Black From The Ink
by cloudENVY

Summary

Dark Harry Potter. A man from our world is reborn as Harry Potter, and decides he's not going to be the wizarding worlds golden boy. Power is the currency in the world of magic, and he doesn't plan on staying poor for long.
Chapter One

On a cold night in November, a toddler with wild black hair and a lightning bolt shaped scar stares up at the night sky. The wind whips around him as he hurtles through the air on an enchanted motorcycle, a sling holds him securely to the front of a massive man with an equally massive beard.

He’s deduced already that he’s no longer an adult man. His tiny body and lack of any kind of mobility in his situation gives credit to this impossible thought. Also the fact that he woke up in a crib earlier. He’s not even in his world currently if he’s seeing things correctly. He knows this because magic isn’t real. It’s the stuff of fairy tales and movies.

When he awoke earlier, he was startled by the fact that a man resembling Gary Oldman, and who called him Harry, was in fact capable of magic. Sirius Black entered the room, his face distraught looking, and his eyes tinged with a wild desperation. His wand lit up the room with a soft white glow as he paced forward and then let out a relieved sigh upon seeing the tiny boy. He then picked the boy up, cradling him gently to his chest.

"Come on pup," he avoided looking around the room as much as possible and carried him down the stairs and out of what used to be a front door, but was now little more than a hole in the front of the foyer. They passed two bodies on the way. One a woman with red hair and startling green eyes that stared blankly out at nothing, the other a man with messy black hair and spectacles. The Potters. The very fictional, and very dead Potters.

He was Harry bloody Potter, the Boy-Who-Lived, the Chosen One. What a mess.

Distantly he remembers being held by the red haired woman, her singing a song which eludes him now, and seeing the man with black hair cooing nonsensically at him, moving his face away with a laugh when he had grabbed for the glasses on his face.

He remembers sitting on the living room floor and tugging on the ear of a large black dog. Of being consoled by an ethereal white stag jumping out of the tip of a wand and dancing around his nursery. A stern "Hadrian James Potter, you drop that right now." Hadrian, that's different.

But he was truly an infant then. Now, not so much. Something woke him up. A memory comes to him now, a very recent memory. His mother has placed him in his crib after rushing up to the room with him. Her face is worried, her hands fluttering around trying to figure out what to do. She caresses his cheek then moves some furniture in front of the nursery door. Silly woman, where is your wand? he wonders as the memory unfolds. That done she backs up to the crib and latches onto the rail behind her, the knuckles on her hands white.

A moment later the door and the dresser are blown apart, but she stands still, shielding him from any debris. A dark cloaked figure steps into the room with a predators grace. His robes part to reveal bare feet tipped with actual claws as he moves. The hood of his robes shield what must be a ghastly face.

"Move aside, girl." His words are spoken with a sibilant hiss, and a chill runs down the child’s spine as a dark and heavy aura blankets the room.

"No, please! Not Harry!" The woman pleads for his life but he already knows how this ends.

"Move girl, you don’t need to die here." the cloaked man orders for the final time, but she won’t and
"Please! No, please!" His wand raises, hand bone white and grasping it with a careless nonchalance that belies what it will do.

"Avada Kedavra." He intones and with a flick of his wrist and a scream from the woman that cuts short, his mother falls to the floor, dead.

Green eyes the color of the very curse that was just cast stare up at the man as he walks closer. The wizard's head tilts slightly, and without further ado, he casts again.

"Avada Kedavra!" The emerald green curse flies towards the boy and hits. Then nothing. He wakes up to what must be Sirius Black picking him up. He's handed over to the half giant soon after, and now here he is, flying across London on an enchanted motorcycle that somehow carries the behemoth of a man with ease.

He's somewhat saddened at the deaths of Lily and James Potter. Lily more so, having actually witnessed her murder and the desperate cries to spare his life, but he's not distraught. They weren't really his parents, if anything he's sad about the fate he knows awaits him at her insufferable sister's house. The Dursleys. He sneers in an entirely too cute way to actually be threatening. If they think they can treat him like a house elf they are mistaken. He didn't have magic in his last life, so the presence of it now is a constant and inexorable feeling. He will learn to use it and they will suffer every ounce of misery they inflict on him. He will not be a door mat for them to trample on and abuse as they please.

A jolt and the motorcycle lands, coasting forward before coming to a stop. The large man swings his leg over the bike and walks across a well kept lawn towards two figures. Albus Dumbledore takes him from the half giant, silvery blue eyes twinkling as they are wont to do.

"Any trouble Hagrid?" the wizened old man asks, his grandfather persona in full effect.

"None at all Headmaster, 'arry 'ere 'asn't made a peep the whole ride." Hagrid seemed inordinately pleased with himself, puffing up like somehow his bewildered silence was the product of his ability to ferry young children to safety.

"Very good then." They started towards the front door of Number 4 Privet Drive. The war had ended and now it was time to make sure their savior grew up to be a malleable little puppet martyr. Not likely.

"Are you sure about this Albus. I've watched them all day, they're the worst sort of muggles imaginable." spoke the voice of reason that would be McGonagall, sounding genuinely concerned. Her large pointed hat took up most of his vision as she leaned closer.

"The blood wards will keep him safe from those who may wish him harm." She still looked skeptical. Smart woman. " He should be with family Minerva. They are the only family he has left after all."

Not entirely true the man turned child thought to himself. If he remembers his Harry Potter lore correctly, a Potter married into the Black family, making Narcissa and Draco his cousins. Andromeda and Nymphadora as well. He won't bother contemplating the rest of that family for obvious reasons. Being Voldemort's right hand woman doesn't really seem conducive to childcare. A snort escaped him at the thought, but quickly morphed into a scowl when Dumbledore smiled down at him.

"I just hope you know what your doing Albus." Her concern is still obvious, and it would be
touching if he didn't know that not a damn thing would be done about his situation, even after Hogwarts.

The porch is hard and cold beneath him. That's brilliant, leave a 1 year old on a porch in the dark in November. He glared at the headmaster as the old man gazed down at him with a genial smile. Old coot. How is this possibly a good idea?

The note tucked in the blanket crinkled as he moved, trying to free himself from his forced confinement. A knock on the door later and they began to move away. Off to celebrate and do other wizardy things he supposed.

"Goodbye Harry Potter. Until we meet again." A loud staccato of pops rang out and the trio were gone. Heavy footfalls echoed through the house, and a sigh escaped his lips. Here we go...

A month passed living under the Dursleys loving care. They feed him the minimum requirement, and clothe him in dearest Dudleys hand me downs. He keeps quiet, in his cupboard under the stairs, and tries to draw on his magic. He can feel it, coursing through his veins. He knows it's there, but it proves elusive so far. It's warmth on the coldest of nights, with only a thin threadbare sheet to cover up with.

He grasps at it and almost thinks he has it, when frustratingly, it slips through his fingers yet again. What is he doing wrong? He can feel it there, why can't he touch it? A glower contorts his expression as he stares down at his small hand.

Banging on the cupboard door interrupts his brooding, and soon after it swings open. A thin, scowling face that resembles a horse enters his prison and soon shoves some stale butterless toast into his outstretched hand. A small cup with water follows, and then the door slams shut once more. The sound of a lock sliding shut can be heard through the thin door. It seems the Dursleys can't be bothered to let him out of the cupboard until he's old enough to do chores. He gets a brief stint to the restroom thirty minutes after breakfast, and once more after his meager meal of a peanut butter sandwich for lunch and then again after whatever scraps are leftover from dinner which isn't much, not with Vernon living here.

The Dursleys call him freak, an expected but no less loathed development. He's taken to calling them Walrus and Horseface in his head. He won't refer to himself as Harry. The starry eyed Gryffindor of J.K. Rowlings story no longer exists. He will never be that Harry Potter. From the memories of his early life, he knows his full name is Hadrian. It will do.

While eating his toast he wonders about his Dursley problem. Underfeeding him and confining him to the cupboard is the worst they have done, but he expects that will change when he gets a little older. Thank the gods he's already able to use the toilet or he'd probably be sitting in his own excrement for countless hours of the day.

He hasn't been able to bathe since he arrived, no surprise there. They probably expect they would have to bathe him. So until he can convince the idiots he can do it himself, he'll have to content himself with taking whore baths or stewing in his own filth. He's starting to stink again.

Finished with his toast and water, he knocks on the cupboard door. As it swings open, Horseface waits stiffly for him to exit the cupboard in as dignified a fashion as he can manage. His chin tilts up and with barely a glance at his would-be aunt he heads to the bathroom at the end of the hall. He stops suddenly and turns around. Perhaps it's too early to be speaking in full sentences, but they already think him a freak, and frankly he just doesn't give a damn about pretenses.

"I would like to bathe now." He cringes inwardly at the sound of his childish voice, but is sure to
not phrase it as a question. His face is blank and his eyes cold. The look is more than a little unsettling on a 1 year old.

Horseface blanches and stares at him wide eyed in shock. She probably assumed he couldn't speak, and with good reason, since that was the first thing he's said since arriving in this hellhole. She looks at him, flinching slightly at his emotionless eyes. She's going to need convincing it seems. How troublesome.

" I can bathe on my own." She sniffs in a snooty fashion, finally recovering from her shock. "Well, you do smell quite foul. I suppose you may," with that she turns and retrieves a small ratty towel, probably used for drying dishes. Of course, can't let the freak use a decent towel, he might contaminate it. He barely contains his sneer as he takes the proffered towel and marches into the bathroom. She follows and informs him he may use Dudleys soaps and shampoos until his own can be purchased.

" You have 10 minutes." A curt nod and he turns his back on her, effectively dismissing the vile woman. Another sniff is heard and then the sound of the door closing behind her as she exits.

The pounding on the door is a familiar sound by now, letting him know that his time is up. It's just as well, he finished five minutes ago and was now just enjoying the hot water.

His days continue like this for a long time. Practicing magic is still an exercise in futility, and his frustration with his predicament is quickly reaching a boiling point.

It wasn't until his fourth birthday, or round about that time anyways, that his magic made an appearance. He was washing the dishes leftover from the Dursleys dinner, their precious Dudders wailing about something or other in the background. At five years old he was already a spoiled brat. The screaming stopped abruptly when a plate slipped through Hadrians sudsy fingers and bounced off the counter, shattering loudly on the floor.

"Watch what your doing boy!" Walrus roared and reared back, boxing his ear with a meaty hand. The hit sent him sprawling to the floor, knocking the step-stool he'd been standing on askew when his feet kicked out.

The tight leash on his control snapped and his eyes zeroed in on Vernon. The temperature in the room dropped suddenly as his magic seeped out and fell over the room like a cloud of malicious intent. Their breath became visible in the air and Dudleys wailing started up again, this time genuine. Vernon's face, once purple with rage, paled rapidly, his beady eyes stayed fixed on the boy in disbelief at first, then rage filled his puce colored face. Flinty green eyes stared up at him with a malice that shouldn't be possible on a four year old boy, and for the first time he understood what his wife had been telling him since the freak was dropped on their doorstep. He wasn't natural.

"W-what are you doing freak?! Stop that this intant!" His meat claw reached for Hadrian, to shake the freakishness out of him if he had to.

"Don't touch me." As soon as the words left his mouth in a whisper, Vernons hand jerked away from him so harshly a crunching sound rang out, followed by a scream of pain as the whale of a man stumbled back, clutching his wrist.

Dudley and Petunia watched in horror, as Vernon continued to howl in agony. His thrashing about got more pronounced and the screams became interspersed with curses. Dudley ran from the room suddenly, and Horseface herded Walrus out of the kitchen away from the threat of her nephew, blubbering all the while.

Hadrian sat up slowly, glancing around the kitchen in wonder. His ear was still ringing, but slowly
his hearing came back. The dishes and furniture were rattling, he hadn't noticed before. As his mind calmed, the rattling slowed, then stopped completely. The temperature normalized, and the euphoric feeling of being in control faded as well. It was, invigorating, that feeling. Like nothing could touch him. He wanted it back. A grin spread across his face, full of pride and cruel humor. He had done magic. In a moment of emotional and physical distress, true. But in his mind, that in no way detracted from his accomplishment. And he had put the walrus in his place. He huffed a laugh as he remembered the feeling of his magic wrapping around the fat oafs wrist and squeezing with bone crushing force. He didn't just break his bones. He shattered them. The memory of his face when he realized what was happening would be a cherished one. He could see it in his eyes, the knowledge that what was happening couldn't be stopped. That the tables had turned and he was no longer in control. It was...delicious.

Now that he knew what using his magic felt like, perhaps he could recreate his previous success. His hand stretched out before him, and he willed his magic to act. The apple that had rolled off the counter during his panic induced earthquake vibrated slightly, but refused to budge. A scowl morphed his face as he looked down at his hand in dismay. A minor set back, he decides. These things take time after all. He fumbled for the apple, his small hands not able to grab it properly, and barely caught it before it hit the floor. With a triumphant grin he bit into the fruit, the juice dripping down his chin. Victory is sweet, he thought as he finished eating his first piece of fruit in this life.
Chapter Two

Chapter Summary

Shopping at Diagon Alley, enter the Malfoys.

Chapter Notes

Another chapter already! Don't get used to updates being so fast, it probably won't happen again. Anyways, I'm trying to avoid certain cliches but some are unavoidable. There's a reason they're cliches. I know this has been done probably a million times but I'll try to put my own spin on it. Enjoy!

Life at the Dursleys improved immeasurably after the kitchen incident. Aside from the one time when Dudley's small brain seemed to forget why he should fear his cousin several months later. He was promptly reminded after being tossed aside like a fat rag doll. Luckily for him, his bloated face cushioned his fall. He didn't forget again.

Hadrian soon made it known that he would no longer be staying in the cupboard under the stairs. He reasoned that it was only fair, Dudley didn't need a bedroom solely for discarded toys. After a glare and noticeable drop in temperature, the one trick he can actually control without much thought, the Dursleys agreed. It was only fair, after all. The threat of bodily harm went unsaid.

The years that followed were nothing short of tedious. School was a welcome reprieve, until he realized rather quickly that it was going to be more of the same. He had already lived through his school years once, and now he was in the past, doing it again. The minimum amount of effort was put forth at school, and he was still passing at the top of his class. He couldn't even feel pride in it because his competition were children, and his curriculum reflected this fact.

Seven years passed this way, with very little to show for it in regards to his magic. Hadrian had taken to meditating, trying to stumble across the secrets of occlumency. Without any reference material he had no way of knowing whether he was successful however. Actual spells were still beyond him as well. He could remember the words, but without a focus he couldn't cast them. All of his successes so far were basically just beating the magic into submission. Forcing it to do what he wanted through sheer will and stubbornness. Fine control was a distant dream at the moment. Even then, usually it took a supreme amount of concentration to get his magic moving. It was sluggish and sleepy, equally as stubborn as him in its desire to be dormant it seemed. The only exception being when he is having some strong emotional reaction. Usually frustration, or in the case of the Dursleys, anger.

Pushing his magic outward like an aura that would envelop his surroundings was about all he could really do without fail. It had the useful side effect of making it slightly colder for some reason, and muggles though they are, the Dursleys could always feel when his magic would saturate the air. Equally useful in that it caused them to promptly rethink any actions that might upset him.

A week before Hadrian's eleventh birthday in this world, a cream colored envelope addressed to Harry James Potter arrived at number 4 Privet drive. Finally, he thought as he broke the wax seal and
pulled the letter out. A giddy feeling niggled in his stomach as he carefully unfolded the letter and skimmed through it already knowing what to expect, but enjoying the moment all the more for it.

As he contemplated how he should go about replying, a thoughtoccured to him. He didn't need to reply, surely Dumbledore will send his half-giant lackey just as he did in canon. He's not going to let the bloody child of prophecy miss out on Hogwarts. With a hum he tucked the letter back into its envelope and placed it on his bedside table. No sense in hiding it away, the Dursleys wouldn't dare try to take it from him. With that he proceeded out of the room to continue his day, thoughts of castles and wands floating through his mind.

Just as he thought, on the day of July 31st a loud knocking erupted from the front door. With a smirk that he quickly smothered he glanced at Petunia and raised an eyebrow, as if to say 'are you going to answer the door or what'. She quickly left the room to get the door, then promptly slammed it shut again in Hagrid's disgruntled face.

"Well, that was rude." Petunia yelled as she spun around to see Hadrian casually standing behind her near the cupboard door. " Run along then, aunt Petunia." He rarely ever called her aunt, and usually only in spite. Now was no different, so she quickly dodged past him back to the living room. His cold green eyes followed her path until she disappeared from view.

The door creaked open as he turned the doorknob and pulled. The large man still standing on the other side was scratching at his beard with a puzzled look of befuddlement until his eyes landed on Hadrian, and a large grin stretched across his face.

" 'ello there, ya must be 'arry then! Names 'agrid, keeper o' keys an groun's at 'ogwarts." The man was just bursting with enthusiasm and Hadrian could already feel the headache coming on. Here we go.

" I prefer Hadrian, if you don't mind. You're here about the letter I assume. Will you be taking me to purchase my things?"

" Er...tha's righ'. Are ya ready ta get goin'?" He seemed a little off kilter now, but Hadrian didn't know why he would be. Was it so strange, that he preferred his full name?

" Of course. I don't have any money though..." he trailed off, prompting Hagrid to explain, if only to keep up appearances. As he followed the half-giant towards the road, he instantly regretted his decision, not sure how much longer he could deal with the large mans butchering of the english language.

"Oh, don' worry 'bout tha' 'arr- uh, 'adrian. We'll be stoppin a' the wizards bank when we get ta Diagon alley." Hagrid was eager to regale him with tales of Dumbledores greatness and how he knew his parents. He wouldn't have minded nearly as much if it weren't for his infernal accent.

Some time later, and many awkward stares after sitting next to the behemoth on the tube, they finally arrived at their destination. That was an experience he wasn't too keen on repeating. A bell dinged above the door as Hagrid shouldered his way through, Hadrian trailing behind. He carefully smoothed his bangs over to conceal the scar on his forehead as he glanced about the pub in mild curiosity. It was dingy and surprisingly crowded, already Hagrid's hulking form was drawing attention to him. Great. The glasses weren't helping either, and he could hear people starting to whisper and shuffle closer.

He was starting to panic. He knew it, and soon his magic would lash out if he didn't get control. A sharp tug on Hagrid's sleeve saw him turn around and look questioningly down at Hadrian before he could announce who exactly he had with him.
"We should hurry, we have much to do Hagrid." His eyes peered up at the bearded man, willing him to leave without fanfare. The man seemed to get it, and clasped his large hand on Hadrian's shoulder with a soft "Righ'. This way." Crisis averted.

A breath escaped Hadrian slowly as they made their way out to the alley behind the Leakey Cauldron. The brick wall collapsed outward, folding over on itself several times after Hagrid touched it at key points with his umbrella, and there was Diagon Alley in all its magical splendor. People in robes rushed about, and the cry of owls and other beasts drifted over from the menagerie nearby. It was brilliant. The white towering form of the wizarding bank loomed in the distance and Hadrian set off towards it without a second thought. Hagrid kept pace with him, occasionally glancing down with a tinge of concern coloring his features. Hadrian ignored it, not eager to draw attention to his weakness, especially not with a virtual stranger.

A giddy feeling of wonder replaced the anxiety of before as the two walked past the vibrant shops and colorful people going about their business. For the first time in his new life he almost felt like a child, and a small genuine smile formed without him knowing. This was a place that he had only dreamed about visiting in his former life, and now he was really here.

The goblins of Gringotts were frightfully ugly, Hadrian decided as he marched forward to an empty tellers desk. Before Hagrid could say anything he spoke up, drawing the suspicious eyed goblins attention.

"Hadrian Potter, I'm here to make a withdrawl." The goblin sneered and leaned forward to grasp the edge of the desk.

"And does Hadrian Potter have his key?" An expectant look at Hagrid woke him from whatever stupor he was in and he fumbled about in his coat for a moment. With a triumphant noise he pulled the key out and handed it to the disgruntled goblin. Hadrian merely raised an eyebrow when the creature looked back at him.

"Griphook!" Another equally ghastly looking goblin ambled over at his barking shout. "Take mister Potter here to his vault, he wishes to make a withdrawl."

"Oh, 'ere I have a message from Dumbledore. I'm ta pick up you-know-wha' in vault you-know-which."

Hadrian couldn't stop his eyes from rolling at the overly hyphenated 'code' words. Ridiculous.

"Very well." the goblin looked stunned for a moment then turned to the other one, Griphook, and a short conversation followed in a strange garbled sounding language and with a curt nod and a gruff "This way." they were off.

The cart ride was brief and slightly disorienting, which he supposed was the purpose, to discourage thieves. Hagrid looked decidedly green as they exited and watched Griphook insert his key into the massive vault door. The air was stale and cold, and he wished suddenly that he had some thicker clothing. Something to consider when he went shopping. No way was he going to be stuck wearing ratty hand me downs under his school robes. The thick steel door swung outward with a whisper and the stacks of gold gleamed prettily within. He couldn't remember if this was the main vault or not.

"Are there any other vaults available to me, now or when I come of age?" he asked, he counted out several hundred galleons and placed them in the pouch provided by the bank.

"This is your trust vault. The Potter family vault will become available to you when you turn 17."
He hummed as he pulled the drawstring. Three hundred and 50 should be enough for his school supplies, a new wardrobe and anything else he might want.

"How much does this vault currently hold?" he asked as he stepped out of the vault, glancing down at the goblin he noticed that the creature seemed put out by his questions. Too bad.

"700 galleons after your withdrawal. It tops up at 1000 galleons every year, regardless of how much is taken out before. This way, if your finished."

A sneer and the goblin hobbled back to the cart, waiting impatiently. Hadrian snorted softly at the creature and took his place back in the cart. Hagrid was suspiciously quiet as the cart went further down into the bowels of Gringotts. Glancing up, Hadrian decided it might be prudent to move over further, just in case the half-giant decided it was too much trouble to keep his lunch in his stomach.

Finally they left the bank and headed back into the throngs of people who parted as Hagrid approached. The first stop was Madam Malkins to get his robes. Hagrid seemed to have different ideas however as he stopped just outside claiming he had some business to take care of. After Hadrian reassured him he could handle his own shopping he wondered off in the direction of what looked suspiciously like a pub.

A portly woman shuffled forward to greet him. "First year for Hogwarts dear?"

"Yes, I need robes for school and some casual robes as well. Can I purchase that here?" he inquired as he followed her past the display cases and mannequins.

"Of course dear, I'll just need to get your measurements." She directed him to a raised platform next to a boy with white blond hair and piercing grey eyes. His features were pointed and he held himself with the air of someone who knew he was superior to everyone else. This must be Draco Malfoy, he thought as he stepped up next to the boy. A tight nod of acknowledgment saw the gesture returned from the blonde.

"Do you have any preferences color wise?" the woman flittered about and flicked her wand towards a measuring tape that hovered nearby ready for use. As his measurements were taken, the boy next to him seemed to be taking his measure in a different way, not quite hiding his curious look.

"Yes, blacks with silver accents. Dark greens and blues for some are acceptable. I'd prefer to have finer fabric than what is standard as well." He could see the movement of the young Malfoy heirs head as he nodded in approval.

"Acromantula silk is the finest material, all my robes are made from it." he commented haughtily. Hadrian spared the boy a quick look, noting the continued attention from him. He seemed to be waiting for something, a calculating look in his eyes.

"Do you currently have acromantula silk available?" The woman nodded with a queer look in her eyes, eyeing his ragged muggle clothing sceptically.

"5 casual robes then, in the acromantula silk along with the school robes will do." It would be expensive, but he was confident he had more than enough. The challenge issued by the blonde was already accepted the moment he spoke. Anything less was unacceptable if he wanted to solidify his high standing in Slytherin. Matching the Malfoy heir in shows of wealth would be a good start.

"That will put you at 120 Galleons dear." She pushed, obviously thinking this would change his mind. It didn't.
"20 a piece then. That's fine, when shall I be able to pick them up?" The tape measure flew back to it's hovering position near the witch with that.

"They will be ready within the hour, since your paying so much we'll put a rush on them, I'll just need your name then dear."

"Hadrian Potter." Her eyes widened considerably, and glanced up to his forehead which was still covered by his hair. Draco nearly tripped stepping down from his platform and his head whipped over to look at Hadrian in an uncharacteristic display of clumsiness and shock.

At Hadrian's flat unimpressed stare the woman covered her shock and took a hurried step back to give him room to step down.

"Do you deal in anything but robes here, as you can see I'm in need of some suitable clothing as well. I'd prefer to do all my shopping in the same place, you understand."

Clearing her throat she gestured in the vague direction of the till and a stack of magazines. "That's you done dear. I'll be just a moment mister Potter." she spoke to Draco in an off hand way as Hadrian tracked her movements for a moment before turning his attention back to Malfoy, who was watching him with a considering look.

As emerald green met cool grey, Draco extended a pale hand to shake. "I'm Draco Malfoy by the way." He clasped the hand before him.

"Hadrian Potter." A nod and their hands released. From an outside perspective they looked like two boys from completely different worlds, which they were, one dressed finely, the other in rags. On closer inspection though, they both held themselves with confidence. The same controlled expressions on their youthful faces. The picture of two pureblood scions, sizing the other up.

"Will this be your first year at Hogwarts as well, Malfoy." He of course knew the answer already, but Malfoy didn't know that. The boy shifted forward slightly to a polite distance now that they were conversing.

"It is, do you know which house you'll be in yet?" His pureblood training was holding up but his eyes still gave away his interest. Could be useful to have the ear of an heir to a powerful family, he mused to himself.

"Slytherin most likely." he replied and hid his private amusement as the blondes eyes lit up slightly.

"Me as well, the Malfoys have always been in Slytherin. Ravenclaw isn't too terrible I guess, but I think I'd leave if I was sorted into Hufflepuff or Gryffindor. How humiliating."

Hadrians eyebrow lifted slightly in amusement, the boy was trying to ingratiate himself with him already. Probably because of his status as the Boy-Who-Lived. Yes, he could work with this.

"I hadn't given much thought to the other houses. It seemed irrelevant, considering. I suppose that would be mortifying though, coming from a purely Slytherin family." Malfoy smirked at his agreement nodding along.

"I imagine that others will be quite surprised though," The blonde seemed to find this particularly funny as his smirk stretched into a sly smile. "Weren't your parents in Gryffindor?"

Time to do some acting, he thought with an internal sigh. "I wouldn't know. The muggles I was left with weren't too keen on talking about them."
Malfy looked aghast for a moment, his mouth gaping as he stared in horror at Hadrian. "Muggles?! You were raised by muggles? That's- How can you stand it?" The disgust in his voice carried over to his expression.

Hadrian sneered and tilted his head slightly as he gazed at Malfoy who quickly got control of himself and looked slightly sheepish. " With a lot of threats to their person if they cross me."

Draco nodded and looked slightly relieved for some reason. " Of course, that must be absolutely horrible." He got a calculating look in his eye again as he pondered his next move. Hadrian suspected he knew what conclusion he was about to reach.

" Before he could voice his thoughts however the seamstress was back, holding a neatly folded stack of clothes in her arms and a sheet of parchment.

" Here you are dear, I've got several articles for you to choose from. I'm sure you want to change into some new clothes. This is a list of your purchases and if you like this I can have several more made up for you. " A quick glance over the clothing and a pair of black slacks and a light grey button up were chosen. The fabric was soft and flowed through his fingers like water. This will do nicely.

" Very good then dear, just follow the racks to the changing room, just there." A quick nod at Draco and he was in the dressing room. The clothes fit perfectly, but his ratty sneakers would be an issue. He glared at them and decided to just carry them until he could ask the witch about proper shoes. She was ready and handed him some new socks and showed him the selection he could choose from. Some black dress shoes finished the ensemble, and he was ready to continue his shopping elsewhere. His back straightened and his strides became longer, the clothes helping him to slip into the right mindset. Amazing what a new outfit can do for your confidence, he mused.

" Now, you can order more clothes from this catalog, just touch your wand to whatever you want and pick the colors. Its already got your measurements on file, you'll receive your purchases by owl post. "

He thanked her and paid for his things. 140 galleons were passed over and after a reminder that his other purchases would be ready in about an hour, he proceeded to the front of the shop.

Draco and a tall man with long blonde hair and the same pointed, aristocratic features were standing outside the shop waiting. Lucius Malfoys gaze swept over him as he approached. The sneer that he only mildly expected was absent and a tight smile appeared in its place. The expression looked forced, and Hadrian arched a brow at the man, meeting the plastic smile with a charming one of his own, he glanced at Draco for introductions.

" Hadrian, this is my father Lucius Malfoy. Father, this is Hadrian Potter." Hadrian extended his hand and Malfoy senior met it with his own, shaking his hand firmly.

" A pleasure, sir." The sentiment was acknowledged with a nod and the gleam in his grey eyes intensified.

" It seems you have made quite the impression on my son mister Potter. He tells me you will be joining him in Slytherin. I must admit, the picture he painted of you was a pleasant surprise." His smooth drawl was just like Hadrian imagined it would be, and he could clearly see his mannerisms in his young son as they stood side by side. Dracos was not quite as refined just yet however, and the thought was amusing for some reason.

" I'm sure. Apparently the world is expecting me to follow in my parents footsteps. I was not informed however. Changing my whole outlook and personality now though would just be troublesome." Lucius smirked slightly at this and the amusement reached his eyes.
"Indeed." A pause as the Malfoy patriarch appeared to be considering something. "Draco still has some shopping to do, perhaps you would indulge us by accompanying."

"That's agreeable. I've yet to complete my own, so I see no reason not to. Thank you sir." Well, he thought as Draco gave him a small smile and the two followed after Lucius, that was easier than he thought it would be.

"The grounds keeper from Hogwarts was meant to accompany me, but he seems to have vanished in the meantime." He mentioned as the walked to Flourish and Blotts a couple stores down.

Lucius scoffed, "The half-giant, truly? I can't begin to imagine why the headmaster thought that was proper." The door opened with a groan as several children the left the store. Lucius caught it with the end of his staff and beckoned the boys through before following.

"From his rambling, he seemed to be an avid fan of the headmaster. I can only assume his purpose as my first magical acquaintance was to endear me to Albus Dumbledore and the Gryffindor house." He spoke nonchalantly as his eyes traced over the spines of the books nearby. "A rather cunning move on the headmasters part."

"An astute observation for one so young. You are most likely correct." Hadrian didn't miss the considering look the elder Malfoy was giving him, but continued to browse the book titles as the line moved forward. Stacks of the first year books were being sold in a bundle, convenient, though the line was anything but.

His eyes closed briefly as he took in the smell of the aged books. The scent of leather and parchment permeated the store, and the hoard of moving bodies did little to detract from it. It would be peaceful if not for the noise. A tick of irritation hit him as he glanced over to the rambunctious children to his left. Pursing his lips he turned back to the shelves in front of him. He wasn't likely to find anything to interesting so close to the front of the store, but it couldn't hurt to look. Household charms, gardening charms, mending clothes with magic. A sigh pushed past his lips, just as he thought.

They eventually made it to the counter and both boys now carried the full set of required books. Exiting the store was a relief and they headed to the next store to purchase their potion supplies and equipment. Draco bragged about how he had been tutored by his godfather, the current Potions Professor, and was sure he would excel in that class in particular. Hadrian conceded that he had a point silently. It would be a smart move to have Draco as his partner in potions.

Draco seemed to come to the same conclusion, if for different reasons. He probably wanted to be able to show his superiority by 'helping' Hadrian. It didn't matter, Hadrian would reap the benefits, and with the blonde as his lab partner, Snape would most likely not target him as much as he would have were he not friendly with his godson. Snape would probably still give him trouble regardless, but it would be significantly less than he would otherwise he imagined.

All that was left was Ollivanders, the grand finale. The shop was dusty and smelled like wood polish. Garrick Ollivander was just as eery as his book and movie counterpart, his milky blue eyes shining beneath a mop of grey hair.

"Harry Potter, I wondered when I'd see you in here." Sighing the boy wondered how long he would have to correct people on the name. Hopefully a week at Hogwarts would see that it was sufficiently spread around.

"Hadrian, please." The smile on Ollivanders face only widened.

"And young mister Malfoy, here for your first wands together." A chuckle escaped the old man as
his eyes flitted back to Hadrian, fixed to his forehead with a startling intensity when Lucius cleared his throat softly.

"Yes, Hadrian would you mind going first. My wife is on her way, and she would be very cross if she missed Draco getting his wand I'm afraid." His smile was surprisingly not fake this time and Hadrian nodded his understanding.

"Of course Mister Malfoy." He barely turned his head back towards Ollivander before another tape measure started attacking him. It continued for a moment before the wand maker shoo'd it away with a wave of his hand. An ornate, ashen wand was thrust into his hand a second later and Ollivander watched him expectantly.

"Well, give it a wave." he said, but Hadrian was already waving it with a delicate flick of his wrist. A vase in the corner exploded, far enough that the shards fell harmlessly several feet away from touching them.

"No, no not that one." This went on for some time and he was about ready to just tell him to get the holly wand and be done with it. His magic began to seep out in his frustration, chilling the room considerably. Lucius Malfoys face paled slightly as he felt the oppressive aura engulf the room, unbeknownst to Hadrian himself who was glaring at the old wand maker as he paced back and forth, humming and hawing. The door opened, drawing Hadrians attention, and his expression cleared as Narcissa Malfoy nee Black entered the shop. Not before the eldest Malfoy saw the dark look in his eyes though.

"I haven't missed it have I?" her delicate features were pinched in worry as she swept over to Draco, her hand reaching out automatically to rest on his shoulder.

"No mother, Hadrian is still trying wands. It's... taking a while." he hedged as he glanced at Hadrian. He hadn't been unneffected by the other boys magic and sweat still dotted his brow, despite the cold.

Narcissa cupped his face for a moment, concerned at his pallor. Her attention turned to Lucius in question but he shook his head minutely. His eyes promised an explanation later. Finally her gaze landed on the other child in the room. Well dressed, with messy black hair and bright green eyes, this must be Harry Potter.

Hadrian extended his hand forward and they shook politely. "Hadrian Potter, ma'am. It's a pleasure to meet you." His charming smile caused his eyes to crinkle. Narcissa smiled beautifully back at him. Good manners too, she thought.

"The pleasure is mine dear. Narcissa Malfoy." The woman was described as pretty, but with a demeanor that ruined all appeal in the books. Hadrian couldn't disagree more at this particular moment. Pretty didn't even begin to describe this woman accurately, and he loathed the fact that he was currently an eleven year old.

Ollivanders musing mutter drew the groups attention. "I wonder." Its about time, Hadrian thought, let Draco be the object of the old mans creepy gaze.

The dark holly wand was passed to him, and immediately warmth began to travel up his arm to settle in his chest. Silver sparks lit up the room and polite clapping started behind him. He was touched by the gesture as he looked back and grinned slightly at the Malfoys. Or maybe it was the residual warmth from the wand. He couldn't tell, and didn't really care either way.

"Curious, very curious." The wand maker was watching the wand with fascination, his milky eyes considering the implications of the pairing. Hadrian wasn't going to indulge him, however, apparently he was the only one determined to ignore the old man.
"What's curious about it, he found his wand." Hadrian shot the pale boy a dirty look which the Malfoy heir completely missed.

"It is curious, that this wand should choose you mister Potter, when it's brother gave you that scar." A gnarled finger crept forward to touch said scar before a frightful scowl on the raven haired boy's face persuaded him otherwise.

Narcissa and Lucius became very still, and Draco looked like someone had struck him.

"I think we can expect great things from you mister Potter. After all, He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named did great things, terrible, but great." Lucius' mouth opened to say something but Hadrian didn't wait to find out.

"Are you quite finished?" His scowl had smoothed out but the look in his eyes was glacial. He hadn't wanted the Malfoys to know his wand was the brother of Voldemort's. He had just lost a great advantage over Tom Riddle. Careless, how could he have forgotten about this. It was unacceptable.

Ollivander blinked and backed away from the boy, his aura once more slipping out and turning the air frigid. His throat bobbed as he swallowed against his suddenly dry mouth, recognizing the predator in the room finally. And he had just armed it.

"I apologize mister Potter," He cleared his throat as he seemed to collect himself and moved over to the desk at the side of the room. "The price of one wand is seven galleons."

Hadrian fished out the required amount and stepped back over to stand by Dracos side, missing the stares as he continued to berate himself mentally.

"Mister Malfoy, your up." Draco took a breath and released it slowly. Hadrian forced himself back into the present and gave what he hoped would pass as a reassuring smile. A knock on the storefront window revealed Hagrid, back from his escapades, holding a cage containing a very familiar snowy owl.

Lucius stared down his nose at the large man, but nodded to the boy when Hadrian apologized to them before ducking out of the stifling room to meet his new owl.

"appy birthday 'adrian!" He beamed down at the boy as he held the owls cage aloft. Hadrian grinned and thanked him, still feeling sore over the wand incident. The owl tilted her head and stared at him as he stared back, admiring her fluffy white feathers. The knot of anger in his chest finally eased as he gazed at the beautiful bird.

"Hello Hedwig."
Chapter Three

Chapter Summary

Off to Hogwarts we go.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for the kudos, comments and subscriptions. Made my day truly. Here's the next chapter, hope you guys like it. I don't know how I feel about this one, but, meh... Enjoy.

He parted ways with the Malfoys after congratulating Draco on getting his new wand. After picking up his robes and a standard trunk, they left Diagon Alley and headed back to Surrey.

Hadrian was a little surprised that Draco hadn't brought up his living arrangements with his father, but he wasn't disappointed. Lucius making a stink over his guardians would likely draw more attention to him than he already had, and the Dursleys were more easily intimidated than anyone who would foster him in the magical community.

As much as he loathed the Dursleys, he knew that the freedom he has under their roof more than makes up for it. The only downside to being in a muggle area is the under age magic law. Wandless magic is still possible, but his grasp of it is lacking to say the least. A month of having the means to practice magic and not being able to was going to severely test his patience, but it couldn't be helped.

He remembered a moment from the first movie where Hermione said that she had already tried magic before getting on the Hogwarts Express. How did she do that without the ministry reprimanding her? Perhaps, since she hadn't been informed of the law she got a pass. No one had mentioned it to Hadrian so it was something to test at least. Then he remembered that Harry had been practicing the Lumos charm in his third year without consequences. Well, if he got in trouble he would just claim ignorance on the matter.

Hadrian spent most of his free time reading through his school books. They weren't overly complicated in theory, and the foreign material was interesting enough that he retained most of what he read.

After practicing the wand movements and the incantations seperately, he decided it was time to cast a spell. Holding the 11 inch Holly wand in his hand loosely, he began to arch it up and then down in a sunwise movement that he had practiced many times already. Twisting his wrist inwards as he completed the arch, he spoke the spell, a shortened version of one he had seen used in the movies.

" Inflamari." A small jet of fire burst from the tip of his wand and lit the candle sitting on his bedside table. It flared to life wildly for a brief moment then settled into a flickering flame. Hadrian grinned triumphantly, the feeling of casting spells with his wand was similar to the exhilaration he felt when he was four, but less intense. His control was immeasurably better however, and he was already thinking over the list of spells he could try next.
There was a lot more to casting than pointing your wand and shouting out words in Latin he realized when he tried to cast some spells that weren't in his books. He was met with varying degrees of success just as often as failure. The precise wand movements were integral to spell casting it would seem, and without knowing which movements to use he couldn't just go on his memories from before to buff his arsenal. The disappointment didn't last long as he turned back to his books, determined to master the first year spells at his disposal.

When he wasn't casting spells, he would continue to practice the wand movements hoping that eventually they would become muscle memory and he could cast them without having to think about it.

September first arrived sooner than he thought it would, so caught up in his studies that the days seemed to fly by. After Walrus dropped him off at Kings Cross Station he walked towards the barrier between platforms 9 and 10, his gait unhurried and controlled. Just before the barrier came into view a family of red heads with second hand robes, led by the harried looking Molly Weasley breezed past him. She was talking loudly about muggles and asking where the entrance was. Shouldn't she know, having attended herself, and with several children already enrolled? Another ploy by Dumbledore to draw him in by establishing ties to a purely light family of staunch Dumbledore supporters.

The woman wasn't subtle at all, and she was drawing stares from the muggles in her misguided attempt to grab his attention. Hadrian sighed internally as he made his way towards her, already resigned to his fate if only to shut her up. Wasn't this a breach of the Statute of Secrecy or something?

His trunk clacked against the ground loudly as he approached and six ginger heads swivelled to look at him.

"Is it wise to draw so much attention to yourselves?" his measured words caused the woman to glance around, finally noticing the queer stares she was gathering. She smiled sheepishly and beckoned him forward.

"First time going to Hogwarts dear? It's Ronalds first time as well." She ignored his question and gestured to her youngest boy, who shrugged as if to say 'what can you do?'

"I see. We should cross over if we want to get decent seats." His casual dismissal didn't throw her off for long and she offered for him to go first. He clasped the handle on his trunk tighter and pushed forward in a fast walk. Walking headlong into a brick wall was more than a little unsettling but he was determined to get through this with his dignity intact.

As soon as he was through he hurried out of the way so as not to be hit by the next person coming through. His gaze landed on the impressive sight of the Hogwarts Express, the bright red of the locomotive gleamed and he pushed closer, ready to be on his way. Teary eyed parents said their goodbyes and upperclassmen laughed and joked around as they met their friends after the summer break. Hadrian ignored them all and cast a quick levitation charm to get his trunk onto the train. His constant practice was already paying off as he didn't have to be seen struggling with the large suitcase like the other children on board.

Smug satisfaction filled him as he noticed the envious look of the boy who just stepped on behind him, his small arms straining to lift his trunk off the platform. He seemed to be in the designated Gryffindor car of the train, red and gold ties hung from every neck he passed. He pushed through the next two, each with groups of yellow then blue respectively. Finally he arrived in the Slytherin car and he pushed open the nearest compartment after a polite knock to signal his entrance.

A young girl with long blonde locks and blue, almost violet eyes was sitting near the window reading a book. Her features were delicate and she would grow to be quite beautiful in the years to
"Hello, may I join you?" he asked, hovering in the doorway politely. After a nod from the girl he entered and levitated his trunk out of the way. The girl was regarding him curiously having noticed his use of magic, but didn't comment, content to ignore him until he addressed her.

"Hadrian Potter, it's nice to meet you." he spoke with a charming smile and settled back into the seat across from her. Her violet eyes held his steadily and he was impressed to note that she didn't once glance up at his forehead.

"Daphne Greengrass, nice to meet you as well." Pleasantries out of the way, she turned back to her book and Hadrian brought out a book of his own. It was nice, he decided, to sit with someone who wasn't constantly trying to make small talk or stare. I couldn't last, sadly.

About five minutes later the compartment door slid open again to reveal Draco Malfoy. Lurking behind him were what Hadrian assumed must be Vincent Crabbe and Gregory Goyle. They both had vacant looks on their pudgy faces and he immediately wrote them off as imbeciles, only there to make Draco look better and intimidate.

"Did you forget to knock Malfoy?" His voice was casual with a hint of teasing and Draco picked right up on it, a light dusting of pink entering his cheeks. Across from him Daphne smiled slightly as she focussed on her book once again.

"Apologies. I've been looking for you for ages Potter." Finally remembering his manners, he glanced at the other occupant of the compartment. "Miss Greengrass, how are you?" Of course, it would be extremely rude not to acknowledge another heir of a pureblood family. We can't have that, Hadrian thought with amusement, a small smirk tugging at his lips.

"I'm well, thank you." she replied in a perfectly polite tone. Her smile seemed real but her eyes were cold as she glanced up at the other blonde. Seems there was some history there. Interesting.

"Good. May I come in?" He looked like he was just about fed up with the niceties so Hadrian took pity on the boy and gestured to the seat next to him. The blonde boy took it gratefully and then looked back at the two idiots who were still standing outside with a glazed look in their eyes.

"Well?" Dracos exasperated voice finally got through whatever stupor they were in and the two shuffled in with matching grunts, to collapse on the only available seats. Hadrian immediately felt bad for the only girl in the room, noticing her wrinkling nose as she scooted further away with a roll of her eyes.

He would have to convince Draco to drop the morons at some point in the near future. Their annoying presence and lack of decorum outweighed their usefulness in his opinion.

"This is Crabbe and Goyle. Their not too bright but my father insists that they hang around." His expression was unpleasant as he looked at the oafs, drawing a grunt from each as he introduced them.

"Do they ever speak, or are they just glorified bookends?" Daphne released a snort before coughing, embarrassed at her outburst. The grin didn't leave her face though and she turned her head to hide it. Draco simply twisted his mouth in amusement and gave Hadrian a wry look. Crabbe and Goyle looked confused, no surprise there. Have to stay in character after all.

"I'll let you know." he said, before changing the subject. "I hope you didn't have any trouble from those muggles."
"No, they know their place by now. They wouldn't dare." Hadrian turned his attention fully to Draco, it seemed his moment of companionable silence was well and truly over, pity. Draco nodded, pleased with his response.

"How are your mother and father doing? Everything is well with them I assume?" He didn't honestly care but Draco was a lot chattier than he anticipated, so he figured engaging could only help his goal.

"They're doing well, thank you. Mother was practically inconsolable today though, you'd think I was marching to my death, not attending school the way she clung to me." His eyes rolled at the thought and Hadrian simply smiled. No one could ever say that Narcissa Malfoy didn't love her son. The thought occurred to him that he might have just stumbled onto the perfect solution for his occlumency problems. Narcissa defied the dark lord in the books, even managing to lie convincingly to his face. The only way that would have been possible is if she were an excellent occlumens. Perhaps she could recommend some decent reading material on the subject, he doubted that he would find anything of value in the school library.

"Draco, I'd quite like to write to them. They were very kind to me when we met, and I don't really have anyone else to write. If that's acceptable, could you write down the address."

"Oh, of course. I'm sure they would love to hear from you." Hadrian pulled some spare parchment and a self inking quill out of his trunk then levitated it back to it's previous position. Draco looked slightly impressed that he was already performing magic, probably thinking he would have an advantage since Hadrian was raised by muggles. Whatever gap may have existed became all but nonexistent after his time spent studying and practicing.

The train ride was long but Draco kept him distracted for the most part, chatting amiably about mundane things. Hadrian nodded along and commented when needed, his mind was elsewhere though. Quirrel and his passenger had crossed his mind before, but only now was he seriously contemplating how their presence could effect him. He couldn't care less whether the wraith acquired the Sorcerer's Stone, but was it really safe to let things fall where they may?

He had no interest in playing Dumbledores game. Throwing himself in the path of the dark lord seemed foolish, but could he afford to stay neutral in the matter? If Voldemort came for him, of course he would retaliate, but why should he antagonize the man by thwarting him?

No, he would act if it became necessary, but until then it seemed like a better idea to let it be someone else's problem. For all anyone else knew, he was an eleven year old boy, it wasn't his responsibility and they couldn't reasonably expect him to face off against his own parents murderer.

Crabbe and Goyle stood suddenly and moved to leave the compartment in search of the food trolley, breaking him out of his musing. As the door closed, he stood to stretch his legs and then moved to sit opposite of Draco so he wouldn't have to constantly turn his head anymore. Next to him, Daphne seemed slightly relieved that she wouldn't have to sit next to them for the rest of the ride, which would probably be three hours more at least.

After a while the blonde girl started to open up and participate in the conversations. Draco seemed mildly surprised at this, but carried on without commenting. Hadrian managed to convince Draco to part with some hair gel and showed him the proper way to style his hair to the girls amusement. Looking at his reflection, he admired the now tidy slicked back hair, except for the one stubborn strand that fell across his forehead no matter what he did. He thanked Draco, determined to order some of his own. His uncooperative hair was a constant source of discomfort, the one thing about him that gave him an unkempt look and he detested looking sloppy. His hair still had a messy look, but it looked purposeful now.
"Much better, you clean up well Potter." Was Dracos teasing reply to his new look. Several hours later and the group started switching out their current robes for the school ones, the boys standing outside to give Daphne time to change first.

Hagrid was waiting as they departed from the train, calling out for the first years. The bookends followed closely behind Draco who trailed slightly behind Hadrian. Daphne parted from the group when it looked like only four could be seated in the rickety boats. She didn't look too keen on joining anyways.

The castle loomed over the lake, tall and imposing as the four boys stepped into one of the boats. It rocked dangerously as Goyle carelessly fell onto his seat.

"Sorry..." So it does speak, Hadrian thought as he scowled at the boy. He wasn't particularly inclined to take a dip in the black lake.

The boat pushed forward, cutting through the water of it's own accord. It really was quite the beautiful sight he mused, gazing up at the approaching structure.

"Mind yer heads." Hagrid said ducking down under the hanging vines as they passed into the bowels of the castle. Amusingly, several of the students ducked down, even though there was no way the vines would have touched them.

They moved as a group through the maze like halls and eventually stopped at the base of some stairs, a severe looking woman was standing at the top looking over the assembled children with a stern gaze. Aside from her expression, Minerva McGonagall hardly looked like the woman who portrayed her in the movies. A version of her at ten years younger was more appropriate, and this fit what he had imagined her to look like from the books.

She went through her spiel about the houses and then led them into a small room adjacent to the Entrance Hall to wait for her return. He wants to say that when the ghosts appeared he remained as collected as he usually was, but that would be a lie. He didn't scream like a couple of the muggleborns, but he did jump slightly at the sudden appearance of their silvery, translucent forms. Having never seen an actual ghost before it was a little unsettling. Just a little.

Draco smirked at him from his left, prompting him to roll his eyes. As they waited he glanced around at the other students, trying to see if he could recognize them. Neville Longbottom was standing back and to his right, his face scarily white. The bushy haired Hermione Granger was chattering on to no one.

McGonagall returned soon after the ghosts drifted away and the first year students followed her into the spacious Great Hall. Hundreds of eyes tracked their movement as they walked to the front to stand in front of McGonagall, who was holding a roll of parchment. He tried to distract himself from the anxious feeling settling in his chest from all the eyes pointed in his direction, but it was growing quickly. Hadrian fixed his eyes on the list in the womans hands defiantly. He refused to show weakness this early on and with so many witnesses.

He tuned out the hats song and focused on breathing. In for four, hold for four, out for four, repeat. Something had to be done about this.

"Abbot, Hannah." A girl with blonde pigtails parted from the fold and perched on the stool. "Hufflepuff!"

"Bones, Susan." Another for Hufflepuff. The deputy headmistress continued calling names for some time. Several more went to Hufflepuff, some to Ravenclaw and Gryffindor. Hadrian paid more
attention when Slytherin was called, assessing his future house mates. Draco was called soon enough and just as expected, the hat barely touched his blonde hair before a boisterous "Slytherin!" was yelled out from the tear that was the hats mouth.

A smug look fell upon his face and he glanced at Hadrian like he'd done something that deserved recognition. Well, it was the quickest sorting so far, maybe it was some kind of accomplishment.

"Potter, Hadrian." Huh, it seems word had finally spread about his preferred name. He probably had Hagrid to thank for that at a guess. A deep breath and his chin lifted as he strode forward to sit on the stool. The Great Hall had exploded in whispers and the mass of students all rubbernecked as one to get a better look. He could hear a couple people asking who Hadrian was, maybe a brother or something. Idiots the lot of them.

The hats brim shielded him from the students and a thoughtful voice echoed in his head.
"Well, this is interesting. You've certainly traveled a long way mister Potter."

"You can't tell anyone what you see in a students head, can you?" He was suddenly worried, he had forgotten about that little detail.

"Fear not, I am bound by the magic of the Founders to never repeat what I see while you are wearing me." Outwardly the hat hummed "I think I've seen enough, I know just what to do with you. Good luck, you're going to need it."

"Slytherin!" A hush fell over the room as McGonagall took the hat from him, her eyes wide and slightly disappointed. Hadrian walked over to the table decked in green and silver, taking the seat directly to the right of Draco, facing the rest of the room.

McGonagalls throat cleared and she proceeded to sort the rest of the first years. Glancing up at the head table, he noticed that Dumbledore and several other teachers were already watching him. The old man had a grave look on his face, his long fingers tugging on his beard. He very nearly looked into his eyes before Hadrian averted them at the last second. Best not to tempt fate, he thought. He'll have to be careful of that in the future, thinking of another professor with a propensity for invading students minds.
Sorry for the delay. I don't have a WiFi connection at the moment so it's difficult to post anything at the moment. I'm not sure how I feel about this chapter but I wanted to give you something.

The opening feast ended without incident and soon the prefects were corralling the first years and guiding them through the maze like stone corridors to their respective common rooms. A lanky boy with a prefects badge pinned to his robes stopped in front of a large painting, the rest of the group followed suit.

“The password changes at the end of every fortnight. There is a list posted, if you fail to memorize the list and get stuck outside you will have to wait until someone opens the passage to enter. I suggest you don’t make a habit of this as it will win you no favors.” His tone was bored as he turned to face the old man in the portrait, huffing slightly at the need to even explain something that should be common sense.

“Pureblood.” Green eyes rolled at that, of course that would be the password for a house of blood supremacists. What a cliché.

The painting opened inwards revealing the snake den for the first time and the eager children filed in.

Hadrian cast his eyes around the room as he did. So much green. That would take some getting used to. The room was covered in it, and as he looked closer at the rugs and drapes hanging on the walls the snake motif was obvious and overwhelming to the point of being almost tacky. Still, the black leather chairs were nice, and he could imagine relaxing in front of the spacious fireplace with a book from one of the many shelves lining the walls in one corner.

The common room was surprisingly warm and cozy. Not what you would imagine a room in the dungeons would feel like, but Hadrian was glad for it.

He tuned out the prefects welcoming speech. He was beyond tired, and if the pompous looking fool didn’t release them soon he would show him just how much he cared about house solidarity, and the inadquacies of the other houses, which was very little.

It would be a useful tool in obtaining the loyalty of his housemates, but beyond that he couldn’t care less. He wasn’t about to limit himself by only aquiring people in Slytherin. The stigma of being a Slytherin would be an obstacle, but he was confident he could overcome it. Children are easily manipulated, and if he can secure their ‘friendship’ now, those who are ostrisized in their own houses, friendless, weak-willed, or bullied? Start early enough, make them dependant on his approval, and they’ll not only fight for him, they’ll die for him.

Tom had the right idea, but his vision was flawed, too limited in it’s scope. His obsession with blood and the Slytherin house, cut him off from the rest of the wizarding world, and the division he created was his own undoing. Hadrian would not make the same mistake.

Finally they were led to the dorm rooms. He would be sharing a room with Blaise Zabini, Draco Malfoy and Theodore Nott. He expected it to a certain extent, but was slightly surprised that the
headmaster didn’t intervene. The Boy-Who-Lived, rooming with the sons of former Death Eaters. What a scandal! He snickered to himself, drawing curious looks from his new housemates. He wasn’t sure about Zabini yet. He knows his mother is a pureblood whose been married several times, and all have died under suspicious circumstances, but that hardly tells him whether she supported Voldemort or not.

His trunk was already sitting at the foot of the bed to his immediate left as he entered the room. Draco was in the bed next to him and Zabini and Nott were across the room. The tired boys shuffled to their respective beds and began to change then get settled for the night.

He rose early, slipping out of bed quietly the next morning and got ready. When he came back from the showers, the other boys were still sleeping and the common room was quiet. There were a couple older students sitting in the corner of the room, but they spared him only a glance before ignoring his presence completely. That suited him just fine.

He was anxious to see what kinds of books were available in the common room, so he made his way over to the shelves and began browsing. He didn’t expect to find anything on dark magic. Though Slytherin is pretty well known for producing dark wizards, it is still a school. Disappointment settled in his gut as his eyes flitted over the spines of the books available.

There were some interesting looking ones, but they required a more advanced knowledge of the subjects than he had aquired just from his first year books. He pulled out several books and replaced them all. It was no use, he would have to make a trip to the library. He sighed, about to give up the search when his eyes caught on an archaic looking leather bound book. There was no title on the spine or on the cover when he pulled it from the shelf.

He opened the cover, being careful not to tear the fragile pages or over extend the spine. On the front page it said 'The Mind Arts: A Theoretical and Practical Approach To Occlumency and Legillimency'.

His eyebrow quirked. What are the chances that he would find a book on such an obscure branch of magic? One that he had been trying to find a way to learn. Down in the corner on the inside of the front cover were two letters, handwritten. The ink was faded, but still legible. 'NB'

Well, maybe he won’t have to ask for Narcissa Malfoys instruction after all. Though he should still write to her and her husband. Ingratiating himself with the Malfoys can only help him in the future. Perhaps she would be willing to help him become familiar with the politics and customs of pureblood society. Though he could get that information from Draco much easier. Something to consider later on he supposed.

He sat down in one of the leather chairs near the fireplace and opened the book again. He still had an hour before classes began for the day, so he might as well get some reading done. Skimming through the first couple pages, he realized it was mostly a summary of the history behind the mind arts, so he skipped forward some. He would come back to it later, but for now he needed to actually learn how to shield his mind.

Bingo. Several passages caught his attention. They detailed the method for entering a meditative state and organizing your thoughts by creating a mindscape. He had a feeling it wouldn’t be as simple as imagining a wall or focusing on some other image to the exclusion of all else. According to the book, that was one method for occluding the mind, but anyone with sufficient knowledge of Legillimency will be able to break through it with ease.

He became absorbed in his reading and before long a slow trickle of students began to wander in. A quick tempus showed that breakfast was nearly over. He would have to leave now if he wanted to
He began to place the book back on the shelf, then changed his mind. No sense in leaving it where someone could take it before he’s finished. He walked back to his dorm and placed the book in his trunk, then collected everything he would need for class and made his way back through the common room.

The walk to the Great Hall was uneventful. He remembered the way easily enough, and soon made his way over to sit across from Draco who was already eating.

“Morning Potter.” The blonde boy paused to greet him as soon as he sat down. Nott ignored him while Zabini nodded his head when he met his eyes.

“Good morning. Has Professor Snape handed out the class schedules yet?” Hadrian asked as he scooped some scrambled eggs on to his plate.

“Not yet.”

Hadrian hummed and began eating. Snape swept past them moments later, barely stopping to drop a stack of parchment in the middle of the table then moved on to the next group. Draco deftly sorted through them placing his own down and handing the rest to Zabini. Hadrian took the proffered parchment as the quiet boy slid his across the table.

The schedule is about what he expected. It was different than what he remembered from his last life but being in Slytherin would mean a different schedule. He folded the parchment and placed it in his robes pocket.

The four boys continued to eat in companionable silence, a complete contrast to the obnoxious horseplay going on at the red and gold table across the hall. The other two were more subdued but still livelier than his own house. His eye twitched as he glared across the room. It was way too early for that kind of ruckus.

He pushed himself up and gathered his things, deciding to head to Herbology early. Draco arched an eyebrow but didn’t comment as he left the table with a nod in his direction.

He made it to the green house with twenty minutes to spare.

It was mostly empty so he started walking amongst the plants, picking out the ones he recognized and making a note of the ones he didn’t. He stopped in front of a nartled looking dark green root. It was flowing over the side of the pot. As he watched, it seemed to shudder periodically. He stretched his arm out to touch a small leafy bulb on one of the roots.

“I-I wouldn’t…”

A pudgy boy in Gryffindor colors was inching closer looking more unsure of himself with every step.

“Pardon?” Hadrian said, lowering his arm and turning to face the nervous boy. He kept his face neutral and his tone friendly as he took in the other boys slumped posture and fidgeting hands. If this isn’t Neville Longbottom he’ll eat his shoe.

The boy flushed and gestured to the plant.

“It’s a poisonous plant. The bulbs secrete an oil that causes paralysis.”

“Ah, then it seems I owe you my thanks.” His hand extended and he smiled. “Hadrian Potter.”
“O-oh, it’s no problem. I’m uh, I’m Neville. Longbottom.” Neville shook his hand lightly, his palm sweaty.

“Nice to meet you Neville.” He grinned and released the boys hand. To his credit his eyes only flitted up briefly to his forehead then he glanced away.

“N-nice to meet you too.” Hadrian smirked slightly. Nevilles face was nearly the same color as the red on his tie. The poor thing.

“So Neville, what brings you here so early?”

Oh, um, I’ve always liked working with plants. My uncle Algie has a greenhouse he let’s me tend to.”

Interesting.

“Really? Starting the day doing something you love will be nice then, I bet.” Neville smiled and nodded, no longer looking nearly as nervous now. “Yeah, I’ve been looking forward to this class since I got my letter.”

Hadrian hummed thoughtfully. How to play this? Neville was from a prominent family. Well respected in some circles. He was insecure and shy, malleable. The perfect example of someone he wants in his corner. But how to go about it?

“I’m familiar with gardening, but only non magical plants.” He said as glanced around the greenhouse.

“My…family, made me tend to the gardens. The plants didn’t die so…” he hedged and grinned self deprecatingly. Neville shuffled closer and grinned along with him.

“It’s good that you have some experience coming in though. Most people probably don’t. Um…” he scratched his head, looking shyly at Hadrian. “If you want, we could…I mean, I could…”

“You want to partner up?” Nevilles shoulders dropped in relief. He nodded jerkily.

“If you want, I’m not saying you need help or anything but it might be fun.”

Hadrian tilted his head, studying the boy. He seemed to genuinely want to partner up with him.

“You realize I’m a Slytherin. I don’t want to cause you any problems with your house mates.” He rearranged his facial expression to look apologetic and a little worried.

To Hadrian’s surprise, Nevilles chin tilted up and he gained a determined look in his eyes. Theres that Gryffindor courage.

“That shouldn’t matter. You seem really nice. You’re actually talking to me, and that’s more than I can say for most of the people in my house.”

Hadrian smiled, placing his hand on the other boys shoulder. “That’s commendable. It’s only day one though, I’m sure with time you’ll find like minded people in Gryffindor. But, that said, if you’re really sure, I’d like to work with you in Herbology. And maybe we can hang out sometime too.”

He removed his hand after giving his shoulder a friendly squeeze. Neville smiled and nodded again. “I am, sure I mean. And if anyone has a problem with me hanging out with you because your in Slytherin, well I don’t think I’d want to be friends with them anyways.”
“It’s settled then.” They shared a grin and Hadrian moved to point out a purple vine like plant. “So do you know anything about this one?”

“Oh yes!”

Hadrian hummed as Neville began explaining it’s medicinal properties. It took surprisingly little prompting from him to keep the boy engaged. He was very knowledgeable for an eleven year old.

Students began filing in, followed by the portly Professor Sprout. She clapped her hands and ushered in the rest of the class. Hadrian made his way over to the group, Neville tagging along behind him.

Draco gave him a queer look when he noticed the Longbottom heir and opened his mouth to say something, probably scathing, but a quick glance at Hadrian and he changed his mind. Hadrian arched an eyebrow. When had the boy started taking cues from him?

“Alright gather ’round, gather ’round! Welcome to Herbology, I’m Professor Sprout. Today we are going to familiarize ourselves with the tools and equipment you’ll be using in my class. Then I will demonstrate how to properly pot and transfer Mage Bloom.”

The professor directed everyone to their designated areas and passed out the tools.

“Can anyone tell me the most defining feature of the common Mage Bloom?”

Neville’s hand wavered, obviously he knew the answer but a bushy haired girl from his house beat him to it. This must be Hermione Granger.

“Yes dear?”

She took a deep breath then glanced around. “The common Mage Bloom is also called the Aurora Flower, due to it’s ability to change colors when it comes in contact with magic. Usually in the form of a witch or wizard touching it.”

“Well done Ms. Granger! You’re exactly right. Five points to Gryffindor!”

Hermione smiled and looked around smugly.

“Now that everyone has their tools, we’re going to begin transferring these Mage Bloom.” The professor gestured to the small white flowers in her own pot.

“Normally we would wear gloves, but for today we won’t, so you can see how your magic interacts with the plant. Everyone has a plant? Good, now watch me.”

She used a small shovel to lift the soil and grasped the base of the flower stem. As soon as her hand touched it, the petals swirled through several colors then settled on a pale blue. Several students gasped and began muttering amongst each other.

“Remember to loosen the soil, you don’t want to have to pull to hard to lift it and risk breaking the stem.”

Hadrian began digging the roots out and gently lifted the flower. It cycled through a rainbow of colors, never taking on a solid shade. He waited, but it kept switching as if it couldn’t decide on any one color. Neville crowded closer, his eyes sparkling.

“Wow, that’s strange. Usually it only happens when two or more people touch one at the same time. How unusual.”
Hadrian quickly placed it in the new pot and let go of the stem, a sick feeling invading his stomach. Could it be the sliver of Voldemort’s soul affecting it? Neville must have noticed his unsettled expression because he backed off, working on his own flower in silence while casting curious looks at Hadrian every once in a while.

Hadrian schooled his expression and smiled at the chubby boy. Neville smiled back, reassured that he was fine.
Chapter 5

Sorry for the long ass hiatus, it's been a hell of a year. Won't go into details, but suffice it to say, I kinda lost my house and...well, just a lot of shit. So, yeah. You'll have to forgive any errors, everything was written on my phone, and future chapters will be as well, until further notice, sorry for that. Anyways, not a whole lot going on in this chapter, I'm kinda just getting back in the groove of things. Hope it's to your liking regardless. Enjoy ;)

Hadrian scowled down at his desk. They had been tasked with transfiguring a matchstick to a needle and the bloody thing would not change. He’d read his book and knew the theory behind it, but he couldn’t seem to make it obey him. His knuckles turned white where he gripped his wand and he breathed deeply trying to calm himself.

Visualize the process, and feel your magic moving to make your will reality. He was visualizing. But his magic refused to move. He hadn’t had this much trouble since before he got his wand. Why was it refusing to obey him?

His jaw twitched as he clenched his teeth. What was he doing wrong? A coldness swept over him the longer he glared at the match and his mind became still. The sounds of the classroom faded away, his focus completely on his match.

His magic was sluggish, but the more he delved into that cold clarity, the more it stirred within him. It flowed down his arm and into his wand where it began to take shape. The match started to thin, and change colors. It was just reaching that silvery metal shade when the person next to him bumped his arm with their elbow. The almost-needle reverted back to pale brown as he lost his concentration.

“Take care where you flail your arms you imbecile!” he snarled. The slytherin boy shrank back in his seat, eyes wide at the hostile look he was receiving from the-boy-who-lived.

“Is there an issue Mr. Potter? Mr. Avery?”

Hadrian smoothed out his expression, still glaring at Avery. He smiled pleasantly and turned to look at Professor McGonagall.

“No problem Professor. I apologise for the disruption.” He continued to smile after she nodded and walked over to check on one of the Ravenclaw students. He looked back at Avery, still smiling. It looked less than sincere and the brown haired boy noticed if his paling cheeks were any indication. It mattered little.

“Do be careful Mr. Avery. We wouldn’t want anyone to get hurt. Transfiguration is dangerous.”

Avery nodded and went back to his own match. He glanced at Hadrian from the corner of his eye as if waiting for any further outbursts. Hadrians false smile slipped away completely when he noticed his own match was now frosted over, along with a good portion of the desk beneath it. He clicked his tongue and waved his wand over it, causing it to thaw instantly. He’ll have to watch that.

By the time McGonagall dismissed them, his needle was still brown, Hadrian unable to fall back into the focused state he needed to finish the transformation. It left him in an even fouler mood, and no
amount of breathing exercises was helping.

Draco fell into step with him and they walked to the Great Hall for lunch, followed closely by the looming forms of Crabbe and Goyle.

“What happened with you and Avery?” Draco asked as they sat down to eat. Hadrian glanced down the table, eyeing the boy in question who was talking to some other first years, gesturing harshly in his direction. He turned back to Draco, scooping food on to his plate as he spoke.

“The fool was being careless and knocked into me, and because of his blundering about, I lost concentration.”

Draco nodded in understanding. “I’ve met him on several occasions at my fathers parties. His father and my own are friendly.”

Hadrian chewed slowly, understanding immediately what the blonde was hinting at even if he didn’t realize it himself. Avery...of course. Wasn’t Avery the name of one of the Death Eaters? He sighed, regretting that he let his temper get the best of him. It would be harder now to aquire the younger Avery. But then again, fear can be an excellent tool as well. A gentle hand isn’t always the best option, especially in Slytherin house.

Still, he needed to think before he reacted. Losing his temper every time someone was being an idiot would be a surefire way to isolate people and burn bridges before they even had time to form. It was a weakness, and he needed to control it.

His occlumency book described how using it to calm your mind would also help with controlling your emotions. He just needed to become proficient at it. Two birds, one stone, yes?

A sooty coloured eagle owl, larger than most others, soared over the table and dropped a letter in front of Dracos plate. The blonde boy pocketed the envelope without opening it. Hadrian shrugged mentally, taking the remaining time before potions to work on his occlumency while he mindlessly finished his meal.

He built up a mental image of Hogwarts, making the corridors more maze like than the actual castle. The walls changed, making it hard to navigate reliably if you were an intruder. He grinned as he thought about the frustration that little trick would induce. Hitting dead end after dead end would drive anyone mad.

The stairs scattered throughout his inner world moved randomly, always leading away from any actual memories of worth. Instead of portraits, the paintings contained harmless memories and flashes of innocuous thoughts.

He sorted through the memories, pleased with the outcome. Someone snooping around would see it as a crack in his defenses and focus solely on the paintings hopefully. If they decided to dig deeper, he had a plan for throwing them off the trail. As another defense, he kept an edited version of his worst memories at the Dursleys, locked away in the obvious place…his dorm in the dungeons.

A locked trunk in his inner sanctuary would be the decoy, while his true memories would be kept in the Chamber of Secrets; which only he and Voldemort knew the location of. After some consideration, he locked his memory of the night in Godric’s Hollow in the trunk as well. If anyone found his little stash of decoy memories, seeing that would all but ensure that they looked no deeper. They would think there was no deeper to look.
“Potter, are you coming?”
He looked at Draco, his face blank, still focusing on his occlumency. He nodded and stood up. Time to test it for real.

...

The potions lab was just as cold and dreary as the rest of the dungeons. He and Draco found a table near the center on the Slytherin side of the room.

While they waited for class to start, he continued strengthening his occlumency shields. No doubt an experienced Legilimens would have no trouble entering his mind, but hopefully his inner world would throw them off a little.

Professor Snape swept through the room, his black robes billowing out behind him dramatically. The door slammed shut behind him and most of the students watched him warily.

“There will be no foolish wand waving in my classroom. You are here to learn the subtle art of potion making.”

Hadrian delved into his mind as he kept one ear tuned on the man’s condescending opening speech. What if the statues attacked anyone who manages to get in? Hm…

“Ah, Harry Potter…our newest…celebrity.” The greasy haired man drawled. Hadrians blank face seemed to amuse him a little. “Tell me Mister Potter, what would you get if you added powdered Asphodel to an infusion of wormwood?”

Hadrian cast his mind back to his potions book, mentally skimming through the pages. “Draught of Living Death, sir.”

Snape arched an eyebrow, his lips twisting in displeasure. “Correct. Where would you find a bezoar if I asked you for one?”

He met his eyes unthinking as he called up the knowledge. “The stomach of a goat I believe.”

A tickling across his awareness told him the man was prodding his shields. He held his gaze a moment longer, curious if he would attempt to break through. “Hm.”

Snape turned, breaking the connection, and waved his wand at the board behind him, revealing a recipe for a boil curing potion. Apparently, he was done with the interrogation.

“You have until the end of class to brew the Boil Curing Potion. Bring your attempt to my desk when its done, if it hasn’t exploded in your face. Begin.” He eyed the Gryffindor side when he said the last bit.

Hadrian collected his ingredients and began to work. Potion making was similar to cooking, and he never had any trouble following a recipe, so he was confident he would do a decent job. The preparation of the raw ingredients was the difficult part. Draco was expertly cutting his porcupine quills, his technique was precise and efficient, so Hadrian mirrored him.

He had a bit of difficulty reading the flowing script on the board near the end, but thankfully he had read through his book, so knew that three clockwise turns followed by two counterclockwise was the next step.

After completing the necessary steps, he turned the flame down low to let it simmer for ten minutes.
When he began bottling his potion, it was a nice pearly blue. The blue of Dracos potion was a little
closer to the required shade, but his was close enough. Not bad for his first attempt.

When he handed the vial to Snape, he got only a short nod in return. Well, the man wasn’t being
nearly as vile as he had anticipated. That would make his life easier. Perhaps being in his own house
would curb some of his more antagonistic tendencies. One could only hope.

About ten minutes before class was to end, a putrid smell drifted over from the Gryffindor side.
Snape had taken to leering over Neville Longbottoms shoulder, and the boy was shaking in his seat,
his face pale with terror. His potion was ruined. Changing from turquoise to green and then to a
sickly yellow color; smoke wafting up as it bubbled dangerously.

Snape sneered down at him and vanished the contents of his cauldron. “Five points from Gryffindor,
for nearly blowing up my classroom with your incompetence Longbottom.”

The boy looked like he was close to tears. Hadrians mouth pursed as he watched the man walk away
to terrorize someone else on the Gryffindor side.

If he hadn’t been looming threateningly behind Neville, he would have completed the potion
passably. He had wondered why the boy would have so much trouble in Potions when Herbology
complemented the subject so well, but he understood a little better now. If he could teach the
Longbottom heir occlumency, maybe bring out his inner Lion a bit, that would almost certainly help
him to deal with his fear of Snape while also endearing him further to Hadrian. It was something to
consider at least.

He pushed his thoughts away and resumed his occlumency training until class ended.

The next day saw Hadrian completing the same morning routine as before, and as he flipped through
his book in the common room, he found his mind wondering. The first year Slytherins had double
Defense Against the Dark Arts’s with Gryffindor this morning.
Despite the fact that the current professor was possessed, he was looking forward to the class.
Hadrian doubted they would be learning anything too advanced, if his text book was anything to go
by. Still, it might prove to be interesting, considering who was teaching it. He would remain wary
however, lest he forget the danger the man posed.

…”

He was wrong. The class was a joke, and he honestly couldn’t tell whether his headache was due to
the horcrux, or Quirrells incessant stuttering. Probably both.

The fact that he couldn’t get through a single sentence without tripping over his words made his
lecturing nigh unbearable, so Hadrian took to rereading his defense book, while attempting to tune
Quirrell out. He was mildly successful, but by the time class was over, his annoyance made
yesterdays transfiguration incident seem like a Patronus memory.

Draco cast him questioning looks as he packed his things away, but he ignored him. With the mood
he was in, he’d probably end up destroying whatever fragile amiability he’d fostered between them.

“M-mister Po-t-ter?” Pausing, he turned to regard the turban wearing professor. “Yes sir?” What
could you possibly want?

Draco hovered next to him, but after a glance from Hadrian, nodded and filed out with the rest of the
class.
As soon as the door closed behind the last student, Quirrell’s stance shifted, his face relaxing slightly from it’s overly timid expression.

Hadrian tensed, folding his arms to put his hand closer to his wand. Quirrell’s eyes darted down, seeing the movement for what it was, a crooked smile pulling up one corner of his mouth.

“Mister Potter. I couldn’t help but notice your…inattention, during class.”

Hadrian’s eyebrow lifted. No stutter, what do you know. Was this still Quirrell, or his parasitic friend?

“Apologies professor. I read ahead quite a bit before school started.” He resisted the urge to shift uncomfortably under the man’s intense scrutiny, falling behind his Occlumency shields just in case.

“I see. How far ahead, would you say, Mister Potter?” his gaze finally eased as he turned, walking several paces away.

Honestly? He’d read the book front to back, and none of the first year spells were beyond his grasp. The theory was simple, and the dark creature portions were laughably easy. Brownies and gnomes and common fairies. They were household pests more than dark creatures. The most dangerous thing in the book is a Doxie. Venomous, yes, but easily dealt with.

“I’ve read the book in it’s entirety, sir.”
Quirrell hummed, as if expecting such an answer.

“A test then, perhaps?” His robes swished through the air as he spun in place without further warning, wand raised to level at the seemingly young child. Hadrian’s own wand jerked up, his magic flaring instinctively at the threat. Time seemed to slow and speed up all at once, as a pale red light appeared on the tip of Quirrell’s wand. He had no time to think, no time to call up the memories of any learned spells.

As the red spell shot towards him, he grit his teeth, drawing on his magic and forcing it into the shape he needed, as he’d done countless times before when he had no wand to work with. Shield! Shield! SHIELD!

The reddish pink spell splattered harmlessly against a translucent barrier, inches in front of his own raised wand. Success.

His wand hand shook as the rough barrier dissolved, his desperate intent no longer strong enough to sustain it. Lethargy sent tremors through his arm, but still he didn’t lower it, wary of the man before him. This was most certainly not Quirrell.

The defense professors wand disappeared into his sleeve, his hands clapping together twice. “A wordless protego? Well done Mister Potter, well done indeed. A little rough around the edges, but I must say, I was not expecting you to throw out a fifth year spell. Very impressive.”

Quirrell’s smile remained, his eyes tracking up to gaze at the lightning bolt scar on Hadrian’s forehead, before flitting back down to his eyes, then pointedly to his still raised Holly wand. “Please Mister Potter, it was a simple tickling hex, nothing more. You may relax.”

Hadrian’s wand didn’t falter, not trusting him not to attack again the moment he let his guard down. The older man sighed, adopting a contrite expression, which didn’t soothe Hadrian in the least. He looked over Hadrians shoulder, his close-mouthed smile appearing once more.
“Ah, well. My curiosity is sated for now. Your friends are waiting, Mister Potter. Best be going then.”

Hadrian turned his head slightly to glance over his shoulder from the corner of his eye. Draco had waited for him, and by the looks of it, he’d been watching discreetly.

“Sir.” He said, still feeling shaken by the impromptu attack, and with some difficulty, turned his back on the possessed professor to meet Draco in the hall. His neck burned the whole way.

As soon as they stepped past the door, Draco rounded on him. “Potter! How did you do that? That was advanced magic! NEWT level at least!”

Hadrian ignored him for a moment, taking deep calming breaths as he centered himself. He was not expecting Voldemort to test him, or even speak to him at all. He was… rattled. His head throbbed, pounding a steady rhythm behind his eyes. Hadrian disliked being caught off guard, and the bastard had done just that, even if he hadn’t truly been intent on hurting him. Tickling hex… he wasn’t going to just trust the man’s word on that, and since he cast it silently, he had no way of knowing what the spell’s true purpose was.

“Potter!”

Hadrian’s hand swatted through the air absently, as if shooing an insect, his mind elsewhere. “I wanted a shield, and I willed it so. It was instinctual.”

Malfoy gaped a little, hurrying to catch up, since Hadrian hadn’t stopped as he had. “Instinctual? That’s… truly? You didn’t know it would work?”

“No.” Hadrian replied testily. He was glad that it worked, of course. But he doubted he could pull it off again, and that rankled him. He would have preferred Draco hadn’t seen him cast it at all, at least not until he’d mastered it. Seeming anything less than competent was unacceptable in his mind. He needed to be infallible in the eyes of his future followers. He supposed a little leeway could be afforded, since it was only day two of their Hogwarts career. *Meh.*

“You realize how insane that is? It shouldn’t even be possible!”

Hadrian didn’t see why he was getting so excited. It was no different than controlled accidental magic, except he’d used a wand. He’d done similar feats before in moments of duress.

…

The Slytherin table was mostly empty as they entered the Great Hall for lunch, with only fifteen minutes to spare. Hadrian finally relaxed a little as he took his usual seat, Draco sitting directly across from him.

The blonde was still going on about his shield charm, and the fact that Quirrell had even cast at him to begin with, test though it was. Christ but he was chatty, and his voice wasn’t helping Hadrian’s headache at all.

Hadrian exhaled heavily through his nose, his food forgotten as he took off his damnable glasses to pinch the bridge of his nose. “Give it a rest, Malfoy.”

The blonde stopped mid sentence, grumbling half-heartedly, while he eyed his fork warily. Ice had been steadily creeping across the table between them, and he’d only just noticed it as his plate began to frost over. Hadrian noticed none of this.

His throat bobbed as the utensil clinked on his plate, abandoned.
“Well,” Draco started, standing and rubbing his hands against his robes. He recognized the other boys aura easily, the memory of their time in Ollivanders still fresh in his young mind. “We should go anyways. Binns probably won’t mark us as late, but, you never know.”
Draco,

My son, I am pleased to hear that you are settling into Slytherin well. I know that you will conduct yourself as is befitting the heir of our ancient and noble house. Severus tells us that you have been seen spending time with the Potter heir. This is good. Continue to do so, and do keep us informed on any future developments.

Draco, you must not forget the matter I advised you on before you left. It is good that you have remained close to Potter, as instructed, but proceed carefully my son. He is more than he appears.

Gain his trust, become invaluable to him. Do this, but remain cautious. Use your cunning, for if he suspects that you are less than sincere, you will never have his favor, and I fear he would make a powerful enemy. We do not want that.

If he is in fact, what I suspect him to be, you will need that goodwill, and the modicum of protection it will provide in the days to come.

But enough of such heavy matters, you know what must be done. Rehashing it further will get us nowhere.

Your mother sends her love.

Lucius A. Malfoy

Lord of the Most Ancient and Noble House of Malfoy

The slow, light padding of footsteps echoed through the deserted hall of the seventh floor corridor as Hadrian paced in front of a nondescript expanse of wall.

Across from him, was a tapestry depicting a clumsy troupe of trolls, being guided in a ridiculous dance number by the equally ridiculous Barnabas the Barmy.

I need to become stronger. I need to become stronger. I need to become stronger.

On his third pass, a dark substance appeared, as if seeping through the crevasses of the stones, to form a large oak door mere moments later.

The door opened easily, and with a quick glance in both directions, he stepped inside the Room of
Requirement for the first time.

Shelves of books lined one wall on the far side of the massive room, each one reaching almost to the top of the vaulted ceiling. A rolling ladder stood poised, ready for use on one end.

Hadrian stepped further into the room, his eyes drawn to a raised circular platform, engraved with various runes along it’s base. He traversed the steps two at a time, and as his foot touched the platform, the runes lit up with an inner glow. Hadrian spun slowly, taking in the dome of translucent energy that had sprung up around the platform. A dueling ring then.

“Not much use if I’ve no one to duel.” He murmured to himself, preparing to exit the platform. He stopped, drawing his wand as several humanoid shaped dummies grew from the outer ring, wands poised in their wooden hands.

“Huh.” There were four dummies in total, but as he examined the edge of the platform, he could see several more, miniature dolls. They would probably activate if one was destroyed, or perhaps if a more challenging scenario was asked for.

Hadrian stepped out of the ring and descended the steps, watching curiously as the wooden dummies shrunk down once more and the barrier faded to nothing. His current spell repertoire consisted of first year spells, and little else. Nothing truly conductive to dueling at the moment. He planned on changing that presently.

A quick glance over the nearest shelf had him grinning and plucking several books from their spots. He had little time to peruse the library on his own over the course of the first week, as Draco and his lackeys had become annoyingly attentive. Draco was talkative, but had very little of substance to say, being the spoiled child he was, and Crabbe and Goyle were little more than walking, grunting walls.

It was a daily exercise in frustration. He’d managed to give them the slip, only because he’d woken before them, as he did every day, but wasn’t expected in class with it being Saturday. So, he skipped his typical reading session in the common room, and instead found himself here.

Hadrian claimed a comfortable enough chair at the large table provided by the room, and opened one of his many promising books: Battle Magicks for the Aspiring Duelist, Volume 1.

As he read, his fingers itched for a quill, in order to take notes and lists of the many useful spells within. A second later, several pre-cut quills, ink wells of variously colored inks, and a stack of familiar looking black, leather bound journals, with decorative brass book corners appeared. Hadrian blinked slowly, snatching one of the journals up and flipping it open. Blank, unlined parchment paper.

“I adore magic.” He whispered, picking up a quill and black inkwell. At the first touch of the nib on paper, the journal warmed beneath his hands, before cooling once more. Hadrian pulled the quill away, his brow furrowing. It almost felt as if the journal was drawing on his magic. He flipped the front cover, searchingly. There at the bottom, was a gold lettered inscription, that wasn’t there before.

H. J. Potter

Oddly enough, on the inside cover, an address not far from Privet Drive was now listed. He vaguely
recalled the small bookstore, muggle owned and operated, but why would the journal imply it was bought there, when it wasn’t?

“Curious.” Hadrian recognized where he’d seen a journal similar to this one, it was hard not to. He could only assume that the iconic diary owned by one Tom Riddle was acquired in a similar manner, and since Voldemort made use of the Room of Hidden Things, it wasn’t difficult to imagine that he probably explored it’s other uses as well.

Hadrian pushed all thoughts of the dark lord from his mind, delving back into his studies. He couldn’t care less if his journal happened to resemble a certain horcrux, and wasn’t about to make a fuss over something so trivial.

Later that morning, but still some time before lunch, Hadrian traced his wand in the air in precise movements, as instructed by his notes. He’d practiced the same wand movements for the past five minutes, and was just about ready to add the incantation and his magic. He probably could have cast it before now, but he was a perfectionist at heart.

He took his place in the dueling ring, willing the room to raise only one training dummy to start with. It rolled forward, stopping some twelve feet in front of him. Leveling his holly and phoenix feather wand at the wooden caricature, he performed the needed motion, drawing his magic as he spoke the required words.

“Repulso.” The bright blue light of the banishing hex shot through the air, impacting on the wooden torso with a crack. The dummy rolled back a mere foot and a half, wobbling slightly, before it stilled. Not enough power behind the spell then.

Hadrian tried again, pushing more magic into the hex, visualizing what he wanted it to do.

“Repulso.”

This time, the spell knocked the dummy into the air as it struck. The wood creaked ominously as it bounced off the protective barrier, then landed with a thud.

“That’s more like it.” Hadrian smirked, twisting his wand between his fingertips as he plucked another spell from his growing mental library. At his urging, a second dummy enlarged and rolled into the middle of the platform.

“Something a little more…lethal, perhaps.” His head tilted as he eyed the humanoid figure, his mind cycling through the various curses he’d made note of in his journal. Many of the more interesting ones would require further study, and likely hours more practice, but there was one he was confident would work.

Hadrian pointed his wand lazily, the simple motion easy to replicate as he pooled his magic and visualized his intent.

“Lacero.”

The spell left his wand in a crimson arc leaving a deep gouge in the dummy’s torso. Jets of what looked like blood sprayed from the gaping wound in a surprisingly realistic display of the dark cutting curses abilities.

Euphoria flooded Hadrians mind, clouding his senses. This was new, he mused, rocking back on his
heels as a tremor of pleasure swept through him. He lost himself in the feeling for a split second, before remembering to raise his Occlumency shields. It did little to mitigate the addictive feeling, but he wasn’t so caught up in that he lost his sense.

Hadrian sank to the floor dizzily, crossing his legs and resting his elbows on his knees. This could prove to be an issue. The addictive nature of so called ‘dark’ magic, was well known to warp the minds of the unprepared. It’s draw was seductive. He knew this from his research, but hadn’t truly believed it until experiencing the effect just then.

It was a familiar feeling, not unlike when he’d shattered Vernon’s wrist, but so much more. He could still feel it, slithering through his veins, like the most potent drug. But, like any habit forming narcotic, building up a tolerance was possible. With time, and a great deal of effort, it could be done. He would have to be careful, but the power to be gained outweighed the risks in his mind.

…

Hadrian was loathe to leave his sanctuary, but the room refused to provide food. So, when his stomach began rumbling, he was forced to make the long trek to the Great Hall for lunch.

After a quick search of the Slytherin table, he surmised that Draco must have already been and gone, as well as the majority of his other housemates. Small mercies.

Taking a seat along an empty stretch of table near the middle, he leisurely set about dividing his food up into neat, orderly sections, as was his routine, and soon became ensconced in his own bubble of isolation. His peaceful lunch was disturbed somewhat by what sounded like a loud argument at the Gryffindor table.

Hadrian looked up from his journal, plucking an apple slice from the dwindling row of fruit on his plate, as he watched the unfolding drama curiously. Ronald Weasley seemed to be the instigator, but he couldn’t see who the redhead was arguing with. His eyebrow raised in surprise as the offended party stood, a look of revulsion on his chubby face. Neville, spoke quickly and quietly, a complete contrast to the other boy, then stormed away, leaving the Great Hall altogether.

Sensing an opportunity, Hadrian brushed his hands together, then grabbed his things and followed the irate Gryffindor.

He found the Longbottom heir, near the stairwell leading up to the first floor, glowering down at the ground with crossed arms. He’d spoken a couple of times with him over the week, but hadn’t really had the opportunity to cultivate a lasting friendship with the boy. With Draco hanging around constantly, it never felt like the right moment.

“I’ve heard that if you scowl for too long, your face will become stuck that way.”

Neville smiled a little, relaxing from his tense posture as Hadrian came to lean on the wall next to him. “Hey, Hadrian…”

The dark haired Slytherin waited a moment, to see if Neville would divulge what had happened without prodding. No such luck. He was brooding, and prying the information from him would take more than just being present.

He had a thought, an idea for bringing the boy closer. It would require sharing his sanctuary, but, he had planned on doing that eventually anyways.
“Come on. I want to show you something.”

Neville looked up, blinking quickly as he fell into step with the slightly taller boy, following him without hesitation. A good sign. “W-where are we going?”

Hadrian smiled, “It’s a secret.”

Hadrian led him up through the castle, reassuring him when he found the courage to ask once more, but not giving up the game. Neville glanced at a specific portrait as they reached the seventh floor, his melancholy renewed, but then curiosity replaced the expression as they bypassed it. The fat lady sniffed as they passed, obviously eyeing the green trim of his robes.

“Not much farther.” He supplied. As they rounded a corner, he motioned for Neville to wait, then began pacing in front of the wall. Neville gasped, slowly following him into the magically created room, eyes wide and mouth gaping.

“Welcome Neville, to the Room of Requirement.” Hadrian swept his arm around, showcasing the room in it’s entirety. It was exactly as he’d left it, since he’d purposely asked for the same room.

“Brilliant…how did you find this place?” Neville asked, as he circled the room in awe.

Hadrian lifted a shoulder in a sort of half shrug. “I needed an out of the way place to study. The room…revealed itself to me in my time of need. That’s what it does.”

Neville walked closer to the raised platform, tracing his fingers over some of the runes. “This is a professional dueling ring! The kind they use in competitions!”

“Want to test it out?” Hadrian grinned, jogging up the steps. The barrier snapped into place around him.

“Oh, I don’t know…” Neville hedged, some of his enthusiasm fading with his self confidence. “I’m not so good at…magic. I’m practically a squib.” He whispered, shame causing his cheeks to pink.

“Says who?” Hadrian asked, his smile disappearing. Neville’s shoulders were practically touching his ears by this point.

“E-everyone.”

“Bollocks.” Hadrian replied easily, his hands fiddling absently with his wand, a habit he’d picked up over the course of his time with it. Neville didn’t know how to respond to that, simply stared at him.

“You’re here, aren’t you?”

The other boy nodded, but looked no less unsure of himself. Plant the seed. “If you’re here, it means you belong here. This is Hogwarts, the greatest magical school in Europe. Every single witch or wizard who’s walked these halls, has had the potential for greatness. That includes you, Neville Longbottom.”

Hadrian turned, hiding his smile as the boys spine straightened subtly. He walked to the other side of the ring, then gestured with his wand for Neville to join him. “Come. I’ll prove it.”
The other boy swallowed thickly, but walked up the steps, passing through the barrier to take his place across from him.

“Magic is about intent, Neville. You must believe that it will work. If you believe you will fail, you will, every time. Do you understand?”

“I think so…”

“Know so.” Neville nodded shakily. A little more, just a little more. “The levitation charm, have you managed it yet?”

“No. I tried, but…”

“Its alright. That was before.” Hadrian conjured a feather, then let it float to the middle of the arena, his voice taking on a calm but firm cadence. “Listen. You’re going to make that feather float Neville. You’re going to believe you can, because no one can tell you that something is beyond your power, except for you.”

Neville gripped firmly, shoulders pulling back as he stood taller, emboldened by his words. Hadrian grinned, backing away slightly. He could hear the boy muttering under his breath, ‘swish and flick’.

“Wingardium Leviosa.” The feather twitched, but remained on the floor.

“Once more, you nearly had it. Forget about everyone else. Visualize your goal, and make it so.”

Neville nodded, his face more determined yet. Again he cast.

The feather rose slowly, drifting about a foot off the ground. Hadrian caught the slight faltering of Neville’s wand, and the feather fell.

“Again.”

“Wingardium Leviosa!” the feather rose quickly this time.

“Good! Now control it Neville, guide it.” The Gryffindor smiled, his wand tracing through the air as he guided the feather along. Unbeknownst to him, Hadrian pocketed his own. The first two times hadn’t been him at all, but the other boy didn’t need to know that. He wasn't lying before, sometimes all it took was believing you could, in order to cast a spell.

Neville turned to smile at him as he released the feather, letting it flutter to the ground. “I…I really did it.”

“You did.” Hadrian smiled, squeezing the other boys shoulder in an affectionate manner.

“Hadrian, thanks. I…no one’s ever believed in me before. Or told me to…believe in myself, I mean.
Thanks.” He shrugged, sheepish.

“That’s what friends are for. Right?”


*Plant the seed...and watch it grow.*

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!