and everyone in the room could not believe that this is Neville Longbottom the boy that usually cowers at the sound of his name. Severus clears his throat to dispel the quiet that entered the room. Severus nods his head “He will do anything to protect his family.”

After some time and thought, “Will he able to come tonight. The sooner we get this done the better we can plan.” Harry asks.

“I will fire call him now” replies Severus. He gets up and walks over to the fireplace. Throwing some floo powder into it. Green flames flare quickly. “Malfoy Manor, Lucius Malfoy Study” he calls out. A room with books and expensive furniture appears. Seating at his desk is Lucius Malfoy with his head down writing something down.

(A/N This part will be from Lucius Perspective)

Lucius Malfoy, pureblood Veela sits at his desk reviewing ledgers of a muggle business deals, that will be beneficial to his family vaults. He hears his fireplace flares and looks up to see Severus’s face in the fire flames.

“Ah, Severus, my good friend to what do I owe this pleasure?” Lucius says pleased to see his friend and brother in all but blood.

“A few things have come to light, I wonder if you will be able to come through. It is a matter emergency.” Severus tells him sounding a bit cryptic.

“Is Draco alright? Cissa and I have not gotten any owls or calls from the Headmaster.” Lucius worriedly asks.

“Yes, Draco is fine. This is of another matter.” Says again sounding just as suspicious as before. But Lucius is relieved that Draco is fine.

Lucius sighs in relief. “Let me inform Cissa and I will be right there.”

“I will leave the floo open.”

Lucius calls for a house elf. And tells them to inform his wife he was going to Hogwarts to see Severus. With that taken care of he quickly steps through the floo into Severus private quarters. He is not expecting to see the others there. The Weasley twins, Lupin, the blond girl he remembers from the Ministry, a Veela and an Elf he does not recognize.

Confusion shows his face, “Severus what’s going on?”

“Before we reveal anything you must swear an oath on your magic that what you are about to hear or see will not be repeated unless given permission by those in this room.”

Glancing around the room and it’s occupants, Lucius can tell that whatever is going on involves
the Veela and the Elf. He trusts his brother that whatever he needs to hear is imperative and will never jeopardize the safety of his family. Afterall Severus’s mate is also in the room. Lucius nods his head accepting Severus’s request, then repeats the oath.

“I Lucius Abarax Malfoy, swear that whatever I hear, or see, and say tonight in this room will not be repeated unless authorized by the occupants in this room. So mote it be” A glow went through the occupants in the room. It shows that his oath is accepted.

“Now with that out of the way, will someone tell me what is going on? Lucius demands.

“Lucius, I would like to introduce you to Duke Slytherin and Duke Gryffindor. Better known as Harry Potter and Neville Longbottom.”

After hearing the names of who they were, Lucius did the most un-Malfoy and Slytherin thing. He fainted!!

“I really did not see that coming” is what Lucius heard when he came to. “Do you think we should have given him a calming draught before we say anything?” Asks another voice. Lucius is disoriented for a minute. It takes him a minute to figure out where he is. Severus asks him to come to his quarters. Others he did not know is in the room. A Veela and an Elf is there then introduced to him. What are their names again?

He opens his eyes to see Severus kneeling over him looking very concerned.

“Lucius are you alright? You took quite a fall.”

Lucius opens his mouth to say yes he was, but what came out is, “Potter and Longbottom? Severus, did I hear you correct?”

“I see you're awake. Do you require a calming draught before we continue? I don't want you to faint again.” Lupin says as he walks back into the room with smelling salt. Lucius can also see the man trying to hold back a smile.

“Malfoy’s do not faint, I simply lost my balance,” Lucius tells the room on a whole. Not only is he still feeling a bit confused he can see the others trying to hold back their chuckle at his little slip.

“Yes, and I'm a jester in disguise. Says a snarky reply. “Are you quite sure Lucius?” Severus asks with a raised eyebrows.

Lucius starts to feel irritation creep up his spine. “Severus, I do not suffer from heart failure. I can handle whatever else you have to say.”

Lucius glances around the room to the other occupants. Potter and Longbottom are sitting together at the table in the kitchen. On the sofa sits the Weasley twins in between them is the blond, what was her name? Ah, Lovegood. She is a powerful witch in her own right. Lupin and Severus moved to sit at the table beside Potter and Longbottom.

Lucius follows their lead and gracefully sit in an empty chair. Turning his gaze towards Potter, he takes in the boy's features. Potter is beautiful. As a Veela himself he was not affected by the allure of a Veela, but he can appreciate beauty when he see’s it. Lucius stares at Potter as if looking for
something else, something that is not evident to everyone else. A strange feeling, inheritance aside Potter, will change a course in all their lives. A throat cleared; turning to the sound he faced Lupin, who arched a brow at him.

“Lupin correct me if I am wrong. James Potter was not a Veela during our time at school or Frank and Alice for that matter?”

Remus shakes his head “I am not sure about Frank and Alice. James, on the other hand, was not a Veela or had any other creature inheritances unless he hid it from Sirius and I. We all had our own secrets.” He says looking at Severus. *Well,* intones Lucius. *Are they finally ready to say they are together.* Raising a perfectly arch brow at Severus to see his brother in all but blood blushing.

"Is anyone going to enlighten me on why my presence was required?" Lucius drawls changing the subject from further embarrassing Severus.

Severus begins to tell the story. “It all started on Potter’s I mean Harry’s birthday….“ Once Lucius is all caught up with everyone else he did not know what to say. Everyone that reheard the story is still amazed that Neville and Harry were descendants of the founders.

“Well, that is quite a tale.” Everyone who is able to respond just nods their heads. “I presume that there is more?”

It is Lovegood who speaks next “The prophecy is fake, the one Dumbledore told Harry is a lie.” He did not faint this time, but his mask did fall. But he had to ask.

“What do you mean the prophecy is fake? How do you know?” Lucius rushes out his questions.

“Our Luna is a seer,” One of the Weasley twins responds. Lucius could not tell which one answered his questions to him they looked exactly the same.

“I knew Ms. Lovegood had a hidden talent. How were you able to hide it from the Headmaster?” Asked Lupin

“He never looks at what is in front of his face. His focus is only on Harry, the war and defeating Voldemort,” she replies effortlessly. Her tone was pleasant as he remembers at the Ministry, even in anger she remains calm. He wonders if she had more than just seer blood. She has a way of calming those around her.

Getting back to the conversation “The world knows there is a prophecy. But no one knows what is says. I was only told by the Dark Lord to retrieve it nothing else,” He explains.

"*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 ...*” Potter says with a distant look in his green swirling eyes.

“How do you know that?” Severus asks. "I never heard the whole thing only the first half. It's another thing I need to apologize for.” Severus stops then takes a gulp of air in letting it out slow. Closing his eyes then opening it again. “It was I who told the Dark Lord about the prophecy, I found out too late that the prophecy was about you and your mother. I even begged him to spare her life. And, I have lived with that guilt every day. To know I caused their death.”

Lucius watches Potters reaction to the news. For whatever reason, Lucius feels drawn to care for he
boy as a father would a son. “I don’t blame you, Severus,” Potter whispers. “I put the blame on Voldemort and Dumbledore. They pulled us all into their shit. Bloody cowards!” P—no Harry yells. “Dumbledore told me the night Sirius went through the veil, and then he sent me off to with those bastards to be beaten into submission.” Lucius has never heard Harry speak that way, his anger towards the Headmaster is new to him.

“Was that the night you also destroyed his office, Harry?” One of the redheads asks. Harry nods his head “That was mental,” He continues with a smile on his face.

“If the prophecy is fake what is the real one?” Lucius asks bringing the subject back to the reason he is here.

Again the lovely blonde, Lovegood speaks for the group.

“Two with the power to vanquish the Dark Lords approaches…. Born as the seventh month dies…They will be equals, Brothers in arms and blood…they shall vanquish the snake and the false Lord of the light, they will have power the Dark Lords knows not…they will fight and conquer…They will rebuild their home…. Neutral and Light shall prevail…. Two with the power to vanquish the Dark Lords will be born as the seventh month dies…”

The room is silent, each person absorbing the words just uttered. Lucius is not sure what to say or what to think. All these years he had a feeling that Dumbledore is more than he says he was. Lucius looks to his brother Severus, who lived and carried the guilt of Lily Potter’s death. Of hiding his relationship with his destined mate from the world. The Malfoys having to walk around and pretend to spurt words they do not believe in. The shitstorms his family receives from because of the pretentious life they have to lead. Lucius has so many questions, so many concerns for his family and friends. Lucius is worried about what is to come, but he knows that the outcome will bring about change. Here he sits with the youngest and the bravest minds of the new age of the Wizarding world. Life as Lucius Malfoy knows it is about to change.

“Well, Merlin bloody fuck!” Potter say breaking the silence and Lucius thoughts and silently I agree with him.
The silence in the room is deafening. It seems everyone is thinking different things at the same time. Horcruxes, Heirs, Hogwarts, Founders and Prophecies. No one knows what to say. Lucius is the first to break the silence after Harry’s strings of curses.

“I need a drink.” As soon as the words are out of his mouth, a glass of fire whiskey appeared in his hand. He looked down at the glass and then at the occupants in the room. At the moment, too many things are happening, and it seemed he forgot that he is a wizard. “Severus, when did you start doing Wandless magic?” He asks in surprise.

Severus gave him an exhausting look “You know my limitations to Wandless magic, I....”

“It’s ok; you can show yourself,” Luna says before Severus can continue any further. A figure shimmers in the center of the room. She is transparent you can see the other side of the room through her, and yet she is breathtakingly beautiful. She had long flowing blond possibly on the safe side of white hair with white eyes. Her white eyes slowly travel around the room and settles on Harry and Neville. She glided over to them and placed a kiss each on their foreheads. Harry could have sworn he felt the warmth of her lips before.

“Thank you for protecting us Lady Hogwarts,” Neville says.

She looked at them both with sadness in her eyes. “I wish I could have protected you better. Especially you young Harry.” It saddened her to know what they went through. Each went through their own hate whether it is by the hand and mouth of those who are supposed to protect them. “Time is at hand, my Heirs, my sons.” She then turns to the others in the room.

“I agree,” said the Malfoy Lord. Harry did not know what to do. Since Lucius entered the room, he
could not stop staring at him. Draco looks so much like his father. He is handsome and strong magically and physically; he did not look like a man in his late thirties. Harry sighs, *why has Draco not gotten back to me? Did he change his mind? No, that could not be it. We are destined to be with each other.*

Harry realizes the more he thinks of Draco, the more his feelings changed and grows. If someone told him that he would fancy Draco Malfoy, he would have laughed in their face then hex them. *But who wouldn’t want Draco? The way he kissed and held me he felt his body melted against Draco. I really did not want Draco to let me go.* But Harry knows it was not the time for them to meet face to face. The way Harry feelings are starting to develop so quickly he wonders if he already had strong feelings for Draco before he came into his inheritance? Harry is so deep in thought he was not even paying attention to the discussion going on around him.

Harry turns to whisper in Neville’s ears. “Where’s you mate tonight? Why didn’t you invite him?”

“I want to keep this between us for awhile,” Neville whispers back. “We just started getting to know each other. It is not fair to throw him in the middle of this yet. Besides I’m not ready for him to meet the family so to speak.”

Harry nods his head and chuckles, in understanding. The family so to speak are the Founders. Harry has forced himself not to go to their private quarters. Harry also wonders if he will feel the same way when it comes to Draco. He glances over to Lucius, who in a word is his soon to be father-in-law and wonders if the older man figured out that he is Draco’s mate. Harry studies his face without being too obvious and realizes that Lucius, is too involved in what is going on in the now to concern himself with Harry being other than what he is at this moment.

“So the first thing that we need to do is find out where and what the Horcruxes are before Dumbledore tries to convince Harry it is up to him to go off and look for them all,” Remus states pulling Harry into the conversation.

Severus turns his attention to Lucius, “Lucius do you know what they are?”

Nodding his head “It is very dark magic, even I would not mess with something so dangerous. A witch or a wizard seeking immortality hides a fragment of his or her soul. Creating a Horcrux gives one the ability to anchor one’s soul to the earth if the body has been destroyed; the more Horcruxes one creates, the closer one they become to true immortality. Creating multiple Horcruxes is suggested to be costly to the creator, by both diminishing their humanity and even physically disfiguring them. Which would explain his current appearance.”

“And I am one of Voldemorts Horcrux?” Harry asks.

“Not anymore” Lady Hogwarts answers. “His soul was ripped from your body the night you and your brother became my true sons. Darkness cannot abide in the soul and body of a Light Lord.”

“Wait! I thought the Headmaster was the Light Lord?” Harry asks in surprise.

Lady Hogwarts shakes her head “He has strayed from his path and purpose in this life, his heart has become corrupt with greed for fame. His manipulations and lies sewed seeds and hate in others, and light can no longer live in them.”

“What does that mean for me?” Harry needed to know.

“It means my young heir you will make mistakes, and you will make greatness happen.” Starts Lady Hogwarts. “You do not care for fame but to live in peace. You and your brother understand
the meaning of Love and what you must do to hold on that love.”

Again the room is rendered in silence. How can one conversation lead to so many revelations?

“So now we have to find the other broken souls” Begins one of the twins.

“Once we do that, we will be able to get rid of Voldemort,” Neville adds in.

It would be better if we could find them without Dumbledore knowing” Said one of the twins.

“Maybe we should get rid of both Voldemort and Dumbledore the same time? Said the other.

“No!” Harry yells, “I want to take care of them one by one. I want to see the look on their faces when I exact my revenge. Fred, George do you have anything against me if I go after your family.”

“As long as you leave Charlie, Bill, Fleur, Percy and Dad alone. The rest is all yours.” One replies and the other nodded.

Harry had to know “Do you think the other’s knew what your mother and Dumbledore was up to?”

“We can assure you they did not,” Fred says,

“Since they met you they think the world of you,” Counters George.

“When they find out what mum and the rest are up to,” Fred adds.

“They will be pissed,” They say together.

After that conversation went into other plans what step they will take. The twins said they will secretly speak to the rest of their family without their mother knowing. Severus and Lucius will look for clues as to where the other Horcruxes could be.

Harry tells them what Dumbledore spoke to Ron and Hermione about what they are but did not know where they are hidden. They also told Harry to delay talking to the Headmaster for as long as possible this way Severus could come up with a way for him not to be alone with the man. Sooner or later he will have to talk to the Headmaster without making him suspicious.

Before Lucius leaves to return home, he ask if it was ok to Narcissa know what was going on. Lucius express to them he will her swear under a wizard’s oath. They all agreed that it is ok. Harry was tempted to ask Lucius things about Draco. But he changed his mind. He was not ready to do the in-law thing as yet.

Harry and Neville make it back to their dorm before curfew. During their walk, both men discuss the possibility of moving into the private quarters, but Neville decides he would rather wait until Harry and Draco have worked out their relationship issues. They separate and go to their beds and takes care of their nightly needs. Harry stops short and gasps when he moves his curtains to the side and see an envelope with the name “Evan” on the front. Bending down slowly Harry picks up the envelope and inspects it, the only one person knows him by that name. Draco. Nerves of doubts hit him in his gut. What if this is a rejection letter? Only one way to find out. Harry sits on the edge of his bed, taking a deep breath, and he opens the letter with shaky hands.

My Dearest Evan,

I know you must be wondering if I have rejected your request. How can I? When holding you and
kissing you again is all I can think about constantly. There is so much I want to know about you. Besides, finding out who you really are, I want to know what are your likes and dislikes. Do you have any siblings?

I could not wait for you to reply so I had this parchment charmed. All you need to do is write on it, and I will see it on another parchment I also have charmed. I hope to hear from you soon.

Yours Truly,
Draco

Harry sits there for a few minutes, trying to decide what to say first. He already decided that he will respond after he gets ready for bed. Changing out of his clothes, and takes a shower to wash off the stress of the day then put on his silk pajama pants. Thanking Merlin as he slips into the comfortable pants the he does not have to wear Dudley’s hand me downs. Harry climbs into his bed, shuts his curtains placing a silencing and sticking charm so that he would not be disturbed. He picks up the parchment and begins to write.

Harry: Green.

Harry waits with baited breath for Draco to write back. He looks at the clock and realize it is later than he thought. *Maybe he went to bed.* Harry decides to wait a little while longer hoping that Draco is already in bed. Harry gets ready to put the parchment away and put the light out when he sees it.

Draco: What took you so long? I was getting ready to go to bed.

Harry: I just got back to my dorm. I did not realize how late it was. I would have waited to respond to you in the morning before I went to breakfast.

Draco: No that is quite all right. This conversation is starting out on the wrong foot. How about we start over. How was your day?

Harry: (Smiling) It was all right it got a bit stressful in some parts.

Draco: (Concern expression) What was stressful about it?

Harry did not know how to answer that he was not ready to tell Draco everything. Harry want to ease Draco into his life and troubles a little at a time. What did he tell him?

Draco: Stop doing that.

Harry: Doing what?

Draco: Biting your bottom lip. That is my job.

Harry eyes widen in surprise when he realizes that his bottom lip is indeed caught in his teeth. His brows crease. How the hell did Draco know that?

Harry: H-how did you know I am biting on my bottom lip?

Draco: (Chuckles) I can tell it is something you do when you are thinking deeply, also because of the way your lips feel whenever we kiss. Now tell me how was your day.
Harr blushes, Draco knows about one of his habits.

**Harry:** Very well my Dominant. My day was a bit stressful because of classes and studying. Professor Snape’s essay took me three hours to complete. Will you tell me something about yourself? Everyone knows of Draco Malfoy, but no one really knows the real you. The only thing I know about you is that you like Quidditch. And, You are the heir to the Malfoy line and that you are an only child. You were sorted into Slytherin.

**Draco:** That paper is not due until next Thursday. Let’s see what I can tell you. It’s not the fact that I like quidditch it is more so is I love to fly. I get this freedom being in the air; sometimes I don’t ever want to come down. What house were you sorted in? Will you call me that once we are fully mated? I love hearing the words on your sweet lips my submissive.

Oh, Merlin Draco is flirting with him. Harry has never had anyone tell him that is lips are sweet. **What do I say back?** He pulls his bottom lip between his teeth then release it quickly after he realized what he did.

**Harry:** I know the feeling. When I am on a broom, it feels as I nothing can stop me. The first time I got on a broom I was not sure if I would like it scared the living shit out of me. But the minute was in the air I felt the freedom of letting go. I was supposed to be sorted into Slytherin, but I talked the hat into sorting me into Gryffindor. And, my Dominant I will call you whatever you want as long as I am yours.

Draco sits shocked for a minute, and he is not sure what to address first. Evan could have been sorted in his house. He did not know what to say. His mate is cunning enough to talk the sorting hat out of placing him in Slytherin. Draco chuckles, I will need to stay on my toes or Evan will run circles around me if he can talk a magical artifact out of doing something he prefers to do. So my mate is a Gryffindor? Draco knows there is a chance that his mate would not be in his house. He was not expecting a Gryffindor; a Ravenclaw was his first guess. I will just have to get over that part.

**Draco:** Why did you talk the hat out of sorting you into Slytherin? Despite the rumors, it is a great house, with intelligent and powerful wizards and witches. Not all of us are out for world annihilation. We look out for each other. You are quite the little tease my mate. (Smiles)

**Harry:** Maybe I should begin by explaining that I did not know I was a wizard until just before I started Hogwarts. I did not know there was a war going on between light and dark. And, I was told that only dark and evil wizards are sorted into Slytherin. So when the hat told me I would fit perfectly in both houses, I chose the Gryffs. I realize I was wrong to judge based on the word or mouth of others that seeing for myself. Also, the first person my age that I met was sorted into Slytherin, and they did not leave me with a very good impression of Slytherins. My Dominant, if I do not tease you, then some other may catch your eyes. (winks)

**Draco:** There is so much I do not understand. How could you not know you are a wizard?

Teasing between them seems to be over, and Harry was hoping it continued. He enjoyed the light banter between, versus the arguing, hexing and fighting they have done over the years.

**Harry:** I grew up with muggles, my father was a wizard, and my mother was a muggle-born witch. My parents died when I was a baby. The muggles I live with do not like magic, so they treated horribly. I was made to cook and clean for them. They starved me, my cousin bullied me every chance he got. One time I was running from my cousins and his friends, I just wanted to get away from them. The next thing I knew I was on top of the roof of my primary school. My uncle
nearly killed me that night. Even then I did not know that I did magic.

Draco is pissed. His mate was abused. How dare anyone raises a hand to what belongs to him! They will pay for their idiocy. Children in the magical world are treasured. There were times his parents got angry at something stupid he might have done but, they never abused him. When he did accidental magic, they took it in stride. Someone hurt his mate. His Veela wants to find Evan’s family and kill them. He would not be convicted, as a Veela his duty is to protect his submissive mate no matter the cost.

**Draco:** I want to kill them! I want to kill them for hurting you!

**Harry:** You do not need to worry about them, my Dominant. Their days are numbered. Let’s talk about happier things. What do you want to do when you graduate from Hogwarts?

**Draco:** I will always worry about you, my Evan. It is my job as your mate to protect you. Never doubt that. Your safety and that of any kits we might have comes first. You are not alone any longer. My mum and dad will be so happy to meet you and wait until I tell them what happened to you. Mum will probably castrate your uncle and cousin, and Dad knows more dark curses than anyone I know. As for what I want to do after I graduate from Hogwarts. I love potions; I have been studying under Professor Snape and be a Potions Master. I guess I should tell you now he is my Godfather. What about you? What are your plans after Hogwarts besides spending the rest of your life loving me and our kits? By the how many do you want to have? Is it too early to ask that question?

**Harry:** It is nice to know that will always worry about me. I don’t have a lot of people I can trust in my life. I don’t want anyone to die for me. I am not worth it. After Hogwarts, my plans are to be an Arithmancer. I think numbers are fascinating. I want to remain here and be a Professor, and I believe I will enjoy teaching and seeing the faces of the students when they get it. I knew Professor Snape was your godfather, and I heard that rumor somewhere. It’s good to have close family. I have someone I consider my brother and my best friend, so I understand family ties. Kits do you know how weird it is for me to know that men can have children in the wizarding world. No, my, Draco it is not too early. This time is for us to get to know each other. I want lots of kits, and I want to fill our home with their laughter and their joys. Do you think it will happen that we will love each other for the rest of our lives?

**Draco:** An Arithmancer is a magnificent career. I could see where it would seem a little odd to you that wizards can have babies if you were not brought up in our world. You are worth it. I will prove it to you every day of our life. Because once a Malfoy finds the one they are meant to be with they never let them go. I want to make you happy Evan. I am glad you want to have a lot of children, as an only child it can sometimes get boring and lonely. I never want our children to feel lonely.

**Harry:** I’d like that. I am very happy we feel the same way about children. Having a family of my own is important. Not having a mother and father puts that need inside of me to be a good parent. I think we should go to bed now, some of us have a full day of classes. Um..Draco do you think we can talk like this again tomorrow night?

**Draco:** Then I will make sure that the future home we have buy will be large enough for all the children we desire. We can talk like this until you are comfortable for us to meet face to face. Go to sleep my parum minx (little minx) dream of me. Good night, my sweet Submissive.

**Harry:** Good Night my protective Dominant you are never far from my thoughts.
Over the next couple of weeks, Draco could not stop smiling. His friends noticed a difference in the way that he is acting. Each night he returns to his dorm and spends hours talking to Evan until he is about to fall asleep. Evan was right, they are taking the first step in getting to know each other. Draco is finding out so many things about his mate, for instance, Evan has a dry sense of humor. He can be just as snarky as any Slytherin. Despite having to learn it at an early age, his Evan loves to garden and cook. Draco still wants to know who his mate really is. But Draco finds that getting to know Evan this way give him something more to look forward to when they finally meet face to face. A few times Draco wonders if Evan is his mate’s real name. No matter how many questions he asked to look for clues the next day he still did not know who his mate is.

Draco is sitting at the Slytherin table eating his breakfast when the owls swarm into the hall. Again the gray spotted owl flies over to him, this time she had a package with her. She drops the package in front of his plate then flys off without waiting for a treat. Draco looks at the neatly wrapped box with interest.

He eagerly opens the package to see what his mate sent him. What he saw inside the box made him laugh out loud. Shocking his friends and everyone in the Great Hall. Draco reached into the box and picked up a green stuffed dragon that was charmed to look like it was breathing fire. His mate is so sweet and endearing.

Draco remembers the conversation during one of their nightly chats. Draco asks Evan a silly question like if he could be any animal what would it be. Evan said he would like to be a dragon. Because dragons have the freedom to be fly without any inhibitions. They both thought it was funny that his name Draco also means dragon.

“Well it seems our Draco has an admirer,” Pansy says with an arch of her eyebrow. Draco still has not told his friends that he’s found his mate. Draco finds that after they began their nightly talks he wants to keep the knowledge of Evan a secret for a little longer. “I wonder who can garner such a reaction out of you, Draco darling,” she goes on.

Draco turned and looked at her then smirks, “That is for me to know and for you to investigate.” If he knows Pansy the way, he does she is going to become a wolf searching for a bone to figure out who gave him Draco the stuffed dragon. Draco hopes he figures out Evans identity before she does.

Blaise and Theo looked at him as if they know something that Draco does not especially Blaise. “It seems you have found what you have been looking for, my friend,” Blaise says to him.

“Indeed,” Draco responds maybe he will speak more with Blaise about it later. Out of all his friends, He is closer to Blaise than all the others in his group of friends. Draco put his dragon back in the box, and then shrinks it to fit in his pocket. Draco gets up from the table and goes to his first class of the day.

Walking out of the great hall, Draco ignores the rest of the Slytherin table. They are shocked to see the stoic, Prince of Slytherin laughing in such a public settings. It is public knowledge that Slytherin’s did not show their emotions no matter what. No one will be brave enough to challenge the Slytherin Prince on his outburst because they are not prepared for the consequence.

Across the hall Harry is happy; he waited with anticipation as Hedwig flew to Draco. Harry charmed her from snow white to a spotted black and gray owl with blue eyes and named her Athena. He made sure she is unrecognizable to those who knows the way she looks. He watched as she flys into the great hall and goes straight to Draco, dropping the package then flying out of the Great Hall. Harry watch as Draco looks at the package like an eager little child. Harry is beginning
to read Draco a lot better than before he got to know him. Draco opens the box and then laughs. The joy on his mate’s face and the happiness in his laughter did something funny to Harry’s inside that shot to his groin.

Moving his gaze away from his mate, Harry also noticed the look of apprehension on the faces of those sitting next to Draco. Draco turned and looked at Pansy speaking to her then Blasé and Theo. Harry does not know what is said only a few minutes later, Draco shrinks his gift then put it in his pocket gets up from the table and walks out of the Great Hall. Harry is so happy that Draco liked his gift he thought nothing could ruin his good mood. Harry spoke too soon.

“Oi, who would get the ferret, a dragon” Harry shrugs his shoulders at Ron’s question. But in the inside he is growling that this fool would speak ill of his mate.

“He has been acting quite strange this year,” says Hermione. “I think this is the first year since we have started Hogwarts we did not get into a confrontation with him,” she continues.

“Maybe he is up to something for you-know-who. You can’t trust a ferret like him” Harry looks at Ron with exasperation. Ron always thinks that Draco and every Slytherin are up to something. His hate for the Malfoys supersedes anything sane. Harry did not feel like sitting around and hear Ron continue to berate his mate. Finishing the rest of his pumpkin juice, he got up and began his day of classes.

Harry is happy this is the last class of the day then he is going to his room and talk with Draco. Neville will be spending time with his mate, and Harry is not meeting with the new inner circle until tomorrow night. But before meeting with them Harry, Remus and Severus are going to have dinner together. Sort of a godfather and godson type of thing. They are seated in potions when Professor Snape walked in and began giving out instructions to the class.

Draco is sitting in his usual seat in the front the class. Harry makes sure he has a seat that will give him the perfect view of his mate; he also did not want to sit away from Hermione. “For the rest of the semester you will be required to work with a partner. You will be working on the truth serum. I will assign your partners, and I do not care if you like them or not. I am not here to pander to your needs.” Severus starts calling out the pairs.

“Parkinson, Granger”

“Bulstrode, Zabini”

“Nott, Greengrass”

“Potter, Malfoy”

Harry did not hear anything else after that. His breathing starts to get shallow at the thought that he will have to work closely with Draco. Since finding out Draco is his mate other than the midnight kisses he has kept his distance from him. Now they will be working together for the rest of the semester. What is he going to do? What if Draco recognizes his touch or his scent? There is only so much he can do to keep his secret from Draco.

“POTTER!” Harry jumps at the sound of his name. “Are deaf child move your arse or would you like for me to gather your things for you.” Professor Snape yells. Harry looks around the class and sees everyone staring back at him. Harry feels a bit embarrassed for zoning out and quickly gathers his books and goes to sit beside Draco. As Harry takes his, seat, he tries to make sure it is far
enough from Draco so that with all the chemicals they will use his mate will not be able to decipher his scent. Harry’s heart is pounding so fast it feels as if it will jump out of his chest. Draco is looking at him with his usual sneer. And it hurts Harry to have his mate looking at him with such disgust.

“You get the supplies, and I will start the base,” Draco demands. Without hearing another word, Harry leaps from his seat and run to the storage room. He slowly gathers the supplies they will need all the while he tries to figure out the best way to make sure Draco does not smell him or touch him. Harry is not ready for Draco to find out he is his mate. Getting and idea Harry see’s a jar of Caesium. Picking it up adding to his piles of supply. Stupid, as it may be Harry, did not know exactly what he was going to do with it, but he is sure will something will come up. Harry slowly walks back to where Draco is stirring the base of their potion, and he put the supplies down on the table one by one. He made sure to place the Caesium last and on the edge of their workstation.

“Start cutting up the dandelion root finely. I would like to have the prep work done before class is finished.” He tells Harry. “And Potter do not mangle the root.”

Picking up the root Harry moves it closer to where the Caesium jar sits and starts chopping the root. No one will every believe that Harry Potter enjoys potions, it is like cooking and for a minute he forgets his worry and focuses on what he is doing. Harry cuts the roots in perfect thin slices so that his mate would not find anything wrong with them. He did not hear Draco talking to him. Until Draco touched him on his arm to get his attention and Harry flinches then looks up to see irritated blue-grey eyes looking down at him. The feel of Draco’s hand burnt through to Harry’s skin. Feelings desire than fear for his mate coursed through his body. Harry and Draco stare at each other for what seemed like forever, nothing or no one existed in the world but them. And, that is when Harry see’s the realization in Draco’s eyes. Harry tries to break away from Draco’s penetrating gaze and touch. The need to get out of there, to run and out of there, get far away from Draco’s as fast as his legs can move. But he was not moving, Draco still had a hold on him, and he is not ready. Not ready for Draco to reject him. Harry realizes he is strong in so many things, but the fear that his mate rejecting him left him weak.

Pulling his arm roughly away from Draco, Harry forgot about the jar of Caesium, and he knocked over. The jar shatters to the floor breaking. Smoke starts to fill the room. And Harry uses this opportunity to flee the classroom. Harry turns and slips on the spilled contents. Hitting his head on the edge of the desk and falls to the ground, the last thing Harry remembers seeing are blue-grey eyes looking at him. He could not decipher if they were from concern or anger.

Draco is at the moment he does not know how to feel. On one hand, he is pissed, and on the other he is concerned. He finally knows the identity of his mate and it is Harry Bloody Potter. Draco can not decide if he is angry that Harry is his mate or because it took him this long to figure it out. Draco sighs and runs his fingers through his hair, then looks at his hands. The one that grabbed on to his mates arm, the one that still burns from his touch. Harry is his mate, when did I begin to see him as Harry, it feels natural to say Harry and not Evan, it feels so right.

Draco is concerned because now Harry is in the hospital for inhaling toxic fumes, and he could not go to him. They need to talk, and there are things Draco have to figure out. He needed to find out if everything Harry said to him were lies to garner his sympathy. Draco already figured out the name Evan is not his. And, yet, what if everything he confided to me is the truth the way he grew up, the abuse he experienced. Merlin helps the bastards who hurt my mate.

Draco thinks back to the moment in class, and what possessed to touch Harry in class and could not
recall a particular reason. It seemed like the most natural thing to do. But from the moment his fingers touched his Harry's skin. He felt complete, and he didn't want to let him. It confused Draco more than anything.

Right at this moment, Draco feels so out of his depth. He is so used to being in control of everyone and everything around him. But right now he needs some advice before he goes to the infirmary and talk to Harry. Draco needs honest answers to his questions. The only person he knows besides his parents who will be honest with him is his Uncle Sev.

Chapter End Notes

Draco and Harry hash it out in next chapter. And one thing leads to another. ;}


Chapter Summary

It starts out with Draco being conflicted but ends very well.

Chapter Notes

I do not have a beta, so please excuse the grammatical errors. I try to correct them but I know there are some that I missed.

Sorry for the delay on getting this out. Reality sort of snuck up on me and would not go away. I hope you guys liked this chapter. It is shorter than the rest. Also, not a lot of talking done between them in this chapter maybe the next.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Twelve – Finally Yours

It is a couple hours later after the mishap in Potions class, and Draco walks down to the dungeons with determination in his stride. He needed time to clear his mind and get his thoughts together before he seeing or speaking Harry. If he tries to approach Harry right now in the infirmary, there might be words said in the heat of the moment that cannot be taken back. Draco thinks back to their relationship over the years, have all the arguments, hexes and fights leading up to the moment this point? Being mates, fated for each other? Draco shakes his head, no one will be able to answer that question but fate herself.

Draco reaches his Uncle Sev’s private room and knocks on the door. When no one answers, he whispers the password letting himself in. He walks over to the sofa sits down with a heavy sigh Draco leans his head back and close his eyes. Might as well wait. Draco’s mind drifts off as he thinks about the things Harry told him, his family abused and neglected him since he was a baby. Was that a lie? He knew who I was from the beginning did he tell me all of those things to garner empathy from me? The beatings, the ridicule and most of all the I treated him over the years. Guilt rises inside Draco, oh Merlin, the things I said to him, done to him out of jealousy. It hurt Draco that since their first year Harry chose Weasley and Granger and not him. Subconsciously I wanted to be his first choice even then. I purposely sought him out, made sure I constantly remained in his face and mind.

During his rampant thoughts, his godfather Severus walked into the room. “Draco, what are you doing here?”
Draco jumps to his feet quickly and begins to pace. “I need some advice Uncle Sev.”

Severus becomes concerned with Draco’s agitated body language he walks over to his godson and stops him mid pace. “What kind of advice?”

Draco sighs, “I found my mate.” He tells his godfather.

“That is great Dragon.” Severus says with genuine happiness, and then his brows come together with a frown. “I am sensing a but”

“My mate is Harry Potter.” Draco blurts out.

Severus is not sure he heard Draco correctly “S…sa…say that again?”

“Yes, Harry Potter…the boy who lives to torture me is my mate.” Draco whines.

Severus is a bit shocked, but Draco does not seem to notice. “How did you find out?”

“During potions class, before the Caesium was knocked over,” Draco says. But he also needed to know if Harry is ok. “Is he going to be ok? I know inhaling the toxic fumes can be dangerous in itself but, he also slipped and fell on it.”

“He will be fine,” Severus reassures Draco. “Madam Pomfrey was able to get his clothes off in time before it was able to seep into his skin. He should be out of the infirmary and back in his dorms as we speak.”

Draco takes a sigh of relief, and Caesium is very toxic in its self. It is only used in certain potions. Why was it at our workstation in the first place? That among all the other questions that keep swirling in Draco’s head.

“Draco beside finding out Potter is your mate what else is bothering you?” Severus asks walking over to the sofa. Draco follows Severus and sits beside the older man.

Leaning his head back on the couch Draco stares at the ceiling. “Before I knew who my mate was we had a few midnight meetings,” He begins to tell his godfather but skipping over the part about the kisses they shared. “I never got to see his face, and I saw his wings and hair. He wears a pretty powerful glamor, and I did not recognise his voice either. It did not grate on my nerves like usual, and his voice sounds soft and masculine at the same time.” Draco says trying to find the right words to describe the effect Harry has on him. “He asked me to give him time and for us to get to know each other. He was not ready to show himself to me and against my better judgement I agreed.”

“I don’t see anything wrong with that,” Severus tells Draco.

Draco nods his head, “He sent me a letter again asking that we get to know each other better. At first it bothered me that he knew who I was, and I had no idea who he was. After thinking about what he asked, I saw no harm in getting to know each and I agreed. It took me some time, but I charmed two parchments so that we would be able to write to each other. I admit he was right Sev, the things I shared with him I have never told anyone. I found myself falling for him even without seeing his face or knowing his real name.”
“So what’s the problem?” Severus asks.

“Our past,” Draco says running his hands through his blonde hair. “Harry and I have spent the last six years cursing, hexing each other. Dammit Sev, we did everything but kill each other. And, the things he told me; his family Sev the way that they treated him makes me see red every time I think about it. I can’t help but think maybe everything he told me was a lie, to gain sympathy for him. I’m so conflicted on what to believe.”

Severus looks at his godson and wishes he could tell him what to do. To think that his mate would never lie to him. But that is something he could not. Draco has to figure it out for himself.

“Let me ask you this, what is your heart telling you?

“It’s telling me that my mate would not lie to me. But, I still feel I need to see his face and hear the truth in his voice. Because if it was those who hurt him will not live to see another day.”

Draco stayed with Severus for a few more hours talking and eating dinner rather than in the Great Hall. Instead of going to his dorm Draco goes to his usual spot the Astronomy tower. It seems to be the only place he was able to think clearly, and it could also be that the tower holds a special place in his heart. It is where he and Harry shared their first few kisses. Draco is not expecting to see anyone up there at this time. Everyone is in the Great Hall having dinner. He walks over to an open window in time to see the most beautiful creature landing inside the tower. It is Harry, and for the first time Draco can see all of him.

His shirt is off and so is his glamor and Draco gets a clear view of Harry’s tattoos, his wings were spread wide. Harry’s wings are not as large as Draco’s, but they fit him perfectly. Harry still did not see him, and instead of saying anything to get his mate’s attention Draco undid his robes and shirt, letting his wings flare. At the sound of his wings, Harry turns around and gasps. While Harry’s wings are silver with specks of green and black feathers, Draco’s wings are hunter green with a sprinkling of silver and black. I should have known my wings are the same color as his eyes. The signs have been there all along right in front of me, and I kept on ignoring them. The height of Draco’s wings represents his dominance in their relationship. His eyes turned from blue-gray to purely gray, his hair lengthens down to the middle of his back. He looks taller and towers over his mate now that he stands completely in Harry’s presence.

Draco slowly walks over to his mate and caresses his wings with one hand and, his face with the other, Harry purrs and bares his neck and close his eyes showing his submission to his dominant partner.

“Open your eyes,” Draco whispers.

Harry opens his eyes, and they looked at each other, feelings of happiness shows in their eyes, from being in each other’s presence. Draco needs to touch Harry more. And pulls Harry closer to him connecting their bodies in an embrace. Harry sighs and rests his head on Draco’s muscled shoulders. Draco can hear Harry breathing in his scent. They stay like that for a while. No talking just sit and holding each other.

It is Harry who breaks the silence between them. “I’m sorry I didn’t tell you who I was,” He says not taking his head from Draco’s shoulder. “I was just afraid of your rejection. We have been at
each other’s throat since we were eleven….” Harry did not get to finish his sentence because Draco lifts his head from his shoulders to look into his face.

“I understand that,” Draco tells him bends his head and kisses Harry sweetly on the lips. “Those were some of my same concerns also. We have done a lot of nasty things to each other. And not in a good way,” He says after lifting his head then wiggles his eyebrows. That made Harry giggle, and Draco found he love to hear the sound. Then his face got serious. “There is only one thing that I want to know before we move on further.

“What is it?” Harry asks.

“I need to know the truth, Harry,” He says. “I know there are things that we need to talk about, things we need to say to each other.” Draco lets go of Harry and steps back. For an unexplained reason he felt he needed jus a little bit of space to be able to see the truth in Harry’s eyes. “What you told me about your family…”

“It was all true…” Harry finishes for him. “I did not lie to you,” He closed his eyes, and Draco can tell he is holding back tears. Draco went to hug him again, but Harry stops his movements by stepping back and holding a hand stretched out in front of him. “No, I need to say this,” Harry tells him opening his eyes. “I did not tell you all of that so that you will feel sorry for me I don’t want or need your pity. I know how I am painted to the Wizarding world.” Harry’s anger is rising with each word. “I’m the poor little, orphaned child one minute, and mad as a hatter in the next.”

Harry begins to pace, his wings rustle to show his irritation. Harry stops in front of Draco. “I want you to see me, and not what the world see’s me as. And I wanted to get to know you and not the mask you wear.”

Draco pulls Harry back into his embrace. This time, Harry did not stop him. “I understand and don’t expect this much,” Draco tells him. “But you were right.” He finishes with a chuckle. Draco can feel Harry smile on his shoulder.

Harry lifts his face up, “A Malfoy actually admitting they are wrong about something one for the history books.”

“Brat,” Draco says playfully swatting Harry on his pert arse.

Draco lifts a hand to cup Harry’s face and lets his thumb caress his bottom lip. Harry close his eyes and purrs under his touch. “It will not be an easy relationship, Harry,” Draco whispers.

“I know,” Harry says opening his eyes.

“We have a lot of history between us, but I think that was our Veela’s drawing us together,” Draco whispers. His face moves closer to Harry and Draco brushes his lips against hs mate’s.”

Harry gasps and moans at the same time, “You’re stubborn,” He begins.

“And you seek out danger,” Draco groans out when Harry’s tongue touches his lips.

“And you’re a bloody Malfoy,” Harry murmurs then shivers when Draco lightly nips his bottom lip with his fangs.

“And don’t you forget it,” Draco says finally claiming his mouth in a passionate kiss. Harry moans and clutches on to Draco demanding more from their kiss. Draco cups the back of Harry’s head and presses their lips together getting as much as he can out of their kiss. Harry moans when Draco pulls and sucks on his tongue. Draco nips Harry’s tongue drawing a small amount of blood. He
moans tasting his mate's essence. Harry tastes like sugar, spice and strength. Draco deepens their kiss, and he glides his hands through Harry's soft long hair and groans at the texture.

Draco grabs a hand full of Harry's hair and pulls him back from their kiss. They are both panting for breath, Harry's cheeks flush with heat, his eyes still closed. Draco's eyes travel down to his mate's kiss swollen lips, "Gods you are beautiful," He whispers against Harry's lips. Harry groans at the contact. "The things you do to me," Draco says. "You've been under my skin since the first day we met." Draco leans back, and Harry opens his eyes. Draco gasps at what he sees passion filled clouded green eyes looking back at him. Harry licks his lips and Draco's eyes immediately follow.

"You touch makes everything that was horrible in my life feels good," Harry tells him. "I forget who I am when I am in your arms."

Draco runs his hands through Harry's hair, "I have a request," He says.

"Anything for you, my Dominant,"

Draco smiles, "Remember that the next time you want to do something dangerous and I forbid it."

Harry chuckles.

"I laugh in the face of danger," Harry says with a smile.

"That is quite the cheesiest thing I have ever heard you say, Potter."

"Whatever," Harry says circling his arms tighter around Draco's neck. "What is your request."

Draco pulls Harry closer to him, their hard clothed cock brushing together both hiss at the contact. "Your hair," Draco begins, but Harry cut him off.

"What about my hair?" Harry asks in confusion.

"You are never allowed to cut it," Draco tells him.

Harry smiles. "Is that a command my Dominant?"

"Do I need to make it one," Draco says with an eyebrow arched.

The smile on Harry's face lessens, "I want to make you happy Draco, even if it is the simplest thing as not cutting my hair."

"It is not going to be easy," Draco says.

Harry nods his head, "We are both strong-headed," Harry adds in.

Draco pulls back and holds on to Harry's hands, he slowly backs up and walks them over to a corner of the tower. Then conjures a comfortable couch for them to sit Draco sits down then pulls Harry to sit with him. Draco wraps his arms around Harry and kisses him on the side of his forehead. They have a lot of things to work out. But for right now he just wanted to hold his mate.

"I think," Draco begins. "We have been making each other happy over the last six years," Harry goes to lift his head up, but Draco stops him. "No, listen to me. As crazy as it seems our Veela's knew we belonged together and forced us to interact with each other."

"But, I did not know I would gain a creature inheritance," Harry speaks up.
“No, but I knew. Veelas are common in my family, and Harry I have to tell you it made me crazy with jealousy that you chose Weasley and Granger over me.” Harry stills and Draco notices, he files it away to ask about later. “Every time we argued, hexed each other or touched I felt settled and it should have bothered me but it did not.”

Harry had no words. Draco is right, he remembers the times he purposely followed the other boy around. Stared at him, or found ways to make Draco notice him. They stayed like that for a while not saying a word. Thinking about the next step their relationship, Draco’s thoughts drift to their kiss, and he wants to know if Harry has every shared anything but a kiss with anyone else. The thought that another claimed his mate’s lips before he did has Draco seeing red. He wants to stake his claim on Harry but now was not the time.

Draco turns Harry into his embrace, he moves his hand to the back of Harry head and grabs on to his lovely locks again pulling his head back to see in his face. Draco needs to look into his Harry’s emerald jewels. Draco lowered his head and brushed his lips against Harry. Using the tip of his tongue, he traced Harry lips silently asking for entrance. This time their kiss is not urgent or rushed, Draco takes his time feeling Harry’s and tasting his mouth.

When Harry did not open his mouth, Draco bites down on his bottom lip, Harry whimpers, and it pulls at Draco’s need to hear his mate make more sweet sounds. Slowly Draco lowers Harry to his back while kissing him on his chin then moving to his neck. He inhaled and took in the scent that was his mate. Draco grazes his fangs on the pulsing vein of Harry’s neck nipping at it but not drawing blood or leaving a mark. Harry moans and Draco’s cock hardens, just from the scent of his mate he moaned submerging himself into his mate. Harry smells of wild cherries and cinnamon mixing together. Draco wants to do more; he wanted to sink his fangs into his mate’s neck claiming him, marking him and completely his. But Draco holds off and in sucks a mark on Harry neck knowing that will satisfy him for now.

Harry moans Draco is driving him crazy. The way Draco is holding him makes him feels loved and wanted. “You are so responsive, and it makes me so fucking hard,” Draco whispers in Harry's skin. “The way you respond to my kisses, my touch.” Draco continues as he kisses Harry in places that make him shiver.

No one has ever made me feel this way. Harry is not experienced when it comes to sex, but he wants Draco to do more, need him to do more. Harry moves his hand to the back of Draco’s neck and holds on to the blond silk locks letting the other boy knows he needs more of what they are doing. Harry opens his legs and Draco lays comfortable between them. Draco understands the action perfectly. Draco lifted his head from Harry neck and looked into his face before he kisses him again. Their bodies melded together as one. They lay chest to chest and groin to groin. Feeling the hardness of their cocks through their pants they started to rub against each other. The friction drove Harry and Draco, and they did not want to stop. Harry wraps his legs around Draco, mindful of the other man’s wings and press the heel of his bare feet into the other man’s arse.

Even with the easy banter, Harry knows that there are things that need to be said. But right now their past did not matter all that mattered was right here and now.

Being the more experienced of the two, Draco moved his hand up Harry naked torso and tweaked one of Harry nipple, which sends a rippling effect on Harry already hard cock. Harry wanted more.
But did not know how to ask Draco for it. Harry’s moan became louder not caring if someone comes up to the tower and catches them. Loving the sounds Harry is making Draco tweaked his nipple one more a bit harder, this time drawing more blood to it. Slowly pulling away from their kiss Draco moves down to the abused nipple and sucks it in his mouth. Harry arched his back, pushing the nipple more into Draco mouth and cries out from the sweet sensations happening to his body.

Draco smiles around the nipple in his mouth. Draco wonders if Harry would be offended if he wanted to put a nipple clamp on him. Draco is not only a dominant because of his Veela status, but he is also a dominant in the bedroom. Images of seeing his mate tied up or his arse red from a spanking. Most Veela’s are hardcore dominants, who believes in dominating every aspect of their Submissives lives. But Draco wants a submissive only in their bedroom, spankings only when needed or any other sexual acts that will drive his mate crazy with arousal. Draco is getting harder thinking about all the things he could and will do to Harry.

Draco bites down on the abused nipple then licked it one more time. This time, Harry screams out his name, if a silencing charm were not up the tower. All of Hogwarts will hear Harry screaming out Draco’s name in sweet ecstasy. Draco moves from Harry’s nipple trailing kisses down to his belly button. He did not miss the angry bulge in Harry pants.

Draco lifted head and his eyes and connected with cloudy emerald jewels. Draco smiles at the effect he has on Harry, sweaty hair clinging to his forehead and chest. Draco could not resist. Harry looks utterly debauched, and it makes Draco proud to know he is the one who puts that look of pleasure on him. It only makes Draco need to taste Harry more. Slowly Draco undoes the fastenings on Harry pants and pulls them down his hips. Harry hard cock springs out hitting him on his abs. Pre-cum pooling at the tip, Draco does not want to rush this part, he wants to take his time. Draco leans in and kisses each side of Harry hips.

Draco licks Harry pelvic, he shivers and clutches tighter onto the back of Draco’s head making him hiss. Draco slowly moves him tongue over to Harry’s hard cock he used the tip of his tongue and licked away the pre-cum and moans at the taste. As he suspected, Harry is sweet all over. Harry hand went to the top of Draco head and grabbed onto his hair and pulls on it. Draco is so turned on by Harry action he know that when Harry finally does cum he will be right behind him. Slowly Draco moved his lips over the head of Harry cock and feeds it into his mouth little at a little. The grip in his hair tightens Draco is in heaven, and he moans around Harry’s cock.

Harry groans and jerks his hips when the head of his cock bumps the back of Draco’s throat. Draco head starts to bob his head up and down in slow motion stopping at he tip when he gets to the top and sucking on Harry’s slit.

Harry groans when cold hair hits his hot wet cock. Sensations fill his body, and he has never felt this way before.

Draco licks and sucks Harry to his content controlling the speed. He gripped the base of Harry cock jerking him as he sucks. With his other hand, he moved up to Harry’s abused nipple and tweaked it again dragging a wanton moan out of his mate. He is exquisite and so responsive, and I have never had a lover who seems to crave my touch like Harry. His mate is not only beautiful but sensual and filled with pleasure wanting to burst out. Draco can not wait for the day when he can claim Harry completely. Draco wants to make all of Harry wishes come through in and out of the bedroom.
Harry is going to die; Draco is determined to suck the very life out of him. This is what he has heard of in the dorm room. Talk of girls sucking them dry now he knows what they are talking about, oh Merlin the feelings and sensations. Harry, grunts and jerks his hips when he feels Draco’s fangs scrape at the sensitive spot on his head. Harry knows the grip he has on Draco head hurts. But Harry could not help himself. He needed something to hold on to. Harry feels as if he is falling into a river of ecstasy.

“Oh, Dra…. please more…don’t stop,” Harry begs when Draco begins to suck him harder.

Draco has no intention of stopping what he is doing. Draco wants to hear Harry make more sweet sounds and scream his name. Draco sucks in more of Harry cock into hollowing his jaws to take him in further. Again he feels hitting him in the back of his throat. Draco chin rests on Harry balls, and he feels them tighten. And Draco knows Harry will be coming soon.

“Dray…I…I’m go…going…tssss…..”

Harry could not finish his warning to Draco he words started to blend together between English and Parseltongue. Whatever Draco is doing to him with his mouth and tongue drove Harry further over the edge. Harry feels a tingling sensation starting from the base of his spine and moving to his cock, the next thing he knew he is coming down Draco throat screaming Draco’s name. Harry Potter the boy who has never been shagged just had his first orgasm.

Chapter End Notes

I am not sure when the next chapter will be out. But rest assured it will not be long.
Meet the Parents-Grand that is!!

Chapter Summary

Harry Potter and Co belongs to J.K. Rowling.

Chapter Notes

Again sorry for the delay on getting this chapter. But, personal life got in the way.

Again, I do not have a beta so please excuse the grammatical errors.

Anyway, I hope you guys like this chapter.

Thank you for all of the Kudos and Reviews, I really appreciate it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Draco is in pure heaven; he pleased his mate evidence by purring and the lazy fingers running through his hair after their combined orgasm. He did not want to move Harry felt perfect beneath him. Draco slowly moves up Harry body placing tender kisses as he goes. When Draco reaches Harry’s mouth, he nibbles on his lower lip drawing pleasurable moans from his mate. Lifting his head Draco looks into Harry's eyes they are glowing. Draco has always thought Harry was sexy. But at the moment looking so wanton and debauched all he could think is that Harry is the most beautiful he has ever seen.

“You are so damn sexy,” Draco whispers against Harry’s red heart shaped kiss swollen lips. “And you are all mine.”

Harry’s face turns red, blushing at Draco’s compliment. “You thought I was sexy back then?” Harry asks softly. Draco nods his head yes, smiles their bond is already forming. Soon not only will they hear each other’s thoughts but also they will be able to speak telepathically to each other. Some Veela's can feel each other when they are in danger.

“I told you it was one of the reasons why do you think I use to torment and tease you so much. I really hated that you chose Weasley and Granger over me. Granted I did not know you in Madam Malkin's shop, but when I saw you on the train again, I felt drawn to you. Deep down I don’t think I ever hated you, Harry.”
Harry is surprised to hear Draco's confession. All this time he thought Draco hated him. Gods the amount of time they wasted, Harry reached up and caressed the left side of Draco's face. “I won't lie to you Draco. In the beginning, I hated you because you insulted Hagrid, who was the first person that had ever shown me any kindness. Then you did it again, on the train when you did the same thing to Ron. But, my feeling started to change when I hit you with the Sectumsempra spell” he says getting choked up. “After, I ran from the bathroom, and I felt so guilty I didn't know what to do. I did not want you to die.” A tear fell on the side of Harry's face mingling with his hair, and Draco wipes the tear away. “But I kept telling myself that you deserved it. But something deep inside me was crying out in anger for what I did to you. I couldn't understand it.”

Harry continues caressing Draco face as more tears pools in his eyes “I am so sorry, I know saying sorry doesn't fix the scar I gave you. But I can promise you this I will never hurt you like that again. Now that I have you in my life I cannot see my life without in it. When I said that spell I did not know the damage, it would cause. Please believe me.”

Draco reaches up with both his hands and cups Harry’s face. “I forgave you the minute it happened.” Harry gets ready to say something, but Draco stops him. “I was dealing with my own issues. I overheard something one afternoon while at the Dark Lord’s Manor that involved my parents. The Dark Lord ordered my parents to seduce and kill a prominent French Diplomat. If my mum and dad did not get, the Diplomat to join his ranks.”

Draco stops taking a deep breath before he continues. “If my parents failed, he would have my mother raped and killed while my father watches before he kills him. Then he would have turned me over to one of his more ruthless Death Eater, who will make me their slave.

“Oh Draco,” Harry whispers in shock. “I-I- don’t know what to say.”

“There is nothing you can say,” Draco tells him. “Harry I was ready to die, my parents at the time was the only thing that mattered to me. And if they failed, that monster would have taken them away from me. But I am glad they did not fail, I am not sure how they did it or what they did but I am still here, and so are they.” Draco lays his head on Harry’s chest. “While I laid on the wet bathroom floor dying a voice whispered in my ear and told me it was not my fate or my time.”

Harry gasps and lifts Draco’s head off his chest. “What did the voice sound like?”

Draco’s brows crease together in a frown, “I-I don’t know how to explain it. It was sweet and calming.” Confusion shows on his face. “Why?”

“I-I don’t know if you will believe me if I told you,” Harry begins.

“Try,” Draco encourages.

“I think I encountered that voice, as a matter of fact I think I have spoken to her, it or them,” Harry tells him. “It is hard to explain, they had two faces, a male and a female and one head and body. Their faces were side by side and connected.”

Both Draco and Harry are silent as their minds go through the possibility of who the voice could be.

“Neville thinks it was fate,” Harry says after a few minutes.

Draco’s eyes widen in shock, “Harry, only a handful of wizards and witches had records of meeting with fate and lived to tell the tale. And she, he or they looks nothing like what you are describing.”

“Then who the hell did I meet? Who the hell held me while I cried?” Harry asks in utter wonder.
“I don’t know Love, but we will figure it out together.” Draco turned his head and kissed Harry palm still holding his face. There was so much affection, lust and want in Draco eyes no one has ever looked at him that way Harry did not know how to feel.

“I like that,” Harry whispers.

“What,”

“That we are together, I don’t feel so alone anymore. Between you and Neville, I will never be alone again.” Harry tells him.

“I’m sorry I was such a shit to you, and I can understand your instinct is to attack first ask questions later. We are always at each other’s throat, throwing hexes and anything that came to our minds at the time. I don’t blame you for what you did. Like I said I was going through my own issues.”

“I’m going to kill him Draco,” Harry says. “He’s hurt too many people I care about.”

Draco takes one of Harry’s hand that cups his face, “Listen to me, you do not have to kill him if you do not want to, he is not worth the balm that will be on your soul.” Draco tells him, and then his brows crease together again. “And, what’s with you and Longbottom. Last time I checked the Weasel and Granger are your tagalongs?”

Harry begins to chuckle, he could not believe Draco is jealous of Neville wait until I tell him. “Are you jealous my Dominant?”

Draco raises an eyebrow, “Do I have anything to be jealous of?”

“You have nothing to worry about when it comes to Neville,” Harry tells him

“I hope so Harry Potter soon to be Malfoy, Longbottom as gotten a bit muscular I doubt I can take him in a fight. But for you I will my damnedest.”

Harry stops chuckling, “Say that again,” He asks Draco there is a hitch in his voice.

“What, Harry Potter?”

“No, the Malfoy part.” Draco is silent for a minute staring into Harry’s face. “Please Draco, I need to hear it.”

Draco leans down and places a gentle kiss to Harry’s lips, “Harry (kiss) Potter (kiss) Malfoy.” On the last kiss, Harry grabs the back of Draco’s head and holds him down for a longer and more intense one. This kiss said all the things Harry could not say with words, thank you, I’m sorry, and possibly I love you. Harry can feel Draco saying the same thing back to him. They belong together, and Harry belongs to Draco as much as Draco belongs to him.

Slowly they pull away from their kiss and Harry gaze up at Draco “You were right you know.”
Leaning down to nibble on the space behind Harry's ear, lightly using his fangs to nip at Harry earlobe he gasps when Draco, scrapes his teeth on a very sensitive spot. “About what?” For a second Harry forgets what he is going to say. Whatever Draco is doing to him was turning his brain into mush.

“Mmmm” he moans “…y…you were right when you told me some families is not to be trusted.” At that Draco lift his head quickly to look into Harry face.

“What happen Baby?”

“I don't want to talk about it right now, and I don't wish to ruin the pleasant mood. Just know that you were right all along.” He tells him.

Draco did not want to ruin the mood either, but he wants to know what was going on with his mate. He eased his body off Harry and then sits up straight on the sofa. “Look,” he says, “I don't want any secrets between us. As the dominant in the relationship, I can order you to tell me what’s wrong. But, I'm not going to do that. I want us to have an open and honest relationship, not one built on secrets.”

Harry lays there for a minute marinating on what Draco just said. He could not keep all his secrets from his mate. Sooner or later Draco is bound to find out everything that has been going on. And, Harry did not want Draco to be caught off guard. He just did not where to start or what to tell Draco.

Should I start off by telling Draco that I am the heir to Slytherin, and once they are bonded by proxy he will become the Heir to both Slytherin and Hufflepuff house. Or should I start with the fact that Dumbledore is not only trying to kill him but the people he considered family have been stealing from him, and is also helping Dumbledore in his desire to kill me. Oh, let’s not forget your father is also helping me kill Voldemort and by now your mother is in on it and you are the last you know. Harry did not know where to start, and absolutely he did not know which part of his story will set off Draco’s Veela into a rage.

Harry calls out to Lady of Hogwarts. “My Lady,” He says. “I am ready to see my private Chambers. I think it is time my mate and I speak without eyes and ear watching. Please show me the way.”

“Harry, who are you talking to? And what chambers are you talking about?” Draco asks in confusion. Before Harry can answer a door appeared in the center of the room. Without hesitation, Harry got up righted himself made a motion to step through the door. But, a hand stops him.

“What the bloody hell do you think you're doing?!” Draco yells.

Harry asks softly, “Do you trust me Draco?”

“Before today I would have said no. But, right now in this minute I can only be honest and say I don’t know.”

Harry can respect that answer. He and Draco have been enemies for so long. Trust is something they will have to learn to build on. “Please trust me this one time, what I have to say I cannot risk anyone coming up here and overhear it and run back to the Headmaster.”

“And what we just did was not risky enough to be seen?” Draco says with an arched an eyebrow as he moves closer to Harry.

Harry cheeks pink a little, “It was,” He murmurs going to his toes to kiss the taller boy quickly. “I
Draco looks down at Harry, puppy dog eyes. And he knows when his sweet mate looks at him that way he is a total goner and will do anything Harry wants. *Shit, I’m so fucked.* Taking a deep breath Draco realize he did not have any choice, he will have to trust Harry sooner or later. He takes Harry's hand and tells him to lead the way.

As soon as they step through the door it vanishes from the tower. On the other side, Harry and Draco step into a room that is decorated with green, silver and a sprinkling of black. There is a house elf standing in front of them, and he is dressed in a crisp white shirt the Slytherin insignia on the left corner pocket. The elf’s shirt is paired with a black pants. Draco is not sure what to think of all of this, and he knows they are still at Hogwarts but where is the question.

Draco watches as the elf bows in greeting “Greetings young heir, I am Sprite your personal house elf. I and the other elves have been waiting for you and your brother to arrive. All of your belongs have been moved to your room and that of your Consort. Magnus your Consort’s personal elf has made sure that there is tea waiting for you in your personal library.” Draco turns to look at Harry, and he does not look surprised by all of this. Draco wonders why it is that Sprite speaks clearer than all the other elves he encountered?

As soon as Sprite said that Magnus appears and also bows showing his respect. He was dressed the same way that Sprite the only difference he has the Hufflepuff insignia on his left corner pocket.

“Also,” Continues Sprite. “Your grandfathers would like to have a word with you before you present your mate.” Draco hears Harry curse. “If there is anything else you need, young Heir and Consort please call.” The elves pop away from the room silently leaving Draco and Harry alone.

“Umm…Harry, Love, what the bloody hell is going on?! Draco questions. “And who are your grandfathers?”

Harry did not know how to answer that question as of yet. *I guess I need to see what my grandparents want before I tell Draco everything.* He turns around and looks at a very confused Draco. Harry reach up and kiss Draco hoping to delay pretty much talking about everything for now. He pulls away from their kiss reluctantly. Harry can easily drown in Draco’s kisses and die a happy man.

“Give me a few minutes to see what they want and I promise I will tell you everything,” Harry says
to Draco.

Draco looks down at Harry assess his facial expression“Promise me you will not leave anything out, and I will let you go and talk to whomever you need to.”

“I promise, I don't want to keep anything from you Draco. I want us to be open and honest with each other. Always.”

Harry pulled away from Draco and walked down the hall to his personal library. How Harry knew where it is, was a miracle. It is as if he had been here before and remembers where everything is.

He reached his personal library there was an intricate design on the door it was a combination of a lion and a snake. They seem to be moving if you look too closely. Harry looks down and realize he does not have a shirt on. He quickly conjures a t-shirt, then steeling himself he walked into the room and gasps for breath.

The room is massive and rival that of the regularly used by Hogwarts students. Windows are surrounding the whole room. A large chocolate desk sat in the center of the library. In the far left corner is a fireplace with leather wingback chairs stationed in front of it. On the mantle sits the moving pictures of Salazar and Godric together. They are looking and smiling at happily at Harry. They look just as beautiful and handsome as when he saw them last.

He did not get to examine the room any further because his grandfather’s beckoned him closer to them. “Come closer my young heir,” Godric says to him. “We wanted to have a chance to speak to you before you introduced your Consort and Mate.”

“You must be wondering a few things,” continues Salazar “for instance how did we know you found your mate? And how did we know that you were here? Harry nods his head. “Quite simply put magic!” He says with a smile.

“Our magic is still and will continue to be infused in the castle. Also, a very special Lady has been keeping us abreast on what is going on you and your brother.” Says Godric. “Excellent idea using the goblins to invoke a blood brotherly bond between you and young Neville.” Salazar and Godric’s proud smile made Harry blush.

Salazar expression becomes serious. “You are about to bring many things to light young Harry, and you are going to need people you can trust around you,” He warns. “We can only protect you and young Neville as much as possible. But you will need the strength of your mate to carry you through the next phase. I know that it is asking a lot of you but to bring Hogwarts and the Wizarding world back to what it was and built depends on your brother and your mates. Do not be afraid to ask questions, Harry. Do not be afraid to take risks to protect those you love. And most of all my grandson do not be afraid to lean on the help of other’s that is around you.”

The mood in the room becomes somber; Harry did not want to think about what he will have to do in the coming weeks or possibly months. He wanted to enjoy the moment that Draco did not reject him.

“Now on to more pleasant things, let’s meet your mate,” Salazar says breaking the tension in the room, a friendly smile is on his face. “And, I promise not to let Godric interrogate him…too much.”

*Oh, Merlin, Draco is going to run or faint the minute he meets them*

Harry smiles then nod his head. He walks out of the room to get Draco, who is standing in the hallway. Draco must have followed Harry. They looked at each other and Harry suspects that he
heard their conversation.

“What did you hear?” Harry asks him.

Draco shakes his head “I could not hear your conversation. Nor, could I hear anything from you mentally, and that worried me a bit. So I followed you to this room and waited for you to come out. Harry, what’s going on? I know tonight we only just established our relationship, but Harry, I feel like so many damn secrets surround you...”

Harry stops him by placing a finger on his lips before he continues with his rant. “Draco, I promise you I will tell you everything tonight or as much as I can in one night. I won't hold anything back from you. Just please be patient. Okay.”

Again, Draco had no other choice but to concede to Harry’s request. Harry, pulls him through the door, the room he steps in is enormous. Either he spoke put loud, or Harry must have heard his thoughts.

“I know it’s bigger than the school library.” He says with a giggle. The Ravenclaws would be jealous if they saw this.”

“Well, who do you think built it?” Says a voice from above the fireplace. When Draco turns to the voice, and could not believe what or whom, he is seeing. Sitting in the frame is one of the most beautiful Veela other than Harry, of course, he has ever seen. Beside him was a fierce looking lion, that Draco is sure he would never want to tangle with. The odd thing is the lion’s eyes seem to be either smiling, but his lips are curled in a menacing growl.

“Draco, Love, may I introduce you to my many great grandfathers, Salazar Slytherin, and the lion trying to scare you is Godric Gryffindor.”

Draco is so shocked he did not know what to say. He is sure he is embarrassing himself standing before Salazar Slytherin with his mouth hanging open. The first thing Draco realizes is that Salazar looked nothing like pictures in the books. The second is what Harry said, grandfathers, not founders! What the hell?

“Why do you insist on scaring every one of our children’s mate? Change back this instant.” Salazar says to the lion with irritation in his voice. “Please, young Consort do not heed Godric antics.” Salazar continues unaware of Draco’s shocked expression.

Godric changes back. Come on Sal,” Whines a new voice. “Why do you insist on ruining all of my fun. You did it when Cassandra brought her intended, and you're doing it now.” Godric continues to complain. He then turns to Harry and Draco, “Just wait for it young Consort, soon Harry will ruin all your fun once you have kits he won't let you scare their mates or intended.” He says with a pout.

“Oh, quit your bellyaching don’t you see that Harry has things to discuss with his Consort, and you're complaining about trivial things.” Salazar snaps at his larger mate. Draco watches the scene
in fascination. They act like his mum and dad.

“Embarrassing, right?” Harry whispers close to his ear. Draco nods his head in agreement still in a daze.

“Trivial, Sal my Love. I only want the young Consort to understand that if he hurts our young Harry not even death will save him.” The glare Draco received from Godric had him almost pissing his pants. The man’s eyes glowed, and Draco could have sworn Godric roared like the lion he was only a few minutes ago when he threatened him.

Finding his voice, or he prays he did Draco responds. “I do not plan on hurting Harry now or ever,” He assures them. “On that, you have my word as a Malfoy, and it’s Heir,” Draco says with as much courage as he could muster he place his fist over his heart and bows in respect to the founders and his promise.

“That is all we ask of you, young Consort.” Salazar begins. “He has been hurt enough.” That is the second time Draco has heard that in one night. Frist from Severus and now from Salazar Slytherin. Who could have hurt my mate?

“We leave him in your care because if you do hurt him I can promise you Godric will not be the only one you need to worry about,” Salazar says drawing his attention back to their conversation.

Draco nods his head he accepted their warning and threat; Draco asks the next thing that pops in his mind. “Why do you call me young Consort?”

“Because that is your title,” Responds Salazar. Draco did not understand what the hell Salazar Slytherin could be referring to, maybe he is as mental as the books say.

“You are the Consort to one of Hogwarts heir and also the proxy Heir to Hufflepuff.”

For another moment that night Draco is shocked. And as a Malfoy did the noblest thing he could think to do. He walks over to one of the wingback chair sitting in front of the fireplace and faints.

“At least he didn't fall to the ground like his father did,” Is the last thing he hears before everything in his world goes black.

Chapter End Notes

I am not sure when the next chapter will be. There is another story brewing in my head this one is with Harry and Lucius. But there is also a Harry and Tom one too. I'm not sure which one to start maybe when my mind settles it will come to me.
Chapter Summary

Harry begins to tell Draco what Happened and how he became the Heir of Hogwarts.

Chapter Notes

As always J.K. Rowling owns Harry Potter & Co.

This chapter or the beginning is dedicated to Silverstargirl, thanks for getting me started on this chapter. I was not planning on writing another chapter so soon but when a muse hits I could not help it.

I hope this Chapter lives up to your expectations. I thank you guys for reading, leaving comments and suggestions.

Again I have no Beta reader so please excuse the grammatical errors.

The first words that come out Draco’s mouth when he finally wakes up surprises the founders but not Harry, “Are you freaking kidding me, Hufflepuff! I never thought I would live to see the day when a Malfoy would represent the house of Hufflepuff.” Draco sighs and looks around the room from his seated position. He did not even realize that he is still in the library. Draco remembers that before he blacked out he and Harry were talking to the Hogwarts founders portraits.

“And what is so bloody wrong with representing the house of Hufflepuff? I will have you know we are the bravest, smartest and most cunning of all the other houses. What the bloody hell are they teaching you, children, here.” Says a very agitated female voice.

Draco looks up from where he is lying down to not only see Harry, but Godric, Salazar and two other women who he can only assume are Helga Hufflepuff and Rowena Ravenclaw.

“Smart and Brave my arse, there is a reason we call them puffs,” he says sarcastically. A stinging
hex is sent his way causing Draco yelp and jump the chair.

“Dammit Draco, use your head and not your mouth,” Harry says to him.

“For your information, young Consort, Helga is indeed correct.” Responds Rowena. Draco gives her a look of disbelief. “While the Ravens show their smarts, the Griffins display their courage, and the Snakes slither and trick those around them. The Puffs hide in plain sight.” She reprimands.

“Think about it this way, Puffs are the first to know what is going on, and what is the latest gossip. The other houses speak freely around them, and they are completely ignored and yet they know when to stand up for what they believe and they know when to run from a fight. They also love with their whole heart. If you are looking for spies, you send a Puff to do the job.”

Draco begins to feel embarrassed of his idiotic outburst, and he has never thought about it. How many times has he or Blaise talked about an important matter not realizing that someone was standing there listening? Draco shakes his head searching the room for Harry. His eyes lands on his mate and a smile broke from his lips. Merlin Harry is beautiful; his lips were still a bit red and swollen from their kisses in the tower. Draco gets up from the chair and walks over to Harry cupping his face he kisses him, with as much passion as he could muster with others watching. Draco tries to convey his feelings to Harry that anything he has to tell him, he would listen with an open mind and try to be fair and unbiased.

Another stinging hex is sent his way and Draco abruptly pulls away from Harry leaving Harry a bit unsteady on his feet. Draco turns and sends the people in the portrait a scathing and angry look.

“Don’t you give me that look young man” Helga snaps. “Our grandson has matters to discuss with you and distracting him will only make him nervous. When he is done speaking with you. You can kiss him for as long as you desire. But for now keep your lips and hands to yourself.” The or else is left unsaid in her threat. With her hands on her hips Draco deduces she meant business and would rather not find out the or else would imply. Fuck, why is everyone threatening me tonight?

Draco took the warning, raising his hands to show he surrender. He reluctantly backed away from Harry walked over to the other side of the room. Draco turns his head to the side to see Harry’s biting on his bottom lip and an anxious look on his face. Draco pulls Harry in his arms. Harry buries his face in his chest. “Whatever it is we will deal with it together,” Draco says. Harry nods his head and lifts his head to look in Draco’s face. Temptation gets the better of him, and Draco could not help himself he bends his head to capture Harry’s lips in another kiss but stops suddenly.

“I wouldn’t if I were you,” Says a voice above his head. Draco looks up at the portrait to see all four founder’s glaring at him. Then he hears a snicker and looks back down to see Harry covering his lips hiding a smile. Everyone is a fucking comedian tonight.

Draco steps back from Harry then bows, and gives a sweeping motion “The floor is all yours Love.”
Harry is nervous he does not know where to start? *That is the question.* Harry takes a deep gulping breath and starts from the very beginning. “Well, it all began the night of my birthday…..” Harry tells Draco that he was all packed and ready to leave his relatives, and about the bright light. Blacking out and waking up. He purposely skips the part about inspecting himself in the mirror feeling a bit embarrassed by that part. Harry explains to Draco about Fawkes appearing in his bedroom and being taking him to meet with the Founder. Harry tells Draco about meeting his brother but deliberately left out who is brother is. It is at that point in the story that Rowena takes over and explains to Draco their reason for opening the doors to their home that is now Hogwarts. Helga takes over and tells Draco about their belief and what they hoped to accomplish by starting the school and their pureblood ideals.

As his grandmother’s spoke, Harry watched Draco’s reaction. The surprise and shock look on his mate’s face would have been comical if the situations were not serious. The depth of which Helga and Rowena explained their desire to see our world exists, and thrive only to hear that the Wizarding world is filled with prejudice and mistrust hurts.

“So,” Draco Begins. “You’re telling me that the man that have been spouting pureblood propaganda has it all wrong? And add to the fact that he is also claiming to be the Heir to Salazar Slytherin is nothing more than a liar, and a thief?”

“I will say this for the last time. The man or thing known as Voldemort is not and will never be my Heir.” Salazar Slytherin yells, “Just because he speaks to and can understand snakes does not make him a Slytherin descendant. If that were the case, Lady Hogwarts would have granted him access to these and the other quarters in the castle.” Snaps Salazar.

“But Harry can speak Parseltongue?” Counters Draco. *Merlin Draco certainly did not know when to shut his bloody mouth at times.*

“Yes, he can. And so can other wizards. Some can hear plants, some can hear lions, tiger, and bears, Oh my!” Shouts Salazar, Harry is confident that if his grandfather were in the room, it would shake with his anger. “But do we count them as Heir or even descendants of Gryffindor or Merlin for crying out loud!”

Draco turns to Harry and points to the portrait. “Now I know where your temper comes from.”

“Young Consort, you don’t know the half of it,” Godric says agreeing with Draco. “Do yourself a favor young Consort just agrees with everything he says from this day forth.”

“Honestly!” Yells Harry and Salazar together.

Both Godric and Draco chuckles, while Helga and Rowena look on trying to hide their smiles.

Salazar clears his throat glaring at his chuckling mate, and then turns back to Draco and Harry. “Are there any questions thus far?”
Instantly Draco straightens up realizing that the conversation has gone back to the matter at hand. “Yes, actually, I do,” Draco says. “You mention that other than magic wizards are born with the ability to communicate with nature and beast, wouldn’t that be a matter of bloodlines and heritages?” Draco asks. “For instance, the men in the Malfoy line are all pureblood Veelas, when we reach our majority we know that we will be Veelas and will have a mate. You are saying that these particular abilities are something different from a creature inheritance?”

“Think of it this way, young Draco. May I call you that,” Godric asks.

Draco nods his head, “Yes, that will be fine.”

“Very well, gaining a creature inheritance is entirely different. Having a Veela or an elf bloodline that passes down from family member to member is extraordinary yes, but it is known you can trace to the exact family member.” Godric tells Draco. “With this gift that Mother Magic and Sister Earth saw fit to bestow powerful wizards and witches to be able to heal and, understand their creatures and nature. They are there to aid us as we are here to aid them. Think of this young Draco if you have an animagus ability, what is it?”

Draco looks at Harry never taking his eyes off his mate. “It is a Horntail Dragon” Harry gasps at the revelation.

“Can you understand or speak to them? Harry asks sounding a bit excited. Draco reluctantly nods his head yes. “When did you realize you can hear them,” he asked again.

“At the Tri-wizard tournament, it’s not just the Horntail either its all of them. They were so scared, and they didn't know what was happening all they wanted to do was protect the eggs.”

“Does anyone else know?”

“No! I saw what happened to you when they found out you spoke to snakes. Hell, it was part my fault. But, I did not want the same thing to happen to me. So I kept it a secret from everyone, not even my father knows and I tell him everything.” Draco says. He walks over to Harry putting a hand on the nape of his neck pulling their foreheads together. “Baby, I'm sorry for what happened to you, granted I was the one that started it all. I just…” Draco takes in a large gulp of air letting it out slowly then he lifts his head so that he can look into Harry’s eyes. “I just didn't want anyone to look at me with the same fear and contempt the way they looked at you. I was a coward Harry, and I know that now. But I can promise you that I will no longer hide behind my father or anyone else. It is my job to protect you, or better yet we will protect each other.”

“I’d like that,” Harry whispers to Draco. Slipping his hands around Draco’s neck Harry pulls him down for a kiss.

Harr understands Draco’s fear. If the circumstances were reversed at the time, he would have done the same thing by not telling anyone he is a Parseltongue. Draco pulls him closer as they devoured each other.
Again they used their passion for each other to convey what words could not. Slowly they pull away from each other. Harry lifted his head and looked into Draco’s blue-grey eyes. “I forgave you for that a long time ago. We were young Dray, and I know that now. We’ve matured since then.” He gives Draco another kiss this one was shorter than the one before but it had the same passion as all the others they have shared since meeting that night. Harry felt like a kid in a candy shop finally getting to taste his favorite treat.

When they pull back from their kiss, “Do you still want me to continue, or tell you the rest later?” Harry asks Draco running his hands over Draco’s larger chest. “We can take things to a more private setting?” The only thing on Harry’s mind right that minute was getting Draco naked, and have him do more like what they did in the Astronomy tower and maybe a bit more.

Draco smirks and stares down in aroused and dilated eyes. Harry is sexy when he is horny. Draco also loves how brazen Harry gets when he is in the mood for sex. “As much as I want to take you to our new bedroom and lick your body from head to toe and watch you squirm and come undone just from my touch.” Draco hisses when Harry cups his clothed cock and squeezes it.

To stop himself from taking things further Draco steps away from Harry’s. His mates touch makes him want to forget that they had things to talk about but not right now. “I think we need to finish this conversation because make no mistake Harry the first time we make love I want nothing between us. No secrets or any other barrier holding me back from cumming inside of you and hearing you scream my name.”

Draco watch has Harry’s eyes becomes more hungry with passion and lust, he shivers as if a cool breeze entered the room. Draco cannot believe the amount of desire bottled up inside of Harry just waiting to popped. The amount of time we wasted fighting when we could have been fucking makes no sense. We were such foolish children!

Draco walks over to one of the empty chairs and sits down. He gestures for his mate to do the same. Draco expected Harry to sit in the next chair beside his. But he is surprised when Harry sits in his lap and begins to run his hands through Draco’s hair. Feeling calm and soothed Draco leans his head back and wait and tell Harry to continue with his story.

Harry smirks, he has found the best way to keep Draco from blowing up. Right now his mate is relaxed, so Harry continues his story. He tells Draco about going to Gringotts and looking after his accounts. Again, it comes to another part of the story that caused him to debate if he should tell Draco, on whether to share that between him and Neville combined are the two richest wizards in Wizarding Britain and Europe. Draco, no Malfoys are proud individuals. Add in his Dominant Veela status where Draco feels it is his job to care for all of Harry’s needs, could end up them arguing. Harry wonders how Draco will feel to know that he and Neville are Dukes twice removed. But Draco said he wanted no secrets between them. So he revealed everything to leaving out all the information about Neville. Harry feels to tell Draco about Neville would be a violation of his brother secrets.

“Let me get this straight. Not only are you filthy rich, but you are also Duke Slytherin, Hufflepuff,
and Peverell?” Harry nods his head. Draco did not say anything for a while, and that worried Harry. In a Dom/Sub Veela relationship, the Dom is the one that provides for his mate and their kits. Harry stops running his hands through Draco’s hair and gets ready to get off his lap when Draco stops him. Instead Draco motions for Harry to continue.

Feeling a little better but still unsure Harry continues with his tale. It is when he reaches the part he overheard Dumbledore, Weasley and Granger plotting his death and line theft Draco became enraged.

Harry knew this would happen it is one of the reasons he debated on what to tell his mate. “I’m going to kill them, Harry,” He growls. “How can you continue to be friends with them knowing what they are planning? And, the fact that the Weasley bitch, wants to steal your line, to have your children just to get your money? Are you fucking kidding me? You are not allowed to have kits with anyone but me, do you hear me!” Draco’s blue-gray eyes turn stormy gray, and Harry swore he saw a flash of lightening sparked his pupils.

Harry gets off Draco’s lap and this time Draco did not stop him. Harry is not sure if he is happy or disappointed Draco is angry enough that he did not want to touch him.

“I have to Draco, and it’s the plan we came up with that way I can gain more information. We can’t let them know that I know as of yet. We need them to incriminate themselves!”

Draco quickly gets up from his chair and stand in front of Harry blocking his view. It is then Harry noticed Draco wings flare out ready for battle. “We!” Draco yells. “Who the hell are these “we” you keep talking about?!?”

Dammit, I knew this would happen. Shit, wait until he finds out about Lucius. In for a penny, in for a pound as the muggles always say. Harry gets ready to answer Draco when he turns around to face the founders portraits.

“Are you guys in on this plan as well? Draco demands.

“Don’t you dare take that tone with us little dragon master!” Salazar shouts.

“No we are not in on this plan, in fact, this is the first time we hear of this,” Godric says much calmer than Salazar.

‘Yes, why is that my little snake?” Salazar asks with a perfectly arched raven eyebrow. “What have you been up to?”

Harry is nervous about telling Draco and his grandparents about part of the plan that he and the other’s came up with the part that involves him becoming closer to the Headmaster. Speaking of others where are they when I need them? “Well, you see,” Harry begins rubbing his hands together. “When I heard the conversation between the Headmaster and the rest I ran to the only person I could trust besides my brother. Then we called in the rest, and things snowballed from there to me having an inner circle of trusted people.”

Harry can see the anger on Draco’s face, and his eyes are still stormy gray. “And, was I ever going to be in this trusted inner circle of yours,” he ask snidely. “And who is this brother you keep referring to, where the hell did he come from and where has he been? As far as I know you are an only child.”

“Of course Draco,” He says stepping closer to him. “I mean once I learned I can trust you completely. You and I know that trust is something that will take time.” Harry mutter. It is not his
intention to hurt Draco’s feelings by leaving him out of things. But everything happened so quickly before he realized what was going on at the time.

“And the brother?”

Harry sighs, “I cannot tell you who he is as of yet,” Draco gets ready to speak when Harry cuts him off. “It is not my story to tell but his. If he gives me permission to say who he is.”

Draco concedes to that point and nods his head. “So who is in this inner circle of yours, that I have to gain your trust and acceptance to join?”

Harry flinches as if he was slapped. “Come on Dray please my Dominant, don't be like that.” Harry begs. “We are only just coming to terms with each other. Trust takes time.”

“I understand that Harry, but it just hurts,” Draco tells him a bit calmer than before. “I just got you, and I feel like I'm going to lose you and it hurts that our past made you turn to others you seem to trust more than me.” Harry can hear in Draco’s voice how much he is wounded.

Draco did not want to fight with Harry anymore that night. “Just tell me, Harry,” He says with an exasperated sigh. “Who are the people you chose to place your trust in over me.”

Harry turns away from Draco for a few minutes then face him again. “Well let’s see, there is Weasley Twins, Luna. Neville, Charlie and Bill Weasley and Remus Lupin.” Harry pauses before saying the last two names.

Draco notices that Harry is fidgeting more and knows that is not the end of the list. Draco did not understand why Harry would be anxious about telling him is in his inner circle. Draco summarizes that Harry would have at least run to the werewolf after all he is like a godfather to him. Draco would have done the same thing in Harry’s place. It is what I did tonight before seeking out reasons to talk with Harry.

“Who else Harry?”

Clearing his throat, “Severusandyourfather.” Harry says in one breath.

“Come again my Submissive, I did not quite understand that.”

Harry steels himself, “I said Severus and your Father.”

Draco is silent for what seemed like forever, but in reality it was only for a millisecond before he explodes. “My father! You trust my bloody father over me your mate for fucking life. The man who has tried to kill you, on the orders of that psychopath.”

“Oh! Get off it Draco you and I both know that your father switched sides a long time ago. It was why you were so worried that summer Voldemort wanted them to seduce the French Diplomat.” Harry yells back at his mate. “I know that the information he learned will not make it back to Voldemort,” Harry yells back. He maybe the submissive in the relationship, but that does not mean he lost his backbone.

“And, how do you know that, huh! I love my father Harry, but he will do anything that is self-serving.” Draco counters back.

“You want to know how I know he will not tell anyone what we have discussed. Huh!” Harry screams in Draco’s face. “Do you have such little faith in your father, Draco? Or better yet do you have such little confidence in me? I know that we are embarking on a new part of our relationship
from enemies to lover and eventually bond mates. But make no mistake; I am not a fucking idiot. I had your father swear on his magic that the only person he was allowed to tell is his wife. And if either of them pass the information on to anyone else not only will they lose their magic they will die. Is that simple minded enough for you Draco?”

They were both quiet. Draco is absorbing what Harry just told him. It was not like he did not know his father was a good man. But there are times his father will take an opportunity and run with it. He is a Slytherin after all. “Look Harry…”

“Don’t….I honestly do not want to hear what you have to say right now.” Harry gave Draco a look that said if you touch me right now I will end you. “I’m going to bed. Take the guest bedroom or the couch but tonight you are not welcomed in our bed.” And with that he turned and walked out of the library leaving Draco to deal with his Grandparents.

Draco walked over to the fireplace then sits heavily in the wingback chair. He leaned back and looked at the four founders seated in what seemed to be a round table. “I fucked up big time just a second ago didn't I?” He asks them.

They all nod their heads in affirmation. Rowena gets up from her chair and makes her way to the front of the table. “You see from what Harry has told us and what we have gathered. People tended to underestimate how clever he is. All they see is Harry the Golden Boy or the vanquisher of this supposed Dark Lord. No one ever sees the real him. I guess what he was expecting is that his mate will see the real Harry. So what you need to ask yourself young dragon what do you see when you look at Harry?”

That questions stumped Draco. He has always prided himself on being smarter than most, of knowing what to look for in people. But with Harry he missed so many signs that were right in front of his face. Like the fact that he was being abused by his muggle family or that he is definitely not what Draco and other people made Harry out to be. When Draco thinks back, he realizes that Harry always seems to shy away from people. It is Weasley, and Granger that always dragged Harry into dangerous situations. *Gods, I am such an idiot, how could I think that Harry would not know how to take care of himself.*

Draco has to fix his mistake. He could not wait until the morning to make it right Draco needs to go and find Harry. With a new determination, he gets up from his chair. Draco yelled goodnight to Harry’s grandparents and went to make an apologize to his mate.

The founder watch Draco walks out of the library. Godric pulls Salazar into his arms. “Do they remind you of anyone Love?” he asks.

Salazar giggles “It’s like looking at a younger version of ourselves, instead of red and blond hair its midnight black and blond. The fire in their bond will never fade. It is the same with us.” Salazar says with a sweet smile.

“Aye, that it is m’Love, that it is.” Godric pulls Salazar into a kiss that could melt the picture and frames off the wall.
In another tower similar to Harry and Draco, two beings lay entwined and engrossed in each other. Hands are ripping at clothes button flying all over the room. Mouth, lips and tongue touching every inch of visible skin; breaths mingling and minds blending. Neville pulled away from kissing his mate. “I’m so glad you decided to give us a chance Blaise. I know we are destined mates, but I want our bond to be stronger before we take the next step.”

Blaise looks at Neville, *Merlin he was handsome and smart and most of all made just for me. I would be an idiot and not give us a chance*. Blaise did not care that Neville is in Gryffindor or any of the accolades that he came with his name. All Blaise see’s when he looks at Neville is someone to love and to love him back. And that is all Blaise can ask for now that he has found his own. Blaise will be damned if anyone tried to come between them. *I hope if he does have another mate he or she will understand the meaning of love and acceptance.* But secretly Blaise hopes that he is the only mate Neville has or wants. After Neville announces his title, many gold diggers will come out of the woodwork to get at Neville.

Fawkes watch the Headmaster with disappointment in he eyes. Soon, he will no longer have to pretend to show loyal to this fool. His masters will take their place at the head of the school and possibly the Wizarding world, and the Headmaster will be no more. Master Fawkes have lived a very long time, and he was once the familiar to Godric Gryffindor and Salazar Slytherin. And now he will be the familiar to their heirs who will do great things to change the course of history. Fawkes gives a pleasant shrill. The time is near; they have found and started to bond with their mates. Soon they will be stronger than the Headmaster and Voldemort combined. As an immortal Being, Fawkes is not afraid of death saying his name does not evoke fear in him as it does humans. Needing to get away from the Headmaster Fawkes flashed from his perch, it is time to check on his Heirs.

Hermione sits in the Gryffindor Common room like she does most nights. It is te start of the weekend, and the Common room is quiet that gives her time to think and plot. Hermione notices that Harry was not at Dinner nor has he come back to the Gryffindor towers. On her rounds as Head Girl, Hermione made it appoint to search for Harry in any of his hiding spots. She also did a find me spell and was still not able to find Harry. She did not tell Ron, Ginny or Dumbledore. Hermione wants to keep the fact that Harry is missing. She will never admit it to Ron or Ginny, but Hermione fears the Headmaster, his punishments are harsh and unyielding, the scar on her back she uses glamours to hide the proof of her one too many failures. Hermione cannot understand the Headmaster’s fascination with the idiot Potter. So what if his parents are dead, so what if his mother died protecting him and so bloody what if Harry vanquished Voldemort before. *He obviously did not do such a magnificent job if the man returned.* Hermione sighs, she needs to
figure out what the little idiot Potter is up to first before she brings it to the Headmasters attention. For an unexplained reason, Hermione feels this new Harry have grown smarter over the summer, and she did not like it.

The feeling that Harry is up to something eats at her, over the years Hermione was the one that did the majority of the thinking in their little group. Hermione was the one to figure out every single clue left for the Tri-wizard tournament and tracking down Voldemort. It was not Harry and definitely not her stupid muscle-bound boyfriend. Hermione will admit Ron has gotten sexier over the summer but no smarter than he was before. And Gods, the things he does to her body in bed has her seeing stars.

Hermione pulls out her charms book that she has read a million times before. She always finds it interesting that the Wizarding world is so fascinating but in need of a dramatic change. Hermione cannot wait to be the first female Minister and disregard the majority of their archaic laws. It is absurd that the men and women of such an educated society still feels and believes that muggle borns are not as powerful as pure blood. How shocked and dismay they will be when she becomes a Minister at a young age. If it weren't for the fact that Voldemort thought along the same lines about Muggle-borns, she would have joined his cause a long time from the beginning. Hermione thoughts are interrupted when Ron comes running out of the boys dorm room.

“Mione, he gone, everything of his is gone, Neville’s too. We have to go to the Headmaster,” Ron says frantically.

Hermione sighs and sets her book carefully down on her lap. “What are prattling about Ron?” She asks as calmly as possible. Sometimes Ron really grates on her nerves. Hermione promises herself when she become Minister one of her own decrees is to do away with Ron and his ill-mannered family. Hermione mentally smiles at the prospect.

“Harry and Neville, their trunk is not by their bed. It was there this morning and before dinner but now it’s gone.” He says again.

Hermione closes her eyes and asks for patients. “They cannot be gone Ron the Headmaster would have know. After all, he is tied into Hogwarts wards. He is aware of who comes and goes.”

“Not if they used the marauders map and used one of the secret passages,” Ron tells her.

Hermione gets up from the sofa quickly stepping into her shoe. “You're right we need to see the Headmaster,” She says becoming anxious not because she wants to find Potter but for the punishment she will receive for losing sight of Harry come one let's go. Maybe there is still time to find him, Hermione does not care for Longbottom he poses no threat to her or her cause. “Potter could not have gotten too far. Dinner was only a few hours ago. Come on let's see if we can find him before we inform the Headmaster.”

Hermione and Ron rush out of the Gryffindor tower without even noticing that the fat lady is not in her frame. Or the fact that most of the paintings were not where they are supposed to be. Ron and Hermione split up searching all over the castle for Harry. They had searched for roughly three hours before they ran to the Headmaster’s office.

During their search, Ron and Hermione did not take notice that the walls of Hogwarts are glowing. There are preparations to be made and in the coming weeks things within the walls of Hogwarts will change.
Chapter End Notes

The next Chapter for Safe in his Arms will be up soon. Thank you for reading, leaving Kudo and comments.
Draco's Apology

Chapter Summary

Draco's way of say I'm sorry.

Please see previous chapters in regards to Harry and Co.

Chapter Notes

Ok guy's this will be the last chapter from me for a while, reality is knocking at my door which really sucks.

I hope that you guys enjoy this little chapter.

As always thanks for the Kudos, comments and ideas.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Draco walks out of the library in search of Harry. Even though their bond is quite new, he can feel out where Harry could have gone. Draco closed his eyes then concentrates on the tiny trace that began to form and will only become stronger tethering them together once they are fully bonded together. Draco finds the silver thread then snapping his eyes opens he followed it to the room at the other end of the hallway. Knowing how angry Harry is with him at the moment, Draco knocks on the door first; when Harry does not answer, he checks to see if the door is locked. To Draco’s surprise, the door opens easily for him. Draco walked into the room and did not bother to check out the décor. There are candles lit all over the room Draco looks on the bed to see if Harry is already asleep.

The bed is still perfectly made, and it makes Draco wonder where Harry could be. After a few seconds, Draco hears the shower running, and he follows the sound. Draco thought of knocking but turned the idea down. Throwing caution to the wind Draco quickly undress and opens the bathroom door, and then steps in as quietly as possible. Rising steam fills the air, but Draco can still make out Harry silhouette behind the glass shower door.

With Harry completely naked Draco can stare at his mate all he wanted. Draco likes what he see’s Harry has lean muscles, with the body type of what most would call a swimmer's body. Draco watch as Harry stands under the shower spray, and the way water covers every part of his body. The droplet of water goes from the tip of his hair down to the curve of his arse. “Are you going to stand there all night watching me, or come in and wash my back?” Harry asks him. Draco did not
think that Harry knew that he was in the room with him. The whole time Draco was watching his mate, Harry had his back to him.

“Am I still sleeping on the couch?” Draco asks as he walks over to the shower stall. He opened the door, steps in and presses his chest to Harry back. Harry hisses when Draco grabs on to his hips then pulling him closer so that Harry can feel how hard he is. “That depends on,” Harry tells.

“On what?” Draco asked with an arched eyebrow that Harry cannot see.

“On how good or how horrible your apology is.” Harry rasps out. Draco leans down and nipples at Harry’s earlobe causing his mate to moan. As if realizing he is still angry at Draco. Harry sighs then steps out of Draco grasps turning to face him.

“Look I know that we don’t know each other that well.” Draco begins to say, but Harry stopped him. “I know that we have great sexual chemistry, and I don't think it’s because we are mates either. You are probably right when you said that all the fighting and hexing we did to each other was just one way to get each others attention.” Draco nods his head at that point. “And, maybe I over reacted just a little tonight.”

Draco wanted to interject and say just a little but does not at that moment. Instead, Draco moves closer to Harry, and he places his hands on his mates slender hips. Draco feels he needs to touch Harry while he says whatever he has to say. Draco wants to make sure Harry can see the honesty and sincerity coming from his eyes and not just his lips.

“I'm sorry,” He says, “I'm sorry that I let my fear of what I thought I knew about you cloud my judgment. And you're right we have been dancing around our feelings for each other bonded or not for the past six years.” Draco lifts one of his hands from Harry’s hips and cups one side of his mates cheeks. “It’s just that I finally have you in my life, and I don't want to lose you. With the threat of the Dark Lord and now Dumbledork and his merry band, of chickens. I am not afraid to admit it that I am fucking scared of the battles to come.”

Draco sighs before he continues, “I love my father don't get me wrong, the cold, callous and calculating man the public sees his entirely different from the man I grew up around. I know my father will not pass up an opportunity when one falls in his lap, he will use it to his advantage. I am more concerned that he will use you to protect my other and I., And that is not what I want.”

Draco and Harry stare at each other, neither saying anything the only noise is the sound of the water flowing while they stand under the shower. Steam continues to rise around them. Slowly Draco lowers his head and captures Harry’s lips in a bruising kiss. Harry moans as soon as their
lips touch. Draco backs Harry into the corner of the shower stall, then runs his hands down his legs.

Harry for his part went easily. He allows Draco to part his legs giving the other boy easy access to lift him off his feet. Automatically Harry wraps his legs around Draco waist. Their erections come into contact with each other, and both men moan at the touch. Their lips were still connected in a heated kiss. Draco moves one of his hands from Harry’s legs and takes both of their hard cock in his hand.

Harry pulls his lips away from Draco letting his head fall to the shower wall. And hisses when Draco squeezes their erection together. Harry’s neck is exposed in a submissive pose. Draco wastes no time and like a vampire he licks the exposed vein then sucks on Harry's neck leaving a mark as he jerks erections together. Slowly, Draco grinds his hips as he thrusts into his hand rubbing his hard cock against Harry’s.

For the second time, that night Draco has shown Harry more pleasure than he can imagine. They are so into each other, kissing licking and touching each other. Harry moans turn into grunts and whimpering sounds. Begging Draco not to stop touching, to not stop making him feel so fucking good. Harry starts to move his hips in tandem to Draco rubbing on their erections.

“Do you like that my little Submissive? Do you love the way I'm making you feel? Draco asks as he licks and sucks on Harry’s neck.

Harry cannot answer his lips refuse to move, he squeeze his eyes tightly and nods his head rapidly.

Draco chuckles, “I love how responsive you are,” He whispers in Harry’s ear who shivers. “I can't wait to be inside of you claiming you as mine.” He continues. Harry could not answer.

With his other hand, Draco moves it to Harry’s arse close to his crack. Using his index finger, Draco rubs at Harry’s hole that quivered at his touch. That pulls a pleasurable moan from Harry’s sweet lips begging Draco for something he is not ready for as of yet. “Soon my little Submissive I’m going to slide my cock in here,” Draco rasps out while tapping Harry’s begging hole. “And, I am going to fuck you so good you won't remember your name. I'm going to mark you as mine for the whole world to see.” Draco continues to jerk their cocks, thrusting and grinding his hips.

Harry’s legs tighten around his waist, and Draco can tell that his mate is very close to cumming.

To test the waters a bit, Draco slowly inserts the tip of his finger into Harry’s water moist hole. Harry grabs onto Draco’s shoulders he and opens his eyes. Green aroused eyes stares back at him.

“D..Dray, please, I need.”

“I know what you need Love, let it go.” Draco pants out. “Nee..need to feel you cum on my hand.”

No soon that he says that Harry cums screaming his name. Draco is not far behind his sweet little mate. Draco cums shivering and gasping for breath. *Merlin that was bloody awesome.* Gently Draco trails his lips from Harry’s neck and captures his lips into another sweet kiss. Their kisses are sloppy as if drugged from their combined orgasm. Draco lets go of their soft cocks and wraps his arms around Harry’s smaller waist.

“I'm sorry,” Draco says between kisses “I promise...(kiss)...to…try…. (Kiss)...and…not under…”

“Draco,” says Harry panting, “shut up and kiss me”…

And with that Draco shut up and continues kissing his demanding yet sweet little Submissive.
Later that night while Harry lays snuggled in his arms, Draco makes a vow that his mates needs will always come first. He now realizes what everyone has been telling him, Harry had a very hard life where no one placed him first. But that is about to change. All his life his mother and father was there and is still there for him. They catered to him and gave him what he needed. Harry did not have that.

“I will take care of you from now on my little one,” Draco whispers in Harry’s hair. He pulled Harry closer and closed his eyes following Harry into the dream world.

-Malfoy Manor-

Narcissa eyes snap open and feel around for her husband. Lucius lays on the other side of the bed. Narcissa scoots closer to her husband. The tingle that woke her from her sleep has not disappeared. The sensation is warm and happy, Narcissa has the strangest feeling that things are about to change drastically for her family. Lucius told her about the meeting and that Harry Potter is now a Veela. Narcissa has always thought that Draco is in love with Harry Potter. Narcissa smiles if her mother’s intuition is correct Harry Potter is her son’s mate. Their life is about to become interesting. Thinks Narcissa as she snuggles in closer to her husband. Tomorrow she will send a message to her son just see how he is doing.

Theo Nott is worried, Draco did not come back to the Slytherin tower. Also, his truck and clothes are all gone. Theo wonders if his friend finally buckled under the pressure and went into hiding from the Dark Lord. Theo looks over at Blaise’s empty bed, and wonders of Blaise went with Draco. If both his best friends abandoned him Theo is not sure what he will do. Theo wonders if now is a good time to try and speak with Potter asking him for protection. Theo does not want to fight in the war that is coming, but he also intends to know if he has a chance with Harry. Since this school year, Theo has not stopped staring or thinking about the other boy. Theo sighs, when did Harry get so beautiful? Theo has always believed that Harry was cute but this year he is downright gorgeous.

Maybe I should give up and try to date other people, rather than chasing after someone who evidently wants someone else. Theo notices the way Harry watches Draco when he thinks no one is looking. Theo has always believed that for all his bolster and arguing Draco has a crush on Harry as well. And with Draco being a Veela with a destined mate. Theo chuckled to himself, what are the odds that Harry Potter is Draco Malfoy’s mate. Fuck, if that does happen the only thing Theo can do is step aside. Destined mates are one of the things he can and will not fight against, but as far as of now Harry is single, and there are no rules in asking the guy out. The worst thing Harry
can say is no.

With his mind made up Theo makes a plan to ask Harry Potter out on a date damned the consequences.

Chapter End Notes

I know this is very short but I could not leave it with Harry and Draco mad at each other.

In the next chapter Lucius formally meets his son-in-law to be. :)

The next morning Harry wakes up before Draco, silently he gets out of bed; he goes to the bathroom and takes care of his morning needs. Harry is frustrated because he and Neville have so much to do before school starts on Monday. Last night before Draco joined him in the shower, and Harry made up his mind that he is not going to hide who he is anymore. There is nothing to be ashamed of; I am the Heir to both Slytherin and Hufflepuff houses, and I am proud to wear both titles. Dumbledore be damned, no matter the garbage the Headmaster preaches out about Grandpa Sal’s supposed ideology. Harry knows he needs to speak with his brother and the others. Harry only hopes Draco will stand beside him in his decisions and not fight with him on everything.

Making his way to his study, Harry calls for Sprite his personal elf, who pops in right away and bowed respectfully. “What can I do for you, Duke Slytherin?” He asks, “Sprite, I need you to deliver a message to my brother Duke Gryffindor. Let him know that he and his Consort are invited to breakfast.” Sprite bows his head then pops out to deliver Harry’s message.

Harry is alone with his thoughts. Sitting at his desk Harry begins to quill a few letters. The letters are addressed to each of the people he realizes he can trust. Harry wants them to be here for lunch. They have lots to discuss and preparations to make. But first he wants the Malfoy’s here. Harry wishes to introduce himself formally to Mr. and Mrs. Malfoy as Draco’s mate. After finishing his letter, Harry calls for Magnus. “I need you to deliver these messages discreetly. You are also to wait for a reply.” Magnus nods his head in understanding and pops out to do his task. He is so deep in thought he did not notice when Draco slips into the room. Harry breaks from what he is working on when he feels soft lips gently kissing on his neck. “Mmmm…good morning,” Harry gasps out. He could not help the smile that forms on his lips. Harry angles his neck giving Draco better access
to suck and nibble on.

Draco kisses his neck as he says “…I…woke up…hoping to entice…you with my version…of a wake-up call…but you were not there…” Draco place kisses from Harry’s neck to his lips. He pulls Harry from his chair so that they can switch places. Now that he had him sitting on his lap, they deepen their good morning kiss.

Draco finds that he loves holding Harry in his arms. Even though, they have done few intimate things in the past twenty-four hours. Draco knows that Harry is not ready to be penetrated as yet. Even with everything they have done so far Draco still want to take things a little slow on that front. Making Harry happy is of the utmost important to him. Draco knows they had discussed having kits but when would they start that phase in their life. Before or after the war. Most importantly when will they have their bonding ceremony. Right now there are too many things up in the air, and if Harry were to become pregnant too soon, it could complicate things further.

Harry’s life is in constant danger and Draco needs to find a way to keep him safe, or at least to stop him from running head first into danger.

Harry pulled away from their kiss and stared at Draco’s face, and his eyebrows crease together “What are you thinking about so hard? You are kissing me, but I can tell your mind is a million miles away.” Harry purposely positions himself over Draco’s erection. “I know that I cannot be boring you already?”

Moving his hand from where it is caressing Harry’s leg, Draco cups his mates face after brushing away a loose strand of hair behind his ear. “I realize that I don’t want to lose you,” He whispers. “There is so much danger that surrounds you, from the Dark Lord to Dumbledore.” Draco pulls Harry into him; so that his head rests Draco’s shoulder, “I just found you, and I can't lose you.”

“I’m not ready for you to lose me either Draco.” Harry lifts his head off Draco’s shoulder and looks into those beautiful blue-grey eyes “Draco, I want us to get to know each other more, and one day have you ask for my hand in marriage even though we are fated mates. I want you to take me out on dates and shower me with flowers. I want to have your kits and have you come home from your workday to watch you play with them. I want us to have Christmases, Birthdays, and family dinners. But most of all, Draco I want us to have love. To be completely and hopelessly in love with each other.”

“I want those things also Harry and so much more.” He tugs Harry into another passionate kiss. They did not pull apart even after hearing the floo sound that someone is coming through. When he hears,

“I see my little brother has finally pulled his head out of his arse and claimed his mate? Thank Merlin for small favors.”

Harry pulls away from Draco’s lips and starts to chuckles at Nev’s boldness. Since becoming Duke Gryffindor, his confidence has grown. No longer does he stutter or cower from others. Harry looks over Draco’s shoulder to see Nev’s smiling face. He is not wearing his glamor. However, his hair was pulled back in a loose tie, and he looks every bit of the great elf he is meant to be. Standing beside Neville is his mate and Consort Blaise Zabini. Harry gets off Draco lap and walks over to his brother and gives him a hug. “Good morning to you too, Nev.” Harry turns to Blaise, who has a shocked look on his face. “Let me be the first if it was not already done by our grandparents to welcome you to our family. I am Duke Harrison James Hufflepuff-Slytherin better known as Harry
And you already know my mate and Consort Draco Lucius Malfoy.”

When Harry turns his head to look back at Draco, he has the same dazed look on his face. Harry looks over at Nev, who is trying to hold back a chuckle unsuccessfully, this only causes Harry to break out in laughter. Harry and Neville are not sure if Draco and Blaise’s shocked expression is because they are staring back each other. Or because of who they are mated to case in point, him and Neville. Harry is quite sure Draco does not need to worry about the closeness between him and Neville. _Wait until he finds out they are brothers in blood as well._

Blaise and Draco look at each other and then to their laughing mates. “I take it that you did not know they were brothers?” Draco asks Blaise.

Blaise shakes his head no. “How are they related? As far as I know the Longbottom’s, Black’s and Potter’s are very far removed,” he says in bewilderment. “I know they have been exceedingly close this year, but I had no idea they are brothers.”

Blaise is shocked and confused, and it is the only thing he could think of at the moment. When Nev had told him that they would be having breakfast with the other Heir of Hogwarts he had no idea, it would be Harry Potter. Blaise is also stunned to see that Draco standing in front of him and not too long ago he was kissing Potter. There is so much Blaise did not understand and so many questions he wants to ask. It makes Blaise wonder what other secrets his mate is keeping from him.

“Boys…boys…you stop that laughing this instant.” When Blaise looks above the fireplace, he see’s Helga trying to get the attention of Harry and Neville. It seemed that they did not hear her and in the next instant Harry and Neville yelps as if someone had sent a stinking hex their way. Blaise looked over at Draco and mouths that it was not him. Then he glances at the picture and see the smug look on Helga’s face. _This is going to be more interesting that I initially thought._

“Oh, come on Grandmother, why did you have to do that? The look on their faces is priceless,” whines Neville.

“I imagine this will not be the only time we will laugh like that again. Wait until we meet the in-laws,” declares Harry. “Speaking of which, Neville I invited mine over for lunch to discuss a few things would you like to invite your mother-in-law to be?” He continues as if he did not hear Draco and Blaise gasping for air.

Neville takes a minute to think about it. “I suppose with what we are about to talk discuss, besides having lunch is a perfect time to meet my mum-in-law to be.”

“Harry” Draco calls out to him.

Harry pretends he did not hear Draco call his name, “Would you like to send a…”

“Harry!! Do not bloody ignore me,” Draco shouts.

Harry turns and faces Draco with a mischievous smile on his face, “I am not ignoring you, sweetheart, I know what you are going to say, and I do not want to discuss or argue about it right now.” He turns back to Neville and winks at him “Now, Neville would you like to send her the message now before we have breakfast?” he continues.

Neville faces Blaise, who still had a dazed look on his face. “What do you think Love? Want to have lunch with your mother?”

“Err…” Blaise is pretty sure that his mother would not have a problem with having lunch with his intended. But at this moment he felt as if things are going way too fast. It is as if Potter read his
mind. “Blaise, I know that things seem to be going at a very quick pace, but a lot of things are
going to happen in the next few weeks maybe months,” He states. “Neville and I need people that
we can trust to have our backs and to help us in the fights to come.” He paused for a second and
looked over at Neville.

It is if they were speaking telepathically because Neville nods his head. *What kind of connection
do they have?*

“Can we trust you and your mother, Blaise? We know that you are neutral in the war, but with the
things we will be discussing today we need to know that we can trust you both. I need you to be
sure you are ready for all the shit you are going to hear today.”

Blaise did not need to think about it. He wanted to stand beside Neville in all things good or bad.
“You can trust us. I am sure of it. As for my mother, the fastest way to get her here is to floo call
her, or have one of the house elves deliver a message to her.”

“Harry, I know there was something we forgot to tell you.” Grandpa Sal interrupts. “As Heir
to Hogwarts, you can apparate and disapparate within the castle. Also, all of your personal quarters
will only allow you and your Consorts and those you have keyed into it. Each quarter has a
separate entrance to the castle.”

As soon as he finished, Magnus pops in to tell them breakfast is ready, and it is to be served on the
balcony. It seems that their rooms are much larger than Harry first thought.

“Magnus, can you lead the way, please?” All four men follows behind Magnus, and it is then
Harry remembers that he and Draco did take a tour of the place last night. Another thing Harry
notices is the difference in the house elves. *How is it that they are wearing clothing and speaking
in complete sentences?* Harry made it a point to ask his grandparents. There are still too many
unanswered questions Harry wishes answers to specifically from his grandparents. They have been
completely open with him and Neville and as time goes on Harry realizes that there are many more
things he does not know. Harry notices that out of his grandfather, and Salazar is the one he prefers
to talk with, and Neville feels a pull to Godric. As grandmothers go, he seeks the wisdom and
advice from Rowena while Neville goes to Helga.

Once they make it to the balcony, Harry realized they are very high, he can see pretty much the
whole castle. Harry and Draco can definitely sit on their balcony and enjoy a Quidditch match
without being seen by the players and the school. Before they sit down to eat, Harry tells Magnus
he has another a personal task for him. Harry trusts that Magnus will be able to get a message to
Blaise’s mum promptly. He also told Magnus to wait for a response, just as he did earlier. Magnus,
replies that the correspondents from his earlier task are waiting for Harry to read on his desk. All
four men sit down to enjoy a very healthy breakfast of omelets, fruits, toast and porridge with tea
and juice on the side.

Harry notices that the food tastes exceptionally good, better than what is served in the Great Hall.
The vegetables in his omelet taste fresh, and the fruits crisp with each bite. Harry puts it down that
he is just hungry after all he and Draco did go to bed last night without eating, the snack Magnus
laid out for them. In any case, Harry enjoys his breakfast and the pleasant company. Surprisingly
Harry finds that he and Blaise have more in common than he would have thought, such as spell
crafting and transfigurations. Harry explained his reason to Blaise why he wants to teach
Arithmancy rather than being an Auror. Blaise for his part adds that he wants to share his
knowledge with others when it comes to Transfiguration. Harry and Blaise are not the only ones to find things in common. Although Neville is not a potion genius like Draco, they found their common bond in rare plants. The conversation between the four flowed smoothly, and Harry could not believe how easy it was.

After breakfast they went into the sitting room, Harry went over to the fireplace, realizing that he needed to floo call Severus to make sure he knew that he can floo into Harry and Draco’s private quarters. Harry throws some floo powder into the fireplace, and it flares to life. He sees’s Severus and Remus sitting in the chair in front of the fireplace they seem to be in a deep conversation.

“Hello, how are you two this morning?” Harry asks to get their attention.

“We are doing well Harry, and Remus and I were discussing your message. Is there something else that you needed?” For some reason, Harry did not believe him. There is something Remus and Severus are keeping from him. The look in Remus’s eyes says it all. However, Harry feels it is not a secret that will endanger what they are about to do. So he leaves it for now, when Remus is ready to speak with him, Harry will be waiting.

“Actually there is, I was informed this morning that I can extend an invitation for those I trust to enter my quarters,” Harry tells Severus. “So if it is ok with you everyone can leave your quarters to mine? I will set a password for you and the others to come through.” Harry stop speaking for a minute to think of a suitable password. “How about Basilisks for the password?”

“That should work? Will you change the password each time we meet?” Since their talk Severus notices there is a difference in Harry’s demeanor, he speaks with more confidence and authority. Something must have happened between him and Draco, and it seemed it was for the better. He did not mention this to Harry. Severus wants to see what other changes has occurred.

“Possible,” Harry tells him. “I would like for the password can only be spoken to us and no other.” Severus gives Harry an affirmative nod that he understands. They say their goodbyes and carry on with the rest of their morning.

When Harry is finished with his conversation, he calls his personal elf to let him know that there will be guests arriving for lunch. Draco sits back and watches his mate in pride. The way Harry spoke with his godfather with respect and authoritatively and the way he speaks with the elves. Speaking of which, Draco wonders why the elves speak perfect English. He also wants to know why they are are properly dressed. Most elves wear a pillowcase and their family insignia.

“Magnus,” Draco calls to the elf getting his attention. “Why is it that you speak and act differently from all of the other elves I have known my entire life?” he asks. Magnus turns to Draco, giving him his full attention.

“The founders felt Consort Slytherin,” Magnus begins. “That it was important for all house elves to be educated. We might seem like a lower life form, but the founders wanted all magical creatures to have a formal education. We were able to attend school, along with the children. We learned how to read and write. We were also given proper clothing to wear. It was also our choice whether we wanted to bond with a family or not. Somewhere along the way our choices were taken away from us.”

This made everyone in the room upset; to think there was a time the elves had a chance to choose for themselves. How far had the Wizarding world fallen?
“Why have you stayed loyal to the founders all this time?” Asks Blaise.

“We the elves of the founders were waiting for the Heirs to return. We knew that once they took up the mantle, things will once again change for the better. In secret Sprite and I have spoken to the other elves in the castle, and they are eager to learn and wear clothing, but they do not want to leave Lady Hogwarts, she has been good to them. They are loyal to her and now to you my Lords.” Magnus says with a respect bow.

Hearing this saddens Harry, and he is sure the others in the room. Harry knows what it was like to grow up feeling inferior and ignorant. He never occurred to him that the house elves would feel the same.

“Thank you, Magnus, we will do everything we can to set things back to the way they were for the elves of not only Hogwarts but also the Wizarding world as a whole,” Harry vows.

Magnus popped away, and the four men begin to talks a bit more about other things that need to change and what their roles will be to bring about the change. Harry decides that now is a the perfect to speak with Neville in private before everyone showed up. “Neville, could I borrow you for a bit?”

“Sure Harry.” Nevilles leans over and kisses Blaise on his lips. Harry blush at seeing how freely Neville shows his mate affection, then looks over to see Draco staring at him.

Draco smiles seductively and gives Harry the come hither gesture. Harry smiles and shakes his head no. If Draco touches him right now, the things he needs to discuss with Neville and the other’s will all be forgotten.

Harry, chuckles when Draco pouts, “Don’t pout Draco it is unbecoming of a Malfoy.” Harry says.

“Fine,” Draco says with a put out sigh. “I need to acquaint myself with our new dwellings,” Draco continues. “And I need to speak with Helga on a few things concerning Hufflepuff.” He adds grudgingly. “A Malfoy now mixed with Hufflepuffs, things are seriously about to change,” Draco says shaking his head standing to his feet.

The others smiled at the look on Draco’s face. No one would believe a supreme Slytherin would become the proxy for Hufflepuff, but Harry strong believes Draco will bring pride to the house others have often looked at as soft.

“As do I,” Blaise adds in. “This is out of my element, but I want to be prepared for the task at hand.”

With that, Neville kissed his mate while Draco and Harry play a quick game of catch me if you can before they go about their mission. Harry escorts Neville to his personal library. Then walks over to his chair and sits at his desk while Neville sits in the chair in front of Harry’s desk.

He did not want to beat around the bush, “Neville I think it’s time we show who we are. Our plan to hide and see what would happen from the shadows will not work. Especially now that we have our mates on our side.”

“I completely agree, the longer we hide, the more control Dumbledore and Voldemort will gain over the school and the Wizarding world,” Neville tells him.

“I think we need to tackle each problem one at a time. However, We need to get Dumbledore and all his followers out of the school and away from those that he can easily influence. But I just don’t want him gone from the school. I want him dead,” Harry declares with finality in his voice.
“We have quite a lot to put him in Azkaban, but I fear that he will find a way to get around that.” Neville states. “Maybe the goblins can help us. I will send a message asking for their assistance, and I am sure that they have more a ton of incriminating information that things he did to you. We also have child abuse and neglect to add to the charges.”

Nodding his head, Harry had thought of that. He was not sure if he was ready to let the whole world know how he had lived for the first eleven years of his life. “Let’s leave that part for the end. Besides I would rather use the information, the goblins have to send Ron, Hermione, and Ms. Weasley to Azkaban. I still have not told Draco everything.”

“Have you figured out how to get the dark mark off Snape and Lucius as of yet? I have been doing research since we met with them last, but I am not having much success.” Neville asks his brother.

“No, what if it is something simple and we are over thinking it. If Granger were not such a conniving bitch, her research abilities would be helpful.” Harry's lips curl angrily at the thought of asking Hermione for help.

“Speaking of which have you thought about what you are going to do with the traitors? I know what you said a few minutes ago. But wouldn’t you rather see your revenge come to fruition by your own doing?”

Harry shakes his head. “Not yet but whatever it is they are going to suffer for their actions. No longer Neville will I sit by and let others hurt me or mine!”

Neville looks at his brother. In the past couple months since the start of school, Harry has matured not just in height but weight. But he had grown in confidence. Neville is proud to call him brother and friend.

They were deep in their planning when Sprite pops in to let them know they had guests waiting. When they walk into the sitting room, they see Mr. & Mrs. Malfoy standing, with Severus and Remus beside them. Harry has always thought that Mrs. Malfoy was beautiful and dressed in a manner to fit the pure blood she is. Today, she has on a blue pantsuit tailored to her feminine physique, her robe is white with short sleeves and opens adding a new dimension to her suit. Her blonde and raven hair is in curls and frames her face highlighting her gray eyes. Narcissa Malfoy looks like a model on a runway. Harry did not want to show it, but he is very nervous, With Draco not in the room he did not want to embarrass himself.

“Duke Slytherin, it is a pleasure to meet you,” Narcissa says before Harry can introduce himself. Then she turns to Neville, “You as well DukeGryffindor” She bows in respect.

“I must say Lady Malfoy you are beautiful as ever if I was not already mated I would steal you away from your husband,” Neville says lifting her hand and placing a respectful kiss on the back. Narcissa giggles like a high school fan girl. Harry sneaks a look to Lucius, who has a scowl on his face.

Harry shows Narcissa the same respect, by bowing then kissing the back of her hand. “As my brother stated, it is always wonderful to be in the presence of such beauty.” Narcissa giggled again while Severus and Remus rolled their eyes. Lucius scowl deepened and Harry held back his chuckle. Narcissa’s eyes widen when Draco and Blasé walk into the room like they owned it.

“Dragon darling! What in heaven’s are you doing here?” She asks with surprise. Although Harry suspects her surprise is just for show.

Draco looks over at Severus, “You did not tell them?”
“It is not for me to tell Draco,” Severus drawls.

Lucius speaks up to ask. “Draco, what are you and Severus talking about?”

Draco walks over to Harry and puts his arm around him then pulls him to his chest. Draco then gives him a kiss on the cheek, “Mother, Father I would like for you to meet Harry, my mate,” He revealed.

“Oh, Dragon that is wonderful!” Narcissa exclaimed excitedly. Again Harry has the strangest feeling that Narcissa figured I out before Lucius did evidence by the surprised look on the older Malfoy’s face.

“Please tell me you are not going to faint again,” Harry blurts out to Lucius.

Everyone turns to look at Lucius, “I did not faint, I--.” He begins.

“Yes, yes, we all know Luc,” Severus interrupts. “You merely trip and fell.”

“Exactly,” Lucius affirms.

“We have to get started right away,” Narcissa says stopping all other antics. “Lucius, we need to go to Gringotts and get the bonding rings, and then we have to register them with the ministry. Then we have to plan the ceremony. Blaisé is that why you are here as well, to celebrate their bonding?” She rattled off and asked without taking a breath. All the men in the room just stared at her as if she lost her mind.

“Ummm…yes and no, you see Harry and Draco are not the only ones to find their mates Mrs. Malfoy. Blaisé and I are also mated,” Neville states proudly.

“What a blessing,” Narcissa gushes. “A double bonding. I must get in touch with Augusta; she must be as ecstatic as am I. And, Blaisé I know that your mother will be happy for you.” She goes on.

“I will be happy about what?” Asks another voice that Harry had never heard before, it is feminine and has a bit of an accent. When he turns around, there is a very beautiful woman standing behind him. Magnus is standing beside her. He bows and pops out immediately.

Rumors have spread with knowledge of how beautiful Blaise’s mother is, but Harry was not expecting such a regal and gorgeous woman. Her skin the color of sweet caramel, her eyes are gold with a hint of green and her hair black as midnight flow in ringlets down her back. Harry can see why her beauty would be deadly to men who crossed her path because once she has them in her web they are trapped. Harry believes that any man who does not treasure this beautiful woman and does not try to keep her is a bloody fool.

“Stephania, don’t you look wonderful?” Narcissa exclaimed. “Isn't wonderful news our boys are to be bonded? Blasé and Neville make such a sweet couple.” She goes on oblivious to Stephania’s surprise to her announcement.

“È esatto mio figlio,” Inquires Stephania. (Is that right my son)

“Sì, la madre lo è, io sono il suo compagno, il mio treasure,” Responds Blaisé. (Yes, mother I am
his companion, my treasure.)

It all blindside Stephania, the only thing she knows today after receiving the message from the house elf was that her son needed to speak with her. Now she finds out that he is mated to a Longbottom no less. She has nothing against the House of Longbottom, but a little warning would have been helpful. However, Stephania will support Blaisé in all things as long as he is happy with his choices.

And that is what Stephania needed to know is he happy with his choice. “E tu sei soddisfatto di questo mio piccolo?” (Are you satisfied with your choice my little one?)

He smiled and looked at Neville then back to Stepahnia, “Sì, mamma io sono.” (Yes, mother I am.)

Everyone lets out a sigh of relief from the tension that entered the room while Blaise and Staphania spoke to each other.

Stephania walks over to him, and Neville extends her hand. “I accept and bless this union as the only parent to Blaisé,” She says. “Make him happy Lord Longbottom or else” The threat is left open and nothing else needed to be said.

Harry is euphoric when he see’s Stephanie extends her hand to Neville and blesses their union. Harry also wonders why Blaise or Neville did not correct her that he now goes by Duke Gryffindor and not Longbottom.

After speaking with Neville and Blaise Stephania turns to everyone in the room, raise an eyebrow in true Slytherin form, “Now will someone tell me what I am doing here, and what the bloody hell is Draco doing with his arms around Potter?”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for all of your comments, kudos and ideas. Please keep reading and commenting I take all of your ideas and incorporate in to the story.

Ok so here is something for the future.

Who should get pregnant first Harry or Blaise?

-Translation courtesy of google translate-

is that correct my son -È esatto mio figlio

eyes mother it is, I am his mate, my treasure -sì, la madre lo è, io sono il suo compagno, il mio tresure

and you are happy with this my little one-e tu sei soddisfatto di questo mio piccolo
Yes mom I am—Sì, mamma io sono.
Planning Part 2

Chapter Summary

Harry comes into his magical inheritance on his birthday. He finds out that those thought were his most trusted are the ones that that will hurt him the most. And, the ones that he thought he could never trust are the ones that will stand with him through the fire.

Harry & Co do not belong to me.

Chapter Notes

Thank you guys for reading and leaving kudos it makes me excited to see them all the time.

Thank you to my beta who spends time looking at my work then fixing it for me.

{ } Parseltongue

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After the introductions, everyone is sitting and enjoying their lunch, the conversation comprised of each telling what they knew about Harry's and Neville's story. Stephania listens with avid interest, and it fascinated her that two of the most influential families are now magically bonded and tied together by magic and fate. Stephania studied Neville and listened to his story noticing that there is no mention of his grandmother or her support. She wondered why that is? Augusta Longbottom is not the nicest person to encounter in public. Stephania can only imagine what it is like living with the woman. When there was a break in Neville’s story, Stephania asks her question. "Caro Cuore, Neville, why is your Nona not here, hmm?"

A sad look passes over Neville's face, and Blaise reached out taking his hand into his and begins to caress it in encouragement. The table is quiet and everyone turned to Neville waiting for the answer to the question. The only ones that know the real reason why Neville’s grandmother is not included as their trusted are Blaise and Harry.

"My grandmother does not care for me, Madam Zabini." Neville begins "When she looks at me, she wishes that she was looking at my father. I have always been a complete disappointment to her. My dad was perfect in my grandmother’s eyes. I believe she still sees him that way even in his current state." He took a breath collecting himself. “I care for my grandmother, but I cannot have her in my life. She finds fault in everything in every aspect of my life; from what I want to do with my career choices to my love life.”
“What do you mean, piccolo?” Stephania questioned.

Neville smiled at being referred to as little one the idea that at his sudden growth spurt he is seen as little. Harry chuckled and Neville glared at his brother.

“Aw, how cute,” Harry says teasingly. “Little Neville.” He nods his head. “I like that, thank you Madam Zabini.” Nevilles bows his head and his shoulders begin to shake. Leave it to Harry to break the tension in the room.

“Abbastanza! Bambino, let piccolo answer Stephania’s question.” Harry gasped and Neville quickly lifts his head to see Narcissa scowling or trying to hide her chuckle. The whole table began to laugh at the pout on Harry’s face.

“I’m not a baby,” He murmured and crossing his arms over his chest. The smile on his face let everyone know he was alright with the banter.

“To answer your question Madam Zabini, I do not have a gender preference. As an Elf, I may have one or two mates and if I do the other could be a female. However, I do not feel the imprint of another mate so it is safe to say that Blaise is my only mate. My grandmother did not understand that I would live my life with another male if I so choose. Even though our society sees nothing wrong with two men loving each other, my grandmother finds it immoral that I am attracted to my own sex. My grand, no I cannot call her that any longer. Augusta has gone as far as to and write a binding contract with Lord Bellsmore for his daughter's hand in marriage behind my back.”

Neville sighs before continuing. “Everyone see’s a doting grandmother in public but behind closed doors, she is just as greedy and just as ambitious as the next pureblood. Lord Bellsmore bloodline comes from a wealthy stock; they are pure and gray. To tie our families together means the Longbottom will only become more prosperous. I only found out about it because Melissa Bellsmore and I are friends. Out of respect for me, she sent me a letter informing me what my grandmother and her father tried to do." Neville looked around the table and realized he has everyone's interest. "Another important reason she is not here is that she is Dumbledore's girl through and through. He has her in his back pocket. If Melissa and I were to bond, Dumbledore would use this opportunity to try and sway Lord Bellsmore to his side. I have stopped trusting Augusta long ago which is why she has no idea of my magical inheritance, my mating with Blaise, and blood relation to Harry. And I have no intention of do not intend on telling her."

All but two sitting at the table was stunned to hear such things about Augusta Longbottom. It was no secret she loved her son, but to compare Nevill to his father was a grave sin in their book. If anyone got to know Neville, they see a strong and independent thinking young man. Not a young man who follows the whims of others. "Sometimes others cannot get past their grief to see how they are hurting the ones that will love them beyond compare," Severus directs at Neville. But everyone noticed that while he spoke, he is looking at Harry. They could see that he was also sorry for the pain and things that he said to Harry over the years. Although, their relationship has improved over the past couple of weeks, they still had a long way to go. He might have Lily's eyes and look like his father, but he is just Harry, Thinks Severus.

After Neville’s tale lunch continued regularly or what was considered as normal with this group. Everyone seemed to be getting along, and no one seemed as if they wanted to move from the table. Harry sat back and observed the occupants around the table. Lucius, Remus, and Severus seemed to be in a deep discussion about some book they read. Neville, Blaise, and Draco were discussing the latest news about the upcoming Quidditch game; while Mrs. Malfoy and Stephania were talking about a double bonding ceremony. Oh, Merlin thought Harry, what have I gotten myself
into? While he was watching everyone, he noticed that Lucius and Severus hissed and gripped their arm. That could only mean one thing; Voldemort is calling them. This is the perfect time to see how to break the spell on the mark. Harry got up from his seat and walked over to them.

"I know that he is calling you, Neville and I have been trying to find a way to break his hold on you," He said looking at both men. "Now that we are planning on getting rid of both Voldemort and Dumbledore, breaking his connection now would be a great start. Roll up your sleeve, I want to try something."

Lucius was the first to roll up his sleeve. When Harry looked down at his forearm and noticed that the snake in the skull was moving and hissing.

Snake {Danger, I must protect, you must hide} the snake hisses, the snake sounded worried much to Harry’s surprise.

Harry {Who must hide?}

Snake {The one I protect, he is in danger. I am here to warn him of danger}

Harry {He is not in any danger, you are the one that is hurting him. Who told you this?}

Snake {The one who took my brethren's and I from where we slept. We are beings and protectors of the snake realm. We watch and protect our mother and goddess Minoan. And long ago we were called upon to protect humans of this world housed in the shell of the dead. He told us that when he calls his humans to him, it is because they are in danger.}

Harry {The man who said this lied to you and used you as a means harm the ones he asked you to protect. Do you know how you got here; is there a way for you to go home? Do you have a name?}

Snake {I do not have a name; we live to serve our mother. In our realm, we are shapeless and take the shape of the one that made us.}

Harry marveled at what he is hearing, one, this is the first time he was having an entire conversation with a snake. And, two, he felt as if the answer to all of this is staring him in the face. The snakes that Voldemort stole have a home and their job are to protect and do no harm to others.

Harry {Do you know how you were brought here?}

Snake {I was made from snake magic. Only those who can speak to snake can fashion us or change us to their will. I have tried communicating with our mother, but we cannot reach her. In our realm our spirit is free and of form we just exist.}

Harry {Does that mean since you were made out of nothing you can be sent back to where you came from?}

Snake {The magic that was used to create us is as old as time itself. We cannot be sent back to our mother unless the one that made us dies. However, another can change us for a different purpose. We were made by magic spoken in snake tongue; we can be modified the same way by adding the blood of our new master, and maybe one day we will return back to our mother.}

Harry remain silent and thought about what was discussed. He had a few issues with what the snake told him. Can I cross the line and conduct blood magic? Will I be the same as Voldemort? Harry looked away from Lucius' arm and then to his brother, they talked about many of the things and knew they will need to cross some lines this could be the first test to see if he could do it. He cannot justify what he is about to Voldemort lied to the snakes took them from their world and
treated them as slaves in his purpose for bringing them here. Voldemort has lied and continued to lie for years. Harry looked back on Lucius' arm. {Are you prepared to serve another? Are you prepared to serve me?}

{Because you asked young speaker, I give my aid to you.}

Harry looked away from the dark mark on Lucius' hand and repeated everything he and the snake talked about.

"But what of the skull?" drawled Severus "That I believe, other than the snake, is the significance of the dark mark?"

Harry relayed the question to the snake.

Snake {With the addition of your blood you can change what I will become and what I will look like, my essence will still be that of a serpent but who I serve will change.}

Lucius hissed in pain once more; it seems Voldemort is getting impatient with his loyal follower. Harry had to believe that what he was about to do would work. Not only was he acting like a Gryffindor, jumping in without thinking of the consequences, but he also could not bear the thought of his soon to be father-in-law being hurt further by Voldemort. Harry searched the table for a knife that was sharp enough and asked Severus to sanitize it. He then cut his palm holding it over Lucius his arm he let the blood drip over the mark.

He then hissed, not knowing what he was going to say, he pulled something together. {You are no longer nameless; I'll call you Balthazar, your purpose is to guard and protect that which I hold dear. You are the representation of lion and snake.} He placed his bloodied palm on Lucius’s arm; it started to glow with a bright white light and Lucius hiss in pain once more. Lights of bright white lights begin to branch off into tree-like branches on Lucius’s arms. They traveled all the way up and around his arm. Sweat beaded on both Harry and Lucius forehead; Harry did not realize I would require so much of his magic. {You will become my shield and my sword}. Harry closed his eyes and poured more of his magic into changing the snake’s appearance.

It had seemed like hours before Harry opened his eyes then lift his arm from Lucius’ forearm reaching for a napkin he wiped away the blood. When the arm was clean what he saw made his eyes pop out of his head. Where the dark mark was now in it is an exact replica of Godric Gryffindor's sword with Balthazar wrapped around it from the hilt all around the body. Harry opened his mouth to say something but did not get a chance to say a word to Balthazar or Lucius because the next thing Harry knew was that he remembered was falling to the ground, and everything went black.

Harry woke up to hear Draco yelling. "I swear to all the gods, I am going to kill him. Why would he do something like this without talking to me first? Stupid Gryffindor!" Harry would have chuckled but knew how serious Draco is at the moment. It was not Harry’s plan to pass out or use as much of his power as he did. Harry’s plan was only to help those he now considered family. “Always jumping head first.”

"We were all sitting at the table, Dragon, you had ample time to stop him." This came from Mrs. Malfoy. “No need to throw a tantrum.” She huffs.

"And let's not forget this is Potter we are talking about – act first think later," drawled Severus. “How bothersome.”
"See if I help you with your mark since that is the way you feel about me," Harry whispers. At least, he thought he whispered it because the whole room became very quiet. They must have heard him. Someone sat down beside him, and then the feeling of fingers running through his hair in comfort. He knew it was Draco; his mate will allow no other to touch him especially his hair. Harry sighed and hoped to delay what was to come; he knows his mate is upset with him, but Harry honestly did not know what was going to happen. Harry bolt up quickly, Draco's fingers slipped through his hair, and he looked around the room for Lucius. Harry gestured the elder Malfoy over to him; Harry needed to see the changes fully.

Lucius walked over to him rolling up his sleeves without being asked. It was not his imagination; the dark mark was completely gone. No longer a skull and a snake but a sword with a snake wrapped around it. He hissed at Balthazar, "Are you ok?"

Balthazar, "I am fine young master, because of your blood I will only answer to you."

Harry, "Thank you, but all I require is for you to protect him. I do not foresee calling you for help in the near future. But, thank you, Balthazar."

Harry brought his eyes up to Lucius, "Do you feel Voldemort’s call anymore?"

"No, the moment your blood touched the mark, I could not hear his call," Lucius replies in awe.

"Let's hope it stays that way." He glanced up to Severus, "When I regain my strength we will get rid of your mark also." He says to his almost godfather. "We cannot have the new Headmaster of Hogwarts with the dark mark, spy or not."

The occupants in the room gasped, Severus' mask dropped. "The…"

"Don't you dare say another word about it!" Harry looked around the room and spies a very irate and pissed off veela mate. Draco spoke to the room not taking his eyes off Harry.

"Could you guys give us a few minutes, please?" Harry almost preened and shows his neck in submission but refused. Showing weakness right now would not be good for their relationship. "There are something's I need to discuss with my mate." Draco continues, it looks as if his lips did not move. "Oh, oh, I’m in the doghouse now."

Harry had never seen adults move so fast before in his life. Once everyone left the room except for him and Draco, he was expecting to be yelled at what shocked him was when he was engulfed in strong arms. Harry mewed and buried his face in Draco’s neck sniffing his mate and at the same time, it calmed him.

"Do you know how much you scared me today?" Draco whispered in Harry’s ear. "I thought I lost you when I just found you. Please, Harry, I know that we have wars to fight, and I know of your desire to save everybody, but the only thing I am asking you is to let me stand beside you. Talk to me before you jump head first. I cannot lose you, my mate. In the short time, we have spent together, you have become my life."

Harry did not know what to say so he just held on to his mate. And kept his face buried in Draco’s neck. Draco is right he should have stopped and thought before he did what he jumped head first. Would it have been better to do more research? Ask more questions? Maybe it is because I cannot help but feel that this was the last time we would have seen Lucius.

They sat like that for a while just holding each other, not saying a word to each other. Draco pulls Harry’s head up and smashes their lips together. Pulling a desirable moan from his throat. Draco
nipped his lips and growled licking Harry’s lips. “You taste so damn good all I want to do is eat you up,” Draco whispers against his lips.

“I’m all yours, my Dominant.” Harry said kissing Draco’s chin and down to his neck and began sucking on his neck. Draco tilted his head to the left giving Harry more access. Their lips connect one more time, and Harry started lying back pulling Draco with him.

A knock at the door brought them back to the present "If you too are done snogging in there, we still have lots to do," Neville said wryly.

Sighing, their moment was interrupted. They pulled apart from each other "I guess we better get back out there?"

Draco nodded his head "I guess." He pulled Harry close and pecked his lips a few times "How much longer do we have to deal with this, I want to be alone with you." Draco says this placing kisses on Harry's lips, chin and lastly his neck where he sucked on it, leaving his own mark.

Harry was panting for breath, "If we can get every…. mmm…things worked out today. We will have all day tomorrow to ourselves." Nestling Draco's cheek, he moved his hand to the base of his mate's neck pressing him further into him. Draco moved from his neck up to his lips kissing him passionately. Harry moaned into the kiss, which encouraged Draco more. Another knock sound at the door.

"If you two do not bring your arses out here this instant I will come in there!" Narcissa yells from the other side of the door. "Besides you two are not bonded and should not even so much as hold hands and if I find out you are doing anything more there will be consequences," she continued.

“She does know we live together right?” Harry asked when they stopped mid-kiss, lips still touching, opening their eyes looking at each other.

“Shh, don’t say that out loud. She might hear you.” Draco smirks.

Harry looks Their feelings were growing faster each moment they spent together, their mating bond was forming. He closed his eyes and enjoyed having his dominant mate take care of him. Harry sighed for the first time in his life he was happy. He had someone who worried about him, even if it is over the smallest thing. He had a brother who loved him and two father figures who it seemed would so much as rip the head off the next person who looked at him the wrong. He wanted to keep this happiness to make sure no one he cared about got hurt.

They jerked away from each other when the door banged open; a very unhappy Narcissa Malfoy walked in. "Now I told you, boys, to get out here, and here I find you two snogging. I hope you have not had sex yet because Draco if you give me grand kits before you're fully bonded I will hex you both."

Both Draco and Harry flushed red at her mention of sex if she only knew the things they have already done.

"Besides I am too young to be called grand'mere, granted..." she stopped mid rant seeing how red the boys' faces are. "It seems I am a bit too late to stop anything other than just kissing and holding hands.” She tsked. *Who would have guessed Narcissa Malfoy was a mother hen?* Harry wonders.

“In any case, do not forget your conception charms, boys.” Then stops her rant and looked at her son and Harry. “Make that potions as well, me a grand’mere so young. Not likely.” Narcissa says further embarrassing Harry and Draco. “Come along I believe we have other things to discuss.”
With that she swept out of the room, Harry and Draco did not argue or plead their case, followed behind her. Still embarrassed that the other heard her berating them. When everyone reassembled in the sitting room, the discussion consisted of how to defeat Voldemort and Dumbledore ridding the world of both Dark Lords. The first on their agenda is finding a viable way to get Dumbledore out of Hogwarts. That will be a very hard task, his magic as Headmaster is tied into Hogwarts wards.

The only good news is that over the many years Dumbledore has been Headmaster the magic tying his magic to the wards began to weaken. Since Harry and Neville claimed their inheritance the wards have started to change, just not enough to evict Dumbledore. It seems Dumbledore’s death will be the only way Harry and Neville will be able to keep Hogwarts safe.

"Dumbledore's focus has strayed from the safety of the students. We are at war and Hogwarts is not the most safest place." Harry says to the group. “Each year Voldemort has found a way in the castle, the safest place other than Gringotts itself. Add to that, students who have died while in his care, and those he has stolen from. Do you think the goblins would be able to help us with the charges? After all, he not only stole from me but he violated the goblins trust?’’ inquired Harry.

"Actually, that is a very good question,’’ Lucius adds. “The goblins will have the right to prosecute him first. We know that Dumbledore has members of the Wizgamont in his pockets and will use them as the means to stay out of Azkaban,” Lucius continues.

"Harry, why don't we get in touch with Griphook, he might be able to help us,” said Neville. It occurred to Harry as he got up to send an owl that it might not be the smartest idea. Dumbledore and his spies are watching his every move. Instead, Harry sent Magnus off with a message to have the goblin contact him as soon as possible. They tabled talks about Dumbledore until they hear or spoke with Griphook. Their focus is now on Voldemort. Finding and destroying his missing souls.

"If only we knew exactly where the Horcruxes were it would help us.” Severus begins. “It is easy to assume the Dark Lord will hide them where no one would dare to look.” He continues.

“He trusted Lucius with the diary, who was a part of his inner circle. Do you think he would trust another member?’’ Remus asks. “We now know thanks to his inheritance, that Harry no longer carries one of his broken soul an--,”

"What in the bloody fuck are you talking about?’’ Draco yells interrupting Remus. Harry was one of what?’’ Draco turns and looks at Harry confusion and anger expressed on his face. “I feel like I am missing a very big piece of the fucking puzzle, and my mate better starts explaining things right now,” Draco demands.

"Draco, language!” Admonished Narcissa.

Shit, I knew there was something I forgot to tell Draco. "How do I put this?’’ Harry says.

"Just spill it out Harry and hold nothing back.” Harry did not take his eyes off Draco.

It was evident that most of the people in the room knew exactly what a Horcrux was. "I had part of Voldemort's soul inside of me when he tried to kill me as a baby,’’ Harry blurts out, he did not give Draco the chance to ask any question and continued speaking. “I honestly don't think he meant for it to happen. We do know that including me, he created six others.” Harry pauses before he said more. “The diary he gave to your father for safe keeping was one of them. According to Lady Hogwarts, when I came into my inheritance the piece that was inside of me was destroyed. So that leaves four more. Then there is the Slytherin locket, Ravenclaw diadem, the Hufflepuff cup, the
Gaunt ring and Nagini."

"Wait you said including yourself that was only six what is the other one," said Draco

That question seemed to stump everyone then it hit Harry. "Quirrell!" Everyone looked at him as if he lost his mind.

"What does our first-year defense teacher have to do with this?" ask Blaise

"Don't you see he was one of the Horcruxes? During our first year, at Hogwarts, Voldemort lived on the back of his head before he killed him by snapping his neck."

"How barbaric!" Exclaimed Narcissa, voicing everyone thoughts in the room.

"Harry." He turns around and sees Salazar standing in his portrait looking at them. Harry was not sure how they are doing it, but the background of their painting changes. Right now all four in the painting stood in a replica of Hogwarts library. "The others and I have been listening," Salazar says. "If the locket I am thinking of looks like this," Salazar put his hand in the pockets of his robes pulling out a silver chain pendant with an emerald crusted "S" in the middle of it. I’ve seen that before. Where, come one think. Harry closes his eyes trying to remember exactly where he say that similar locket.

Remembering, Harry jumps from his seat to study the locket. It was beautiful, and Harry felt drawn to it even in the painting as if it belonged to him. Then it hits him. "Kreacher!" the instant he called the elf name he appears in the room.

"What can Kreacher be doing for Master Slytherin?" The disgruntled elf attitude surprised Harry, a vast difference from the one that cursed and called him a half-blood. Harry steps closer to the elf. "Kreacher do you remember when we were cleaning out Grimmauld Place. There was a locket you refuse to let us throw out, where is it?"

Kreacher nervously begins to wring his wrinkled hands together trying not to look at Harry or the other occupants in the room.

"Tell me Kreacher where did you put it?" Harry prods. “I promise not to get angry,” He assures Kreacher.

"I hid it so that no one would find it," Kreacher says. “I did not want anyone to throw it away.” Kreacher went from his hands to worrying his ears lifting them from the ground. “Master Regulus wanted Kreacher to get rid of it, b-but Kreacher could not do it.” The poor elf upset himself, and Harry needed to find a way to calm Kreacher down.

"Kreacher I want you to listen to me" The elf bobbed his head. "I want you to go and get the locket for me," He tells Kreacher, who is beginning to show signs of relief. “Remember Kreacher everything within Grimmauld Place, belongs to me and so does that locket.” Harry soften his voice. “And so do you. Now please go and get the locket for me.” Without another Kreacher popped out and popped right back. Kreacher hands the locket to Harry, who took it from him. Harry thanks, Kreacher and told him to start cleaning and fixing Grimmauld Place. He also instructed him not to say a word about what he saw.

Harry waited for Kreacher to leave, but the little elf stayed, and he seemed as if he wanted to say something to Harry but was not sure if he should. Harry looked at the other occupants in who appeared just as confused as he is. Harry cleared his throat. “Is there something else you needed Kreacher?” Harry asks. Kreacher bobs his head.
“Please, a name?” Kreacher whispers.

“What was that?” Harry asks. “I did not hear that.”

“I’s want master Harry to give me a new name.” The little elf stated with a louder voice. “And, I’s want to look like Magnus and Sprite.” Harry would have laughed, but the look on the little elf face made him realize how serious he was.

“Magnus,” Harry called out. Magnus appears in front of Harry. “Take, Moby” At his new name the once named Kreacher’s face lit up and that made Harry smile. “Take Moby and with a uniform.” He tells Magnus, then turns to Moby. “The Black family crest will appear on your uniform. Do a good job Moby, make the house of Black proud.”

The Moby and Magnus popped out of the room, and Harry did not miss the pleasant look on the once-disgruntled elf’s face. Holding the locket out for everyone to see and Harry could feel the power coming from it. It made his skin crawl, with displeasure yet he felt the need to keep it safe. Harry walks back over to his seat, then put the locket on the table conjuring a metal box. He places the cursed locket on the cushion closing the box looking up at the others in the room, "One down, and a few more to go. Let's hope we find them all before Dumbledore knows what we are up to."

For the rest of the day, Harry and his group planned how to search for the other Horcruxes. During dinner, a regal owl arrives with a letter from Gringotts. It was a response from Griphook informing Harry that they have been waiting to prosecute Dumbledore for his crimes if he survives whatever Harry had planned for him. The message also let Harry know that he had the backing of the Goblin Nation.

Discussion of Dumbledore and Voldemort was put to the side for the remainder of the meal. Narcissa and Stephania broached the subject of bonding ceremonies. Harry, Draco, Neville, and Blaise sat in shock looking as the elders argue over what robe and colors they should wear. Harry had never known the stoic potion master could become so passionate about anything besides potions. It’s a bit scary.

Later that night Harry and Drac lay cuddled in bed, Draco is on his back with Harry sprawled over him, who was lacing his fingers through Harry's long silky raven hair. Harry was so comfortable he was purring, literally. "Baby, I love your hair. Promise me you will never cut it."

"Mmm…" "I was thinking, how about tomorrow we spend the day together?” Draco says to Harry. “No talk of Dumblefuck or Moldyshorts. Just me and you, we could go flying or something. Have a proper date.”

Harry opened his eyes, moving so that he was fully positioned on top of Draco. In this position, he was able to see into his mate's beautiful eyes that he loved so much. He leaned down, kissing his mate soundly. Pulling his lips just a little bit away but still touching, "I think that is a splendid idea.” He went back to kissing his mate forgetting about everything and everyone else.

"Crucio! How dare you come here only to tell me you cannot find Potter?” The Headmaster yells at his victim. “I give you one job, and that is to keep tabs on his every move. And now you tell me you have not seen him all day.” Dumbledore sent another Curcio at Hermione as she withers in
pain. Ron, who stands in the background, could do nothing to help his girlfriend. Where the hell did Harry go? He could not have left the castle. Thinks Ron. Hermione and I looked everywhere; he had been missing since yesterday.

Dumbledore finally lifts the Curcio, not having any strength Hermione fell to the ground. Dumbledore walks over to her; Ron expects him to touch her soothing her aches or hit her with another Crucio, but the Headmaster did neither things. He looked at her with disdain and Ron wonders if the kind hearted man the Headmaster portraits is nothing more than a façade. "I do not care what you do, Ms. Granger. I better see Potter sitting at the Gryffindor table having breakfast by Monday morning, if not a twenty-second Crucio will seem like a walk in the park.” He spat out his words. “Now get out of my bloody office and don't let me see you again until Potter is found. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Master," Ron answered for both him and Hermione as he tries to help her off the floor and out of the Headmaster’s office before Dumbledore tries to curse them again.

"Where do you think he is, Hermione?" Ron asks, Hermione’s body is still shaking, and he pulls out the potion he has in his pocket. Anti-nausea potion mixed with pain reliever. Hermione stops them and leans against the nearest wall drinking the potion slowly. Ron watches her with worry. He does not know how long he can continue to be Dumbledore’s punching bag.

"I don't know Ron,” Hermione finally answers. “But when we find him I am going to Avada Kevada him for general purpose," She says trying to keep her shaking under control.

Voldemort sat in his throne room in Riddle Manor; something was not right. Lucius failed to show up today when he was called, and the blinding pain occurred again. No one knows my secret. I made sure of that. Lucius has always been the perfect little follower, doing as I say without question. What could have happened to stop him from coming to me when I called?

“Wormtail, come to me you fool.” Wormtail crawls over to Voldemort. “Give me your arm.” Without protest, Wormtail stretches out his arm with the dark mark. Voldemort watches the snake slither from the skull. Even beings from another realm can be fooled into doing my bidding. Voldemort touches his wand to the mark on Wormtail’s arm and watches with pleasure as the simpering fool scream in pain. Voldemort could call his followers without causing pain, but he so enjoyed watching them hurt. The pleasure he had from hearing Wormtail scream when Lucius did not respond to his call. Lifting his wand Voldemort paid no heed when Wormtail grabbed his arm and crawled away from his throne.

"Bella my pet, I need to you to do something for me." Voldemort purred.

"Yes, my lord, anything. I am here to serve you and you alone," she said with a bow showing her cleavage hoping to catch her master’s eye.

"I want you to pay a visit to your sister,” Voldemort tells her from his throne and walks over to her. With the tip of his wand, he traces her open cleavage. Bella shivers and licks her lips. “Lucius as not answered my summons. Find out why.” He instructs her, Nagini slithers besides him and coils herself around him. Bella gets up from her kneeling position and starts to walk out of the throne room. “And Bella, do not fail me.”

“Yes, my Lord.” Bella walks out of the room to do her master bidding.
She was in another part of the castle when she heard laughter, she listened closely the laughter sounded just like the way Harry laughed. She walked to the sound seeing someone that looked like him but it could not be, this person had long raven hair and was bloody gorgeous. Has he always been that good looking and why has she never noticed. He looked like a veela, but that’s not right Harry did not come into his inheritance this summer he would have told Ron or me. He was with a tall blond who looked very much like Draco Malfoy. What the fuck is going on she thought when did they become friends.

They were smiling as they walked speaking quietly to each other. She did not want them to know she saw them so she cast a notice me not charm on herself. She also silenced her shoe as a precaution. She followed them to the end of the hall that turned out to be a dead end. Harry touched his hand to the side of the wall and it opened up, they walked inside she quickly followed them in before the wall or door closed.

“Baby, why don't you go and get in the shower while I instruct Magnus what we want for lunch I will meet you in a bit.” Draco told Harry.

“Ok Love don’t be long” He leaned in and kissed Draco on the lips.

Harry went off into one direction while Draco went in another. When did they start dating and where the hell was she? She decided to follow Draco; he walked into a room that resembled and office one one side when she turned around she was mesmerized by the amount of books she saw. This place looks as if it contains more books than the Hogwarts library. When she turned back around she say Draco speak to an elf that was dressed in proper clothing. Again she was completely confused she wondered if she was still inside of the castle.
Nobody Puts Baby In A Corner or rather Draco in a Corner

Chapter Summary

This chapter goes out to a friend of mine who is a mad genius at thinking of diabolical schemes.

Chapter Notes

As always Harry & Co. are not mine I wish they were.

Thanks you for reading and commenting and most of all for all the Kudos you have given me.

To my beta you ROCK girl!!

Love
Gia

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Draco is having the most pleasant dream of his mate giving the best morning blowjob ever known to man. He moans as his cock is being engulfed in moist heat and Draco could have sworn his dream felt real. Draco widens his leg in his dream giving his mate better access to his balls. Still thinking that he was asleep Draco reaches down still in a haze of sleep to position his erection when he touched silky soft hair and realized he was not dreaming. Cracking his eyes, Draco lifts the covers in time to see Harry swipes his tongue licking up the pre-cum forming at the tip of his cock. Draco closes his eyes licking his lips moaning and enjoyed the feeling of what his mate was doing to his body. Draco felt a thrill of possessiveness knowing that this was Harry’s first time. Even with Harry’s inexperience, Draco loved the way his body reacts to Harry’s touch.

“Fuck yeah baby,” he hissed. “Just like that,” he encouraged. “Use your hand and jerk me off while you suck on the tip.” Draco instructs. Harry obeys immediately. Draco grunted and jerks his hips when Harry sucks on the sensitive head of his cock. Wanting to control Harry’s movements Draco grips the back of his head. Draco could not help but to thrust into Harry’s hot wet mouth. “Let me fuck your mouth. Hollow, your mouth, tighten your lips.” Draco grunts out.
Harry moans, going into a submissive trance listening to Draco’s commands. His mind and body are focused on Draco’s pleasurable reactions. Harry could not believe how turned on he is. Harry grinds his hard cock into the sheets, grunting when Draco pulls on his hair fucking his mouth. His body was feeling something it has never felt before, bliss and contentment. Releasing one of his hands from Draco’s balls while the other continues to jerk him off Harry reaches down and grabs his cock swiping at the tip, using pre-cum to lubricate his shaft. He jerks his cock in tandem with Draco’s hip movements. Sweat beads on both of their bodies soaking the sheets. Their breathing gets louder along with their moans and grunts.

“Fuck baby, I’m going to cum,” Draco whines eager to release in Harry’s mouth, to have his mate drink down his seed.

Harry squeezes Draco’s cock to help him along, who knew hearing Draco’s dirty talk would turn me on this much. Draco’s thrusting began to get faster, his balls smacks Harry on his chin. Saliva drips from his lips soaking his chin and Draco’s balls. Harry could tell that Draco was close, and he was not far behind him. Draco’s grip tightens in his hair, pulling it bring tears to his eyes. The pain turned him on rather than scaring him. Draco came shouting his name and his cock going as far down Harry’s throat as possible. Harry drank down Draco’s cum with vigor, savoring like a fine wine and cumming in his hands from their erotic play. Draco’s hips stutter as he slows his movements and his cock begin to soften. The hands in Harry’s hair lessen their grip and finally falls from his hair altogether. Unwilling to release Draco’s cock from his mouth Harry lick and suck hoping to bring it back to life.

Draco runs his hand from Harry’s shoulder to as far down his back as he can. “Come up here,” Draco whispers. Harry lets Draco's cock slip from his mouth begrudging. Letting go of his cock Harry crawls up the bed smearing his cum on Draco’s body as he went. “Fuck you are a tempting little devil,” Draco says then cups Harry’s cheeks bringing their lips together, kissing and licking traces of his cum off his mates chin. Harry moans into their kiss loving the way Draco is fucking his lips with his tongue. When they pull apart, they are breathing heavy Harry opens his eyes staring into storm clouds. “I take it you came when I did?” Draco asks.

Harry nods his head bending down and licks Draco’s swollen lips then leans on his elbows looking into Draco’s eyes. “Good morning, my dominant.”

Draco smiles and kisses Harry gently on his sensitive lips. “Yes, it’s a very good morning, my little minx.”

Harry chuckles, “Did you enjoy your wake-up call?”

“Mmmm,” Draco moans. “I demand that you wake me up like that every morning for the rest of our lives.”

Harry giggles and rests his head on Draco’s chest. “I think I can manage that, however, I might need to get a bit more creative.”

He chuckled, “Be as creative as you like, I give my body over to you to do as you please.” He says, holding his arms out.

Harry lifts his head from Draco’s chest and kisses him thoroughly. Stopping their kiss, “Feel up to a shower?” Harry asks grinding his renewed hard-on into Draco’s leg. “I might need some help reaching the hard places,” Harry rasps out, loving the interest in Draco’s eyes and cock.

Running his hand down Harry’s back, Draco cups his arse, giving it a squeeze pivoting his hips into Harry’s abs. “I’m very sure I can help you reach all of your hard to reach places.” Harry got
off him pulling his love with him as he went walking into the bathroom together. *Best morning ever* thinks Harry as Draco reaches down to kiss him once more.

An hour later Draco and Harry emerges from the bathroom and begin to dress separately in casual clothes. They enjoyed a romantic breakfast feeding each other and discussed their future together. Draco fed Harry a slice of peach with a small dollop of fresh cream from his fingers. His eyes clouds over as he watches Harry licks the cream swirling his tongue on the tip of the peach then biting it purposely letting sweet nectar run down his chin.

“Who knew you were so fucking tempting?” Draco mummers as he leans in to lick from Harry’s chin to his lips pulling him into a passionate kiss each. Breakfast all forgotten Draco pulls Harry from his chair and his mate straddles his legs. Hands are roaming over their bodies, Draco tweaks Harry’s nipples drawing a gasp from his sweet lips. Harry is grinding and riding Draco’s legs mulling and begging for release. Draco moves his hands to Harry’s hips then to his arse cupping it and pulling Harry closer to his body. Their cocks rub against each other, hard and hot causing them to hiss.

“Please, Draco make me cum,” Harry pleads against Draco’s lips.

“How can I resist you when you beg me so sweetly,” Draco says, placing gentle kisses starting from Harry’s chin to his neck sucking on it, marking him claiming him. Marking Harry his! Draco lifts his head gazing into Harry’s face, his mate is beautiful, his long lashes ghosting his flushed cheeks. Harry’s head is thrown back, his bottom lips nestled between his teeth. *Now one gets to see him like this, only me.* Feeling posed to devour his mate, Draco rips Harry’s shirt open, buttons filing every. He bends his head and starts to lick, scraping his fangs against Harry’s nipples. Harry’s hips jerk in response his fingers digging into Draco’s shoulder. Moving from nipple to nipple giving Draco did not let up especially when Harry begs, for more, his mate’s body is too tempting to stop.

“Dr-Dray gonna cum,” Harry chokes out. As the words leave his mouth, Harry arches his back cums in his pants when Draco scraps his fangs down then bites on it as hard as he could without drawing blood. Draco cums in his pants just from the scent and sound of his mate. Harry’s head fell to Draco’s shoulder, and he nestles his head on his neck and shoulder. Draco wraps his arms around Harry’s waist trying to get his breathing under control kissing Harry on his forehead. Harry giggles and licks the sweat from Draco’s neck, “Damn three times in a two-hour time span.” Harry hums against Draco’s neck. “It’s good to be fucking young.”

Draco chuckles, “Yes it is.” He says, then kissing Harry’s forehead once more then resting his cheeks on top of Harry’s wet hair. “We might need another shower.” Harry nods his head and moans snuggling closer to Draco.

“Not yet, want to stay here a little longer.” Harry purrs against Draco’s neck.

Tightening his arms around Harry’s waist. “Anything for you, love.”

They stayed like that for a bit, not speaking a word just enjoying each other. Years of fighting and hexing each other lead to a mountain of sexual frustration between them. Draco is not sure how long they sat there holding each other and did not care about time. He had his mate in his arms.
Harry lifts his head kissing Draco one last time before getting up and using a cleaning charm to do away with the dry cum in his pants. Draco follows suit standing up and charming his pants clean as well as any wrinkles.

Draco pulls Harry in his arms; Harry went easily wrapping his arms around Draco’s neck. “How about we go flying?” Draco asks.

Harry raises an eyebrow before asking, “Just flying, what’s the catch?”

Draco smirks, “You know me too well my little minx.”

“I’m getting to know this Draco, and you, my dominant,” Harry says going to his toes to reach Draco’s lips. “Are the embodiment of a true Slytherin.” Harry lightly touches Draco’s lips, the tip of his tongue slips out teasing Draco’s lips before pulling back. Draco was a bit disoriented. “So what’s the catch,” Harry backs away from Draco smirking at the dazed look on his mate’s face.

Getting himself under control Draco jams his hands into his pockets. “You keep teasing me like that, and we will spend the day in bed.”

Harry runs his hands across his chest, and Draco’s eyes follow his movements. “Would that be so bad?” Pinching his nipples and licking his lips.

Draco lifts his gaze to meet Harry’s and smiles at Harry as an idea forms in his head. Such a tempting little minx. “Let’s play a game of one on one. The first one to twenty-one gets a blowjob from the loser.”

Harry stares at Draco for a few minutes before stretching his hand out for Draco to shake it. “You’re on.”

Draco takes his hand and pulls him flush against his body, “How about we seal it with a kiss,” He says smashing their lips together kissing Harry into a dazed stupor. Pulling back Draco moves to Harry’s ear, “tease me like that again my little mate, be prepared for the consequences.” Harry whimpers at the inclination as Draco steps around him leaving in the room.

On the pitch, Harry was ready to win from the other side of the field he yells to Draco, “Release the snitch!”

Draco lets go of the snitch and watches Harry chases after it. Harry scored first catching the snitch and then letting it go. They continued playing their game for the next hour with Harry coming out the winner beating Draco by three points. “I won,” he chants excitedly holding up his hand gripping the snitch tightly. “For a minute there you had the lead.” Harry yells, flying over to Draco.

“Yes, but you cheated Potter, I demand a rematch.” The smile on Draco’s face lets Harry knows that his mate was not upset about the loss.

“Cheated! How? Draco I would never do such a thing!” he said in mock outrage

“You know what you did, wiggling your arse in front of me distracting me whenever I was behind you,” Draco moves closer to Harry. They were still sitting on their brooms Draco grips the back of
Harry’s head so that they are face-to-face, and lips to lips.

Encircling one arm around Draco’s neck and smiling, Harry declared, “All’s fair in love and game, Love.” He says before kissing Draco once more before escaping from Draco’s clutches.

“I will get you back, Potter!” Draco yells following after him.

Harry turns to meet Draco as he gets off his broom. He walks over to his blonde lover, circling his arms his neck gazing into his eyes. “How about this,” Harry says. “After you blow me, I blow you,” He says to his mate before smirking deliciously. “Or we could we could just blow each other.” Harry purrs rubbing his forehead against Draco’s chin.

Draco cups Harry’s cheeks lifting his eyes to meet his, “I like that idea so much better.” Looking into his eyes, Draco can see amusement shining in Harry’s emerald orbs. “Was that your plan all along?”

“I figured you might like that,” Harry says then licks his lips. “And, I will never reveal my secrets. We have a long life ahead of us,” He run his hands through Draco’s hair as he spoke. I guess I’m not the only one with a hair fetish. “And, if I gave away all of my secrets now, then I would have nothing to surprise you with in the future.” He finishes with a smile that could melt the coldest heart. I’m so damn fucked, and I cannot be any happier.

“Yes,” Harry he says before Draco claimed his lips in another gentle kiss. They begin walking in the direction to the secret passage. Leading to their private rooms speaking in low tones. The day was still young, and so were they he thought with a smile.

Theo walked around Hogwarts taking in the beauty of Hogwarts and noticed since the year began the castle felt different. Hogwarts felt alive and Theo wonders if the legend is true that the castle has become sentient, alive because so many years surrounded by magic. Laughter filled the air, and Theo walked to the nearest window to see two figures flying on the Quidditch pitch, it is not uncommon for students on the house teams to be out flying. But Theo recognized the figures in the air, the blonde hair could not be missed, it was Draco. Draco has been missing since last night, Blaise also. But the person with Draco right now does not look like Blaise even though they had dark hair. The dark hair boy dipped a little lower, and Theo got a better look on their and realized it was Harry Potter. Theo’s heart stops, and he turns from the window putting his back to the wall. He holds back his anger

Draco, knew how I felt about Harry and yet he went after him. Why would he do that?

Theo is so deep in thought and did not hear the other person walk up to stand beside him until they spoke. “Hello, Theo.” The sweet voice greets him. Theo opens his eyes to see the petite blond standing in front of him, Luna he thinks is her name. He see’s her all the time with Harry.

“Hello, Luna,” He greets her, heartbroken he did not have the urge to call her the silly nickname
the school branded her with Theo did not see why the moniker would fit. “What are you doing here?”

Luna smiles and looks out the window, then steps away. “Love is beautiful isn’t it?” Theo nods his head but the blonde was not looking at him, she was already walking away. Theo is not sure what she was on about but at the moment, his heart did not feel loved it was hurt and broken. “Well are you coming,” He hears her ask a bit further away. “Lunch will be waiting for us, and we don’t want to be late for our guests.” Theo felt confused and looked around him to see who she was talking to, then points to himself.

“Are you talking to me.” He felt foolish asking that question considering that they are the only two standing in the hallway.

“Of course, I am,” She giggles. “Come on true love awaits you, my friend.”

Theo sighs and wonders if she really is as loony as they say. She speaks in riddles and confuses the hell out of people. Theo decided to go with her, what harm can it cause to see what she is talking about and if anything else protects her from the other students who likes to pick on her. Theo saw that Luna was no much farther down the hall and ran to catch up with her, they walked outside to another part of the school Theo did not know existed. It was a rose garden. Theo took in his surroundings and scented the air loving the way each rose bush changed colors as they walked by them. Luna skipped ahead, but Theo took his time he wanted to savor this part of the Castle not sure if he will be able to find it again on his own. He was not paying attention to where he was going when he walked right into a wall that threw him on his arse.

“Are you ok?” A deep baritone asks large hands came into view and Theo followed it up to an even larger chest. His eyes kept going and stop at smiling kissable lips, a perfectly shaped nose. Theo’s eyes continue until his baby blue eyes connect with chocolate brown matching red shoulder length hair. “I did not mean to knock you down.” Theo took the offered hand and were helped to his feet, by the giant or what he presumes is a giant compared to him. Theo stared up at the handsome face smiling down at him, and his mouth felt dry and uncooperative. “Let me introduce myself. I’m Charlie, Charlie Weasley.”

*No fucking way!*

Hermione is pissed off, and bloody Harry Potter was to blame. It is the beginning of the weekend, and now Hermione is spending her free time searching all over the fucking castle for the dimwit. Hogwarts is enormous, and Harry could be anywhere, hiding out with Neville, who also did not return to the dorm last night. Hermione is positive that Harry has no idea what Dumbledore have been planning since before he was born. Hermione did not care what happens to Harry as long as she gets what is hers in the end.

*The age of muggle borns being ridiculed and seen as lower class citizens will end the minute I become Minister. There are a few things I must do first, one, is dump Ron and stay away from his ill-mannered family. Ron believes I would marry him and live in poverty. Marrying someone who is influential wealthy will help my cause in the end. I need to be careful and not show my hand too quickly.*
Hermione realizes that she walked into another part of the castle and heard laughter and moves quietly around the corner to see who it is. Hermione peeks around the corner and recognizes Harry’s long hair instantly. Since the year began his looks changed only for the better, thinks Hermione. He was smiling and talking with someone that Hermione was unable to see from where she is standing. Something is different about Harry. Besides his hair, there is a luminescent glow around him, almost seductive like a veela. But that’s not right. If Harry came into a creature Inheritance, he would have told me. After all, I am his best friend.

Arms circle Harry’s waist pulling him away from the wall; Hermione looks further out to get a better view of who Harry is with. The other person is a tall blond who resembles Draco Malfoy. What the fuck is going on, she thought, when did they become friends, or from the looks of it lovers?

Harry and Draco are smiling as they walk down the, speaking quietly to each other. Hermione did not want them to see or hear, so she cast a notice me, not charm. As added precaution Hermione silences her shoes. She follows them to the end of the hall that turned out to be a dead end and watch as Harry place his hand to the side of the wall and it opens up. Draco and Harry walk into the wall, and Hermione quickly catches up to them through the open space on the wall that turns out to be a door leading to another room. Hermione is amazed at what she see’s. The room is grand and beautiful filled with more books than she could read in a lifetime. How did they find this amazing room?

“Baby,” Hermione hears Draco speak drawing her attention to the two men. “Why don’t you go and get in the shower while I instruct Magnus what we want for lunch, I will meet you in a bit,” He says leaning closer to kiss Harry. If Hermione did not want to kill Harry, she would have found them cute. Yet, all she wanted right now to figure out all she could about this room and what is going on. Later, Hermione will report to Dumbledore and have the Headmaster do away with Potter and Malfoy, well maybe not Malfoy. He’s handsome, rich and even with the cloud of his family being dark wizards, the name Malfoy carries a lot of weight.

“Ok Love, try not to be long” Harry leaned up and kisses Draco lips longer this time before pulling back. "After all,” He purrs. “I need you to wash my back,” Harry says with a seductive smile.

Harry walks out of the room and Draco walks further into the room. Hermione did not follow Harry; he was not the one she was interested in. Damn this room is wonderful, Hermione thought. Hermione walks over and purses the shelf reading the titles of the books, her fingers itch to take a few off the shelf and curl up on the comfortable couch and begin reading them. She surmises that the room is a library and an office. How convenient and a genius idea. Bravo to the person who thought of it. Her attention is pulled away when she hears Draco talking with an elf. A properly dressed elf in black slacks and a white shirt. Hermione finds it odd that the elf’s appearance is clean and not hyper or fidgeting like all the other Hogwarts elves. Am I still at Hogwarts?

Draco finishes speaking with the elf who pops away without a sound, he turns around and begins to exit the room when he stops short. Hermione did not know when or how it happened, but the notice me not charm is no longer in place. “What the fuck, are doing in here Granger. Better yet how did you get in here?”

“I could ask you the same thing Malfoy.”Hermione no longer cares that her charm fell and puts up a brave mask. “Where are we and what are you doing to Harry?” She pretends to show concern for Harry.

“Cut the I care for Harry shit Granger,” Draco growls. “We all know you could care less if he lives or dies. I will ask you again, how the hell did you get in here?” Hermione brows furrowed when it appeared Draco had fangs, but she ignores it.
She did not answer him; instead, she walks around the room openly looking at the scanning the books running her fingers on the spine. “All night Ron and I have been looking for Harry,” She says turning to meet his gaze. “And what do you know he has been with you all this time, safely tucked away,” Her sarcasm was not missed. “Now I could run and tell the Headmaster or...”

Draco gives her a skeptical look, “Or what?”

Slowly Hermione walked over to Draco putting an extra sway in her hips then presses her ample bosom into his chest, “I have always found you attractive,” She says going to her toes and whispers in his ear, “I won't tell the headmaster about where or who Harry has been with if you—“

Hermione licks Draco’s neck then leans back and raise an eyebrow instead of finishing her sentence.

Draco could see that his words angered her, “You fucking bastard!” Granger seethes.

Draco chuckles, “That’s all you can come back with? My parents are happily married Granger.” He counters simply while brushing off a nonexistence lint from his sleeve to show her words had no effect on him.

Draco could not believe it. How the hell did Granger find her way to their private rooms? Draco was sure that no one was aware of this part of the castle. They were careful each time the entered the first time. This morning was the first time since yesterday they left their rooms.

If I had it my way, we would not have gotten out of bed. If Granger found her way here, it can only mean one thing and Draco has a feeling it will not end well for one of them. Namely Granger. “Leave Granger, before something detrimental happens to you, I rather not have your blood on my hand so soon in the game,” He warns her. Draco needed to get Granger away from here before Harry comes back. I spent enough time talking none sense with her already.

“Why are you trying to get rid of me so quickly Malfoy? Afraid your simple minded boyfriend will see us together?” She asks walking closer to him again, this time, he was ready for her. Draco’s wand fell to his palm from his sleeve, and he pointed it at her.

Granger stops and looks from Draco to the wand pointed at her. Draco swore he saw a spark in her brown eyes and a hint of madness he would see in his aunt, Bella. A chuckle broke from her lips. “Awe, look at baby Malfoy trying to be grown up.” She cackled this time. “Put that away before you hurt someone.”

Draco is calm his hands did not waver, “I realize you are not taking me seriously Granger.” Draco says and shrugs one of his shoulders. “And you maybe be right I might not hurt you, but he will.”

Before Granger could open her mouth to speak, a black python coils itself around her, constricting
her breathing and freezing her in place. Her eyes widened. Draco sheathed his wand hiding it in the sleeve of his shirt and watched in fascination. The snake lifted its head and looked into her eyes. From where he stood, Draco could see the snake opened its mouth wide and engulfed her face as a tear fell from her eyes. Draco knows he should either stop what is about to happen or, at least, be afraid. But he was not, there was not even feel a hint of guilt. The only words going through his mind was that Granger deserves it for what she did to Harry. Using him, playing on his trusting and forgiving nature. Pretending to care when all she cared about was herself. Draco watches as the snake consumed and is amazed when it did not swallow her whole but pulls her spirit from her body. When the snake slowly draws its mouth away from Grangers’ face, Draco watch as it whips its head back then spits her spirit into the fireplace trapping her within the flames.

Draco did not move from the spot he is standing in nor did he make a sound when the python turns itself into Salazar. What, when, where and how chanted in his mind but he did not voice his questions.

Salazar must have seen the confusion and unasked questions on his face when he looks up at Draco. “Our magic can only hold her for so long. However, she will have no memory of this place or what she saw.” Salazar answers. Draco wanted to ask what happened to her body. And again Salazar saw the question on his face. “As for her body, Lady Hogwarts has already placed that hideous creature within her bed, no need to worry.” Salazar’s expression darkened. “You must not tell Harry of this, and if you do make sure it is after the she-beast is dead.” With that, Salazar disappears. Feeling that it is safe to move Draco turns and looks at the picture above the fireplace; it seems it was a group effort because all of the founders were missing all that stood was a blank canvas.

Draco shakes even though he is a wizard, the astonishing use of magic still fascinates him. Draco glances over at the fireplace. Granger spirit was not there, thank Merlin. It would not do for Harry to see her wandering spirit in their home. Draco is not sure he would know how to explain what just happened. Draco walks out of Harry’s study undressing as he went, events of what happened in the study easily forgotten with thoughts of seeing Harry naked and wet ran through his mind. Naked mate trumps all the time.

In another part of the Castle, the four founders walk from portrait to portrait speaking of what just occurred.

“Do you think what was necessary, my love?” Godric asks, “Salazar our aim was to scare her not kill her.”

Salazar sighs, he did not feel ashamed of what he did, “I am well aware of that God. However, no one threatens my family!” He declares.

“I agree with Sal,” Helga says Rowena and Godric were not surprised. As gentle as Helga portrays to be she can be as bloodthirsty as the next when it comes to protecting their family.

“Well, there is no need to worry about the she-beast as Sal called her.” They all nod as they step into another portrait. “The longer her soul is away from her body she will die slowly.” They all nod again, “Do you think we should have informed young Draco?”

“No,” Helga answers. “The young one does not need to know. Not yet anyway.” The conversation changes and the group separated. Because of the magic, they used the needed rest, Helga and Rowena went off to the portrait of a cottage they fell in love with long ago. Godric stops Salazar as they step through another portrait. He pulls his lover in his arms kissing him deeply. “The way you protect our family turns me on my love,” He growls against Salazar’s lips. “Even in death, I crave to be inside of you.” Salazar grips the back of his lover’s head and smashes their lips together.
“Come, my love, I need to ravish you,” Godric growls once more sound more lion than man, Salazar blushes, and giggles like a little school boy in love.

Lavender Brown woke early the next morning to prepare for the day. Living with other females clamoring for the bathroom no matter how magical it is can get a bit hectic in the mornings when trying to prepare for the day. Lavender would have preferred to stay in bed a bit longer but felt she needed the time to herself. Everyone in school has been acting strange since the year began. Harry, Hermione, and Ron are not as close a close group anymore. Harry has distance himself from and chooses to hang around Neville. Lavender will admit Neville and Harry have grown in height and beauty over the summer. Their attitude speaks volumes at how changed they are. I wonder if Harry and Neville are sleeping together? It’s what everyone wants to know. Lavender checks her appearance once more time, wearing only the barest of makeup to let her beauty shine and putting her hair in an up ponytail with side and back curls; Lavender is ready for the day. She hoped Dean likes her look. They have been dating secretly for the past six months, and Lavender is sure Dean is the one for her. After leaving Hogwarts and before settling in a career they plan on getting married.

Lavender does not need to find a job right away; her family may not be high on the pole of influence. However, they are financially stable that Lavender can take a few years off before deciding to work or further her studies. Her only obstacle is convincing her father that Dean is the perfect man for her. Her father’s dislike of Dean stems from his financial, social standing. Her father is concerned Dean will depend on Lavender for support and no matter how much she tries to convince him otherwise her father refuses to listen. Lavander is brought from her thoughts when the rest of the girls started filing into the bathroom one by one.

Each girl has their own personality and bonds of friendship that will last a lifetime. Lavender has become close to many of the girls, especially Hermione any minute now she will walk into the bathroom with a lecture about something and no will listen. It has been the morning routine to either listen when she speaks or ignore her. I admire Hermione for her strength to be able to speak up in a room full of people. Lavender realizes that Hermione likes to hear herself talk whether anyone is listening or not. Chatter and laughter filled the room, and it was time to go down to breakfast when Lavender notices that Hermione was not there. Lavender turns to one of the Patil twins. “Have you seen Hermione?” Parvati shakes her head no. “It’s not like Hermione to not be awake already.”

Parvati shrugs her shoulcs and walks over to her bed. “That’ true, I expected her to be up and on her fourth lecture by now. Maybe she is already at breakfast?”

“No, I woke up before everyone else,” Lavender says to Parvati.

Parvati brows furrowed, “Come on let’s go wake and her. If she is not there, maybe she snuck into Ron’s bed. It’s happened before.”

“They are going to get caught one of these days, by Professor McGonagall.” Lavender says as a strange feeling settles in her gut as she follows behind Parvati back into the girls dormitory and make their way over to Hermione’s bed.

“Hermione how come your sti….?” Patil words get stuck in her throat then blood-curdling scream
was heard throughout all of Gryffindor Tower. Lavender stepped around Patil to see what is going on and was frozen in place. As much as she wanted to Lavender could not turn away, lying before her is Hermione’s unmoving, unbreathing body. Her skin looks pale, and her lips are blue. Lavender gaze travels down to her chest hoping for signs of breathing and that this is nothing but a prank. A student must have gotten word to the Headmaster about what is happening and came in haste along with Professor McGonagall.

Page Break

Albus was enjoying his morning making plans for the day when Minerva’s head appears in the floo. “Good morn…” He begins before she cuts him off.

“No time for pleasantries Albus, you must come at once to the girls dormitory. Something terrible has happened. I will leave the floo open for you.” Wasting no time Albus quickly get up from his seat behind his desk and walks through the floo following after Minerva. Whispers filled his ears as he enters the room.

“Do you think she is dead for real?” He hears a student ask another.

“I don’t know she certainly doesn’t look like she’s breathing.” Answers another.

*What could be the matter?* Albus wonders. Reaching their destination the room is filled with students. Who upon seeing their professors part like the red sea giving Albus the perfect view of Hermione Granger lying on her assigned bed with Ronald Weasley sitting on the side of the bed holding her hand. “Come on Hermione open your eyes, this is not a joke.”

“Mr. Weasley, please step aside,” Minerva tells the boy. “We need to determine her condition.” Weasley gets up from the bed but does not let go of her hands stepping out of the way. Albus walks over to the bed and pulls out his wand and with a swoosh he brings up her diagnosis. Reading the results, he is shocked to see that her life thread is disappearing.

*How can this be? Who could have done this without me knowing? Her soul is still earthbound but without a soul, she will surely die.*

“Let us get her to the infirmary, quickly!” He yells.

“Albus, what is the matter with the child?” Minerva asks frantically.

Trying not to scare the scare the rest of the student body he answers, “Ms. Granger is not dead.” Only telling half truths. “It seems someone has cast a very powerful and dark magic removing her spirit from her body. Her vitals are very weak; our only hope is that her soul will return to her soon.”

“How can this be Albus, someone is..” Minerva begins her voice quivering with every word she spoke.

“I don’t know Minerva,” He says answering her question. “Our only hope is that Ms. Granger recovers and will remember who did this to her.” Albus sighs, *pretending to care is honestly taking more out of me than necessary.* Truth be told Albus Dumbledore is happy that this has happened to Hermione. Albus knew of her goals and aspiration. She planned to kill him once she got what she wanted. *Now I don’t have to kill her myself; I would love to meet the person who did my job for me.* “I will get in contact with her parents informing them of what happened.”
“I’m sorry I cannot let you do that Sir,” Ron says timidly, he is afraid of what the Headmaster will do or say when he explains the reason.

Dumbledore turns and looks at Ron, the underlined danger, and irritation in his eyes scares Ron. “And why is that, Mr. Weasley?” Dumbledore questions. His voice still had the grandfatherly tone to it.

“B-be-” Ron stutters before taking a calming breath. “She erased her existence from their memory. And even if you wanted to contact them I am not sure where they are.”

The other students still in the dormitory gasps covering their mouths. “Explain!” The Headmaster demands.

Ron closes his eyes, then snapping it open to meet the Headmaster’s gaze head on. “We were planning on getting married at the end of the year.” Again another chorus of shocked gasps echos through the room but Ron ignores it and continues. “She did not plan on returning to the muggle world. She also did not want to endanger her parents in the war against He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named.” Ron finishes with a whisper.

Dumbledore shakes his head, “Foolish child.”

“Please, Headmaster there must be something you can do.” Ron pleads.

Dumbledore sighs, “I am afraid there is nothing I can do my boy. Unless her soul decides to return, she will surely die.”

This time, there were no gasps, not even a pin dropping. Everyone was speechless that there was something the great Albus Dumbledore could not fix.

Chapter End Notes

Hi Guys,

I want to hear from you. I have a few ideas on how I want to kill Dumbledore but like I said in all of my comments I like to hear what you guys have to say. So my question is how would you like to see Dumbledore die? Here are your choices.

1. Trial by fire—maybe a bit cliche but effective
2. Beheaded—Pretty bloody
3. Turn him into stone then obliterate him into dust—could be dusty
4. Poison—pretty quiet
5. Consumed by snakes—That sounds interesting.

Let me know I have not started this chapter yet but ideas are swirling around in my
head.

As Always Thanks for reading:)

Gia
Chapter Summary

Harry comes into his magical inheritance on his birthday. He finds out that those thought were his most trusted are the ones that will hurt him the most. And, the ones that he thought he could never trust are the ones that will stand with him through the fire.

Chapter Notes

I still do not own Harry & Co.

Thanks for all the kudos, Comments & hits.

Thanks as always Katie:).

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Nineteen- Down With the so-called Light Wizard. Part 1

(Same Morning Hermione’s Body is found)

Word of what happened to Hermione spread like fiendfyre. Students gathered outside of the infirmary to get a glimpse of her body. Madam Pomfrey worked feverishly to save what is left of Hermione’s body. However, the prognosis looks bleak. Warming and monitoring charms were placed to keep a close eye on her vitals. Nutrition potions that Madam Pomfrey will manually feed her daily by Muggle means intravenously. No one knew what had caused this, or how it happened. Students and professors feared that another basilisk got into the school once more, and this was second year happening all over again. The Headmaster was busy trying to discourage students from informing their parents of what was going on.

While a few students tried to see what was going on in the infirmary, elsewhere in the Castle students were attempting to get into the Great Hall the doors would not open. No matter what they tried or what strength of magic used, the doors to the Great Hall would not open. Even Albus Dumbledore, the powerful Lord of the light, could not get the doors to open.
“Albus, what are we going to do?” asked a worried Minerva.

Dumbledore looked resigned, with the stress of this morning and now Hogwarts refuses to obey his command, “It would seem the castle is being very stubborn this morning.” He says sadly. “I will call for the elves to set up out here so that the students are able to eat.”

Minerva sighed and nods her head, “I will have to agree with you, Albus,” she turns to the gathering crowd and tries to assess what will need to be done. “Winky!” Minerva calls out and expects the elf to appear at once. When Winky did not appear, her brows furrowed in worry.

Perhaps Winky has started drinking again. Wondered Minerva.

With a stronger, voice Minerva calls for Ama another house elf a few more times. When neither elf shows Minera’s worry became dreaded fear.

This is not good if the elves are not coming when we call.

Minerva turns back to Albus and sees him staring at the throngs of students the look on his face gave her more cause to worry.

Albus is anxious about something it is evidenced by the way his fingers are gripped tightly around his beard.

Minerva follows Albus’s gaze and that is when the students parted like the red sea. Four students were walking up to where she and Albus stood; Harry Potter, Draco Malfoy, Neville Longbottom and Blaise Zabini. They were dressed in the finest robes and most expensive robes she has ever laid her eyes on.

They were all in black and not the traditional school robes; sleeveless and made of form fitting leather. Underneath, they wore button down shirts, the colors of Hogwarts house. Potter wore green with silver snake cufflinks, Malfoy in a complimentary yellow shirt and black cufflinks that look like a badger. Neville Longbottom, who is almost unrecognizable, wore a scarlet shirt and lion gold cufflinks, and Zabini wore a blue shirt with bronze eagle cufflinks. Minerva cast her eyes up and down each man, yes, that is what they were men. She cannot call them boys anymore because standing in front of her are men. Other than their clothes there was something different about them. Then it hits her; the emblem on their robes. Potter and Longbottom had two while Malfoy and Zabini had one. All four looked more confident and comfortable in their skin. Minerva had a feeling in the pit of her stomach something unexpected is about to happen.

It surprised everyone when Longbottom walked over to the doors and opened the doorways to the Great Hall with small travail.

How... Wh...... The castle listened to him? Minerva thinks in surprise.

Before either the teachers or students could walk inside, Potter and the rest followed in after Longbottom. When they walked inside, the Great Hall looked completely different. The banner for each house was the same; however, the tables were noticeably different. The head table had six chairs, behind four chairs stood a house elf, dressed in a shirt and black trousers. The tablecloth had the colors of each Hogwarts house. The four young men walked up to the table, taking a seat.
Potter sat in front of the symbol representing Slytherin, Longbottom in front of Gryffindor, Zabini in front of Ravenclaw and the big shocker Malfoy in front of Hufflepuff.

The school was at a standstill waiting to see what would happen next. No one said a word or moved a muscle you could hear a pin drop. Minerva was so enthralled by what was happening. She did not see who was standing behind her. The gasped from the students and teachers alerted Minerva that someone new entered the Great Hall. Twirling around, Minerva came face to face with Lucius Malfoy.

What could a member of the board of governors be doing here morning? Did the news of what happened to Hermione Granger reach his ears already?

Minerva felt as if her morning was spilling out of control. Albus walks over to the Lucius Malfoy and addresses him with a courteous smile that did not reach his eyes, “Lord Malfoy, it is a pleasure to see you this morning. How can I be of assistance to you?”

Minerva watches the interaction and the tension between both men filled with dislike could not be missed.

“At the moment Headmaster, nothing,” Lucius drawls. “However, I will need to speak with you about dark magic being conducted on school grounds severely injuring a student putting her in a coma.” Lucius walks away without waiting for Albus to respond, making his way over to the head table first greeting Potter whispering something in his ear. Then to his son before taking the empty seat beside him. Minerva could not fathom what was happening before her eyes. The Headmaster was speechless, or so she thought.

“Harry my boy, what is the meaning of this?” Albus asks.

Potter ignores the Headmaster and continues to speak with the young Mr. Malfoy.

“Harry Potter, you will answer me this instant!” Albus demands.

Potter sets his gaze on her the smoldering fire that was there while speaking with the Headmaster is now calming flame. Since the beginning of the year she has noticed a change in both Longbottom and Potter. They radiate confidence; also their grades are much better than the previous years. It would be sufficient to say that both Potter and Longbottom have surpassed even Ms. Granger.

“Deputy Headmistress, would like to join us for breakfast? There are a few things Neville and I need to discuss with you.”

Minerva was surprised as was Albus. Potter dismissed the older man as if he was not there. “I would love to Mr. Potter,” She answers. “But first I need you to answer one question for me.”

Potter raises an eyebrow so smoothly it would make Severus Snape master of snark proud.

Speaking of Severus, where is he?

As the Head of Slytherin house and a professor along with all that has happened this morning, Minerva expected Severus to be front and center ready to reprimand Potter on his current attitude. This is not something he would miss.

“My dear Lady,” Potter says, pulling Minerva from her thought and search of the potion’s master. “I already know what you want to ask.”

Potter stands from his chair, then takes out his wand casting a Sonorus “Good Morning all.” He
begins and stops when the doors to the Great Hall opens and in walks Severus.

Minerva watches in amazement when Severus does not stop in his stride and makes his way to the head table taking his seat beside Lord Lucius Malfoy.

Thank you, for joining us this morning, Professor.” Potter says to Severus, the Sonorus still in place and the room gasps at the cheekiness in Potter’s tone.

Minerva expected a reprimand and is shocked when Severus chuckles before replying. “You are welcomed Mr. Potter. Now carry on with your announcement.”

“Harry, my boy, what is this?” Albus says.

“Thank you, Professor Snape.” Potter ignores the Headmaster, “I know that you are all wondering what is going on. Let me first introduce myself. You all know me as Harry Potter, however; as of now I am Duke Slytherin, the heir to the houses of Salazar Slytherin and Helga Hufflepuff.” He turned to Longbottom, “Sitting beside me is my brother and friend Duke Gryffindor Heir to the houses of Godric Gryffindor and Rowena Ravenclaw.”

At Potter’s announcement, Minerva was flabbergasted as apparently are the room full of students. She cast her eyes on the Headmaster to see him go stiff as a board at the announcement. Did Albus know?

Potter, I mean Duke Slytherin continued.

“It seems,” He turned to look straight in the direction of the Headmaster, “There are those who have stolen from me, and kept important information from me, all for their belief of the greater good.” Potter’s voice did not waiver as he continued to speak to his audience.”

I also know what you all are thinking that Salazar Slytherin was a dark wizard, and practiced dark arts, and also hated Muggles and Muggle born.” His eyes never left the Headmaster.

Well, you were all mislead, the only thing Salazar Slytherin was guilty of doing was loving our world and doing everything within his power both with his body and magic, to protect our world. Starting today, there are going to be changes to courses that are taught in this prestigious school that my and Neville’s many greats, grandparents built. And to clear up any misconceptions Voldemort is not and will never be the Heir of Slytherin.”

Minerva did not know what to say, standing before her was not was not a boy, but a man who knew what he wanted. The world as she knew it was about to change and she prayed to Merlin it is for the better.

To say that Harry was happy was an understatement. Seeing the unpleasant look at his announcement on the Headmaster’s face was utterly priceless.

If Albus Dumbledore only knew what I have in store for him, he would run to the farthest cave and hide there for the rest of his wrinkly old life.

But Harry was now starting to understand the way the Headmaster thinks. Albus Dumbledore is an
egotistical bastard who is out for himself. Walking into the Great Hall with his mate and family was only the beginning of what is to come. Last night while Draco was asleep, he went to speak to Salazar, and enlisted his help for the next phase of killing the old fool. For the rest of the night, Harry and Salazar worked on the potion he needed. It just so happened that Salazar’s had everything they needed for that particular poison.

After the potion was complete last night Harry sent his personal house elves into the Headmaster’s office and switched out his lemon drops for the special poisoned ones. With the distraction and stress of what happened to Hermione, Harry knows the Headmaster has already had a few of the poisoned lemon drops. The poison is subtle and will take effect over time. Each time he eats on a lemon drop, baby snake eggs latch onto parts of his body, they will only hatch whenever he tells a lie about or to Harry. It was an ingenious idea if he did say so himself. Dumbledore will die slowly without Harry even touching him. The side effects were minimal, the only thing that Dumbledore will experience is a stomach ache and minor headaches that could be attributed as the stress being the Headmaster of Hogwarts.

“Harry my boy,” Dumbledore begins.

Harry bristled at being called Dumbledore’s anything. “Again, Headmaster!” Harry yells, with the Sonorus still cast Harry’s voice was loud and deafening in the Great Hall.

“As I said before, I am not your fucking boy! Have you become daft in your old age?” Harry can feel heat coursing through his body as his anger elevates.

He could see the shock on the Headmaster’s face, he would laugh, but that would give up the rest of the game. It would be so easy to dismiss and fire the man, but Harry wanted to watch as he slowly died, only in his final breath will he know that it was he who made it all possible. He turned to look at Professor McGonagall.

“Deputy Headmistress, I thank you for accepting my breakfast invitation, there are a few things Neville and I need to discuss with you and Professor Snape. The Deputy Headmistress nodded her head, but, Harry can still see that she was in utter shock at what was going on.

Harry takes his seat, ignoring the murmurings of the students. Harry ordered his breakfast, served by his personal elf and after taking a sip of his pumpkin juice, he was puzzled again how different it tastes from what is normally served from the regular Hogwarts kitchen. Setting his juice down, he looked up noticing that the hall was silent. Professor McGonagall was seated beside Lucius with Severus between them all three conversing, while Dumbledore was demoted to the lower tables with the rest of the professors. Harry can feel the angry radiating from them Headmaster and smiled, taking another sip of his drink before taking a bite of his meal. Harry moaned at the delicious morsel.

Harry turns to Draco and gets his attention. “Draco, love, I have been meaning to ask you. Does the food that our personal elves serve taste different from what is normally served from the Hogwarts kitchen?”

Draco seemed perplexed for a few seconds before responding, “Now that I think about it, yes, the fruits taste fresh and the veggies more crisp, almost as if they were picked from the garden, then cooked right away, not tainted with magic.” At the word tainted Harry gasped stood quickly.

“Everyone stop eating!” he yells. Silverware clatters off the plates crashing to the floor immediately. Harry walks away from them, head table and goes over to the Gryffindor table. He stops behind Dean and calls for Severus, who gets up, walks over to Harry. The elder Malfoy also follows Severus without being asked.
“What is it Harry?” Lucius, rather than Severus questioned.

“I have a feeling that the food we have been eating is laced with some sort of potion.” Would you both mind testing my theory for me?” Lucius waved his wand over Dean’s plate and Severus does the same over Seamus’s both chanting a spell Harry has never heard before. The plates begin to glow purple the louder they chanted. And Harry could not hold back his gasp of surprise.

“It seems you are correct, Mr. Potter.” Severus concludes. “I think it would be prudent to test one person’s plate from each house to be sure.”

During this Harry noticed Draco, Neville and Blaise had gotten up and walked over to one student from each house. Severus stands in the center of the Great Hall and loudly starts to chant the spell as Lucius, Harry and the rest waves their wands concentrating on the spell and chant. The students and professors were again amazed at the display of magic and power coming from the men.

Soon each plate began to glow a different color words floated above the plates showing that the meals were laced with some sort of potion just as Harry suspected. Hate not only for their fellow students, but for themselves as well, ignorance of others in pain, recklessness and naiveté. Harry could not believe what he was seeing. He turned in a slow circle and see’s the same shocked look on the other’s face.

_How did this happen? No wonder the Slytherin’s and Gryffindor’s hate each other. And the Ravenclaw’s and Hufflepuffs ignore others around them. How long has this been going on?_

Then Harry thought back to all he knew about his father and the relationship between his father and Severus, the pranks they pulled. Severus, almost dying because his father used Remus, and Harry began to see red. In anger Harry rushed over to the Headmaster not caring for decorum or respect grabbing Dumbledore by the shirt collar screaming in his face.

“You fucking bastard, you, and your manipulations and all for what!”

Dumbledore starts to chuckle before it becomes full blown laughter, caused Harry to release the Headmaster and back way. Dumbledore’s laughter echo’s in the Great Hall and possibly the hallways of the Castle. His look also began to change, no longer does he resemble the elderly grandfather. Dumbledore’s eyes no longer twinkled, and that made Harry angrier.

“Finally figured it out did you, Potter, it took me years to come up with the potions. If it weren’t for you lot and the many others over the years, I would not be able to do this.”

As he says the words, Dumbledore completed his change from an elderly old man to a younger version of himself, and no one saw that coming. He was slender and fit his hair was longer and blonder with a hint of red. He looked nothing like the presence he portrayed for years.

“For years I have been feeding off the hate of the students.” Dumbledore stand and stretched his limbs, then walks around Harry “I know you’re wondering how I did it, so I’m going to tell you, no use keeping it a secret now.”

He walks over to Lucius and looked him up and down, “Do you know that before I became the Transfiguration professor all the houses got along, it made me sick.” Dumbledore sighs and shakes in disgust. “I know what you’re thinking Malfoy you too Severus,” He said looking between both men.

“How much I remind you of the Dark Lord,” Dumbledore says shrugging his shoulders. “And you may be right in some sense. After all, we were both parentless. He lived in an orphanage and me,
well, you know the history, my father was sent to Azkaban, and well his mother went crazy. See the connection, maybe that is the reason why I was drawn to him in the first place.”

Harry held his breath at the implication. **Does that mean what I think he is implying?**

“When I met Gellert,” Dumbledore continues, glossing over his words. “He was so handsome, smart and charismatic. At one point, I thought we both wanted the same thing, but I wanted to be the only one with the ultimate power, so I killed him, I loved him, but I loved power more.”

Harry looked around, all the students were transfixed; teachers sat in astonishment. No one seemed to be able to move. He turns to face Dumbledore to observe him walk over to Draco. Harry froze when he raised his hands and touches Draco’s face.

“When I was a boy I hated death, I hated the fact that beauty had to die. Who wouldn’t want to live forever? I purposely befriended Nicholas in school, I saw his desire for immortality, and encouraged his research and watched as he tirelessly created the elixir of life. I would have killed him long ago, but he continues to this day refuse to give me the ingredients not even when I threatened the life of his beloved wife.” The smile on Dumbledore’s face sent dread to the pit of Harry’s gut. “Little did I realize, I did not need his cursed elixir. All I needed to stay as young as I am now was a few potions and encourage students to hate rather than love and acceptance.”

Dumbledore turns away from Draco then stands before Neville. “Your cowardliness and your fears.” He whispers staring at Neville which had the gauging in his stomach worsening. Harry felt frozen in place and was unsure of what to do.

“Get away from them,” Harry demanded, he did not yell, but the danger in his tone made Dumbledore turn to stare at him. “Your quarrel is with me, old man, not them.”

Dumbledore simply stared at Harry and did not address Harry’s words. “Ah, I seemed to have gotten a bit sidetracked,” Dumbledore tsked. “I was talking about my earlier years as the transfiguration teacher. I met another student, he was bright, he reminded me of Gellert, and his thirst for power was what drew me to him. His hate for muggles and muggleborns told me everything I needed to know about him. Which is why I enlisted him onto my side.” Dumbledore brags.

“He was so gullible to believe he was the heir of Slytherin, and I used that to my advantage. I saw how when he spoke others listened; I made him the face of the dark side. You may know him as Tom Marvolo Riddle, Voldemort or the bloody Dark Lord.” Dumbledore shakes his head and chuckles, “Had I known he would have created those damn Horcruxes, I would have killed him long ago, but fancied himself--.” Dumbledore stops himself from whatever else he was about to reveal. “I think I will keep that part to myself, I don’t want to give everything away too quickly.”


Dumbledore sighs and shakes his head, “You disappoint me, Potter.”

“The feeling is mutual.” Harry exclaims.

“You are as foolish as your father, I never understood what Evan’s saw in him.”

“Do not talk about my parents!” Harry screamed. The cool, calm demeanor he had earlier long since disappeared the moment Dumbledore revealed his true appearance.

“I guess you don’t want to know who really killed your parents, then.” Dumbledore taunts.
“What the fuck are you talking about?” Draco yelled, finally speaking for the first time.

“Voldemort did not kill your parents.” Dumbledore replies. Harry gasped, as did everyone around him.

“Oh, he did incapacitate them, and gave you the mark on your forehead when he tried to kill you. But the one to say the killing curse was me.” Dumbledore beams.

Harry felt as if he could not breathe, he felt hot and then cold. Of all the betrayal Dumbledore has done killing his parents was the worse. “The night your parents died Tom, and I had a fight on what we should do about you. I was the only one that knew what the prophecy entailed, he did not. And, just like Gellert before him I planned on killing him. Only difference Tom wanted power, I wanted power, money and prestige. The Wizarding world are filled such idiots, they actually believe a poor orphan boy who fancied himself the Slytherin heir was the only one pulling the strings.” Dumbledore’s lips curls in disgust. “And your parents, well they were just casualties of a duel between Tom and myself.” He said unashamed.

“I do regret one thing.” He says to Harry. “I should have killed you when I had the chance, but it is not too late now.”

Dumbledore raises his wand to utter a curse, but Harry was quicker coming back to himself.

“Expelliarmus, Stupefy,” Yells Harry.

Dumbledore’s wand flew out of his hand, and he froze on the spot. In an instant, moving as one entity, Lucius and Severus was on either side of Dumbledore holding his forearms to make sure that he would not try to get away. Yet, that did not deter Dumbledore, he struggled with Lucius and Severus, who kept a strong hold on his arm. Harry summoned Dumbledore’s wand and instantly felt the magic accept him as the new owner.

“Lady of Hogwarts I need your aid.” At that moment, she presented herself.

“What is it you require, my Heir?” She bowed head respectfully. The students and professors were quiet the whole time.

“Bind his magic and send him to the dungeons under the castle, to await the Aurors.” Harry stepped closer to Dumbledore, “I know, you thought you would reveal some of your secrets and then quickly disappear. Granted, I was afraid it would happen as well. But know this Dumbledore, you will die in Azkaban just like your father did,” Harry amends with a cold look in his eyes. “If I don’t kill you first.”

Dumbledore smirks as if he has already won, then calls “Fawkes, come to me, my pet.” However, when Fawkes did not show worry seeped into his face.

“You’ve lost old man, you no longer have dominion here.” Harry gloats in Dumbledore’s face.

To help prove Harry’s point, “Fawkes.” Yells Neville. Fawkes flashes into the hall and settled onto his shoulder. “You see, Dumbledore, you cannot escape. As Harry said. You’ve lost.” Affirms Neville.
Dumbledore’s eyes showed his surprise at Neville’s new found confidence, but quickly masked it.

“Well, it seems little, Longbottom finally grew some balls, and crawled out from his grannies knickers”. Neville’s reply was to caress Fawkes’ fire red feathers. Dumbledore turned his gaze to Harry, still standing in front of him. "You, have not seen the last of me, boy, do you think Tom was the only one I had under my control? You will find I am not so easily killed.”

Harry scoffs, “Your threats mean nothing to me, Dumbledore.”

Harry gets ready to instruct Lady Hogwarts to send Dumbledore to the dungeons when the next uttered words stops him. “My threats might not scare you boy, but I can't say the same for your Dogfather.” Those closet to Harry knows the Dogfather reference could only mean one person. Sirius!

Harry gasping as did the other members closest to him, “What the fuck are you talking about?” he yells at Dumbledore.

Dumbledore cackles, literally cackled and his eyes looked crazed, “Poor, poor little misguided Harry Potter. I love the look of surprise on your face right now.”

Harry could not take it anymore, he grabbed Dumbledore by the lapels of his robes, then raising a fist punching the old man square in his jaw. The force sent Dumbledore, Severus and Lucius back a bit. But they did not relinquish their hold on him. Grabbing Dumbledore lapels again. “What about Sirius, tell me?” he said through clenched teeth. Harry gets ready to hit him once more, but something or someone stayed his hand. “Tell me you bastard,” He demands. “Everyone knows Sirius fell through the veil I saw it with my own eyes.”

Again Dumbledore began to cackle like the mad-hatter this only enraged Harry more, he pulled his hand back and cracked Dumbledore again in the face this time nothing stopped him from hitting the old man. Harry kept hitting Dumbledore, but did not stop even when his hands began to hurt. Severus and Lucius released Dumbledore’s arms, stepping away. Both Harry and Dumbledore fell to the ground. But Harry did not let up on his punches, until someone pulled him off Dumbledore. And that is when Harry was able to see the damage he did to Dumbledore’s face. Harry felt nothing, no guilt or shame not even redemption.

“Get him away from me,” Harry pants. “Because when I get free I will slaughter the fucking bastard.”

Neville turns Lady Hogwarts, and nod his head. She closed her eyes and in a flash they were both gone from the still, quiet hall. No one knew what to do or say at the revelations, and at Harry’s performance. To know that Dumbledore and the Dark Lord were working together was not only a shock but also a big blow to the light side.

As muggles say, the shit has hit the magical fan.

TBC
Thanks for reading:)
No one moved, or said a word for what seemed like an eternity. Harry pulled himself together. He walked over to Draco, who eagerly pulled him into to his arms. “I am so sorry, Love,” he whispered into Harry’s ears. “I wish I could take away your pain right now.”

“Why Draco?” He felt like bawling his eyes out right now. “Why is it always me? Fate is a wicked bitch.” He buried his face into Draco’s chest seeking comfort and solace.

“Harry, I don’t know why fate chose you to fuck with, but know this, I will not let fate or anyone else tear us apart. I will always be here to protect you and to fight right beside you.” Harry lifted his head from Draco’s chest to see his face; all he saw was sincerity, and something else he was not ready to name. Someone behind them cleared their throat when they pulled apart Severus was standing behind them.

“I hate to break up this moment, but we have more important things to attend to.” He waved his hand to show the still shocked and silent Great Hall.

“Shit you’re right, I completely forgot about our audience. Is there a way we could keep this a secret for now? I know I said I would call the Aurors for Dumbledore, but now that he mentioned Siri, I can’t turn him over yet.”

“I agree it appears from this little display the Headmaster has more secrets. And, I for one would like to find out what exactly they are before the ministry gets a hold of him,” commented Lucius.

“Does anyone have any suggestions on what we should do now?” asked Draco.

“You know Harry, the power to heal what has been done to the students lies within in the walls of the school.” This came from Luna, who Harry just realized was not seated at the Ravenclaw table. He did not remember if she was even in the Great Hall this whole time. When he looked away from Luna, he saw the twins standing behind her.

“What do you mean, Luna?” Neville asked.

She smiled, “As her Heirs all you need to do is ask her for her help.”

Harry thought about what Luna said. She did not speak in riddles like she used to, so what was it she was trying to say. It was like a light bulb went off in his head. “Neville, I got it, stand beside
me."

Neville walked over to him, “All we have to do is touch her and ask her to make them forget. The only ones shielded from it will be our inner circle.” Harry did not include Professor McGonagall in their inner circle; as of now he did not know if she could be trusted. He went to one knee placing his still bloody palm flat on the ground. “Ok Nev, here is what we are going to do. Concentrate and ask the Lady to clear their minds and bodies of the potions in the food. I am guessing with her magical core tied to ours as her heirs, and we can also heal their minds of all the hate and discontent.”

Neville nodded his head. “I’m with you, Harry.”

He copied Harry, kneeling down on one knee, placing his palm flat on the floor. The both took deep breaths then closed their eyes. They concentrated on the magic that would help them bind to Hogwarts. They drowned out everyone and everything around them, so much that they did not feel when Draco and Blaise touched their shoulders, lending them their own magic to the healing process.

Lucius and Severus looked at each other thinking the same thing. This was not going to work. All of a sudden a gold, green, red and blue began to swirl around Harry, and then Neville and by extension Blaise and Draco. From the four boys the color shot to the walls of the Great Hall, then the floors and soon each student and faculty. Each person started to glow. Both men stood transfixed, watching as the student and faculty of Hogwarts became cleansed of whatever Dumbledore had done to them.

To be born with magic and use it every day was astonishing in itself but to see things you never thought possible done is both amazing and beautiful. Each man was so caught up in their own thoughts that they jumped when the doors to the Great Hall opened, Harry and Neville got up from their position and walked out of the doors with their mates not far behind and separated. Lucius and Severus followed to see what they were doing, and Severus felt that it was his job to protect them at this moment, and he knew that Lucius felt the same. They ended going in different directions but was still in eyes sight of each other. Lucius followed Harry and Draco while he followed Blaise and Neville.

Magic was still swirling around them, the colors only becoming more vibrant. Both men stopped in front of a wall, putting their hands on the wall in front of them then repeated simultaneously.

“We the Heir of Gryffindor, Ravenclaw, Hufflepuff and Slytherin, swear to protect you from all who intend to use you for their own gain, to protect you from war and destruction. We are your sword and your shield. We will mend what was broken, serve, protect, heal and educate all who walk your halls. This we swear on our magic, so mote it be.”

When they finished their vow, the ground of Hogwarts began to shake violently as if experiencing an earthquake. Again, the elder wizards grabbed onto any sturdy surface they could find. Screams were heard coming from the Great Hall, as students tried to run for safety, but no one ran from the room. It took all of Severus’s courage not to run and duck for cover himself. He expected bricks, pictures and anything that was not bolted to the ground to crash down around him. Yet, even with the shaking and the moving, the pictures on the walls remained unmoved, and no bricks came crashing down on his head. The Heirs of Hogwarts remained unmoved as far as Lucius and Severus could see. They were the only ones that were not in a panic. Whatever was happening magically, they were still in complete control of their bodies. It had seemed like forever before the ground stopped shaking, and the Heirs stopped glowing.

The walls of Hogwarts continued to glow with life. It was as if suddenly the castle was brand new.
The castle was majestic before but now there were no words to describe how magnificent she looked now. Severus walked over to Blaise and Neville, noticing that Neville’s glamour had dropped. It seemed they had used too much of their magic repairing the damage to the castle to keep the glamour in place. Blaise looked pale, and before Severus could say anything about his appearance, he fainted. Neville caught him before his body could hit the floor.

“Tell Harry we will meet later, I must attend to my mate. My Lady if you please.”

Blaise and Neville disappeared in an instant before Severus could say anything. The doors to the Great Hall banged open, and Minerva came rushing out. She had a parchment in her hands. “Severus, we have a problem, I just received a message from the Ministry it seems Hogwarts has disappeared. And another thing I cannot find Albus anywhere, and what in Merlin was that shaking?”

Severus held on to his Slytherin mask, what did the heirs do to the castle to make it invisible to others? He also, ignored her question and just held out his hand. “Let me have the message Minerva, I will take it to the right person.” She looked at him speculatively.

“Shouldn’t Albus be the one to see this, after all he is the Headmaster?”

“My dear Minerva, Albus Dumbledore is no longer the Headmaster of Hogwarts. It seems you have forgotten the Heirs have claimed their birth right, I am now the Ambassador of Hogwarts; it was a position appointed to me by the Heirs.” Severus was lying through his teeth, but there was no need to let her know that.

She looked taken back, and he knew that the memories of those in the Great Hall had been altered but the memory of Harry and the others entering and claiming they were the Heirs remained. He stretched his hand out for her to hand him the message. “I will see to it that the Heirs attend to this at once.” With that he turned and walked away to find Lucius, his robes billowing in his wake.

He was afraid he did not know what he was going to do, years of planning with the Headmaster was now all for naught. He was not the smart one in the group; his sister and his girlfriend were. Ron knew he was just the muscle. He would have to continue to play the game until he knew what to do.

He was worried about Hermione; she did not look so well. Her skin was pale, and her lips were blue. He knew she was still alive, and there was a spell monitoring the beating of her heart. The Headmaster said her soul left her body but how?

He was on his way back from the infirmary when the castle began to shake. The display of magic he saw from Harry, Malfoy, Neville, and Zabini was amazing, he heard the words they repeated, felt the ground under his feet shake and saw the glow that came from their bodies. It was a bit unsettling for him to witness first hand. Ron hid away when he saw that they were healing the castle, and he may not be the smart one, but he figured out that they were the Heirs of Hogwarts. After seeing such display of magic coming from Harry and Neville, could one of them be the cause of why Hermione is in the infirmary? He thought about what he just said, and came to the conclusion that Harry was not that clever, powerful yes but not smart enough to think of removing someone’s soul.

He stayed hidden and watched as Snape walked away, and his head of house returned to the Great Hall. He looked around to make sure that no one would see him and then walked into the Great Hall spotting his sister, and made his way to her side. He looked around the hall to see if anyone
was shocked and talking about what he had just witnessed. Everyone seemed to be fine. The only thing they talked about was the fact that the ground had been shaking, but not about the fact that Harry and the other three were glowing. No one else must have seen them. Ron wondered what they had done?

“Ron, where have you been?” She asked.

Sitting down beside her, “Hey Gin, I was in the infirmary visiting Mione.” She got a sad look on her face.

“Is she getting any better?” She whispered.

“No, she looks the same. I don’t know what happened to her, Gin. The last thing I knew we were supposed to meet up. We spent practically the whole weekend looking for Potter and could not find him anywhere.”

She gasped, “Ron, did you hear Harry and Neville are the Heirs of Hogwarts. They were in here a few minutes ago. The only thing I remember is that we could not get into the Great Hall for breakfast. Harry, Neville, Malfoy and Zabini came in and then Neville opened the doors with no problem. Harry told us they were the Heirs of Hogwarts and some shit about Salazar Slytherin not being the evil git we were made to believe. Then the castle was shaking as if there was an earthquake, you should have seen it. Everyone was expecting the walls to give away and start crashing down on our heads, so we hid under the table, but nothing happened.”

“What!” He yelled, “What did he mean by, that of course, he was evil.” He completely ignored everything his sister said, only focusing on the fact that Salazar Slytherin was not as evil as they thought or what he just witnessed outside the hall. He also noticed that students from different houses sat with each other. For instance, Daphne Greengrass’s younger sister Astoria, who was sorted into Slytherin, was sitting at the Gryffindor table talking amicably with a fellow Gryffindor within her year as if they have been friends since the cradle. It was perplexing, considering that just yesterday Astoria was ready to hex the other girl for looking at her the wrong way if he remembered correctly.

“I don't know Ron; all I know is that something is not right. One minute we were having breakfast; Astoria was ready to hex the other girl for looking at her the wrong way the next castle started to shake. And, you know what else is crazy, I could have swear the Headmaster was here when we started eating, and now he is not here, I don’t remember seeing him get up from where he was sitting.”

At that, Ron lifted his eyes to the head table and noticed that it was not where it usually was. Again he was baffled, what the hell happened while he was in the infirmary?

Just as he was about to say something to Ginny about the Greengrass girl, Snape stepped up to the podium to get the students attention. “A few minutes ago, the castle went under a transition. The Heirs of Hogwarts caused the shaking that we experienced. It was their way of helping Hogwarts protect herself from the coming war. As unexpected as it was, they are tremendously grateful that no one was hurt. The Headmaster has resigned from his post, and the position of Headmaster is no longer needed. The Heirs of Hogwarts has decided to name me Ambassador of Hogwarts.” There were collective gasps at Snape’s announcement “Also because they felt everyone would be a bit shaken up, there will be no class for the next two days. And with that you are all dismissed.” He silently stepped down from the podium.

The whole Great Hall cheered at his announcement that they had the next two days off. It seems everyone had forgotten what had just occurred. Ron did not forget. He had to find the Headmaster,
and he had no idea where to begin his search. Maybe he would sneak into his office and catch him before he leaves. He got up from the table, “Gin comes with me,” taking his sister with him, pulling her out of the Great Hall walking as fast he could, and he searched for an empty classroom. Once they were inside, he warded the door and began to pace.

“Gin, we need to go to Professor Dumbledore. Something is not right. He would not leave his post without telling us.”

She looked at him as if this is the first time she had thought about it. “You’re right Ron, with all that we planned. Harry killing Voldemort, marrying me, Dumbledore claiming fame and riches, placing his people into the ministry and soon taking over the Wizarding World after he kills Harry himself.” She stops. “Unless he decided to change his plans without telling us, he wouldn’t do that would he?”

“I don’t know Gin. But if he did that and left us high and dry then we are in deep shit,” he told her worriedly.

“Maybe we should write to Mom. She will know what to do.”

“I hope so Gin, I really hope so.”

HP*DM*HP*DM*HP*DM*HP*DM*HP*DM*HP*DM*HP*DM*HP*DM*HP*DM*

Tom Marvolo Riddle also known to the Wizarding World as Lord Voldemort, sat in his office. His serpentine glamor was not in place. Instead, sat a handsome man who was in his early fifties but could pass for a twenty-one-year-old. He was utterly confused, his most trusted Death Eaters, Lucius Malfoy and Bellatrix LeStrange, were missing. All his plans and schemes seemed to be falling through the cracks. He might have the Wizarding World afraid to speak his name that things were not going according to his plan. He would like to blame the brat Harry Potter, but he knew it was all Albus’s fault. How could he have been so blind and so stupid to fall for his tricks, he blamed it all on his youth and naïveté. Albus took advantage of the fact that he knew nothing about being a wizard, the fact that he craved love and used it to get what he wanted. By the time he found out all about what Albus had planned, it was already too late. He had already fallen in love with the man, and the fact that Albus didn’t love him back only made him hurt more. He remembered the night he told him those three words.

He was in his last year of Hogwarts; he knew that the next year Albus would be the Headmaster of the school. He did not want to leave his lover’s side; they had made plans to take over the Wizarding World together. He had already gathered the majority of the richest and most influential families as his followers. Albus had shown his appreciation to Tom for all his hard work each and every time he would gain the confidence of another influential family. They believed him when he told them he was the Heir to Slytherin because he could speak to snakes. Who was he to tell them that he was not Slytherin’s Heir? To this day, they believe that he is Salazar Slytherin Heir. No other wizard as far as they knew could speak the forbidden language but Salazar Slytherin himself. That was all the proof they had needed. Albus was going to give him the position of DADA professor. Tom did not care if they ruled the world or not, all he wanted was to be beside his lover.

He was happy at one point in his life. He knew his magic was dark. He was proficient in dark spells; you could say he was a master. They had just made passionate love when he was lying safe and securely in the arms of the man he thought loved him.

-----FLASHBACK-----
“Albus,” he lifted his head from the man’s chest and then peppered it with kisses. “There is something that I need to tell you,” he said, looking into those beautiful blue eyes of his lover “I love you.”

Albus did not say anything to him; he just stared at him for what seemed like a long time. “Tom, when we started this I told you to keep your emotions out of it.”

“I know that Albus, I tried not to develop any feeling for you but…”

Albus cut him off “We are only partners in business and yes sometimes we will sleep together when the occasion presents itself. But do keep your love to yourself. I do not want it or need it, all I want from you is your magic and what you can do for me nothing else.”

Tom was so hurt; he did not know what to do. The man he loved just told him that he did not love him, how could he have been so blind as to think he could be loved. He would not cry; he refused to let Albus see how hurt he was. Slowly, he got up from the bed and got dressed. He heard Albus sigh behind him.

“Oh don’t be so sore, you knew I would not and could not love you. You, Tom, are unlovable. Your magic is too dark for anyone to love you. Come back to bed, I am not done fucking you yet.”

His words cut through Tom’s heart like a knife, how could he not see it? He knew Albus was a cruel man. There were times he would say or do things to show how powerful he was yet he had never said such hateful words to him. Tom steeled himself and turned to see the man he loved still lying in the same spot. He was glorious, his skin tanned as if he had laid in the sun all day, his muscles that went on for days, his eyes still blue as the sea smiling up at him even after the words he just uttered. Tom knew wizards aged slower than muggles, but he has always wondered how Albus remained to do young. Whenever he asked, Albus changed the subject.

It scared him that one day he would die or grow old, and his lover would remain young, which was why in secret he started researching how to stay immortal. Albus stretched out his hand for Tom to come back beside him. But he shook his head no; Tom needed time to think to get away. Tom backed from him, “Don’t run from me Tom, you will not like what will happen if I catch you.” He did not care; he needed to get as far away from this man as possible. He needed to pull himself together.

“How could you?”

“How could I what, tell you the truth rather than let you believe that I love you. I love no one but power and prestige, Tom.”

“What of our plans, the things you promised me?” I felt like a fool.

“Yes, I have made promises to you, and I have planned for things to happen in the Wizarding World with you by my side. But in all of those promises and plans, did I ever say that we have a future together as lovers?” My answer must have been written all over my face. He smiled; it was an evil smile that only I got to see. At one point I thought it made him look Machiavellian and powerful when it was directed at someone else but now, when it was directed at me I felt nothing but disgust. “Oh let me guess, you thought because I fucked you that you were special. I will admit you are beautiful, and I enjoy seeing you writhe under my touch but know this Tom, you are not the only one I take to my bed, and my dear boy, you won’t be the last.”

----END FLASHBACK-----
That was the night Tom realized love was a useless emotion, it made you weak and gave others the right to use it to hurt you. After leaving Dumbledore’s room, he went to the Chambers of Secret. It was his place of solitude. Everyone heard of Salazar Slytherin’s hidden room, but no one knew how to find it or get inside it. It was in that room that he removed the first piece of his soul, putting it in the diary. He kept his distance from Albus after that, only corresponding through owls. He further investigated his family and found out who his father was. He felt nothing for the man when he killed him and put the blame on his uncle.

After graduating from Hogwarts, he went back expecting Albus to fulfill his promise by giving him the position of DADA professor. He should have guessed that Albus would go back on his word, yet he was still foolish enough to believe the man would keep his word. When he was refused the position, he cursed it; no one will hold the positions for more than a year. From then on he made plans to cut ties from Dumbledore. He dug deeper into the dark arts and his campaign against muggles. He pleaded with the ICW and the Wizengamot that to keep the magical world hidden from the muggles, they needed to separate the muggleborns and half bloods from their world. His aim was, for a better, stronger, and more powerful world. He was opposed from all sides.

His biggest challenge was Albus, who publicly opposed him at every turn. He did not know what his reasons were for going against him because that was their plan all along: separation. For witches and wizards to practice magic how they saw fit, no matter the spell. Whenever he would start to feel any kind of hurt over the losing or the man he loved, he would remove more of his soul. Tom did not realize that he was being driven to insanity. He didn’t notice that the more pieces he removed, the less sane he became or that he no longer looked like a man that women and men desired, all he wanted was not to feel.

He gathered more followers as the years went, traveled the magical continent to learn all he could about magic, not just dark magic but light and gray. The more that people refused to side with him, the more bloodthirsty he became in killing those that stood in his way. It was sometime after when one of his followers, Severus, came to him and told him of a prophecy he had heard that pertained to a child killing him. From that moment on, Tom kidnapped and killed all mothers that were newly pregnant or in their sixth month. He did not care if they were carrying a boy or girl; they had to die.

The only newborn children and parents he left alive were those of his followers. When Peter the rat came to him and told him that James and Lily Potter and the Longbottom’s both had a baby boy about 18 months ago, and he went stark raving mad. How had he missed those two during his vast search? To learn that Severus was once close to the Potter woman and did not tell him that she was with the child made him even angrier. The only thing that saved his Potion’s Master was the fact that he had not spoken to the Potter woman since before they graduated from Hogwarts. He should have found it odd when Severus begged him to spare the woman when he set out to kill the child and mother.

But in his excitement of possibly finding the prophesied child, he ignored whatever his gut was telling him and went to the address that Peter gave him. When he got to the Potter’s home that night, he watched in the shadows as mother and father played with the child. He had no plans to kill them that night knowing where they were was all that mattered, let them enjoy the little time they had together as a family. He had plans to make. Maybe he could change destiny, kill the father, take the child and raise him to be his assassin after all that is a Dark Lord without the perfect killing machine? His plans changed when he saw Albus at their door, and he watched as he entered the house without knocking. The family was not surprised to see him. What was his game thought Tom, Albus knew this was the child that is supposed to kill him, he was showing signs of aging yet something was not right. Wanting to find out the answer, he came out from his hiding place, blast the door open, and stunned the mother and father. That night was somewhat of a blur;
he remembered that he and Albus argued, threw hexes and spells at each other, a couple of Avada Kavadas were thrown. The mother and father died with the mother begging for her son’s life.

He turned his wand to the crying child to silence him, forgetting his plan to take and raise the child for his own use; he yelled the killing curse. When the flash of green disappeared, he expected to see the soulless eyes of the child staring back at him; instead something went horribly wrong, and his body died that night. He did not know that he had transferred the seventh piece of his soul into the child. He traveled the world without a body thinking about his mistakes. The fact that he let love rule everything that he did was one of his biggest mistakes. When he returned, his only goal was killing Albus and the Boy Who Lived. Albus would feel his wrath for using him as if he was nothing but trash, for stepping on his heart and then discarding it as if it was worthless.

The world might see Dumbledore as the grandfatherly figure he wants them to see, but Tom knows that Dumbledore is evil to his magical core. If only enough he was sane enough that night to remember his plan for the boy because killing the boy now was his only objective. Tom had also found out the rest of the prophecy. He knew it had nothing to do with love because love had no place in his heart or his life. Call him foolish for using the world to get his revenge on all those who hurt him but they were right about one thing, he was unlovable. He wished his mother was alive so he could kill her all over again. Her foolish stand on love started all of this. Living and growing up with muggles, his hate for them only served to open the door to Dumbledore, who broke his heart. When he came back this time, he made sure that his heart was firmly locked away. Only his anger and hate would drive his need to take over the world. Yes, he will kill the Potter boy and all who stand with him but the sweetest kill, of all, will be Albus Dumbledore.

There was a knock at his door, placing his glamor back in place. “Enter.” It was Parkinson, on any day he could stand to be in the man’s presence but on a day like today after visiting memory lane, he was not in the mood. He watched as Parkinson walked in and went to his knees, waiting for Tom to speak. “Rise.” He got to his feet and started pacing.

“My Lord, something… I cannot believe it myself! It is just not possible, but I saw it with my own eyes….”

“You will stop your blabbering and tell me what it is you wish to say or I will Curcio and not stop until you are no longer breathing.”

That stopped Parkinson mid pace. He took a deep breath, “My apology, my Lord. It is just I planned on visiting my daughter today at Hogwarts. It was my plan to speak with the Malfoy boy on his intentions toward my daughter. I got to where the wards for the school are to find Hogwarts disappearing right before my eyes.”

Now Tom was a reasonable man, as the Dark Lord he kept his emotions in check when he is in front of his followers but today with his emotions already on the cusp of breaking. He knew he surprised Parkinson when he jumped up then yelled, “WHAT THE FUCK…HOW CAN A CASTLE GO MISSING…HAVE YOU BEEN DRINKING AGAIN!”

“No, my Lord, I have not had a drop of spirits since your return my Lord. I do not understand, one minute it was there in sight and then another it was gone.”

Tom stared at Parkinson, and he did not know whether he believed him or not. “Show me.” He walked closer to the man, looked in his eyes them and whispered “Legilimence.” He was then pulled into the man’s mind. Tom saw it all, and he saw Parkinson reach the wards then look at the majestic castle only for it to disappear in a blink of an eye. He was shocked beyond belief. “Who would be powerful enough to make the castle disappear?” He wondered out loud.
Back at the castle Harry and Draco were resting comfortable in their room, and they had exerted a lot of power this morning protecting the castle. It was not something that was planned by either of them. They only wanted the students and teachers to forget what they heard. It was as if Blaise, Harry, Neville and Draco were of one mind and body for just that moment in time. The words they spoke came from their hearts, the castle was their home and theirs to protect. Draco opened his eyes to notice he was in his room; he was not sure how he got there. Harry was lying beside him cuddled into his side. Draco reached for Harry and drew him closer. He needed him to be near; he could feel a shift coming, he wanted to cover his mate, protect him from all of the big bad that was out there in the world. He already had the plan to get revenge on Harry’s muggle family; they need to pay for all the hurt they caused him. Just from talking with Harry, he knew the best way to make them hurt without casting a single spell. Their greed would be their downfall; he would enlist his father for help. As the dominant in the relationship, it was his job to protect his mate and avenge any wrong that was done to him. After he was done with Harry’s Muggle family, he would set his sights on those Weasels, especially the Weaselet bitch. He would not ask for any help dealing with those traitors, and he smiled thinking this was something he very much wanted to deal with personally.

Change to Draco could not think of his mate suffering from the hurt they had caused. He pulled Harry tighter into his arms; he did not want to lose this. Draco loved the feeling of having his mate in his arms, or the thought that one day they will have kits. Speaking of kits, he needed to broach the subject of taking the relationship to the next level. Harry would soon go through the mating heat and Draco knows he will not be able to resist him. The fact that they were not bonded as of yet would only make Harry that much more irresistible. Usually, most Veelas when they found their life mate would bond within 48 hours, this way when the submissive mate goes through their mating heat it would not matter if they were to conceive or not. The time frame between findings their Veela mate and their first heat cycle is three months, by his estimation from the time he first kissed Harry to today their three-month time period is almost up. Placing a kiss to Harry’s forehead making sure that he was still resting, Draco slowly slipped from the bed, putting on a dressing gown and exited the room as silently as possible.

He needed to talk with his father. It is time he went shopping for bonding rings. Draco wanted a matching set for them both to feel claimed by the other. He knew he was doing this backward, but he needed to speak with Severus and Lupin about bonding with Harry, maybe they could also talk/torture that bastard Dumbledore and find out what he did with Harry’s godfather. Hopefully, they could find him before they bonding ceremony. He prayed to every deity he could think of hoping that Dumbledore was not lying about Sirius because he cannot see his Harry hurt anymore. Bringing his mind back to his original plan of action, he wanted to do this right; so speaking with Harry’s current guardians was his top priority after buying a pair of rings that is. Being with Harry was the most important thing in his life at this moment; everything else will be put on hold. He hoped he would get their permission and be able to start planning the bonding ceremony tonight. By this time next week, Harry would become Harrison Jamison Potter-Malfoy!

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading the next chapter will be out as soon as possible. But in the mean time please enjoy all the other stories I have written.
Ginevra Weasley, also known as Ginny Weasley, always prides herself in being an intelligent witch, even more so than Hermione. She hides her manipulative and cunning side masterfully from all others. Instead, she chooses to stay in the background, letting others do her bidding. As she walks through the quiet halls of Hogwarts Ginny marvels at the Castle; it has never looked this magnificent in her six years here. Ginny’s dream has always been to marry a very wealthy wizard, not for love but their money and prestige.

Ginny admires the ingenuity of Lady Zabini, how brilliant of her to marry men who are older and sickly yet handsome and more importantly handsomely wealthy men before they die, leaving her all of their wealth. Rumors had it that Lady Zabini married her last husband on his deathbed. The thought of living the life of a black widow fascinates Ginny. It gives her something to strive for in life. Ginny knows that she is beautiful and uses her beauty deliberately to draw young men in, making them fight for her affection, buy her the things she desires.

The one she really wants constantly ignores her. Harry Potter. Rich, handsome, sexy and magically powerful. Ginny has been infatuated with Harry ever since she was a little girl and now that she has seen just how powerful he is, she is completely in love. And nothing that Ginny has done has worked to gain his affection or have him notice her as anything other than Ron’s sister.

Ginny is determined to get what she wants and in the end when she gets Harry into her bed and gets him to marry her she won’t kill him for his money. Ginny has a simple plan; her plan is to seduce Harry, fake pregnancy and force him to marry her and all this before he vanquishes He Who Must Not Be Named. Being the wife of the savior of the Wizarding world will give her the fame, riches and prestige she desperately desires. And now that Harry is the Heir to the founders of Hogwarts Ginny will never have to worry about money ever again.

There are two snags in Ginny’s personal plans: Albus Dumbledore and Draco Malfoy. Speaking of which it seems as if Dumbledore’s plans are out now that he is gone; his careful plans are now as
useless as if they were sitting at the bottom of the Black Lake. No one has yet heard where the old Headmaster has gone, and Ginny knows that she should be worried, but the old man can take care of himself. I only went along with the old fools plans because of what he promised, and since he did not deliver, the man can rot in Hades for all I care.

As for Draco Malfoy, Ginny has to find a way to get the annoying blond away from her prey. Malfoy must have put Harry under some sort of spell for Harry to like him now. But Harry can repel the imperius curse, and from her experience love potions so what did Malfoy do to her Harry? In all the years, she has known Harry and Malfoy, they were always at each other’s throat. To see them talking and acting like the best of friends now irritates her, it is as if Harry has forgotten about his “real” friends. How can Harry stand to have that spawn of a Death Eater touch him? No one should be touching Harry but me.

So many things have happened since Dumbledore went missing, Harry came out as the Heir of Hogwarts along with Neville and let’s not forget Hermione, who is in a coma of sorts, no one knows exactly what happened to her or if she is really alive, Ron refuses to leave her side. Ginny is not sure what will happen when classes start back up next week. Ginny realizes she has no one to go to anymore.

Before she had Hermione but now Ginny feels alone. Ron is in his own world worried about his girlfriend, and Harry is now King of the Castle and is too bothered to worry even about her, not even her older brothers have written her since the year began. Ginny’s thoughts bring her back to Harry. There has to be a way to get Harry notice me, and maybe I can find someone to make him jealous. Someone he is now close to. Then it hits Ginny. Harry has been hanging around around Neville as of late and as the Prince of Hogwarts he is just as rich as Harry. And, if the rumors are correct they are as close as blood brothers, no man wants to see the woman they want falling for their brother.

Neville is someone Ginny never paid too much attention to over the years. Ginny always thought that he is too chubby and clumsy for his own good and his fascination with frogs is just plain creepy. However, this year like Harry, Neville changed. Neville was always tall but this year instead of chubbiness the man is packed with muscles and walks into a room and commands attention. They are both forces to be reckoned with and standing together they are even more of a threat.

Ginny stops by a window and looks up at the stars twinkling in the sky, and it’s beautiful tonight. A night like this is made for lovers. Just as Ginny thinks that she is alone she hears snickers coming from below her, on the grass lay a blanket with candles lit and around it are two people she does not expect to see together. Ginny moves closer to the window and looks down, not missing the white blond hair that belong to Draco Malfoy, who is caressing the face of none other than Harry Potter.

Ginny is stunned. How did she not notice they are together? Yes, she noticed that Malfoy has been hanging around Harry but she thought that was because his father is the head of the school board of Governor and Lucius told Draco to stick beside Harry to watch him every move. Have I been so deeply in my own head the past couple of days that I have not realized things have changed so drastically between the two? From her position at the window, Ginny can see everything Harry and Draco do. Ginny watches the scene with a sick feeling as Harry smiles when Draco leans in and whispers something in his ear, then pulls back to kiss his lips. Draco and Harry are so focused on each other they did not notice their enraged audience.

Ginny watches as Draco lays Harry down on the blanket then covers him with his entire body, Ginny cannot take her eyes off the two as she looks on as Draco devours Harry’s lips as if it is his
last meal. Draco slowly moves from Harry’s lips, kissing his chin then moving down to his neck.

“Mmmm...Draco, yessss,” Harry hiss. Shivers runs down Ginny’s spine at the hiss but from arousal, not fear.

Draco pulls away from Harry’s neck no doubt leaving marks and goes to his knees, pulling off the gray jumper he is wearing. While Draco undoes his belt and pants pushing them down below his hips, Harry reaches up to caress and tweak the blond boy’s body and nipples drawing a moan from the blond. Once Draco is done, he reaches down and forcefully rips open Harry’s shirt and pushes it apart, showing Harry’s pale unblemished skin. Draco then bends down and pulls one of Harry’s nipples between his teeth. Harry hisses and arches in Draco’s mouth with one hand on the back of the blond boy’s head.

_Ginny_ thinks _Ginny, I should not be watching this but they are so hot together._ Ginny wants to look away, but she can’t. Ginny nipples tighten to almost painful with arousal beneath her nightshirt; she forces herself not to move her hand to caress them to ease the pain. Ginny continues to watch as Draco moves from abusing one nipple to the other, then slowly places kisses between Harrys breastplate. This makes Harry giggle.

“I love that you are so ticklish and sensitive to my touch,” Draco says with a chuckle.

Instead of responding Harry moans when Draco rubs his lips on Harry’s clothed cock. “Please Dray don’t make me wait.” Harry says with another moan.

“I love it when you are like this, all wild and begging for me to fill you and make you cum.” Draco says, undoing the fastening on Harry’s pants.

“Please Dray, I need you.” Harry breathes out.

Draco pulls Harry's pants off leaving him naked save for his ruined shirt. Ginny brings a finger to her mouth as she watches Draco takes Harry’s cock fully from the tip to the root into his mouth. Ginny does not hear the scream but sees the widening of Harry’s mouth as he screams silently; her own breathing starts to come out in pants. Ginny drops her hand to the ledge of the open window, gripping it tightly and licking her lips pretending she can taste Harry’s essence on her lips just as Draco is tasting Harry. Draco slowly moves his head up and down sucking on Harry’s cock, drawing out moan after moan from the dark haired boy. _Ginny_ cannot see what Draco’s hands are doing but whatever it is he is doing Harry obviously cannot take anymore because of his next statement.

“Dray please, I’m not going to last if you keep doing that.” Harry pants out. Slowly Draco pulls off Harry’s cock moving down further to suck on the other boy’s balls. Harry for his part lifts his legs and rests them on Draco’s shoulder giving the boy better access. Ginny watches as Draco tells Harry to pull his legs to his chest and open them wider. Ginny does not have to imagine what Draco is about to do because Harry screams out loud this time when Draco’s tongue touches the rim of his arse. “Oh, Dray yes, just like that, you know I love it when you do this to me,” Harry says. He lets go of his legs and takes his cock in one hand and pinches his nipples with the other.

“Fuck!” Harry curses. “So good Love.”

_Ginny_ should be ashamed of herself watching as both these men pleasure each other but she is not. Harry pumps his cock as Draco continues to rim him. Harry’s hip starts to move faster with each pump and his moans and whimpers get louder. As much as she tries _Ginny_ cannot help the shortness of her breath or the fact that her underwear is now wet simply from watching the two men together and without her even touching herself. _Ginny_ bites on her bottom lip to stop herself
from moaning and touching her moist inner parts. Ginny clinches tighter to the windowsill getting splinters in her fingers making them bleed. She needs the pain, to move, to look away and to not give into her desire of joining them or touching herself. But nothing helps at the sight of Harry looking so debauched and his coming undone turns Ginny on more than words can say.

“Dr--Dray I’m cumming.” No sooner than Harry says those words he comes with his cum splashing onto his chest. Draco lifts his head and settles comfortably onto his knees with his hand on his cock giving it sharp, fast pumps. Draco and Harry continue to stare at each other. Harry reaches down on his chest and scoops up some of his cum with his fingers and licks it and moans at the taste of himself, and that seem to be the catalyst for Draco. The blond hair boy throws his head back cumming on Harry’s chest mixing their cums together. Draco leans over Harry, their bodies are not touching as their lips meet for a sloppy kiss. That does not seem to satisfy Harry because the raven hair boy pulls Draco on top of him and they continue to kiss and rub against each other. Harry wraps his legs around Draco only focusing on the boy on top of him.

Ginny is so turned on and angry with herself for being so. This is not supposed to happen. How could Harry do this to me? After all my careful planning with Dumbledore to get Harry into my bed and for him to get me pregnant on the first try and he goes and gives himself to Draco Malfoy, the son of a Death Eater. “They are beautiful are they not?” Ginny jumps at the voice and the person that interrupts her, her arousal is forgotten. Luna or “Lunny” Lovegood is standing beside her.

Was Luna standing there watching Harry and Draco along with me the whole time? At one point, Ginny would have considered Luna, a friend but found that having a conversation with the girl was like having one with a crazy person. Once Ginny knew what she wanted in life, she allied herself with those that could help her achieve those goals. It is one of the reasons she went along with the Headmaster’s plan.

Ginny turns to look at Luna and has her face screwed up as if she smelled something awful. The girl is a fashion nightmare, as beautiful as Luna is her style is worse than Dumbledore. Who the hell told her radish earrings is a fashion statement, not to mention her outdated clothes and color schemes thank Merlin for school uniforms. “What do you want Luna?”

Luna says nothing for a few seconds, continuing to stare out into the garden at Harry and Draco, “You will never be what he needs or want.” She says in a serene voice.

Ginny snaps her head to look at Luna, who has not taken her eyes off the couple. “What are you talking about?”

“Why Harry, of course,” Luna says then finally looks at Ginny. “You are not his type anyway, even if Draco was not his mate.”

“Mate?” Ginny asks in confusion.

“Oh yes, Draco and Harry are Veelas and are mated by magic and fate. And now that they have started the bonding process with Lady Hogwarts, their power is just starting to grow but they are not as powerful as they will be, at least not yet. Once they consummate their mating, they will be more powerful than Dumbledore and Voldemort put together.”

Ginny turns to look at the couple thinking about what the Lunny bat just told her. Consummate? That means I still have a chance they have not had sex yet. Mate or not if I get pregnant by Harry first he will be forced to marry me.

“It’s a shame you won’t get the chance to do what you’re thinking.”
“You have no idea what I am thinking about Luna.”

“That’s where you are wrong dear Ginny.” Ginny stands shocked at the change in Luna’s voice. Before it was serene and soft. Now it is hard and commanding.

“What just happened to your voice?” Ginny asks feeling a bit nervous for some reason.

“Why whatever do you mean?” And there it is again the sweet dream like voice Luna always has. Whatever is going on is starting to frustrate Ginny, “Listen here Lunny, whatever bloody game you are playing at, play it with someone else because I am not in the mood.”

“I wonder if they will forgive me?” Luna says Ginny is not sure if the other girl is talking to her, no wonder the other students call her Lunny. “I will love them until the end of time, but I wonder if they will continue to love me once I do what needs to be done.”

“Who are you talking about?” Ginny asks between clenched teeth.

Luna says nothing but smiles at Ginny making a shiver run down her spine. Feeling frustrated Ginny huffs then walks away from Luna already forgetting what she witnessed between Harry and Draco. Finding out that Harry and Draco are mates has not deterred Ginny from her goal, by the end of the year she will be pregnant with Harry’s child: fake or not. *Harry will be hers.*

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The Next Day

Draco looks behind him to make sure he is not being followed, and it would not do well for Harry to know exactly where he is going. For the past few days, Draco has been going to the dungeons to extract information from the old Headmaster. With the way that Dumbledore ran the school with such blatant disregard and disorganization, Harry and Neville have been very busy trying to improve and organize the school. Since Harry and Neville appointed Severus the new Headmaster, there have been a few things that have been put into place.

For instance: all pureblood students are required to take muggle studies starting from their first year. All muggleborn and half blood students that live mostly in the Muggle world are required to take Wizarding etiquette and wizarding politics classes. Remus took over as the DADA instructor with the hope of breaking the curse before the end of the year. Until the castle decides to make herself visible again which is a necessity to hire a new potions master, Draco and Severus are alternating teaching potions. Draco will teach the first through third years while Severus still teaches fourth through seventh. Since Draco, Blaise, Neville and Harry were gifted with special abilities by magic herself, they decided to help others who have also been gifted. Draco has the ability to speak with dragons, and Blaise is able to see magical auras; they have been appointed as instructors to help students who have special abilities to cultivate their abilities and not be ashamed of their abilities.

Rowena gave Harry and the others the spell that reveals what special powers a person was born with. While doing the spell, a few are found out to have earth magic; Neville will work with those students primarily. Blaise will work with the students who are magic sensitive and can read auras. Draco will work with students who like to work with and be around dragons even if they are not able to speak with them but can only hear them. With all the tests, there was not another Parseltongue that was found. No one seemed worried about that parseltongue are rare. When another is born the world will be changed, and the child will not feel afraid to speak to snakes and not be labeled a dark wizard.
Harry, Neville, Severus and Lucius as the representative for the Board of Governors even added a few fun things to the curriculum such as: magical and muggle art classes, literature and healing classes and music classes. In one week, Hogwarts now has its own school band, classical and rock, who knew there was so much untapped talent housed inside of the school? Considering these are elective classes but are still graded, it is the student’s choice whether or not they want to take the classes.

However, before Severus can finish his announcement, the sign-up sheets are full. Students are more accepting of the new changes than anyone could have anticipated. A few more physical activities are also added. Because first years cannot play Quidditch, they now have the option to play muggle football (soccer) or rugby that is more for the older students because it is a full contact sport, in either case, they can represent each house. On the far side of the field, a football stadium is being built that will be used for both sports. A muggle born and pureblood from each house are picked to be the coaches. Self-defense, martial arts, and fencing are also added to the physical education curriculum, who knew Dean Thomas is a martial arts expert and is willing to take on the task of teaching students who wanted to learn? Students and teachers are excited about the new changes, and no one seems concerned that the castle has disappeared from the eyes of the world.

The students are not the only ones being taught; it is now a requirement for all house elves that work at Hogwarts to receive a basic education such as reading and writing. The house elves are taught by the four Heir elves. All house-elves are also required to wear uniforms: black slacks white shirts with all four house symbols on the back of their shirts and their names on the front. It is their responsibility to keep them clean at all times. Laws within Hogwarts are now in place to protect every house elf from students who are used to harming elves as punishment because of their upbringing. It is not a shock for Draco and the rest to find out that Dumbledore abused the house elves behind closed doors.

Not only are the elves being educated but also squibs. When Harry and Neville announce to Severus and the Professors that starting in September squibs will be allowed to attend Hogwarts, the news is not well received, that is until Harry and Neville explain their reasoning.

Flashback

Harry and Neville stand in front of Lucius, the Professors, Draco, Blaise and Severus and look them straight in the eyes. “When we met with the Founders they explained a lot of things to us. Things that we in the Wizarding World are blatantly ignorant to, you all might say that Voldemort and his followers are prejudice but excluding squibs from gaining a Hogwarts education you are practicing the same prejudices you proclaim to fight against. When we told them that squibs are not allowed in Hogwarts, they became incensed.” Harry says.

“Yes, it is believed that they cannot do magic in the way that we can, but they can only see it and feel it all around them.” Neville picks up.

Harry and Neville can see the skepticism on their faces. “Are you saying that what we have been told is incorrect? Mr. Longbottom.” Asks Professor McGonagall.

“That is exactly what we are saying,” Harry answers her.

“What type of magic do they have?” Professor Vector asks. “I would be quite interested to know.” Others nod their heads in agreement with her.

“I have a better answer for you,” Harry says. “Did you know the first seer was a squib, named Matilda Strange?”
Shock runs around the table, “This cannot be!” yells Sybill Trelawney, “since I-I was a little girl and realized I was a seer I was told about all the great seers of every generation, by my grandmother Cassandra.”

Harry has of yet to believe that Sybill Trelawney is a seer, the only thing she keeps on predicting is his death since his first year, no make that since his birth. Harry wishes he could fire her, however; the castle seems to like her and keeps her trapped within its walls. “Matilda Strange nee Ravenclaw, sister to Rowena Ravenclaw, was born without the ability to wield a wand but the gift to see the future. Through the help of her parents and sister, Matilda was able to cultivate her seer ability. Her family did not shun her nor was she disowned. Matilda was the first Divination Professor and a Slytherin here at Hogwarts.” Harry says becoming frustrated. “Matilda married Dr. Stephen Vincent Strange, who was also a squib,” Harry sneers as he says the word.

“But Dr. Strange as he liked to be called was not just an ordinary squib, he had more than one ability. Training mind, body, and soul to respond to his abilities Doctor Strange's scope, his abilities bordered on mystical fate, he was able to enter into dreams making you believe it was reality. Matilda and Dr. Strange had one child, a son who was a genius and magically potent regardless of who his parents were. He was sorted into Hufflepuff. You might know the name, Bentley Wittmann Strange.” Harry stops speaking and lets the name sink in, realization dawns on a few faces.

“You don’t mean?” Professor Sinistra gasps.

“Yes,” answers Harry. “The one and only Bentley Wittman Strange who defeated Sepitus Krauss the Dark Lord of his time with nothing more than a thought, and the inventor of the idea that were combining certain aspects of magical creatures will make your wand stronger.”

“All squibs as you like to call them are born with a gift, whether it is telekinesis that is the ability to move an object with just the thought, or even alchemy the ability to change the molecular composition of any material to metal. There are so many abilities that they have yet to tap into because wizards and witches cast them aside for not being able to carry a wand.”

The whole room becomes silent at Harry rants. “No longer will we discriminate against anyone that can wield magic with or without a wand. If we continue to do so, we are no better than Voldemort.” The “and Dumbledore” remains unsaid by those who know the truth about his prejudices. Add to the fact that a squib was the sister of one of the most powerful witches in the world since Morgana herself.

“I agree we have been built an ignorant about squibs.” Lucius says breaking the silence and seeing the stormy look of rage on Harry’s face hearing the word squibs, yet he continues. “How do you propose we teach them?”

“We have already thought of that, the Genin Wizards.” Neville answers as Harry watches the reaction on the others faces. “Yes, they are wizards whether you like it or not and will be sorted into houses just like anyone else and integrated into the school with all the other students. They will be able to take classes such as potions, care of magical creatures, herbology, the list goes on and on. Until we are sure of their magickal gift, then we will be able to test and place them in certain classes, such as Transfiguration and Defense of the Dark Arts.”

“Genin Wizards are no different from you and me, we are no better at magic because we use a wand, in fact, I would go as far as to say they are stronger than we are. Their magick takes more concentration because they are using their whole being and not relying on a magical core.” Harry tells the group. “Neville and I have also found a Professor of Genin magick who has agreed to come and teach at Hogwarts, and I think the students will benefit from his knowledge,” Harry tells
them leaving no room for arguments.

Disbelief shows on everyone’s face, the thought of squibs or Genin attending classes at Hogwarts is something completely unheard of.

End Flashback

Draco smiles thinking of his mate and his tenacity since Harry took up the mantle of Slytherin Heir he has not backed down nor is he afraid to speak his mind. Dumbledore got one of his wishes; he wanted Harry to be a leader and a fighter. However, Draco is sure he is not the leader, and fighter Dumbledore wanted Harry to be. The castle looks and feels different; it feels more like home than somewhere you are forced to learn. In just under a week, everyone’s attitude changed for the better. There is less fighting between the houses, those who had friends and families in other houses now boldly sit, talk and walk with them without having to hide. However, there is still some resistant to change, some students are still stuck in their ways and have as of yet refused to see that the changes are good.

Because the student body is so large, Heads of House now have apprentices in training, those students that want to take jobs as managers and leaders in the corporate world, many of the student body will become Heirs and heads of their families. Harry and Neville’s thoughts are to help the students become leaders and not followers. This new system according to Harry will be setup as a mini Cooperation, each year of all four houses has two representatives that reports to the prefects, the prefects deal with the concerns of the students then report to their Heads of House when they cannot fix whatever concern the students may have. The apprentices and prefects are only allowed to take five points away from students and no more, this will alleviate students becoming drunk with power.

The Heads of House, prefects and student representatives will meet monthly to discuss any issues and concerns the students and teachers may have. The more the students and Professors find out about the changes happening the more excited they get, there is something for everyone. Tutoring sessions are now mandatory parts of the student body, no longer will any students feel inadequate in Hogwarts. Harry and Neville have even brought back one of the old ways of paying homage and thanks to Mother Magic; it is now a part of all students’ daily routine to thank Mother Magic for her many blessings and the gift of magic. This routine is meant for everyone even muggleborns, at first they did not understand until it was explained to them. Even though we are born with magic, it is still a gift.

Letters are sent to parents informing them of the new changes that will be taking place within the school. Some parents are more concerned that the Castle disappeared rather than the new curriculum.

A letter is also sent informing parents that Severus Snape is now the new Headmaster, and the Castle has decided that Albus Dumbledore is no longer suited to run the school. Shockingly parents wrote back that they are happy that Dumbledore is no longer in charge of their children’s safety. Harry and Neville decide to keep the knowledge of them being the Heirs of Hogwarts a secret until the defeat of the Dark Lord. Severus has to remind parents that Hogwarts is a magical school and an entity that can think for herself and because of dangerous times decided to hide herself and protect its students until the danger has passed. Students are able to write with their parents and inform them that they are fine, and in no danger whatsoever.

That is not to say there were not a few howlers; however, everyone in charge blocked them from the students. Parents with the concerns of the newly added curriculum are worried about the effects this will have on their children. Harry suggests that along with Madam Pomphrey there is a need
for a mind healer to live in the school. Draco’s mother Narcissa volunteers to become the Hogwarts mind healer, students find her easy to talk not just about school but about other things as well. A notice is sent to the Ministry of Magic informing the Minister he has no jurisdiction over the school and at no time can he send a representative to observe without the approval of the Headmaster and the Board of Governors. That does not go over well with the current Minister. Another Umbridge incident will not happen again on the grounds of Hogwarts.

Draco gets to his destination and looks behind him once more before slipping into the darkest parts of the castle and stops in front of a wood door to take out his wand; Draco opens it and enters the dark dank dungeon. Draco feels that as the dominant Veela it is up to him to protect his mate from certain things. The incident with Dumbledore in the Great Hall devastated Harry a lot more than he cares to let on, no matter how much he tries to hide his feelings. The relationship between he and Harry has also gotten better, Draco counts himself lucky to have Harry in his life. Draco can feel the mating pull, urging him and Harry to mate and consummate their relationship. But Draco refuses to do so until he finds Harry’s godfather, seeing his mate happy is very important to him.

Once he and Harry mate, Harry will want to start having kits and as much as the prospect of having kits appeals to Draco, he will have to find a way to hold his mate off until the threat of the Dark Lord is taken care of. Draco wishes their mating could be simple and easy like most veelas who find each other. Draco would blame himself for so many things, if only he had known that Harry Potter would become his mate he would have made a better effort to be friends rather than enemies. Although they have spoken about their past and the things they had done to each other, Draco still feels responsible for the things that he has to done to Harry. Whenever he voices his concern Harry always kisses him and tells him there is nothing to apologize for, they were children and now they are matured with more important things to worry over. Then Harry smiles and tells Draco to think of the stories they will tell their kits on how they met and fell in love.

As Draco walks down the steps in the dungeons, torches light in order for him to see in the darkness. If Draco could avoid coming down here, he would but he needs the information Dumbledore has on the war and more importantly what he did to Sirius Black. Draco has kept his coming down here from Harry but not from his father and godfather, just in case Dumbledore tries something. Draco walks over to the cell holding Dumbledore. How the mighty have fallen? Thinks Draco looking down at the older man.

Draco cannot help but snicker at the once mighty Headmaster now a broken shell of the man he once was. The bracelets on his wrist that can only be removed by Lady Hogwarts or death itself bind Dumbledore’s magic. The handsome features he displayed in the Great Hall just days ago are now starting to resemble the man Draco has known since starting Hogwarts. “Hello, Albus,” Draco says waking the man. Dumbledore lay on a cot, with a tattered blanket to cover him. Draco had to commend his mate, the one and only time Harry visited he made sure Dumbledore had the same treatment he had grown up with his muggle relatives.

When Draco heard that Harry slept in a cupboard under the steps from the time Dumbledore carelessly dropped him off at his relative’s door. The old coot left and never checked to see how he was growing up. It pissed Draco off to hear that his mate was treated worse than a house elf, eating stale food even after he was starved for days, only showering when his relatives allowed, the list goes on and on. It only took Dumbledore a few hours of experiencing the darkness, the hunger and loneliness that Harry experienced before he started to beg Harry to forgive him. Draco was a proud Dominant, proud of his submissive mate when Harry turned and left the dark dungeons ignoring Dumbledore’s frantic cries.

Draco calls out Dumbledore’s name once more and again the old man does not move from his spot
on his cot. Standing in his spot on the other side of the cell bars Draco yells at Dumbledore once more, “Get your arse up you fart! I do not have all day for your foolishness!” Dumbledore jumps from his cot, looking like a scared cat. With frightened eyes, Dumbledore takes in his surroundings, when his eyes land on Draco, his expression changing from scared to angry.

Dumbledore throws off the tattered black blanket and stands up then walks over to the bars of his cell. Draco steps back so that Dumbledore’s filth and stench does not touch him, being locked down here and with his magic bound the man has not been able to clean himself, again a part of Harry’s punishment for the old man. “What do you want baby Malfoy? I have told you everything, now either let me be or kill me.”

Draco scoffs, “I’m not done with you yet you old fool. You have given me nothing, and I want to know what you have done with Sirius Black.” Without his magic, he is not able to perform legilimency to see inside Draco’s mind, so he is not afraid to look Dumbledore in the eyes.

With a sneer on his face “Did you think I would give you the information that easily?” Dumbledore says.

“Listen here Old Man, you will give me the information that I need even if I have to torture it out of you,” Draco tells him raising his wand pointing it at Dumbledore to show he is not afraid to do what he threatened. “Don’t you think you owe it to Harry after all that you have done to him to at least give him someone to hold onto,” Draco says to the man hoping to appeal to the man’s heart if he still had one.

Dumbledore laughs in Draco’s face as if his plea is the funniest thing, “Harry” he says with a scoff. “That is all anyone thinks or talks about. Biggest mistake of my life making him the Boy Who Lived, I should have killed him that night.”

Draco shakes his head in amazement even now Dumbledore still hates Harry for who he made him into. “Yes, it was your biggest mistake. The boy you wanted to be your weapon is much stronger than you, prettier, smarter and more cunning than you, a true Slytherin in blood and name. He is a better man and wizard than you could ever be. Next time you should plan better.” Then Draco smiles in the Dumbledore’s face, “Oh, wait there won’t be a next time. I’m quite sure this will be the place you will die.”

“That sure of yourself baby Malfoy. I have followers who are looking for me as we speak, and I am sure they will storm the castle any minute.” Dumbledore tells Draco with a cocksure smile.

“If they can find the castle,” Draco stated, wiping the smug smile off Dumbledore’s face.

“What do you mean if they can find the castle? Hogwarts is not something that can easily disappear.”

“Well, that’s where you’re wrong Old Man. Lady Hogwarts decided she needed a break from prying eyes.” Draco shrugs his shoulders leaving the rest of his explanation up for interpretation. “So if you have friends coming to rescue you, they won’t be able to find you.”

“What did you tell the students about me?” Dumbledore asks in a whisper.

“Severus, the new Headmaster and the Heirs told the students and teachers that you decided to retire early to concentrate your efforts on winning the war.”

Draco notices the sad look that comes over Dumbledore’s face at the fact that no help will be coming to rescue him. “Give it up Dumbledore you have nothing else to lose, tell me what you did
with Sirius Black.”

Dumbledore looks away from Draco, “I lied about Black being alive, he’s dead let’s just leave it at that.” As soon as Dumbledore says the words he doubles over as if in pain. It does not escape Draco’s attention that over the past few days on more than a few occasions the old man grimaces in pain when he gives answers to Draco’s questions. Not always but after certain answers. It is curious.

Draco ignores Dumbledore and his odd antics over the past couple of days; the man is smart, he would not put it past him for Dumbledore to fake an illness to bring down his defenses. The only thing that concerns Draco is Harry and finding out where Dumbledore hid his godfather. “I don’t want to hear your whining Albus, tell me what I need to know so that I can go and be with my mate,” Draco says.

“I told you he’s DEAD!” Dumbledore screams, doubling over holding his midsection screaming louder than Draco has ever heard anyone scream before. What in Merlin’s name is going on? Dumbledore cannot be faking whatever pain he is feeling, not with how he is screaming bloody murder. Draco does not want to do it, but he is going to have to get closer to the older man to find out why he keeps doubling over in pain just by answering a few questions. Not wanting to take any chances Draco stays where he is behind the bars and instructs the old man to stand up. Breathing hard Dumbledore slowly stands up, holding onto the bars for leverage.

Although Draco is not a healer, his mother is and taught him ways to check the basics when it comes to diagnosis and healing minor bruises. With his wand, he waves it at the other man’s midsection and watches as a diagnosis comes up showing there are no medical problems with Dumbledore. He is fine another thing he is lying about. Draco brow crease could Dumbledore be lying to get my defenses down causing me to open his cell door, and in turn overpowering me? Draco wonders to himself.

Draco looks Dumbledore in the face; the man’s face and body are soaked with sweat and his breathing harsh. Still Draco ignores it; according to his scans there is nothing wrong with Dumbledore. “I detest torture Dumbledore. It is messy and dirty, and you are certainly pushing my buttons and me rather you didn’t, so whatever trick you have up your sleeve Old Man I am not falling for it.”

Draco growls in frustration at Dumbledore’s refusal to answer his questions truthfully. Draco knows the old man is lying, and he is not sure how but he knows that Dumbledore would not threaten and gloat to Harry about Sirius being alive, I pray to Merlin he is somewhat sane when I find him. Because of all of Dumbledores lies Draco is violating one of his promises to Harry. Keeping this, a secret was not in Draco’s initial plans. Draco expected Dumbledore to tell him what he wanted to know without a fight, How wrong and foolish was Draco? Draco is so focused on his own thoughts and his need to find out where Sirius is that he does not pay attention to Dumbledore’s coughing or the fact that the man is coughing up blood. His only focus is finding the perfect mating and bonding gift for his mate. He wants to make Harry happy. It hurts Draco to watch the longing looks Harry has on his face whenever Draco and his father have a special moment. Lucius tries to include Harry in on whatever they are doing, but Draco knows it is not enough. The bond, no matter how short the time they had together was, between Harry and Sirius is special, not even Remus can take Sirius’s place despite how much he tries.

Draco looks at Dumbledore realizing the man really does not look well. Without second guessing himself Draco points his wand at Dumbledore and whispers incarcerous ropes, instantly tying the older man’s hands and legs together. Draco then whispers the levitation charm, placing the man on the ragged cot using incarcerous once again to tie him to the bed from head to toe, not missing the
whimpers coming from the older man when the ropes tighten around his midsection. Draco does not want to take any chances with the sly old goat better to be safe than sorry in the long run. Dumbledore is or was a powerful wizard, and it was too easy taking him down a few days ago in the Great Hall, no doubt the old man has some reserves build up of power locked away somewhere waiting for to strike. Before opening the locked cell doors Draco takes it one step further, he calls for his personal house elf, Magnus. Magnus appears quickly.

“What can I do for you Heir Consort?” Magnus says bowing low.

“Magnus, please get Father and Headmaster Snape, and do it without my mate noticing that they are gone.” Magnus disappears just as quickly as he appeared. Draco does not expect to wait as long as he did for Magnus to return. During the whole time, Draco waits for Magnus to get back with his father and uncle, Dumbledore moans in pain on the cot he is tied to, begging for the pain to stop or for Draco just to kill him. Draco ignores his cries of pain, no doubt it is a trick. The old man is playing at something there was nothing on the scan I did. “Stop all that moaning you old goat, there is nothing wrong with you!” Draco yells at him mid pace.

“Please, (cough) please it hurts (cough),” Dumbledore, cries out.

“I ran a scan on you there is nothing there.” Draco says sounding a bit worried. Only because if something is wrong with Dumbledore and Draco cannot find it before the old fool dies then there will go Draco’s chance to give his love the best mating present one Veela could give to his mate.

“P-poison,” Dumbledore pants out.

That halts Draco in mid-pace, could Dumbledore be telling the truth? Could someone have poisoned him with out them knowing? The only ones who know where Dumbledore is hidden are the founders, Harry, Neville, Severus, his father and himself. Everyone thinks Dumbledore is in hiding, trying to find a way rid them of the Dark Lord.

Draco is brought out of his thoughts by a soft pop echoing through the blasted dungeon, “Draco, what is the problem?” Asks his father. Both Severus and Lucius go to stand beside Draco, who is looking at Dumbledore writhing on the cot.

“Father, Uncle Sev,” Draco says turning to each man, “There is something wrong with him,” he says pointing to Dumbledore. “But I am not sure what is the problem. I noticed the other day whenever I ask questions and depending on his answers he holds his midsection as if in pain. Draco pauses for a second. “It only happens when I ask him a question about Sirius Black.” Severus and Lucius look at each other confused by what Draco just said.

“Show us.” Severus says.

Feeling a bit more confident knowing with certainty that his father and uncle will protect him, Draco opens the bars and walks into Dumbledore’s cell and stands by the bars, looking over at the man lying on the cot. Dumbledore’s eyes open and stare at Draco, as if begging him to put him out of his misery, the pathetic whimpers and moans suddenly stops which makes the hairs on the back of Draco’s head stand up. Something is not right, thinks Draco. With slow steps Draco moves closer to Dumbledore’s cot, blood runs from the man’s mouth onto the ragged pillow cushioning his head.

Without touching the man Draco ignores what he sees, “Dumbledore, it would seem my earlier scans were completely wrong, you are dying.” Fear is something Draco would never think he’d see showing in the older man’s eyes. Softening his voice, Draco continues, “Now that you know the truth, wouldn’t now be the perfect time to tell me what you did to Sirius Black, the world will
never know of your betrayal. Harry has made sure no one remembers what happened in the Great Hall. When you die today, you will still die a hero, the leader of the Light. The all powerful Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, the greatest wizard of his and our generation.” Draco cannot believe it, appealing to the old goat’s ego just might get him the answer he needs.

“So I will ask you once more what did you do with Sirius Black?” Draco can see the lie forming in the man’s eyes ready to come out of his lips, but something stops him.

Dumbledore’s lips move but no sound comes out. “I cannot hear you, speak louder.”

“G...ric low” Dumbledore rasps out.

“Oh for bloody sakes Old Man I don’t have all day. What the fuck did you do with Harry’s godfather!” Draco yells in frustration not understanding or realizing what Dumbledore just told him.

Dumbledore’s breath is labored now and Draco fears he is about to die when the strangest thing happens. Dumbledore opens his mouth to speak but instead of words the head of a large black snake peaks out from the man’s mouth. Draco cannot believe the horror of the sight, Dumbledore does not make a sound; blood runs down the sides of his mouth. Before the rest of the snake’s whole body can emerge Draco backs out of the cell, slamming the door and yelling, “Put up a barrier, do it now!”

Confusion spreads on Lucius and Severus’s face but wastes no time by arguing and does as Draco directs. Together both Severus and Lucius throw up the strongest invisible barrier, caging Dumbledore and the snake in. “Holy shit,” exhales Draco. That was one of the craziest things I have ever seen. “ Draco still has his back to the cell, trusting his father and uncle, what the hell is going on? He wonders to himself. Draco figures living with and growing up with magic all sorts of things will happen, but I have never seen snakes come out of someone’s body before.

“Draco what the hell just happened in there?” Lucius asks his son, concern in his voice.

Draco does not know how to explain it nor does he get the chance to. “I think it is self-explanatory,” responds Severus’s silky voice. Draco turns around to see not one, but two large snakes are coiling around Dumbledore's body one green with shimmering black gray scales and the other completely black. More snakes are coming out of Dumbledore’s mouth only differences of the first two they are smaller in size. “It would seem a very powerful and creative wizard cursed Albus,” Severus says. “It’s a shame I didn’t think of it first.” Draco turns from Dumbledore to stare at his godfather, and he knew his uncle could be a bit vindictive but not like this. The words are true, never mess with a dark wizard they know how to kill you silently and creatively and get away with it.

At this point, no one knows if Dumbledore is dead or alive, the snakes are now wrapped around his body and cot as if waiting for instructions from someone before eating Dumbledore whole but to Draco the man is as good as dead. Thank Merlin for magic and fast feet I could have been stuck in there with him, how the hell did such big snakes fit inside the man body? Ponders Draco.

“What the hell is going on? How did all these snakes get inside his body?” Lucius asks.

“The question you need to ask is who hates Albus this much?” Severus replies, then looks from Dumbledore to Draco. “Did you at least get the answers you are looking for?”

“That would be me and to answer your question Professor, I am the one that put them there.” All three men turned around in shock to see Harry standing there with a very pissed off look on his
Oh Shit, thinks Draco. *I pray to Merlin I’m not sleeping on the couch tonight.*

“Now I have a question for you three.” Harry continues. “What exactly are you doing down here?” Then he looks directly at Draco. “And what answers are you looking for, Draco?”

In another part of the Castle a lost girl floats from room to room crying, she does not know who or where she is. Everyone she meets laughs and snickers whenever she floats by, the hallways and rooms are always dark. She is afraid, and no one will help her, she cries for her mother and father but does not know where they are. No one answers her questions of where she is or how she came to be. No one cares for her. She is a lost soul.

Chapter End Notes

As you can see I borrowed a few things from here and there to add to this chapter. I read a really good story Gypsy Caravan by Witchdragon who gave me the idea for the section on the squibs. I'm a big Marvel comics fan also a bit of a Naruto fan so I took from there to make up my own version of what squibs should be. Also you might have seen a bit of Heroes thrown in there. Inspiration is everywhere you look you just have to open your eyes to it.

1. Genin-Naruto
2. Dr. Strange-Marvel Comics
3. Bentley Wittman -Marvel Comics

Please feed the muse and the bunny it makes them very happy when they see your lovely reviews.
The dungeons are silent, save for the hissing snakes, Harry does not move from the wall he is leaning against. “Harry Love, what are you doing down here?” Draco asks.

Harry says nothing but raises a brow at Draco’s question. “I recall asking you the same question a few seconds ago. Draco, Love” He says, stressing the word love.

Draco looks at his mate, feeling annoyed. Harry is keeping secrets from him, but so am I. However, my secrets will bring a smile on Harry’s face. Why do I feel as if I am going to need justification for my actions? Draco ignores his father and uncle, walking over to Harry, “How exactly did you get those snakes inside of the old man?” Draco asks.

“That’s not important,” Harry tells him. “I had the means and opportunity.” Harry shrugs his shoulders nonplussed, “So I did it,” Harry stops and squints his eyes and peers into Draco’s face. “My question is why do you have a problem with it?” Harry snaps. “The old man was a nuisance and made my life a living hell. Or would you have preferred to have him around longer and continue to fuck with our lives?” Harry says and with each word, his voice gets louder.

Draco looks at his mate and says the words that he knows he will regret later, “Watch your tone Submissive, as your Dominant you will show me the respect I deserve,” he growls at Harry. “I, along with everyone in the castle, are concerned for you, Harry,” Draco says in a softer tone.

“Draco, you may be my Dominant but don’t you ever pull that card on me again.” Harry fires back. “And there is nothing to be concerned about. I am fine.”

Draco scoffs at Harry’s statement, “You are far from fine. You snap at everyone that says the smallest thing to you. You walk around with an angry scowl permanently on your face these days.” Draco yells while he rests his hands gently on Harry’s shoulders. “You, my love, are far from fine.” Draco steps closer to Harry and cups his cheeks. “I’m here when you are ready to talk about whatever is bothering you.”

Harry shrugs off Draco’s hands. “Do you really want to know what’s bothering me?” Harry shouts at him. Draco folds his arms and nods his head. The expression on Harry’s face tells him that despite their audience Harry is going to say what is on his mind. “What do you expect when your mate does not find you sexually attractive!” Harry yells.

“Where the bloody hell did you get that idea from?”
“Oh, I don’t know, maybe the fact that you refuse to fuck me,” Harry says sarcastically. That is proof enough to him that Draco doesn’t desire him.

Draco sighs, then raise his hands and pinches the bridge of his nose. “Harry, Love I told you why we have not had sex yet,” He says trying to placate his irate mate. Draco suspects that with Harry’s mating heat fast approaching, he cannot put it off any longer. *I need twenty-four hours to find Sirius, and then I will fuck Harry to his and my content.* “I want us to formally bond before we take that next step. We both agreed that we will wait until we get to know each other better.”

“That's the thing Draco,” Harry snaps again. “I know more about you than anyone else has a right to. And I am not talking about your favorite color or meal, I am talking about the real you.” Harry tone softens.

At Harry’s tone, all Draco wants to do is pull Harry into his arms and comfort him. However, Harry’s look says back the fuck off. “I know you do Love, I’m just asking for a little more time.”

“Time! How much time Draco? When I’m fucking old and gray? When I cannot, give you kits? How long should I wait until you decide to pull your head out of your arse?” Harry stops his rant, and his face turns up into a scowl worthy of Severus Snape. “Maybe I should find someone who is willing to actually mate with me, because you certainly won’t.”

“The hell you will!” Draco growls, he feels his nails turn into claws, and his fangs elongate. “You are mine Harry, and no one else will have you.” Draco pulls Harry into a bruising kiss. Draco’s fangs graze Harry’s lips, drawing blood. His claws sink into Harry’s robes, tearing them just a bit. Harry moans and melts under Draco’s touch as his body molds into his arms and opens eagerly for the kiss. They ignore the fact that they are in the dungeons with a dying or already dead Albus Dumbledore. They ignore the fact that Draco’s father and uncle are still in the room. The only ones they cared about are each other. When Draco pulls away from the kiss and stares down at Harry, his lips are swollen and red from the blood. Draco bends down and licks Harry’s lips, lapping up the small bit of blood. Draco never takes his eyes off his beautiful mate. Harry groans and his breath came out in pants and his beautiful green eyes cloud. Harry is a passionate being that should never be taken for granted. Draco yearns to explore Harry and mate fully with him just as much as Harry. But he wants it to be perfect.

Draco rests his forehead on Harry’s, his eyes still looking into Harry’s clouded and passion filled eyes. “I love you, Harry, I want no one else but you. I know you are eager for us to take the next step,” Harry opens his mouth to speak. However, Draco stops him by placing a finger to his lips to stop him. “I want you just as bad as you want me. But I want your first--I mean our first time together to be special. Not something rushed because we have to mate. Does that make sense?” Harry nods his head in understanding and Draco captures his lips once more, this time kissing him softly. When they pull apart, Harry smiles up at Draco then steps back.

“Draco, I love you too,” Harry says with a smile that Draco does not like. “But your kisses as sweet and as mind blowing as they are, did not work. I will concede on us waiting when it comes to our bonding.” Harry tells him. Draco opens his mouth to speak, but Harry stops him by placing a finger gently on his lips. “You still have not told me what you all are doing down here.”

Draco sees no cause delaying the inevitable and sets out to reveal why they are down here, opening his mouth only to be stopped when his father speaks up.

“We came down here to question Dumbledore of the whereabouts of the Dark Lord’s soul pieces. It seems the Headmaster was trying to find them on his own.”

If Draco could kiss his father at that moment, he would, *for being the prince of Slytherin you sure*
“Did he say anything of use before my pets tore out of him alive?” Harry asks as he steps out of Draco’s arms and watches as he speaks to the snakes. Draco shivers; no matter how many times he hears Harry speaks Parseltongue it arouses him. It is especially arousing when he speaks it when I’m sucking his brain through his cock.

The three men in the room raise a brow at Harry calling the snakes his pets as if hearing their thoughts he says, “I know what you think and no I am not the next Dark Lord in training. I figured that since I am the only parseltongue I might as well claim them.” Harry tells them as he walks over to the cell; the barrier is still in place separating the snakes from the three men. “So did he?”

No one answers his question, “What exactly did you do to him?” Severus asks.

“If I tell you, you have to promise not to go researching it,” Harry waits for Severus to agree. He turns back to look at the snakes, “Grandpa Sal developed a potion a long time ago when he wanted to get revenge on his enemies.” Harry smirks at the look on Severus’s face. “This potion can mask itself in the most undesirable places. We tweaked it a bit in Dumbledore’s case by adding Veritaserum so that he would not be able to lie to us. We also wanted the potion to have a long lasting effect and to have lasting consequences should he lie to any question we asked. With Dumbledore, we poisoned his beloved lemon drops with baby snake eggs that would hatch and grow inside of him until they had no other choice but to leave his body by any means necessary.” Harry says with a smile. “It was Grandpa Sal’s idea to string the eggs and set a time release on them so when he lied they would grow. The more he lied, the faster they grew.”

The whole time Harry is speaking his back is turned to the three men in the room, so he does not see the look on their faces. The shock and somewhat proud look of the three Slytherins that Harry would come up with and take part into something so sinister, so diabolical, so ingenious, so utterly Slytherin turns their shocked faces into smiles. Harry hisses at the snakes and ignores the other occupants in the room.

{Hello my lovelies, welcome to the world.}

{Master snake speaker} The black mamba is by far the largest. There is a grey drymarchon couperi and a white cobra. When Harry mixed the eggs with Dumbledore's lemon drops, he never imagined the snakes would grow this big or be so beautiful. All three snakes look at him as if waiting for his command. Harry waves his hand and the barrier keeping his pets in disappearing. Harry watches as the snakes immediately slither through the bars and surround him. Harry is so focused on his pets he does not see Lucius, Severus and especially Draco step back as far as they can go until their backs pressed against the dungeon walls.

Harry turns to the three others, “It appears I will not get any answers as to why you three are down here and my pets do not know.” He tsks and shakes his head. “I will leave you to your discussions for now.” Harry turns his head and stares at Draco, “I will not ask you any more questions today, but rest assured my Dominant, you will answer my questions later.” Harry turns and walks back into the cage where Dumbledore lies dead. Harry looks down at the man who was supposed to care for him, teach him and help him understand the things of this world. He feels nothing, not even hate. Harry closes his eyes and chants a few words in Latin; while he holds out his hand stacks of bound parchment appear suddenly in his grip. Harry stops chanting and places the stack of parchments on Dumbledore’s chest.

“My Lady, will you do the honors?” He asks out loud. In an instant Dumbledore’s body disappears.
Harry turns and walks out of the cage leaving the three men to whatever they were doing before.

When Harry walks out of the dungeons with his pets following behind him, Lucius is the first to speak up. “Draco my son, you have one scary mate. Are you sure he is the Submissive in the relationship?”

Draco chuckled, “Yes Father, I’m sure.” With a lustful smile, he licks his lips wishing he could still taste his mate. “I would rather Harry be himself than pretend to be something he is not. It’s what makes me love him all the more. Some Dominant veelas want a boot licking Submissive, and others see a Submissive as only kit makers.” Draco says and shrugs his shoulders. “I want a mate that will fight with me when I’m wrong, and fight for me when I am right.” Draco looks to the closed dungeon door Harry just walked out of. “Harry is stubborn at times, but he cares with his whole heart.”

Draco looks over to his father and sees pride shining in his blue eyes. His mother and father have a loving and respectful relationship. That is the type of relationship and bonding I want with Harry. A true mate, not a kit-making incubator. I want to give Harry the world. Which is why finding Harry’s Sirius is so important to me. “Before Dumbledore died he gasped out something,” Draco says breaking out of his thoughts. “Did any of you hear what he said?”

Severus and his father shake their heads no, “Were you able to make out the words?” Draco is about to shake his head no when the memory of the snakes emerging from Dumbledores mouth flashes in and out of his mind. Draco shivers as he recalls the precise moment the snakes emerged, “G…ric low.” Draco remembers hearing. He plays the words over and over in his head until they make sense to him. “Father, I could be wrong, but I think Sirius is at Godric's Hollow.”

“It could not be this easy?” Asks Lucius.

“Why not?” says Severus. “No one knows that Sirius is alive, which is a miracle in itself. Have you ever heard of any person surviving the killing curse and the veil at the same time?” Lucius and Draco shake their head no. “Dumbledore was not a stupid man, and I have been playing events over in my head,” Severus says. “And things are not adding up. We know Harry survived the killing curse as a child because of Lily.” Severus looks at the other two men. “So how is it that Sirius survived both?”

“There has to be some sort of explanation to all of this,” answers Lucius. “The only way we are going to get those answers is to find Sirius and ask him those questions ourselves.”

The other men are silent as they contemplate everything that has happened in the past few hours. Not one man has voiced or asked the other big question: where exactly did Harry send Dumbledore’s body? “I have a feeling if we don’t find Sirius soon he will be truly dead this time,” Draco says breaking the silence.

“I agree. It’s settled then, and we will leave immediately to find him.” Severus responds.

Draco shakes his head no. “It will have to be after Harry has fallen to sleep,” He tells them. “I’ve pissed him off enough for one night by keeping secrets about what we are up. I don’t need him more upset with me, and his temper can be a bit deadly.” Draco says a bit worried of what will happen if they don’t find Sirius and Harry find out in the end.

Lucius chuckles, “If you would just bond with him then he would be less deadly,” he tells his son.
“Do you really believe that Father, from what Uncle Sev says Lily Potter had a temper to match her red hair.”

“Harry might not have gotten her hair color, but he definitely got her temper.” Severus interrupts with a smile on his face. “Your bonding will bring a lot of entertainment to me Draco,” He says with glee rubbing his palms together, “I cannot wait to see how you handle a pregnant Harry and his temper tantrums.”

Draco pales at the thought of Harry throwing a temper tantrum while pregnant. “Please Uncle Sev, one step at a time. Let’s find his godfather first.” Draco says and hurries out of the dungeon, and Draco does not escape the booming laughter he hears from his father and uncle.

Malfoy Manor Dungeons

Bellatrix LeStrange has never been one for formalities. She goes where she wants and does whatever she chooses. Bella’s greatest desire is to serve her Lord in every capacity. She would willingly follow him to the depths of Hades if he wished. When her Lord asks her to investigate why his Third in Command has not answered his summons, Bella wastes no time doing his bidding. Bella apparates to her sister’s home, needing no invitation she enters the Manor as if she owns it. Yet, when Bella walks through the floo, her world goes black only to wake up in a dungeon cell under Malfoy Manor. Bella does not know how long she’s been in there. She is fed three square meals daily and kept clean. Her wand is broken and lays in pieces in front of her on the other side of the cell walls taunting her. She is powerless, not learning wandless magic has come back to bite her in her demented arse.

Foot steps alert Bella that she is about to have visitors. Whoever it is that has entered the dungeon stops in the spot that is covered in complete darkness, hiding the person’s face and gender. “Whoever you are, you better say your prayers because my Lord will come and save me.” Bella yells. The person chuckles as if what she said is nothing but a joke or delusion of grandeur. Before Bella can utter another word, she is hit with a stunning spell that renders her unconscious. When Bella wakes again, this time, she looks around and notices she is no longer in her cell in the dark dungeons but in a forest. She looks up to see stars for the first time in weeks. Bella is not sure where she is exactly, but tries to apparate only to realize she cannot. Bella for the first time looks down and notices that she has a wand in her hand and begins to cackle. Fools left me with a weapon. Soon I will be able to leave and return to my Lord's side. She raises her wand and prepares to send a Morsmordre when she hears whispers in the trees.

“Bella.” An unrecognizable voice chants her name over and over which stops her maddening cackles and she lowers her wand. Bella turns around in a circle to see who it is. Bella does not see anyone, however, wasting no time and she starts to shoot spells all around her in hopes of hitting a target. When nothing or no one cries out in pain, Bella tries once more to apparate out. She pulls up her dress sleeve and cries out, her beloved Lord's mark is gone. Bella pulls off the sleeve of her dress on her other arm and again sees a bare arm. This cannot be, where did my Lord's mark go? Bella puts the wand to her arm and whispers a finite incantatem. When nothing happens, and her arms remain bare, Bella in a fit of rage begins to shoot every deadly curse she can think of into the air around her.

“Aww, is poor itty bitty Bellatrix sad she no longer bares her Lord's mark?” says the same unrecognizable voice. “Such a shame, it was a vile thing to have on your body anyway.”
“Who said that?!” She yells, “Show yourself you, bloody coward! Or are you afraid to take me on one on one?!”

“Oh my dear Bellatrix, I am not afraid.” Says the voice as it gets closer to her. “I am just waiting for you to die.” Bella cannot believe it despite seeing it with her own eyes: Harry Potter walks out from the shadows of his hiding spot.

“Potter!” She yells, “You did this to me? Wait until I personally hand you over to my Lord.”

Potter laughs at her which angers Bella to no end. *How dare this little pissant laugh at me?*

“I will make you a deal Bellatrix if you survive tonight I will let you take me to your Lord without so much as a fight.”

Bella screams and makes as if to run towards Harry only to stop when three deadly snakes surround him. Harry tsks. “Do you take me for a fool woman?” He yells as he walks closer to her. The nearer he gets Bella notices that there is something different about the boy or should she say, man. “I would love to sit and watch as my pets kill you.” Potter snarls at her. “It was your fault Sirius fell through the veil. I can still hear your cackling, and you are expertly yelling Avada Kedavra.” Potter tells her, the more he speaks the closer he gets and Bella can see the blazing anger in his green eyes. Bella admits to herself that seeing Potter like this scares and excites her at the same time. Potter looks vengeful, and he reminds of her Lord. “Bellatrix I would gladly stand aside and watch as my pets devour your flesh and savor the sound of your screams after what you did to the only man I knew as a father. However, there is another that has asked for the right to kill you since it was him you wronged first.”

*That could be anyone* thinks Bella. Bella gains control of her raging feelings, “You will have to be more specific Potter, I have killed many in the name of my Lord.” She tells him nonchalantly.

“Oh, I know dear Aunty Bella.” Potter chuckles, a different mood from just a few moments ago. His mood swings give her whiplash.

Bella snarls at him referring to her in such a familiar way. Bella makes a move to attack Harry but his snakes who seem bigger all of a sudden stop her in her tracks again. “I am not your aunt.”

A smile plays over Potter’s lips. “Small technicality,” Potter says with a shoulder shrug. “Once Draco and I bond you will be my dearly departed aunt.”

Bella is about to ask what the bloody hell Potter is talking about when he speaks again. “Now I have a bit of advice for you. When I tell you to run you must obey because Bella, he is out for your blood and will not waste time dallying and talking to you like I have.” Potter reach out and lifts Bella’s face by her chin to force her to look into his face. *When the hell did he get so tall?* “You were beautiful once Aunty Bella, yet you let Dark Magic and hate take away all that beauty,” Potter says to her in a gentle voice as if calming a crying child. “I hope you enjoy the life you lived because tonight will be the last time you cackle.”

While Potter spoke to her Bella pretended to be distracted, only to raise her wand to strike him. “You never learn do you?” Potter says to her then casts his eyes down. Bella follows his move only to see a silver dagger tip at her stomach. “I promised him I would not kill you, but you are making it very hard Aunty Bella.”

Bella puts her wand hand down and backs away from Potter, “I am not afraid of anyone if he is someone to fear why is he hiding?”
Potter smiles and for some reason his smile reminds her again of the Dark Lord when he is about to torture some idiot with the cruciatus curse. “Oh worry not dear aunt, he’s not hiding; he is just not here yet.”

“I don’t believe you, and I will not stand here and listen to this foolishness anymore,” Bella screams at him. She does not chance raising her wand to strike him with a curse but the snakes that surround Potter seem faster and deadlier than even Nagini.

Potter sighs as if she is a child and a simple irritation, “Belief or not Bella, he is out for your blood. Your actions caused him to live the life of an orphan. To live with a woman that did not love or care for him as grandparent should.”

Bella’s eyes widen, no, it could not be him? Could it?

“Ahhh! I see you finally figured it out?” Harry asks.

“Potter,” Bella says as she holds back a chuckle. “You cannot seriously talking about that sniveling, spineless no good for nothing Longbottom.” Bella cannot help it and starts to belly laugh instead of that madden cackle she is known for. She laughs so hard she falls to the grassy ground and holds her midsection. “Are you telling me that I need to fear Longbottom, LONGBOTTOM!” She continues to laugh until tears roll down from her eyes.

“It’s funny, I heard a muggle saying once.” That got Bella’s attention as she quiets her laugh and looks up into Potter’s face. He unlike her is not laughing, his face reveals no emotion.

“What’s that Potter?” She asks through chuckles.

Harry bends down, and Bella watches in fascination as the snakes move to give him an entrance closer to her. “It’s always the quiet ones you need to watch out for,” He whispers in her ear. “Oh and Bella you might want to run now because he’s here and he is pretty mad, as well he should be as his parents died three days ago,” Harry tells her then gets up and walks away and disappearing into the thickness of the forest.

Run little Bella, run for your life! Whispers a voice through the trees of the forest.

Bella looks around and for the first time an emotion she has never felt before, even when she was sent to Azkaban, rushes through her. Fear is an emotion dark wizards and witches do not experience. They kill and torture without regret, without fear. Yet, tonight the once beautiful, once feared witch throughout all of Wizarding Britain experiences such an emotion for the first time. Without another thought Bella gets up and runs, she is not sure where she is going but she runs for her life.

Two figures stand in the distance cloaked by thick leaves and watch as Bellatrix runs in circles. “How long are you going to let her continue to do that?” Harry asks.

“Not much longer,” Neville tells him sadly.

Harry looks over to Neville and sees the sad expression on his face. There are so many things they have in common. Harry guesses it is one of the reasons they get along so well. Another is because even before Harry found out about the betrayal of Ron and Hermione he found Neville easy to talk to. “Are you sure you are ready to do this?” Afraid for Neville, afraid for the step he is going to take. Taking another’s life leaves the stain of their blood on your hands. Harry looks down at his own hands as if he can see Dumbledore’s blood on it.
Neville shakes his head, “No, is anyone ready to kill? How did you feel after killing Dumbledore?”

“I didn’t really kill him, Nev,” Harry tells him as he caresses the scales of his pets. “But I know what you are asking.” Harry turns back and looks at Neville. “When I saw him lying on the cot I thought I would feel regret or pain. But I felt nothing; it was as if I was numb and not in one particular part of my body. I was numb all over.” Harry and Neville are quiet for a few minutes, “I am not going to talk you out of this Neville. If this is something you have to do, I will stand by you. If you change your mind and decide you want to turn her into the ministry to be prosecuted, I will take her there myself.” Harry puts a hand on Neville’s shoulder. “I know this will sound hypocritical, but make sure you are doing this for the right reason and that you can live with your decision.”

Neville stays quiet, both men stand in the same spot and continues to watch Bellatrix. They are in a muggle forest covered and hidden from all eyes under a magical dome. Harry and Neville made sure they placed an anti-apparition spell, they knew that was the first thing Bellatrix would try to do once she woke up. It was by luck and Voldemort's need to know why Lucius was not answering his summons that they caught her. Narcissa was more than happy to hand Bellatrix over to Harry. Narcissa told Harry and Neville that the Bella, she knew died the day she began killing for the Dark Lord. Narcissa felt it was only right that Neville decides what Bella’s fate should be.

Some might deem it is cowardly on Narcissa’s part, yet Harry and Neville do not see it that way, self-preservation is and always will be the Slytherin motto. Narcissa told no one that Bellatrix was at the Manor. The day Bellatrix showed up Narcissa knew why she was there. According to Narcissa, Bellatrix only shows up at the Manor when Voldemort sends her with an important message for Lucius. It was also Narcissa’s idea to glamor Bellatrix’s dark mark using the very language that made it. For Bellatrix to think she has lost her link to her Lord is detrimental. And from her reaction at not seeing her mark Harry has to agree. To safeguard herself after Harry and Neville took Bellatrix from the Manor, Narcissa closed it down and sent all the house elves to other Malfoy properties, while she went to Hogwarts under the guise of planning Harry, Draco, Neville and Blaise’s bonding ceremony. She makes a promise not to reveal what will happen tonight until it is finished and Bellatrix is dead.

Harry knows there is no love loss between Bellatrix and Lucius or Draco for that matter. Harry sighs as he thinks about his mate, tonight he lied to Draco. He told him he was fine and started a silly argument about Draco not finding him attractive. However, Harry could find no other way to divert Draco’s attention away from what was really bothering him. Helping Neville tonight, this was something they planned for weeks and now that the time is here he fears for his friend and brother. Harry worries about how this will change them both. Even with his worry Harry still wants to know what Draco, Lucius, and Severus are doing in the dungeons. One day he and Draco will have to sit down and talk about the things they are holding back from each other.

“It would be so easy to let her go, Harry,” Neville says breaking into his thoughts. “I have dreamt of doing this for so long. Dreamt of what I would do if I ever got the chance to avenge my parents. And now that I have one-third of the Lestranges and I cannot let her go. I will never be able to live with myself if I turn her over to the ministry now. He will only find away to free her. I cannot let her live, Harry.” Neville does not wait for Harry’s response, and he waves his hand and the trees obey and part for him. Harry watches his brother and friend do the one thing that he might come to truly regret that takes the life of another. Even if that life is Bellatrix Lestrange.

Neville walks through the clearing just as Bellatrix runs around a tree and straight into his chest, bouncing back and falling on her arse. Bellatrix gasps as her eyes scan him from his long legs to
his muscled torso to the deadly look in his eyes. “Well, well it seems you’ve grown Longbottom.” Neville notices Bellatrix trying to hide the wand behind her back. “And Potter says I need to fear you?” Bellatrix scoffs. “You’ve grown in height, but you are still spineless just like your parents were that night.”

Neville does not respond nor does he take the bait at the jab about his parents. He continues to stare at Bellatrix. Neville raises his wand and points it at Bellatrix. “What, you are planning on killing an unarmed woman? I did not think you would stoop to something so underhanded.” Neville stares at the woman in front of him as his rage builds inside of him. His wand hand does not waver, and he does not let on that he knows she has a wand. “Itty bitty Neville Longbottom is the silent type,” Bellatrix taunts. “Who would have thought?” She asks rhetorically with a tilt of her head.

When Bellatrix notices that she is not getting anywhere with Neville, she goes for the jugular. “Do you want to know what your mother’s last coherent words were before I turned her brains into mush?” Bellatrix smiles as Neville tries to mask his flinch at seeing her blackened teeth. He let Bellatrix think it was because he mentioned his mother. Neville watches as Bellatrix slowly gets up from the ground. She stands in front of Neville, wand posed at the ready and fired a stunning spell that he easily blocks. “I see you’re not as foolish as I first thought.” She cackles. “I’m going to almost regret killing you and bringing Potter’s lifeless body back to my Lord,” She tells him as she fires spell after spell at him.

Neville and Bellatrix begin to duel. He knows that the woman will not die easily, and he does not expect to give in. Each spell she sends at Neville, he deflects. Bellatrix runs and hides behind a large tree trunk as she fires more spells. When she starts to utter the Avada Kedavra spell, Neville shows his other talents and surprises Bellatrix. He waves his hand, and a thick vine grabs her by the throat and lift her in the air and swings her around the trunk of the tree as if she is nothing but a rag doll. Neville watches as Bellatrix struggles to breathe, the wand in her hand falls at Neville's feet. Neville waves his hand again, and more vines wrap around her legs, then stretches her arms and suspends her a few feet in the air. When Neville finishes Bellatrix’s body takes the shape of an “X” as if she was hanging from a cross. “Let me down!” She screams and struggles to get loose of the vines that hold her. Her voice shakes, and Neville knows she is scared.

Neville ignores Bellatrix’s screams and asks, “What were her words Bellatrix?”

Bellatrix stops her screams and looks down at Neville. “Why should I tell you? You obviously plan to kill me.”

Neville gives Bellatrix a look that says you just realized that? “Dear Bella whatever gave you that idea? Was it the fact that Harry told you to run or that you’ve realized that I can kill you by snapping my fingers?” Neville says, then cocks his head to the side as if studying her and waiting for an answer to his ridiculous question. “For Voldemort's Second in Command, you are quite dense,” He says sarcastically.

“Do not speak my Lord's name!”

“Even at the cusp of death you are still loyal to a man who could not give two shits about you.” Neville tsks and shakes his head. “I can say his name all I desire. He is not a God, for Merlin’s sake.” Neville taunts her. “He’s just a man who found ways of cheating death,” Neville says as he lowers her down so that they are eye level. “Know this Bellatrix, your Dark Lord is going to die and maybe when he finds you in hell you two can live miserably ever after together,” Neville says with rancor. He waves his hands and sends her back to her original position a few inches off the ground.
“My Lord loves me, and he is a god. He will never die. I protect a part of him, and it is where no one but I can get to it.” Bellatrix tells him as her lips trembled with each word.

Neville once again shakes his head, “You my dear have been living in a world called denial. Voldemort only cares for himself.” Neville hopes Harry is listening because if he is not mistaken Bellatrix knows where one of Voldemort's Horcruxes are. Neville pretends as if he does not know what she is talking about. “Voldemort does not know the meaning of love. A child born from love potions does not have the capacity to love. The only thing they know is hate.” Neville rants at her.

“That’s not true,” Bellatrix screams, she sounds like a petulant child defending a parent. “My Lord knows how to love; it is why he shares a part of soul with me. It is why he gave it to me for safe keeping.”

“You talk as if Voldemort split his soul into pieces and gave it to you.” Neville eggs her on in hopes she will tell more precisely where she hid Voldemort's Horcrux or at the very least what it looks like.

Bellatrix cackles, “He did, and I am the only one who knows where it is. Not even my Lord knows where I put it.”

“You are madder than Voldemort,” Neville tells her. At least now they know for certain that Bellatrix is a keeper of one of Voldemort's Horcruxes. Neville’s sure she will not reveal where it is. She has already given away too much. Neville decides to change the subject. He grows tired of their conversation.

“I will ask you once more, what were my mother's last words?” One of Neville’s vines with a very sharp tip like a sword starts to work its way up, between and around Bellatrix legs holding her steady.

Bellatrix’s breath comes out in hard pants, her face contorts as she looks down at Neville in fear. But hides it quickly with an evil smile. Neville can see it in her eyes, never in all her demented days did she think he would be the one to take her life. Bellatrix lives in the world where she believes the Dark Lord will save her and come to her rescue. The vine still twines its way up her leg as he continues to look at her waiting for the answer he seeks. Yet, even filled with fear Bellatrix begins to cackle. “You want to know itty bitty Neville? Her words almost touched my heart.” Bellatrix taunts him. Neville irritation spikes, her cackles annoys him. He rubs his forehead to try and stop the headache he feels forming.

“Heart! You have no fucking heart!” He yells at her. “If you did, you would not have done what you did.” Neville screams. His anger is getting the better of him, yet he did not care. He clenches his hand into a fist and in doing so the vine around Bellatrix's leg tightens its hold. Neville ignores Bellatrix’s flinch and continues to express all of his hate and anger. “Because of your heartlessness and your need to please your Dark Lord,” Neville snarls at her. “You left me in the hands of a woman who tried to turn me into my father. A woman who hates the very sight of me. A woman who did everything in her power each and everyday to show me how she feels.”

Bellatrix laughs at Neville’s last statement. “Aww! What’s wrong little Neville did not live up to Granny’s expectations? Or maybe you are not man enough?”

Neville grows tired of her taunts, tired of his hurt, tired of everyone, but Harry, Draco, and Blaise seeing him as a coward. “Tell me my mother’s last words Bellatrix!”

Neville knows he is angry, yet even he does not know the full extent of his powers. The vines begin to rise out of the ground and slither up and around him like snakes or as if he subconsciously
called them to him. Trees begin to shake, and the wind begins to blow and swirl around him and Bellatrix. However, they remain untouched.

Bellatrix hangs in shock, wondering where has all this power come from. Not even the Dark Lord is this powerful, Longbottom and Potter truly surprise her. Bella looks down at Longbottom remembering how she felt earlier, noticing that there was something different about him. Not his height or his belt, but the way he carried himself. Now she knows what it is. Neville Longbottom is no longer a child, he is a man; a man who has seen pain and has lived with hate and the heavy expectations of others. He has learned that not everyone or everything is as it should be. And that makes someone like Longbottom dangerous. Bella looks around and sees trees and vines at his command and realizes that they obey without him uttering a word. Vines swirls around them, bringing with it its own gusts of wind. Bella notices from her view up above that the color of Longbottom’s pupils has changed color from its unusual color to white. What else is at his command?

Bella sees no recourse but to reveal Alice Longbottom’s last words. This will be the moment she dies. Images flash in her mind, and she sees herself laughing and killing those her Lord deemed unworthy. She has no regrets, and Bella lived her life the way she wanted to, I suppose I have one regret I did not die at my Lord's side. “I turned my wand on you and your mother cried out and begged us not hurt you. She begged us to let you live, that she would take your place.” Bella begins. “Her last words were that she will love you even in death.” Bella is not sure that Longbottom can hear her with the loud wind swirling around them until he opens his mouth.

“Your words are too late Bellatrix LeStrange. And I have wasted too much time toying with you.”

I am sorry my Lord, I have failed you. Even in death, I will continue to be your faithful servant.

With that last thought, Bella feels her end.

Wind swirls around them, Neville feels different, completely different from when he got his inheritance. “I turned my wand on you and your mother cried out and begged us not hurt you. She begged us to let you live, that she would take your place.” Bella begins. “Her last words were that she will love you even in death.”

The words strike a chord in Neville, but he does not show it. He was on his mother's mind, even she lost a sense of who she was. “Your words are too late Bellatrix LeStrange. And I have wasted too much time toying with you.” Neville tells her, and he does not care anymore. And he certainly does not care for her words. Neville knows his mother loved him. A mother's love supersedes all kinds of love. Lily Potter certainly proved that when she sacrificed herself for Harry. Now knowing that his mother did the same gives Neville the resolve to do what he set out to do. Neville knows from the reports that his mother withstood the cruciatus curse longer than his father. The healers at St. Mungo's remarked that in their last and final hour his parents became lucid enough to want to be next to each other. They died holding hands, a letter with Neville’s name on it clutched in-between their hands. Neville refused to read it and will not until he is assured that all of the LeStrange’s are dead. The letter sits in a safe in his private quarters at Hogwarts.

Neville raises his hands and the vines that hold Bellatrix arms and legs split her in two. She does
not have time to scream, blood and entrails splatter on the ground. Neville does not move and is hit with blood and body parts. Harry walks out of the trees and stands on the other side of Neville, “Do you feel better, brother? Do you have your vindication?”

“The only thing I have is you and Blaise, other than that I have nothing,” Neville tells him solemnly.

“Don’t do that Neville,” Harry tells him.

“Do what?” He snaps at Harry.

“Don’t let go of your hurt, your anger, and your hate. Hold on to your emotions, don’t let this change you, change you into a heartless, soulless shell of a man.” Harry tells him then walks over to him then pulls him into his arms. Neville does not move his arms from his side to touch Harry. “Don’t push the ones that love and care for you away. Hold on to us Nev. We need you just as much as you need us.”

Tears pool in his eyes. Slowly Neville moves his arms and hugs the boy that has become his brother and his best friend. The one that knows his hurt and his pain. The one that has become his family. Neville no longer tries to hold back his tears, and he lets it out.

Riddle Manor

Voldemort sit at his desk. Suddenly he stops and grabs onto his chest, and it starts to burn and he lets out a horrendous screams. Tears roll down his eyes. Another of his favorites is dead. All his Death Eaters wear his marks, but only with his inner circle did he infuse more of his magic into the mark. Voldemort sighs, first Lucius goes missing, yet Narcissa has not reported his death, so that means he is still alive somewhere. Severus is at Hogwarts, maybe he will call him later for information of the Potter boy. Evan Rossier died during the first war, and his others are still here in the Manor. Rodolphus, Rabastan, and Barty, so that means Bellatrix is dead. Anger boils inside of him, the one that killed his most trusted will pay with their life.

Godric’s Hallow (At the same time as the confrontation between Harry, Neville & Bellatrix)

Draco, Lucius, Severus, Blaise, and the two older Weasley’s apparate to Godric’s Hollow. Apparently, while he was with Harry, Bill and Charlie showed up to have dinner with the twins. Lucius and Severus explained everything and what they planned to do tonight and the two Weasley’s decided to come along. A curse breaker and a dragon handler will come in handy, who knows what they will encounter. For Draco, after returning to his and Harry’s private rooms they had dinner. Draco purposely does not talk about what happened in the dungeons. Draco has a suspicion that there is something important that Harry is hiding from him. But he does not question him, tonight he need Harry to be as comfortable and relax as possible.

They talk about the progression of the new changes and how the new curriculum will affect the students in Hogwarts. They also discuss how their studying is going and of the desire to take their NEWTs so that they are able to concentrate their efforts on finding the Horcrux’s and bringing Voldemort down. They talk about their upcoming double bonding with Neville and Blaise. They
laugh at the way. Mother and Stephania make ridiculous requests. Later, Draco makes sweet love to Harry’s body without penetrating him. Worshipping every inch of Harry’s heavenly body. Later, when he is sure Harry is asleep, he sneaks out of bed and dresses as quietly as possible. He just has to get back before Harry wakes up. Now here he stands with his father, uncle and his new found friends, thanks to Harry, ready to find out if Dumbledore’s last words would lead them to their deaths.

TBC

Chapter End Notes

*WIP's UPDATE*

You Complete Me (Voldie, Tom Riddle/Harry MPREG eventually) The next chapter is completed in its first stages of edits. 8000 words in I hope to shock you with who comes to Arthur's defense. I had one plot in my head for this chapter but the plot bunny changed it or add to it so we will see if you guys like it.

Let Me Love You (Harry/Severus) I have not started the next chapter as of yet but I do hope to start soon. I want to add some interactions between Severus and his parents and build their world.

MINE! (Harry/Fenrir MPREG) has been changed to ALL MINE! The next chapter is in it's outline stages. There are a few more things that might come out about Remus in this chapter. You will get some interaction between Remus and Fenrir and most definitely Harry and Fenrir. Fen will continue to be a bit of a jerk but he also has his redeeming qualities which I hope to prove.

Safe in His Arms (Harry/Lucius) This story is still in the outline stages as well. Next chapter will have Lucius's reaction to Harry's pregnancy. I'm still debating how I want to write Harry's pregnancy whether I gloss over it or give updates month by month. I have decided to put a poll out there to have you guys decide on how to write Harry's pregnancy. It is on my profile.

You Can't Run From Love (Harry/Luc) Chapter 5 is POSTED! Chapter 6 is complete over 6000 words. Going through the first sets of edits

My Submission (Lucius/Harry/Severus) This was my first oneshot I am also writing a prequel for this short story. So far the word count is over 4000 and grow. When it is complete I will update it. I'm not sure if I will write anymore from this world. If I do it will only be short stories and primarily smut. I also want to do other pairs so look out for that.

Life Renewal (Rick Grimes/Harry Potter) Chapter 2 is POSTED Will begin work on chapter 3 soon!

Surrendering in His Embrace (John Cena/Harry Potter) So far this is only 4000 words and growing. I'm trying not to let this be an insta-love story and have John and Harry work at their relationship. Harry has issues that he needs to deal with. Thanks to those who have supported this story. I appreciate it.
Safe In Their Arms (George/Draco/Fred) POSTED Titled Sweet & Spicy

*CO-WRITTEN w/ KTT2123*

Just A Matter of Time Harry/Hotch-Criminal Mind) We have not started the next chapter as of yet we are still in the note gathering process. Started working on the next chapter this week. Keep your fingers cross for a new update soon. I post this on AO3 (Archive of our Own) and AFF (Adult Fanfiction)

SecretsKTT2123 and I have adopted this story from SuperwholockianfromHogwarts. It is a Drarry story with creature Harry. If you have read this story before please note that we are making a lot of changes to the original chapters that was posted by the original writer. It is also posted on AO3, here and AFF.

*NEW STORIES IN THE WORKS*

If I have any Diagnosis Murder readers out there I wrote a Steve Sloan/Jesse Travis story word count is 5000. This will be a multi chapter and slow updates. It will also consist of Mpreg so look out for that.

If I have not said it before thanks for the Kudos and comments. Always know when I have not posted I am writing. Ideas are constantly going through my mind. And when I am not writing I am reading, reading helps the plot bunny along with your wonderful reviews to flow. So please don't give up on me yet. Check me out on Facebook or join my group and join in on the exciting and titillating conversations. SLASH FANS & WRITERS UNITE! Until next time.
My Mate's Love

Chapter Summary

I still do not own Harry Potter & Co.

Chapter Notes

A new chapter, YAY! If you have not already noticed this story has gotten longer word wise over the past few months. That's because I was blocked and felt the chapters needed to be revamped a bit. Now, please all my grammar nazi's my beta did not get a chance to review those chapters so please don't beat me up too bad :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

* * * * * * *

Harry stares out the window looking for a sign that Draco is home. Three weeks. It has been three weeks since his mate went missing. The night Neville killed Bellatrix, Draco, Severus, Lucius, Blaise and the two eldest Weasley brothers went missing. Harry can feel that Draco is still alive through their connection, but it is weakening the longer they are apart. Everything around Harry seems to be falling apart. Neville has not been himself either, returning to find Blaise gone has left his brother a broken shell. Harry hopes that Blaise returns soon or he could lose his brother forever.

Narcissa and Remus have taken over for Severus until he returns. The Castle still runs smoothly and remaining in its invisible state. To appease parents worry for their children Harry has allowed parents to see and spend a weekend. Most progressive parents are okay with the alterations to the curriculum while the more conservatives scream at the injustice of change. Dr. Strange arrived, and Harry was there to greet him. Upon seeing the Doctor, Harry expected an older gentleman around to the age of one hundred and three, with a full head of gray hair.

However, the handsome older gentleman that showed up looked closer to the age of forty with graying temples that made him appear distinguished. During the time, Dr. Strange has arrived Harry finds himself talking with the Doctor about many issues as he usually would with Severus and Remus. Harry rests his head against the sill of the window as tears cloud his vision.

Where are you, Draco? You promised never to leave me. Come back to me soon.

Harry closes his eyes, then opens them when there is a knock at his door. Quickly, dashing the tears away from his face, hoping whoever is on the door does not notice he was crying, Harry walked over and answered the door. Harry opens it to see Theo Nott standing on the other side. Three weeks ago Harry was sure that Theo had a crush on him. However, his worry since Charlie’s disappearance makes Harry think otherwise.
“Theo, what can I do for you?” Harry asks.

“I have the latest survey results, which were given to the student body to ascertain how well they like the new curriculum changes,” Theo tells him. “So far, the majority of the students loves the new changes. More options to choose from and no one feels out of place. There are a few disparaging remarks those unwilling to accept change, and the remainder of the students do not care either way.”

Harry steps aside to let Theo into his suite. “You do know, you are not required to do this or help me out? But, thank you.” Harry comments.

For the past three weeks, Theo has volunteered to be his assistant with Harry asking him to do so. Pansy and Luna, who have remained by Remus, and Narcissa side becoming their assistants. It appeared the other professors loved the thought of students helping out in an administrative capability, and choose the student they felt to be the most compatible to be their assistant as well. Everyone was surprised when Professor McGonagall, picked Dean to assist her.

Harry sighs and looks at Theo. Harry can see the concern in his expression and wonders how Theo and Charlie’s relationship developed so rapidly. Harry remembers the apprehension he felt when Draco did not get home that night. Harry suspected that Draco was angry when he woke up to find him not there.

The next day when Draco and the others did not show up for breakfast, he knew something was wrong. Lady Hogwarts felt his worry and told him that Draco and the group of men left the Castle grounds, and she does not know of their whereabouts. After one week, Harry became frantic and wanted to search for him. Harry asked the twins to help him search for Draco and the rest of the group. Harry was not sure where to start, but tried to follow the connection he had with Draco, which led him close to Godric’s Hallow Village.

Harry searched every corner, store and home that would receive him, but did not find his mate. The only home he could not think about entering was Godric’s Hollow. Each time he would go to the village Harry could not push himself to visit the demolished home. The last time he was there, it was the night Dumbledore murdered his parents in a duel with Voldemort.

Maybe I should have checked, but when I was standing looking at my family home, I could not bring myself to enter.

Around the time he and Draco started sleeping together, Harry stopped having nightmares about seeing his parents getting killed. Now that Draco is missing, they have returned. Besides, what reason would Draco need to go to Godric Hollows? Harry cannot answer his own question. Their link is new, and Harry does not know if the connection he and Draco developed is leading him in the wrong way because of his current state.

After two weeks, Harry was ready to give up until Luna told him that Draco is alive and is beyond her reach but fighting his way back to him. Luna could not reveal much, only to say that Draco must overcome his innermost fear in order to return home. Harry could not imagine what Draco could be afraid of, no matter how much he tried to think of what they could be, nothing came to mind. With nothing more he could do and nowhere else to look, Harry disappointedly returned to Hogwarts to wait for his beloved. Through it all Theo has been by his side, helping him. Remus and Narcissa have been a pillar of strength, believing that their husbands are alive, and all they need to do is wait for their return.

Harry is not sure how Narcissa and Remus are holding up, with so much strength.
How is it that they have maintained live with such certainty that their mates will return to them unscathed?

Harry attributes it to the experience in their unwavering love for each other. After trying for many years, Remus is pregnant with Severus first child, they have been trying for years. Harry marvels at Remus’s strength and his resolve hat Severus will come back to him safe, from wherever he went. Narcissa is equally adamant that Lucius will return and continues and encourage to have faith that where ever they are Mother Magic will protect them.

“Harry,” Theo calls his name, pulling his attention away from his thoughts.

“I’m sorry, Theo,” Harry replies. “I miss Draco and wish he was home.”

“I know,” Theo says. “But you have to believe he will get back to you.”

“I want to believe that. I—I just don’t know what could be so important that he would leave the Castle.”

“When he gets home, you can ask him,” Theo tells him.

Harry walks back over to the window, hoping to see Draco walking back to the Castle and is disappointed when he does not see anyone. Remus, Narcissa and Harry have kept the knowledge of the missing men away from the students. The few bold enough to inquire, are given the most briefest and vague answer that they are away on a special mission for the good and the betterment of the school. Another thing Harry has noticed is that the professors are teaching students more difficult spells and other fighting tactics. There is still a war going on Voldemort can attack at any time and they need to be prepared. The atmosphere has changed but students are no longer walking around with their heads in the clouds expecting Harry to do it all alone.

“I’m worried too,” Theo whispers. “I think I finally found someone that will care for me and a few days later, and then he goes missing.”

Harry turns and stares at Theo. He wishes he had the words to comfort him, but does not know the right words to say. Harry opens his mouth to say something, but Theo stops him.

“It’s ok, Harry. There is nothing you can say.” Theo finally sets the papers he is holding in his hands down. “I had a serious crush on you and in some ways I still do; no matter how much I tried to hide it Draco knew.” Harry did not know what to say but, listens to Theo not once interrupting him, he had a feeling this conversation was going to happen sooner or later. “I was jealous when I found out about your relationship with Draco, but once I found out it was a mating by fate, I could not be angry.” Theo chuckles. “I mean, how can I fight fate?”

Theo walks over and stands in front of Harry. “And one day I saw you and Draco flying and laughing. Something Draco only does around his close friends, and was jealous for just a bit.” Harry opened his mouth to speak but Theo stopped him.

“I was jealous because, I kept thinking that what you and Draco have is what I want. Want to have someone that makes me feel free the way you made Draco feel, the way Uncle Sev and Luc shines when they see their mate walk into the room and notices no one else. Maybe if you and Draco where not fated mates we would have been together, but would we have loved each other the way you love Draco.”

“I don’t know Theo, that is something I cannot answer, but you will find that one person that is meant for you.”
Theo runs his hands through his hair. “I met him already, I met him that day, in one minute he made me feel safe and I don’t want to lose that, I can’t lose that. So he has to come home, Harry. I have to believe he is coming back to me. Just as Draco is coming back to you.”

The earnestness in Theo’s voice cause Harry to pull the other man in his arms. They hold on to each other for comfort as an alternative. Who would have thought that one day, I Harry Potter would seek friendship and support with Slytherins? For the first time in weeks Harry smiled. After a few minutes, they pull away from each other, both men wiping tears from their cheeks.

“I believe they will come back to us.” Harry assures Theo and himself.

Theo nods his head, “I’m going to go and turn in for the night. I think I will use Charlie’s private chambers. I want to feel surrounded by him tonight.” Harry nods his head and watches Theo leave. He goes over to the floo and calls for Neville and Blaise’s private chambers. Stepping into his brother’s room, Harry sees Stephania sitting on a couch, facing away from the fireplace.

“Mama,” Harry whispers. Stephania insists that Harry and Neville call her mother and nothing else. She turns to see Harry and smiles.

“Harry, mi figlio, come stai?” She asks Harry how he is doing in Italian.

“Sono bravo, Mama.” Harry responds back to her. “Come sta facendo mio fratello.” Harry asks after Neville. Since Blaise went missing and Neville has been in his current state; Stephania has been caring for Neville constantly, making sure he eats and sleep when Harry has been unable to do so. Harry knows that Neville can hear what is going on around him, his eyes react to certain words and conversations but he refuses to speak a word.

“He is improving,” She tells him. “He ate a little more today, and whispered Blaise’s name, but refuses to leave his rooms.” Harry gasps and gets ready to ask why didn’t she come and get him. Neville speaking for the first time in weeks means that he is getting better. But the worried look passed over her face stopped anything he might say. “Won’t you tell me what happened the night my son disappeared?” She asks.

Harry wishes he could tell her, but promised Neville he will never reveal what happened, not even to Draco unless Neville gives him permission. Harry shakes his head. “It is not my tale to reveal, but I can assure you it has nothing to do with why Blaise is not here.”

Stephania does not ask again, and Harry is grateful. “Have you heard from the Founders?”

That is the other puzzling thing. One week after Draco and the rest disappeared, the Founders themselves disappeared from their picture frames. Harry does not know what to think of everything that has happened in the past three weeks.

“No, they still have not returned.” He finally answers.

“Do you suppose they are dead?” Stephania asks.

Harry leans forwards and clasps his hands behind his head and rests his elbows on his thighs. “I don’t know what to think, Mama. I can still feel the connection I have with Draco, but, it’s weak. I have gotten so used to them being there, being able to talk with them when I am troubled, and now when I need them, they are not here.”

Harry hops up from his position on the couch and walks to the door, “I need some air.”

“Won’t you see your brother, tonight?” She stops him.
Harry turns to look at her then down the hall leading to Neville and Blaise’s room. He wanted to see Neville but he cannot right now. Harry’s overwhelmed to be of any help to Neville. He is dying inside a little at a time without his mate missing and his brother morning the loss of his parents and missing mate. The two men Harry was beginning to see as father figures are also gone and his grandparents are nowhere to be seen. Various emotion boiled at the surface and he needed to rail and scream as loud as he could without anyone hearing. Trying to hold it all together was becoming tiring.

“I-I can’t, not tonight.” He tells her then opens the door and steps out without hearing her response.

* * * * * * *

Harry decides to take a very long walk in the gardens, in hopes that the fresh air will help clear the muddled thoughts in his head. Even in his emotional state Harry is always vigilant and aware of his surroundings when he senses someone following him. Harry slows his steps and walks deeper into the dark more heavily wooded area of the gardens then he stops.

“Whoever you are, show yourself right now,” he says. Harry waits a few minutes until his pursuer makes their presence known. “I should have known,” Harry says not surprised to see who the person standing in front of him. They glare at him and did not attempt to speak. “Not going to speak, Ronald?”

Harry glares back at his one-time best friend. With everything going on Harry has not had the time to deal with the betrayal of Ron and his family. Harry was happy to find out that Mr. Weasley and Percy had no idea what Mrs. Weasley and her youngest children did to him. Hermione died six days after Dumbledore’s death. A small part of Harry mourned because of what he thought their friendship represented. Because Hermione no longer had parents, the Weasley’s took care of her funeral. Harry was not available to attend too busy searching for Draco and the rest of his family. Harry has not yet thought about enacting his revenge on the rest ones who wronged him. Draco returning home safe is more important to him safe than exacting his revenge at the moment.

“You no longer have the right to call me by my first name, Potter.”

“Very well, Weasley, what the fuck do you want?” Harry sighs, showing his disinterest in their conversation.

“Don’t you even care?” Ron growls.

Harry tilts his head to the side with a perplex look on his face, “care about what?”

“Hermione, don’t you care that she’s dead!” Ron yells.

“Should I?” Harry calmly questions. “Tell me, why the fuck should I care? Tell me Ron?”

“She was your best friend!” Ron yells, moving closer to Harry, who stands his ground against his once best friend.

Harry scoffs, “Best friend, are you fucking kidding me?” Harry challenges. “When was that? When you two started stealing from me? His lips curl in anger and disgust. “Or maybe when you two and whoever else were planning to kill me.”

Ron’s eyes widen quickly before he tries to mask his surprise, “What are you talking about, Harry?”
“Don’t take me for a fool Ron,” Harry says. “I know about everything that you, Hermione and Dumbledore were planning. Kill me after your slut of a sister seduced me.” Ron does not speak; he stand in front of Harry with the dumbfounded expression on his face. “What, you’re not going to deny it?” Harry questions rhetorically. He steps away from Ron putting a considerable amount of space between them. “Do me a favor Ron, stay the fuck away from me.”

“Or what, you will kill me?”

“Yes,” Harry confirms, and that response shocks Ron. He did not expect Harry to say that.

"So that's it, huh, Harry. One cock up and our friendship is over?"

Harry seriously cannot believe Ron would dare to ask that question. "Are you fucking kidding me?" He screams at Ron. "How long after you friended me on the train did you start stealing from me? Was there ever a time you were actually my best friend or cared what happened to me or was that all a lie?" Harry tsks and shakes his head. "You and Hermione were all I had, and you both hurt me by using me from the start."

Ron scowls at Harry before he says, "It's not like you missed any of it. Do you even know how much money you have in your vaults?" Harry does not answer his question, there is no need. "Yet, you acted like the poor little pauper pitying my family as if begging for scraps like the rest of us."

Harry shakes his head, ashamed he never saw Ron for who he was from the very beginning. He now realizes that Ron never knew or understood him. Ron is richer than Harry hopes to ever be one day. He has a family, a mother who would steal for him, a father that doted on him and brothers and sister. Something Harry never had but always wanted, and will have to build on his own.

"You're a fool, Ron." Harry whispers then turns is back, he only makes it a few steps before the spell come at him. Harry turns around, wand in hand and sends a Sectumsempra at Ron, who was not able to dodge it. The spell hits him in his chest. To Harry, the entire event seems to happen in slow motion; Ron’s wand fell from his hand, and he falls to the ground. Harry walks over to Ron’s body and stands over him staring down at him emotionlessly. Ron is gasping for breath, blood running down the left side of his mouth, and pooling quickly around his pale, dying body. Harry bends down and opens Ron’s shirt seeing the gash on his chest and more blood seeping out. Harry places his hands on Ron’s chest over the wound and then starts to chant the reversal spell Severus taught him. Slowly, the wound begins to close enough to get him the required help he needs. When the wound closes, Harry leans in closer to Ron.

“The only reason I did not let you die was because I do not want to see your father and brothers morn your death.” Ron’s breathing is shallow. “Warn your mother and sister to stay away from me, Ronald. Or next time I will not be so compassionate.”

Harry stands and speaks to the Castle, “My Lady, send his body to Madam Pomfrey with a message to heal him.” He instructs, and then walks away, the only thing on his mind is Draco returning, back to him.

Come back to me love, I fear I will lose my humanity without you.

* * * * * * *

Draco lies in the fetal position, breathing heavily, dirty, and separated from his father and uncle.
They entered Godric Hollow with the expectation of saving Sirius Black and instead they all walked into a vicious trap. It took a while before Draco realized that he was caught up in his own fear. Draco knows it is a trick of the mind, but he cannot break it. The images play continuously in his mind and Harry’s words still echoes in his ears.

*You are not worthy to be my mate, Draco. You are a Malfoy dog! A weakling. Kill yourself and be done with it. I want a strong Dominant, someone who will not hold back to claim what is rightfully his.*

Harry’s image screams in his face, then scratches and punches him drawing blood. Draco does not fight back; he cannot and would not hurt his mate. Hunger eats at him and Draco does not know how long he has been there. The last thing he remembers before his living hell began was entering Godric’s Hallow his father standing beside them before a sand mist of Dumbledore’s face engulfing him. He was whirled around, thrown against the wall and knocked unconscious. When Draco woke, he realized he was separated, from the others and Harry standing in front of him.

It is not only Harry’s words that taunt Draco. His mother voicing her displeasure at the son he has been. His father and uncle. The friends that conveniently abandoned him when they found out that Harry was his mate. Draco tries to block them out and not give into his fears that their words ringing loud and true. He failed to protect Harry, his one true mate, from Dumbledore’s clutches. His uncle and parent bowing at the feet of another to protect him.

*How can I protect them when I am so weak?*

Draco sit with his back against the wall, clutching his knees, unable to break himself from his thoughts and fears. The fear that he is not strong enough to protect the ones he loves.

*You are a dreadful child; I should have aborted you when I found out I was carrying you.* His mother’s voice screams in his head. Draco covers his ears trying to block out the screaming.

*You are not worthy of carrying the Malfoy name. You are an utter disgrace to us, Draco.* His father agrees. *Your name is a representation of a strong beast. But. You. Are. Weak!*

I agree with them, Draco, dear. You are pathetic, weak, unworthy. *How can I love someone as weak as you? Fate is a cruel bitch to saddle me with you. I wish you were not my MATE!* Harry’s words pierce through his parents’ words.

*No! Draco shakes his head. Not true, Harry and I love each other, we are made for each other, we belong together, even if we were not fated, mates. Harry has always been mine.* Draco tries to reason with himself. *My parents love me, even with all my faults and I love them in return.*

*Lies, I was never yours! How can you help me defeat Voldemort? You are worthless.*

“Harry, please,” Draco whispers, his lips are chapped, and his throat hoarse and parched from repeating Harry’s name continuously. “I love you!” He cries out.

Draco opens his eyes to see Harry still standing in front of him, a smile on his face. “Love! What do you know about love?”

“I would do anything for you, even sacrifice myself, Harry.”

“Is that so? Then in that case, kill yourself for me, Draco,” Harry smiles, handing Draco a knife. “Show me how much you care by ridding the world of your presence.” Draco looks at the knife and then at Harry, “If you love me so much, prove it.” He cannot not believe what is happening.
This is not my Harry. Not the man I love, and not the one that loves me. No matter what, Harry would never ask him to take his life. My Harry is selfless and pure. You are not my Harry.

“Yes, I am,” Harry says, contradicting his thoughts.

“No, you are not!” Draco yells. A new feeling settles in his heart. Draco pushes himself struggling to get to his feet. “The Harry I know is pure and sweet.” He braces himself against the wall behind him. “He has his faults, his fears and he is not fallible.” Draco pants, then chuckles, “But so do I. It is what makes us human.” His chest tightens as he confidentially speaks words of sincerity.

Draco brandishes his wand as if remembering for the first time that he is a wizard and not a muggle. He sends a slashing spell at the Harry standing in front of him. The imposter instantly begins to fall back, disappearing before it reaches the ground, he does the same to the ones pretending to be his mother. And the same thing happens, it disappears before reaching the floor. He sets to do the same to the one resembling his father, when it speaks.

“No, Draco, it’s me!”

“You are not my father,” Draco says, his voice cool, calm and collected.

“Son, it truly is me. We have been locked here in a trap, meticulously set by Dumbledore.” The imposter says.

“Prove it,” Draco demands, yet he did not raise his voice. “Tell me something only my father would know.”

The imposter sighs, “When you were eleven after meeting a certain boy, you bought a ring that you carry on the left side of your vest pocket.” Draco does not respond or show his surprise. The only person who knows about the ring he carries is his father. The day he met Harry, without realizing who he was Draco dragged his father to the jewelry store and bought a ring pronouncing that it was for his mate. His father, who always indulged Draco, approved his purchase and promised not to tell his mother, vowing that it was a secrets between men.

“A secrets between men,” His father echoing Draco’s thoughts.

Draco drops his hand and whatever strength he regained in the short time left in his body. His knees buckle and just as they are about to hit the hard ground, arms grab him under his arms, halting him from falling flat on his face.

“I’ve got you son.” His father whispers gently in his ears.

Draco holds onto his father, and begins to sob, familiarity and love. Draco is able to let go of all the pent up fear and anxiety he held onto for so long. He felt like a newborn babe in his father’s arms. Even knowing that is was not real, Draco could not help asking the question to his father. “Why did you say those things to me?”

“You did it, son, you overcame your fear.” Lucius soothes gently. “Whatever you saw or heard did not come from me. Dumbledore encased this place in nothing but fear and self-doubt; it kept us blinded and trapped. I have been here for the past couple of hours trying to get you to wake up.”

He hears his father’s words and squints his, eyes examining his father’s words for the truth. But, Draco felt as if he did not overcome his fears and self-doubt, but simply placing them in a box and locking it away with a key to be opened one another day.

“Draco, I know you are exhausted, frankly, I am as well. But we must find the others and Black.”
Lucius says, helping Draco to stand still on unsteady legs. “Then return home. I fear we have been far here too long. Our love ones must be worried.”

Draco had almost forgotten the real reason they came to Godric’s Hollow in the first place, Sirius Black, Harry’s godfather. Draco stands on shaky legs and pulls himself away from his father’s hands. He needs to stand on his own two feet, not only for himself but Harry as well. Closing his eyes and dusting off his clothes, which does nothing to rid his robes of all the dust they accumulated since arriving at this cursed place.

Speaking of which, wonders Draco.

“Do you know how long we have been here?” Draco asks his father, looking around realizing the ceiling missing from the house.

How did I not notice that before?

“I’m not sure.” Lucius answers. “Once I was able to break my mind from the spell of fear, my only concern was finding you. I was worried.”

“I thank you for your concern, Father, but as you can see, I can stand on my own.” Draco tells Lucius. “I was able to break the spell, albeit it took longer than necessary, but Dumbledore designed this spell to ensure that would not be easily defeated. It was as if Dumbledore had Harry in mind when he created the spell. What better way to weaken him than to expose his fears?”

“Indeed,” Draco and Lucius gasp and turn around with wands were drawn, and ready for battle to see Severus standing behind them, and looking just as haggard. “It seemed as if Albus anticipated someone with my set skills in mind magic would try to find Black, and used magic not even I was able to instantly break.”

Draco and Lucius drop their wand hands simultaneously and rush over to Severus, pulling him quickly into a hug.

“It is good to see you well, my dearest friend.” Lucius greets.

“I agree, Uncle Sev,” Draco whispers close to Severus’ ear. “I am happy to see you alive.”

“You two as well,” Severus responds genuinely. Severus held them close for a little longer; Lucius and Draco does the same.

They pull away from each other, “Come on,” Severus says. “Let’s find the others and Black. I am positive whatever else we might encounter will be easier than what we have already been through.”

“I agree,” counters Lucius.

The three men separate, from each other and begin making their way down the halls in search of the rest of their group, secretly hoping they will all made it out alive. It occurs to Draco how large Godric’s Hollow seemed than what he initially thought. That can only mean one of two things, either they are all dreaming, or Dumbledore has more traps set for them. Draco realizes the he does not need to voice his concern, and seeing the realization on both his father and uncle’s faces.

I’m doing this for love. Draco chants as he walks the halls, bravely facing their fears, and continuing their mission.
Sirius Black struggles to crawl out of the well, he was thrown down. The last thing he remembers was the last conversation he had with Harry while he participated in the tri-wizard tournament. This is the second time Sirius has been imprisoned against his will. He has also concluded that the only other besides Buckbeak that knew where he was hiding was Dumbledore. Sirius wonders if Buckbeak was alive, the creature was his sole traveling companion for months after his daring escape from the Dementors. They travelled for months before reaching the destination Dumbledore gave him. He feels as if a large part of him memory was obliviated. Sirius remembers waking up with confused and with a terrible headache.

“Dumbledore, that bloody old coot. Wait until I get my hands on him.” Sirius grumbles as he struggles to grab hold of another rock and prays his fingers do not lose their grip like they did for the hundredth time. The tips of his fingers bloodied and his nails brittle. His hands spiked with pain, and there is a possibility that there are rock splinters embedded in his hands. But he cannot stop trying to free himself from his prison.

*Why would Dumbledore do this to me? I thought we were on the same side. Poor Harry.*

The question plays in Sirius’ head time and time again. And not once has the man visited, so that Sirius can ask all his unanswered questions. The only reasoning Sirius could come up with on his own is that he needed him out of the way to control Harry. Sirius has always influenced and encouraged Harry to do as he pleased. He also begged Dumbledore in his many letters to help prove that he is innocent. And that he did not kill his best friend and wife. James and Lily along with Remus were ones he considered family.

*Why would I risk throwing that away? If anyone had a half a brain they would realize I would not try to kill my best friend.*

Sirius had heard the rumors for years that he was jealous of what James and Lily had. Sirius can only chuckle at their stupidity.

*Jealous, I have never been jealous of James and Lily. I have, well, had my own lover. Merlin, I hope I am forgiven this time. My only stupidity was suggesting we use Peter Pettigrew as the secret keeper. Had I known he aligned himself with Voldemort, I would have killed him the moment I found out. Is Harry worried about me? What has Dumbledore told him, about why I have not gotten in touch with him?*

Sirius shoulders shake and his arms aching as he pulls himself up once more.

*I failed Harry one too many times. First, going after Peter and then mistakenly placing my trust in Dumbledore. But not again.*

Sirius recalls that it has been a couple of days since he has eaten anything, it was as if his keeper has forgotten that he is down there. If he was able to transform into his animagus form, Sirius would be able to use his claws to climb the walls. But, his captor placed manacles on his wrist and neck, stopping him from transforming. Sirius looks up through the opening of the well, it is the same view he has been looking at since he was thrown down into his new prison. The stars above look so close, but he knows it is a far reach. Sirius knows he must not give up, and he hopes that Harry is waiting for him. Saving Harry from Dumbledore’s clutches is the only reason he has not given up. Sirius does not know if Dumbledore has anyone else working with and for him, watching to make sure that Sirius does not make it to the top of the well.

*Just a few more and I will be out of here. I’m tired, but I must get back to my godson and the*
woman I love. I must clear my name, prove my innocence and finally live a happy life, with the ones I love.

Sirius does not want to think about the many times he has manage to escape falling to his death. He grabs hold of another block and pulls himself up. The soles of his feet are bloody, and scraped up but the longing of wanting to see his love ones gives him the strength to carry on. Sirius stops when he hears footsteps, and wonders his it could be. Has Dumbledore return to finally put him out of his misery?

“How odd, a well in the middle of the room. You don’t think he’s down there, do you?” Sirius hears the question, but in his weakened state he cannot decipher the voice.

“It’s dark and desolate. And, I would not put it past Dumbledore. Think of what we have been through tonight.” Says another voice.

Not sure who they are Sirius keeps is mouth shut and listens. The voices get louder and clearer as if they are standing directly above the well.

“I can’t see anything.” Sirius wish he knew who was speaking.

“Draco, what are you doing?” That voice Sirius recognizes. Severus Snape.

“If Dumbledore threw Black down there, we would need to find a way to get him out,” Draco answers. “And with what we have encountered already, I want to be cautious.”

“Hey!” Sirius yells. “Help, somebody, help me!”

“Black, is that you?” A bright light shines in his eyes, causing Sirius to let go of the wall to block his eyes.

“Yes! Snape, is that you?” Sirius’ voice is weak, but he conjures enough strength to speak. “Please, Snape, get me out. Hurry, I don’t know how long I can last down here.” The last words are whispered and Sirius is not sure if Snape heard him.

“Hold on Black, we are coming!” Another voice yells.

There’s not much I can do, things Sirius.

So many questions swirling in his head, but Sirius figures he will wait to get answers until they got him out of the well.

Like how the fuck did they find me and are they really here to help, is Harry ok? The list of questions is getting longer and longer. And as soon as I am out of this Merlin forsaken well I want answers.

“Hurry please, I need to get out of here; my fingers are losing their grip.”

“How deep do you think it is?” Another voice Sirius does not recognize asks.

“I don’t know and I rather not find out by going down there.” This time, Sirius recognizes the voice of Draco Malfoy. Or was that Lucius. How much time have passed that I cannot decipher the Malfoy voices? It still begs the question of why are they here?

“Indeed,” replies Snape then he casts a “catenam links, spell.” And Sirius hears the sounds of chains clanking and linking together and snaking down the well. The chain is silver and glows.
Sirius tries to reach it, but cannot, the chains are too short. “Black, grabs hold.” Snape instructs.

“It’s too short.” Sirius yells back, struggling to reach the chain links.

“Everyone, add to the chains,” Snape demands. “Black, let us know when you are able to reach the chains and we can pull you up.”

Sirius yells back that he understands. A few seconds later, more voices reach his ear and the sounds of chains attaching, lengthening and dragging down the well walls. The more he stretches, the further away the chains seemed to be.

*Is the well lengthening?* He wonders as he tries a few more times to climb and reach the chains. “Stop!” Sirius shouts.

“Are you able to reach the chain?” Draco asks.

“No,” Sirius answers tiredly. His hope of getting out of the well are dwindling along with his strength.

“What do you mean?” A new voice asked.

“The walls, they seem to be growing,” Sirius answers.

“What the fuck!” Draco yells. “If the old bastard was not already dead--.”

“Draco, calm yourself; we will think of a solution. We came here to rescue Black and we will.” Snape promises.

“I know you are exhausted son,” Lucius soothes. “We all are, but we cannot give up.”

Sirius hears Draco sigh, “You’re correct Father, a level head is what we need.”

*Dead, rescue, what the fuck is going on?*

“Black,” Snape calls down. “Why haven’t you used your magic or your animagus form?”

“There are manacles on my wrists and neck, stopping me from using my magic,” Sirius answers.

“What the hell are we going to do?” Another voice asks.

“William,” Lucius says. “Are you able to see any curses surrounding the well?”

“No, I can’t trust my senses right now. I’m still feeling the after effects of the last curse.”

“There has to be something we are missing.” A new stronger voice says,

“Animagus, that’s it.” A new voice exclaims in excitement. “Uncle and Professor you two are the only ones other than Lord Black that have animagus forms.”

“I’m not following,” William declares.

“Don’t you see,” Draco says, then explains. “Magic does not affect the animal inside of us. Black survived and maintained his sanity when he was imprisoned in Azkaban because of his animagus. That is why Dumbledore hindered him from changing. If he was in his grim form, scaling the walls would have been easy for him.”
“I will have to agree with Draco,” says the same deep voice, one Sirius has of yet been able to figure out who it belongs to. “If Dumbledore was not already dead, I would kill him all over again.”

Sirius still cannot believe what he is hearing, Dumbledore is dead, how is that possible? Better question, who killed him?

Before Sirius can ask the question, his fingers slipped and he began to fall. Sirius knows that he went a bit further down this time than the last. He might survive the fall, but without his magic and immediate medical care, there will be irreparable damage to his body. Sirius closes his eyes and expects to hit the hard ground when his sleeves are grabbed. He opens his eyes to see golden eyes staring into his. Sirius opens his mouth to speak when his head hits the side of the wall and his world goes black.

* * * * * * *

Draco apparates through the wards of the Hogwarts grounds along with the rest of the group. His uncle, carries Sirius Black in his arms. Draco is bone tired, but they are home finally and Draco cannot wait to hold his mate in his arms. Getting Black out of the well took longer than they assumed, even with Uncle Severus transforming into his animagus form. Draco saw his uncle’s animagus form many times when he was a child, but seeing it again tonight he is amazed at the sheer size and strength. No one would have guessed that the Head of snakes animagus form was a Griffin and not a snake.

The well fed off magic and although Uncle Severus used his animagus form, the well found some way to lengthen. It wasn’t until Uncle Severus pulled on the well’s magic rather than feeding the magic, and he was able to pull Black, out of the well whose fingers had apparently slipped causing him to fall. Uncle Severus was a bit rough with Black, and the other man hit his head hard on the brick wall, knocking him unconscious. The minute that Black was out of the well the ground started to shake and split open.

Uncle Severus, still in his animagus flew into the air but was thrown back forcefully to the ground by an unseen force. Both he and Black went flying in different directions. Charlie, Blaise and Bill had their wands out spells rapidly fly at what looked like knives and other sharp objects flying in their direction. Draco could not understand how Dumbledore did all of this or how his magic was still so powerful even with him being dead.

Draco recalls the minute the ground slit into two, separating him from everyone else and falling down the crack. Draco remembers the absolute terror he felt at the time. His wings refuse to listen to his command, no matter how much he tried. Staying alive and getting back to Harry was important to him. At the thought of Harry, name Draco’s wings flared and he steadied himself. He began to fly out of the cave when he spotted the hilt of the a sword that looked faintly familiar. Quickly, Draco grabbed the sword and flew out of the crack, when he exists his father had Blaise in his arms flying above the rubble. Uncle Severus had Charlie Weasley and Sirius Black on his back still in his Griffin form. And Bill Weasley was being carried out on the back of another wolf that Draco could have sworn he has seen before.

Draco did not have time to investigate because they needed to get away from the dangerous chaos. One by one they all flew away. When they got to a safe place, he expected to see all of Godric Village crumbling to the ground and was relieved when it only remained in Godric Hollow. Harry’s home that he and his parents lived in was now caved in. Arms engulfed around him, and Draco did not push them away.

“Are you hurt?” Draco shook his head no, resting his cheek on his father’s shoulder. “I’m so glad
you’re safe.” His father’s whispered in his ears. “I don’t know what I would do if I lost you.”

Draco sighed in relief and enjoyed being held by his father. He allowed himself to be held for just a bit longer. At the sound of scuffling, Draco pulled back a bit.

“Get the hell away from me,” Bill Weasley yelled. He was staring up at Fenrir Greyback. Draco recalls how shocked he was to see the Alpha wolf standing there, with a hurt but determined look on his face.

“You insist on placing yourself in danger, and all for what? I will not have my mate dying so frivolously.” Fenrir shouted back. Everyone was shocked to hear Fenrir call Bill Weasley his mate. Fenrir shook his head and growls. “You are a stubborn fool, don’t you realize no matter how far you run, or where you try to hide. I. Will. Find. You.” Fenrir canines beard, his voice gruff and his eyes glowing yellow in anger. “You are Mine!”

“I’ve told you before I am not your mate!” Bill growls back showing his is not afraid of the Alpha Wolf. “You are not my fucking type.”

“And what is? That blond half-breed who tricked you into believing she is your mate. Don’t fool yourself, Cub, she will leave you.” Fenrir said. “You wear my mark cub,” He said, touching the side of Bills face with the tip of his fingers.

“That’s because you were trying to kill me!” Bill roared in his face.

Fenrir tsked and shook his head. “Just remember I will be waiting for you when she leaves.” Fenrir changed back into his wolf form, howled at the moon and ran before anyone could say anything.

“Don’t hold your fucking breath.” Bill turned and looked at the rest of us. “I don’t want to talk about it,” He said, then apparated away. No one spoke, and followed suit by apparating to Hogwarts.

Draco looks around, and takes a sigh of relief that everyone is still standing, battered, but still alive. Uncle Severus change back to himself, both he and Charlie hold Black up between them. Black looks weak and ready to fall if he was let go.

“What is that in your hand?” His father asks him.

Draco looks down and holds up the sword he took, and he cannot stop thinking about where he had seen this sword before. “I found it when I fell into the crack in the ground,” he tells his father. “It called to me.”

Lucius takes the sword from Draco’s hand, inspecting it, then hands it back to Draco. “We will figure it out later, right now we need to get inside. I’m not sure how long we have been gone, and Black needs attending to.”

Lucius and Draco starts walking towards the doors leading to the school entrance and stopped when the doors to the castle abruptly flies open. And there stands the only man Draco will ever love, looking beautiful as ever. Draco releases himself from his father’s hold and with what little strength he had left and, starts to run to his mate. Harry begins to run to him. His sole focus is on Harry, and he does ot notice when the sword disappears from his hands. He and Harry ran towards each meeting in the middle. Harry jumped into his arms, and their lips were instantly connecting in a passionate kiss.

A longing moan escapes their lips the instant they touch I missed this, missed you, Draco thought. He cannot get enough of Harry back in his arms.
They stop kissing, and Draco pulls back just a bit, lips still connected. He opens his eyes, staring into beautiful green eyes. Draco lifts one of his hands and traces the side of Harry’s face. Whatever doubt and fear he experienced over the past couple of weeks fades away.

“I’m sorry I was gone so long,” he whispers against Harry’s lips. “The whole time I-“

Harry kisses him, stopping him from saying anything else. This time, their kiss sets his soul on fire, and all he wants to do is lay Harry down on the nearest flat surface and make sweet love to him.

* * * * * * *

As if hearing his thoughts, Lady Hogwarts transports Harry and Draco to their private chambers. Draco pulls away from their kiss again and opens his eyes and the only thing he can see is his mate.

“Are you real?” Harry says, touching Draco’s face. “You came back to me.”

“I love you so much,” Draco declares.

“I love you too.” Harry whispers back. “Make love to me, Draco. Please don’t deny me anymore.”

Draco pulls back from Harry and sees the hurt look on his mate’s face. He begins to unbutton what is left of his tattered robes and shirt. He stands shirtless in front of Harry then holds out his hand for Harry to take it.

“I will never deny you anything again.” Harry looks down at his outstretched hand and takes it. Draco pulls him close, their bodies connecting once more completely melding into each other. They fall together onto the bed still kissing, Harry landing on top of him. Their kiss deepens as Draco rolls them over, kissing Harry’s neck, and scraping his fangs along his skin. His mate shivers and moans, fingers balled together fist ing the sheets and arching his back begging for more.

“Draco, please love, I’ve waited too long.”

Draco grunts and rubs his face on Harry bulge still in his pants. Sharp nails dig into his scalp, making him hiss. Reaching up, Draco unbuckles Harry’s pants dragging them down his hips. Harry’s cock springs out and bounces off his lower abs. Draco licks a trail from Harry’s balls all the way up the shaft of his cock, swirling his tongue at the tip, moaning and lapping up the precum.

Mine, Draco growls in his mind the deeper he takes Harry’s cock into his mouth. Drawing sweet, luscious sounds from Harry’s lips. Deeping throating Harry’s cock, Draco scraps his stubble jaw on his mate’s jaw. Harry’s legs become weak, and they slacken and widen more. His hips buck, sending his cock deeper into Draco’s mouth. He exhaled through his nose so that he doesn’t gag. Hours, days and possibly weeks, he’s been unable to touch his lover, his mate.

“I’ve waited too long, love. I need to feel you inside of me.” Harry groans.

Slowly, Draco lets Harry cock slip from his mouth, giving it a gentle kiss before getting off the bed. “Undress for me, Baby.” He orders as he takes off his pants, standing naked for Harry to see all of him.

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Harry’s breath hitches, as his eyes hungrily ate up Draco’s gorgeous and perfect naked body.
Instantly, Harry begins to undress as well; he cannot take his eyes off Draco stroking his cock. Harry’s need to have his mate inside of him crawled and scraped at the surface. Harry watches with anticipation as Draco crawls back onto the bed and settles on top of Harry covering him with his whole body. They both hiss when their cocks brush against each other. Harry widens his legs and encircles them around Draco’s, locking his ankles together. Cupping the back of Draco’s head, he smashes their lips together.

This time, their kiss is not gentle, it was brutal and desperate. Fangs scraping, and tongues twining together. Draco grinds his hips, rubbing their cocks together and Harry moans into their kiss, loving the sensation. Harry throws his head back into the pillow, breaking their kiss. He tightens his ankles and grinds eagerly in sync with Draco's rocking hips.

No, it’s too soon, not yet. “Oh fuck, Draco I’m going to cum.”

“Cum for me, I want to feel your warmth on me. It’s all I can think about.” Draco tells him.

Not holding back Harry cums, screaming Draco’s name. Draco bites down on his neck not taking any of his blood, and Harry is afraid that would back out on his word and not complete their bond. Harry releases his ankles and Draco smoothly glides down licking his skin, and eventually his cum soaked cock. His skin prickles as the cool air mixes with the wet trail Draco leaves on Harry’s body, making him shiver. Draco cleans the cum off his cock with his mouth and Harry groans when he feels an oiled finger try to enter him. Harry pushes out and allows Draco’s fingers to sink into him.

Harry grunts and automatically lifts his legs, holding them wide at the back of his knees. Draco inserts another finger, scissoring opening his hole. Harry bites down on his bottom lip, whimpering when Draco pushes a third finger inside, stretching him wider. The delicious burn of having three fingers inside of him; causes Harry to release his legs and flattens his palms on the headboard, brazenly feeding his ass to Draco.

“Dr-Draco, oh yes, fuck me now. Please, Love.” He begs.

Draco slowly eases his fingers from Harry’s ass while at the same time he releases his cock from his mouth. Draco kneels between Harry’s parted legs, staring down at him with hot smoldering, passion-filled gray eyes.

“Do you know how long I have wanted to sink my cock inside of you?” Draco asks. But Harry is at a loss for words, his mind muddled with desire. Draco immediately positions his cock and sink inch by inch into his ass, drawing out a gasp then a groan from his lips. “Do you know how many nights I have woken up sweaty, hard and needy; cold showers from simply dreaming about making love to your delectable body?” He groans out, as his hips bottoms out, and his balls nestled comfortably in between Harry’s arse cheeks.

Harry tries to remove his hands from the bedpost, but Draco’s words stop him.

“Put them back and keep them there.” Harry whimpers. “If you touch me now, I will fucking burst, and I want this to last.”

Harry obeys his command, Draco leans forward, trailing gentle kissing from his abs up to his lips, while pumping his hips slowly. Harry gasps and groans, Draco’s fingernails digs into his hips preventing, him from moving.

“Merlin, I love your body.” Draco praises, “Love watching sweat glistens on your pale body. I take pride seeing my marks on you.”
Harry cannot speak or think. His fangs dig into his bottom lips, drawing blood, and it leaks down the side of his mouth. Draco’s licks the blood trail to his lips dragging them into a primal and passionate kiss. Harry whines when Draco pulls away his from his lips. “Let me hear you, Love. Give me those sweet sounds you have been holding back, let me hear them, Love.” With each word Draco pumps his hips faster, thrusting deeper and deeper inside of him. “I want to make our first time together perfect,” Draco moans against his lips. “Take my time and be gentle. B-but-“

“Please, Draco,” Harry pleads.

Draco releases Harry’s hips and lies flat on top of him, sandwiching, his cock between them. He slips his hands under Harry and grabs onto his shoulder, deepening his thrusts. Harry wraps his legs around Draco’s hips, digging his heels into his ass. Harry screams when Draco’s cock hits his prostate. Moans, grunts, and whimpers fill the room. Harry is close to cumming again, and he knows that Draco is as well. He closes his eyes, moving his hands and grabs onto Draco’s shoulders. Harry shivers when Draco drags his fangs over the pulsing vein in his neck and then sinks his fang into his veins, completing their mating bond, causing him to roar Draco’s name, cum harder than the first time. Draco does not hold back either, cumming inside Harry coating his inside.

*I am yours Draco. Together we are joined as one, now and forever.* Harry whispers through their renewed mental bond.

*Forever, My sweet mate, forever.* Draco echoes.

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Neither men feels the force of the Castle shaking. Their mating completes and also reinforced the strength of the Castle. Now that the Heirs have mated, the Castle no longer needs to hide and becomes visible, however, the magical force field remained. One by one the perched gargoyles wake from their long, frozen slumber. They watch over the Castle with keen eyes, knowing that their presence will be needed in the war to come. They intend to protect the lives of future generations as the founders willed it.

Creatures living in the Forbidden Forest took notice and feels the powerful magical changes happening to the Castle and felt the powerful magic. Their mind seemed clear and the feral feelings to kill begins to slowly fade. The forest no longer feels dark and clogged with poisoned magic. When Hogwarts was first built, protection of the forest and the Castle was laid at the feet of the creatures that inhabited inside its grounds. Hogwarts was meant to be a sanctuary for all, not only witches and wizards but creatures as well. But over the years, evil seeped into the forest clouding the minds of the creatures and offspring’s. Plants began to die slowly, becoming something more vile and dangerous. Now that the Heirs have reclaimed their birthright, things have slowly started, returning to the way it was meant to be.

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Minutes after Harry and Draco disappear.

In another part of the Castle, the remaining lovers reunite. No one can deny there is something different in the air. The Castle buzzes with excitement at the changes to come. It could have also been the fact that the day the party returned was Valentine’s Day. But the couples do not care
about anything but their lovers and that they are back and safe.

Severus walks to his rooms with determination in his steps. Seeing his mate and the love of his life is paramount. His steps quicken and soon he begins to run, and definitely, not caring about the rules he is currently breaking. Reaching his rooms Severus burst through the door searching for Remus not seeing him sitting in his usual spot.

“Remus,” Severus calls out. When no response comes back, worry begins to fill him. After trying for many years, his mate is finally pregnant with their first child. Severus knows that Remus will understand when he explains why he left, but maybe not for so long. Feeling wary, Severus stumbles over to the couch and sits down heavily. Severus refuses to think back to the fear that kept him from returning to his mate. It was the one time he was unable to protect his mind.

Dumbledore was a powerful wizard and the cunning bastard was incredible clever to utilize a fear spell to trap his victims. It isn't easy for anyone, no matter the strength of their magic, to overcome their fear, especially when that fear targets the person's memories and heart. For so long Severus thought he forgot, thought he forgave. But for the past few days, he felt like a child again, hiding from his father, cowering in fear. Watching over and over as his father, heavily intoxicated, and absolutely out of his mind, beat his mother to death. Severus tries to put the memories out of his mind, but the images will not stop, he is not even sure or remembered, how he broke the spell. But, Severus is grateful that the images stopped when they did.

Severus can still hear his father’s words. “You are just like me.” His words slurred and dripped with hate. “You will be the same just like me; they will leave you one day, die by your hands.”

Gentle, soft lips on the side of his cheeks pulls Severus from his thoughts. He turns, and his eyes connect with chocolate brown eyes.

“You’ve found your way home I see?” Remus whispers, the smile on his face eases his mind. Instead of responding Severus rests his head on Remus’s and closes his eyes. Remus caresses his cheeks and Severus revels in the touch of his mate. “I know you will tell me everything later, but whatever it is we will deal with it together.”

Severus does not need to explain anything right away, they have been together for a very long time and are synced each without using words. Severus leans back and slips his arms around Remus’ waist and the other hand rests on his mate’s growing bump. Severus opens his eyes and looks at Remus, who is staring at him with worried eyes.

“I want to be a good father to our pup.” He whispers.

“You will be,” Remus instantly assures him.

“How do you know? I could turn out like h-,” Severus does not get to finish his words. Remus quiets him with a finger to his lips.

“Don’t. Don’t doubt yourself, and don’t doubt us,” Remus gently chastises him. “You are nothing like that bastard who once called himself your father. You are a good man, with a gentle and caring heart. I am proud to walk beside you, and carry your child. I am proud to be your mate.” Severus once again opens his mouth to respond but Remus’s next words stops him. “We can do this, Severus. Together and always.”

Tears wells in his eyes, Severus does not hold them back. He lets them fall freely down his cheeks. Remus wipes them away but does not remove his hands away from his cheeks giving him the comfort he needs. No other but Remus has ever seen him weakest point.
“I love you, Severus.” Remus promises. Those three words are rarely spoken out loud to each other. Neither does it need to be heard on a daily basis. Remus and Severus are secure in their absolute love for each. “We are in this together.”

Severus nuzzles his cheeks into Remus’s warm palm, “I love you too, and I cannot imagine my life without you standing beside me.” Their lips meet instantly, and Severus cannot hold back the moan that escapes his lips. His hand on Remus's waist travels up and cups the back of his head, deepening their kiss.

Severus sighs. Nothing, or no one else matters at the moment. He leans back on the couch pulling Remus down with him not stopping their passionate kiss. Severus allows his mate to straddle his hips, Remus obeys the silent command. Severus continues to make love to his mate’s mouth. Sucking and biting on his lips, taking pleasure in hearing Remus come undone simply from their kisses.

_Having Remus in my arms is all that matters._ Thinks Severus. _Nothing else._

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Blaise stands outside the private chambers, he shares with his beloved. When he did not see Neville or his mother at the Castle entrance, he knew something was wrong. Blaise places his hand on his abdomen and prays he has not fucked up his love life by making a rash decision to follow Draco, by putting his life and that of their child in danger. He has not told anyone, not even Neville that he is pregnant. Taking a deep breath, he opens the door to his rooms and walks in. Again, no one is there to greet him again, and that worries him. Blaise walks further inside and looks around the room to find his mother sleeping on the lounge sofa. Blaise furrows his brows in utter confusion.

_Why is Mum here? And where is Neville?_

A different type of worry settles in the pit of Blaise's stomach. Walking over Blaise kneels down in front of her and taps her gently on the shoulder. She gasps and opens her eyes, blinking a few times in utter confusion.

“Ciao, Mama,” Blaise whispers.

Stephania stares at him for a few minutes. “Il mio bambino,” she says, sitting up, stretching her hands out cupping his face between her warm palms. “Sei tornato. Dove sei stato?” She pulls him into a hug, literally crushing him to her. “We have been so worried about you, and Harry was silently going out of his mind. And, Neville h-,” she whispers in his ear then stops speaking.

Blaise pulls his mother back from their hug to look into her face. “What is wrong? Where is Neville?” He demands.

She releases herself from his hold, and Blaise lets her go smoothly. He watches with worry as she stands up, and then straightens her clothes, stepping around him going to the liquor counter and pouring them both a drink. Blaise stands just as his mother turns and hands him a glass. Blaise holds the glass in his hand and watch as his mother takes a sip of hers.

Placing his glass down on the table, Blaise asks again. “Mama, what is it?”

This time, she does not waste any time, “The night you left Harry and Neville went off on their own as well. Something happened, Blaise, something terrible and Neville has not been the same since
that night.”

“Mother, you keep saying that night but we have only been gone a day,” Blaise says to her in confusion.

Stephania gasps, shaking her head, “No, il mio bambino, you have been missing for three weeks.”

_Three weeks! How did we lose so much time?_ Blaise questions in his mind.

He closes his eyes, then sits down to stop his knees from shaking. Without saying anything, Blaise opens his eyes and leaves the room. He needs to see Neville, make things right. His mother does not stop him or ask him any more questions. Blaise walks into the bedroom, he shares with Neville, who is laying in bed sleeping.

*_Merlin, he is so handsome, even asleep Neville looks tired than he did three weeks ago. He has not been taking care of himself. What happened, My Love._* Blaise thinks to himself.

He is not wearing his glamour, and his fire-red hair flared, out on the pillow shining against his pale skin. Quietly, Blaise walks over to the bed removing his cloak and shoes, then crawls onto the bed, snuggling right next to Neville and rests his head on his chest.

“I’m here Neville, and I’m home.” Blaise whispers into Neville’s chest. “We are home, and whatever it is, you and I will work it out.”

The room is silent for a few minutes, Blaise closes his eyes and listens to Neville’s breathing and knows that his mate is not sleeping. He has been awake the entire time Blaise has been lying there.

“I killed Bellatrix LeStrange.” Neville finally says. Blaise does not react causing Neville to wonder if his mate heard what he said. “My parents are dead, and I have blood on my hands. But that is not why I have been upset.”

Blaise lifts his head and looks into Neville’s eyes, “Why are you upset?”

“When I came back, you were not here, and I thought you figured out that I was keeping a secret from you and left. I thought I lost you.” Tears fall down the side of Neville’s cheeks. “I cannot go on without you, Blaise.”

Blaise gets up and straddles Neville’s hips. “You don’t have to worry about that, because I am not,” He begins, then stops and takes one of Neville’s hands into his then places it on his abdomen. “We are not going anywhere.”

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Neville’s eyes widen and for the first time in weeks, he feels like himself. He is aware of Harry, and the rest of their tightly formed family have been worried about him. But he could not help it. After returning to the Castle and wanting to be in his mate’s arms is a crushing blow when Blaise was nowhere to be found. Neville thought he lost Blaise. Day after day, he spent waiting and hoping that Blaise would return. Then Neville gave up hope. He couldn't gather the courage or motivation to help Harry search for Blaise and the rest of the family. A few days ago, he woke and realized he acted like an idiot but too ashamed, he refused to leave his room.

He knows that Harry would forgive him, but does not know if he can forgive himself. Neville becomes angry with himself for doubting that Blaise’s love and commitment to him, and that is the
reason why he left. Looking into Blaise’s beautiful, sweet face, Neville realizes he has been a fool. Blaise is his no matter what happens. And, wherever he goes, Neville has to believe that Blaise will come back to him. Whenever Harry or one of the others visited him, he listened enough to hear updates about what was going on, so he wasn’t out of the loop. All Neville knew was that he could not function without Blaise. He felt numb without his mate.

“I love you, Blaise. You are my light in all of the darkness that can surround us.” He says cupping Blaise’s cheeks, pulling him down for a passionate kiss. Neville moans into their kiss and Blaise lays his body completely on top of him. Neville slips both hands around Blasie holding him close not letting him go.

Blaise pulls back from their kiss, looking down into his face, “I love you too, Neville. Now and forever.” He whispers before leaning down to claim Neville’s lips.

Neville smiles for the first time in weeks, and then his eyes widen as the realization when Blaise’s words hits him. Blaise notices, and giggles then snuggled comfortably on his mates chest. “Realized what I said, huh, Love?”

Neville nods his head and tightens his arms around Blaise. He smiles again. “I’m going to be a father,” he says in astonishment. “Are you sure?”

“Yes, my Love, you are.” Blaise answers.

They lay silently for what seems like minutes, but it could have been much longer before Neville asks. “Blaise, Love, where have you been for the few weeks?”

Blaise yawns before answering. “I went with Draco to Godric’s Hallow to find Sirius Black.”

Before Neville can say anything the Castle begins to shake. The noise is only heard, pictures did not move, neither does the bed Blaise and Neville are laying in. Blaise lifts his head and looks at Neville who holds him closer, knowing exactly what is happening. Harry and Draco finally consummated their mating, making their bond and Hogwarts now stronger because of them. And, now that Blaise has returned to him so is he.

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Stephania watches her son go to his love and smiles. It does her heart good to see the young finding each other and falling in love. She remembers what it was like to find her eternal love. Yes, she loved Blaise’s father and thanked Merlin each day for her gift. But, there is one man that will always hold her heart. Tears cloud her vision as she remembers the first time her love made her smile and the first time they made passionate love. Now, her love is lost to her, never to return. She turns ready to leave Blaise and Neville’s rooms when the fireplace flares and Narcissa’s head appears.

“Stephania,” Narcissa yells. “You must come, and it’s, Sirius, he’s alive.”

Stephania gasps in surprise, she cannot believe it. Sirius Black, her eternal love has returned to her. With anticipation, Stephania steps through the fireplace and into Narcissa and Lucius’s room to see Severus holding his husband and mate, Remus, with his palm firmly on his abdomen with tears in his eyes. Stephania does not question why Remus and Severus is there. The only ones that knew of her love for Sirius are Narcissa and Lucius. Knowing how important Sirius is to her Narcissa must have told them. It was only a matter of time before everyone found out about her and Sirius’s long standing love affair.
Not only the young find their one and only true love, she thinks. Before she can say a word, Narcissa walks over and grabs her hands, pulling her to the closed door.

“Go on, he’s resting,” Narcissa says to her.

After so long, Stephania cannot believe this was happening. Taking a deep breath, Stephania tries to collect herself as she rest shaking and gentle hands on the doorknob. Stepping inside, the dimly lit room, Stephania’s breath hitches at seeing Sirius in the flesh. Stephania stands frozen in front of the door. Before her knees weaken; she stumbles and slumps against the closed door door slowly sliding down to the floor buring her face into her knees.

This is not one of my dreams, Sirius is really here.

Stephania quietly sobs, trying not to disturb Sirius. She knew one day she would see him again, but figured it would be in the afterlife. They kept their love affair a secret, real life Romeo and Juliet, two lovers on the opposite sides of the war. Once, like many others, she believed in the Dark Lord’s agenda and thought his reasoning was just. She became his assassin, his black widow, willingly. Everyone believed she was neutral in the war, but knew she practiced dark arts. One of the only men she refused to kill was Blaise’s father, so the Dark Lord killed him because of her disobedience. Losing one love was enough, and she could not lose another. Finding out that she was pregnant the night Nicholas died, Stephania distanced herself from the dark Lord and only associated with those she trusted.

When Stephania and Sirius began their courtship, it scared her. The dark side was getting stronger and the Dark Lord wanted her to once again become his black widow, going as far as threatening her son’s life. For the safety of her son she thought about it, but resisted his call as long as she could. It was only Merlins, grace he was thought to be destroyed that saved her from doing his bidding.

It was months after Blaise’s birth and before Sirius was sent to Azkaban. After Nicholas, Blaise’s father, had been brutally killed by the Dark Lord in front of his followers as an example, Stephania gave up hope of ever loving again. Men wanted her for her body and beauty, but they also were in fear of their lives and fortune. When she and Sirius instantly fell in love it shocked her to the very core. It was hot, filled with an intensity that she could not describe. He made her feel wanted and treasured.

When Sirius was sent to Azkaban for the murder of the Potters, Stephania wanted to tell the ministry officials that he was innocent. For most of that night, Sirius was with her before he showed up at the Potters home. But telling the officials that the truth she knew it would only make matters worse. As a well-known black widow, no one would believe her claims, and it would only establish their case that Sirius Black was a dark wizard and led the Dark Lord to the Potters. But she never stopped loving him and held onto hope that one day he would be proven innocent and return to her.

After his escape, they met secretly a time or two, and their passion burned as it did before those long and lonely twelve years. She planned on fighting the Dark Lord by his side, but he was taken away again through the veil. Once more, Stephania hid her grief and concentrated on her life and that of her son. Stephania understood Neville while Blaise was gone, which is why she refused to leave Neville’s side. After falling in love with Sirius it renewed her belief in love and romance. Even with the aspect of never seeing him in this lifetime again.

Drying her eyes, Stephania gets up from her position in front of the door, and gathers her courage to take the first step, into the room moving closer to the bed. She sits in the chair stationed in front of the bed and stares at a sleeping Sirius, through tear clouded eyes. She remains quiet and still,
holding her breath waiting for Sirius to exhale proving that he is indeed alive. His skin was pale, and he lost weight. He still has the same curly hair, but it is now longer and dull in comparison to what it was before. He will need someone to care for him, and help him rebuild his strength. Stephania gently picks up one his long, thin bandaged hand that is resting on his chest. She brings Sirius long thin bandage hand to her lips and lightly kisses them, closing her eyes letting her tears fall. She then leans her forehead on them and thanks Merlin, for bringing her eternal love back to her.

Her eyes are closed, so she does not see when Sirius opens his and is staring at her. His voice causes her to lift her head.

“Why are you crying, my beautiful Lady,” he whispered.

Stephania lifts her head, and a joyous cry escapes her lips, just as the Castle begins to shake.

TBC!!
“So he’s alive?” Harry whispered. Draco held him close as they spooned in bed. They had made love three times that night. Twice in bed and once in the shower. Harry had called an elf and ordered a large meal for them. They were both in their robes. Harry was sitting in between Draco’s legs on the bed eating a slice of strawberry cheesecake. Rather, he was playing with his cake instead of eating it.

“Yes,” Draco answered, putting his empty plate down on the tray, then reached around taking Harry’s uneaten cake adding it to the tray.

“I don’t know how to thank you, Draco,” Harry said, looking up at his mate.

Draco moved the tray from off the bed setting it down on the nightstand. Harry turned to face him, Draco cupped one of his cheeks and pressed his lips to Harry’s. Their kiss was unhurried, but there was not a lot of heat behind it. The only thing that Harry felt was love, and it vibrated through his body. Draco slowly separated their lips pressing their foreheads together. Harry opened his eyes and realized that Draco was staring at him. They gazed into his eyes, letting the silence wash over them.

“There’s no need for you to thank me. I love you, Harry. We are mates, and it is my duty to not only love you but care for you. I will do anything to make you happy.”

Harry cupped the warm hands on his cheeks. “I still feel there must be something I can do to show you how much it means to me that you would put yourself in danger to rescue my godfather.”

Draco pulled back and stared at Harry for a few minutes before moving Harry slightly out of the way. He got off the bed and walked over to their walk in closet. Harry got on his knees and peered around the corner trying to figure out what his mate was up to. He heard him moving around, but still had no idea what Draco was doing. He was about to say something when Draco came out of the closet with a smile on his face.

“What are you up?” Harry asked, curious at the sudden change in his mate.

Draco did not answer, and the smile on his lips did not disappear. He extended one of his hands towards Harry. “Come here,” he instructed.

Confused, Harry took his hand, and Draco pulled him off the bed and guided him to the chair in the far corner of the room. Harry sat down and watched as Draco fell to one of his knees.

“Draco what are you doing?” Harry asked still confused.
Draco squeezed the hand he was still holding. “Shut up and let me do this, I’m nervous as it is already.”

“What are you trying to do?”

“You’re so adorable,” Draco chuckled.

Harry couldn’t figure out what he meant by that. “I don’t understand what me being adorable have to do with you why you are nervous.”

Draco touched his lips quieting him. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. “Harry,” he said, opening his eyes. “I think I’ve been in love you since the day I met you, but I was too stupid to realize. Granted, we were eleven so cut me some slack.” They both smiled before Draco took another deep breath and continued. “The day I realized you were my mate I didn’t know what to do with myself. All I could think was, I finally had you, and I wanted to make you happy.” Draco reached up and moved a lock of hair from Harry’s face. His hand remained on his cheek. “You are so beautiful and strong. I marvel at your intellect and revel in your presence. You have the biggest heart of anyone that I know, and I am proud to call myself your mate. You asked me what could you do to thank me for giving your godfather back to you.” Harry nodded and felt the tears for the first time falling to his cheeks. “Harry James Potter,” Draco said as he opened his other hand that held a small box. He opened it and inside was a platinum silver band with a square jade diamond. Draco took the ring out of the box and slipped it onto Harry’s finger. “Will you do me the honor of bonding me and officially becoming my husband, the father of my kits, and life partner. Will you walk this life and the next beside me and not behind me?”

Harry could not breathe, he looked up at Draco and then the ring on his finger. **Draco just asked me to marry him. Oh, Shit! Draco just ask me, to fucking marry him! Yes...Yes...Yes! A thousand times yes!! Did I say that out loud?** Once he was able to wrap his mind around what just happened and the fact that he could not hold back his tears any longer. He threw his arms around Draco, and they end up falling to the floor. He peppered Draco’s face with kisses causing Draco to break out in peals of laughter.

“I take that as a yes?” Draco asked through his laughter.

“Of course, it’s a yes!” He said through kisses. Draco bubbled with laughter, and Harry knew his mate was happy. He could feel it through their bond. He was happy for the second time that day.

**GR**

They were laying on the floor in their room, and Harry rested his head on Draco’s chest, looking at his engagement watching as the jade diamond glistened in the moonlight. “How long were you planning to ask me to marry you?”

“You’re kidding, right?”

“No, I’m not” Harry answered, looking up at his mate.

“From the time I knew I was going to have a mate, I had that ring commissioned. My parents tried to talk me out of it, but I wouldn’t hear any of it. I just knew that my mate was going to be someone worthy of my love. And I’m not disappointed.” Draco kissed Harry’s forehead.
They were quiet for a few minutes. Harry could not stop smiling. He was mated, and soon he will be married. Nothing or no one could take away the happy feelings inside of him.

“What do you mind if we waited to get married?” Draco asked. “I know I asked you, but hear me out.” Harry nodded. Draco must have a good reason to want to wait. “I want us to start our new life together without the Dark Lord or an impending war hanging over our heads.” Now Harry understood. “While I was gone, I had some time to think, when I was not battling my fears...”

“I hope you know I don’t believe you’re weak, Draco?” Harry lifted his head and stared into his mate’s eyes. He was able to see the torment Draco went through when they completed their bond while he drank Draco’s blood. “I have never thought of you as weak. One of the things I love about you is your strength and how much I rely on you. I realized after you left how much I needed you beside me. Sometimes I think I’m the one holding you back. I look at your parents and Severus and Remus. What they have gone through, the entire time they had to hide who they love, added with the times they were separated from each other. While you were gone, they were not worried about their mates and knew they would come back to them. But I...”

“Don’t do that,” Draco said, stopping him.

“Don’t do what?”

“I know what you saw was only a small portion. But,” Draco said, cupping Harry’s cheek. “I couldn’t have beaten my fears if I did not have your strength and love with me. I knew in my heart the Harry I was seeing wasn’t the real you and I almost gave into my fears. But then I remembered, I had the real you to come back home to. No, I didn’t say that right. Harry, you are my home. Anywhere I go I take you with me.” He said touching his heart.

Harry’s eyes teared up, “Why are you doing this to me?” He asked.

“Doing what, my love?”

“Making me cry,” Harry said as more tears streamed down his cheeks.

Draco chuckled, “As long as they are happy tears, I don’t mind making you cry.”

“Shut up,” Harry said, smacking Draco lightly on the chest. Draco laughed more, and it was music to Harry’s ear. His mate was home, and soon they would be married and starting a family. They just needed to get rid of Voldemort first.

**GR**GR**GR**GR**

Harry stopped outside the door and took a deep breath. He’d left Draco in their private room sleeping with a note letting him where he was in case Draco woke up looking for him. Harry rested his head on the door and closed his eyes.

“You know he’s dying to see you right? Stephanie is doing everything in her powers to keep him from escaping.”

Harry lifted his head and turned to see Lucius was standing behind him. Harry turned his body around fully putting his back to the door. “Hi, I’m glad you’re back.”
Lucius stared at him for a very long minute, and Harry felt nervous under his gaze. Even his smile didn’t put Harry at ease. “I see that you and Draco have taken your mating to the next level.” Harry felt his face heat up and know that he must look at red as a tomato. “And he gave you that ring he’s been carrying with him since he was six.

_Did he just say six?!_

Lucius chuckled as if hearing Harry’s thoughts. “If you haven’t noticed, when Draco sets his mind on something there’s no talking him out of it. And let me be the first to Congratulate you and welcoming to our family, Harry.”

“Thank you, Fa...,” he stuttered over what he should now refer to Lucius after all, the man was his father-in-law.

“Why don’t we stick with Lucius until you are comfortable calling me father.” Harry nodded. “Now,” Lucius said. “Tell me why you’re standing out here and not in there talking to Sirius?”

Harry sighed and moved away from the door. He sat on the chair beside the door. “I don’t know what to say to him. I feel as if I let him down.”

“Why do you think that?” Lucius asked as he sat in the other chair facing Harry.

“I should have known!” Harry yelled. “I should have known he was alive and I didn’t. I believed Dumbledore and his lies for so long.”

“How could you have known he was alive? The golem Dumbledore used, mimicked Black in every regard.”

“But I should have known!” Harry said through clenched teeth holding back his tears. “I should have seen through Dumbledore machinations.”

“Stop that right now!”

Harry gasped and slowly turned his head to the side to see Sirius standing at the door. He was leaning on crutches. Harry’s heart broke looking at his godfather. If it weren’t for the tattoos on his hands and neck, Harry wouldn't have recognized Sirius.

“Sirius! What are you doing out of bed?” Harry asked, getting out of his chair to go to Sirius' side.

“I wanted to know what was taking you so long,” Sirius wheezed. Harry helped him over to the couch beside Lucius. Sirius looked at the other man. “Malfoy, if I haven’t said it before, thank you.”

Lucius smiled and nodded, “You’re welcome. But really I’m not the one you need to thank. Draco was the one who made up his mind that finding you and getting you home, just to make his mate happy.”

“Then I will give him my appreciation personally. But mate or not, he will not be touching my godson until they’re formally bonded.”

Harry wanted to tell him that ship has sailed, but he saw the discrete shake of Lucius' head and decided to keep his mouth shut.

Lucius smiled, then got up. “I will leave you two to have your talk. I will let the Minister know that you will speak with him tomorrow.” He said to Harry as he walked away.
“Minister? Why do you need to speak to the Minister?” Sirius asked.

“I want to make sure you are free and clear, so when Draco told me what happened, I sent a letter to the Minister informing him that I need to speak with him. He will be spending the night.”

“Are you sure we can trust him?” Sirius asked.

“No,” Harry answered. “But I have a bargaining chip up my sleeve.”

Sirius stared at Harry as if searching for something. “You’ve changed,” he commented.

“I had to, Siri, I had to grow up without you.” Harry shoved his hands into his pockets and looked down.

“It wasn’t part of my plan, you know?” Sirius whispered. “I wanted to be free and adopt you and be the responsible godparent your father saw in me.”

“You aren’t to blame for what happened,” Harry told him.

“And neither are you, stop blaming yourself for the shit that happened,” Sirius added. “None of us knew what Dumbledore was capable of. I’m pretty sure he kept Remus away so he wouldn’t pick up on anything either. We trusted him blindly, and it was exactly what he wanted. If he weren’t already dead, I would have killed him once I’ve gained my strength.”

“Did they tell you how he died?”

“The short version was death by snakes, so I assumed old Moldy Shorts did it,” Sirius answered.

“I poisoned him,” Harry whispered, looking away from Sirius when he gasped.

“Oh, Pup,” Sirius murmured.

“I guess you’re ashamed of me now?”

They were silent for a few minutes, and Harry was afraid that he was right and that Sirius was ashamed of what he’s done. Harry went to stand, and Sirius stopped him. “Look at me, Harry.” He did not want to look and see the disappointment in Sirius’ eyes. “Look at me, Pup.” Harry sighed before looking at Sirius, who was staring at him intently. “This wasn’t the life James and Lily wanted you to have. If anyone that should feel shame, it should be me. I wasn’t there when you needed me. I let my anger cloud my judgment when you needed me to protect you, and in the end, I left you alone. You don’t know how many times, I regretted my stupidity by going after Pettigrew. I was unknowingly pulled into his trap, and even then I couldn’t see through my anger.” Tears began to cloud Harry’s vision. “Harry, I’m so sorry. So very sorry for not being there for you, to watch you grow up, to teach you the things that you had to learn on your own. Please…”

Harry didn’t let Sirius finish. He couldn’t take it anymore. He threw himself at Sirius, nodding his head. His lips couldn’t form the words, it was okay and hoped that Sirius understood his actions. He had forgiven Sirius long ago, and he understood why his godfather ran after the traitor. Truth be told he’d thought about what he would have done in Sirius’ situation of finding his best friend and wife dead when they should have been protected. When a friend they trusted betrayed them. Given more time to think about it, Harry’s certain he would have done the same thing. Even with magic, he was still human with strong emotions. And because of such feelings, everyone reacts differently depending on the situation. What made Harry angry about the entire situation was that Sirius wasn’t given a chance to clear his name. He was thrown on the chopping block and ripped to pieces without evidence, which is what Harry wanted to change. They had stopped crying and
dried their eyes, but Harry did not move from his godfather’s arms. He enjoyed the firm hold the man had on him. He felt safe again for the second time that day. He closed his eyes, thinking that Sirius was asleep.

“So, you and baby Malfoy, huh? I’m sure James did not see that coming. But I guess it was bound to happen. Like father, like son.”

That had Harry snapping his eyes open and him lifting his head off Sirius’ chest and staring him in the face. “W..Wh..what are you talking about?” Sirius burst into laughter doubling over holding his stomach. “Siri, stop being a jerk and answer me. Tell me what you mean by that!” Sirius continued to laugh as tears ran down his cheeks. Harry crossed his arms over his chest and waited for his godfather to stop being a jerk. “You’re a real jerk. You know that?” Harry pouted.

Sirius laughter quieted down to giggles. “Okay, okay,” he said, wiping the corner of his eyes. “So picture this, me, James and Remy were first years and the first time he saw old, tall, blonde and brooding, with stormy gray eyes. Your father fell hopelessly in lust. This was before he realized what a gem Lily was.” He looked at Harry. “I’m surprised Remus hasn’t told you this before. Anyway, your father did everything besides standing naked in the Great Hall to get Lucius to notice him. I’m sure he thought about it. James was an action kind of guy and think of the consequences later, even as a kid.”

“Wait, so nothing happened between them?” Harry asked and knew he sounded relieved at that.

“Nope, but there were a few times we had to save him from embarrassing. Every time, tall, blonde and mysterious spoke to him he got tongue-tied. I’m pretty sure Lucius figured it out and never said anything. But man, your father had it bad. I don’t think he got over his crush, even when we terrorized Severus.” The smile slipped from Sirius’ face. “I think that’s the first time I’ve called him, Severus since we were kids. No matter how much of an arse he can be, Severus is a good man.”

“He is, and I owe him my life,” Sirius said looking at Harry.

“I think we are all indebted to Severus in some ways. Did you know my mother made him my godfather, as well?”

“No, but thanks for telling me,” Sirius said to him. “Your parents would be proud of you and the man that you have become. I am too.” Harry smiled. “So tell me, is baby Malfoy good in bed?”

Harry felt his cheeks heat up and knew he was blushing a bright red. “Oh, for Merlin’s sake,” he groaned and covered his face. Causing Sirius to explode in peels of laughter. “Weren’t you the one who practically threatened to cut off his balls a few minutes ago?” He asked peeking through his fingers.

“Sirius scoffed, “that was for Lucius benefit. By the glow on your face, I know when someone’s been laid. I’ve worn that glow a few times myself.”

“Oh, gods, Sirius, stop! You are bloody embarrassing,” Harry told him falling back on the sofa. Sirius continued laughing. Harry admitted to himself that he loved the jovial sound coming from his godfather.

**GR**GR**GR**GR**GR**

Harry stood in the far corner of the room. His head was bowed and his eyes closed. He was leaning
against the wall with his arms crossed over his chest and one leg over the other. If anyone looked at him, they would think he was sleeping standing up, but in actuality what he was doing was listening to a sniveling Minister begged for his life. The only one who knew what he was up to was Lucius. Last night before returning to the room, he shared with Draco, he went in search of his father-in-law and told him his plans.

“But being Minster is all that I have,” Fudge whimpered. “Don’t take it from me, please.”

“Will you shut the hell up and sign the bloody papers!” Harry yelled opening his eyes looking at Fudge. “You’re giving me a headache, for crying out loud,” he got off the wall and walked over to the table where Fudge was sitting. “I’ve given you every opportunity to resign with your dignity intact, and yet you refuse.”

“B...but Dumbledore...” Fudge whimpered again.

“He’s fucking dead, you moron!” Harry yelled instantly shutting Fudge up.

“Wh..what that can’t be.”


“Oh dear,” Fudge whispered. “But he promised…”

“I don’t give a bloody fuck what he promised you. Sign the damn papers relinquishing to Lucius Malfoy now.” Harry demanded. “Soon the entire world will know that fucker is dead.”

“B...but what will I do. Being a Minister is all I have ever…”

Harry was getting tired of listening to the man whine and whimper. His voice was beginning to grate on his nerves. “Fudge, you are worthless. From my time being introduced to the magical community, you have done nothing. Nothing to protect the people under your care. You’ve allowed Dumbledore to walk all over you and you relied on him to think for you. You allowed a woman who had no business teaching children to abuse them in your name. You allowed an innocent man to be imprisoned while criminals run free. You are useless as a man and useless as a Minister. I wanted you to give the Ministry up of your own free will, but seeing as you cannot think for yourself, I’m going to do it for you.” Harry stepped back. “My Lady,” he called out.

The avatar of Hogwarts appeared in the room. She bowed, “Yes, my young heir,” she said, standing up and looked at Harry.

“What is going on?” Fudge asked. “Who's that?”

Harry ignored him and spoke to Lady Hogwarts. “I need your assistance, my Lady.”

“All you have to do is ask, my heir,” she told him.

“Ensure that Fudge signs the papers in front of him, use force if you have to. And then remove his memories. Then send him home having no knowledge of what he’s done,” he instructed. Harry tapped Lucius on his shoulder telling him that they should leave. They turned and walked to the door. Harry was about to open it when he was stopped. “You had your chance, Fudge.”

“What do you want me to replace his memories with, my heir?”

Harry thought about it for a second, then looked over his shoulder to her. “Show him the memories of all the students he allowed Dumbledore to torture and use. Let him live with the torment of
seeing the carnage and chaos he turned a blind eye to. Let him be so tormented that one day he would be driven to madness and take his own life.” Harry instructed, then opened the door and walked out with Lucius following behind him.

“I am very glad to be on your side, Harry,” Lucius commented.

“There’s still a lot I need to learn.”

Lucius stopped him, “Listen to me.” Harry looked up at his father-in-law to be. “You were pushed into a whole new world you had no knowledge of. Forced into a war because of a man who once had ideals of keeping the world safe and somehow lost his goals along the way…”

“What if what happened to Voldemort happens to me?” Harry asked voicing his deepest fear. He noticed his behavior over the past few months. He also noticed how bloodthirsty he’d become. He felt as if his taste for revenge had taken over his sense of morality.

“Answer me this. Why are you doing all of this? Why are you going to such lengths?”

Harry did not need to think about the answer. “I want to make Hogwarts the safe haven it should have been. I want the Magical community to be safe from Muggles, but I also want to accomplish the founders started out doing, and finish where their children failed.”

“And what do you want personally once all of this is over? What do you want in return for all that you will accomplish?”

“Nothing, only to see my family happy and to start my life with Draco. Build the family, we talked about,” Harry answered.

“You don’t want power? To be Ruler of the Magical World?” Lucius asked raising an eyebrow. “Wizards and witches bowing at your feet, seeing you as the next coming of Merlin?”

“Of course not!” Harry yelled. “I love being a wizard as much as I hate it. I hate that others see me as their savior. I hate that I lost my parents because of another man’s need for power,” he told Lucius.

“And that is why you will never become like him. There are so many differences between you and the Dark Lord. But the main one you should take away from this is; your actions are out of love, and the V…Voldemort’s are for his own gain. You do not crave power, or the need to see others tortured because it pleases you. You are Harry Potter, the boy who lived, to those outside the doors of Hogwarts. But to us, your family the ones that who know you and have gotten to know you. You’re simply Harry.”

Harry blinked and felt tears droplets touched his cheeks. He reached up and wiped away his tears. He took a deep breath. “Thank you,” he looked up at Lucius. “Father.” He was able to say the word he could not say the day before.

Lucius pulled him into a hug. “Anytime, son.”

**GR****GR****GR****GR**
Harry was in his office looking over at the Quidditch field thinking that it’s been a while since he did anything fun. The last time was when he and Draco had their first date. As if knowing that Harry was thinking about him, Draco’s circled his arms around Harry's waist. Harry closed his eyes and leaned his head back on his mate's muscled chest. Draco kissed him on his forehead and Harry hummed reveling in Draco’s loving embrace.

“You’ve been a busy little Veela haven’t you?” Draco whispered against his forehead. Harry hummed as his response. “Father is going to be the next Minister of Magic and starting preparations to clear Sirius’ name. And all before breakfast.” Harry nodded. “Are you sure it’s the right thing to do, playing our hand so early in the game?”

“Truthfully, no. But the longer we continue to hide, the longer we drag out this war. I want it to be over, Dray. I’m tired of watching my back waiting for the other shoe to drop.”

Draco cupped his cheek, and Harry opened his eyes and gazed up at his mate, “Then let me watch your back,” He told Harry. “Trust me to take care of you,” he whispered. Harry nodded, and Draco’s face leaned closer to his pulling him into a soul searing kiss. Harry turned fully into Draco’s arms and let his mate comfort him for a little while.

**GR**GR**GR**GR**GR**

Ginny sat at the Gryffindor and watched as owls flew into the Great Hall and went to every student except for her and Ron. She was worried because two days ago, she wrote to her mom asking her for advice on what to do. There were too many things happening, and she wondered what she should do next in regards to Harry and her future. Ginny looked up from her uneaten meal when she heard the girl that was sitting beside her gasp in horror.

“Ginny, I’m so sorry,” Lavender who was sitting beside her said.

Ginny looked at her confused, “What the hell are you talking about?”

Lavender’s lips started to tremble, and Ginny looked around the room to see if anyone else was seeing this reaction from Lavender. The entire Great Hall was staring at her. What the hell is their problem? It was then she realized that everyone was holding a copy of the Daily Prophet in their hands. She was about to grab the paper from Lavender when Professor Snape came over to her.

“Miss. Weasley, follow me,” he instructed and began walking away without looking to see if she was following behind him. She hated Snape with a passion, but something must be wrong, for him wanting to see her. “Now, Ms. Weasley!” He yelled, standing at the entrance to the Great Hall. She jumped from her seat and ran to catch up to Snape. He was standing at the end of the hall with Ron waiting for her.

“Ron, what are you doing here?” She asked him when she got closer to them.

“I don’t know, Gin, Snape said he needed to see us. I was on my way to the Great Hall when he stopped me.”

“Follow me, both of you,” Snape instructed and again walked away.

Ginny looked at Ron and rolled her eyes. Man, I wish Dumbledore would return and fire this fool. She thought. They followed Snape to the Headmaster's office and noticed the many changes since
Snape took over as Headmaster. Ginny looked around the office and noticed that the pictures were all asleep. Ginny was getting annoyed with the older man and wanted to know why the hell the vampire wanted to see her and Ron.

“What did you want us for, Snape?” Ron asked echoing her thoughts. “Make it quick. I’m hungry.”

“That’s Headmaster to you, Mr. Weasley.” Snape corrected. “And you would do well to watch your tone.”

“Whatever,” Ron sassed. “Why did you want to see us, anyway?”

“It’s about your parents,” Snape began, and that got Ginny and Ron’s attention.

“What about our parents?!” Ron demanded.

“They are dead.”

Both Ron and Ginny gasped and turned when they heard Harry’s voice enter the Headmaster’s office.

“What do you mean they are dead!?” Ginny demanded. Tears started welling in her eyes. “I don’t believe you. You’re lying!”

“H... how did they die?” Ron stuttered.

“Fire, someone set the Burrow on fire while they were asleep,” Harry answered.

Ginny could not believe it. Her heart started to beat faster, and her legs became weak. Her knees buckled, and she fell to the ground as tears poured down her cheeks, she was an orphan. Her parents were gone.

“I assure you, Mr. Weasley, he’s telling the truth,” Ginny heard Snape respond to Ron’s outburst. Ginny heard papers rustling and then a gasp. She lifted her head and looked up at Ron, who was looking at the same paper that Lavender was reading a few minutes ago at the Gryffindor table.

“But that can’t be right, how can they be dead?” Ron asked his head was shaking in disbelieving what he heard. “Who could have done this?!?” He asked. Ginny watched as anger washed over Ron’s expression. “It was you!” He yelled, pointing at Harry, who looked down at the ground then back at Ron.

“As much as I hate you and your mother for what you did to me, I had no ill will against your father.”

“Then...then you did kill them!” Ron accused.

“No, Ron I did not kill your parents. Am I sorry that they are dead? In some ways, I’m not. Like I said before Arthur did not do anything outwardly to me. But at the same time, he did not try to stop your mother or you and Ginny for what you planned to do to me.”

Ginny watched and listened to the way Harry was talking, and she observed that he had indeed changed. He was talking as if he had never sat at their dinner table and ate a meal with them. Or even laughed with them or spent the night in their home.

“When did you become this person?” Ginny asked speaking up for the first time since finding out about her parents’ death. “What happened to the Harry Potter I knew?”
Harry walked over to Ginny and kneeled so that they were at eye level. “Shouldn’t I be asking you that question, Ginny? After all, it was part of your plan to keep me ignorant so that you and your mother could con me into marrying you and then kill me for my money.” He touched her chin gently lifting her head. “As for who killed your parents. Witnesses placed you and Ron at the scene, leaving the Burrow.”

Ginny and Ron gasped just as there was a knock at the door. “Come in,” Ginny heard Snape ordered. Her mind was reeling from what Harry just said.

_How can anyone believe Ron and I killed our parents?_

“How could you!” Ginny heard Charlie screamed. Ginny expected him to go to Harry and accused him of killing their parents, but instead, he went to Ron and grabbed him by the collar of his robes. “Why Ron? Why did you do it?” Ginny looked up in shock as Charlie accosted Ron, shaking him as tears ran down his cheeks. “I know that we did not have much and they gave you everything they could afford. Why would you kill them?” Charlie pulled one of his hands back and punched Ron squarely in the jaw. Ron’s head went back, and Charlie looked as if he was about to punch Ron again.

“Why won’t you believe us? We didn’t do it!” Ginny yelled, finally getting off the floor. “It wasn’t us!” She yelled, trying to defend both her and Ron. Charlie paused and looked at her. There was anger and murderous intent in his eyes it chilled Ginny to her core.

“You’re lying,” it was only then Ginny realized Bill was in the Headmaster’s office. His voice shook with anger as he spoke. “The Aurors found your magical signatures when they investigated. And there was a witness that saw you both running away from the Burrow laughing.” Tears were streaming down his cheeks as well. “I hate you both!” he screamed.

“We will never forgive you both for this,” the Twins said together.

Ginny was shaking her head. Her mouth tried to form words to plead their case. Her brothers had to be lying. She was in her rooms all night. She remembered requesting a cup of hot chocolate and drinking it before bed.

“I never left my room!” She screamed, getting everyone’s attention. “I stayed in bed after I finished my homework and had a cup of hot chocolate. I couldn’t have done it.”

“That’s not true, Ginny,” Ginny gasped when Luna walked into the room. There was a bandage wrapped around her left eye, and her arm was in a wrap. “Last night I tried to stop you and Ron from leaving school grounds,” Luna whispered.

“Luna, are you alright?” Harry whispered to her.

She nodded, “I tried to stop them from leaving, Harry. But...but they broke out in a sickening laughter as if they were possessed or something. Ron grabbed my arm and broke it. He laughed as he did it. I was in so much pain. He threw me to the ground and Ginny kicked me in my eye. I pretended to be unconscious until I was sure they were gone. I had just enough strength to crawl to the infirmary where I passed out at the entrance. When I woke up, the Headmaster was sitting at my bedside.”

As Luna spoke, images flashed through Ginny’s mind, and she was witnessing all the things that she did. “Oh Merlin, we did it,” she covered her mouth and doubled over as more tears rolled down her cheeks. She grabbed onto the chair as she chanted. “We did it, oh no, we killed our parents, Ron.”
“I know, Ginny,” Ron whispered beside her. “I remember everything. Oh, gods, we killed our parents. What were we thinking?”

“Was that enough evidence for you?” She heard Snape asked. Ginny looked up immediately just in time to see Lucius Malfoy walk into the Headmaster's office. Before she could react to seeing Malfoy’s smug face. Her brother Percy walked in followed by Tonks and Kingsley. Percy was visibly crying. And it broke her heart that her brother heard everything she admitted to doing. Percy looked away from both Ginny and Ron. She could tell he was angry and disappointed in them. Percy was the only brother that did not say anything to her and Ron.

*He will never forgive me. None of them will.*

“Yes, it was a confession of their own free will,” one of the Kingsley stated.

“They were not coerced to confess,” the other Tonks added.

“Then I as the Minister of Magic, authorize you to arrest them and take them to Azkaban to be given the kiss for double homicide,” Lucius instructed.

“Don’t they deserve a trial, at least?” Percy whispered.

“No, they’ve admitted their wrongdoing, one witness has given her statement, and I’m sure the others will as well,” Lucius answered. “A trial would be unnecessary at this point.”

Ginny gasped again, and her mind went blank. She could not feel anything or hear anyone speaking around her. She was going to die, and no one was coming to save her. Dumbledore disappeared, and her brothers had now turned their backs on her and Ron.

“Yes, Sir,” they said together. Kingsley walk over to Ron and Tonks walked over to her and pulled her roughly out of the chair she was sitting in. She stopped crying, but tears still streaked her cheeks.

“We need your wands,” one of the Aurors said to them. *Wands maybe there is a chance, and we could get out of here.* As if seeing something on her face. “I wouldn’t try anything stupid,” she heard the disgust in his tone, and she was sure he would not think twice, killing her or Ron if they bat even an eye in his direction.

Ginny reached for her wand that was in the front pocket of her robes. She noticed Ron was reaching his as well. Before she could point the wand at the Auror in front of her and to try for an attack, there was a sharp pressure on her back.

“I wouldn’t try it if I were you,” Ginny turned around to see Harry standing behind her. She slowly turned her head to the other side to see Lucius Malfoy standing behind Ron with his walking stick pointed at the back of Ron’s head.

With shaking hands, she gave Tonks, her wand who happily took it and before she could breathe or say a word. Tonks snapped it in two throwing the broken pieces to the floor. Tonks reached into his pocket and placed magical cuffs on her wrist. Through the entire ordeal, Tonks never spoke or looked her in the face. Tonks' cheeks were flushed red, and Ginny knew she had disappointed the woman she once called a friend. When the magical cuffs clapsed on her wrist. Ginny closed her eyes as he felt most of her magic draining from its core and going to the cuffs. She was nothing more than a squib now. She turned around, and she faced her brothers and the rest of the room.

“I’m so sorry, I... I don’t know why we did it...”
“Save your apologies, Ginny,” Bill said to her. “As the oldest Weasley, you are no longer known as Ginevra Weasley and Ronald Weasley.”

“No...no...no,” Ginny chanted, “Please don’t do it, Bill, please don’t disown us.” She begged. Ron was quiet as if he was still shocked by what was happening.

Bill ignored her and continued to speak. “I strike your name from the family tree. You will die nameless and without a family. So shall it be on this day.”

Ginny’s body sagged and was caught by the Auror as she felt the magical vow washed over her. There was nothing else that she could do or say. My life is over, was her last thought before her world went dark.

**GR**GR**GR**GR**GR**

“Are you sure there is nothing, leading back to you?” Harry asked Luna.

“I’m positive. Both of their magical signatures were the only ones that Tonks and Kingsley found. And a very reliable another eyewitness.” Luna answered.

“Are you going to tell them?” He asked her.

“No, I don’t think they will forgive if they know of my involvement,” Luna whispered. “But I needed their influence away from my lovers, especially Molly.”

“I wished Arthur was not in the house at the time. But I understand why you did what you had to.” He told her. “It will remain between the two of us.”

“Thank you, Harry.”

“Luna, there is no need to thank me, your secrets are safe with me,” Harry told her.

“What about your bruises?” He asked her.

“My arm is fully healed, already,” she answered.

“Why did you have to go so far? Couldn’t you have just kept it at a black eye?” Harry shook his head. “Sometimes I think you should have been a Slytherin and not a Ravenclaw.

“It’s more convincing this way, and I would have made a terrible Slytherin. It’s more fun to make everyone think you’re crazy. After all, they’ve believed it so far.” Luna told him. “There is one more thing I need to do.”

“How long will you be gone?” Harry asked her. He did not need to ask her where she was going.

“It should only take me an hour or so,” she answered.

“Then I will wait here for you.”

With that, she apparated away from his side.
Luna apparated into Azkaban and walked up to Ginny’s cell. The Dementors flying inside and around the Island would never feel her presence. She was sitting in the dark and crying. Luna wanted to feel sorry for her, but she knew what would have happened if Ginny was able to follow through with her plans. Luna made a vow to protect Harry and Neville with the power she was given by Hogwarts herself. Luna waved, and the bars disappeared, allowing her to step in. Ginny did not move or acknowledged her presence. Luna stood in the dark observing Ginny for a few minutes. She could tell that Ginny was afraid of being in Azkaban a place where evil come to die. Yet, oddly Luna felt safe a comforted, being surrounded by the stench of death.

“Hello Ginny,” Luna said getting her attention.

Luna watched as Ginny squinted and searched through the darkness trying to figure out who had spoken to her. Luna closed her eyes and let the light inside of her shined through her, bright enough for Ginny to see her face. Ginny gasped in surprise when she realized who was standing in her cell.

“What are you doing here? How did you get in here?” She looked away then whispered. “Why are you here, Luna? Did you come to gloat or confess your sins?”

“I think you already know the answer to that,” Luna responded.

“Gloat it is then,” Ginny answered, Luna, did not give credence to her comment. She leered at Luna for a few minutes before she spoke again. “It was you wasn’t it?” She asked, looking back at Luna.

“What do you think I did?” Luna asked for clarification.

Tears rolled down Ginny’s cheeks. She stood to her feet and motion to jump at Luna, but it seemed she thought better of it. Ginny started shouting in Luna’s direction. “Why Luna?! Why would you do that to me? To us! What have we done to you?!”

“You hurt someone I care about,” Luna answered calmly to Ginny hysterics.

Ginny scoffed. “You would do anything for him, won’t you?” She asked sitting back down

“Yes,” Luna answered honestly and without a second thought.

“You sound as if you’re in love with him,” Ginny commented, shaking her head regaining her composure.

“To you, it would seem that way. But I admire him, and he accepts and sees me for who I am. Warts and all.” Luna answered.

Ginny looked away from Luna. “You really have everyone fooled, don’t you? You certainly played me for one.”

Luna sat down getting ready to hear when Ginny had to say. “Aw, you sound as if you admire me, Ginny. I’m touched, truly,” she placed a hand on her chest tilting her head to the side giving Ginny the most innocent look.

“That wasn’t a compliment, you bint. Everyone believes you are some simple minded girl, with an
innocent look, and a sweet voice. But they are wrong. I have just one question. Why? Why did you do it?"

“You’ve asked me that, already,” Luna sighed and shook her head a bit irritated by the other girl's stupidity at not seeing the reason why she was in Azkaban. “However, I’m feeling generous, so I guess I can answer your question. It’s not as simple as you might believe, Ginny. You and other’s like you only saw him as a pawn in your little game of chess. But I saw him as the highest piece, on the board and the one others underestimate. You did not take into account his feelings or what he would have to sacrifice. All you saw was your survival, but not his. When you look at him, or even now when you think about him. You don’t see a person. You don’t see someone in need of love and compassion. You saw a means to an end of your pathetic existence.”

“I guess you see things differently?” Ginny snapped looking back at her. “Everyone is useable. Every piece on the chessboard is expendable.”

“Except for the Queen.”

“You think that highly of him?” Ginny asked.

“Yes,” Luna answered again without a thought.

“You’re a fool,” Ginny whispered. “Harry is not the Queen you make him out to be. He’s weak.”

“That may be true,” Luna told her. “Do you have any regrets for the way you used him?” Ginny looked away, and Luna thought she reached her with that question. “You broke his heart, Ginny.”

“I did no such thing!” Ginny yelled. “He was never in love with me.”

“How would you know?” Luna knew that would take Ginny down a notch evidenced by the shocked expression on her face. Luna looked around the dirty prison cell. “Did you have one ounce of affection for him?” She asked. Luna felt her anger rising to the surface. She wanted to remain calm.

“Weren’t you the one that told me how I saw him? Why ask me that question now?”

“I wanted to see if you were redeemable, but from our conversation, I know that you’re not,” Luna answered.

They were quiet for a few minutes before Ginny spoke up, “When I was younger I did have a crush on him. That part was not a lie. But the more I grew up I realized that if I could get him to love me, I would never be poor again. I could have separated myself from the gutter that was my living situation. The more my mother and Dumbledore talked the more I understood they saw him the same way as I did. A better means to an end.” She looked at Luna. “You asked me if I cared for him, or if I had any affection for him. Any care I had for him died the second I realized how much he was worth. I lusted after him, who didn’t? He is sexy and has that innocent boy next door look. But knew I could never have loved him. But I never hated him.”

Luna stared at her, “You allowed your greed to cloud your judgment.”

“What do you get out of all of this? He’s already with someone so why are you doing this, Luna? Does he leave Draco’s bed and slips into yours? Is that why you are so loyal to him?”

Luna’s eyes widen in shock before she burst out in laughter. “You... think... Harry and I are sleeping together?” Luna asked, still laughing at Ginny’s ridiculous questions. She stopped laughing, and her expression sobered. “Your very presence disgusts me,” Luna whispered, still
trying to hold on to her anger. “Is that all you think about? What you can get from another person? In this case, Harry.” Luna shook her head in utter disappointment. “If only you paid attention to other people in your life you would realize that Harry and I are just friends. He is my brother, you simpleton. And, as much as Fred and George love and respect Harry, I find it very hard they would stand idly by with me leaving their bed to join Harry’s. They are very possessive of me, a trait I find enjoyable in my loves,” Luna said with a dreamy smile on her face.

Ginny gasped, and her eyes widened, “Fred and George.”

“Yes, they are my lovers, and we’ve been together for quite some time, now. Three years to be exact.”

“But...but how, when?” Ginny asked disbelievingly.

“While you and a few members of your family were busy chasing after Harry’s gold, your brothers and I have been busy loving each other.” Luna smiled. “They are, let’s just say they keep me filled with the love and I have no room for another.” Luna got up and walked over to Ginny leaning down and whispered in her ear, “They are beautiful together as well, I love watching them when they make love to each other.”

Ginny made a choking sound, and Luna wondered what could be causing it. She leaned back and realized she had her hand pressing on Ginny’s neck. “I hadn’t planned on killing you yet, I wanted to torture you a bit, but my body has other plans.” Luna’s hand tightened on Ginny’s jugular watching as her facial expression changed. Luna did not take pleasure in killing. But in this case, she found exhilaration in it. *It feels so good to be so bad, even for a minute.* Most would believe she was wrong for being judge, jury, and executioner. But no one messed with her family. No one had the right to take advantage of the brother who saw more in her than some girl who saw the world through different color eyes. Ginny struggled to try to pull Luna’s hand from her neck. But Luna was stronger. Tears and snot poured from her eyes and nose. Leaning closer, she whispered in Ginny’s ear, “It’s okay, don’t struggle anymore. Let me ease your pain.” Luna put her other hand on the back of Ginny’s head and the other on her chin snapping her neck. She released Ginny, and her body fell to the cot. Waving her second wand, that would leave no magical trace because it was not registered. Luna cleaned the cell making sure there were no traces that she was there she apparated out of the cell the same way she came. It was better to let the Dementors give Ron the kiss. No one would question how Ginny died.

When she returned to Hogwarts, Harry was waiting for her in the same spot. He was on the couch in his office sleeping. She walked over to him and kissed him on his forehead. “Rest well, big brother. I am here to protect you always.” Harry smiled in his sleep, and she suspected he heard her. Luna walked out of the room, leaving him to continue his nap.

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Harry snuggled against his pillow that he had placed under his head while he took a nap on the couch waiting for Luna to return. His eyebrows creased together when the pillow felt harder than he remembered it being. A deep familiar chuckle reached his ears. Harry relaxed his facial expression. “Draco,” he whispered.

“I didn’t mean to wake you,” his mate told him.
“How long have you been asleep?” He asked opening his eyes.

“I’m not sure, but I became worried when you did not show up for dinner.” Draco said.

“Damn, I must have been exhausted to have slept that long.”

They entered their bedroom, and Draco laid him down on the bed. He was about to leave when Harry grabbed onto the sleeve of his shirt.

“Do you have anywhere to be?” He asked, looking up at his mate.

“Nowhere important,” Draco whispered.

Harry got to his knees and pressed his body against Draco’s. He kissed the side of his mate’s neck moving up to his ear. “Make love to me.”

Draco pulled Harry’s head back. “You never have to ask, not anymore.”

Draco bent his head connecting their lips together. Their kiss started out slow and sensual. Draco’s hands roamed seductively over Harry’s body, grabbing his arse and bringing their cocks closer together. Harry pulled back from their kiss, breathing heavily.

“I don’t want gently right now, Draco. I don’t want you to hold back. Love me and love me hard.”

Draco pushed him back, and Harry fell to the bed on his back. “Strip for me,” he instructed. Harry went to wave his hand getting rid of their clothes when Draco stopped him. “No magic,” He sat in the chair giving him a perfect view of Harry and the bed. Harry licked his lips, and he felt the change in the atmosphere. Draco unbuttoned his shirt, leaving it open, and Harry couldn’t help but admired his dominant’s torso. “Stop stalling and strip for me or face the consequences.”

“Who knew...” Harry said, getting off the bed. Draco raised his eyebrows in question. Harry kneeled in front of his mate and ran his palms up Draco’s legs and rubbed his hand on his mate’s erection. “You could be so forceful.”

Draco grabbed Harry by his ponytail pulling his head back. Draco leaned forward and licked from Harry’s right clavicle to his right ear. Harry hissed when Draco bit on his earlobe. “You really are testing my patience, love.” Draco went back to his neck and bit down hard without piercing his skin. Harry moaned, holding onto the back of Draco’s head. He felt his mate sucking on his skin and wanted more, so much more. He was about to undo the fastenings on his pants and pull out his cock when a hand stopped him. “Don’t deny me my pleasure,” Draco pulled back and looked into Harry’s eyes. “Don’t let me repeat myself, Submissive. Strip for me. Show me how to touch your body. Teach me how to make love to your body,” Draco whispered. Harry heard the catch in his voice.

This time Harry did not argue or stall for more time. He backed away, and Draco released the hold on his hair and his hand. Harry stood to his feet and slowly backed up until his shins hit the edge of the bed. Draco leaned back and caressed his chest never taking his eyes off Harry.

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Harry pulled his shirt from his pants. He was about to unbutton his shirt when he watched Draco pulled out his wand reaching over and tapped the wireless radio sitting on the table not far from him. A sultry tune came on, he then leaned further and threw something on the ground and tapped his wand on it three times. The object transfigured into a pole going from the ground to the ceiling. Draco placed his wand on the table and looked back at Harry. “Dance for me, baby.”

Harry looked at Draco shocked. His mate had a very relaxed expression on his face and body. He’d
never seen Draco this authoritative, and he blushed at how secretly he loved it. Harry closed his eyes and let the beat of the song guide him. He had never done anything like this before and had always thought he had two left feet. But he wanted to make Draco happy, and it was only the two of them, he could be as slutty as he wanted to. He could let his imagination take hold of things he’d only thought of doing. Harry listened to the words of the song, and he felt exactly how the singer felt.

*I just wanna show you how much I appreciate you, yes*

*I wanna show you how much I'm dedicated to you, yes*

*I wanna show you how much I will forever be true, yes*

Harry felt his hips start moving side to side in tune with the slow and seductively gyrating it to the beat. Slowly he caressed his thighs with one hand while the other gently roamed over his chest and nipples. Harry licked his lips; when Draco cleared his throat, his eyes snapped open. Harry did not know what to expect to see in Draco’s eyes, but lust was not one of them, and it spurned him on. Harry sat on the bed, putting his weight on his elbows and bending his legs leaving them open. He pivoted his hips pumping it in the air. He never took his eyes off his mate. Watching as Draco tried to hold onto his restraint.

*I wanna show you how much you got your baby feeling good, oh, yes*

*I wanna show you how much, how much you understood, oh, yes*

*I wanna show you how much I value what you say,*

Harry smiled when Draco tried but failed to shift his erection. Feeling more confident, he slid down the bed like a snake going to his hands and knees and crawled over to his mate like a panther who had caught its prey. He gently placed his hand on Draco’s thighs and opened them wider. He danced to the beat between Draco’s legs, dipping his head and simulating giving a blowjob without actually touching Draco with his lips.

*Not only are you loyal, you’re patient with me babe, oh, yes*

*I wanna show you how much I really care about your heart,*

*I wanna show you how much I hate being apart, oh, yes*

*Show you, show you, show you, till you through with me,*

*I wanna keep it how it is so you can never say how it used to be!*

Harry felt his body begin to heat up and realized that Draco was not the only one that was getting
turned on by the dance. Draco reached down to touch him, and Harry backed away quickly going to his knees. He moved his body to the beat mimicking a snake as he moved his torso back, letting the crown of his head touch the floor. As he was coming back up, Harry shimmied out of his shirt. Going back to his hands and knees, he crawled over to the transfigured pole, moving his body to the beat of the music. Once he was next to the pole, he reached up with one hand and held onto it and leaned back letting his other hand support him. He gyrated his hips against the pole for a few seconds before leaning closer and licked the pole keeping his eyes on his mate. Draco’s breathing changed. His eyes were filled with lust, Harry smelled his mate's arousal from the short distance and reveled in it. He was causing such reaction from the man he loved.

_Loving you is really all that's on my mind_

_And I can't help but to think about it day and night,_

_I wanna make that body rock_

_Sit back and watch!

Harry wrapped the closest leg around the pole and twirled around the pole before standing in front of it. Then grabbing it with both arms and bounced up and down the pole to the beat opening and closing his legs.

_Tonight I'm gonna dance for you, oh-oh_
_Tonight I'm gonna dance for you, oh-oh_
_Tonight I'm gonna put my body on your body_

_Boy I like it when you watch me, ah_
_Tonight it's going down_
_I'll be rocking on my babe, rocking, rocking on my babe,_

_Swirlin' on my babe, swirlin', swirlin' on my babe_

_Baby let me put my body on your body_

_Promise not to tell nobody_

_'Cause it's 'bout to go down!

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_Fuck, when and where the hell did Harry get those moves from?_ Draco was slowly going out of his mind watching Harry dance for him. His eyes have not stopped watching every movement of
his mate’s body. Draco completely forgot about the music that was playing and watched as Harry’s body told him a story. Harry walked away from the pole and followed as he walked up to him and stood between his parted legs. Harry placed his hands on his hips and slowly worked his jeans down his waist, revealing tantalizing flesh while he continued to gyrate to the music. Draco licks his lips, anticipating tasting Harry’s delectable skin. His eyes widened in shock when he realized Harry went commando.

*Holy shit!*  

Harry kicked his jeans and shoes off, then placed his hands on either side of Draco’s shoulder. He climbed up on top of the chair pivoting his crotch in Draco’s face. The heady smell of sweat and arousal hit Draco’s nose, and he could feel his canines extending. He reached up and grabbed hold of Harry’s slick wet legs, he opened his lips to take Harry’s cock in his mouth when he was grabbed by his hair, and his head roughly pulled back. Draco let his eyes travel up Harry’s body, taking in his mate’s toned abs up to his peaked nipples ending on his beautiful face. Without thinking, Draco stood with Harry in his arms. The hand in his hair loosened and slim, muscular legs automatically wrapped around his waist.

“Did you have fun?” Draco asked with a raised eyebrow.  

Harry smiled, and Draco could see the tip of Harry’s canines. “If it gets you to do what I want, then yeah, I had fun.”  

“After I fuck you into submission I want you to tell me where you learned how to move your body like that.”  

“Why Draco,” Harry said with a smile on his face as he grabbed onto the back of Draco’s head. “You sound positively jealous.”  

Draco growled, thinking that someone else might have seen his mate’s body move and contort to the rhythm of the music. Draco raised one of his hands and slapped Harry hard on his arse. The smile was erased from his mate’s face, and in turn, a look of submission replaced it. “Mine,” Draco growled.

Harry was breathing heavily, his eyes blown with lust he licked lips before answering. “Yes, yours.” Draco felt Harry’s erection rubbing on his stomach leaving trails of precum. “Take me,” he bit his bottom lip, staring at Draco with overwhelming lust.

He threw Harry on the bed. Draco closed his eyes taking a deep breath. His clothes slowly melted away from his body. When he opened his eyes, Harry was staring at him with one hand on his cock. “Get on your hands and knees,” Draco whispered. Harry eagerly did what Draco wanted. Draco looked at the beautiful arse in front of him. He grabbed onto Harry’s hips, pulling his mate’s closer to him. He sandwiched his cock in between Harry’s cheeks, moving his erection up and down, leaving trails of his own precum. He raised one of his hands and smacked Harry on his arse once again, then rubbed the hot, pink flesh. His mate moaned and rocked his hips back on Draco’s erection. Draco smacked Harry twice more on the same cheek, and this time Harry grunted and widened his legs.

“Fuck, Draco,” he grunted.  

“Like that, do you?”  

“Yes!” Harry answered. “Punish me some more.”
“What did you do wrong that warrants severe punishment, my naughty submissive?” Draco asked as he smacked Harry hard on his other arse cheek. Harry moaned and wiggled his arse one more time. Draco smacked his arse again. “Answer me, Submissive,” he ground out as he pivoted his hips, rubbing his very hard and leaking erection against Harry’s pulsating and waiting hole.

“Oh, Merlin,” Harry moaned.

Draco chuckled and leaned down to whisper into Harry’s ear. “Not even the great Merlin, can help you now. Confess your sins, love.” Draco scrapped his canine hard across Harry’s shoulder without breaking the skin. Harry hissed and arched his back. Their sweat soaked skin clung together, and Draco used Harry’s lust induced haze to his advantage. He knew he was not going to get an answer from Harry, and truth be told he was not ready to hear what secrets Harry was keeping from him that day. He wanted to pleasure his mate before dealing with anything that would hamper their current mood. Draco leaned back and reached for the oil sitting on top the bedside table. He drizzled some on Harry’s tailbone and watched as it traveled and disappeared between the equally red twin globes. He did the same to his erection, soaking the shaft of his erection. He pumped his cock, getting it as wet as possible before positioning it at Harry’s wet rosebud. Slowly, he pushed the head of his penis in teasing Harry and was pleased when Harry’s body shiver before pulling out.

“Please, Dray, don’t tease me, I need to feel you inside me,” Harry begged.

Draco chuckled and ignored his mate’s pleading and did the same thing three more times, loosening Harry’s sweet hole to accommodate his girth. “Such pretty words, you excite me when I hear you beg for my cock. Such a needy little thing you are for me.” The fourth time he entered Harry he stillled his movement, rubbing circles on Harry’s back, waiting for his mate to tell him it was okay to move. Harry nodded his head, and Draco pushed further into Harry, watching his mate’s reaction. “Fuck, you’re tight and warm,” he grunted. “Love being inside of you. Shit, you feel so damn good.”

Harry whimpered and reached back with one of his hands to grab onto one of Draco’s legs as he guided his cock fully into Harry. Draco didn’t move his hips. He needed time to regain his composure. Being inside of his mate, he wanted to cum and fill his mate with his seed. The need to impregnate Harry was stronger now than the first time they made love.

“Draco, please, move. I need to feel you stretching me.”

Draco pulled back as far as he could go, leaving the head of his cock in before slamming back into Harry. Draco ground his cock inside Harry each time he slammed back in. His movements started picking up speed. He reached down and separated Harry’s arse and watched as his cock moved in and out of his mate. Loving the feeling of possession washed over him. Hearing his mate, beg and plead for more and harder. He felt like a man possessed by love and lust. More sweat coated his body as he worked harder to give his mate the pleasure he asked for. He remembered Harry’s earlier request to fuck him hard so that he would feel owned by him. Draco’s nails dug into Harry’s arse more the harder he pumped into his mate.

“Yes, you like that?” Draco asked, knowing he would not get an answer. He loved fucking his mate into confusion. There was not greater power than having his mate supple body under him. Draco braced his knees against the bed and plowed harder into Harry, he wanted his mate to feel him for days and remember who he belonged to.

“Yes...yes...fuck me…” Harry panted. “Make...me..feel..it…”

Harry reached down to grab his cock and Draco smacked him hard on his arse stopping him.
“Don’t touch what’s mine!” He demanded as he felt his balls begin to tighten and knew he was close to coming. He could also tell that Harry was close. “Cum with me, baby. Tighten your pretty arse around my cock.” He grunted when Harry followed his direction, and he felt the tightening of Harry’s walls squeezing tightly around his cock. He couldn’t hold on any longer. “Shit!” He yelled as he spurted in Harry’s arse coating his walls with his seed. Harry was not that far from coming. His hips stuttered, and he yelled out Draco’s name coming soaking the sheets beneath him. They were both moaning loudly after they came unable to utter a word in their pleasurable state. Draco released Harry’s arse and rested his head on Harry’s shoulder, breathing heavily. His legs weakened, and he fell forward with Harry lying underneath him. He felt his cock soften and slip from Harry's arse. He placed gentle kisses on Harry’s shoulder and back as they both tried to regain their breath. Draco opened his eyes. He did not remember closing them until he heard Harry groan. It’s wasn’t a pleasurable one at that, which got Draco’s attention.

“I’m in the wet spot,” Harry complained.

Draco could not help it. He burst out in laughter and rolled off Harry’s back, only to have his mate jump on top of him.

“It’s not funny, Dray.” Harry pouted.

Reaching up, he grabbed Harry by the back of his neck and pulled him down for a quick kiss. “Next time you can put me in the wet spot,” Draco said with a smile against Harry’s lips.

Harry raised his head and looked down at him. “Are you saying what I think you’re saying.”

“I might be your dominant, Harry. But we are equals in every regard, and I won’t mind feeling that nice meat you have between your legs pounding inside of me.”

“Well then, things just got very interesting.” Harry smiled and ground his cock against Draco’s.

“It most certainly did,” Draco said, wiggling his eyebrows.

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Tom stood at his window looking out at nothing in particular. He had always prided himself on being an intelligent being. Yet, lately, he could not help but think that maybe he had made too many mistakes along the way. The tides were changing for the better, but not in his direction. He could no longer think about the what if’s. Tom knew he was going to lose. His best witches and wizards were no longer on his side. Lucius was named Minister of Magic and Tom had no idea how his underlying managed such a coup without his help or him being aware of it. It was always his plan to have Lucius be the Minister of Magic and him being the king of the Wizarding world.

Was I foolish in my plans? That blasted boy! How could I have underestimated him?

Tom turned away from the window over to his desk and swiped the contents completely off the desk in anger. He wanted to scream at his stupidity. Dumbledore should have been his enemy. Tom was angry that he was still nursing a broken heart after all this time and it clouded his main agenda. He wished so many times he could rip his heart out and never have to deal with the pain of letting it rule his life. He did not want to love only be to worshiped. He knew of the strong affection Bellatrix had for him, and in need of a companion, he used her body not caring if he broke her heart by not returning her affection. But her death hit him harder than he thought possible. He wanted
revenge from the person who killed his most trusted lieutenant. He wanted revenge from whom turned Lucius and Severus away from him. The need to kill ran through his blood. *Harry Potter will die a painful death!* He toyed and played with Potter when he should have killed him long ago. He was sure that his Horcruxes were safe and that Potter had no knowledge of them. He believed Dumbledore died never knowing Tom’s true power. It made him wonder who was the wizard powerful enough to kill the almighty Dumbledore. He was certain it was not Potter. The boy was loyal to Dumbledore and worshiped the ground he walked on. Tom saw it for himself on the night of the Ministry. He saw how devoted Potter was. Tom could feel his anger continue to boil to the surface that once again someone else took something from him. He wanted to be the man to finally see the light fade from Dumbledore’s eyes. Tom wanted to kill that person more than anything else.

There was a knock at his door, “Come!” he yelled, pushing his hair out of his face.

Wormtail opened the door and slunk his way in. Tom wanted to kill the rat, but knew that he needed him. The man was disgusting and vile, and that was only with his appearance. He smelled from not cleansing himself in months. But Tom could not deny that the rat wasn’t loyal. He betrayed his friends to simply kiss the hem of his robes. It was the only reason he kept Wormtail around.

“What is it, Wormtail?” Tom demanded.

“T...the…” Wormtail stuttered, and Tom rolled his eyes.

“Spit it out!” He was not in the mood to pacify the damn rat.

“The Death Eaters are here, my Lord,” he rushed out.

“Good, I will be there in a few minutes. Now leave me.”

Wormtail left the same way he came, leaving behind the stench of death. Tom waved his hand, and all the contents went back to his desk neatly. He needed to be calm when he stood in front of his Death Eaters. He was not going to wait any longer. They will begin their attack soon. And soon all who betrayed him will die. He smiled at the thought. A war was about to begin, and in the end, he will be the victor. It’s time to change the tides back in his favor. He walked into his throne room and stood before his followers. Their numbers were dwindling which saddened him greatly.

“McNair, Nott, Avery, Rabastian, and Rudolphus come to me.” The five men stepped from the ranks and stood in front of him. He pulled out his wand and neither man flinched, which made him mentally smile. They were not afraid to die for him and by his hand. He waved his wand muttering an incantation testing their loyalty to him. When neither man fell to their deaths once he was finished, he was satisfied. “Hold out your wands,” he instructed. Instantly, the men took out their wands and held it in front of them. “You are now my lieutenants, my eyes, and ears. You will stand with me as we reign terror on those that oppose us. You will reek havoc and chaos in my name. And you will kill those who defy me!” The tips of their wands begin to glow as spoke. Their death eaters masks appeared on the new lieutenant's faces with different symbols distinguishing their higher status in rank. He walked over to the first man and pulled up his sleeve touching his wand to the mark adding a sword and a shield to the first man. On the second man, he received two swords and a shield. Tom did this to the other lieutenants as well. He ignored their screams of pain, but neither man stopped him from his task of marking them further. The swords are a representation not only of their rank and authority over the other followers. His five lieutenants will be his strongest defenders. The shields will protect him from his foes in every regard. Tom looked out at the rest of his followers. “It is our time, my followers; time for us to take what is ours! Dumbledore is dead and no longer stands in our way. We will show the light that we will not be toyed with. We
will not longer bend to their will or hide who we are. The dark will prevail!”

The entire room erupted in a thunderous cheer hearing the words of their Lord.

“My lieutenants turn and face your army.” The five men turned and looked at the men and women standing before them. “It is time we end this war with a victory for the dark!” Tom yelled.

The five men held up the glowing wands, and the rest of the room joined in. Tom smiled, he was feeling better about their outcome being in their favor. *Harry Potter will definitely die by my hands.*

**GR**GR**GR**GR**GR**

Four weeks later, Harry and the rest of his family were sitting at their round table reading through the reports of the attacks happening around the Wizarding world. Harry knew that Voldemort was taunting him, attempting to force him into the open. With Lucius now the Minister of Magic, he was able to alert most of the Ambassadors and helped them save as many of their people as possible. There will be death in a war such as this. By now Voldemort was well aware the Severus and Lucius were no longer on his side. Harry knew what kind of game Voldemort was playing and knew the man was saving England for last. The fight was coming to Hogwarts, Harry felt it deep in his bones. He wanted to pluck Harry’s allies down one by one. But Harry had a trick up his sleeve that he was saving for the very end. They had found the Horcruxes and had them in a safe area. Harry and his circle could not believe that the rest was in plain sight, so to speak. Narcissa was able to get into Bellatrix’s vault after they explained what they were looking for and retrieved Helga Hufflepuff’s Cup. Because Bellatrix had included Narcissa as an authorized person who could enter her vaults, the goblins did not question her entering the vault. That was the easiest one along with Marvolo Gaunt’s Ring that Severus found while he was cleaning out things in Dumbledore’s old desk.

The third easy piece to find was the locket. Harry told Sirius the story of how much Kreacher agonized that he did not finish his master’s bidding. He told him how much he hated calling the old grouchy elf to ask him if he knew about the locket which he had and that Harry had to practically force the elf to give him the locket. After explaining that everything to his godfather, that Kreacher asked to reassigned. Sirius thought it would be hilarious to call the grouchy elf to scare the shit out of him. Kreacher, literally almost had a heart attack at how shocked to see Sirius alive. The poor elf who was less grouchy from the last time Harry saw him. The poor elf screeched and buried his face behind his floppy ears when Sirius popped out of his hiding space. It took Harry and the rest of the group to calm poor Kreacher down. Harry wanted to wait until his godfather was healthier to announce that Sirius was alive. They crafted a story that Sirius went undercover to work for Voldemort, but had to go into hiding after his cover was blown. They also wanted to capture, Wormtail to show proof that Sirius did not betray or kill his best friends. Sirius had to force himself to apologize and be kind to the elf, Kreacher, thanking him for giving up the locket that his last master gave. He wondered why all the Horcruxes were easy to find. The only thing that came to mind was that Dumbledore was going to hide and use the pieces as a way of testing him. The same way he did when Harry was in the second year. Lucius told Harry he had no idea how he came into possession of the diary and the reason he placed it in Arthur Weasley’s care. He remembered having a conversation with Dumbledore, and that was all.

The last piece will prove harder for them to find or capture. Nagini. The snake was always at Voldemort’s side, according to Severus. The Rowena Ravenclaw’s Diadem was also proving to be another hard object to find. He was not worried; he knew sooner or later he would find it. But
Harry would rather find it now than later. Neville got up with Blaise at his side. Blaise was starting to show, and it brought a smile to his face. His brother was going to be a father. Remus was due any day which was one of the main reasons Severus did not want to leave his mate’s side and spy for the Light any longer. Speaking of which the remaining members of the Order of the Phoenix, save for Kingsley, Tonks, and Andromeda, disbanded. Kingsley revealed to Harry that for years he’d had his doubts about Dumbledore and his motives, but did not know if anyone would have believed him. He realized most of the members looked at Dumbledore as one of the gods and he had the same amount of loyalty as Voldemort did. Kingsley expressed the reason why he stayed with the Order was to protect the woman he loved. No one suspected or knew that Kingsley and Tonks were dating. They wanted to keep it a secret until they felt it was safe. Not counting the fact that he was much older than her, he was also her superior.

“What are you thinking about?” Draco whispered in his ear.

“Wouldn’t you like to know?”

Harry looked at his mate and smiled. Since they made love four weeks ago, every time he looked at Draco, he would think about it, and his cheeks would heat up.

“I wish you two wouldn’t do that in front of me.”

Harry and Draco looked away from each other and saw Sirius staring at them. Although he understood that Draco was Harry’s mate, Sirius was proving to be the godfather James knew he could be.

“What are we doing?” Draco asked.

“Listen up, baby Malfoy, no eye fucking my godson in front of me.” Sirius pouted and crossed his arms over his chest.

"Would you prefer I do it behind your back?” Draco smirked. “I could say the same thing about you and my aunt. You two could start a bloody inferno every time you stare at each other. Just the other day you had poor Blaise making a mad dash from the room mumbling about bleaching his eyes and brain...”

This was how things went between Draco and Sirius. They nagged at each other, but Harry knew it was all in fun.

“Draco!” Blaise yelled. “You promised you were not going to mention that.”

“What?” Draco asked. “I wasn’t going to tell anyone about the time I caught them going at like rabbits.”

“Madonna!” Stephania said in Italian. The entire room burst out in laughter while Sirius tried to shrink in size.

“Payback is a bitch, baby Malfoy,” Sirius said with a red face.

“Bring it on, Black, I welcome the challenge.”

“Allright, everyone pipe down,” Harry said to the room. “We have a couple of things to go over before we break for the night. We know what Voldemort is trying to do. He’s going to bring the war to us, but what if we turn the tables and take the war to him.”

“What do you have in mind?” Charlie asked.
“By now, he thinks we haven’t figured out what he’s up to. The world knows by now that Dumbledore is dead. And they are scared, which we knew would happen. They are still looking for me to save them. But what they won’t know is that we are all in this together. We have witches and wizards who can hold their own. It’s time we call on them. Tell them the truth, that if they want to live, they will need to fight just like anyone else.”

“The Auror Academy is behind you?” Kingsley said.

“Not me, Kings, us. They need to know they are not fighting for me but, for themselves as well anyone else.”

“I’ve spoken to a few members of the Wizengamout. They are waiting for the word. Things are changing, Harry.” Lucius told him. “People are starting to wake up. Those who once followed the Dark Lord, have given up their seats, but not their right to vote. Since you and Neville holds the majority of the seats because of your Dukedoms, it makes the process easier to vote on bills that normally would be put to the side.”

“It’s good they are, I want people who will fight beside, not ones that will cower behind me,” Harry commented.

“What do you want to do with the students?” Bill asked. Fleur had joined them and decided to stay after the funeral for Molly and Arthur Weasley.

“I’ve been thinking about that,” Draco said. “And I think we should give the older students the option of staying and fighting or going home. I will not force anyone to fight in a war that they might not be ready for. As Harry said, it has to be their choice.”

Everyone seemed to agree with that. Before Harry could say anything, Theo spoke up, “Luna, Pansy, and I already know which students will stay and who will not.”

“How did you know I was going to recommend that?” Draco asked.

“I heard you talking it through with Harry, the other day when I went to his office to hand him a few things.”

Draco nodded, “So who will stay and who will go?”

“All of them,” Luna said.

“All of them what? Want to leave?” Severus asked for clarification.

“All the students from the first year to seventh will stay and fight,” Pansy told the very shocked group.

“That’s crazy!” Fred said in shock.

“I mean, what about their parents?” George asked.

Pansy, Theo, and Luna got up and handed Harry a stack of parchments wrapped together.

“What are these?” He asked.

“Permission slips,” Luna said, sitting back down between Fred and George.

“Permission for what?” Draco asked, rising to his feet and taking the parchments from his hands.
“Those give their children the right to choose their path in life. That includes staying and fighting in the war to come.”

“Are they giving their children the right to d…” Harry stuttered over his words still in shock. “Die.”

“Not to die. But to fight for the world, they grew up in that was riddled with war waiting to die. They are willing to give their children the chance to see their children and grandchildren grow,” Luna answered. “They want to fight, Harry.”

“I cannot guarantee their safety,” Harry whispered.

“They are not asking you to,” Blaise answered. “Just as their children are fighting in here, they will be fighting out there. As much as we want to believe that everyone will be left unscathed. They won’t. They understand the outcome. Some will live, and some will die. And there is nothing you or anyone else can do about it. You are not responsible for everyone that dies because of this war.”

The room was silent, and Harry fell back in his chair contemplating what they had just heard. Harry was afraid to say anything else. What could he say? Children were willing to sacrifice their lives in a senseless war.

“Mr. Zabini-Longbottom is correct. This isn’t your fault, Harry.” He looked up when he heard Severus’ voice. “You did not ask them to do this, which is why they are doing it.”

“They have to know what they are doing? What they are giving up!” He said again.

“Of course, they do!” Severus yelled back. “Are you going to stand in front of them and tell them not to do something knowing full well, nothing you say will change their minds?”

“What do you want from me! What do they want from me!” He shouted back at Severus.

“They want nothing from you! It’s what they are willing to give to you!” Severus argued back.

“But I never asked them!” Harry shot back at him.

“Exactly!” Severus shouted, causing Harry to start. “Exactly,” he said again lowering his tone. “You haven’t asked them for anything so enough with the damn pity party.”

Harry felt like crying. He looked down and away from everyone in the room. He also knew that Severus was right and there was nothing he could say to stop the students from sacrificing their lives in a war he should be fighting on his own.

“You really exasperate me at times, Potter. You need to stop thinking that you are alone. That you are the only one that is fighting for their lives. Stop being so bloody selfish.” He looked up, and Severus was standing in front of him. “This world is not yours alone to protect. It belongs to each and everyone in this room as well as those out there.” He said pointing to the door behind him. “We are just as strong magically and physically, lean on us as well, Harry.”

“Severus is correct, Duke Slytherin.” Harry gasped.

“Professor McGonagall, what are you doing here?” Harry asked.

“We are sorry we are late, Duke Slytherin, but we wanted to ensure that the students were safe in their beds.”
“B...but...” Harry was speechless and unsure of what to say.

“Harry,” She said, stepping closer to him, resting her hands on his shoulders. “May I call you Harry?” He nodded his head. “We, the professors here at Hogwarts, will stand with you and by you. I know it might not have seemed like it. But we have always been with you. We were just waiting for you to act.”

“But...but I thought you were loyal to D...”

“Dumbledore,” McGonagall finished for him. She smiled and pulled him into a hug; he did not flinch from her touch. “My dear boy,” she whispered, then pulled back from their hug and stared at his face. “I’m not sure when Albus lost his way. I knew him when he was young and ambitious, and I admired those characteristics about him. He hid so many things from us, from me. And that hurts, I gave him my trust willing because I believed in his cause. When I found out about his death and the things he did, I was appalled at the things I read. I thought I knew the man who said he wanted to help the Wizarding community. To find out it was all a lie,” she paused for a few seconds closing her eyes and shaking her head. “I was angry, that he used and lied to everyone. Especially you, Harry.”

Her eyes filled with tears and Harry could not take the raw emotion he could feel coming from her. He was starting to notice little things like that since he and Draco cemented their bond. He could feel very strong emotions coming from the closest person to him. He had not shared what he was feeling with Draco as of yet because he was not sure if it was something primarily dealing with their bond or him being a Veela.

“He fooled us all,” he told her and prayed she didn’t start crying. He could not deal with such emotions. “By the way Duke Slytherin and Duke Gryffindor, if I have not said before, let me do so now.” Neville stood on the other side of Harry, and he was not sure when his brother walked up beside him. “Well done in turning Hogwarts into the vision and brilliance the Founders intended it to be. You two have accomplished what Albus Dumbledore could not do in his lifetime as Headmaster.”

Harry smiled and nodded on the outside, but on the inside, he was at war with his emotions; he felt like a pressure cooker about to explode with all the touchy feely things that happened in the past few minutes. McGonagall appeared as if she was about to hug him and Harry was praying on the inside that someone could save him now.

“Hey, Minnie, welcome to the party!” Sirius said, getting McGonagall’s attention.

*Thank, Merlin for Sirius and his ever present need for attention.*

“Sirius!” She said turning around finally noticing him in the room. “Si...Sirius, you’re alive?!”

“Of course, I am nothing can keep an old dog down,” Sirius said boastfully.

“But...But I thought you went through the veil? How is this possible?” She asked in surprise. The professors that came with her was shocked as well murmuring among each other.

Sirius got up and pulled her away from Harry. “It’s a long story,” he answered. “I will explain it all to you later over a cuppa,” he told her, walking her over to the empty chair beside him.

Harry the rest of the group has been keeping the news of Sirius a secret from everyone in the Castle until they appropriate time. He hated that Sirius had to go into hiding again. The only difference this time was Sirius had more room to cause trouble on unsuspecting students and teachers who
had no idea he was alive.

“You dodged a bullet on that one,” Draco whispered in his ear.

“Huh, what do you mean?” Harry asked.

Draco turned him around and held him in his arms. “I know something is going on with you, but I just can’t figure out what it is. You don’t feel pain anymore when another person touches you because we are fully mated. But I see how you react when things get, too emotional it seems as if you’re shying away from it.” Draco stared at him. His gaze was filled with worry. “What’s going on with you, my little Submissive.”

Harry did not answer right away, and Draco’s worried expression deepened. “Can we talk about this later?”

Draco sighed, “We can, but now this we will have this conversation no matter what,” the stern tone in Draco’s voice let Harry know that he will not be able to talk his way out of it.

“Yes, Dominant,” Harry whispered and looked away from Draco.

“Okay, carry on with the rest of the meeting,” he released Harry and went back over to his seat. Harry watched him before turning back to everyone else who were getting to know each other it seemed.

“Okay, everyone, let’s focus back on why we are here,” the room quieted giving Harry their undivided attention. “Other than the war coming our way we have to decide what to do about Yule. I was going to suggest when they return home and give them a choice of returning.” Everyone seemed to agree with him on that statement. There was nothing he could do if students and parents wanted to risk their lives in the war. The only thing he could do was make sure they were prepared to fight and possibly die. They tabled the war for a few hours discussing the Yule Ball and of the possibilities of inviting other magical schools, even the one in the United States. He was able to focus his mind on the meeting, but his emotions were all over the place. He had no idea what was wrong with him and prayed it was not serious.

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Harry bolted up in bed from his deep sleep. Draco’s arm slid down to his lap. He blinked a couple of times, letting his eyes adjust to the darkness. Something or someone woke him up and he was not sure what it was. He scrubbed his face roughly yawning. He gently pushed the sheets to the side and quietly got off the bed. Something felt off, and he couldn’t put his finger on it. Pulling on his dressing robe, he walked into his office.

“My Lady,” he whispered as he stood in front of his office window.

“My young heir, you should be sleeping.”

“I can’t,” he answered. “Something or someone woke me.” Harry turned and looked at her. “Are you certain I am not one of his Horcruxes?”

“I'm certain,” she answered. “I would feel it if you were. I was aware of his dark presence within you for the past six years. You no longer harbor, his corrupted soul within you.”
Harry breathed a sigh of relief, but remained quiet, “I worry, my lady. Many will die.” He turned back and looked out the window. “I wish I could see into the future and prevent anyone from losing their lives.”

“You cannot easily get over such things,” she said before leaving him to his thoughts.

Harry gasped, turning when he heard Draco’s voice behind him. “What are you doing up?”

“I missed my human blanket,” Draco answered, stepping closer and pulled him into his arms.

Harry leaned his head on Draco’s strong chest. “I’m sorry.”

“There’s nothing to apologize for.” Draco’s baritone voice vibrated through Harry. “You know; you could make it up to me.”

Harry raised his head and wrapped his arms around Draco’s neck. “Yeah, what’s that?”

Draco smiled and wiggled his eyebrows and grind his erection into Harry’s stomach. “Oh, I can think of one thing in particular.”

Harry smiled and backed away from Draco, “First, one to make it to the bedroom tops!” He yelled as he ran around Draco heading for the door. Draco must have expected it because he caught Harry around his waist, turned him around and threw him over this shoulders like a sack of potatoes. Harry squealed in delight. “Hey, that’s cheating.”

Draco smacked him smartly on his arse. “All’s fair in love and sex, baby,” He said as he carried him to the bedroom. Draco threw Harry to the bed and landed on top of him. Their lips connected and everything else was forgotten for a little while.

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The Castle glowed with delight, Lady Hogwarts materialized in Harry’s office and glided over to the window he was standing in. She stared out the window and her eyes connected with the figure standing at the far side of the hill. Her magic was protecting the Castle and its inhabitants. She closed her eyes, and the sleeping gargoyles positioned outside various parts of the Castle opened their eyes, through them and watched for intruders.

*The evil one is close, Mistress,* Goliath the leader of the gargoyles whispered to her.

*Is he alone?* She asked.

*I do not sense any other presence.* Goliath whispered back to her. *He is foolish to come alone.*

*Not foolish,* Lady Hogwarts said. *He’s filled with pride and confidence. He’s always been that way.*

*Should we kill him?* Goliath asked.

*No, you or I cannot be the one that kills him. That honor belongs to our young, heir.*

Goliath huffed. *We should have killed him and the old fool long ago.*

*I agree with you, my old friend.*
Thanks to the magic used in the Castle over the years, it had attracted many beasts and creatures who made a vow to protect their new home even to their deaths. She kept her eyes focused on the ruby ones still staring at the Castle. It is not the first time she has not wondered how to save the lost soul of the child. But she learned long ago that the child did not wish to be saved. It wanted to be saved. Lady Hogwarts turned and looked at the empty paint that housed her creators. The heirs have been worried that the Founders are truly gone this time. However, she knew better, she knew where they went and what they are searching for and prays that they will find it in time for the evil one will have another way to return. Hearing laughter coming from her heir’s room, Lady Hogwarts smiled and phased out. It was also her job to keep them safe.

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Tom had no idea why he was standing on the hilltop staring over at the place he once called home. Maybe it was nostalgia or stupidity. “Wormtail!”

“Yes, my Lord.”

“Find a way into the Castle and report back to me when you have something useful. If your report does not please me, Wormtail, I will kill you,” he told the rat animagi. *I might kill him anyway no matter what news he brings me.*

“Yes, my Lord,” he squeaked, and Tom curled his lips in disgust.

Before leaving Tom left his dark mark in the sky letting his enemies know he’s close. He needed to afraid to set foot outside their safe doors of Hogwarts without Dumbledore to protect them they will be easy to kill. One person in specific, Potter, I will enjoy killing that brat once and for all.

**GR**GR**GR**GR**

Draco made his way down to the Great Hall, he greeted a few of the students with a smile and a good morning. He rolled his eyes, mentally when a couple of the female students giggled and blushed. How weird was it, he thought. Just a few months ago, he was a student and now he was a faculty member. Because of his status of being Duke Slytherin’s consort and the proxy for Hufflepuff, he, Harry, Neville and Blaise had to take their N.E.W.T.’s earlier than they wanted to. They all scored high marks and simply needed to work on their Mastery for the career of their choice. Draco was seriously thinking of changing his career choice from attaining his Mastery in Potions and doing something in the political realm or even a solicitor. He’d realized since stepping away from under his father’s shadow that he was an expert negotiator. Pulling himself away from his thoughts, Draco was stopped by two sixth year students. One had short brunette hair who was in Slytherin and the other had long red hair in a french braid who was in Ravenclaw. Draco felt very prideful that the houses were mingling and getting along very well. There were still some students who refuse to cross over and mingle but Draco figured that it will take time for them to make that change.

“Yes...Professor Malfoy,” they said. No matter how many times he’s instructed the students not to call him professor they continue to do it anyway.
“What can I do for you ladies?” Draco asked with a pleasant smile on his face. The two students blushed. *Oh, for Merlin’s, sake.*

“I was...a...I mean...we were wondering...that is…” The Ravenclaw stuttered. “Sir...we wanted to know…” She continued and looked at her friend for help, but her friend was no better. The Ravenclaw’s cheeks were as red as a tomato, and she looked as if she was about to pass out from holding her breath the entire time they were standing there.

Draco sighed internally, teenagers and their crushes. *All I need is for Harry to walk around the corner and see this.*

“Do you have a favorite chocolate?” The Slytherin blurted out which surprised Draco.

“It’s dark, rich dark chocolate. The richer the chocolate is, the better the taste is, according to Professor Malfoy, anyway.”

Draco turned and saw Blaise walking up behind him. He was getting bigger, and his stomach had a noticeable baby bump. He gave his best friend a look that said he was going to kill him, but all Blaise did was smile brighter.

“Did you write that down?” Blaise asked the girls. They quickly pulled out a notepad. “There’s a store in Paris that makes a particular batch of chocolate that only Professor Malfoy will eat. Don’t buy the ones that have nuts or anything like that. He loathes those. And….”

“Enough!” Draco said covering his friend’s mouth with his hand. He could tell that Blaise was smiling behind his hand. “Ladies, excuse us. Please carry on with your day.”

Draco removed his hand from Blaise’s mouth as they walked away, which was a terrible mistake. “If you need any more information come and find me!” He yelled as Draco pulled him further away.

The girls squealed. *Who the hell does that anymore?* Draco narrowed his eyes looking at his best friend. “I’m seriously going to kill you!”

“No you won’t, I’m carrying your godchild remember,” Blaise said with a convincing smile.

“You won’t be pregnant for long.” Draco drawled.

Blaise chuckled, “I’m sure Harry will get a kick out of this, he keeps track of all the gifts you get. You know that right?”

“Of course, I do, you fool. Specifically, the ones doused with love potions.”

“Admit it; you like it. You like how the girls fawn over you, some of the boys, as well.”

“No, I don’t,” Draco huffed under his breath looking away.

“Please, you love the attention you get from the Dragonites fan club.”

“Who the hell came up with that name anyway?” Draco couldn’t believe that one he had a fan club at the school the club had both boys and girls. They followed him around the school. Tried to steal some of his hair and clothes. Watched what he ate, tried to find out what kind of music he liked. On and on it went. Harry and his family laughed at him each time he complained that about being followed by a Dragonite member.
“It was Harry,” Blaise answered.

“What!?”

Blaise cackled. “They were meeting in the library, and Harry passed by and heard them discussing names for the fan club. And suggested Dragon it was their idea to call themselves the Dragonites.”

“I should kill him,” Draco said with a shake of his head.

“I guess I shouldn’t tell you he and your mother are also honorary members.” Blaise chuckled walking off quicker than Draco had ever seen him walk in his current shape.

*I’m going to kill them, I really am.*

**GR**GR**GR**GR**GR**

Sirius was starting to go stir crazy, and Harry could see it. His godfather hated being locked up with nothing to do. He was healing slowly and getting better each day, but he still was not that strong or strong enough in Harry’s opinion. Sirius had put on a few more stones and did not look as if the wind blew his way he would fall over. The Castle was starting to look and feel more like Yule. Narcissa and Stephania took over with the help of McGonagall in decorating and planning the Yule Ball. Other Witchcraft and Wizardry schools also accepted their invitation to attend the ball. The Representatives from Livermorny, Beauxbatons, and Drumstrang. Harry had reservations with inviting Drumstrang knowing that they are strong supporters of Voldemort. But he wanted to open up a communication line with all the schools. They need to work together to eradicate the hate that has consumed the Magical world. Harry smiled, he could not wait to give Sirius his surprise, which was the reason why he was there to see him.

“Siri, are you ready to be a free man?” Harry asked jokingly.

“Do birds fly? Of course, I am,” Sirius answered.

“Then come on, today is your day,” Harry told him.

“I thought you wanted to wait until you got…” He stared at Harry for a few seconds before the realization hit him. “You have him; you have Wormtail?!”

“Yes,” Harry answered with a smile.

“When...how...where?” Sirius asked.

“Let’s just say, since we have upgraded the wards on the Castle no one can sneak in or out without us knowing. Plus, I had the Marauders map blown up, and I keep it in my office. I figured sooner or later, Voldemort would send the rat in to spy on us, and all I had to do was wait.”

“I’m free!”

“Not yet,” Harry told him. "Which is why we need to get to the Ministry of Magic. They are waiting for us.”

Sirius walked over to him with a wide smile on his face. They hugged then walked over to the floo. “One more thing,” Harry said, stopping Sirius before he stepped in the floo. “The Aurors are going
to arrest you the minute you step through the floo. It can’t be helped.”

Sirius touched his cheeks, “As long as I get to come back here a free man today. I don’t care.”

“They are under strict order from Lucius to handle you with care,” Harry said with a wink.

Won’t he be surprised when he see’s who the two Auror’s are!

Sirius turned Harry around then looked back at him. “What the hell are you looking for?”

“Where the hell is baby Malfoy? Usually, his c...”

“Don’t say it!” Harry said, stopping Sirius, who was cackling like the Mad Hatter. “And I wish you would call him by his name. Besides, he’s busy getting the representatives from the visiting schools settled in.”

“Well then we better get back before he realized you’re not attached to his cock,” Sirius jumped into the floo and called for the Ministry before Harry could catch him.

That son of a bitch!

Harry followed after Sirius. He didn’t mind his godfather making fun of him it showed that Sirius was getting back to normal. But he could also tell that Sirius had more difficult days to come. Harry was aware of Remus trying to get Sirius to see a mind healer after he’s pronounced free and clear. So far, Remus failed. No one wanted to comment on the fact that Sirius has been drinking with every meal even breakfast. Again, Harry couldn’t blame the other man. He’s been through a lot. From the death of his best friend’s, being blamed for their deaths and the list of things gets longer and longer. If Harry were in Sirius shoes, he would drink as well. But it didn’t stop him from worrying about his godfather. Now that he that Sirius back in his life, Harry made up his mind that he will not lose him. Not even to death.

**GR**GR**GR**GR**GR**

Harry stood in front of the mirror fixing his bow tie and doing a terrible job at it. “Whose idea was this anyway?” He mumbled as he pulled the loops and his tie looked more like a two-year-old tied it than an adult. He saw no reason why he had to get dressed up. Even if it was a pre-Yule dinner. See if I trust those women and Remy to plan anything again. Granted, he didn’t wear his jeans every day, but still getting dressed up for dinner was just too much. Word had slowly spread around the Wizarding world that the heirs to the Founders of Hogwarts have finally shown up. And now the press was trying to hoard their way into the Castle. They wanted answers to questions Neville and Harry were not ready to answer. It didn’t help that today when he went to the Ministry of Magic with Sirius that blasted Rita, was near him and heard Lucius address Harry as Duke Slytherin and Neville Duke Gryffindor. He didn’t blame Lucius; the man was an aristocrat, and there are still things Harry needed to learn. At least one good thing came out of it all, Sirius was a free man. He does not need to hide any longer. Sirius was questioned under the influence of veritserum and they did not need to use the story of him working undercover. Harry loved his father-in-law. Lucius was smart to ask the right questions he knew Sirius could answer. Peter Pettigrew received the kiss before they even left the courtroom. Harry sighed as he looked at his tie once again. He shook his head and pulled the tie from around his neck. He unbuttoned the top button of his shirt and admired his appearance in the mirror. His hair was down from the usual
ponytail he wore. His green and silver slim fit robes looked great on him. He turned and admired the silver Basilisk on that moved when he walked.

“Promise me you will let me strip you out of your robes tonight?”

He looked up in the mirror and his eyes connected with Draco, who was leaning against the other wall with his arms crossed over his chest.

“I don’t know; I might be persuaded by one of the visiting representatives. After all, I noticed the way…”

Quicker than Harry could blink Draco was standing in front of him growling. Harry wasn’t scared, more turned on than anything else. They were both breathing heavy, and Harry knew exactly what to do. He tilted his head to the side showing his neck on the side that bared his mating mark. He was showing his submission to his Dominant. Draco leaned forward and sniffed before sinking his canines reopening Harry’s mating mark. Harry arched his back and wrapped his arms around his mate's neck. His cock was hard, and he wished they could skip tonight and have Draco make love to him all night long. As if sensing his thoughts, Draco retracted his canines from Harry’s neck, then lick the wound close. Harry didn’t get a chance to speak before Draco smashed their lips together. Pulling a whimper from him. Their kiss was hot, and Harry wished he could cum right there on the spot. They pull apart, and Harry was gasping for breath.

“You want to cum baby?” Draco asked has he slipped one his hands down to Harry’s crotch and palmed it.

Harry nodded.

“Good, maybe with a hard-on all night you will learn not to tease your, Dominant.”

Draco walked away after winking at Harry leaving him in a very uncomfortable and shocked position after what just happened.

**GR**GR**GR**GR**GR**

Harry and Neville stood at the podium, they instructed the press that they will each answer two questions between the both of them. Severus and Lucius were standing behind them offering support if needed. Even with the tension of the war coming there was a different feeling in the Castle. The Castle shined and sparkled. There are decorated trees in every corner of Hogwarts with presents set to be magically delivered to the recipients on Christmas morning. There are gifts under the trees for the students from their professors and gifts from the students to their favorite professors. Harry watched as some of the reporters looked around the Castle rather than ask their questions.

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Harry and Neville looked at each other, and he knew what his older brother was thinking. As long as they are distracted, then they wouldn't care about everything else. He was happy that Sirius decided to meet them in the Great Hall not enter with them. Harry was aware that words had spread of Sirius being officially free and was still alive. He was certain that the press would want to talk to Sirius eventually. Everyone has agreed to keep Sirius out of the news spotlight for as long as possible.

“Mr. Potter or do you prefer to be called Duke Slytherin?” Rita Skeeter asked Harry getting his attention.

“Should I count that as one of your two questions, Rita?” He asked back, knowing that it will grate on her nerves.

“No, Duke Slytherin, my apologies.”

“Accepted, now ask your first question,” Harry instructed.

“Duke Gryffindor, you have changed a lot is that because of you being the heir to Gryffindor?” Rita asked, Neville.

“No, it’s not,” the entire press corps gasped when they heard Neville’s husky voice that went with his new appearance. Harry coughed to mask his chuckle. Neville was a man of few words when he was around people that made him uncomfortable. But everyone listened when he spoke. “I’ve matured and nothing else. Next question.”

“A couple of months ago Hogwarts disappeared can you both confirm the reason was that you both were finally coming into your inheritance as the heir of Hogwarts.” Rita Skeeter asked her second question.

Harry and Neville looked at each at the same time. They knew this question would come up one day. Neville nodded for Harry to answer.

“What you saw or heard, was Hogwarts, protecting herself and everyone inside. Hogwarts is a powerful being that thinks of nothing but the students and her professors. She is also a neutral zone and wishes to remain that way. But if she is attacked, she is ready to defend herself.”

“Duke Slytherin, are you telling us that Hogwarts is alive, an entity?” A reporter Harry has never seen before.

“Why don’t you ask her that question yourself,” Harry told them. “I’m sure she would love to give you an answer. I might represent Hogwarts as her heir, but I do not and will not speak for her when I know she can.”

The reporters seemed as if they did not believe him and Harry did not care. They can believe what they want. Harry and Neville watched as they all looked up and down the halls as if waiting for a woman to walk around the corner and speak to them. Harry sighed and shook his head. They act as if they’ve never seen the ghost of Hogwarts. And with all the magic done through the years good and bad, why wouldn’t Hogwarts have a mind of its own.

“Are there any more questions, if not my brother and I are quite famished and would like to join everyone else at dinner. Which you are all invited to of course.” Pacify them just like Lucius taught you. Give them just enough information and they will back off for a bit. “But know this once you walk through the doors of the Great Hall, you are not allowed to ask the staff or the students’
questions.”

Harry and Neville figured the press would want to stay for the evening meal and placed a spell on the entryway that will only affect the press if they try to ask the students questions with the intent of putting it in the paper. A few more questions were thrown at Harry and Neville before they called the conference to a halt. As much as Harry hated inviting them in he knew he had to do it. Walking into the Great Hall, Harry and Neville walked over to the tables and greeted all the representatives from the visiting schools. After he was finally able to sit next to Draco and have a bite to eat. The students and professors are used to Harry and Neville, and they no longer gush over them when they walk into the room. That’s not to say they do not have their own fan clubs, but Harry and Neville have found a way of evading them. The reporters asked questions about allowing squids in Hogwarts and what was the motivation behind the idea. Neville took over answering the questions letting the reports know that everyone is born with a magical core. He went into detail on what he and Harry learned from research the Founders left behind. Harry would have thought the reporters would have found the answers boring, but they were very interested in the answers and asked more questions.

*Maybe I should tell Blaise and Draco our secret. But it’s so much fun watching them run or in Blaise’s case waddle around the Castle hiding from their rabid fans.*

Harry sat down just as a loud screamed, reached his ears. He got up from his chair and was in battle ready stance waiting to strike. But froze when he realized no one else moved. He was about to ask Draco if he heard the noise as well when he heard Remus yelled, “Son of a bitch!” He was gripping the table and breathing heavily. He turned and grabbed his mate by the collar of his pristine black robes. “Severus Elvis Snape I'm going to kill you!” Remus yelled in Severus’ face. “You did this to me!” Harry turned to look at Draco, who had a similar expression on his face like Severus. Harry was about to walk over to Remus but stopped when Severus seemed to collect himself.

**GR**GR**GR**GR**GR**

“My little wolf, I need you to calm down,” Severus tried to soothe Remus. He looked around and yelled, “Someone, go and get Madam Pomfrey, now!”

“I’m right in front of you, Severus, no need to yell,” she admonished.

“Oh, well, the Remus is coming. I mean, the baby is Remus,” Severus babbled not realize that he was mixing up his words.

“Severus!” Shouted Pomfrey. “I need you to remain calm so that we can get Remus to the infirmary. I figured this day was coming soon and have everything set up and waiting for him. Now, I need you to help Remus up and on the gurney. Can you do that?”

“Get him on the gurney, right.” Severus turned and froze when he saw a red-faced, heavy breathing, very pissed off Remus staring back at him. “Um… Remy, I need to lif…” Severus kneeled beside Remus and placed a gentle hand on his mate.

“Don’t you dare touch me, that’s what got me into this situation in the first place! You with your sweet words and sexy voice! He instantly removed his hand. “Not again, you hear me, Severus Elvis Snape! Touch me again, and I will cut your dick off!” Severus should have been embarrassed
at hearing the slight snickers coming from the audience watching them, but he did not care. His main focus was Remus. He went to get up but stopped when Remus whimpered and clutched Severus’s sleeve. “Sev, don’t leave me, please. I need you. I can’t do this without you.”

Taking a deep breath collecting himself and not understanding the one hundred and eighty-degree changes in his mate but went with it. “I know, love, I’m right here. I’m not going anywhere, ok.” Remus nodded his head. “Okay, I need to move you…” Remus shook his head no whimpering. “Yes, love, we need to move you.”

“You don’t understand, my water broke, and if I get up, I’m afraid they’ll slip out.”

Severus wanted to snicker but held it in. He understood his mate was not in his right mind. “I promise, my little wolf, they won’t.” Severus soothed.

Remus closed his eyes and groaned. Severus hated seeing his mate in so much pain, and it made him feel worthless. “It hurts, Sev.”

“I know, my sweet wolf, but we need to move to a more appropriate place and bring our little babies into the world.”

Remus looked up, and his eyes widened as if remembering exactly where they were. “Severus,” he whispered. “Everyone is staring at us.”

Severus placed a hand on Remus’ cheek and turned his face so that they are looking at each other. “Focus on me, little wolf. There’s no one else but you and me and our little girl, okay.”

Remus nodded and closed his eyes. “I think I can move now.

“Good,” Severus stood and gathered Remus in his arms. Remus wrapped his arms around Severus’ neck and buried his face in his neck. Instead, of putting him on the gurney, Severus walked him out of the Great Hall and into the infirmary. On the outside, he appeared cool, calm and collected. But on the inside, he was a huge ball of nerves.

*I’m going to be a father, fucking hell. I’m about to be a fucking father!!!*

**GR**GR**GR**GR**GR**

Draco watched as Harry and Sirius paced from one end of the hall to the next, sometimes meeting in the middle. It’s been eight hours, and the baby has not been born yet. Draco was worried about his mate. He tried on numerous occasions to get him to sit down and eat since he did not get a chance to eat. It was a bit unnerving not knowing what’s going on inside the infirmary. Madam Pomfrey had a werewolf healer that was helping her during Remus’ pregnancy. Once it was finally announced to everyone Madam Pomfrey decided to seek help. Never taking care of a werewolf before she wanted to make sure that Remus had a healthy baby.

Draco sighed, he was holding on to his patience as well. But he knew this was a delicate time for both his uncles. He looked around the room and realized that his family looked a lot different than it did a few months ago. His mother sitting beside Stephania and Andromeda who somehow barreled her way back into their lives. His cousins Tonks and Sirius, Kingsley, Luna, who he once thought was crazy and belonged in a madhouse, but she’s one of the smartest witch he knew. Pansy, Blaise, Neville, Theo, Fleur, the Weasley Twins and their older brothers. *Who would have
thought I would be friends and allies with Weasley’s? But all that’s changed thanks to one person. Harry. Draco chuckled under his breath, his mate might think he’s done nothing great, but he brought us all together. Just by being himself and accepting others around him. Draco could see the worry on everyone’s faces as they try to remain optimistic. There wasn’t any sound coming from the delivery room, and he could only guess that Severus used a silencing spell. After the way, Remus threatened him in the Great Hall, who could blame him. Their small family will only get larger the more members they welcome into it, starting with Remus then Blaise and Neville’s kit’s being born. He looked back at Harry and hopefully, one day they will add to their growing family.

“What the hell is taking so long?!” Sirius moaned.

“Mi Tesoro, please sit down, both you and Harry will end up wearing a hole into the floor with all your pacing. Babies are on their own schedule.”

Sirius sighed, “that’s true. I remembered the night Harry was born. James was a nervous wreck. He had fainted before the doctor told Lily to push.” Draco chuckled, but his love was still pacing the room and every few seconds looking back at the door leading to the infirmary. His brows creased with worry.

"What's taking so long?" Harry whispered, but only Draco seemed to be the only one to hear. Everyone else was listening to Sirius tell the story of the night Harry was born. The door opened, and everyone froze. Severus poked his head out and looked around his eyes landed on Harry.

"Harry, Remus wants to see you," he said.

Harry walked over to the door. "Is everything okay? Is the baby alright?"

"Everything is fine," Severus answered with a smile on his face. "Remus wanted you to be the first one to meet them."

"Them?" Harry asked. "But, I thought..."

"Come inside, and we will explain everything," Severus said, opening the door wider letting Harry in.

When the door closed, no one said a word for a couple of minutes.

"He just said them, as in more than one?" Sirius said, breaking the silence. "You heard him say them, right? I didn’t hear things, right?" He asked again everyone was too shocked to answer or still trying to process the night’s event. They were all pulled from their thought when Sirius erupted in a loud Woohoo! Causing everyone else to join him.

**GR**GR**GR**GR**GR**

Harry walked into the delivery room behind Severus, he was so nervous, and he didn’t know why. Severus stepped to the side, and he saw Remus holding a bundle next to his naked chest. He inhaled, and he gasped when Remus looked up at him. Harry felt like a child and not an adult. The entire time he was in the waiting room, all he could think about was Remus. He couldn’t lose Remus. He had the feeling that Remus was having a hard time and something was wrong.
“Come here, Cub,” Remus said, extending his free arm. “Meet your new sister.”

“Don’t forget his three little brothers as well,” Severus said, standing next to him with a bundle in his arms.

“Brothers?” Harry asked, confused.

“Yes, but it seems they prefer staying in their wolf form,” Severus said with a proud smile.

Harry looked down to the bundle in Severus’ arms and spotted a baby cub, with polka dot black and brown coat. He reached down and ran a gentle finger from his crown to his muzzle and the cub stirred just a bit but stayed asleep. “What’s his name?” Harry whispered.

“We haven’t given them their name yet,” Remus answered. “We were hoping their big brother could give us some suggestions. Sev and I couldn’t agree with any of the names we picked.”

Harry looked from Remus to Severus. He was honored and touched. Especially, his relationship with Severus. He’s come to count on the man who has been a father to him but has never tried to replace James Potter in any way.

“You finally understand now, don’t you?” Remus said to him.

Harry’s vision was becoming blurry, he nodded, and tears slowly slipped down his cheeks. They were not his father’s in every way but blood. He dashed away the tears before he became a blubbering idiot and finally took the short step closer to the bed. He looked at Remus, who was smiling but looked exhausted.

“Do you want to hold her?” Remus asked.

“I don’t know I might drop her.” He leaned over getting a better look at the baby. “She’s so tiny,” he whispered.

Remus chuckled, “She didn’t feel so tiny coming out, coming out.”

Harry smiled as well. The baby stirred in and made a little noise as if she was about to start crying. Remus gently rocked her in his arms and whispered to her, and she instantly quieted down. The blanket hiding her face and hair fell, to the side and Harry finally got a chance to see her beautiful face. She had jet black curly hair and beautiful pale skin. She looked like an angel. A sweet little Angel.

“I like that.” He looked at Remus, who was looking down at her. “That’s the perfect name for her. Angel Ellen Snape.”

Harry sat on the side of the bed beside Remus. Severus walked over with the cub he was holding and handed him to him. The cub opened his eyes and stared at him, then shifted into a human baby. The light brown from his spotted coat was now a strip in the middle of his hair. His cheeks were rosy and chubby and couldn’t stop himself from brushing his finger against the baby’s soft skin. “Hey there little Teddy,” he cooed at the baby who opened his eyes at his name then closed it again. He leaned down to kiss Teddy on his soft cheek, and the sweetest scent wafted under his nose. Tears welled in his eyes as his emotions finally overtook him. He didn't know why he was crying and honestly, he didn't care. Harry felt a pull inside of him, and he was aware that from now on he had to protect his family. He had to protect his sister and her three brothers.
Draco got out the shower and grabbed the towel wrapping it around his waist. It was a long day and an even longer night the sun had broken through the clouds hours ago. He walked out the bathroom and leaned against the door frame watching Harry sleep. He didn’t blame his mate from being exhausted. A press conference dealing with reporters, especially Rita Skeeter had to be more nerveing than anything else. Added with Remus giving birth to his babies.

Quadruplets! Bloody hell!

They were all adorable three boys and one girl. He understood the reason why Severus and Remus wanted Harry in the room first. They were all family, but Harry was their son in all but blood. It made Draco smile when he learned that Harry got to name the babies. He walked over to the dresser and picked up the picture of the four wolf pups together. Draco was surprised when he found out that once Harry held the three boys, they shifted in their human forms. It’s as if they were waiting for their older brother to hold them in his arms. Teddy, with the brown stripe in the center of his hair. Connor, who has brown mousey hair and black streaks. Aiden who has brown mousey hair and little Angel with jet black hair. All four have a mix of Severus and Remus, but Draco was confident the more they grew their features and personality would be their own. He placed the frame back down on the dresser. Opening a drawer, he pulled out sleep trousers. Picking up his wand he dried off as he pulled on his sleep pants. Waving his wand, he doused the candles he joined Harry in bed and pulled him into his arms. Placing a gentle kiss on his neck, Harry snuggled closer to him and hummed. Draco whispered goodnight and smiled when a still sleeping Harry took his hand and placed it on his belly. Draco closed his eyes and imagined Harry swelled stomach filled with their kits as he fell asleep.

Two days later everyone was in the main family room opening gifts. Remus was out of the infirmary and healing well after giving birth to the quadruplets. Even though he was a werewolf, he was still on limited duty and was told not to put too much strain on his body. Neville looked around and could not believe he was blessed with everything and everyone around him. And it all might come crashing down in a few months, weeks, days or hours. No one wants to talk about because it might ruin the good mood. But Neville was confident everyone was thinking about it. In the coming war. It’s never far from their thoughts, even amongst the smiles and the happily filled moments. Neville loved his new family and wished he could have shared these moments with his last remaining blood relative. He made a last-ditch effort to connect with his grandmother, but she practically slapped him in the face by ignoring his letters. He did not wish her ill will in any way. But it hurt that she still hated him because he was not his father.

Pansy sat down beside him and rested her head on his shoulder. “What am I going to do Nev I game them my gift, but they have no idea it’s from me,” she moaned.

Neville chuckled, his family had their ups and downs, but there are also those who don’t have the courage to tell the ones they are in love with who they are. First, it was Harry with Draco and now Pansy, who was in love with Bill and Fleur. She realized her attraction to the pair after spending time with them. It also didn’t help that Pansy was a hybrid vampire. Neville suspected that Fleur and Bill are attracted to Pansy as well, but are not sure if they are overstepping their boundaries by
saying something to her. Neville saw the times they would stare at her longingly without her noticing.

"Have you thought about telling them how you feel?" Neville asked her.

"I can’t," She whispered. "They are already a mated pair," she said with such sadness that broke Neville’s heart. "I don't want to be rejected."

He couldn’t take the sad look on her face. Life was too short to hold back on what you’re feeling. "If you don’t tell them how you feel you will regret it for the rest of your life." He looked over at Luna who was sandwiched between the twins. They loved her with every breath. Neville got up and pulled her up with him. He took her by the hand and walked her over to Fleur and Bill. He pushed her between them. They were all surprised by his actions.

"Life’s too short to not be with the ones you love. Stop running from how you feel about each other.” He told them, not realizing the entire room had gone silent.

"Neville, they don’t feel the same way about me like I do them.” Pansy started.

"Stop,” Bill began. “He’s right,” he looked at Fleur who nodded. “We should have done this a long time ago.” He wrapped his arms around Pansy’s waist and connected their lips together, pulling her into a kiss that had the room hooting and applauding with glee. Bill pulled back from their kiss, leaving Pansy breathless, before she could catch her breath Fleur connected their lips together. The room applauded louder. Neville stepped back with a happy smile on his face.

"I think I did my job,” he commended himself.

"That was a job well done, my love,” Blaise told him with a kiss on the cheek.

"Yeah, yeah,” said Harry. “All you knuckleheads, owe me one hundred quid, each," he said pointedly. "And no skimping, I won the bet fair and square."

"Wait a minute,” said Bill.

"You all knew?” Asked Fleur.

"How we felt about each other?” Finished Pansy.

"Oh, Merlin, yes,” Harry and the entire room groaned as if they just ran a marathon.

"Trust me, you guys was not hiding your feelings that well,” Draco told them.

The shocks on their faces made everyone laugh. “Don’t waste it,” Neville told them.

"Trust me, we won’t,” Bill told the group as he ushered Pansy and Fleur out of the room.

"Hey, make sure an elf pops in every now and them with something for them to eat. I’m pretty sure we won’t see those three for a while.” Sirius told the group.

Neville looked at Blaise and touched his baby bump. “Are you happy, love?”

“I am,” Blaise answered and Neville saw the honesty shining through his brown-green eyes.

“Since everyone is in a good mood,” Sirius said getting their attention. “I guess it’s time I make good on my promise,” Sirius brought one of Stephania’s hands to his lips and kissed then got down on one knee. “Stephania Marisola Zabini, will you do me the honor of marrying me…” he paused,
then looked at Blaise who nodded and then back to Stephania “... marry me tonight, my beauty.”

The entire room was quiet waiting for Stephania to answer she was staring at Sirius, her eyes widen in shock, Tears were streaming down her face as well. “Si,” she finally answered.

“Yes...yes...ye...” Sirius stood and pulled her into his arms lifting her off the ground and twirling her around. The entire group cheering and congratulating the couple. Sirius set her down on her feet, and she pulled away from him. Her eyes, “Aspettare! Stasera!” She went off in a string of Italian too fast for Neville to understand.

Blaise tsked and shook his head stepping out of Neville’s’ arms and walked over to his mother. “Blaise...” she started the only thing Neville and possibly the entire group as well, was Sirius’ name, who still had a goofy smile on his face. Who could blame him Stephania was a beautiful and kind woman who was wrongly tainted by the Wizarding community. Everyone, including the students, loved her. She exhumed confidence, something Neville hoped any daughter, he and Blaise would gain from their grandmother. He smiled again looking at Sirius, they both deserved happiness and Neville was thrilled that he was there to see their love flourish.

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“Harry, I think Draco forgot to give you this present.” Draco walked over to Fred and took the black velvet box from him looking at curiously.

“Draco, you’ve gotten me more than enough, I don’t have room for anything else.”

“I can never give you enough. However, this is not from me.” Draco told him. “But it is for you,” he turned the tag around showing Harry his name.

Harry’s brows creased together as he took the box from Draco. “Okay, who is this from?” Draco watched as everyone shook their heads or shrugged their shoulders. A feeling of dread up Draco’s spine and the hairs on the back of his neck stood up.

“Don’t open it,” Draco told Harry.

“Why not?” Harry asked confused.

“You don’t know who it’s from. What if it’s something Dumbledore left behind that was spelled to show up today, specifically?” Draco theorized.

Harry sighed and looked at the box in his hand. “I don’t think it’s from him, Draco. I don’t know, but I have the strangest feeling that what’s in this box has nothing to do with Dumbledore.”

Draco knew that he wasn’t going to be able to talk Harry out of opening the box. Once he had his mind set on something he would do it no matter who tried to talk him out of it.

“It will be all right, Draco,” Luna spoke up. “Trust me.” He stared at her for a long minute. He trusted her, but he was also secretly jealous of his relationship with his mate. Although, Harry had a special relationship with everyone in their family. He noticed how close Harry and Luna were. Draco was sure that Luna knew Harry’s deepest, darkest secrets and would take them to her grave. He could not deny that there were times Luna had known things before they happened.

“Fine,” he said, pulling out his wand ready to defend and kill whatever was in the box if it posed a
threat to his mate. “Open it when you’re ready.”

Harry smiled and reached up and touched Draco’s cheeks. “You are the only I trust to have my back, never forget that.” He kissed Draco gently on his lips, then pulled back and stared into Draco’s eyes. He nodded, and Harry looked down at the box in his hand. Harry took the top of the box and gasped along with Draco and everyone who was still in the room with them.

“Is that?” Draco began.

“It is, how did…” Lucius said.

“I was such a child.” Draco and everyone looked up and saw Helena Ravenclaw or the Grey Lady standing in front of the window looking out.

“My Lady,” Harry said, stepping away from Draco’s side. “I was jealous of the attention my mother received. I was beautiful and intelligent. Yet, all they saw was her. I just wanted her to notice me. I wanted my Mother to see me. And so I took what I thought was precious to her.” No one interrupted her. “Even when she wanted to see me, I refused her last request,” she said sadly. “I thought I was doing the right thing when he asked me to tell him my story. But he defiled it, with dark magic!” The windows shook with her anger, but no one seemed afraid or tried to calm her.

“Don’t disappoint me, Harry Potter.” She said looking directly at Harry. “I hope you can finally see me, Mother.”

“I have always seen you, my child.”

Draco looked up and saw Rowena staring at her daughter from the picture frame sitting on the mantel. He looked back at the window, and Helena was gone. He turned his gaze to Harry, who was staring down at the Diadem.

“I might not carry a piece of his soul in me anymore, but I can feel the anger and hate coming from it.” He looked up at Draco. “How can something so beautiful be used for such evil?”

“We all have a bit of evil and hate inside of us. Some have simply decided not to fight those feelings while others do.” Rowena told them.

“Thank you, Helena,” Harry whispered.

“I loved her so much, and I tried to give her all that a mother could. I blamed myself for so many things when it came to Helena.” She disappeared before Draco could ask her where are the other Founders or where they have been.

“Father,” Harry said. Two days ago he started calling Severus and Remus Father and Dad. No one commented on it. But Draco noticed a spark of happiness whenever Harry called him Father. “Do you mind adding this to the others. The only one we need is Nagini.”

Draco couldn’t believe it. But with only one piece remaining, he was starting to believe that they were going to win the war. And then he and Harry could start their life together.

***GR***GR***GR***GR***

Harry had no idea how they did, but they did. He was standing with the others at Sirius and
Stephania waltzed around the room. The man had the brightest smile on his face. Narcissa, McGonagall and a few of the other women orchestrated and put together a ceremony and party in record time. The Great Hall was decorated in both Slytherin and Gryffindor colors. The students and the representatives were happy to attend the wedding even though they were at the Yule Ball the night before. The majority of the student body did not return home to celebrate with their families. As a consolation, the parents were allowed to enter the school and celebrated Yule with their children. A few of the parents have already stated they will be staying to help with the coming war. The few students who decided to return home and promised to come back on the first of the year.

*Everyone felt that the war was close and did not want to be away from their children. I hate feeling like this.*

Harry smiled as recalled Sirius blubbering through his vows. It was a beautiful bonding. There wasn’t a dry eye in the hall. Harry could tell that Sirius and Stephania loved each other very much. And looking at them as they dance, it makes him a bit jealous that he and Draco decided to wait until after the war.

“Care to dance?” Harry looked at the hand extended in front of him and was surprised to see Severus standing there.

“I can’t dance,” Harry told him.

“Come on; I will teach you. Besides, think of this of practice for when you and Draco bond.” The band changed their music to a fast up tempo beat, and more people got on the dance floor. “Not a traditional father/son dance music, but it will do,” he said and started dancing to the music. Harry and everyone else was in shock, as they stopped and watched Severus dance. He was impressed that his adopted father had rhythm. The students started cheering on their Headmaster and forgetting about everything else and started dancing as well. Everyone in the Great Hall started singing and dancing to the music, and in true Sirius form he got on stage and took the microphone from the leader singer and started singing. Hogwarts was shining, and Harry could feel how happy she was. No doubt, Neville could also feel it. Looking around the room of the smiling faces, Harry promised himself that he would keep the war as far away from Hogwarts as possible.

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“Shouldn’t you be in bed?” Harry smiled when he heard Draco spoke.

“I didn’t know you were coming home, tonight,” He answered, turning around to face his mate. They’ve only been separated for one week, but if felt like a lifetime.

“I’ve missed you. We were able to push his forces out quicker than even I was expecting.” Draco had the tendency to say even the simplest things that made him blush. “So,” Draco said, stepping closer to him lifting a hand and touched Harry’s cheek. Harry raised his head and stared at his mate. Something was wrong. Draco’s eyes went from stormy gray to red. “I can’t decide if I should kill you now…”

“Be gone, you foul creature. You’re not welcomed here!”

Harry snapped his head up gasping for air. His body was shaking as he looked around and realized that he was still in his office. *Shit, I fell asleep at my desk, again.* And again he had that strange dream for the third time this week. He didn’t know if it was his worry of the coming war or who
the male voice belonged to that kept banishing Voldemort from his mind. The first dream he appeared as Lucius, the Second Severus and now Draco. Has he been able to enter my mind somehow? Harry hadn't had any dreams about Voldemort since before he got his inheritance. He still hasn't told anyone about his dreams. The Founders and Hogwarts were protecting their home; he knew that for sure. The reason why the Founders went missing from their pictures was that they were searching for the Lost Diadem, which was given to Harry as a gift. And the other was they were rallying troops of all the deceased fighters willing to protect the Castle the best way they could. Everyone was safe for now, so why the dreams now. Thanks to Severus Harry had started learning Occlumency again. Things are going better than the first time. His Father's has been patients with him. Giving him pointers on how to secure his mind. He was better than he was before. Which was why he did not understand the dreams.

There was so much going on behind the scenes and now that school was back in session and everyone was busier than ever. Although, the attacks had slowed down during the Yule break old snake face was back attacking every one of his allies. Voldemort was trying to weaken each and every Wizarding community. He was splitting his forces all over the European globe. Harry could only surmise that Voldemort was trying to prove that he had a stronger army under his command. Scaring the other countries into siding with him. Some may be foolish enough to believe him and caved to his will. But there are other’s strong enough to fight him with everything they had for themselves and family. Harry, Draco, the Twins was splitting their time between aiding the others fighting alongside them. So far there have been no significant casualties on their side, but Harry was not foolish to think that it won’t happen. It only made him worry more. Draco has been in Germany for the past week helping their Auror’s fight and capture Voldemort’s followers. Sirius and Stephania went to Egypt to find and capture Nagini. One of the captured prisoners gave them information that Voldemort went to Egypt with Nagini and came back alone. So far they haven’t been able to find her, but knowing those two they will not give up. The Bill, Charlie and the twins are in France along with Fleur and her family preparing for Voldemort to attack. Percy has stuck close to Lucius working as his deputy. It would be so easy to take the fight to Voldemort, but they had too much riding on finding the last piece of snake face’s soul.

*Maybe I’m just too stressed out. Which is one of the reasons why I could be having those dreams? His stomach rumbled, reminding him that he was hungry. I should call for some for something to eat but, I haven’t been able to keep anything done since Draco’s been gone. I can’t wait for all this shit to be over.*

He sighed and got up from his desk and went into his bedroom. He looked at his big empty bed and shook his head. He still had problems sleeping without Draco not beside him. He undressed and walked over to Draco’s side of the room and took and took his dressing robe off the hook. He brought it to his nose, closing his eyes and inhaled, taking in Draco’s scent. I miss him so much. Opening his eyes, he slipped it on and got on the bed scooting over to Draco’s side of the bed. He curled in the fetal position closing his eyes falling back to sleep.

Harry woke the next morning, and before he could figure out where he was, he ran to the bathroom emptying the contents of his stomach. He prayed to the gods, he was not getting sick. All he needed now was to be sick and trying to fight a war. He needed his strength to win. He sat back on his heels and wiped his mouth sighing and praying that nothing else tragic would happen. He really didn’t want to see Madam Pomfrey she would definitely force him to rest when he had too much to do. Getting up, he stripped out of his clothes, then got in the shower. He was already starting to feel better. Finishing up his shower, Harry got out and took care of the rest of his hygiene before returning to his room. He was shocked when he saw a tray with a teapot and a large cup sitting on the table beside the wingback chairs in front of the fireplace. *Leave it to the elves to know I’m up.* Lifting the top of the teapot. Ginger scented steam with a hint of mint hit him. He waited for the dreaded, nausea to happen that has plagued him for the past couple of days. When nothing
happened, he poured a cup, adding two sugar cubes. He sipped his tea happily as he got dressed and ready to start his day. *Maybe I’m over the bug, after all.*

After enjoying his morning tea, he was walking to the Great Hall when he was stopped by Dr. Strange. “Duke Gryffindor…”

“Please, Professor Strange call me Harry, even after all these months I’m still not used to the whole Duke thing.”

Dr. Strange smiled. “Very well, please, call me Stephen.”

“So, Stephen, what can I do for you?” Harry asked. He was feeling so much better and his attitude showed it.

“It’s about the war; I realize that I am not Britain-born, but I am from this universe and would love to help. I have an idea that I would like to run past you. Do you have time to speak with me?”

“Of course, I do. Come on, let’s go to my office,” Harry told him. “We can have breakfast while we talk.”

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“The man is an idiot,” Charlie yelled.

“I agree with you,” Monsieur Louis Delacour stated. “But as of now, he is the Minister.”

“Someone should knock some sense into him,” Bill interjected. “With all the evidence of what’s going on, the bloody fool still believes the V...well you know who coming back is all a hoax. A rumor,” he scoffed.

“He’s putting his people at risk!” Charlie shouted. “We’ve been here all week trying to talk sense into the man.”

“How many times have I not said I agreed with you!” Louis argued back.

“Then do something about it,” Charlie seethed. “Why are you not the Minister? And you know what needs to be done. Your countrymen are counting on you. How long are you going to argue with a man who refuses to see reason?”

“Don’t think I have not thought about it!” Louis yelled, then sighed, rubbing his forehead as if saving off a headache. “I am an old man; what France needs is a young man with morals and ideals that will bring us into the future. What France needs is a man with passion and integrity.”

“Well, find someone who can do it!” Charlie told him slamming his hand down on the table.

All three men were quiet. Luis was staring at Charlie for a few minutes too long before he spoke. “I think I know someone who would be able to do the things I spoke of.”

“Who get him here. We’ve wasted too much time fighting with that fool of a Minister.”
“No need he’s already here,” Louis said with a smile that certainly did not bode well. “You have lived in France for a short time before going off to Romania. Your French is flawless, and you enjoyed your time here, no?”

“Yes, but what does that have to do with…” Charlie started to ask the words died down when he realized where Louis was going with his question. “Oh, no. No, make that hell no.”

“You are a man of ideals, Charlie. I can tell that you are a man who is not afraid to fight for who or what he believes.” Louis said. “We need a leader like you to make French Wizarding community an exceptional country.

“I think you have the wrong person, Louis. I am English not French, and I am not a man of wealth and high standings, nor am I politically sa…”

“Wealthy standings are the least of our worries. We need someone like you, Charlie. Don’t back down because of fear. I see greatness in you. And I would be honored to have and support you as the next French Minister of Magic. Do we have a lot of work to do yes, but…”

“Wait, I haven’t agreed to this, yet.”

“Pfft…” Bill scoffed again, still sitting at the table, Charlie only just realizing he was rising to his feet.

“You’ve got something to say?” He asked just as the twins walked in.

“We have news…” Fred said, closing the door.

“We stayed behind just as Bill ordered and watched the French Minister…” George added. “And you were right to worry.”

“Parkinson and Nott met with him soon after you guys left,” Fred told them. “We were only able to hear bits and pieces of what they were talking about. But the gist of it is that the current Minister has been in line with you know who of his own free will.”

Charlie sighed, he knew that Theo’s father was a Death Eater. Nott Sr. has no plans to turn his back on his lord and master. He tried to disown Theo over the holidays but Theo had already come into his inheritance and according to the Nott family will that have been passed down through generations. If there was only one child born and once they reached their majority they are seen as an adult and are able to claim their title as Heir Lord.

_Theo was safe, but would he be willing to leave Hogwarts and move to France?_

“Then I guess that settles it then, we need to act quickly,” Bill said pulling Charlie out of his musing.

“Settles what?” He asked, utterly confused. “What’s settled?”

“I can find allies among the court who would support this change, we have been searching for someone who will be willing to work and listen to the people,” Louis said ignoring Charlie’s question. “He will have my backing…”

“And I’m sure Harry and Neville word will carry a lot of weight,” Fred added.

“Most definitely,” George agreed. “He will have us at his side as well.”
“Will one of you answer my damn question!” Charlie shouted getting their attention.

“So what do you think; think Theo will want to leave Harry’s side and move to France,” Bill asked him. “They’ve become quite close.”

“How the hell should I know what Theo will want to do? I don’t even know what the fuck is going on.” He folded his arms across his massive chest, his brows creased together staring at each and every man in the room.

“Don’t worry, brother; I’ve got your back when you tell, Theo. Have you ever seen him angry?” Bill asked, but speaking continued without waiting for a reply from Charlie. “Just remember to duck when he throws a vase at your head,” he walked over to Charlie’s and patted his shoulder squeezing it before he walked out of the room.

“Right on,” Fred and George said together and followed behind Bill.

“Well, goodnight, Charlie, my boy, I have to send a few letters off before going to bed. This is exciting, very exciting. France will move forward and not backward,” Louis said before walking out of the room caressing his silver pointed beard mumbling to himself.

“Are you guys going to answer my question?” Charlie asked, watching as Louis, and his brothers walked out of the room leaving him wondering what the hell was going on.

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The next day Harry was laughing as the twins retold the story of how Charlie was suited to become the next Minister of the French Ministry of Magic. Fred and George flamed faces was telling him the reason why they will be staying in France a week longer. The French magical court was so excited to have a fresh face with ideas they instantly voted Charlie in place of the current Minister out. Many have suspected that the current French Minister was aligned with Voldemort, but did not have proof. Once Fred and George presented pictures of the Minister, meeting with Nott and Parkinson. Further evidence was the recording the Twins submitted to the emergency meeting of the Minister discussing events of the next planned attack. The members were ready and willing to vote then and there. The existing Minister was immediately sent to the French version of Azkaban where he will stay awaiting a trial for treason against his own government.

“He’s in the other room talking with Theo,” George told Harry.

“There’s no yelling, so that means Theo is ok with what’s going on,” Fred added.

“I’m sure Theo will support Charlie in whatever he decides to do. But are you sure this is what he wants?” Harry asked.

“I’ve had the feeling that Charlie belonged in politics for a long time,” Bill answered pushing his face between the twins. “He loves working with Dragons, yes. But he’s a leader Harry. You should have heard him when he spoke to the French courts today. All the members were mesmerized and listened to his suggestions. They asked questions, and he answered I never thought of before and he was able to answer them truthfully. He was always the peacemaker whenever the twins would argue with each other. He has diplomatic skills that were not taught, but it comes naturally to him. I think with Louis and Lucius, he will definitely be a great Minister.”
Harry sighed and looked over to Luna sitting on the other side of the room. It was her idea to send Charlie with Bill and the twins. *Did she know this was going to happen?* The smug expression on her face was all the answer he needed.

“What does he need from Neville and me?” Harry asked.

“You support.” Bill answered.

“That’s a given. He will never have to ask for that,” Harry told him. “You guys are my family.”

“Okay, we need to go. Thanks, Harry.” Bill told him.

“No problem, Bill. Brother’s in all but blood.” The fire went out, and Harry looked over at Luna.

“So how much of that, did you know was going to happen?”

She sighed before answering. “I knew that Charlie had a purpose that would change his life dramatically, but I did not know to what extent.”

Harry rested his head on the back of his chair and closed his eyes. “I’d like to know the outcome of the war,” he said out loud.

“I predict what will happen in the end, but it’s closer than we think.”

“I spoke to Dr. Strange. I’m not happy with leading children into war, Luna,” he told her and opened his eyes.

“It is their choice, Harry. We are still children ourselves and had to grow up quicker than most,” she said to him then looked away. “You should do what he suggests; it’s the only way to ensure their safety.” Luna got up and walked over to him and kissed his cheeks. “Choose us in the end, big brother.”

He looked her strangely as she walked out of his office. “What the hell is she talking about?” There are times even he couldn’t understand Luna’s cryptic messages.

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Draco stepped through the floo in the main hall and dusted off the soot from his shoulders. *Fuck, I’m exhausted.* He was happy to be home and safe after being gone for a week. Leading the charge against Voldemort's forces was a hard task. The Wizards and Witches on the Dark Lord’s side are skilled and would not give up easily. But in the end, Voldemort’s forces had to retreat because of the amount of loss they took in their forces. They were winning, and that was a plus in the right direction. Voldemort had a lot of people fighting and dying for him, and there were times during the short battle Draco wondered if he would survive and make it home to see his family. Draco turned the corner and almost bumped into Stephen Strange.

“Mr. Malfoy, I see you have returned.”

Although Dr. Strange was a skilled instructor catering to both offensive and defensive arts, Draco was still trying to figure out what it was about the man that made him feel ill at ease. *It could be the way the man stares at Harry with lust in his eyes.* Draco mental growls at the man, mine!
“Yes, we were able to push the enemy forces back. I left a few people in Germany will to help with the restoration as well defend the major city if need be.”

“I’m glad you were successful,” Strange said staring at Draco. They stared at for a few seconds just as Draco was about to walk away Strange said something that surprised him. “You remind me so much of myself when I was younger. Don’t take for granted what is in front of you, young Malfoy.” He nodded before walking away from Draco, mumbling to his cloak that seemed to have a mind of its own.

Shaking his head at the oddity that was Dr. Strange, Draco continued his journey to the private rooms he shared with Harry. He missed his lover more than anything. His nights were long and lonely. In the weeks since they were separated, they had a chance to grow closer, deepening their relationship and their love for each other. Draco realized he needed his human blanket to be able to sleep at night. Draco opened the door to their rooms expecting to see Harry. But the room was quiet. He wasn’t supposed to return tomorrow but could not be away from Harry any longer. He also wanted to surprise Harry. He searched their rooms and office, which was also empty. He went to Neville and Blaise’s private room. He knocked on the door.

“Draco, what are you doing here. I thought you weren’t coming back until tomorrow?” Blaise asked.

“I wanted to surprise Harry, where is he?”

“He and Neville is training, in Salazar’s Chamber. They’ve been going at it for the past couple of days.” Blaise answered. “There something I need to tell you.”

“What?” Draco asked.

“There’s something wrong with Harry,” Blaise told him.

Draco started to get worried. Their bond was tested, and because of the distance he couldn’t feel what Harry was feeling, but he spoke to him every day. “What’s wrong with him?” Blaise bit his bottom lip and looked away. “Shit, Blaise, you’re scaring me. What’s wrong with my mate?”

“I think V...you know who is messing with his dreams. He’s had bags under his eyes, and he’s not eating. I tried to get him to go and see Madam Pomfr…”

Draco didn’t stay to listen to the rest of Blaise’s words. He ran out of the room and headed to the girl's bathroom on the second floor. Moaning Myrtle was there crying, and he ignored her. He walked over to the sink pointing his wand to the lock tapping it three times before turning the handle to the left three times, waiting to hear the click of the sink opening as stairs begin to form. Salazar had given Harry the combination to enter the Chamber without using Parseltongue. Draco ran down the stairs that was still there. The closer he got to the bottom the stairs, he heard Harry and Neville casting spells. The sound of swords hitting each other. He’d given the sword he got from Godric Hollow to Neville a couple of days after he returned. For an unexplained reason, he felt it should be in Neville’s care. It was later they found out it was Godric Gryffindor’s sword and the one that has been in the Headmaster's office belonged to Salazar. Draco reached the bottom of the stairs in time to see Harry send a curse towards Neville that had him flying to the other side of the room. They were both shirtless and coated in sweat. Harry’s hair was in a messy ponytail. And true to Blaise’s word Harry looked as if he lost weight. Was he losing weight before I left? Harry dodged Neville’s next spell hiding behind the nearest column.

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“You almost had me at that one Nev,” Harry said with laughter.

“That was payback for trying to use the babbling curse on me,” Neville shot back from his hiding spot.

“What’s the count?” Harry asked.

“I think we’re tied,” Neville answered back.

“The next one to hit their mark wins,” Harry yelled to Neville as he dashed from his hiding spot and sending a cantis spell in Neville direction. He stopped in his track when the spell hit the wrong target. Neville stood from his hiding spot and froze with his wand pointed seeing Draco.

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“What the hell? Draco, when did you get back?” Harry asked.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?” Harry froze when he heard Draco spoke, well, rather sang. His voice was strong and beautiful. “Are you going to answer me?” Harry still could not speak mesmerized by Draco’s singing.

“I…”

“Well, that was unexpected,” Neville said coming to stand beside Harry.

“Indeed,” Harry answered.

Draco looked at Neville and then at Harry.

“Umm…Draco, now, I don’t want you to be angry, with me,” Harry said as he starts to snicker. Harry was trying very hard to hold onto his laughter.

“What the hell would I be angry about?” Draco asked.

“Didn’t you feel the spell that hit you?” Neville asked him. Harry could tell that his brother was having a hard time holding back his laughter.

Draco thought for a second, “No, was I supposed to?”

Harry was trying hard to hold back his laughter. He cleared his throat, hoping that Draco didn’t notice. Neville had no remorse whatever and started cackling worse than a hyena at a zoo.

“What the hell is so bloody funny, Longbottom?” Draco asked looking at Neville.

“H…Harr…y I…I ca…” Neville tried to speak, but his laughter overtook him. Tears streaked down his cheeks, his face was red from laughter.

Hearing his brother laugh, Harry could not help it he burst out with the same giddy laughter joining Neville. Draco still did not understand what was going on and Harry didn’t have the heart to tell him.

“You two are quite rude!” He declared with a scowl on his face before stomping out of the
chamber. It only caused Harry and Neville to laugh longer and louder. Harry could not even stop his laughter to cancel the spell before his lover left the chamber and going into the general public embarrassing himself or gaining more fangirls with his melodious voice to his growing list.

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“That was a very mean prank you guys played on me today, love,” Draco told Harry.

They were snuggled in bed after having the best welcome home sex. Harry had finally caught up to Draco and canceled the spell, and profusely begged Draco to forgive him for what happened. Truthfully, the spell was not meant for Draco, he just got caught up in the middle of it. “I’m sorry, again, love,” Harry turned and faced his Dominant placing a gentle hand on his cheek. “But you have to admit I had no idea you were home. Neville and I have been practicing for the past couple of days.” He wrapped his leg around Draco’s hips, and their cocks touched. “Tell me you forgive me, please,” Harry whispered, loving the way Draco shivered. There are some advantages to being the submissive veela, knowing how to manipulate your dominant without him realizing what was happening. He rolled Draco over onto his back resting his head on his chest and trailed his fingers in circles on Draco’s chest. He let out a soft purr as his wings came out and cocooned around them. Maybe the wings were a bit much, but for some strange reason, Harry wanted Draco to forgive him. He was feeling a bit sensitive; it could be the length of time they were apart. But he needed to hear Draco say he forgave him.

“Are you okay?” Draco whispered.

“I didn’t mean to make you angry,” Harry said, lifting his head to look at Draco.

Draco cupped Harry’s cheeks and gently wiped away the tear that ran down his cheek, he wasn’t even aware that he started to cry. “Hey, love, what’s the matter? I know you didn’t mean it. You had no idea I was home, so there’s nothing to worry about.”

“Are you sure?” Harry asked.

“Yes,” Draco told him as he leaned in closer and kissed Harry on his lips. “Now,” he said, pulling back. “Why don’t you finish with your seduction. I think I like the way you tell me how sorry you are that you paid that nasty trick on me.”

Harry gasped, “You knew?”

“Harry, I know every time you use your seduction techniques on me,” Draco confessed with a chuckle.

“I guess I need to change my strategy, then,” Harry smiled, feeling better and in control of himself forgetting his momentary slight in weakness. He crawled on top of Draco and sandwiched his cock between his butt cheeks.

“Change away, love,” Draco groaned when Harry squeezed his renewed cock with his muscled arse. “I don’t mind being your guinea pig,” he tweaked Harry’s sensitive nipples.

“Is that so?” Harry reached behind him gripping Draco’s cock and positioned it to his still stretched, wet waiting hole slowly gliding down it on it.

“Oh, shit,” Draco cursed as an answer.
Harry smiled, he loved using his techniques on the man he loves. No one does it better for him than Draco Lucius Malfoy, his mate and Dominant.

"What do you guys think?"

Harry asked the table of his most trusted group of people, which was essentially his family. He’d brought to the table an idea that Dr. Strange suggested to him. After teaching at Hogwarts and saw how inclusive Harry and the rest had made the academy, he wanted to know if he could bring a few gifted students. The students were called Subhumans and had extraordinary powers that could be useful in the war against Voldemort. Children who were able to do wandless and mind magic without a wand. Students who used their strength and were shape-shifters who can turn into people and animals. Harry liked the idea of opening the school for more than just witchcraft and wizardry. The Founders his grandparents wanted those that felt like a castoff in society with special gifts to feel welcomed and learn from each other.

“How will they be able to benefit us?” Lucius asked.

“I can answer that if you may,” Dr. Strange shocked everyone by entering the room through the wall.

“Nice of you to join us,” Harry stage whispered.

“My apologies,” Dr. Strange said with a smile. “Now, how these students might be beneficial to you is the same way you will be to them. They will learn from you and you from them. They use a kind of magic the squibs as you call them but much stronger. They are able to channel their power with their mind that encompasses their entire body. In essence, their entire body is their magic.” He reached over and picked up a picture of one of the students this one fascinated Harry the most. He was able to apparate others from one destination to another even in midair. “This is Martin Anderson,” he held up the picture so everyone in the room can see his face. His skin was black with bright red eyes, he also had a tail and pointed ears like an elf. “He’s called Midnight, I know you might be thinking it’s because of his skin color, but it has more to do with his power. He can enter a room without anyone noticing. He is able to lift and transport a person weighing one thousand points one four stones.” Everyone in the room gasped in shock.

“But he looks like a child,” Narcissa said, saying what the group could be thinking.

“Don’t let his size fool you, Lady Malfoy,” Dr. Strange answered. “He’s cable of doing wonderful things. All these students are,” he explained, placing the folder down and pointing to the stack on the table. He went on to talk about a few more of the students such as their strength and their powers. Harry could see that everyone was interested in what Dr. Strange was saying.

“Okay, you have given us an explanation of why these students would be beneficial to us,” Lucius interrupted. “I must say I’m intrigued, but what do you get out of all this, what do the students?”

Dr. Strange sighed and looked around the room. “For all their strengths and magnificent powers, these students have one major flaw.”

“And that is?” Draco asked.

“Structure and discipline,” he answered. “In the short time, I’ve been here I’ve watched how each and every professor takes care of their students no matter their strengths and weakness. You all
have nurtured them, given them a home and purpose. You’ve given them the structure they need to make it once they walk out of those doors. And you’ve also made it possible for them to come back and learn or teach others and, that is what these students need.”

“You’ve certainly given us a lot to think about,” Severus interjected breaking the silence after Doctor Strange’s admiration to the professors in the room.

“All I ask is that you think about it. Thank you for your time,” he nodded and brought up runes Harry has seen him teaching his students and walked back out the way he came in.

“Well?” Harry said to the room.

“I want to hear what you think,” Neville told him.

“I think it’s a good idea,” Harry sat on the edge of his desk.

“Explain,” Draco said.

Harry looked back at him; lately, he’s noticed that his submissive side is starting to be more obedient to Draco’s Dominant side. He was still able to think and do things for himself, but he wondered if the longer they are together, will he be bending to Draco’s every will without a second thought. As if knowing what Harry was feeling or fearing. Draco stood and walked in front of him.

“You will never be subservient to me,” He whispered, pulling Harry into a hug. “You are very strong willed, Harry and I don’t ever want you to change. Just as you listen to me, I listen to you.”

He pulled back and looked Harry in the eyes. “We are equals, no matter the title one holds.” Harry nodded. “Now, explain to us what are you thinking.”

Harry stood and braced his back to Draco’s chest feeling as if he needed his Dominant nature this one time to help him through what he needed to say. Reading his body language, Draco wrapped his arms around his waist and kissed him gently on the side on his neck. He closed his eyes and breathed in deeply, letting it out slowly.

“I’ve always,” he said, opening his eyes. “Thought that we couldn’t be the only ones with extraordinary powers. Think about it; they are able to do magic without a wand or spells. What if they teach us what they can do and we do the same with them? We would be able to defeat Voldemort and his cohorts and gain a new understanding of others like us. Just months ago we had no idea that squibs could perform magic, and now we see how skilled they are with runes. It hurts to know we’ve been wrong this entire thing about something so important. Not even Voldemort realized the potential he’s missing out on. The only thing he cares about is what your blood type is. It makes me wonder what else have we overlooked and are we just as prejudice and the people we are fighting against?!” Harry paused when he realized that his voice was getting louder. He took a deep breath to calm his thoughts and his reaction to the matter. “I see so much potential in what we could accomplish beyond the war once it’s over. If we are only looking to the war, then we are fighting for the wrong things.” The entire room was stone cold silent after his speech; Harry had no idea he felt so passionate about the subject at hand until he started to speak.

“You know, all you had to say was you think their powers are cool and we would have said yes,” Fred said, breaking the stillness in the room prompting laughter from the group.

Harry blushed and wished someone would have shut him up before he went on a mini-rant.

Lucius stood up and walked over to Harry resting his hand on his shoulder. “They will be seen and treated as magical students and adhere to the International Statute of Secrecy,” he said. Harry
nodded. “Good,” he said, turning around. “Severus, what say you as, the Headmaster?”

“You’ve grown up, Mr. Potter.”

“Thank you, sir,” Harry whispered.

“You’ve grown up, the man you’ve turned into, Harry. I know I am,” Remus said to him. “Since you’ve made changes to the school and Lucius has taken over as Minister of Magic. I don’t fear for my children as much as I did before. I know what it’s like to have others judge you simply by the way you look or what species you are. So thank you, both for making me feel welcome again in the world I was born to be in,” he said looking at both Harry and Lucius. “And with that, I say yes, as well.”

After Remus’ speech, one by one everyone gave their reasons as to why they will welcome the new students. Seeing that the new students will be starting out later than the rest of the school, Harry suggested they open up the opportunity for professors who would be willing to work during the summer. Also, students who would like to get extra credit and mentor the incoming students. After their discussion which ran into lunch, Dr. Strange was allowed back into the meeting. They agreed that Professor Flitwick would accompany him to collect a few of the incoming students. Professor Babbling, Draco, and McGonagall will take over their classes until they return. After the meeting, Harry decided he needed to take a walk to visit an old friend he’s not seen in a while. Harry kissed Draco and headed down to Hagrid’s shack. It felt weird for him to be walking alone. Secretly he missed Ron and Hermione; he thought they were his best friend and did not foresee them not being beside him for the rest of his last. Hagrid was how he knew where he came from and he owed the friendly giant more than a petty visit. He owed him the truth of the man he adored. Even after the reports of Dumbledore’s death came out and the things contained in the file Hagrid refused to believe it. He mourned Dumbledore more than anyone else. Harry smiled as he walked up to the shack and remembered the first birthday cake Hagrid made for him. He knocked on the door, and after a few seconds, Harry heard the thundering foot of the giant.

“Hiya, Harry, what brings ya by?” He asked opening the door.

Harry smiled at the cheerful welcome. “I haven’t seen you in a while and wanted to check up on you. How’ve you been Hagrid?” He asked stepping inside. Fluffy lift his head and saw Harry then laid it back down closing his eyes.

“Oh, you know, the same, thanks for sending another teacher to help with my classes.”

“You’re welcome, Hagrid,” Harry smiled.

“Want some tea, do ya, Harry?” Hagrid asked putting the pot on.

“Sure,” he answered with a smile. Hagrid sat down on the other chair and opened a cookie jar offering Harry one of his famous cakes. He declined, of course, hoping he did not offend the giant. Hagrid was not the best baker. The silence in the shack was deafening.

“Feel’s off, don’t it?” Hagrid asked, and Harry knew exactly what the giant was referring to. “I didn’t peg Ron, and Ginny to do something so awful to Molly and Arthur.” He said, pulling out his stained handkerchief dabbing his eyes. “Broke my heart when I heard it.”

“I know, Hagrid, it broke my heart as well,” Harry whispered truthfully.

“To think they were in line with you-know-who.”

That was the rumor as to why Ginny and Ron would betray the light side and joined Voldemort.
The strange thing was Voldemort was silent on the matter, it was if he was accepting the rumor because of the tragedy behind it. “Yeah,” was all Harry could say. The teapot whistled and Hagrid got up to prepare their tea's. Harry wondered if he made a terrible mistake by coming to visit Hagrid. In the beginning, he was very excited, but now he was not sure. He’d not seen the man in the months since before Dumbledore’s death. Since his sudden change during the summer, Harry hasn’t felt any kind of guilt until this very moment looking at the friendly giant who was his first real friend.

“You know Harry,” Hagrid said setting down the cups on the table. “I’ve lived a long time, and I’ve yet to see the world. I think it’s time I travel and experience things,” he sat down and took a long draw of the hot liquid.

“You don’t have to leave Hagrid; Hogwarts is your home.”

“Aye, that she is. But, there comes a time when a man must grow up and venture out on his own. Find his path in life.”

“But I need you here, Hagrid,” Harry told him truthfully. He was sad that Hagrid was leaving, but happy that the man will do something he wanted to do. He was going to miss the booming laughter of the friendly giant, but Harry understood. This was something Hagrid had to do.

Hagrid smiled, and the smile met his loving eyes, although it did not sparkle like Dumbledore’s used to. “No, ya don’t. You got your mate and a new family. Even Sirius is back. No, I think it’s time for me to go.”

Tears clouded Harry’s vision. He bent his head and closed his eyes, letting the tears fall freely. “Are you leaving because of me?” He whispered.

“Because of you? Codswallop! I’m leaving because of me. I’m so proud of ya, Harry, you’ve grown into a fine young man who would make James and Lily proud.”

Harry raised his head, opening his eyes and gazed at Hagrid searching for the truth. He related to Hagrid in many ways. Both orphaned at a young age and fell for Dumbledore’s words only to be left alone and at the hands of others to use at will. “Do you mean that?” He asked.

“Of course, I do.” Hagrid took another large gulp of his tea. “I’m going to come back mind you, so look afta Fang and my home.”

“You’re leaving Fluffy?” Harry asked in surprise as he dashed the tears from his cheeks.

“Aye, the barmy mutt is getting too old and will slow me down.”

Harry laughed heartily for the first time since entering Hagrid’s shack. “Then it will be an honor to take care of Fuffy until you return.” Hagrid smiled and nodded. “I’m going to miss you, Hagrid.”

“Gonna miss ya, too, Harry.”

For the rest of his visit, they talked about things that Hagrid wanted to do while he was gone and the places he wanted to see. Hagrid got excited talking about the creatures he wanted to see that he only read about in books. Harry was grateful that they did not speak about Dumbledore or Ron, Hermione or Ginny for the remainder of his visit. It was late when he finally left Hagrid's home, he told Fluffy to come to the Castle when he was reading, the three-headed dog simply looked at Harry as if to say, I will do what I want when I want. It made him chuckle and shook his head. Things were looking up.
Chapter End Notes

The reason for the length of this chapter in part due in part that this was supposed to be the last chapter for the story. However, my muse has other ideas. I even had a really good title of the chapter. I’m not sure when the next chapter will be uploaded. As always I want to thank everyone for their unwavering patience and for sticking with me this long. This story keeps evolving, and I am not sure when it will stop. Thank you for the reviews that I have gotten since the first time I posted this story. Your words have helped me in more ways than one.

All of the translations courtesy of Google.

Madonna-Mother of Jesus.

Aspettare-Wait

Stasera-Tonight

The song Harry danced to was-Dance for you By Beyonce
Harry walked around the Castle as he was leaving a meeting with Severus and Neville. They were making security plans for the next Hogsmeade outing for the students, as well as welcome in the new students who will be arriving the next day. It seemed they had a spy in Voldemort's inner circle. No one knows who the spy was. A different owl delivers the messages each time. They receive one. The first time they received a message it was about the attack in France, the second was about Germany. They were not sure if the messages were leading them into a trap, but to be on the safe side Harry had a few of his people go there to help and protect the two countries. With each message Harry and the rest of the group check the messages for curses and hexes before reading them. They’ve tried to trace the magical signature as to who the messages are from, but each time they come up with nothing significant to tell them exactly who it was that was helping them. It was the need for the extra security, Valentine's day was this weekend, and the students would be thinking about anything else other than having fun during the romantic weekend. There wasn’t a message from their unknown spy, but Harry and the rest thought it was better to be on the safe side and be prepared rather than unprepared. As Minister, Lucius has ordered Auror’s to be ready to aid the New Order of Phoenix. That was Neville’s idea to keep the name of the order as is, even though Harry did not want anything that was once associated with Dumbledore to remain. He couldn’t argue that when the order was first created their parents were a part of it and it meant something more than just the name.

Harry walked by a couple of giggling female students who were whispering amongst each other. Harry mentally rolled his eyes, Valentine’s seemed to bring out something in the entire Castle, and he could not explain it. Harry had never understood the fascination with showing love for one day out of the year. To him, if you loved someone you show that love every day rather than waiting to do something special one day out of the year. The students were not the only one’s acting like lovesick fools. His adopted parents, his in-laws, his godparents and even the bloody professors are walking around the Castle on cloud nine. Sirius, who took over for Hagrid as the Care of Magical Creatures instructor was whisking his wife away to Paris for the weekend. Severus and Remus have already warned that after seeing the students, they will be holed up in their quarters and do not
wish to be disturbed unless the Castle was on fire. Neville has an entire romantic weekend planned for him and Blaise. According, to Neville he wanted to spend as much alone time with his mate before their kit’s born. Two weeks ago, Neville found out the sex of his child and was keeping it a secret from everyone. Lucius has something planned for him, and Narcissa and he's keeping close to his chest, but Harry can only guess how elaborate and romantic it would be. If going by the dreamy smile on Narcissa’s face every time Harry saw in the past couple of day’s, he could assume their private festivities started days ago.

Oh, Morgana, Harry mentally groaned, he had no idea if Draco had anything planned. This would be the first time he’d have a lover of any kind to celebrate the day. He wasn’t sure of what he was expected to do. He loved Draco and hoped that he showed it to him every day. Harry shook his head clearing his thoughts of doubts as he entered, the Great Hall just as Fawkes swooped into the large room. The Phoenix had disappeared, and Harry had not seen her since she proved to Dumbledore, she no longer belonged to him. Harry stopped and watched flew around the room as if looking for someone or something. A hand rested on the small of his back and Harry looked to his left to see his mate standing beside him.

“I see she’s returned?”

“Yeah, I wish I knew where she was all this time,” Harry said as he watched as Fawkes swooped down in front of them. Stopped in front of Harry staring at him as if assessing him in some way. She then turned to Draco and Harry watched as the two stare into each other’s eyes for a few long minutes before she shrilled and flew around the room landing on Draco’s shoulder. “Okay, what the hell just happened?” He asked Draco, who looked just as confused as him.

“I’m not sure,” Draco told him, then looked at Fawkes who was sitting on his shoulder. “I thought she chose Neville as her new owner?”

Harry thought for a few seconds, “I’m not sure she really chose him, as was the fact that she no longer listened to Dumbledore.” Fawkes thrilled as if agreeing with Harry. “I think she was waiting for the right time to choose an owner or she’s just drawn to you like I am,” he leaned in and whispered to Draco. He loved seeing the bright color of pink that crossed Draco’s cheeks.

“You’re in a playful mood today,” Draco observed.

“Am I?” Harry asked stepping in front of Draco and closer to him leaving no room between their bodies. His hands remained behind his back as his mate lightly rest his hands on his hips.

“I would say you are, is there a certain reason for that?” Draco asked, lowering his head giving Harry a chaste kiss. He lightly snaked his tongue out touching his mate’s lips.

“I think it’s being near you,” Harry told him looking into his beautiful blue-gray eyes. “You bring out the friskiness out of me.”

“What else?” Draco asked, nuzzling and rubbed their cheeks together. Harry gasped and closed his eyes when Draco brought their hips together, rubbing their interested cocks together. Draco placed gently kisses all the way down to Harry’s neck where he nipped at the skin.

“You know I can’t think when you do that,” Harry told him grabbing onto Draco’s muscles biceps.

“If you can talk that means I’m doing something wrong,” Draco told him, and Harry purred when his mate nipped at his earlobe.
“Never wrong, always right,” he said between gasps of breath. Draco raised his head and smashed their lips together before Harry had a chance to say anything else.

They were into each other they didn’t hear the large doors of the Great Hall opening as floods of students entered and stopped to stare at the couple. Everyone knew that Harry and Draco were in love with each other, but the couple rarely showed public display of affection or any in front of the students. A loud whoop, clapping, and cheering of a couple of, ‘way to go,’ alerted them that they were no longer alone. Draco ended their kiss and connected their foreheads together as they as they looked into each other’s eyes smiling.

*Maybe this Valentine’s day things won’t be so bad.*

**GR**GR**GR**GR**GR**

Harry returned to his private quarters later that night after patrolling the halls for students out past curfew. There were only a couple he let them off with a stern warning not taking house points. It sometimes seemed bizarre that only a few short months ago, he was a student and now he’s semi graduated and a valued member of the school board. The minute he walked into his quarters, he was hit with the sweetest scent ever, there was Tea light scented candle going along the border of the hallway with red and pink rose petals in the middle leading down the hall. Harry hurriedly took off his shoes and socks rolling up his pant legs. He took his first step and sighed at the cool softness of the rose petals. He continued down the hall excited to see what else Draco had in store for him. He didn't have to wait long his lover stepped out of the room, meeting him at the end of the hall. Harry was speechless, and instantly his cock grew hard in pants pressing hard against the zipper threatening to burst open. Draco was wearing a red silk bow around his neck showcasing his muscled clean shaved chest and arms. He had on a red and black sheer see-through boxer shorts that looked as if it was tailored for him. Harry’s tongue felt like sand stuck to the roof of his mouth. Draco looked like a fucking angel sent to earth to protect him and give him love. Harry loved seeing Draco’s mating marks on his beautiful pale skin. His hair, which grew longer of the past few months framed half of his face while the other side was slicked back. His wings were on display, and Harry was tempted to reach out and run his fingers through the soft feathers.

“Hello, my sweet mate,” Draco extended his hand offering it to Harry.

“Draco, what’s all this?” He asked offering a hand to his mate who pulled him close and wrapped a hand around his waist.

“I wanted to show you how much I love you, is there anything wrong with that?”

“No, there isn’t.”

“I’m not doing this because is Valentine’s day. Although, there is nothing with that,” he leaned down and nuzzled Harry’s neck. “But I think if you love someone you need to show it every day.” Harry gasped when Draco sucked on his mating mark. His body started to tingle with arousal. “I planned to do this a couple of weeks ago, but I had to leave.” Draco flattened his tongue and licked from his biting markup to his earlobe nipped at it. “Now, I get to full fill my dream to pleasure you all night long,” he whispered as he pulled away leaving Harry dizzy with lust.

“What…”
Draco stopped him by placing a finger on his lips. “Shh...your only job tonight is to feel and enjoy no thinking about anything else. And most importantly, no questions. Just enjoy.”

Harry wanted to ask so many questions, but the look on Draco’s face told him all his questions would be answered as the night went on. Draco led him to the bathroom, it was filled with lit candles, and the bath was filled it bubbles. It was large enough to accommodate more than one person, and Harry guessed that’s why Draco had his wings out. His mate started undressing him kissing on his skin after removing his clothes. Harry was starting to lose focus, his mind going blank and his body doing exactly what Draco commanded and started to feel.

“Let your wings,” Draco instructed. Instantly, Harry bowed his head and let his wings free. “They are so beautiful,” he whispered.

He took Harry’s hand slowly guiding over to the filled bathtub. He gasped when he saw the fireplace in the wall. He’s been using the bathtub for a while now, and to his knowledge, there was never a fireplace there before.

“I remember how you’re always complaining about how chilly the bathroom is in the morning so I had a talk with the lady and she was fine with it. I think her exact words were anything to make the heir happy.”

Harry threw his arms around his mate and kissed him soundly before pulling back. “I love that you pay attention even to the simplest things. Thank you,”

“You’re welcome, and don't thank me too soon, there's more to come.”

“Well, how about I thank you in other ways?” Harry asked fluttering his eyelids.

Draco chuckled and swatted him lightly on his butt cheeks. “Get in the tub, you sweet talker.”

“It seems I'm losing my powers of persuasion,” he said getting into the tub. The water was the right temperature he was also expecting his wings to be wet and cumbersome holding him down.

“Hardly, you have me wrapped around your fingers and toes,” Draco said with a smile as he kneeled down beside the tub. “Turn around let me wash your hair.”

He moved effortlessly and wonder how it was possible. “How come my wing are not wet?”

“I said no questions, Submissive. But as a sign of good measure, I will answer that. There is a potion made specially for Veela and the care of our wings and other things that a regular wizard or witch…”

Draco continued to talk, and Harry really tried to listen, but the fingers combing through his hair and fingers on his scalp was lulling him into utter comfort. He moaned as if he just has the best orgasm of his life. The fact that Draco was pampering him from head to toe set his senses on fire.

“Have I told you how much I love that you didn’t cut your hair because I asked you not to?” Draco whispered kissing and sucking on his wet shoulder.

“I would do anything for you,” Harry told him.

“I know,” Draco tilted Harry’s neck, drawing him into a chaste kiss nipping at his bottom lip.

Harry opened his eyes and stared into his love’s eyes. Seeing the strength of Draco’s love shining
brightly broke through any walls he had up. This was the only man he could show his vulnerability to without it coming back to bite him in the arse.

“You make me very happy, Draco,” he told his love.

“You do the same for me, Harry,” Draco smiled and kissed him deeply this time. They spent more time in the bathtub touching and kissing. Harry got the opportunity to do the same things to Draco, like washing his hair and body. Once they were out of the tub, they sat down for a romantic dinner sans clothing, feeding each other and talking about nothing important. They stayed away from conversations dealing with work or the war. This was a night for them to relax. After dinner, Draco gave Harry a full body massage on piles of blankets in front of the fireplace. With each touch, Harry could not hide his aroused state, and it seems neither could Draco. They ended up making love and falling asleep in front of the warm fire whispered words of love could be heard between them as they held and led each other to ecstasy.

With love magic flowing throughout the entire Castle Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry shined brighter than she had in a very long time.

Chapter End Notes

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End Notes

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