### Magia Imperii Alteran (EN)

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**Magia Imperii Alteran (EN)**

by **Kelorus**

**Summary**

HP is born Alteran as Lily and James are both descendants of Janus. What would've happened if people knew and Sirius didn't go after Peter? X-Over HP/SG with possible SW and others. Slash HP/CW/? Ron/Molly/Ginny/Severus/Death Eathers/Malfoy bashing

Please, do not be confused as I use a french system quotation for dialogues :s Quite easy to understand.

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**Notes**
Hello everybody, this is a new fiction, and I hope you will like it.

First, I'd like to present my apologies for my horrible english xD In fact, I need a beta corrector xD It's quite urgent, as I must translate my fictions as I'm french. It takes a lot of time, and sometimes, it makes us drop the fiction as we're fed up. But Hey, fear not, I'll try xD

Secondly: This fiction is, as usual, based on a gay pairing (just the main one, other pairings will be het mainly). You'll see, but I still not have decided on the pairing, that's why I want you to vote, please. I already choose one though, it's Charlie Weasley, I like this character.

Thirdly: This fiction will be a X-over with Stargate (SG1, Atlantis, Continuum) but maybe others. I may imagine different universe that are based on other galaxies. For example, the Star Wars Universe in another galaxy.


Ha, yes, there'll be some OOC.

Genius!Harry, Alteran!Harry. Not All Powerfull Harry, he'll be more powerfull than other wizards, but not a god, far from it in fact, so don't think it's a OMG fic. There's a lot of family name used, but think about the ancients etc...

I would like to say that this fiction will be updated sporadically, as I write when I have some imagination (I usually write a fiction based on the fictions that I'm reading), so don't bother yelling or crying for an update, I will not answer. Of course, if you want to translate it, or try to write another fiction based on mines, just ask, it'll be no problem xD If you really want to adopt one of my stories, Hell, do tell, I have no problems with it.

See the end of the work for more notes.
July 31, 1980

It all began on July 31, 1980 in the peaceful village of Godric’s Hollow in South West England. This village was particularly known for being the birthplace of Godric Gryffindor, one of the founders of Hogwarts, and one of the most powerful wizards to ever exist. Yet, that day, it had no point. No, what was interesting was the event that was happening in one of the cottages in the village, specifically, the one belonging to the Potter family.

«Come on, another effort! » Then shouted a healer.

«Come on my heart, you can do it. It's almost done! » Encouraged James Charlus Potter, Lord of the Potter House, while holding the hand of his wife, who was pleased to crush that of her husband.

«You bastard! I swear I'll cut your balls! Take him out of my belly! » Lily Jane Potter, born Evans, shouted in terror, threatening her husband with some more sordid spells than the others, while pushing with all his strength to get his child out of his vagina.

This lasted for several hours, but after a while, the birth came to an end, and we heard cries from the new-born. James had decided to head straight for the new-born, cleaned up by one of the midwives while another was helping Lily recover a bit, giving her some potions of restoration, energy and for blood loss.

«Congratulations, Lord Potter. He is a very healthy boy. As well as ... began the healer.


-Oh no, not at all. Quite the opposite, you are very lucky. It looks like your son is a carrier. » said the healer while handing the baby wrapped in a blue blanket to the shocked father. The latter recovered the child with a big smile, before heading to his wife.

«Look Lilly! Our child, a beautiful little boy. He said.

-Give him to me, James. I want to see my son. She replied, reaching out to recover the child.

-How are we going to name him? James asked.

-Hadrian. Yes, I want to name him Hadrian. She replied.

-Hm ... Hadrian James Potter ... It sounds good, I like that. Then smiled the father to the baby.

-Yes ... my little Harry. Lily cooed as she hugged her son.

-Harry? I like that, and Padfoot, Moony and Wormtail will love it. I have another news, darling. Fit then James.

-What is it? She asked, frowning.

-It seems that our son is a carrier. We are really very lucky. James replied with a big smile.

-A carrier? I thought it was very rare to have a natural carrier, as they usually use potions to carry? Lily asked while watching her son with a big smile.
-It's true, it's very rare. If I remember correctly, the last bearer was born more than three hundred years ago. But you know what that means, do not you?

-That our son can have his own children?

-No Lily, well, yes, but not only that. It means above all that our son will never be attracted to women. Unlike those who use potions by choice, natural bearers are born with an attraction only for men. James said with a big smile.

-I do not see the problem. If I remember correctly, it's perfectly accepted among wizards, no? She asked slightly worried.

-Yes, it's perfectly accepted. What I mean is that bearer are usually born with one or more soul mates. It is very rare, and since he has just been born, it means that his soul mate or soul mates have already been born, since for bearers, soul mates are born before. It's a unique chance, my heart.

-James, I'm afraid I do not understand how it's a chance to be born with one or more soul-mates ... does that mean something special? Lily asked confused.

-I sometimes forget that you were not born into a wizard family. You just have to know that when a bearer comes into the world, he is born with a lot more power and a bigger magical core. But it does not stop there. His soul mate(s) will always be faithful to him, and unable to deceive him or to desire anyone else. Some will even believe them asexual until one discovers that they are actually the soul-mates of a bearer. If you prefer, our son will never feel love pain. James said with a big smile.

-I see ... So our son is very lucky, thankfully. Replied the young redhead while smiling kindly to her son.

-Our guests are here, you feel good enough to see them? They are waiting in the living room. He asked.

-After, James, I prefer to rest a little. But go ahead, take Harry with you, and then introduce him to his uncles and godfather. Lily said as she began to doze.

-Okay darling. I'll be back after, and most importantly, rest well. » James said while kissing his wife, before leaving the room with his son in his arms.

He went to the living room where his "brothers" As he liked to say. When he arrived in the living room, he was shocked to find three more guests talking peacefully with his friends.

«Professor Dumbledore, Minny and Professor Flitwick, it's good to see you here. Said he.

-My boy, see, I was not going to miss the birth of the child of my best students. Answered with a smile of old grandfather the director of Hogwarts.

-How many times do I have to tell you not to call me Minny! McGonagall cringed, glaring at the marauder with a mischievous smile.

-You prefer Kitty? Cannot help but comment on Sirius Black, catching a glare from the professor.

-Well, let's not get excited, this is not the time, is not it? Filius Flitwick declared, the semi-goblin measuring less than a meter tall with a big smile.

-Filius is right. And if you introduced us to this young child that you hold in your arms, my boy? Albus asked with his sparkling eyes.
-He is right James, I would love to know the name of our future godchild. Remus Lupin said while closing the book he held in his hands, Peter Pettigrew shaking his head right beside him.

-Ah, yes, I almost forgot. Let me introduce you to my son, and Lily's, Hadrian James Potter, the first bearer of the family! Or Harry to make it shorter. » Almost yelled James while inflating his torso of pride, then waking the young child who had just fallen asleep. The latter did not hesitate to cry, opening wide eyes, shocking James by the beautiful green colour.

He began to rock him, but it did not work at all. Fortunately, Albus did not waste time and took the child in his arms. The latter suddenly stopped, then smiled while trying to catch the beard of the old wizard, then attracting the laughter of the marauders.

«Your son has very beautiful eyes. I might have thought I saw Lily's, but hers are so different. The old wizard said softly.

-In fact, his eyes are bright, this is the first time I see that. » McGonagall said.

The other occupants of the room almost rushed over the old professor to observe the child's eyes, and were shocked to see that indeed, the child's eyes were bright. In fact, they even had the impression of seeing an intelligent glow in his eyes, but it was not possible, was not it?

«Sirius, Lily and I want to make you Harry's official godfather, if you do not mind. James declared, attracting a merry laugh from Sirius and a bad look from Peter, which he did not see.

- With pleasure, man. Anyway, as you know, I'm sterile, and since you're a descendant of the Blacks ...Sirius started, catching a hiccup of surprise from the other occupants of the room.

- Sirius ... you ... no, you're not serious?

-Of course I am, James. Anyway, I cannot have children, and frankly, I do not expect to have, no thank you, too much work, and not want to have a harpy for a woman, let alone with the mother I have. No, your son will be the perfect heir for the Black family! Laughed then Sirius, catching James's incredulous look.

-And your mother? What will she think of it? James asked while looking at his son.

- Bah! This old harpy has nothing to say, and then she chased me out of the house, you know it. And I know my father would have accepted. Anyway, since he's dead, I'm the Lord of the Black House, so my mother has nothing to say. Said Sirius in a tone without appeal.

- Besides, I will go to Gringotts tomorrow to make my will and make Harry my heir, as it is done. He added with a big smile, making the marauders laugh.

- Oh, I cannot wait to see your mother's face. » Remus replied with a big smile, this time making everyone in the living room laugh.

After several hours of discussion, the guests eventually returned home, while James placed his son in the nursery before going to sleep with his wife.

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(At the same time)

On a very different plane of existence, beings of pure energy were in full conversation, very agitated, and for the most part, happy, a very rare thing. The reason was very simple, a child being 100%
Alteran had just been born. For the first time in more than ten thousand years, an Alteran had been born. These beings of pure energy were none other than the first Alterans, the first humanoid race that never existed, having now completed their ascent to a higher plane of existence.

«I did not think it would happen one day. Then declared Oma Desala.

-Me, I told you that our descendants would eventually become what we were! Cannot help saying Janus while smiling.

- One thing is certain, the future of the Galaxy and many others will change with this child. Then said Ganos Lal, better known as Morgan le Fay.

-I wonder who he is the descendant of. » Another ancient said, which caught the attention of everyone else, whether it was Avalon or Pegasus.

They all focused on the young Harry Potter to discover his origin. Janus uttered an exclamation of joy.

«He's my descendant, I knew it! Ha, take that in your teeth, it's my lineage that will bring our people back into space! Declared the genius while bulging his chest, making all other ancients to roll their eyes.

-And both sides in addition. Whether it's the young James or the young Lily, both are the descendants of Janus, which is a rare thing. I do not remember at all the name you had created Janus. Asked Ganos Lal.

-Hm ... I decided to call myself Arthur Pendragon. Moros was with me at that time, and we had a child together ... Blushes Janus, making Ganos Lal laugh.

-Yes, I remember, you and Moros were very close. I will always wonder why humans have decided to make me the villain of history, when we do not interact at all. Then declared Ganos Lal.

-Yes, yes ... If I remember correctly, my son had three daughters and not a single boy. They married the descendants of other Alterans, giving birth to "magic families". If I remember correctly, the first married a certain Salazar Slytherin, another married Godric Gryffindor, and the last one married Ignotus Peverell. James is the direct descendant of Peverell and Gryffindor, while Lily ... Oh, well that's it. Declared then Janus.

-HM? Replied Oma Desala, who was still listening to the conversation, like all the other Ancients present.

-Lily is the descendant of the son of Salazar Slytherin who had a child with the daughter of Rowena Ravenclaw, Helena. Announced then Janus.

-So your descendant is one of those so-called purebloods. Fit one of the ancients.

-Well, knowing that we are at the origin of these wizards, I will say that there is not purer than the young Hadrian, since he is 100% Alteran. I wonder if this is going to have any consequences. Oma Desala asked, intriguing the majority of the ancients in passing.

-We should help him progress. Declared then Janus, attracting the attention of all the ascended.

-It is forbidden, you know it, Janus! Declared one of the ancients.

-It is forbidden to interact directly with them, nothing forbids us to do it in a discreet way! Janus
answered quickly.

-And how do you plan to do that? Asked Ganos Lal.

-Very simple. As you know, there is a wizard bank named Gringotts. I stored there a long time ago, in the Vault No. 1, one of our Repository of knowledge, the one we updated when we returned from Atlantis. It would just be that there is access, and the furlings will help us. Declared proudly Janus.

-Of course, the furlings. I thought that these goblins vaguely reminded me of something. From the beginning, you knew they were the furlings? Asked Ganos Lal.

-Yes, Moros and I knew it. Unfortunately, they have forgotten most of their story, but I guess with the help of my descendant, they will be able to become what they were. Replied the genie with a smirk.

-I guess he will return to Atlantis? Asked one of Pegasus's ancients.

-Maybe, but I do not think he will make it his priority. Janus answered with another smile.

-What do you mean? This is the only viable operating base that remains. Answered another ancient.

-Not really. I ... how to say ... ordered the construction of another city. Janus answered, attracting the anger of some ancients.

-What do you mean? Yelled one of the ancients.

-Janus, we had banned the use of nanites when we returned! Fit another ancient.

-I know I know. But I preferred to foresee a future in which our descendants came back to live among the stars, and I wanted to prepare a city so that they could settle down. Janus answered while raising his arms as a sign of surrender.

-And where is this city? Then asked Oma Desala.

-This city is placed on an oceanic planet made up of 70% water with perfect living conditions, located in a star system 10,000 light-years away from the solar system, near the centre of Avalon. I did not choose it at random. You can take a look at it if you wish. Declared then Janus.

-And how is he going to access it? Ganos Lal asked, a question that all the ancients were asking themselves.

-It is very simple. He will use the Astria Porta from the outpost that was left on Terra. I programmed a teleporter in the vault that he can use to go there directly. Then it will be enough to take control, he should not have problems concerning energy, I left several potentias in the vault. He replied nonchalantly.

-Well, it seems that you have planned everything. Now, we just have to observe. » Declared Oma Desala, attracting head nods from the other ancients.

\BREAK/

31/10/1981

It had been more than a year since the young Hadrian " Harry " James Potter was born. He shocked a lot of people with his exploits of accidental magic. After only a month, he had managed to give life to his favourite fluff in the effigy of the marauders, which had delighted his parents to the highest
point, not to mention the marauders who found it admirable. Unfortunately, the plush representing Wormtail was completely shattered by Padfoot's plush, which once again pissed off Peter Pettigrew. The cases of accidental magic had become daily with the Potters.

So, when Harry wanted something, he was able to attract him to him. When he was not happy, or even hungry, he even managed to summon one of the house elves to him. Once, he managed to turn the colour of James's hair, which ended with a very beautiful turquoise blue hair, which made Sirius laugh loudly. The latter regretted very quickly, because Harry changed his hair into a green colour, almost making the Gryffindor scream for fear, and laughing at the marauders. Harry had officially earned the title of Mini-Prongs.

To prevent this from happening again, they decided to put a temporary block on Harry's magic core, which would automatically untie when he was seven, when he could begin his training with his father. Indeed, they had decided to train Harry after hearing the prophecy from Sybil Trelauney. Unfortunately, the Dark Lord, Voldemort, had heard this prophecy, and the Potters had to continue living at Godric's Hollow under a fidelius and Peter Pettigrew was the guardian. They ended very quickly to regret their decision, on this Halloween day, or Samhain, depending on the beliefs.

A crack like a thunderclap could be heard not far from the Potter's cottage, which immediately caught the attention of James Potter. The latter rushed to the door to look through the peephole. It was then that he saw the form of Voldemort.

«Lily! Take Harry and go! It's him! I will hold him back! » James yelled.

Lily did not waste time, she grabbed the child and headed for the nursery. She knew that someday it would happen, and she had prepared everything. She had decided to use an ancient blood ritual, intended to protect an individual from all the spells existing by the sacrifice. She knew they were not powerful enough to defeat Voldemort, so they planned a last defence for their child. She did not waste time, and set up the ritual.

For his part, James prepared to face Voldemort. His wand in hand, he waited. Shortly after, the door exploded, and Voldemort stepped forward.

«You do not have to die, Potter. Let me kill the child, and you'll have your life spared. Fit Voldemort.

-Go to hell, monster! Yelled James.

- Avada Kedavra! Hurray then Voldemort, James dodged the spell.

- Confringo! Impedimenta! Experliarmus! James spelled, which Voldemort blocked with ease.

- CRUCIO! Yelled Voldemort, touching James hard, who screamed in pain.

- Avada Kedavra! » Then finish the evil wizard, killing James Potter at the foot of the stairs leading upstairs.

Voldemort went upstairs to the nursery, whose door was protected by several enchantments. He had to admit that despite being a mudblood, Lily Potter was a very powerful witch. What a potential wasted, he thought.

«Fulgur! » The wizard shouted, pouring a lightning bolt on the door, which caused it to explode.

«Go aside, poor idiot! Ordered the Lord of Darkness.
-No, not my son, not my Harry! Supplied Lily, who could not finish the ritual.

-Don't be such a bother! Do not lose your life for this little shit, you can have another one! Voldemort declared, getting upset.

-No Harry! Have mercy! Yelled Lily.

- _Avada Kedavra!_ » The wizard said, thus killing the young redhead, without mercy. He had promised Severus to try to spare her, and he had kept his word. After all, it was not his fault that she had refused to cooperate.

He walked over to the child, watching the toddler look at him with his bright eyes. He could feel the magic that was in the child's body, and he had to admit it was incredible.

«Too bad I have to kill you. So much potential ruined. Alas, I will have kept you well, if only you were not predicted to defeat me. Your sacrifice will not be forgotten. Solemnly declared the Lord of Darkness before aiming at the toddler with his wand.

- _Avada Kedavra!_ » He shouted. The green beam went to the child. That's when something incredible happens. The child began to shine and shine, so much so that Voldemort had to close his eyes. When he reopened them, it was to see the child, surrounded by light, and the green beam to go straight on him.

«Noooooo! » Voldemort screamed, before being sprayed by his own spell, which caused an explosion that ravaged the floor, except for the nursery. Shortly after, Peter Pettigrew arrived on the scene, to see only the ashes of his master and the toddler. He grabbed Voldemort's wand and prepared to kill the child when he heard footsteps behind him. He fled in his rat form.

Severus Snape finally entered, and headed straight for Lily Potter's corpse, weeping bitterly, lamenting the death of the woman he loved. He ignored the toddler. He finally ran away when he heard the sound of Sirius Black's bike.

Finally, it was Sirius' turn to enter the nursery, the latter crying. He grabbed the child and hugged him. He ended up leaving the nursery and the cottage. He met Rubeus Hagrid in front of the cottage.


-Voldemort! Voldemort killed James and Lily! The wizard said darkly.

-What? But ... they were protected by the fidelius! Yelled Hagrid.

-I know I know! Peter betrayed them, this rat sold them! Raged then Sirius.

-And you-know-who? Asked Hagrid worried.

-Dead ... I do not know how, but Harry defeated him. He ... he survived the curse of death! » Replied Padfoot in shock.

Hagrid was speechless as he heard the news. He quickly realized that the young Harry Potter would soon become famous for defeating the He-Who-Must-Not-be-Named. Sirius handed him Harry.

«Take him Hagrid, I have a rat to hunt! Sirius declared, getting ready to go on a rat hunt.

-No! Answered Hagrid.
-What? Sirius asked incredulously, not expecting this answer.

-You're his godfather, Sirius. It's up to you to protect him. I can understand that you want to hunt Peter, but it's useless to kill him, otherwise you'll be imprisoned too, and who will take care of the guy? » Hagrid asked, watching Sirius right in the eye.

The latter lowered his eyes, while taking a breath. He finally calms down. A few seconds later, Dumbledore arrived with Bartemius Crouch Senior, a detachment of aurorss and members of the Order of the Phoenix.

«Sirius, what happened to my boy? Asked the old magician.

-I ... Peter betrayed us! He told Voldemort where James and Lily lived. Sirius declared, drawing hisses of surprise from the aurorss at the mention of the name of the dark wizard. They were surprised, however, that nothing happened.

-But ... the child is alive! Bartemius Crouch then said, drawing everyone's eyes to the child in Sirius's arms.

-Yes ... I do not know how, but he defeated Voldemort. He survived the curse of death! Sirius declared once again, catching the shocked gaze of everyone except Hagrid.

-This is not possible! Declared an aurors.

-If so, I assure you. You just have to come in and see, there is no more than a pile of ash and his dress, to Voldemort! He is dead! » Sirius reiterated, sending a glare at the aurors that challenged him to accuse him of lying.

All the aurorss and even the members of the order of the phoenix began to murmur among themselves, all of them happier than the others. Very quickly, one could hear between them the same sobriquet through all the mouths. The Boy-Who-Lived could we hear.

«I see. My boy, you should take the young Harry safely, being his godfather, I guess you're now his guardian. You'll probably have to go to the Ministry of Magic to regulate everything, but I'm sure everything will be fine. Dumbledore said, while looking sadly at Sirius and the child in his arms.

-I, yes, you are right. I'm going to take him to Grimmauld, whether my mother wants it or not. Who knows, by learning about Lily's true origins, she will accept the boy more easily. Sirius answered, which caught everyone's attention.

-The true origins of Lily? Albus asked, curious.

-Well ... We expected to declare it later, but hey. We did an inheritance test at Gringotts to determine the origins of Lily Potter. It seems that from the beginning, our dear Lily was a pureblood, descended from Ravenclaw and Slytherin himself. Seems his parents were Squibs. In fact, since Voldemort thought Lord Slytherin, it would mean that they were cousins. But since he's dead, everything will be back to my little puppy. Sirius answered while hugging Harry.

For many, it was almost impossible to believe. Now they had before them, a toddler, who had just defeated the most powerful dark wizard since Grindelwald, and that in addition, he was the descendant of the Potter, Ravenclaw and Slytherin. What next?

For his part, Albus Wulfric Percival Brian Dumbledore was both sad and delighted. On the one hand, he was saddened by the deaths of James and Lily, two of his favourite students, whom he could even consider his own children. On the other hand, he was delighted with Voldemort's death,
even though he thought it temporary, suspecting that someone like him had had to immerse himself in the darkest and sordid arts that exist to survive. As he watched the toddler, he noticed a scar on his forehead.

«What is it? Dumbledore asked as he approached the child.

-HM? Sirius said, watching as Dumbledore's hand went.

-What a funny scar. I still feel the aftermath of black magic, surely the spell of death. Unfortunately, it will be forever marked by this scar, which will then be proof of its survival. Dumbledore said placidly.

-See that tomorrow I have to go to Gringotts for the will of James and Lily, I will take the opportunity to have it examined by a goblin healer. Well, those creatures are good at wounds of black magic. Sirius answered, attracting approving glances from the other wizards and a nod from Dumbledore.

"You're right, boy, you should go and rest with young Harry. I have the impression that in a very short time, all the remaining Death Eaters will follow suit. Whereas Voldemort is defeated, we will be able to capture them. Replied Dumbledore.

-If you allow it, Lord Black, I wish that a contingent of aurors follow you for your protection and that of our hero. Bartemius asked.

-Hm ... I guess it's possible. Preferences, make it pure-blooded, I honestly do not want to hear my mother screaming loudly. Sirius answered before heading to his bike with his godson. He was followed by four aurors, to which he gave an appointment at Grimmauld.

Once gone, Albus and Bartemius began to talk together.

«What should we do, Chief Warlock? Bartemius asked.

-The best, at the moment, is to place a notice of research concerning Peter Pettigrew for the betrayal of James and Lily Potter and the membership in the terrorist group Death Eaters. Then we should incarcerate all those with the black mark and then try them. I'm sure Minister Bagnole will agree with me. Albus answered while thinking about what to do next.

-Yes you are right. I am not ordering the arrest of all Death Eaters, and I will publish an advertisement in the Daily Prophet to encourage Death Eaters to surrender with a promise of reduced sentence. Declared Crouch.

-Perfect. I myself will take the opportunity to officially announce the fall of Lord Voldemort before someone else does. Unfortunately, Harry Potter will become famous. I sincerely hope he will not become haughty because of that. Dumbledore replied, worried about Harry Potter's future.

-And even if it was, Dumbledore. He defeated You-know-who, he is a hero! » Crouch retorted directly, smiling, while Dumbledore did not answer. Both apparated to the ministry of magic, while aurors went home to announce the end of the dark wizard and the reason for his fall. Soon, witch families began to celebrate across the country, or even around the world, because Voldemort's influence had spread well beyond the borders.

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Meanwhile, in the district of Islington in London, you could hear a motorcycle. Yet there was absolutely nothing on the road. Indeed, it was by looking up that we could then see a motorcycle,
moving with ease in the air, and heading to Square Grimmauld. Sirius finally drops the bike in front of 12 Grimmauld Place. In front of the magic mansion were the four aurorss charged to accompany him, including Alastor Moody "Mad-Eye". They were waiting on the door step.

«Lord Black, we were waiting for you. Greeted Moody watched him with his magic eye.

-No that with me, Moody. You're my mentor, you do not need to use my title with me. Sirius replied nonchalantly, smiling.

-If you say that, man. And do not forget, VIGILANCE CONSTANT! Smiles then Moody.

-Less good, you're going to wake up Harry! Sirius answered before bringing them into the mansion. They were immediately greeted by Kreacher.

«The disappointment is back. Poor mistress will not be happy. Oh, poor Kreacher, poor Kreacher ...» Then say the house elf before disappearing to warn his mistress. It only took a few seconds for the last one to arrive.

It was then that Walburga Black, Sirius' mother came down the stairs, dressed richly with a haughty look.

«My son, here you are back. And what are you bringing to our home? Asked the matriarch of the Black family, looking attentively at the visitors. Seeing only purebloods, she bowed her head in sign of approval

-Mother. I came here with my godson, Hadrian James Potter and Aurorss for our safety. Replied Sirius tersely.

-A half-blood? You dared to bring a half-breed back to my house? This son of Mudblood? Screamed the matriarch, which made the baby scream and annoyed Sirius.

-Silence! Yelled Sirius, much to the shock of all, especially his mother and Kreacher.

-Harry is not a half-breed and Lily was not a mudblood. He continued.

-Explicate you, I'm listening to you. Walburga said while calming down a bit.

-Contrary to what you think, Lily is not a muggleborn. We did an inheritance test on her at Gringotts, and we found out that her parents were just Squibs. » Sirius answered while smiling at Harry to make him sleep again.

Hearing that the young child was not a half blood but pureblood, she ordered Kreacher to take the child to sleep in the nursery near the master bedroom. The elf was immediately followed by two aurorss. Walburga, Sirius, Alastor, and the other auror walked to the parlour to sit down.

«Well, well, that's reassuring. And tell me, what are his ancestries? Walburga asked curiously.

-Well, you should be glad to know that Lily Potter was none other than the descendent of Rowena Ravenclaw and Salazar Slytherin! He declared, shocking the matriarch.

-S S ... ... Slytherin? Ravenclaw? Are you sure? She asked, stammering, wide-eyed.

-Yup. Just answered Sirius accentuating the "P".

-It's extraordinary! The heir of the Blacks, the future Lord Slytherin and Ravenclaw, here! It's perfect, oh my son, it's perfect! Laughed heartedly then the black matriarch, shocking all those
-Do Not forget Potter, mother. Sirius added, which made Walburga's laughter even louder.

-Thanks to you, my son, our family will become the greatest in the world. Do you realize? Your heir will be Lord Potter, Black, Slytherin and Ravenclaw, it's exceptional! Walburga declared with a big smile.

-Not only mother, » Sirius started, looking at Moody and auroring with attention.

-What do you mean? She asked, worried.

-Before adding anything, it will take me a Wizard's oath before disclosing more. Sirius said, looking at both aurors and his mother.

-Very good. I, Walburga Black, matriarch of the Black family, swear not to reveal to anyone who is not in the secret what Sirius Black, Lord Black, will reveal to me. So mote it be. » Swear the matriarch while raising her wand. She was enveloped by a halo of blue magic before disappearing. Moody and the other aurors present did the same.

«Very good. Now, I will be able to tell you more. Sirius said with a big smile, relieved that they agreed to swear this oath.

-So, what is it, boy? Asked Moody, curious.

-When we did Lily's heritage test, we took the opportunity to do it with James, and the results were shocking. It was discovered that the Potters are the heirs of the Peverell and Gryffindor families. Revealed Sirius, which made the occupants of the room gasp.

-Sirius, are you telling me that the little guy is the future Lord Slytherin, Potter, Ravenclaw, Black, but also Peverell and Gryffindor? Alastor asked, his magical eye spinning at full speed.

-Exactly, but not only! Answered Sirius.

-And then what else, do not tell me he has other titles? Asked Moody.

-Well ... started Sirius.

-My son, we are under oath, you can tell us everything. Then Walburga exasperated.

-We discovered that Lily and James are both descendants of the Pendragon and Emrys family, that's it! Announced quickly Sirius, nailing the other occupants.

-I see. » Walburga answered simply before fainting.

Immediately, Kreacher appeared to his mistress to help her wake up, shooting a scathing glare to everyone else. After a few minutes, she finally wakes up.

"My son, tell me, did I hear correctly? She asked.

-Yes, you heard right. Answered Sirius.

-Pendragon, Emrys ... These are names I did not expect to hear one day. Said Alastor Moody.

-It's ... it's wonderful! Hurray Walburga.
- Hein? Sirius said stupidly, looking at his mother.

- Your heir, the heir of the Blacks, the descendant of Arthur Pendragon and Merlin! Do you realize what that means, my idiot son? The Blacks will reign over the whole country, that's what it means! Walburga said in an ecstatic state.

- Oh ... he replied stupidly.

- That's all? It's your only reaction, kid? Fit Moody.

- Well no. It's just that ... I do not think it's very important, anyway, not for now. I mean, we're not going to make a baby a king, anyway, the ministry and the wizengamot will not accept it. Sirius answered more seriously.

- Hm ... Unless he recovers Excalibur's sword, no, I do not think so. Whatever he should have access to the crown, normally to Gringotts, no? Then asked the auror present that had been silent until now.

- My boy, among our families, we say Caledfwlch. Walburga corrected him.

- Exact. In any case, we should be interested in it later. Answered Sirius Black.

- Yes, you're right. But it will be necessary to give him a royal education to this boy. He will have to learn to speak several languages, be it English, Latin, French, Gaelic ... Walburga began.

- More mother, we'll see that later. Anyway, it's up to me to teach him, and one thing is certain, it will not be here. Sirius said.

- What? How's that, not here? Walburga asked, raising his voice.

- Very simple, I refuse that my godson is raised here. I think the best is the Potter's Castle, although some call it Potter's Manor. Said Sirius.

- Hmph. Fit Walburga.

- Excellent idea! It's more spacious and better protected there. I will always wonder why James refused to live there. Fit then Alastor.

- Bah, if I remember correctly, he just did not want to live there after the death of his parents, too many memories. And then, Lily made it a tourist site for muggles. Answered Sirius.

- A touristic site? What is it? Asked the auror.

- Hum, as I understand it, it's a place that people pay to visit, to do meetings, ceremonies, weddings, things like that. I thought I heard some people wanted to pay big money to live there for a few days. » Sirius answered.

Walburga refrained from shouting about muggles and parasites all over the place. Finally, she thinks about the implication of all that.

«Does it pay? She asked.

- Hm ... I think so, yes. If I remember correctly, the Potter Castle is the third largest in the country. I remember Lily told me it brought about 100 000 000 £ per year, or 20 000 000 gallons a year. Sirius said.

- Twenty million? Hurray Walburga.
-But that's more than what the Malfoy earns in ten years! Fit Moody.

-Well, Lily explained to me, muggles make a lot of money these days, so it pays a lot. And since they made a name for themselves among muggles, I suppose Harry will also appear in their newspapers. I am sure that now he must be one of the richest in all of England. Sirius answered with a big smile.

-One thing is sure, he will not miss money in the future. The only problem I see is that it will be known to muggles. Fit Alastor.

-No counting his title. Answered Sirius, smiling.

-His title? Asked Walburga, curious.

-Yes, mother, even among muggles, they have titles of nobility, linked to the time when we served the monarchy. Most wizarding families do not have titles anymore because they think we are dead, but the Potters have kept their title. Said Sirius.

-What is this title? She asked.

-Hm ... I think it was Duke of York. Answered Sirius.

-Very good, a title of nobility that suits. I wonder if this title is valid in the Ministry. You will think to inform yourself about it, Hm? She asked.

-Yes mother. In addition, I will have to officially announce the death of James and Lily to the muggles, which will make Harry the new Duke. I just hope the muggle royal family will not get too involved. Fortunately, I am also his muggle godfather. Sirius answered with a smile.

-Other surprises, Black? » Alastor asked.

Nobody answered, and a silence settled for a few minutes, during which Kreacher took the opportunity to bring back tea and pastries.

«Would that not that make Lord Hadrian the owner of Hogwarts? Then asked the auror.

-Hm ... I guess so. He alone possesses ¾ of the school and the surroundings. And besides, if I remember correctly, Hogwarts is on land owned by the Peverell family. Alastor replied thoughtfully.

-And, would not that make him the new director of Hogwarts, responsible for education, in addition to being above the Board of Governors? In retrospect, would this not revoke the Board of Governors? Asked the auror again.

-He is right! But, Harry is way too young to take care of all that. Answered Sirius.

-Well, since you're his guardian, it's up to you to take care of it, my son. The best thing would be simply to dismiss the Board of Governors, in any case, they are only good for nothing that grow on the backs of others. That way, we can restore old subjects, such as Dark Arts teaching, duelling, pure-blood ethics and lifestyle, alchemy and many more. Ha, even politics, and we could finally teach all these mudblood how to behave in our living environment. Well, I tell you, if we had done that earlier, there would never have been a war! Walburga declared vehemently.

-I do not mind, but I have to deal with Harry first and foremost. Why not name a proxy to handle Hogwarts? Asked Sirius.

-No. Anyone would be able to abuse the position. The best thing would be to form a new council,
temporarily, from which we will choose the members, until Harry is ready. Walburga declared.

-She's right. Replied Alastor simply.

-Very good, and you recommend who? Asked Sirius.

-Well ...»They continued for more than an hour before going to rest.

\BREAK/

The next day Sirius could be found in the dining room with the aurors, his mother and godson, while Kreacher was eating them, delighted. Upon learning that Sirius was no longer a disappointment, and that inheriting the Blacks was so prestigious, Kreacher had become a happy house elf. Even more knowing that he would take care of the young master.

It was then that Kreacher retrieved the last issue of the Daily Prophet before giving it to Sirius and then a double to his mistress:

**YOU KNOW-WHO OVER? THE HISTORY OF THE BOY-WHO-LIVED!**

*By Rita Skeeter.*

This is news that has turned the wizarding world upside down today! Yes, my dear readers, You-Know-Who is no longer of this world. As incredible as it may be, the dark wizard was defeated last night during the Samhain. But who is the vanquisher?

Well, know that this is none other than a young child of just over a year named Hadrian James Potter. You read correctly, a child has defeated the Dark Lord of whom everyone was so frightened. Hadrian James Potter is the son of Lord James Charlus Potter and Lady Lily Jane Potter born Evans, both killed at Godric's Hollow by He-Who-Should-Not-be-Named. But how is this possible? For this we have the testimonies of two important individuals in our society.

According to Albus Wulfric Brian Percival Dumbledore, Supreme Mugwump and Chief Warlock, as well as Bartemius Crouch Senior, Head of the Department of Law Enforcement, the Dark Lord would have been defeated by his own spell. Indeed, everything proves that the young Hadrian James Potter, better known as Harry Potter, would have survived the spell of death miraculously to send him back to You-Know-Who, finally ending his reign of terror.

"It's a sad day, and at the same time, a bright day. Today, two people we loved are dead, and yet the light prevails because Voldemort (these are his words) has finally been defeated! » Hogwarts director told us.

"The notorious criminal known as Voldemort is finally defeated. From now on, we will concentrate all our strength to catch the remaining Death Eaters. The ministry agrees to impose lesser penalties for Death Eaters who will surrender in the next twenty-four hours. Said the Head of the Department of Law Enforcement.

Finally, another statement was given by our Minister of Magic, Milicent Bagnold.

"On this day, we will be able to begin the reconstruction of our country. That is why we have decided to grant Hadrian James Potter the Order of Merlin 1st class and the Order of Merlin 2nd posthumously class to his parents, James and Lily Potter. May they rest in peace. »

We, the members of the Daily Prophet, are in full agreement with this proposal, and hope that our young Harry Potter will be well. However, the question arises, who is his guardian?
All this will be unveiled at the opening of wills of James and Lily Potter, who will be held at Gringotts on 1st November 1981 privately. Fortunately, I have the chance to be invited.

For more information about You-Know-Who and his reign of terror, go to page 3.

For more information on the Potter family, go to pages 4 and 5.

For more information on Albus Wulfric Percival Brian Dumbledore, visit page 6.

«This Rita Skeeter, this is the first time I see her write something that is not vehement and full of poison. Said Sirius.

-My son, this news must surely be his right to fame. And since she wants to be present for the will, I guess she will do anything to stand by. Replied the matriarch.

-And how is my godson? Asked Sirius.

-The young master is fine. Yes, Kreacher takes good care of him. Replied the house elf, while feeding the child.

-Very good. Oh, look at this other article! Sirius said.

NOTICE OF RESEARCH CONCERNING PETER PETTIGREW, RESPONSIBLE FOR THE TREASON OF THE POTTER FAMILY.

By Rita Skeeter.

On this glorious day there is another news of the most desolating. Indeed, a notice of research was published by the Department of Magic regarding Peter Pettigrew, a Death Eater responsible for the deaths of Lily and James Potter.

According to my sources, Peter Pettigrew was the custodian of Fidelius' secret regarding the location of the Potter family. It was revealed that Peter Pettigrew was in fact a traitor in the pay of You-Know-Who, not hesitating to betray his friends, which resulted in the death of Lord James Potter and Lady Lily Potter.

To do so, the Ministry of Magic ordered the capture of this individual, considering him extremely dangerous. If you see it, immediately tell the Aurors Office. Peter Pettigrew is an unregistered animagus in the form of a rat, so be careful.

We sincerely hope that he will be apprehended as soon as possible, because it is obvious that such an individual does not deserve to live in our society and must be punished. Some already want to impose on him the kiss of the dementor.

For more information on Peter Pettigrew, go to page 10.

The table was silent after Sirius repeated the article aloud. The silence was broken by Alastor Moody.

«Ha! Now he will not have anywhere to hide! Fit the old auror.

-I just hope they catch him fast. » Sirius said before focusing on what he should do on that day.

First of all, he had to go to Gringotts for the opening of the wills. Fortunately, a ministry official had already been invited to deal directly with Harry's placement, so he did not have to go to the ministry.
On the other hand, he had to go to muggle London to officially announce the death of Lily and James Potter, fortunately most of the work would be done by the Department of Magic in relation to the British ministry. Not to mention that he had to organize the funeral of James and Lily to be buried in the family vault at Potter Castle.

Finally, he decided to settle at the Potter Castle in York, believing that it would be more secure, and would create an image among muggles. That's how Sirius got ready, wearing one of his finest dresses made of Acromantula silk. The dress was black with filigree silver and emerald and the coat of arms of the Black family on the front of the dress. He also wore a white shirt with pure silver buttons, a pair of dragon leather boots and silk pants. The most important was, of course, Lord Black's ring in his hand, made of silver with an onyx at its centre, held by a clasp in the form of a raven and a wand.

He grabbed his godson in his arms, also dressed for the occasion, and went to the fireplace to appear at the Leaky Cauldron, accompanied by the four aurors and his mother, also dressed for the occasion. Together, they showed everyone the power and importance of the Black family.

When they crossed Diagon Alley to Gringotts, they were approached by several citizens who had noticed the young Harry in Sirius's arms. Fortunately, the aurors managed to keep them away. They were joined by other aurors, accompanied by Albus Dumbledore, to finally arrive at the entrance to Gringotts. Two armed goblins guarded the big bank gates, which they opened on seeing the group arrive.

The group headed for one of the Gringotts rooms, the one in which the director of the Gringotts Bank in the United Kingdom, Ragnok, personally in charge of the wills of James and Lily Potter, was waiting. When they entered the room, there was already Remus Lupin, Bartemius Crouch as a representative of the ministry, Minister of Magic Milicent Bagnold, Severus Snape, Alice and Frank Longbottom, Minerva McGonagall, Filius Flitwick, Rita Skeeter and to the amazement of all, Petunia Dursley and her husband, Vernon Dursley, muggles.

«Perfect, here you are, with the young Lord Potter who is more. Ragnok said with a scary smile that wanted to be friendly.

At these words, the doors of the room were closed.

«All right, we'll be able to start. I will first open the will of Lady Lily Potter born Evans. Then said the goblin, who tapped a crystal in front of him, revealing the image of Lily Potter who began to speak.

«I, Lily Jane Potter born Evans, Lady Potter, Lady Slytherin, Lady Ravenclaw and Lady Evans, swear to be sane of mind on my magic, so be it.

To start, I'm sorry to read you this testament, I was sincerely hoping to live longer, but it seems too late. To begin :

- To Sirius Black, I bequeath my son, Hadrian James Potter, hoping that he can raise it as it should, without much nonsense I hope. No need to give him money, he has enough like that.

- To Remus Lupin, I bequeath the sum of 100,000 galleons, after all, I understand that his situation is complicated.

- To Albus Dumbledore, I bequeath 100,000 galleons for the phoenix, he will understand. I also leave him a huge bag full of treats he should love, I hope he will appreciate them.
-To Severus Snape. First of all, I wish to tell you that I forgive you for calling me Mudblood, but I will never forgive you for joining the enemy. I leave him all the same all my potion ingredients.

-To Alice and Frank Longbottom, I leave you with 100,000 Galleons each, and I hope you can make sure that Neville and Harry see each other often, after all, Alice, you’re Harry’s godmother.

-To Peter Pettigrew, if we did not die because of you, I bequeath 100,000 galleons. On the other hand, if I died by your fault, then I curse you forever!

-To Filius Flitwick, my dear teacher, I thank you for always encouraging me to deepen the charms and get my mastery. That’s why I leave you all my books of enchantment, some of which are very rare, I know you will treat them with respect, and who knows, teach them to my son later. I also leave you an armour made of dragon leather made especially for you, I wish you to continue your career master duellist. I also bequeath 100,000 Galleons to my favourite teacher.

-To my sister, Petunia Dursley, I want to tell you first of all that I’m sorry I could not spend more time with you. I leave you £ 500,000 if you divorced Vernon Dursley, so take advantage of it to get away from him. This money is only available in Petunia, Vernon Dursley will never be able to touch it. If you ever refuse to divorce, you’ll still get £ 10,000 and not a penny more, because I refuse to give money to this monster who serves you as a husband.

-Finally, to my son, Hadrian James Potter, I bequeath all my money and all my possessions, in addition to the titles of Lord Slytherin, Lord Ravenclaw and Lord Evans.

If my son cannot be placed with Sirius Black, here is a list of his future guardians:

Remus Lupin-Alice Longbottom-Frank Longbottom-Minerva McGonagall-Albus Dumbledore-A family chosen by the ministry.

NEVER my son should be placed with my sister while she is married to Vernon Dursley, or with a certified Death Eater family.

So be it. »The image disappeared then.

Ragnok did not waste time and gave the material goods directly to the people concerned.

«The money has already been distributed to your accounts. » He simply added.

Vernon Dursley stood up, red with rage at what Lily Potter had said, catching his wife by the way, who also had a disdainful look. Unfortunately, Petunia was not interested in leaving Vernon. After all, she hated her sister.

«Come on Vernon, let’s get away from these freaks! » She declared, to the greatest hatred of all those present.

Sirius hold Walburga back before she can throw her a CRUCIO.

For her part, Rita Skeeter was completely ecstatic, learning that, all things considered, Lily Potter was not a Muggle-born, but a pureblood, direct descendant of Slytherin and Ravenclaw, as well as the almost-extinct lineage of the noble Evans family. She wondered how she had never been able to make the connection between the noble family that became Squib Evans and her. Just that was going to make a scoop.

«Very good. It is now time to open the will of Lord James Charlus Potter. » Declared Ragnok.
Before you start, know that this testament is in two parts. One public, and the other private under inviolable oath. He added, to the greatest shock of all.

We will proceed through the public part of the will. » Ragnok then said before knocking another crystal in front of him that made the image of James Potter appear.

«I, Duke James Charlus Potter, Duke of York, Lord Potter, Lord Peverell and Lord Gryffindor swear to be sane of mind on my magic, so be it.

Before I begin, I wish to express my deepest apologies if I ever died before raising my son, or having defeated Voldemerde. * He chuckled *

First of all:

-At Sirius Black, whom I consider my own brother, I bequeath to you my beloved son, Hadrian James Potter, that I hope you will be raised as your own son, since you named him heir to the Black family. I'm counting on you, Padfoot. I give you 1 000 000 galleons in case, I know you do not really need, and I do it just to annoy you. Mouhahahaha.

-At Remus Lupin, my dear friend, I leave you 1 000 000 galleons, so you will buy new clothes and a hairstyle you paid, you really need to. I also leave you Wolf's Cottage in York, so you can always be ready with my family.

-At Peter Pettigrew, if you have not betrayed us, I leave you 1 000 000 galleons and Den Rat in York. If you are ever responsible for our death, then I leave you nothing and Rat's Den will be renamed and sold to the highest bidder.

-At Albus Dumbledore, I leave you with 2 000 000 galleons for your phoenix, you know how it keeps me in the heart. Use it to do some good around you.

-At Minerva McGonagall, dear Minnie, I leave to you 1 000 000 galleons to have you supported all my antics and a cat tree. Beware, the next generation of marauders is underway! * Evil Ricana *

-At Severus Snape, I bequeath 500,000 galleons to be forgiven for all the harm I did to you, and I realized how immature I was. Unfortunately, I cannot cancel your life debt, which is why I am sending it directly to my son.

-At Frank Longbottom, I bequeath 1 000 000 galleons, hopefully make thee good use, and that you let our son live together as they deserve.

-At Alice Longbottom, I bequeath 1,000,000 galleons, and I ask you the same as Frank.

-Finally, to my son, Hadrian James Potter, I leave you all that I have, in addition to my titles Duke of York, Lord Potter, Lord Gryffindor and Lord Peverell.

If my son cannot be placed with Sirius Black, here is a list of his future guardians:

Remus Lupin-Alice Longbottom-Frank Longbottom-Minerva McGonagall-Albus Dumbledore-A family chosen by the ministry.

NEVER my son should be placed with my sister-in-law while she is married to Vernon Dursley, or with a certified Death Eater family. I swear to come back from the dead if he ends up with a family like the Malfoy.

So be it. »The picture then disappeared.
This was the rout, and most people could be heard crying, especially the marauders. The only person who did not cry was Walburga Black, who had the young Harry in her arms at that moment.

«The money has been transferred to your vaults as well as the deeds. » Ragnok said, giving a bottomless bag of books and armour to Filius Flitwick, whom he had forgotten to distribute just before.

Albus Dumbledore was drying his tears with Minerva, while the half-goblin wept bitterly as he held the bag in his hands.

For their part, Sirius and Lupin were in tears, while Frank and Alice tried to restrain themselves without succeeding. We could even hear Harry crying, realizing that his parents would never come back.

Even Rita Skeeter had a tear in her eye, and her quill was writing quickly on a parchment. For her, was the scoop of the century, even the millennium. When she learned all of Hadrian James Potter's titles, she realized that he alone would control at least ¼ Wizengamot or more, not to mention that he was now the owner of Hogwarts and its environs, including Hogsmeade. In addition, he was Duke, possessing an entire duchy. Not to mention that he was apparently the heir of the Black family.

After a few minutes, Ragnok cleared his throat.

«Very good. Now is the time to read James Charlus Potter's private will. To do this, all those present must swear an inviolable oath or leave the room. » The goblin said.

At these words Rita Skeeter, Alice and Frank Longbottom, Milicent Bagnold and Bartemius Crouch left the room. Just after, the occupants of the room swore the inviolable oath to reveal nothing.

«Okay, here's the private testament of James Charlus Potter. » The goblin said before banging on a crystal dispute, revealing James Potter's image.

«To all those who listen to me, I hope you are not too saddened by my death, and above all, that you have recovered from my previous testament.

The reason for this private testament is very simple, we discovered, Sirius, Lily and Me, important facts about our lineage.

My title and full name is theoretically Prince James Charlus Pendragon-Myrdin-Peverell-Gryffindor-Potter Crown Prince of the Kingdom of Avalon, future High King of Avalon and all its inhabitants. I am not the only one, however, because Lily is also one of the last heiress of Myrdin and Pendragon, her sister being Squib, she is ineligible for these titles. So, so her title is Princess Lily Jane Pendragon-Myrdin-Slytherin-Ravenclaw-Potter-Evans, future High Queen of Avalon and all its inhabitants. The goblins can certify it to you, we did the inheritance tests.

Whereas we are dead, it means that everything returns to our son, Hadrian. I suppose he will now be Prince Hadrian James Pendragon-Myrdin-Peverell-Black-Gryffindor-Slytherin-Ravenclaw-Potter-Evans, Crown Prince of the Kingdom of Avalon. According to my calculations, he alone has 69 seats in Wizengamot, almost half of the seats, not to mention that by becoming King, he can dissolve the Wizengamot, because the Kingdom of Albion is above all an absolute monarchy.

That's why I'm counting on you to raise my son as he should, and help him get to the throne he deserves. I ask Sirius to give these seven years to my son his rings of heirs, and if possible, to visit his coffers at his eleven years, before entering Hogwarts. I suppose he will be able to authorize my son to certain titles of Lord from his eleven years, mainly those of Gryffindor, Ravenclaw and Slytherin
for greater security in Hogwarts. You never know who could harm his life.

Finally, I wish to remind everyone that my son is a porter, the first of our family, except perhaps on the side of Pendragon. I guess this gene comes directly from Arthur, known to have carried Myrdin's child. It will be necessary for him then to find his or her soul-sisters, I do not know if it has several, but I suppose it is possible, one never knows.

Thank you all for listening to me, and thank you to the goblins for accessing my request. Prongs out!

Apart from Sirius, Walburga and the goblins, all were stunned. Sirius could not stopped laughing as he saw Dumbledore's head. Walburga, on the other hand, wore a superior smile, identical to that of goblins.

After a few minutes, Albus spoke.

«Hm, I must admit it was unexpected. He said.

-Unexpected? That's all you have to say? This brat is going to be king, and that's all you have to say? » Severus yelled.

After his loud invoice, he was threatened by four goblins armed with spears, not to mention Sirius and Walburga with their wands.

«How dare you talk like that to the heir of Black, you filthy half-blood? Yelled the matriarch.

-Listen here, Snivellus! That I do not see you approaching my godchild, or you will regret it. » Sirius said threateningly.

Right after, Severus Snape was escorted out of the room by the goblins. Even Albus cast a disappointed look at Severus.

«Alas, I'm afraid Severus will never get rid of the hatred he has for James, and by marriage, his son. Said Albus, disappointed with Snape's behaviour.

-Bah, this half-blood is of no importance. Walburga replied scornfully.

-Ret come back to the most important, the fact that we have before us our future king? Filius asked, looking at the baby.

-I do not understand. Why did not they claim the throne? Minerva asked curiously.

-I can answer that question, ma'am. Fit then Ragnok.

-First of all, it must be known that they have learned that they were the last descendants of the crown, but that does not explain why they did not claim the throne. In fact, they did not do it because another person was eligible, Lord Voldemort. Ragnok answered, causing the other occupants of the room to gasp.

-Death flight? I see ... I suppose that Salazar was the descendant of Pendragon and Myrdin? Albus asked, sure of himself.

-Actually no. Everything proves that it was his wife. It seems that Velana Slytherin born Pendragon was the granddaughter of King Arthur Pendragon and his companion, Emrys Myrdin, better known as Merlin. Answered Ragnok.
If this is the case, how is it that no one has claimed the throne before? Remus asked.

Very simple, wizards are idiots. They think they know everything, and are convinced to know by heart their lines that they almost never do inheritance tests. Before James and Lily Potter, the last to have an inheritance test were none other than Albus Dumbledore and Gellert Grindelwald. Replied the goblin.

Well, at least, it gives us the advantage. I guess now, Hadrian is the only heir? Asked Sirius.

In fact, we checked, is his grace Hadrian is the only possible heir. However, we noticed an irregularity. Said the goblin.


Very simple. According to our records, the one you call Lord Voldemort, better known as Tom Marvolo Riddle, is not totally dead. Our bank register considers it partially dead. Obviously, being considered partially dead, he lost all his titles and fortune, automatically returning to his grace Hadrian. Revealed Ragnok, shocking everyone.

How is it possible? He cannot be alive and dead at once! Flitwick said, flabbergasted.

Hm, maybe if ... Dumbledore thoughtfully thought, which caught everyone's attention.

You have an idea? Asked Sirius, intrigued.

Well ... There is a very dark ritual that would help people to not die. However, it is one of the vilest rituals that can exist. Dumbledore said, which made more than one shudder.

I think I understand where the Hogwarts Director is coming from. Ragnok replied, attracting the attention of others.

What is it? » Sirius asked impatiently.

For her part, Walburga digested the fact that Lord Voldemort was a half-breed, because she knew full well that Riddle was not a pure-blooded name. And she suspected the ritual used by this half-blood, the volumes of Black House being filled with dark magic.

I think Tom Riddle used the soul breaking spell to create receptacles linking him to the physical world, better known as Horcrux. Revealed the goblin, which validated the hypothesis of Albus and Walburga.

He did not dare? Sirius asked, knowing what horcrux was.

It would seem that he did indeed dared. » Just answered the goblin, disgusted by such an act of magic.

Albus Dumbledore then chooses this moment to examine more closely the child, and especially, his scar. He tried to scan him, to pull away suddenly, disgusted.

Professor? Remus asked, shocked by Dumbledore's reaction.

A problem with Harry? Asked Sirius.

It seems that Tom has managed to make young Harry his horcrux. For the moment, it seems limited to his scar. » Revealed Dumbledore.
Immediately, all went to Harry to examine the scar, and some retreated in disgust.

«We cannot leave that there! Yelled Walburga, making Harry cry.

-There is a goblin purification ritual to remove and destroy a horcrux without damaging the receptacle. Fit then Ragnok.

-You can treat my godson? Sirius asked, his tone full of hope.

-Of course, for a price, it goes without saying. Ragnok answered with his commercial smile.

-I am ready to pay what will be needed. Sirius answered, without waiting.

-Good. That will make 1,000 galleons. I will order the preparation of the ritual. Ragnok answered before beckoning to one of the guards, the latter waving before disappearing.

-The ritual will be ready in a few minutes. However, I do not think this horcrux is voluntary. This means that there are others. Replied the goblin.

-Is there not a way to find them? Asked Flitwick.

-Unfortunately no. On the other hand, there is a charm which makes it possible to know if there exists such an object in a given place. I guess it would be prudent to do it here, to prove to you that it works. It should tell us the young prince is a horcrux. » Ragnok replied, drawing nods from the occupants of the room.

He began to incarnate a formula in Gobbledegook. Shortly after, two images appeared in front of them. One of them flashing, Harry's scar. The other image depicting a gold cup with a badger engraved on it. All were speechless.

«I ... it's impossible! There are two horcrux in the bank! Said Ragnok, surprised.

-How is it possible? Asked Sirius.

-I guess Tom had to store one of his horcrux here. After all, Gringotts is considered inviolable. Albus answered, pensive.

-It is unacceptable! Griphook! Erhak! Rognar! » Called Ragnok then.

Soon, three goblins arrived, alarmed.

«Look for each bank vault, a horcrux is hidden in it! First, search the Death Eater's vaults, and if it's not positive, search each vault, without exception. I want this horcrux to be brought here so that it can be purified at the same time as the prince. Fit then Ragnok.

-Yes, my lord! Said the three goblins before leaving with a real army of goblins.

-I propose to wait before doing the ritual of purification, in order to purify the prince and the horcrux at the same time. » Ragnok said, looking at Sirius in the eyes, nodding.

For more than an hour they all discussed horcrux and possible places. Albus asked a group of goblins to check the Hogwarts enclosure to make sure there were no horcrux. Walburga also asked about Grimmauld, worried that such an object might be in her home.

Finally, the goblins returned to the room with a chest in which the horcrux was stored.
«We found it, my lord. The horcrux was in the vault of Bellatrix Lestrange. It seems like an object of great value. Griphook said, opening the chest.

-By Merlin! It's the Helga Hufflepuff Cup. Exclaimed Dumbledore, surprised.

-How dare this half-blooded desecrated the object of one of the founders of Hogwarts? » Yelled Walburga, very angry.

For several minutes they could hear the ma'am screaming and threatening Voldemort with all the names and spells, some more sordid than the others, making the goblins particularly smile by her fertile imagination. Shortly after, they went to the Hall where the purification ritual would take place. There were about ten goblins dressed in white robes, around a circle surrounded by runes.

«Please drop the child and the cup in the centre of the circle. » Ragnok asked. Walburga deposed the child, while Rognar laid the horcrux. Shortly after, the goblins could be heard singing in Gobbledegook while the wizards watched the scene, amazed.

Harry could then be heard crying and screaming with all his strength. Suddenly, a huge screaming black mass began to come out of his scar and the cup. Voldemort's deformed face could be clearly seen through the two black masses. They immediately began looking for a new receptacle in the room. The goblins did not lose a moment, and they used crystals they had in their hands to generate a white light that literally burned the two black masses. In just a few seconds, the two black masses were completely destroyed. At the end, we heard only Harry's cries.

Soon, Sirius went near his godson to recover him. One of the goblins approached him before giving him a healing potion to make his godson swallow it. The latter did not pray and made Harry swallow the potion.

After a few seconds, the bleeding scar just before had faded, becoming barely visible.

«Chhhh, Chhhh, it's over Harry, it's over. Reassured Sirius while cradling Harry in his arms.

-It is done, Lord Black, the prince is no longer affected by the horcrux. Fit then Ragnok.

-And concerning the cup? McGonagall asked.

-Well, since there is no Lord Hufflepuff, this cup belongs de facto to the owner of Hogwarts, the prince here present. Answered Ragnok.

-The Smith family claims to be a descendant of Hufflepuff, cannot they claim the cup? Dumbledore asked.

-Contrary to what they like to believe, the Smiths are not legitimate. They are descendants of an illegitimate child of the Hufflepuff lineage, so they have no rights. Said Ragnok with a vicious smile.

-Bah, more parvenus who tried to put their dirty fingers on what was not their by right. Now that we know the truth, we can put them in their place. Walburga answered, savouring in advance the public dereliction she was inflicting on the Smith family.

-Obviously, the Goblin nation is committed to providing you with the necessary documents, in return for a small fee, of course. Smiles then Ragnok.

-Of course. » Smiles Walburga in turn.

The exchange between Ragnok and Walburga made the other wizards, even Dumbledore and
Flitwick, shiver with terror.

It was finally decided to store the Hufflepuff Cup at Hogwarts in the Great Hall under a glass bell. When they finished their business in Gringotts, the wizards returned home, with goblin teams in the case of Dumbledore and Sirius.

\BREAK/

When Sirius, Walburga and the aurors who had been waiting outside the bank returned to Grimmauld with the goblins, they were surprised to learn that a horcrux was in the mansion.

The horcrux was attached to a vaguely familiar amulet. Walburga is recognized immediately.

«Again? This half-breed still desecrated one of the founders' relics? She yelled, which attracted Kreacher.

-Mistress will finally destroy the amulet? Kreacher asked hopefully.

-You knew this thing was here, and you did not tell us anything? Walburga asked, shooting the elf with her eyes.

-Pardon Kreacher mistress. Kreacher promised the kind Master Regulus to destroy the amulet, but Kreacher did not succeed. Kreacher is a bad elf. The elf replied, crying.

-Regulus asked you to destroy it? » Sirius asked.

Kreacher then explained how he had received the amulet, with Voldemort's deception and Regulus' death. Walburga could not help crying when she heard of her son's death, while Sirius clenched his fists, cursing Voldemort with all the names. He asked the goblins to purify Salazar Slytherin's amulet at Gringotts before bringing her back here.

The goblins left, and returned after a few hours with the now purified amulet. Kreacher cried with tears, happy to hear that the last wishes of his master had finally been granted.

«This amulet belongs to Harry. If I remember correctly, whoever wears it is immune to most poisons and his spells are reinforced. Sirius said, smiling.

-Excellent. It will be perfect for your godson. We will give it to him when he is older. In the meantime, you should keep it with you. Replied Walburga.

-You are right, mother. But I will have to go to muggle London today. Announced Sirius.

-Why is that? Asked Walburga, suspicious.

-As you know, I planned to live at Castle Potter, which is located in York. To do so, I will have to announce the death of James and Lily to muggles. The papers are already made, I just have to go to the Royal Palace to let the competent authorities know. I remind you that officially, Harry is now the Duke of York, so we must inform the muggle royal family. Just answered Sirius.

-Very well, but I want you to be escorted by auror. There are still death eaters. Said Walburga.

-You are right. For that matter, I, Sirius Orion Black, Lord Black of the Most Ancient and Most Noble Black House, officially dissolved the marriage between Bellatrix Lestrange born Black and Rodolphus Lestrange. I immediately demand the wedding dowry offered by Black House. Finally, I banished Bellatrix Black from Black House, may she never stain our family again, and never find
refuge among our allies and friends. So be it. »Sirius said solemnly.

Immediately, he was surrounded by a blue halo, proving that his request was validated by magic.

«And now, now she will be Bellatrix No-name, because that's all she deserves for kneeling in front of a blood traitor half-blood mongrel, and having voluntarily welcomed a horcrux in her vault. » Sirius said, drawing an approving glance from his mother and the aurors, especially Moody.

He prepared himself wearing a more appropriate outfit for the muggle world, the aurors doing the same, and headed for the London Royal Palace with his godson in his arms.

\Break/

Meanwhile, at Hogwarts, Dumbledore was accompanied by McGonagall, Flitwick and Snape who had been recovered in front of the bank. They were with the goblins, who had decided to check Hogwarts for a possible horcrux and other curse.

After an hour, the goblins reported to a slightly anxious faculty. Fortunately, the students were not present as the school was closed for a week to celebrate the end of Voldemort's reign of terror.

«Director Dumbledore, we detected several curses in the castle, in addition to a horcrux. Fit the goblin responsible for the brigade, Ralnuk.

-It is sadly what I feared. Replied Dumbledore.

-What curses are we talking about? McGonagall asked.

-It would seem that there is a curse on the position of professor of defence against the Dark Arts. In addition, there are other minor curses that aim to gang up students against each other, to force a hatred against muggleborns, but also to force a common hatred against Slytherin House. Finally, there is a curse to break the stairs, preventing them from working properly, which explains their random movements. These are all the curses we have found. Ralnuk replied.

-I see. Can you cleanse the castle? Dumbledore asked.

-Of course. However, it will not be the same price. Besides that we have to find the horcrux, which seems to hide in a room on the seventh floor. Fit one of the goblins.

-Hm ... the horcrux must be in the Come-and-Go room. Said Flitwick, thoughtfully.

-Well, in this case, we're just going to get it back. But how much will it cost us? Dumbledore asked anxiously.

-Well ... started the goblin with a sadistic smile.

-According to our calculations, the total price to purify the entire castle and the horcrux will cost you 10,000 Galleons.

-This is theft! Yelled Aurora Sinistra, the astronomy professor.

-Not at all. I remind you that this castle is huge, so the price is consistent. However, if you are not satisfied, we can increase the price without problem. Ralnuk replied with a vicious smile.

-No, it is not necessary, we will pay. Dumbledore stated before the goblins could raise the price.

-Perfect. We can begin the purification of the castle while you recover the horcrux. Magnar will
accompany you to show you the horcrux. » Ralnuk said, as one of the goblins began following the teachers to the Room of Request.

Soon they arrived on the seventh floor. Dumbledore passed three times in front of the dancing trolls tapestry, thinking about the location of the horcrux, making the Come-and-Go room appear.

When they entered, it was to find a huge bric-a-brac. They had to follow the goblin, who took them to a table with a small box. When they opened the box, they could only cry out in surprise.

«The diadem of Ravenclaw? McGonagall asked.

-It ... He dared to dirty such an important object? Cannot help but scream Flitwick, horrified.

-We should take it to the goblins so they can purify it. » Quirinus Quirell, the muggle study professor, said.

The other teachers nodded, and returned to the big Hall with the goblin and the box containing the diadem.

When they arrived, it was to see goblins slightly tired.

«It's done, the castle is purified. You found the horcrux? Ralnuk asked.

-Yes, we found it. You are going to purify it here, or in Gringotts? Dumbledore asked.

-We will purify the Diadem at Gringotts, it will be simpler. What should we do with it once the diadem purified? Asked the goblin.

-I think the best would be to bring it back here. We will expose it in the Great Hall, with the Hufflepuff Cup. I guess you can put wards to protect these relics? Preferably, so that only Harry Potter can use them. Dumbledore asked, shocking the teachers who knew nothing about Harry Potter and his legacy.

-Of course. This will of course cost you a supplement. Then said the goblin with a smirk.

-That suits me. » Dumbledore replied, smiling.

A few minutes later, the goblins left Hogwarts with the diadem. They returned several hours later with a diadem now purified, and placed it on a pedestal protected by a crystal bell near the Hufflepuff Cup. Finally, they delighted the two pedestals and set up wards. They finally left Hogwarts, with the tidy sum of 15,000 galleons.

Sirius was not unaware of how the muggles lived, thanks to Lily. That's why he decided to make a grand entrance to the Royal Palace with a splendid Rolls Royce limousine. Fortunately, the vehicle could easily accommodate the aurors, Sirius and the child. Sirius could not help giggling as he watched Moody in his Muggle outfit, too used to seeing him as a wizard's robe. expecting its aesthetic unpleasant, the old auror had to resort to a charm to hide his magic eye and his leg. He decided to leave his scars visible.

By the time the limousine arrived at the Royal Palace, Sirius decided to read the Muggle newspaper named The Daily Telegraph. When he saw the journalist's name, he swallowed his saliva.

**Tragedy in Cornwall, the death of the Duke of York James Charlus Potter and his wife, the**
Duchess Lily Jane Potter.

By Rita Skeeter

This is a tragedy that is falling on our beautiful country today. On the night of 31/10/1981, Duke of York James Charlus Potter and his wife, Duchess Lily Jane Potter were murdered by a terrorist group that has been raging for a few years in the United Kingdom, especially in England.

According to Scotland Yard, they were victims of a bomb attack at their country house in Cornwall. Yet, a miracle happened, and their child, his Grace Hadrian James Potter survived the attack, simply causing a scar on his forehead. According to the doctors, the scar will remain on his forehead, marking him for life in this terrible tragedy.

The bomber was determined to be none other than Peter Pettigrew, one of the high-ranking members of this terrorist organization. This man is now considered as public enemy n°1, and research has been started to find him. If you ever see him, please contact the nearest police station immediately. *Muggle photo of Peter Pettigrew*

Following this tragedy, it was decided that the child, now Duke Hadrian James Potter, be entrusted to his godfather and legal guardian, Sirius Orion Black, a close friend of the family, Lord of the Black House that was thought extinct.

That is why it was decided that today, on 01/11/1981, Lord Black will meet the royal family with the young Duke to officially receive his guard by royal decree, as well as the Order of Thistles for Duke Hadrian James Potter in honour of his late parents.

For more information about the terrorist group, go to page 3.

For more information about the Potter family and the Duchy of York, go to page 4.

For more information about the Black family, go to page 5.

«It's not possible, she's everywhere that one! Sirius said aloud, drawing the attention of others.

-What? » Alastor asked, puzzled.

Sirius did not answer him, and simply handed him the paper. Moody read the article quickly before handing over the paper to the other aurors.

«It does not really surprise me. If I remember correctly, the Daily Telegraph is the muggle branch of the Daily Prophet. Of course, Skeeter being the most important journalist of the Daily Prophet, she had to get permission to write the muggle article. Just fit Moody.

-At least, in this version, it sticks to the facts, without comments. » Sirius grumbled.

They talked for several minutes until they finally arrived at the Royal Palace. They were immediately greeted by guards, who led them inside the building to a private room. They sat down, waiting for the arrival of the muggle royal family. A few seconds later, a herald entered.

«My Ladies and Lords, I announce the arrival of Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II, by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland and her other Kingdoms and Territories Queen, Leader of the Commonwealth, Faith Defender, accompanied by her son, His Royal Highness Prince Charles Philip Arthur George, Prince of Wales, KG, KT, GCB, OM, AK, QSO, PC, CDA, Earl of Chester, Duke of Cornwall, Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, Baron de Renfrew, Lord of the Islands and Prince and Grand Seneschal of Scotland. » The herald shouted.
Immediately after, the two aforementioned individuals entered the room, then greeted by Sirius and the aurors, before sitting down again.

«We thank you for being here so we can see you. Then declared the queen.

-It's not a problem, ma'am. » Sirius answered.

The queen and the prince raised their eyebrows in Sirius's informal tone. They quickly noticed that the aurors did not seem to be interested in the royal family, and seemed to be more concerned about the child than anything else.

«I see. In any case, I wish above all to express my sincere condolences for the death of your friends. She says.

-Thank you. Answered Sirius.

-I wish above all to tell you that your tutelage of the young Duke is valid, if that can reassure you. However, this is not the reason why I asked you to go. Indeed, following this act of the most ignoble, we decided to grant the young Duke Hadrian James Potter the order of the thistle, for surviving this plot and in tribute to his parents. Said she.

-As he is quite young, we decided to officiate this appointment informally. She motioned for her son to approach with a box containing the sign of the Order of the Thistle.

-I beg you to officially accept this order on behalf of your godchild. We sincerely hope that you can visit us when he is older. Said the Queen.

-Thank you, madam. Sirius answered, motioning Moody to get the box.

-Can I know where you plan to raise the young Duke? Asked the prince, intrigued.

-I decided to raise my godson in his ancestral home, the Potter Castle in the Duchy of York. Answered Sirius, smiling at the child.

-Very good. On this we will leave you. God bless you. » Then the Queen, leaving the room with her son.

Finally, Sirius, Harry and the aurors left the palace to return directly to Grimmauld.

«Well, my boy, it's hardly if you did not send her out. Said Moody with a small smile.

- I am not comfortable with these individuals, let alone with this false queen. She is not the descendant of Arthur Pendragon, in my opinion, she has no right to rule. Sirius answered, rocking Harry.

-Maybe, but do not forget that when you're with muggles, you have to try to blend in with the muggles. You'll quickly be noticed if you disrespect their royal family. Moody said to him.

-Hm ... Fortunately I intend to spend as little time with them as possible. Good, Kreacher! Then called Sirius, the elf appearing before him.

-What can Kreacher do for the master? Asked the old house elf.

-Prepare my things and Harry's. We are going to live at Potter Castle! Sirius announced.

-Does Kreacher accompany the master? Kreacher asked, worried about his mistress.
-No, you will stay here to take care of the mansion and my mother. Sirius decided.

- Very good master, as you want. Then answered the house elf before disappearing to prepare the affairs of his master.

Only a few minutes later, Kreacher appeared in front of Sirius with a trunk filled with Sirius' belongings. He disappeared immediately. Walburga finally arrived in the hall where Sirius, Harry and the aurors were waiting for him.

«I see you're ready to go, my son. Said the matriarch.

-Indeed, mother. It's time. Just answered Sirius.

- Very good. Can you at least promise me to take him here so I can see him? She asked.

-Of course, I'll take him as many times as you want. And then, you'll be welcome to Potter Castle. He replied.

- Bah, very little for me. I refuse to approach these Muggles! Retorted the woman from Black's house.

-As you wish. With that, I'm going, mother. Goodbye. » Sirius simply replied, taking the child in his arms, before leaving the home using the chimney network followed by the aurors. They appeared at Rat's Lair in York, one of the closest places to the Duchy.

«Must not forget to rename this place before selling it. » Sirius said aloud.

Immediately after, a limousine arrived. This was led by a twenty-year-old Muggle-born employee at Potter Castle. The latter got off the limousine to introduce himself.

«Lord Black, I am William Larkwick, at your service. Then he bowed.


- Of course, Lord Black. » The driver simply answered by opening the rear door. Immediately, Sirius with Harry and the aurors entered the limousine. Compared to other limousines, this one was enchanted with an expansion charm.

During the drive to the castle, the adults chatted together while Harry watched them curiously. He waved his hand, which made Moody bald, making everyone laugh. The Old Auror did not waste time and put a charm on his head to make his hair grow back. Fortunately, by dint of being burned in the face by some pyromaniacs Death Eaters, he developed a spell to make his hair grow back, instead of swallowing a potion.

After an hour, they all felt a powerful magical aura, and it was then that they realized that they had finally passed the wards. They finally arrived at the entrance of the castle, where it was full of tourists. The driver went down to open the door. The aurors came down first, followed finally by Sirius with Harry in his arms. They did not even have time to blink that they were assailed from all sides. Tourists took pictures of the new duke.

Soon, a security team composed of muggle-born and half-blooded adults came to escort them quietly to the interior, to the private rooms of the castle, those that were forbidden to the public. Meanwhile, Sirius was happy to greet the cameras and the tourists, not hesitating to show them Harry moving his arms to wave them. The tourists were conquered, while Moody kept repeating "Constant Vigilance!" Observing the tourists, expecting at any moment to see an army of Death Eaters.
After a few minutes, they were finally in the west wing of the castle, reserved for the family. Hardly had they passed the main door than they heard a *pop*. An old house elf, dressed entirely in a butler's outfit with the symbol of the Potter family sewn on his red vest and adapted to his statue and physiology had just appeared. In addition to his outfit, the latter had a gold brooch on his chest with the symbol of the Potter house.

«Welcome, Lord Black. Then said the elf with perfect English.

-Likny, it's nice to see you again. How many elves are there here? Asked he.

-There are 285 house elves, Lord Black. Replied Likny.


-Indeed, Mr Moody. Expected the huge size of the Potter estate, and taking into account all the other properties of the family, we need a lot of elves to maintain everything. Myself, I am the leader of the house elves. Replied the elf.

-Very good. I'll let you take care of the castle as usual. I hope our rooms are ready? Asked Sirius.

-Yes sir. Please follow me. » Then said the elf.

He led them to their rooms on the third floor of the wing. Sirius had the right to his old room when he lived with the Potters. As for Harry, he was installed in the nursery just opposite. The elf stopped abruptly.

«Should I order the preparation of some rooms for your guests? Asked he.

-No, no need, we will not stay. Now that we know they are safe, we do not need to stay. Replied Moody simply.

-Very good sir. » Replied the elf, glad to have forgotten nothing.

The hours passed, and Sirius and Harry settled quietly in the castle. Moody and the aurors eventually left, to continue the Death Eater hunt. For his part, Sirius met the employees living at the castle to know who was protecting his godson. The evening finally arrived, they ate in the big Hall and went to bed. It was the next day that Sirius was shocked once again by Rita Skeeter having breakfast in the hall with Harry.

**THE BOY-WHO-LIVED, A PUREBLOOD AGAINST ALL ATTENDS.**

**THE SO-CALLED PUREBLOOD, LORD VOLDEMORT, A FRAUD?**

*By Rita Skeeter.*

*My dear readers, it is today that I reveal to you information that will surely be the greatest joy of our purists and the greatest misfortune of our muggle-borns. Indeed, it was revealed yesterday during the Potter family's testament that Lily Jane Potter born Evans, considered a symbol for muggleborns, was never a muggleborn.*

*Indeed, I am convinced that just like me, you too are shocked by this most astonishing revelation. And yet, Lily Jane Potter born Evans is actually the offspring of two Squibs who lived among muggles, now dead, murdered by Death Eaters. Thus we discovered that Lady Potter's father was in fact the heir to the old and noble Evans House, which disappeared three hundred years ago after only giving birth to Squibs. But it does not stop there.*
It was discovered that Lady Potter's mother was in fact the direct descendant of Serwyn Slytherin and Helena Ravenclaw, making her the heiress of the Slytherin and Ravenclaw houses. It was then revealed during her will that Lady Potter had accepted the titles of her houses, making her Lady Slytherin-Ravenclaw-Potter-Evans. Of course, this means that the One-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named was the cousin of Lady Potter. But what does this mean for our national hero?

Well, before you go on, you must know that Lord Potter was the heir to more than one house. In his will, it was revealed that James Charlus Potter was the heir to the Gryffindor and Peverell Houses. A shock for the wizarding world. The Dark Lord had just killed the heirs of three of the founding houses of Hogwarts and our world.

Going back to our favourite hero, this means that he is the heir to the Slytherin, Ravenclaw, Gryffindor, Black, Peverell, Potter and Evans houses. You read correctly, the Black House also made our national hero their heir. The justification was very simple, according to Lady Black, Walburga Black.

"Since Lord Potter's parents were Charlus Potter and Dorea Black, and Dorea Black was from the main branch, it allowed us to make him our heir. Anyway, my son is sterile, so everything is fine, and the future of my house is assured. »

When we asked her why not make Draco Lucius Malfoy the heir of the Black House, her answer was straightforward.

"I deny that the name Black is associated with a family that has served a monster who has tried to kill the heir of our greatest houses. A dirty half-breed! » She replied, to our biggest shock.

We were shocked by her exclamation of the dark lord. She explained later.

"Contrary to what one might believe, this usurper is not a pureblood! No, we discovered, and it was validated by the goblins, that his real name is Tom Marvolo Riddle! A half-breed, son of a Muggle and a Squib! » She revealed to us.

Upon learning this, we decided to conduct our own investigation regarding this Tom Marvolo Riddle. Thus we discovered that he was educated at Hogwarts, entering the Slytherin House in 1938. He evolved in this house thanks to his intellect and climbed the ladder, until becoming Prefect and Head-boy. We all know that Lord Voldemort declared himself heir to Slytherin, but we noticed that in 1943, while he was prefect at Hogwarts, the chamber of secrets that was built by Salazar Slytherin was opened, and his monster let go on the students, resulting in the death of a muggleborn named Myrtle Elizabeth Warren, now known as Moaning Myrtle. Would she be his first murder? We wonder, but everything proves it.

After his schooling, Tom Marvolo Riddle completely disappeared from circulation for ten years, which corresponds to the appearance of Lord Voldemort. It was then that we understood that Lord Voldemort was only an anagram of his real name. Indeed, if you change the layout of Tom Marvolo Riddle's letters, it gives you "I am Lord Voldemort". After ten years of absence, he reappeared at Hogwarts, applying for the position of Professor of Defence against the Dark Arts, and was refused by Director Albus Dumbledore. As luck would have it, and after this rejection, it is said that a curse was thrown at this post, preventing a professor from staying for more than a year.

However, my dear readers, I did not remain there, and I decided to deepen my investigation. I ended up discovering the names of Tom's parents. He was born from the link between Tom Riddle, a rich Muggle, and Merope Gaunt, a pureblood Squib descendant of the Slytherin lineage. This proves that indeed, Lord Voldemort (we are no longer afraid to pronounce his name, knowing now that he was an impostor) is nothing but a half-blood who abused the credulity of the purists to increase his
power. How will the people who served this individual react? One wonders.

For more information on Tom Marvolo Riddle, go to page 3

For more information on the founders of Hogwarts, go to page 4

For more information on Wizarding families who have disappeared, go to page 5

For more information on the Black family, go to page 6

Sirius finally burst out laughing at his article about Voldemort. In just a few lines, this reporter had just destroyed the reputation of one of the most powerful black mages.

She seemed not to have stopped there, there were many other articles, which he was happy to read.

**REVELATION OF THE TESTAMENT CONTENT OF JAMES AND LILY POTTER.**

**A DUKE AMONG THEM, THE POTTER AMONG THE WIZARDS AND THE MOLDUS, POSSIBLE END OF WIZENGAMOT?**

**DEATH EATHERS FAMILIES GOING IN CLAMING THE IMPERIUS!**

By Rita Skeeter.

Yesterday was a very special day for the wizarding world. Indeed, following the death of Voldemort (we believe he no longer deserves the title of Lord, being a false title), and the death of James and Lily Potter, their wills have been read. However, and to the shock of your favourite investigator, these wills were read before wizards and muggles. You understand me, muggles were present at Gringotts, but why?

It is very simple. As you know, Lily Jane Potter born Evans was the daughter of two Squibs, who also had another daughter, born Squib, named Petunia Evans. She then married Vernon Dursley, an obese muggle who was disrespectful to our society, and was present at the reading of the will under the exclusive request of Lily Jane Potter. We can confirm that this most vulgar individual was very disrespectful of the Potter's death and only wanted after their money. Obviously, Lily Potter asked in her will to her sister to divorce, offering her financial assistance in exchange. Petunia Dursley's answer was:

"Come on Vernon, let's get away from these freaks! »

You realize? This Squib has dared to insult us of freaks. I can assure you that she and her husband, more like a walrus than a human being, were escorted unceremoniously by the goblins out of Gringotts. It seems that over the years, the vision of muggles and non-magical about us has not changed, and they still see us as monsters or anomalies.

But let's go back to our wills. As you might expect, the recipients were their friends, so Sirius Black was present, accompanied by his mother and the young Hadrian James Potter, Albus Dumbledore, Minerva McGonagall, Filius Flitwick, Remus Lupin, Alice, and Frank Longbottom, and of course, the Dursleys. They all received something, mostly money, but it was Sirius who officially took custody of our national hero, being his godfather.

I still wish to remind my dear readers that when an individual is chosen to be the godfather or godmother of a child, he or she must swear an oath of protection, preventing it from harming or harming the interests of the child. Children are very important in the magical world, and their abuse and surely the biggest crime possible. That's why Voldemort's assassination attempt on Harry
Potter is considered infamous.

Finally, another news particularly shocked me yesterday. As you know, long ago, the noble wizarding houses were also noble houses among muggles, before disappearing during the establishment of the Statute of Secrecy and losing their titles to muggles. And yet, this is not the case of Potter House, which managed to get its title again among muggles, becoming the Dukes of the Duchy of York, including a large muggle city that belongs to the Duchy. You understand me well, the Potters are also known to muggles, and I'm assured of articles from The Daily Telegraph, a Muggle newspaper, I can assure you that they were also shocked by the death of our hero's parents. Even among muggles, they see him as the Boy-Who-Lived.

Thus, Hadrian James Potter, future Lord Slytherin, Ravenclaw, Gryffindor, Black, Peverell, Potter and Evans, also bears the title of Duke of York. The question we are asking here at the Daily Prophet, and if the ministry and Wizengamot will recognize this title. Being the heir to the Ravenclaw, Gryffindor, Slytherin, Peverell, Black and Potter families, six of the twelve existing duchies of the wizarding world, there is a good chance that his title will be accepted. However, we must not forget that these titles have not been used for more than three centuries, and their reallocation would significantly increase the political power of our national hero.

Indeed, it should be known that the Wizengamot is originally composed of only twelve seats, one seat per duchy. It was decided five hundred years ago, after the disappearance of the lines Peverell, Slytherin, Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw and Gryffindor, to divide the seats of the dukes into several other seats for the noble houses that can afford to buy their seats. This is how families like Malfoy got seats in Wizengamot.

However, if half of the heirs of the ducal seats came to the Wizengamot and demand the restoration of their seats, then according to the magical constitution, these seats would then be restored as well as their lands and the noble families would lose their seats in Wizengamot and the properties acquired having belonged to the duchies. Our national hero owns only half of the seats, he could then ask for the restoration of the ducal seats, thus dissolving the Wizengamot as we know it. For those who do not know, here are the twelve duchies of the magical world : The Duchy of Gryffindor, the Duchy of Peverell, the Duchy of Slytherin, the Duchy of Hufflepuff, the Duchy of Ravenclaw, the Duchy of Black, the Duchy of Longbottom, the Duchy of Potter, the Duchy of Ollivander, the Duchy of Nott, the duchy of Lestrange and the duchy of Flint.

Of course, our national hero will become the lord of five of the duchies, Sirius Black, the current Lord Black is still alive, and for many years. However, it is likely that he will follow his godson, giving them the opportunity to take control of the Wizengamot. We wonder what the other ducal families think. We have decided to interview, Frank Longbottom, Lord Longbottom.

« I think it would be a great idea, however, we will obviously have to wait at least eleven years for young Harry to be ready before we can put everything in place. » He replied.

When we questioned the present Lord Ollivander, Garrick Ollivander, this one confirmed to us that if our national hero started the procedure, he would support it. For the moment, the Flint, Nott and Lestrange families have not told us anything, being wanted as Death Eaters.

Finally, we asked some noble families sitting at Wizengamot what they thought of this eventuality.

« I think it would be a big mistake, the time of the duchies is over, and we do not need them, although we respect them. » Said Dolores Umbridge, Lady Umbridge of the Umbridge noble house.

« I guess everything will depend on what they do with all that power. But if it improves the magical world, I'm for it. » Said Susan Bones, Lady Bones of the Bones House.
However, our story does not stop here. Indeed, in the night of 01/11 to 02/11, recognized Death Eaters went to the ministry to surrender, some claiming the IMPERIUS by Voldemort, others blackmail and the threat of their families. Among the families, some well-known such as Malfoy, Nott, Flint and Rosier. We had the opportunity to question some of them.

"I was forced by the Dark Lord, having been placed under the IMPERIUS with my father's blessing, after I had refused to serve him. " Lucius Abraxas Malfoy, current Lord Malfoy told us after his father's death a week ago, Abraxas Malfoy, during a Death Eater raid. The latter was killed by Alastor Moody said Mad-Eye.

"He forced me to serve him by threatening the life of my family, especially that of my husband, who was then pregnant with our child, Theodore. He had already killed my father, I preferred not to risk the rest of my family. " Then announced Mulciber Nott, Lord Nott. This version was confirmed by his companion, Arwin Nott born MacMillan, having used a potion to conceive together their child. Arwin MacMillan who is currently in St-Mungo, following complications concerning the birth of their child, Theodore Nott.

"I did what was best for my family. We had opposed him, and he killed my parents and my wife, leaving me alone with my son, Marcus. I ended up serving him, before he executed my son, one of his favourite threats. " Announced Marwyn Flint, current Lord Flint.

"I was not given the choice, I was under the spell of IMPERIUS. " Simply answered Lord Rosier, the father of Evan Rosier, who was killed by auror Alastor Moody during a confrontation between the ministry and the Death Eaters.

As you can see, it seems that some families prefer to plead the IMPERIUS, while others admit the reasons for their crimes. We wish to point out that Lord Nott and Lord Flint are ready to submit to the veritaserum test, while Lord Malfoy and Lord Rosier have refused, claiming their titles of Lord.

We will know more this afternoon, during the judgment of these individuals by the Head of the Department of Law Enforcement, Lord Bartemius Crouch, during a public hearing.

For more information on the muggle monarchy and its nobility, go to page 3.

For more information on the Nott family, go to page 4.

For more information on the Flint family, go to page 5.

For more information on the Malfoy family, visit page 6.

For more information on the Lestrange family, go to page 7.

For more information on the Rosier family, go to page 8.

For more information on the Longbottom family, visit page 9.

For more information on the Ollivander family, visit page 10.

For more information on the founding of the Ministry of Magic, go to page 11.

For more information on the ancient nobility of the Wizarding World, go to page 12.

For more information on Alastor Moody, go to page 13.

Sirius knew about this duchy story, but he had completely forgotten about it. As he thought about it,
he realized that it would be easier to crown Harry with the duchies than with the Lords. He would then have to contact the Longbottom and Ollivander families. However, the return of the duchies would give power to some dubious families, such as Flint, Nott and Lestrange. He decided to take care of it later, because it was not a priority.

During the day, he took care of his godson and got better acquainted with the employees of the castle. He also took the opportunity to explore the entire castle, guided by one of the house elves under the guise of a butler to avoid problems with tourists.

So he went to the Potter family's vault at the back of the castle to attend the funeral of James and Lily, where he cried for a long time with Harry in his arms. For the occasion, Remus was present, and no one else. They had decided to keep the site of the vault secret, and above all, wanted to avoid the presence of Skeeter or any other journalist. Even Dumbledore was not invited because, in a way, Sirius was angry with him, after all, it was his idea to stay at Godric's Hollow instead of the castle.

After several hours of supplication, Remus agreed to stay with Sirius at the castle to take care of Harry. Remus finally gives in to Harry's eyes and when he said "Unca Moony", he melted.

That same evening, Remus was installed in the rooms opposite of Sirius for ease.

The next day they witnessed another article by Skeeter, which they now called ArtSkeeter.

**TRAGEDY AT MANOR LONGBOTTOM, LORD FRANK LONGBOTTOM AND LADY ALICE LONGBOTTOM TORTURED UNTIL MADNESS !

THE LESTRANGE FAMILY ARRESTED AT THE LONGBOTTOM MANOR, IMMEDIATE JUDGMENT GRANTED BY BARTEMIUS CROUCH.

BARTHEMIUS CROUCH JUNIOR REVEALED DEATH EATER BY THE FORMER DEATH EATER, IGOR KARKAROV !

JUDGMENTS FOR FAMILIES MALFOY, NOTT, ROSIER AND FLINT !

By Rita Skeeter.

*It is today that a tragedy on the wizarding world is falling again. Indeed, during the night of 02/11/1981, the Longbottom family was attacked by a group of Death Eaters, namely Rodolphus Lestrange, Rabastan Lestrange and Bellatrix No-Name. You read correctly, No-Name, because according to the register of families, Bellatrix formerly born Black and formerly Lestrange was driven out of the Black family by the current Lord Black and her marriage annulled, also by Lord Black. They tortured two members of the Longbottom family, Lord Longbottom and Lady Longbottom, Frank and Alice Longbottom with the unforgiveable curse, the CRUCIATUS, to madness. They were later captured by the aurors, arrived unfortunately too late. The decision was final, and all three were found guilty, gaining a lifetime stay in Azkaban in the top-security cells.

However, they were not only three, but four. Indeed, during the interrogation of the former Death Eater Igor Karkarov, who was ready to reveal the names of the Death Eaters working for Voldemort, he revealed the involvement of Judge Bartemius Crouch's son, Bartemius Crouch Junior at the time in the torture of the Longbottom family. The latter, present to the listening, tried to flee before being captured by auror Moody. He finally confessed his crime and was sentenced to life in Azkaban with his colleagues. A blow to the judge and his family.*
Following the internment of Frank and Alice Longbottom, it was decided that their son, Neville Longbottom, would be placed with his grandmother, Dowager Longbottom, Augusta Longbottom. The latter inherited the obligations of her son, who is now indisposed, whom she will pass on to her grandson when he is seventeen. It will however be possible for him to make the request at his eleven years.

Another worrying case was the interrogation of Igor Karkarov, who revealed to us the names of some Death Eaters. Unfortunately for him, most were dead. He revealed three important names: Augustus Rookwood, Severus Snape, and Bartemius Crouch Junior. Barty. Augustus Rookwood will be under investigation to verify the veracity of the words of the former Death Eater. As for Severus Snape, the latter was acquitted, having proved to be a spy on behalf of Albus Dumbledore to help dismantle this organization. Finally, Bartemius Crouch Jr. was revealed to be a Death Eater and was sent to Azkaban. Expecting Igor Karkarov's participation and the fact that he went to the Ministry himself, it was decided that he would be sent to Azkaban for only six months before being released. The latter accepted his sentence.

We were also interested in the judgments of Lucius Malfoy, Mulciber Nott, Marwyn Flint and Lord Rosier.

Lord Malfoy and Lord Rosier were found not guilty after their argument concerning the Imperius. It was still decided that they should pay a significant fine up to 1 000 000 galleons each.

Lord Nott and Lord Flint were interviewed under veritaserum, and their testimonies were validated. Thus it was decided to charge them, with a fine of less than 100,000 galleons each.

Although the Nott and Flint families are now considered respectable, this is not the case for the Malfoy and Rosier families, who refused to submit to the veritaserum test.

We, the employees of the Daily Prophet, ask if these people were honest about the Imperius.

For more information on the Crouch family, go to page 2.

For more information on Igor Karkarov, go to page 3.

For more information on Severus Snape, go to page 4.

Sirius could not help but sniff loudly and with disgust at the sight of Snape's name.

«Snivellus, saved by Dumbledore. He should have let him languish in Azkaban, that's all he deserves! He said then.

-Sirius, you know he helped us during the war. And then, we needed a spy. Tried to reason Remus.

-But Remus, you know he joined us at the end. I'm sure it was Voldy's favourite little Boy Scout! » Answered Sirius.

Remus preferred not to dwell on this subject, knowing how much Sirius hated Severus Snape. He then took the paper to Sirius to read the latest ArtSkeeter.

RELICS OF FOUNDERS OF HOGWARTS FOUND!

By Rita Skeeter

It's a great day for the wizarding world. Indeed, it seems that the relics of the founders of Hogwarts have been found. Today, we can see Helga Hufflepuff's cup and Rowena Ravenclaw's tiara in
Hogwarts' Great Hall. All that's missing now is Salazar Slytherin's amulet and Godric Gryffindor's sword. Fortunately, we could confirm that the amulet is currently in the hands of our national hero, thanks to Walburga Black.

«We found this amulet at the Manor, and it was so enchanted that only a member of the Slytherin family could open it. Fortunately, my son showed it to his heir, Hadrian, and he was able to open it. We decided to keep it, belonging to him by right. » She told us.

Of course, we asked her about the other two objects at Hogwarts.

«For now, these items may remain on display, but people should not forget that they belong to my heir, Hadrian James Potter. Just like the school. So do not you dare to try to steal them, or the Black family will destroy you! » The matriarch of the Black family threatened.

We asked the principal of the school, Albus Dumbledore, what he thought of all that.

«Well, I fully understand what Lady Black meant. These relics, although belonging to Hogwarts, and in a way, to all wizards, belong above all to the heir of Hogwarts' houses, Hadrian James Potter, who is also the owner of the school and of its surroundings. »

We still wanted to know why our national hero could claim the Hufflepuff Cup, not being the descendant.

«It is very simple. There is currently no valid heir for the Hufflepuff House, the cup then belongs to Hogwarts, and de facto to Harry. » Simply replied the director.

Yet, a Wizarding family claims the opposite. This is the case of the Smith family, who claims to be descendant of the Hufflepuff family.

«We are the heirs of Hufflepuff House, and we know it. We demand this cup and ¼ of the school! » Said Lord Hector Smith.

Surprisingly, they were denied by none other than Walburga Black, with supporting documents.

«It was we who discovered the cup. We wanted to know if we had to give it to the Smith family, and the goblins then certified us, documents in support, that the Smiths were then the descendants of an illegitimate branch of the Hufflepuff family. They have no rights over the property and titles of this family because they are not recognized! » She revealed to us. The documents were official, and the goblins confirmed their validity.

Coincidentally, we have not heard of the Smith family. Maybe they will not talk about them anymore, now that we know they are only the product of an illegitimate branch? We will see.

There is now only one relic left, the Gryffindor Sword. Where can it be? One wonders.

For more information on the founders, go to page 6.

«What? Sirius asked, who had listened to Remus read the article.

-I wonder why Dumbledore did not say anything about the diadem. Said aloud Remus.

-Bah, I guess he wanted to expose everything to Hogwarts, I do not blame him. And then, at his age, the tiara will not help Harry.

-If the Smiths are not the descendants of Hufflepuff, I wonder who are. » Remus finally said,
thoughtfully.
Hadrian James Potter had learned to live inside his estate in York, Potter Castle. The castle was already a pleasant tourist attraction and very fashionable, for its rich history, its incredible museum containing artifacts worthy of the Louvre, and the possible rental of a wing of the castle for events, such as weddings, receptions etc.

However, when Sirius and Harry came to live at the Castle, the place then knew a fantastic increase in popularity, all thanks to the young Duke. Indeed, Harry became famous throughout the muggle world for surviving the Peter Pettigrew bombing, earning the nickname Boy-Who-Lived. Everyone wanted to see the child who had survived, only a scar in the form of a lightning on his forehead. Not to mention the fact that he was given the Order of the Thistle, increasing once again his popularity.

Still, it did not stop there, quite the contrary. Harry was very intelligent, earning the title of genius, to Sirius 'dismay, convinced that it was Remus' fault and his books. It all started during Harry's three years. The latter already spoke English correctly, so much so that he did not mince words and articulated as well as an adult.

In fact, one did not even need to teach him to read or write, since he learned to do all this on his own. Harry was just a brilliant little boy. This is how Remus personally chooses to teach him basic subjects such as arithmetic, English, history etc., before sending him to a primary school. At only four years old, Harry had already exceeded all his expectations. He still remembered one of the conversations he had with his godson.

* Flashback *

Remus was quietly sipping his coffee with Sirius, reading the paper, when the young Harry, at the age of four, approached him.

"Uncle Moony, I have a question. Harry asked."
-What is it, Harry? Remus answered, while Sirius listened.

-When I go to school, should I hide or show what I can do? He asked.

-What do you mean? Remus asked intrigued.

-I understand that being so smart at my age is not normal, and I wanted to know if I should hide my intellectual abilities, or do not hesitate to use it. Harry confesses, lowering his eyes.

-Bah, why are you hiding, pup? Show them what you are capable of, and if they are not happy, I'll take care of them all! Could not help Sirius with a smug smile.

-Really? Harry asked, looking at both adults with his big green eyes.

-What are you afraid of Harry? Remus asked, having understood the meaning.

-I know that I am already a Duke, and that I am very rich. In addition, I am a wizard equally rich and powerful. I am afraid to frighten my comrades with all my fortune, and that kind of glory that surrounds me. And then, I'll be the only noble in the school, I do not think people will approach me. So if in addition I show them that I'm a genius ... "Harry said, expressing all his concerns.

Remus and Sirius were silent, like all the employees around. Even the house elves dared not make any noise. It was Sirius, who had a brilliant idea.

“You know Harry, you do not have to go to school if you don’t want to. I can hire tutors to teach you everything here. The Lord Black said with a reassuring smile.

-Really? Harry said hopefully.

-He’s right Harry. We can very well continue your education here, it will not be a problem. All of our employees are muggleborns or squibs, so they can teach you magic, but you'll have to ask Dumbledore first. For muggle classes, I think we can easily find someone, maybe a Squib to avoid problems. I can inquire at the Ministry of Magic. Remus answered with a smile.

-Better it be me, Remy. We never know with the Ministry, and considering your little furry problem, I'm not sure if they will welcome you properly. Sirius answered, looking at Remus sadly.

-In this case, I will contact Dumbledore, I am sure he will have an idea for magical teachings. After all, he must be used to this kind of case. Answered Remus.

-Perfect, as long as he does not offer Snivellus. This bastard is not welcome here. Answered Sirius.

-Language!” Remus said.

Sirius could not help but burst out laughing as the employees rolled their eyes and Harry smiled with all his teeth.

* end flashback *
So it was decided to teach Harry in the castle. The decision was widely approved by Dumbledore. Indeed, once contacted, the latter proposed to personally teach magic to Harry, knowing full well that he had a lot of power. He then decided to teach him basic subjects such as transmogrification, charms, enchantments, and above all, the mastery of his innate talent in occlumency.

Indeed, the day Dumbledore arrived in York, he decided to test Harry's mental defenses. According to logic, the more intelligent a person is, the more orderly his mind is. Expecting the qualifier of genius attributed to Harry, he decided to check that. What was his astonishment when he went into the spirit of young Harry.

* Flashback *

Dumbledore had finally arrived at Potter Castle in York by the floo system that had been opened by Sirius. The latter arrived in the big Hall of the private wing to find Remus and Sirius talking with employees.

"Professor Dumbledore! Said the two marauders.

-Sirius, Remus, what a pleasure to see you once more. Replied the old man.

-You are here for Harry? Asked Sirius.

-Indeed, my boy. When Remus contacted me to find a teacher for Harry, I decided that I would personally take care of him. After all, who better to teach him magic than me?" Then revealed the professor.

Immediately, the two marauders opened their mouths wide, but no sound came out, which made the old professor chuckle. The latter took the opportunity to eat one of his delicious lemon candy he always had on him. I should enjoy my visit to York to find new treats, he thought.

"But where is young Harry? He asked, savoring his treat.

-Oh yes. Uh, Harry is currently finishing one of his classes with a Squib professor we could find. Answered Sirius.

-Oh? Maybe I know this person, who is it? He asked.

-Her name is Mireille Delarue, a French woman who volunteered to teach Muggle subjects to Harry. She is used to teaching gifted students in France, so she decided to teach Harry everything he needs to know. Answered Remus.

-Hm ... and where is Harry in his program? Asked the old teacher.
Harry is a real genius! He is already at middle-school level in math, history and science professor, and again, he just has not been tested for higher levels and other subjects. I'm sure he can do better. And I do not speak to you about the rest. He even managed to learn French in just a few minutes, never seen! Sirius declared, inflating his chest, proud of his godson.

- I see ... I cannot wait to see him once more.” The teacher said.

They settled quietly in one of the lounges, patiently waiting for Harry's class to end, with tea served by the house elves. After an hour, he arrived with his teacher, smiling.

"Look, Uncle Padfoot!” Harry said, giving Sirius his math test with a big smile.

He took it and raised both eyebrows at the mark.

"22/20? How it is possible? Asked Sirius.

- It's very simple, Mr. Black. Your godson managed to solve all the calculations, but in addition, he accurately described each theorem and the rules used for each calculation. Finally, he even showed me alternatives to calculate faster. And all without using the calculator. In fact, I'm pretty sure some of the forms of calculations he used do not exist yet.” Replied the teacher, proud of her pupil.

They were all speechless. It was then that Harry noticed Dumbledore, he decided to introduce himself.

"Oh, my manners. Nice to meet you, I'm Hadrian James Potter, Duke of York. But you can call me Harry.” Harry said in his little voice, bowing to Dumbledore.

The adults could not help giggling, while the surrounding women serving as guards could not help but find him adorable.

For his part, Albus grinned and his eyes sparkled.

"Nice to meet you, Harry. Since you came to me with your full name, I must give you back the favor. I am Albus Wulfric Percival Brian Dumbledore, Grand Sorcerer, and Headmaster of Hogwarts School, Chief Warlock and Supreme Mugwump. Replied Dumbledore.

-Really? You are the great Dumbledore? Harry asked, his eyes full of awe.

-That's right.” Replied Dumbledore.
He carefully watched the boy in front of him. The boy had not changed much in three years. He was standing upright, with large bright and expressive green eyes, and jet-black hair that reached his neck. The most interesting was still this gleam of intelligence and power in his eyes. He was eager to see his magical abilities. He brushed against Harry's mind, but could not access it.

"Do you know why I'm here, Harry? He asked.

-Not at all, sir. Replied the boy.

-Hm ... I'm here to teach you magic my boy. Fit the old man.

-For real? YOU will teach me magic? Harry asked, his voice almost high.

-For real, indeed. But before I do anything, I want to access your mind to check your mental resistance, can I?" Asked the teacher.

The surrounding wizards were then intrigued, as everyone knew Dumbledore's reputation as master legilimens. His request meant that he had not yet managed to gain access to Harry's mind.

Harry curiously observed Dumbledore before nodding slowly, uncertain enough. Dumbledore did not waste time and looked straight into his eyes before whispering the spell, **Legilimens**!

It was then that Dumbledore was completely shocked by the result. He managed to penetrate Harry's mind, but instead of being confronted with memories, he was transported to a large white gateway to Potter Castle. The old professor could not help but open his eyes in astonishment.

He tried in vain to open the gate, but he did not succeed in even scratching it. Suddenly, the portal opened, and Harry appeared in front of him.

"Your mind is fantastic, my boy." Congratulated the old man.

Harry could only blush at the hundred-year-old professor's compliment. He motioned him to follow him to the castle gate, which he opened with a wave of his hand. When they entered, they were immediately greeted by a veritable army of wizards.

"They are my guardians. They protect my mind and my memories." Harry simply said to him.

Dumbledore could only nod, following the boy across the field. He had to admit that the castle looked exactly like the original, down to the smallest crevices and details. Even he was not capable of such a feat. And yet, a boy of only four years old had succeeded where the greatest wizards had failed.
"Only Merlin managed to do that." Dumbledore murmured incredulously.

Soon, Dumbledore was led by Harry into a huge library in the center of which was a huge pensive. The pensive had to be at least ten meters by ten meters. Dumbledore preferred to dwell on the library itself and the books on the shelves. He noticed very quickly that everything was arranged chronologically and by function. Each shelf had its own title. He could see shelves with titles such as Mathematics, History, Natural Sciences, and Technical Sciences ... and other shelves, this time under glass, with more interesting titles such as Happy Memories, Sad Memories, Forbidden Memories.

The last category intrigued Dumbledore, and he noticed only one book dated 31/10/1981. He walked in, under the watchful eye of Harry. When he took it, a vial appeared above, contented with memory, which he poured into the giant pensive. Immediately, a giant image formed over the pensive, and that's how he saw the last hours of Lily Potter and her husband. He was horrified by Voldemort's action, and quickly realized why this memory was stored in this bookshelf.

Harry suddenly grabbed the book before heading to the back of the room to a safe that he opened. The safe was empty, and Harry placed the book inside.

“These are nightmares, and I do not like nightmares.” The child simply replied.

Albus nodded before continuing his exploration. He ends up leaving Harry's mind.

They both returned to the real world. Dumbledore's eyes were wide and his mouth wide open, which did not go unnoticed by other wizards.


-Not at all. The old man said to himself.

-I'm just stunned by Harry's mental defenses, and most importantly, by his occlumency. I must confess I have never met anyone so powerful in this area. Even I am not so talented, nor even my mentor, Nicholas Flamel.” Added the old man.

The wizards did not know what to say. They were completely stunned to learn that Harry had already mastered occlumency. Dumbledore then decided to speak again after letting them digest all that.

"It's obvious that Harry has the ability to hold everything I can teach him. His mind is so well ordered that his memory must be perfect, which will allow him to remember everything. Said
-Are you really going to teach him magic? Asked Sirius.

-Yes, that's exactly what I'm going to do. I even think that I will try to teach him more than I expected. If his mathematics and science results are so good, I think he can teach him arithmancy, runes, even alchemy. Everything will depend on the speed at which he learns I guess. Revealed the old teacher.

-We're going to have to create a schedule I suppose ... started Remus.

-No need my boy, anyway, not for now. I will first give him books to read, I think he can. Once read, I will question him, probably two months, and we will see what he has withheld. Depending on what he has withheld, then I will know what to teach him, and we can set up a schedule." Dumbledore interrupted with a big smile.

The two marauders could only nod. For their part, the employees and the squib were still focused on the fact that the great Albus Dumbledore would personally teach a young child. Albus then ends up opening his purse to take out several books. Each book was based on a specific subject, and each book was quite advanced, being a compendium of the material. He decided to give books on the topics of transmogrification, the art of potions, charms, arithmancy, astrology and defenses against the Dark Arts. He hesitated, however, about other subjects, which were not on the Hogwarts program.

Contrary to what one could think, Albus Dumbledore knew very well in dark spells and forbidden arts. He was even a master of it, but he preferred the so-called light spells, white magic, instead of black magic. He ended up giving two books that made the observers gasp, a compendium on black magic and another on white magic.

"Black magic, professor? Remus asked, worried.

-I do not see where the problem is. Sirius said, accustomed to black magic.

-My dear Remus, to defend yourself against the forces of evil, it is important to know them. And then, given the ancestry of our young Harry, it is obvious that he will be gifted in this art. Finally, black magic is not bad in itself, only users are, using it to do evil. Yet, it can be very useful, and can serve to protect us, because white magic has its limits." Replied Dumbledore.

The occupants of the room could only nod. Dumbledore ends up leaving.

* end flashback *
When Dumbledore came back to the castle to test Harry on each compendium, he was not very surprised to see that the boy had retained everything, and understood every word. Thus began his training, and that his schedule became very busy. Fortunately, and thanks to his natural genius, he was able to learn very quickly, allowing him as and when to keep the same schedule while diversifying materials. Thus his schedule was divided into three parts:

-Muggle Studies: Economics, Social Sciences, Mathematics, Natural Sciences (Biology and Physics / Chemistry), History and Geography, Art (History of Art and Development of Artistic Skills), English / French / German / Spanish / Italian / Chinese and Japanese literature, Music (Piano and Violin).

He had mastered additional languages such as German, Spanish, Italian, Chinese and Japanese. Harry possessed, after all, the natural skill of the Alterans to learn a complete language in just a few minutes.

-Magic studies: Transmogrification, Charms, Runes and Enchantments, Defense Against the Dark Arts, White Magic, Black Magic, Potions, Herbology (the course is also related to Muggle Botany), Alchemy (Crossbones between Potions and transmogrification), Arithmancy, Wards (cross branch between Charms, Runes and Enchantments) and duels (in partnership with Sirius for the sword). All in wandless magic.

Dumbledore had simply decided not to teach him simple theoretical classes such as Care of magical Creatures or the history of the magical world. Simple books were ample.

-Studies of Suitability by Walburga Black: Us and Customs of the Magic World, History of the Wizard Families, Behavior and Ethic of a Pureblood, and Behavior and Ethics of a Member of the Royal Family.

Walburga had insisted on providing lessons about how Harry should behave, and for that reason he had to come to Grimmauld to see her. She had particularly insisted on separating the behavior between pureblood and member of royalty, so that he could prove to all his superiority. That's how she slowly shaped him into a friendly, lovable, witty, intelligent but above all cunning and ruthless wizard with his enemies. According to her, this boy had become an exemplary member of what was to be a pureblood. So, Harry could be cheerful with those he liked, but as soon as someone disrespected or threatened him, he could destroy him socially, mentally, and physically, thanks to his magic.

However, they all noticed that Harry had a weakness in his shell. This weakness was his physique. Indeed, the more he grew up, the more people noticed his ethereal and sensual body, and his lack of physical strength. Fortunately, he was still a very tough person.

Thus, Harry could not fight physically without his skin being scarred, which he compensated for
with his stamina, dodge, and magic.

All this lasted until his seventh birthday.

\BREAK/

07/31/1987

The seventh birthday of Hadrian James Potter was a very special day. It was indeed time for Harry to visit Diagon Alley and Gringotts for the first time, and to visit the wizarding world in general. Not to mention that he also had to go to Hogwarts for an extraordinary meeting.

Indeed, Harry had never been to Diagon Alley or any other magical place other than Grimmauld. For six years he had only lived in York and occasionally in Grimmauld.

This day was also an opportunity to celebrate another event from the muggle point of view. Indeed, Harry had just passed the High School exams, allowing him to be the youngest child to graduate across the country.

So it was decided that he could go to university the next year to see what he could learn. The universities had almost fought for the genius, and Sirius ended up choosing the University of Cambridge. Fortunately they were wizards, because the university being quite far from the castle, getting there was not easy from York. Thus it was decided that Harry would be accompanied by two guards at the university, going there by Apparition. Fortunately, an enchanted area not to be seen by muggles was specially prepared for that.

It was early in the morning that Harry got ready, dressing in one of his finest wizard outfits for the occasion. He was wearing a splendid burgundy red dress made of Acromantula silk with gold filigree. For the occasion, the coat of arms of the Gryffindor, Ravenclaw, Slytherin, Peverell, Black, Potter and Evans houses were embroidered on his dress, and more particularly the traditional coat made of Nundu fur around his shoulders. Finally, he had around his neck the locket of Slytherin that his adoptive father had given him the night before, after midnight, when his magic block was loosed. He then went to the main salon of the private wing where his uncles were waiting for him, whom he actually considered as his own parents, Sirius and Remus. No sooner had he entered the salon than he jumped.

"Happy Birthday!" Shouted the two marauders.

They burst out laughing at Harry's reaction, which also amused the young man, who suddenly raised a sadistic smile. Seconds later, Sirius found himself in a very seductive feminine corset, while Remus was in Little Red Riding Hood. The employees of the present castle restrained themselves with a laugh. Some even had to leave their posts so as not to burst out laughing in front of everyone.
"Haaaaaa! Sirius yelled as he saw his corset.


-Is not this your nemesis, Uncle Remus? In any case, according to muggles, this is the case. Harry commented with a small smile.

-Very funny, pup. Remus responded by canceling the change of clothes with a **Finite Incantatem**.

-But where did you find such clothing ideas? Sirius asked again, normal again.

-It was in one of Uncle Remus's magazines, though the woman had a whip and a rubber ball too. Harry answered innocently, Remus whitening instantly.

-What?" Sirius yelled, glaring at Remus.

Thus for several minutes Sirius verbally abused the poor werewolf who tried in vain to defend himself. They were interrupted by Harry's crystalline laughter, understanding then being the victims of another of his jokes. Harry really deserved the title of mini-Prongs.

It was around 8:00 that they left the castle through the floo network, to go directly to the Leaky Cauldron. For the occasion, they were accompanied by a dozen of their guards, since Harry was going to make his appearance in public for the first time in six years.

Hardly had they arrived that one of the customers could be heard loud and clear:

"But it's Harry Potter!"

It was a shambles, and people almost ran to Harry to shake his hand, touch him or speak to him. Fortunately, the guards were there to keep them away.

That's how they all headed to the back of the inn to get to a wall. Sirius wasted no time and slapped the bricks with his wand to open the magical portal, revealing Diagon Alley in all its splendor.

Diagon Alley was an interesting place for Harry. The street was old, surrounded by magical signs and houses worthy of a mix between medieval and Victorian times. Harry was disturbed to see nothing technological, so used to the castle and its latest technological wonders.

He then focused on the building at the far end of the driveway, seeming to be at some crossroads. The building was very large, made of white marble, and probably the building with the most modern look. One would have thought to see an old American bank. Harry having read an architectural book understood then that it was simply a mix between a Victorian building and a Roman temple, strangely reminiscent of the Second Empire style of French architecture. The mix was quite pleasing to the eye, if it was not the crooked side of the building, giving the impression that at any time the establishment would collapse.

"Welcome to Diagon Alley, Harry. Sirius made a big wave of his hand.
-It's ... said Harry.


-Désuet (outdated). Harry finished miserably in French.

A silence fell on the group, before being interrupted by Remus's snort at Sirius's decomposed face.

"It does not surprise me, pup. After all, you love the modern world and technology. Fit then Remus.

-I wonder why they do not use it. Harry answered, as they walked towards the bank.

-The problem is that technology does not work well with magic. Answered Remus.

-But we do it well, we. Runes should be enough, right? Harry asked.

-It's a great question. But do not forget that the magical world is quite rigid, fixed on its tracks. Who
knows, you can change all that when the time comes.” Sirius replied, referring to the throne.

They finally arrived in front of the bank, guarded by two goblins armed to the teeth. When they
arrived, the goblins bowed quickly. To their shock, Harry did the same. The latter did not notice the
wide eyes of other wizards, or other goblins who had seen everything.

Harry looked up and saw the inscription on the doors.

"Enter, stranger, but take heed
Of what awaits the sin of greed
For those who take, but do not earn,
Must pay most dearly in their turn.
So if you seek beneath our floors
A treasure that was never yours,
Thief, you have been warned, beware
Of finding more than treasure there."

Harry snorted, understanding that goblins were not creatures to be underestimated. And then, would
not it be folly to attack those who are responsible for our economy? He thought.

Harry then saw a multitude of goblins at counters, sitting on high stools, striving to count and weigh
various riches, be it gold, silver or gems. They made their way to the final counter, at the end of the
Hall, behind which was a well-dressed goblin, compared to the others. It was obvious that his rank in
the hierarchy was different from other goblins. Sirius led them directly to the goblin.

"I'm here to do an inheritance test for my godson, Hadrian James Potter! We also want to get an interview with Ragnok, for you know what.” Sirius announced.

The goblin, and at the same time all the others, suddenly raised their heads or interrupted what they were doing to look at the child. This obviously attracted the attention of all wizards, including a very special family, with flamboyant hair.

«Very good. Riknar will accompany you directly to the office of Lord Ragnok, you can do your test directly there.” The goblin answered, gesturing to the goblin behind him to take them directly to the bank manager.

Just before leaving, Harry thanked the goblin and bowed with his arm against his chest, as a sign of respect. He had read this in a book about goblins and their customs. The goblin replied with a carnivorous smile and a nod.

Thus the group was taken to Ragnok's office. The office was behind two large ornate doors, and the guards had to wait outside. Only Harry, Sirius and Remus could enter. When they entered the room, it was to see a richly dressed goblin behind a large desk made of solid cherry wood.

"Lord Black, Mister Lupin, your grace, good morning. Fit Ragnok.

-Lord Ragnok, I'm glad to see you. How are you doing? Sirius asked, smiling as he sat down.

-My business, and at the same time, yours, are doing very well. The goblin answered with his carnivorous smile.

-I introduce you to my godson, Hadrian James Potter. I'm sure you remember him, do not you? Asked the marauder.

-Indeed. But let skip conveniences, what can I do for you? Ragnok asked seriously.

-Well, we came to do an inheritance test, to make sure we did not miss anything, and most importantly, that Harry could finally get his heir rings. Answered Sirius.

- Very good. So let's start with the inheritance test.” Answered Ragnok.

He opened one of his desk drawers to draw a golden scroll with a ceremonial dagger. Slowly, he placed the parchment in front of Harry and handed him the dagger.

"You just have to pour three drops of blood on the parchment, your grace. Said Ragnok then.
-Okay.” Harry answered simply before pricking his finger with the dagger to pour the drops of blood on the parchment.

It was then that the parchment was illuminated and lines were formed on paper to finally take the form of a text. It read:

Name of Birth: Hadrian James Potter

Full Name: Hadrian James Pendragon-Emrys-Peverell-Black-Gryffindor-Slytherin

Ravenclaw-Potter-Evans


Houses and Affiliations:

-Heir of the Archaic and the most Royal House of Pendragon
-Heir of the Archaic and the Most Noble House of Emrys
-Heir of the Most Ancient and Most Noble House of Peverell
-Heir of the Most Ancient and Most Noble House of Black
-Heir of the Most Ancient and Most Noble Gryffindor House
-Heir of the Most Ancient and Most Noble House of Slytherin
-Heir of the Most Ancient and Most Noble House of Ravenclaw
-Heir of the Most Ancient and Most Noble Potter House
-Heir of the Ancient and Noble House of Evans

Direct family relations:

Father: James Charlus Potter
Mother: Lily Jane Potter
Godfather: Sirius Orion Black
Godmother: Alice Liliane Longbottom

Harry, Sirius and Remus read the parchment. Everything seemed ok, without the slightest mistake. They handed the parchment to the goblin, who nodded.
«Everything is in order. It is now time to hand over the rings.” The goblin said before snapping his fingers.

Suddenly, a box appeared on his desk. He then opened the box, in which we could see eight rings.

The first was entirely made of gold, with a huge red diamond in the shape of a dragon with a huge circle (Astria Porta) in the back. It was the Pendragon's.

The second was also made of gold, this time with a blue diamond in the form of a unicorn with a huge circle at the back. It was the Emrys'.

The third was a platinum ring. You could see the empty location of a gem. It was the Peverell's.

The fourth was also made of platinum with an onyx in the center, in the form of a raven, with annotations "Toujours Pur" on the ring. It was the Black's.

The fifth was gold with a ruby. You could see a griffin encrusted in the ruby. It was the Gryffindor's.

The sixth was finer, made of silver with a dark Paraiba tourmaline encased in an eagle. It was the Ravenclaw's.

The seventh looked strangely like Gryffindor's, with a capital P on the ruby. It was the Potter's.

Finally, the eighth was silver with a little tourmaline. It was Evans's.

There was also an emerald with a huge S engraved on the inside, but without a ring.

The goblin frowned as he saw the inside of the box.

"It's weird, it's missing a ring, a gem and one of the gems is without a ring.

-May be the gem belongs to the ring that does not have one? Remus suggested.

-No. The emerald belongs to the Slytherin ring, but the one that does not have one is the Peverell ring. It is not normal.

-I am surprised that it happened on rings of heirs, not those of the Heads of House.” Sirius intervened.

Ragnok looked at Sirius.

"Lord Black. The rings here, apart from the Black, are currently those of the Heads of House. They will, however, be fully unlocked only when his grace is emancipated, will have reached his majority,
or if you allow him to claim his lordship. Replied the goblin.

-I see. And for Slytherin's? Asked Sirius.

-It is very simple. The rings are linked to the descendants, and therefore to Gringotts. For a certain amount, we can invoke the missing objects. Ragnok replied with a commercial smile.

-Very good. Do it then.” Just said Sirius.

The goblin smiles simply before taking a parchment out of his office. He asked Harry to pour a few drops of his blood, which he did immediately. A cloud of smoke then came out of the parchment, and the missing ring appeared then. Immediately, Ragnok turned pale.

"A horcrux! The goblin almost shouted, alerting the other goblins.

-What? Sirius shouted, stunned.

-Slytherin's ring ... Who was the last Lord Slytherin? Remus asked.

-I remember, the last one was Tom Marvolo Riddle from Gaunt House.” Answered Ragnok.

The conversation was interrupted by two goblins who immediately took the ring before leaving.

"Whereas we should have checked the ring before your arrival, Gringotts will take care of the cost of purification. Fit then Ragnok.

-I thank you, Lord Ragnok. That's very honorable of you. Harry said for the first time.

The goblins looked at Harry, shocked. For the first time in centuries, a wizard was respectful. Ragnok smiled at him then.

"It is nothing, your grace. After all, time is money. Do you want to wear your rings right away? Asked the goblin.

-I prefer to wait for the last ring. I noticed, however, that the ring came with a gem. Is it possible that the gem is the Peverell? Harry asked.

-Hm ... I guess. The ritual worked, and since there was only one ring and no extra gem, that must be the case. Answered Ragnok.

-I still have another question, if you allow me. Harry then said.

-I listen to you. Replied the goblin.

-Why are you so polite to me? I mean, you go so far as to call me your grace, but I am not of your
“Yes. Indeed. However, your lineage is very particular. First of all, you’ve been the first wizard for centuries to show us respect. Just for that, we respect you. However, it does not stop there. Started Ragnok.

-It must be understood that the race of goblins, although independent, is not completely. Goblins have always been the vassals of the Pendragon family. Being the last heir of this family, it makes us your vassals. That’s why we owe it to ourselves to be respectful to you, or until you show yourself unworthy.” The goblin continued.

Remus and Sirius opened their mouths wide, but shut it again, not knowing what to say. Harry, on the other hand, was staring at the goblin calculatingly. A sadistic smile formed on his face.

"And when you say goblins, does that include goblins around the world, or only those of Avalon? Harry asked.

-Bringing that vassalage was accomplished by the High King of all goblins, Ragnuk 1st, Gryffindor's sword’s blacksmith, this indeed includes all goblins, without exception. The oath was made through a magical AND signed contract in the blood. Replied the goblin.

-Hm ... Who is the current High King? I do not remember reading the current name in the books I have at my disposal. Harry asked.

-There is none, your grace. The lineage was extinguished, a council formed by the Lords of each clan was formed to direct us. I am currently part of it, being the leader of the Gringott clan. Ragnok replied, bulging his chest with pride.

-Gringott? But I thought it was the goblin's first name, not his clan. Sirius said.

-Bah! Gringott had the flair with his bank, and by doing so, he was able to create his own clan. Do you honestly believe that anyone would be allowed to run the Gringotts Bank? The goblin answered vehemently, darting Sirius with his darkest look.

-I have another question.” Harry then said.

Harry’s intervention interrupted Sirius and Ragnok's glare, causing Remus to giggle. Ragnok redirected his attention to Harry. Only Harry had noticed the other goblins who had stiffened, ready to take care of Sirius in case of problems.

"Why not appoint a new High King to lead the goblins? Harry asked, puzzled.
-It is very simple. When the High King swore his loyalty to the Pendragon, he also gave full powers to the line of Pendragon. Thus, only the King of Avalon, or in any case, the Lord of the House Pendragon can name the High King of Goblins.” Ragnok replied, looking at Harry with a calculating look.

Harry was not stupid, and he understood the meaning. Only HE could name the High King, provided that he obtained the Lordship of Pendragon. However, he should first wait for his eleven years, even to proclaim his emancipation. Maybe he could just ask Sirius permission, after all, that's his birthright.

He then imagined all the advantages and disadvantages that his plan could give him. He looked straight at the goblin in his eyes, his smile becoming thoughtful. He weighed the pros and cons of his plan, and questioned his possible revelation to the other occupants of the room.

"If I'm not mistaken, all that is said to Gringotts, stay at Gringotts, and is not it? Harry asked suddenly.

-Indeed. This is part of our contractual obligations. At Gringotts, professional secrecy is important, and our clients are respected, so every word and phrase is subject to professional secrecy. Ragnok replied, frowning.

-Padfoot, Moony, I guess what I'm going to say will not come out of the room? Harry asked with a beaten dog’s look.

- Of course pup. Sirius answered, Remus nodding.

-Very good. Ragnok, I have a proposal for you.” Harry then said.

The goblin narrowed his eyes and sat up. He watched the boy trying to figure out what he was going to propose, but he saw nothing through his mask.

"What is this proposal, your grace? Ragnok asked.

-It is very simple. It is obvious that you control Gringotts, and as a result, have control of accounts belonging to Death Eaters. My proposal is: Help me ruin the Death Eaters, whether it's taxes, non-compliance, and bad investments, whatever. Follow me in any of my business proposals, and in exchange, I can promise you that when I am the Lord of the House Pendragon, I will name you High King!” Harry said with a calculating smile.

A silence fell on the room. Sirius and Remus had their mouths wide open, while the goblins froze. As for Ragnok, his eyes were wide-eyed and his mouth wide open, a first for a goblin. Immediately, his mind began to run at full steam. He then reflects on the proposal, and the possible meaning for him and his clan.

It was not necessary to be born of the last rain to understand that he had everything to gain. And
then, Ragnok did not like Death Eaters, very bad for business, and a little too xenophobic to his liking. And now he was given the opportunity to ruin the death eaters, to increase the reputation of his clan through these riches, and moreover, icing on the cake, to lead his entire race. He tried to find the disadvantages, and apart from annoying a few well-placed Death Eaters, he saw none.

Suddenly, Ragnok smiled, a sadistic, carnivorous, scary smile for Sirius and Remus. But not for Harry, who instantly understood that smile. It was a smile of victory and joy.

"I think, your grace, that we are going to be great friends. Ragnok answered, extending his hand.

-I think so too, Ragnok.” Harry replied, shaking his hand.

That's how they chatted quietly for a good hour, setting up plans after plans to ruin the Death Eaters effectively. They were finally interrupted by two goblins who brought back Slytherin's ring.

"So, here's Slytherin's ring, yet I do not recognize the gem. There should be no gems, as the emerald is with the other rings. Harry said.

-Your grace, the gem on the ring seems to carry the coat of arms of the Peverell House. Fit then Ragnok.

-Oh? Can we remove it to put it on the right ring?” Hadrian asked.

It was then that the strangest happened. The gem was automatically detached from the ring, to roll to Harry, who caught him just by the way. Just as Harry grabbed the ring, he felt like a wave of power running through him. This did not go unnoticed.

"Interesting. Harry then said.

- May I, your grace?” Ragnok asked.

Harry nodded vaguely, handing him the black gem with a line in a circle in a triangle engraved in it. The goblin retrieved the gem before crimping it into the Peverell ring, doing the same with the emerald and Slytherin's ring.

"You can now claim your rings, your grace. Do not worry, they will merge if you place them on the same finger. Fit Ragnok.

-Pup, I advise you to start with the smallest house to finish the biggest, it's easier. Interjected then Remus, smiling.

-I did not think to ask, but are there special advantages to wearing these rings, apart from the political
and economic reasons? Harry asked.

-Oh yes. Rings are enchanted to protect you from minor spells and curses, and from most poisons. Well, it will not protect you from Basilisk Venom, but it's very hard to get, you risk nothing. They can also give you a little magical boost, but only the most powerful rings can. I think all but the Evans have that little push.” Sirius answered.

Harry nodded, before he started putting on the rings. He began with the ring of the Evans family, and put it on the little finger of his right hand. The ring accepted it immediately. He chained directly with that of the Potters who accepted immediately. The two rings merged to leave a mix between the two faces.

He decided to don the founders' rings on the index finger of the right hand, which merged to form the Hogwarts symbol without the Hufflepuff symbol. To continue, he finally placed the black ring on the middle finger of the right hand, while he placed the Peverell on the index finger of the left hand. He wanted to avoid merging the black heir ring with Lord Peverell's ring.

Finally, he placed Pendragon’s ring on his right thumb, while he placed the Emrys on his left thumb. Fortunately, all the rings accepted it.

Sirius and Remus were intrigued by the placement of the rings.

"Tell me, pup, why did you put your rings like that? Asked Sirius.

-When I learned the conventions with Aunt Walburga, she also taught me everything there was to know about the rings and the significant locations on the fingers. So, by placing the rings on my little finger, I showed the direct connection between the Evans and Potter houses, the marriage of my parents. Harry started, the wizards shaking their heads.

-Then, I placed the rings of the founders on my index, to show everyone the importance of these houses in my family history. This is proof of importance. By cons, I had to separate the rings Black and Peverell. I placed the Black on my middle finger because it symbolizes my belonging to the Black family as heir, the ring is not that of Lord, I could not mix it with others. That of the Peverell was placed on my other index to indicate the importance of the Peverell family in my family tree, and then, I prefer to keep the gem apart. Harry continued.

-Finally, I placed that of the Pendragon family on my right thumb as a sign of wealth and power, this is his first place. To avoid mixing the ring with that of Emrys, I placed the other ring on my other thumb.” Harry finished.

Again, a silence fell on the room. They were all subdued by Harry's intelligence. After a few seconds, Sirius burst out laughing.

"A true genius! My godson is a real genius, I told you so! He yelled.

-Indeed, Lord Black, it seems that his grace is very intelligent. Fit Ragnok.
-Now, I wish to know if it would be possible to see all the assets of Harry. Asked Sirius.

-Of course. Just place a few drops of blood on this parchment.” Ragnok replied as he pulled another parchment out of his office.

Harry did not waste time pouring a few drops of his blood on the parchment in question. Once this was done, the parchment began to shine a golden color before lines began to appear on the parchment.

Assets and Possessions of Hadrian James Potter

PENDRAGON:

Vault N° 1:

Finance: 999 999 999 G, 999 999 999 S, 999 999 999 K

Possessions: Royal Crown, Heirlooms, Cognitionis Receptaculum,?

Properties: ?, Kingdom of Avalon, Camelot Castle (Destroyed), Diagon Alley (25%), Horizont Alley (25%), Knockturn Alley (25%)

EMRYS:

Vault N° 2:

Finance: 999 999 999 G, 999 999 999 S, 999 999 999 K

Possessions: Merlin's Staff, Merlin's Books, Heirlooms, Miscellaneous Items

Properties: Glastonbury Tor, Diagon Alley (25%), Horizont Alley (25%), Knockturn Alley (25%), Duchy of Great Britain, Duchy of Ireland

PEVERELL:

Vault N° 3:


Possessions: Books, Armor, Weapons, Heirlooms, Miscellaneous Items, Elder Wand (Missing), Cloak of Invisibility (Transferred Potter Chest), Resurrection Stone (Lord's Ring, removed by Hadrian James Potter)

Properties: Peverell Manor (Wales), Chalet Peverell (France), Duchy of Peverell (Hogwarts Field, Hogsmeade, Forbidden Forest), Diagon Alley (5%), Horizont Alley (5%), Carkitt Market (25%)
Shops: Daily Prophet (10%), Mr. Mulpepper's Apothecary (25%), Slug & Jiggers Apothecary (25%); the Diagon Dispensary (100%)

BLACK:

Vault N° 4:

Unavailable

Properties: Carkitt Market (15%), Diagon Alley (5%), Horizont Alley (5%), Knockturn Alley (25%), Black Manor (Wales), Grimmauld Place (England), Chateau le Noir (France), Villa Negra (Spain), Villa Nera (Italy), ¼ Durmstrang, ¼ Beauxbatons, Duchy of Black

Shops: Daily Prophet (15%), Mr. Mulpepper's Apothecary (25%), Slug & Jiggers Apothecary (25%), Twilfitt and Tattings (50%), McHavelock's Wizarding Headgear (25%), Borgen and Burkes (25%), Flourish and Blotts (5%)

GRYFFINDOR:

Vault N° 5:

Finance: 0 (Transfer to Vault # 10 by Henry Potter)

Possessions: Books, armor, weapons, Heirlooms, miscellaneous items, Gryffindor's Sword (missing)

Properties: ¼ Hogwarts (Scotland), Godric's Hollow (Wales), Gryffindor Manor (Scotland), Diagon Alley (5%), Horizont Alley (5%), Gryffindor Duchy

Shops: None (transfer to the Potter family by Henry Potter)

SLYTHERIN:

Vault N° 6:

Finance: 156,895 G, 256,568 S, 565 K

Possessions: Books, Rare Potions Ingredients, Miscellaneous Items, Slytherin’s Locket (removed)

Properties: ¼ Hogwarts (Scotland), Slytherin Manor (Scotland), Diagon Alley (5%), Horizont Alley (5%), Knockturn Alley (10%), Slytherin Duchy

Shops: None (Complete sale by Tom Marvolo Riddle)

RAVENCLAW:

Vault N° 7:


Possessions: Books, Heirlooms, miscellaneous items, Ravenclaw’s diadem (removed)
After reading the result, Harry opened his mouth wide without a single word coming out. This immediately caught the attention of the other two wizards, who were also amazed. Evidently Ragnok took the parchment to read it, and astonishment could be read in his features.

"Congratulations on your grace, it seems you're the richest wizard in the whole country, or even the wizarding world. And if we calculate all of your muggle money, I can assure you that you are currently the richest muggle. Informed Ragnok."
-I see. Is it possible to make investments with my money? Harry asked.

-Of course. Be it muggles or wizards. Replied Ragnok, surprised.

-Very good. I want to buy 15% of the Daily Prophet, no matter the way, I want these shares. If you could buy the Death Eaters, I'd be fine with that. I also want you to buy its muggle counterpart, the Daily Telegraph. But this is only the beginning.” Harry started.

A big, sadistic smile appeared on Ragnok's face as he wrote at full speed on a parchment. Sirius and Remus looked at Harry in astonishment, not expecting this reaction.

"Then, I want you to try to get at least 50% of all the shops I already have, starting with brooms, the sport pays a lot. If necessary, offer merchants who still own some of their stores that they can continue to work there. I also want a tax increase for every store, property and property owned by Death Eaters. Diagon Alley, Horizont Alley, Knockturn Alley are mine, and I intend to enjoy it. As long as we are there, find out who owns the remaining 60% of Carkitt Market, that would allow me to own the entire shopping streets. I guess the rest must belong to the other ducal families, so try to take the shares of the Nott and Flint families. In the worst case, it does not matter, it will be enough for me to renew the alliance with the Longbottom family to ensure my supremacy on Carkitt Market. Harry explained.

-Very good, your grace. Something else? Ragnok asked with a big smile, already thinking about future profits.

-Hm ... I have studied muggles, and they are advancing very quickly in the technological field. I have heard that remarkable societies are being formed. I want you to buy as much as possible in Microsoft, Apple, Nokia and Motorola. I've heard about an internet company, but I think it will take a good decade to get it up and running. I also want to invest in catering companies, the population is growing rapidly, which means more mouths to feed, so more money to be made. Try to buy fast food companies, be it McDonald's, Burger King or Subway. I also want the beverage and mass distribution companies, then Coca Cola Company, Pepsi Company, the Wal-Mart chain, Carrefour ... I want them imperatively. Harry continued.

-I see. It will not be easy to get, but I think it's possible. You are talented in investments. Complimented Ragnok.

-The calculations are simple yet. The muggle population is growing, and they love to eat, drink, consume. So just buy the companies that sell what they are looking for, and that's it, the wealth at your fingertips. There are two companies, however, that I definitely want. Harry replied blushing at the end.

-I have this impression that I already know what he will ask. Whispered Sirius to Remus.

- He will not dare, will he? Answered Remus.

-I want to get Hagen-Dazs and Ben & Jerry's.” Harry finished, licking his lips and salivating.

The goblin looked at Harry, taken aback by his reaction. As for Sirius, he burst out laughing, while Remus tried vainly not to laugh, but no avail.
"Are you serious, pup? You can not help it ... started Sirius.

-Do you like ice creams that much, Harry? Remus asked.

-So what? There is nothing wrong with investing in it! Harry answered with a little too much conviction.

-It will be done, your grace. The goblin interrupted.

-Perfect. What are the percentages collected by goblins? Harry asked.

-Gringotts charges a total commission of 5% of all winnings, in exchange, we take care of everything. Replied the goblin.

-In this case, take 15%, to make you want to work better.” Harry replied with a small smile.

Ragnok's eyes widened suddenly, while Sirius and Remus stopped laughing. Even the other goblins had stopped breathing.

"Are you sure, pup? Asked Sirius.

-Yes of course. After all, the more goblins can win, the more they will make me prosper. Harry answered logically.

-It is with great pleasure, your grace. However, in view of your accounts, we must find you a more appropriate Account Manager. Fit then Ragnok.

-Why not you? Harry asked.

-I ... It's possible, and it would be a great honor. Ragnok replied, stunned.

-In this case, it's settled. We have an appointment at Hogwarts. Interjected Sirius, smiling.

-That your vaults may forever flow with gold. Harry said.

-And your enemies bend under your blows.” Answered Ragnok with a big smile.

So Sirius, Remus and Harry left Ragnok's office to return to the Bank Hall, accompanied again by their guards. They were, however, hauled by a rattling voice.

"Sirius, Remus!” Said Molly Weasley.

They turned to see the Weasley troop. There was Molly Weasley, accompanied by her husband, Arthur Weasley, and their sons, William "Bill" Weasley, Charlie Weasley, George and Fred Weasley, Ronald "Ron" Weasley, and their youngest, Guinevere "Ginny" Weasley. Harry could not
help but shudder at the envious look of Molly, Ginny, and Ronald.

"Oh my what, the Weasley family!" Sirius said with a fake smile.

Indeed, since the end of the war, Sirius and Remus had moved away as much as possible from the national harpy named Molly Weasley. Still, they liked Arthur, but his wife was enough to make them want to see him no more.

"It's a pleasure to see you. But what do I see, is this little Harry?" Molly asked in a honeyed tone, while Sirius and Remus shook Arthur's hand.

Harry did not like the diminutive matron Weasley, and his dark eyes made her understand, making Molly shudder. He gazed at the redheads, and could not take his eyes off one of them. He, too, was staring at Harry like in a trance.

"Yes, it's Hadrian. Sirius answered, emphasizing Hadrian.

-He grew up well. Oh, but where do I have my head, I must at all costs introduce our children. I introduce you to Bill, the eldest of our children. He enters 7th grade at Hogwarts and will be Head Boy. Then there is Charlie, who enters 5th grade at Hogwarts, besides being Captain of the Gryffindor Quidditch Team and Prefect. Then there are our twins, Fred and George, who will be going to school in two years. Obviously, there is Ronald, who will go at the same time as Harry. And finally, there is our only daughter, Ginny. She'll be going a year after Ronald and Harry, what a pity. They would be perfectly together. Molly said, emphasizing Ginny.

-Oh, I see you had several children, that's good. Harry is plenty enough for me, thank you. Replied back Sirius.

-Well, on that, we have to ... "Sirius started before interrupting himself.

He had just looked at Harry and immediately noticed his gaze fixed on Charlie Weasley. Sirius immediately looked at the redhead, and when he saw the same look, he whitened. Damn, did he have to meet one of his soul mates now? It could be worse, it could have been the little one. Thought Sirius. Remus had pretty much the same thoughts.

It was then that Charlie came to Harry, and before anyone could intervene, took him in his arms. Nobody noticed the other wizards, and one named Rita Skeeter among them, watching the scene carefully.

As for Molly, she reacts fiercely to Charlie's actions.

"Charlie, put him down immediately!" She yelled.
Molly's howl got them out of their trance, but Charlie did not want to let go of Harry.

"I do not feel like it, 'man." Replied the redhead, hugging Harry.

For his part, Harry clung just as much to Charlie. He did not know why, but Charlie had become like the center of the world for him, and his scent was intoxicating.

"It's in your interest to obey me, I'm your mother! Molly yelled, making several wizards cringe.

- Molly, it's useless! Sirius said.
-What do you mean? Arthur asked, puzzled by the situation.
-For those who do not know, Harry is a bearer. "Just answered Sirius.

Immediately, all the wizards uttered a little cry of astonishment, while Rita's eyes lit up with joy. Another scoop! For his part, Charlie sniffed Harry's hair, pleased.

They were interrupted by Ginny Weasley.

"What is a bearer? She asked, darting Charlie with her darkest gaze.

-Hum ... uh ... Sirius said, blushing.

-My darling, how can I say, uh ... Arthur tried, without success.

-Remus? Then begged Sirius, the latter huffing a little before answering.

-To be plain, a bearer is a very powerful wizard who can have his own children, like a woman, and it's very rare. In exchange, this sorcerer have one or more soul mates, who will protect and love him, and start a family with him, they are always men. A bearer is not attracted to women, it's genetic. In our case, Charlie is Harry's soul mate. Remus replied in a teacher tone.

-WHY? BUT IT'S NOT POSSIBLE, IT'S NOT RIGHT! CHARLIE CAN’T LOVE, HE’S ASEXUAL, THE DOCTOR SAID SO! Ginny yelled, shocking the adults except Molly.

-Hein? Sirius said stupidly.

-In this case, it is additional proof. Soul mates are usually declared asexual until they find their bearers. Answered Remus.

-He is supposed to marry me! Ginny yelled again.

-What ?!” Sirius shouted, wide-eyed.
The shrieks and screams destabilized Charlie and Harry again, and they turned to Ginny.

"Sorry, Miss Weasley, but I can not marry you. First of all, there was no contract or agreement. Besides, I do not know you. And finally, as a bearer, I am gay. Harry said in a serious tone.

-But ... but ..." Ginny stammered.

-He is mine, understood? Charlie said darkly, making Ginny take a step back.

-But it's not normal! It's not natural! Molly said.

-Close it, Molly. I forbid you to speak like that in front of my godson." Sirius answered, his eyes darkening, causing Molly to shudder.

Arthur tried to spread the situation.

"Well ... we can not do anything about it. After all, soul mates are sacred, and then, Charlie is very lucky to be Harry's. That suits me perfectly. He said.

-You're not serious? Molly asked.

-No, that's me! Said Sirius, who was whacked by Remus.

-As I said, now it is, that's it! I am the head of the family here, not you!” Arthur answered.

Again, a silence fell on the Bank. For the first time in his life, Arthur Weasley had just rebelled against his wife, a first. Rita Skeeter was taking photos to her heart's content and her quick-quote feather was writing at a breakneck speed on a parchment. As for Molly, she stared at her husband as if she saw him for the first time. I will have to strengthen the doses, she thought.

“Very good. However, we will have to do something for these two. Sirius said, pointing Harry and Charlie.

-Normally, when two soul mates meet, they must not be separated during the next days, because it could hurt them. You have to let the link form properly between them. Intervened then Remus.

-He could come to us? Molly offered, trying to restore her position.

-No, Harry has classes to follow at the castle. Why would not Charlie come live at the castle with us? I know you have some financial problems, and since Charlie is destined to live with Harry, it would be easier for everyone if he came to live with us permanently. You can always ask to see him, of course. And nothing will stop him from coming to your home for a while. Sirius suggested, smiling.

-Excellent idea! Arthur said, happy.
-What? But ... Tried Molly.

-It is enough! Charlie will go live with Harry. In any case, there is not enough room at home. On the other hand, for school affairs ... started Arthur.

-No problems, we can take care of it, and since he will live with us, we will take into account all his expenses. We have an appointment at 10:00 am at Hogwarts, which leaves us a good hour to buy what is needed in Charlie. Answered Sirius.

-But, for the cost ... tried in vain Arthur.

-Bah, that'll be fine. I'll take care of everything, do not worry, Arthur. Just give us the list, and we'll take care of it. Sirius said.

-Very good. In this case ... "Arthur replied.

He handed Charlie's school list to Sirius, before kissing his son and leaving, followed by the other members of the Weasley clan. For his part, Harry was perfectly happy to stay in the arms of his soul-mate.

That's how Sirius, Remus, Charlie, Harry and the guards came out of the bank to make the necessary purchases for Charlie. Sirius decided that as Harry's soul mate, Charlie had to be well dressed. Thus, they went to buy new clothes for him at Twilfitt and Tattings. For the first time in his life, Charlie was dressed in Acromantula silk. He then got dresses for Hogwarts, but also a whole wardrobe for York and everyday life. Sirius even ordered that every dress, every garment, be embroidered with the coat of arms of Harry's houses, except for Pendragon and Emrys, of course. Charlie was very embarrassed, and tried in vain to refuse, but Sirius was implacable, and he finally accepted. He did not realize that Sirius only paid part of the total price, having a big discount as one of the owners.

It was the same story in every shop. Thus, Charlie obtained quality cauldrons, ingredients of excellent quality potions, new books, and even a new wand, his own being damaged. Finally, he received a pet, an Eagle-Owl, to be able to communicate with his family, and Harry when he was in Hogwarts. In the end, Charlie was very happy. And the most fun thing for Remus and Sirius was that he kept Harry in his arms for the entire shopping. They ended up going together to Broomstix to get a new broomstick for Charlie.

Sirius, who was passionate about Quidditch, had heard of a broom prototype, the nimbus 2000. He then inquired with the Broomstix salesman. Harry reacted immediately, and using his authority as the store's owner, and theoretically, the Nimbus Company, if a prototype was available. Luckily, only one prototype was available, and that was his present for Charlie, who jumped with joy. He would finally be able to play and use his full potential during Quidditch matches. House elves recovered all their purchases, surprising Charlie once more. Sirius then explained that they had hundreds of elves, and that anyway, they had to go to Hogwarts. Charlie decided to accompany them.

That's how Sirius and Remus apparated with Harry and Charlie, obviously followed by the guards. They arrived at Hogsmeade, where they were joined by Walburga Black. The latter frowned at Charlie's sight.

"What is he doing here? She asked without even showing up.
-Aunt Walburga, this is Charlie Weasley, my soul mate.” Harry replied as tactfully as she did.

Walburga became completely rigid, as if frozen in place. Her eyes were wide and frightened. *No, not a poor traitor to his blood, anything but that!* Thought she. She began to panic internally.

She knew from the beginning that Harry was a bearer, and that had never bothered her. On the contrary, she saw an opportunity. She knew that in the magical society, families were patriarchal, and that only men could inherit directly from the title of Lord. For her, Harry was a unique opportunity to link one or more magical families directly to the Black, thus consolidating the family’s position, although it is not necessary.

She had not, unfortunately, taken into account that other families could be among the potential soul-mates, and now she regretted it. She decided to turn her gaze to Charlie. Above all, he was well dressed, with quality clothes, which she appreciated. He was quite tall and muscular, but not too much, staying thin enough. In short, he had the body of a perfect sportsman, she immediately made the link with Quidditch.

Finally, she focused on his head. She was not surprised by his flamboyant hair, a typical Weasley and Prewett brand. She focused her attention on his face, the retailer. She was pleasantly surprised not to see a single freckle, leaving a clean face, impeccable, without the slightest button or imperfection. His nose was straight, his cheekbones high and aristocratic, as he should be for a pureblood. Finally, she lingered over his eyes.

Walburga used to think that through the eyes of a person, one could read it and see its true personality. She noticed that his eyes were blue and deep. He felt like innocence, sympathy and loyalty. She then noticed his arm, surrounding Harry in a protective way, and she was convinced. On the other hand, she did not want to support other Weasleys, and set out to educate this young man to become a true pureblood, and restore the honor of his family, at least, to avoid tainting Harry’s.

And, whether she likes it or not, she knew perfectly well that it was too dangerous or even impossible to separate soul-mates, so whether she wanted it or not, she had to accept that relationship.

"Nice to meet, Lady Black. I am Charlie Weasley, heir to the old and noble Prewett family.” Charlie introduced himself.

There was then like a silence. Walburga saw the heads of Sirius and Remus not being aware of this little news at all.

"Nice to meet you, Charlie. Heir of Prewett do you say? How is it possible? Asked the matriarch.

-My grandfather had only girls, he decided to choose me as heir, since my brother will become the Lord Weasley in due time. Replied Charlie.

-Excellent, excellent. So you are the soul-mate of my nephew, Hm? She asked.

-Yes, ma'am. Charlie replied, gesticulating on his feet.
-Very good. But it will be necessary to educate you as it should, I refuse that the future Consort Black is not educated properly. You'll have lessons with me starting tomorrow!” Walburga said. 

Immediately, Remus and Sirius released a breath they could not remember holding. Indirectly, Walburga had just agreed, and that would make their life easier. The fact that Charlie was heir to a Noble House had surely convinced her. For his part, Harry had nothing to do with it, he was very much in the arms of his soul-mate, and he knew his aunt well enough to know she would accept him. He rolled his eyes at the reactions of Remus and Sirius, for him everything was logical, he did not understand the fright of the two marauders. 

As for him, Charlie felt relieved by Walburga Black’s answer. He knew he was not a member of the best family, and he was not rich. Well, he was actually completely poor. Apart from his intelligence and his superb sportsmanship, he had nothing. And now he was tied to the richest and most powerful boy in the wizarding world. Not as a friend, but as a soul-mate, which meant as a lover. 

In a way, he was very happy because he no longer needed to live with his family, and his mother-hen who loved to control their lives. And especially, now that he held Harry in his arms, he did not want to leave him. He only felt the urge to protect him against all odds. Fortunately, he knew what a bearer was, because one of the Prewett family members was one, and knew perfectly well that he would feel a sexual desire for Harry that when he was about fourteen years old, two years before his magical heart reaches his majority. 

"Well, it's time to go to the castle. I wonder where Dumbledore is. Fit Walburga. 

-Just here.” Answered a voice in the distance. 

They jumped, and saw Dumbledore arrive with a small bag of candy in his hands. As usual, he was dressed in a colorful dress with striking colors. This time, the dress was purple, with dark blue lines and big yellow stars. 

"Professor Dumbledore! The two marauders said, happy to see him. 

-Uncle Albus. Answered Harry, who had taken this habit. 

-Headmaster.” Just said Charlie. 

Dumbledore was surprised to see Charlie, not expecting his presence. He noticed right away that he held Harry in his arms, and he understood in a few seconds. He then grinned. 

"Well, congratulations, boys. Then said the old man. 

-Thank you. Answered the two individuals. 

-We should go, I'm sure the others have already arrived. I can not wait to see their reaction.”
Exclaimed Dumbledore, starting toward Hogwarts with the other wizards.

That's how they all headed together to the imposing Hogwarts Castle. It was the first time for Harry, and he had to admit to being excited like a flea to see his castle, because after all, Hogwarts belonged to him. In retrospect, Hogsmeade and the whole area belonged to him. But it is mainly the castle that interested him.

During the entire journey, he remained in Charlie's arms, which greatly amused the adults present, and was a perfect match for Charlie. Fortunately for him, Harry was thin, so easy to wear.

After a good hour, they arrived at the gate of the castle, where Argus Filch, the handyman of the school, was waiting for them. In short, the concierge. He was old and sour, with an almost scary face. Still, he was dressed for a party, which astonished the marauders, but not Albus. After all, for the first time, the owner of Hogwarts was coming to the castle, and Argus had to make a good impression on his employer.

"Your grace, I am happy to welcome you to your home. Then bowed Argus in front of Harry.

-I thank you ... Harry started.

-Argus, Argus Filch, your grace. I am the school janitor. Fit the old man.

-I thank you, Argus. You can go about your business.” Harry dismissed him, Argus nodding before leaving, followed by his cat, Miss Norris.

Walburga nodded at Harry's behavior, which made him smile. Albus then led them to the Great Hall, where the relics of the founders were.

"Harry, as I told you, I had the relics of the founders exposed here in the Great Hall. Of course, they belong to you, and you can recover them whenever you want. Albus said.

-Yes, Uncle Albus. But I prefer to leave them here, anyway, I do not need to use them yet. Answered Harry.

-Very good. With that, we should continue to the meeting room.” Albus answered.

For his part, Harry devoured the castle with his eyes, watching the sky-like ceiling, floating candles and moving paintings. He had even seen a few ghosts, but they seemed to be busy with who knows what. Harry noticed armor and statues everywhere, and oddly, he felt a connection with all that. In fact, just as he had entered the castle, Harry had felt a strong connection with the castle, and was bathed in a sort of maternal embrace. He asked a question.

"Uncle Albus, is it normal that I feel the castle? He asked.
-Feel? What do you mean? Replied the old man, intrigued.

-I do not know how to explain it. It's as if I knew the castle in every nook and cranny, and then I feel like a maternal presence. A bit like a mother? I think it's the castle, but I'm not too sure. Answered Harry.

-I see. Hm, it is quite possible that as heir to the castle, it has become linked to you. You see, the wards are so old, and the castle constantly feeding on magic, it eventually reached a form of sentience, or if you prefer, develop a kind of consciousness. I even think that you control the wards, and because of this, can control the entirety of what happens in the castle. I know for example that the armor can be animated, can you do it?” Albus asked, puzzled.

They all stopped temporarily, to observe Harry. The latter focused on one of the armor. Suddenly, the armor moved, and came in front of Charlie and Harry to bow. Other armor joined them, causing the guards to jump. The armor formed a cohort around the wizards.

"Fascinating. Albus answered simply, stunned.

-Well, you do not do things half, pup. Sirius said with a little grin.

-Something tells me that I will never be bored with you. Charlie said with a smile, which made Harry blush.

-But I wanted only one armor! Harry answered then.

-It may be that the other statues were animated by the castle, as a form of protection. Albus answered simply.


-I do not know. After all, the castle can read the emotions of all of us, it may be that someone present in the castle is not as friendly as we think. Fit Albus then.

-Bah! I'm sure it must be one of those governors. I am willing to bet that it is the son of Abraxas, the bad seed, I tell you. Fit Walburga.

-Bad seed? Not impossible. Interjected then Remus, pensive.

-Anyway, he can not do anything to Harry. He is protected, and this place belongs to him. Hogwarts will not let him, and if he ever tries, then I pity him. Albus said with a mysterious little smile.

-He does not even approach my companion, or I will skin him alive.” Charlie said, shocking the wizards.

It attracted approving glances from Walburga, Sirius, and Remus, and a little snort from Dumbledore and the other wizards. As for Harry, he smiled more and clung more forcefully to his soul mate.

They eventually started again to finally arrive at the doors of the meeting room. Harry motioned Charlie to put him down, because after all, he would not make a good impression by hanging on in the arms of his soul-mate, and he would not be taken seriously. The latter reluctantly agreed, but he
did not want to upset his soul mate. This made Sirius snort like a hyena, attracting a glare from his mother, which quickly calmed him, this time making Remus smile. For his part, Dumbledore's eyes shone brightly, betraying his amusement.

Dumbledore then opened the doors to enter the room, accompanied by all, even guards. He went straight to his appointed place, Walburga doing the same. As for Charlie, he remained close to his companion, rather uncertain, not being used to such things. He still had a protective attitude towards Harry.

When they entered the room, Harry stood upright, his head high, despite his small size. He had the attitude of a Lord in his domain, and he intended to prove to others that he was fit to take care of his business. Still, he held Charlie's right hand with his left hand, showing to all his right hand adorned with his rings, except that of the Pendragon he had camouflaged. As a precaution, he had also camouflaged the Emrys ring on his left hand.

POV Harry

And here I am at last in the arena, surrounded by enemies and friends, oh joy. I thought. I glanced around to see who was present. Obviously, I saw thirteen people, Uncle Albus and the twelve other governors around a large table. I saw Aunt Walburga, sitting comfortably at Black's seat, with a disdainful glance at the other governors, while Uncle Sirius sat in the Potter's chair as a Proxy, with a small, amused smile. It was obvious that he was waiting impatiently for the debacle. I squeezed Charlie's hand with a little more force, anxiously. I was really happy to have followed Aunt Walburga's teachings about the noble houses, or even all the wizard families. According to her, I must know the names, faces and stories of my future servants. Finally, I say servants, but she said slaves ... I then watched the people sitting around the table shaped like a semicircle, one after the other. There was:

- Aunt Walburga, wearing a long black and silver dress, with the coat of arms of the Black family embroidered on it, and wearing several jewels, whether it is a ring similar to that of the Lord of the Black House, or a Celtic torque in silver with a splendid onyx set in the center. She had a cane in her hands, the pommel was made of silver in the shape of a raven. As usual, she wore an authoritarian and proud face, crucifying some governors. She gave me a small smile that lasted only a second, and I was the only one to see it. She sat as Black.

- Uncle Sirius, dressed in a beautiful red burgundy dress with filigree of gold and silver along the fabric. I could easily see the Potter and Black coat of arms embroidered on his chest. Not a fan of jewelry, he only had his own Lord Black ring, a white gold signet ring with a black star sapphire in the form of a raven, holding a magic wand in its beak, set in the center. He too had a cane, with a silver pommel in the shape of a dog. He explained to me that it was his Pimp Cane, to make fun of Lucius Malfoy, which made me laugh. He had laughing eyes and gave me a discreet wink, which made me snort. He sat as proxy for the Potters.

- Uncle Albus, still dressed in his colorful dress, with his long white beard and half-moon glasses, his
eyes laughing. He knew exactly what was going to happen, and he was just waiting for that. He sat simply as Director of the School. Compared to the governors, his seat was opposite the table, just in front of the chairman of the Board of Governors.

-Amos Diggory, wearing a yellow and gold dress with black stitching all the way down the dress. I saw his coat of arms, which of Maison Diggory, proudly embroidered on his chest. He had a neutral and friendly face, and quite warm eyes. I had to admit that he was quite charming, which made me want to see what his son looked like. Who knows, maybe I had other soul-mates. Unlike other governors, he did not have a cane, which made me smile. I could also see Lord's signet ring, it was made of gold with an imperial topaz in the form of a badger set in its center. His ring was a strange reminder of the Hufflepuff family, and I told myself that I would have to learn more about his family. He gave me a warm smile, which reassured me a little. He sat as Diggory.

-Augusta Longbottom, the dowager of the Longbottom family, wearing a horrible green dress with a fox stole around her neck, and, to my horror, a hideous hat adorned with a stuffed vulture on her head. Not to mention her red handbag. She was old enough, her features drawn, and her face scowling. According to Aunt Walburga, Augusta Longbottom has always been known to be a person of character, and it shows. She wore a silver ring with an emerald in the shape of an L, but it was not the original ring. I knew she could not wear the original ring, since Frank Longbottom was still alive, although in St-Mungo. The ring could only be transferred to Neville in due course. She looked at me with piercing eyes, analyzing me, which made me tighten my grip on Charlie's hand, what she saw. Her gaze then softens. She sat as Longbottom.

-Mulciber Nott, dressed in a long deep blue dress with silver filigree running along the dress, to finally take the form of the coat of arms of the House Nott at the level of the torso. He was obviously wearing a silver signet ring set with a topaz and a diamond, probably Lord's ring. His face was completely neutral, as was his look. It reassured me, in a way, because if he was indeed on the side of Death Eaters, his eyes would be either disdainful or full of hatred. He sat, of course, as Nott.

-Marwyn Flint, wearing a black dress with deep green stripes. Unlike the others, he had an earring, with a small emerald, surely enchanted to protect him in any way. The Flint's coat of arms was embroidered not on the chest, but on the shoulder. He sported a chiseled silver signet ring with a chrysoberyl set in its center, the silver taking the form of a capital F above the gem. Unlike Mulciber, I could see the anxiety painted on his face. His gaze lingered on me, and I could see through his eyes that he did not want to hurt me, but I kept myself on my guard all the same. He sat as Flint.

-Malthus Rosier, wearing a long green forest dress with the symbol of a red rose embroidered on the chest, the symbol of Maison Rosier. I could see his ring, a rhodium signet ring with a rose-shaped garnet in the center. His face was hard, and quite hateful, which made me shudder. I felt the anxiety of Charlie, who stuck to me, and I understood why, seeing the man's look of disgust and hatred. It was obvious that he did not carry me in his heart, much less a Weasley. For me, it was obvious that Malthus Rosier was a real Death Eater, just by his behavior. I had to take care of him one day or another. He sat as Rosier, since the death of his son, Evan Rosier.
-Corban Yaxley, dressed in a black coat over a beige shirt, with the coat of arms of the Yaxley embroidered on the front pocket of his coat. He wore dragon leather gloves, with a bronze signet ring on top. He was tall enough, a bad face that I would consider almost evil, a black and abject look, and a bad smile. He was the very archetype of the wicked, the villain, the servant and the lord of evil. In short, a Death Eater in all his glory, released or never caught ... Unlike the others, he represented the Burke family and not his own.

-Heracles Parkinson, wearing a long black dress with stripes, with a black fur coat over it. He also wore leather gloves, with a silver signet ring set with a blood garnet, probably his Lord's signet ring. I did not know much about him, except his relationship with Perseus Parkinson, a former minister of magic, who resigned a long time ago. He was ugly, very ugly, on the verge of ugliness, and from what I had been made to understand, it was genetic. I dared to imagine his children, and I shudder with horror. I squeezed my soul mate’s hand a little more. Parkinson was obviously sitting as a member of his family.

-Hector Smith, wearing a long gold dress with black bands and embroidered badgers on the shoulders. I could see his family's coat of arms on his chest, and I almost laughed at seeing a badger once more. Despite the public derelict, they were always proud to be linked to the Hufflepuff family and continued to claim themselves as legitimate heirs. I noticed very quickly the hateful look he gave me, probably due to the fact that the Hufflepuff cup belonged to me. He wore a bronze signet ring that looked like gold for the less educated, with a badger-shaped topaz. His ring was strangely similar to the Diggory's, and that reinforced my suspicion. He sat, of course, as Smith.

-Thorfinn Rowle, wearing a long black dress with gold filigree along his dress, and the coat of arms of Maison Rowle embroidered on his shoulders. He had kept his coat on him, which gave him an impressive look. Unlike the others, he was very tall, with an imposing build, worthy of a sportsman. Another thing that stood out from the others was his blond, short hair, while the wizards usually keep the hair long enough. Finally, he had a sharp look and bad, not to mention his unhealthy smile that made me uncomfortable. He wore a simple silver signet ring with an amethyst. He was obviously sitting as Rowle.

-Lucius Malfoy, wearing a long black dress, covered by a black ermine cloak with silver buttons with the Malfoy coat of arms. I could also see a fur stole around his shoulders, not to mention a silver brooch on the front of his coat, representing the Malfoy crest. I looked at him further, and I saw that he was wearing dragon leather gloves, with a white gold signet ring with an emerald on top of his ring at the center, white gold forming a capital M on the gem. He also held in his hands a long wooden cane, with a silver pommel looking like a snake. My uncle Sirius had told me that his cane, unlike the others, also served as a sheath for his wand. He had a haughty look, and a little smirk amused me by looking at me, underestimating me, something he would strongly regret. He was sitting in the center of the table, on a seat larger than the others, larger and more expensive, that of Chairman of the board. He obviously represented his own family.
And now, I finally came to observe all those present, obviously not taking into account my soul mate, Uncle Remus or our guards.

"Is there a reason for this meeting? Yaxley asked.

-Yes, there is one, Corban, and we can surely hear it once your mouth is closed. Mulciber Nott replied with a hint of venom.

-The last thing I want to do is listen to you, traitor! Yaxley answered.

-Silence! We are not here to hear your rant, and if you want to bicker like kids, get out of there!” Exclaimed Augusta Longbottom.

Silence fell on the room, but we could still hear the snorts from Sirius, who took a look disapproving of his mother. It was Aunt Walburga who spoke.

"Albus Dumbledore, could we know why you summoned this council urgently? She asked officially.

-Indeed, Lady Black. I urgently convened this council at the request of Hadrian James Potter as heir to the Gryffindor, Ravenclaw and Slytherin Houses. Answered Uncle Albus.

-Ah? And since when do we answer a kid? Asked Malthus Rosier.

-Since my godson is the owner of this school, then I advise you to shut up and listen, Malthus! Fit Uncle Sirius vehemently.

-My son is right, as the heir and owner of this school, Harry is entitled to convene this council, and we should listen to him to learn more. Added Aunt Walburga.

-As for me, I'm intrigued by the reason for this meeting. Could you enlighten us, Heir Hadrian? Amos asked.

-Of course. As heir, and de facto, owner of the school and the surrounding area, I decided, with my guardian, to check the accounts of the school, every expense, every rule, to be reassured as to its good operation.” I say then.

Immediately Lucius, Malthus, Corban, Thorfinn, Heracles, and Hector turned pale. They understood very well what I was referring to, and that did not bode well for them.

"And what did you discover, heir Hadrian? Asked Marwyn Flint.

-Well. I first discovered inconsistencies in cash flow. I began.

-What do you mean by inconsistencies? Sirius asked, playing the game.
-Indeed, Uncle Sirius. I discovered significant inconsistencies, which, if I am not mistaken, are responsible for Hogwarts' deficit. Uncle Albus, if I remember correctly, you explained to me that some rooms, dormitories, one of the bathrooms, and the caretaker's house need some renovations. Not to mention the furniture that needs to be changed, the library that needs new books etc... That's right? I asked.

-Indeed, my boy, that's it. Albus replied with a laugh.

-Normally, and according to logic, all this should have already been done. However, the necessary funds are not present, which I found strange. So I looked at the school cash, more specifically, the account books. That's when I discovered something interesting. I said with a little grin.

-What is it, Heir Potter? Lucius asked, glaring at him.

-You're good to ask, Lord Malfoy. I discovered that pureblood families pay only 1/10th of the tuition fees, which half-breeds pay the full tuition, and that, to my amazement, muggle-borns pay double tuition. Not to mention that some families, who by chance are members of this council, pay no fees. For those who do not know, a year in Hogwarts costs 200 galleons, as it was the best school in the country. This means that a pureblood only pays 20 galleons, while a muggleborn pays 400 galleons. You have to know that 400 galleons represent £ 2,000 for a muggle, which is a lot. I guess the increased tuition fees for Muggle-borns was put in place to deter them from coming to Hogwarts, and to go to other, smaller schools. However, this does not explain the reduction for purebloods.” I revealed.

Amos and Augusta frowned, for they perfectly remembered paying 400 galleons each year. They let it know.

"I remember paying 400 galleons for my son, heir Hadrian. Replied Augusta.

-Indeed, Lady Longbottom. I wanted to come to that fact. I have noticed that some families of purebloods, who are considered very light, or blood-traitors for being on the muggleborn side and integrating them, pay the full tuition fees. I replied with a smile.

-What?! Yelled Amos.

-It is a scandal! Cried Augusta.

-I come back to my first question: Is there a valid reason for these reductions? Because they do not even apply to all purebloods!” I said then.

Charlie tightened his grip on me, sticking right behind me, staring at Corban and Malthus. Five minutes passed without anyone speaking.

"So I take this silence as a no. However, the problem does not stop there.

-And why should we listen to a kid of your kind, brat? Then intervened Hector Smith.
-Unlike you, Lord Smith, of the illegitimate lineage of the Hufflepuff, I am a legitimate heir to my titles, and therefore owns that school, this land, the village of Hogsmeade, and even the Hufflepuff Cup.” I replied with a sadistic smile.

Aunt Walburga and Uncle Sirius hid their smiles, while Amos, Augusta, Mulciber, and Marwyn looked approvingly. For his part, Hector Smith turned red and was about to open his mouth when interrupted by Dumbledore.

"My boy, what did you mean by the problem does not stop there? Asked the old man.

- Very simple, Uncle Albus. I noticed another inconsistency in the account books, an inconsistency that I consider to be theft.” I answered.

A new silence fell on the room. Being accused of robbery among wizards was considered a social taboo, a shame, a blot on the family.

"Who? Then ask Amos with serious face.

-Well, it seems that some governors have received a pay, substantial that is more. A pay that is not the case for all governors. A payroll of 1,000 galleons a month for Lucius Malfoy, Corban Yaxley, Thorfinn Rowle, Heracles Parkinson, Hector Smith and Malthus Rosier. That means a total loss of 72,000 galleons a year, which would be enough to pay for all the renovations, for example. Instead, we have a significant hole in the fund, a debt of over 1,000,000 galleons. After all, the school is supposed to bring in about 80,000 galleons a year, but it brings in only 40,000 Galleons as a result of pureblood discounts, not to mention the salaries of the teachers, the janitor and the keeper of the keys. I'm not even talking about the renewal of potions ingredients, thankfully our greenhouses manage to provide the establishment. I said then.

-How dare you call me a thief, you little shit!” Hurray then Heracles Parkinson.

The latter got up furiously from his chair and threw himself at me, to the shock of all. Before he could even touch me, he received Charlie's fist right in the face, before being pointed by Sirius's wands, Walburga, Amos, Mulciber, Marwyn, Augusta, Albus, and the ten guards.

"How dare you assault my nephew, dirty betrayer to his blood? Son of troll, you'll pay me, and you'll regret having gotten through the Blacks!” Aunt Walburga shouted.

Before anyone could stop her, she cast an unknown spell on the man on the ground. At the biggest shock of all, nothing happened, which intrigued everyone.
"What ..." then began Lucius Malfoy.

Suddenly, Heracles began screaming in pain. The Black's coat of arms appeared on his now red skin. He stopped screaming, sighing and squeaking afterwards. Charlie tightened his grip on me, and took me in his arms as a precaution.

"Can one of the guards call Bartemius Crouch? Uncle Albus asked, displeased.

-Right now." One of the guards said, before leaving the room urgently.

Only five minutes later, he returned, accompanied by the director of the Department of Magical Justice, Bartemius Crouch, accompanied by the assistant director, Amelia Bones and two auroras.

"Albus, what's going on? He asked.

-Bartemius. I'm really sorry to get you here, but Heracles Parkinson tried to hurt Harry, after he revealed his thefts. Answered Uncle Albus.

-Is it true? He asked.

-That is true. This jerk threw himself on my godson! Yelled Uncle Patmol, really not happy.

-Good. Aurors, stop this man. Bartemius then said.

-We will still have to collect your depositions. Fit then Amelia Bones.

-No Need, I will give you a memory." Answered Uncle Albus.

He pulled out a vial, and using his wand, he pulled out his memory and placed it inside the receptacle, before giving it to Amelia Bones. They left just after.

"Well, we can still resume the meeting. Aunt Walburga then asked.

-Indeed. Although Lord Parkinson's reaction was disappointing and shameful, we must finish this meeting because I would like to hear everything. Replied Mulciber Nott.

-As I said, the individuals I mentioned before are thieves, the account books prove it, and I am sure that by asking the goblins to check, they will find even more evidence. However, there is another problem that intrigues me. I say then.

-What is it? Uncle Sirius asked.

-Well, I thought I noticed that there were many more courses before. This is no longer the case. Before, there were courses such as duels, black magic, the study of dark arts, the study of white
magic, alchemy, the study of rituals, the study of the customs of the Magical World, Ethics and
Wizard Politics ... That is so much courses that would be very useful, and yet, these courses no
longer exist. I checked, and I understood that they were suppressed by the governors, in order, in my
opinion, to weaken and limit the access to magic to muggleborns. I said, smiling.

-I do not see why the mudbloods should have access to all this! Then shouted Corban.

-No matter! I noticed that there are too many inconsistencies and interference from some individuals,
so I came to a conclusion. I replied with a small smile.

-And what is it? Lucius Malfoy asked, staring at me.

-It is very simple. As the owner of the Hogwarts School, I order the dissolution of the Board of
Governors and the creation of the Hogwarts Academic Council, from which I will select the
members.” I answered.

They were all silent, then I saw Malthus, Lucius, Hector, Corban and Thorfinn turn red with rage.
They were about to scream.

"How dare you relegate us to the background, a little less-than-nothing! Yelled Corban.

-You can not do that, you fiend! Malthus shouted.

-I refuse to be ordered by a kid of seven years!” Hector shouted.

And it went on like that for a few minutes, as I smiled and could feel the vibrations coming from
Charlie, who was trying to keep from bursting out laughing at seeing Lucius Malfoy's white,
confused face.

"Shut up! Yelled Uncle Sirius, at the end of his nerves.

-Whether you like it or not, the board is dissolved, and every rule and expense will be reviewed.
Reports will be made, and the Ministry of Magic and Gringotts will be notified for each theft and
non-regulatory expenditure. I can assure you, Lord Malfoy, Rosier, Smith, Yaxley, and Rowle that
you will reimburse all that you have earned up to the least galleon. In addition, I will order the refund
for current Muggleborn students, at least for the surplus they have paid, and all pureblood families
will now have to pay the full tuition plus the fees missing for the years already elapsed. I am sure our
coffers will fill up fast enough.

However, I do not intend to stop there. The purpose of the Council will be to restore old subjects,
monitor cash flow, and finally, verify the accreditation of each professor. It may take a few years
because we will have to bail the treasure first, but according to my calculations, everything will be
ready for my return. I said.

-Excuse me, Heir Hadrian, but who will be present on this council? Amos Diggory asked.
-Ha, it's very simple. I decided that my uncles Sirius and Remus, with Aunt Walburga, will take care of the council. I propose to you, and Lady Longbottom, Lord Nott and Lord Flint, to join this council. Uncle Albus will also be a board member, as school headmaster, because I decided to keep him. I replied.

-What? And us? Hector asked.

-I will be honest with you. I refuse to have thieves among those I am around, so you can leave. What's more, I refuse to be near Death Eaters who crouched in front of a half-blooded blood-traitor who was delusional because dad did not want him. I added.

-Have you heard my godson? Get out!” Uncle Sirius added with a big smile.

Lucius Malfoy, Malthus Rosier, Thorfinn Rowle, Hector Smith, and Corban Yaxley rose with a frowning face and left the room. Lucius's eyes promised me a thousand sufferings, but I had nothing to do with them. I was going to get my revenge for the death of my parents, and every volunteer Death Eater was going to pay for it, one way or another.

"I accept the position, Heir Potter. Said Amos.

-Me too, and without these leeches, everything should be better. Mulciber said.

-He's right, though, I do not know if it's a good thing to get on Malfoy’s bad side. Added Marwyn.

-Lord Flint, as Lord of the Flint House, and Duke, you are superior to Malfoy, do not hesitate to let him know. Aunt Walburga answered.

-She is right. Besides, I also accept the position. Augusta said.

-Perfect! With that, you'll be able to get everything ready for school, and I'll personally pay for the renovations, anyway, it's my castle. On the other hand, I decided to fill the hole of the treasury with the tuition fees and the refunds of the families with the pure-blood. It will also increase tuition fees, it's been several centuries that they are the same. I will say 300 galleons a year. I added.

-I agree, it's not up to you to pay for the mistakes of the governors, and this rate is perfect.” Augusta said.

It was then that I felt Charlie gesturing. I looked into his eyes, and saw that they were filled with anxiety.


-Harry, my family can never afford such an expense. Already my dad is having trouble paying for Bill and me, so with the coming of the twins ... replied my soul mate.

-I see ... Perhaps we could set up a kind of special fund for families who can not afford to pay for
their entire schooling. In fact, we could even create some sort of scholarship, be it for purebloods, half-bloods, and muggle-borns. It is obvious that the majority of children do not go to Hogwarts, despite its prestige, probably due to the absurd cost and rules of some families. Now that they are gone, we could exponentially increase the number of students. I suggested.

-It's a great idea, Harry! Answered Uncle Sirius, while Amos nodded.

-But how many students would this bring to school? Mulciber asked.

-Well, if we could offer a scholarship that will pay half of the tuition, I think we could have a total of 50 to 100 additional students a year. So instead of 60 students a year, we would have 110 to 160 students a year, and we could go from a total of 400 students to 1120 students or more. I suggested.

-But did not we want to make sure to repay our debt? Malthus asked.

-It's true, but I never said that the scholarship will be supplied by Hogwarts. No, the best thing would be for this scholarship to be supplied by our families. In the long run, we will offer them to work for our companies, and recover our money. Not to mention the advertising that we will do, we will become true academic heroes. I added.

-What would it cost? Amos asked.

-Oh, according to my calculations, the first year, it would cost us a maximum of 20,000 galleons, but after seven years, when each year is complete, it should cost us a total of 120,000 galleons. I think we should supply a total of 200,000 galleons now, for emergencies, we never know. This could possibly pay for supplies or other. I think that as the owner of the school, it is my duty to pay 100,000 galleons, and my income is so large that if I wanted to, I could pay for everything. Not to mention that I represent the Black family theoretically, so Uncle Sirius will not need to participate as I am. I replied.

-In this case, I can add 20,000 galleons. Answered Amos Diggory with a big smile.

-Likewise, let it not be said that the Longbottom do not participate! Added Augusta Longbottom.

-Ha, count on Nott then! Declared Mulciber Nott.

-Good, you do not give me the choice, so I will also participate. But who will manage this scholarship? Asked Marwyn Flint.

-Well, I had first thought about Aunt Walburga, but ... Well, I started before I had Aunt Walburga glare at me, making Uncle Sirius giggle, while I felt a tremolo run through Charlie's chest, hilarious.

-As I said, I had thought of Aunt Walburga, but I thought that Remus would be the most appropriate. What do you think, Uncle Remus? I asked.

-Well, why not, pup. After all, I think I am the most suitable for this job. Answered Uncle Remus.

-Are there other positions to occupy? Asked Augusta.

-Indeed. I first wish to appoint Aunt Walburga as the chairperson of the Hogwarts Academic Council, since I can not always participate. I had thought of Uncle Sirius, but I am suspicious of the marauders. *Sirius' hiccups of surprise * For Uncle Sirius, I had thought of the relationship with the other schools and the ministry. For Augusta Longbottom, I had thought about inspecting teachers and monitoring them. For Amos Diggory, I heard you were very good at finances, so why not manage the treasury? For Lord Nott and Lord Flint, I think you would be good at organizing new
classes, to decide which courses to add.” I revealed.

Once again, a silence fell on the room. Aunt Walburga wore a proud smile, especially when she was named chairperson. Lord Diggory seemed to appreciate his position, while Lady Longbottom nodded. Finally, Lord Nott and Flint chatted quickly together before nodding. On the other hand, for Uncle Sirius...

"What? But you want my death? Why do I have to deal with these morons of the ministry? He declared aloud, sneering at everyone else.

-Come on, Uncle Sirius. Tell yourself that you will also have to deal with families like Malfoy, so you can be happy to reject them. I say with a sly little smile.

-Ha! I like that better, yeah! He's going to drool, the pimp!” Answered Uncle Sirius.

His last word made me laugh and choked Mulciber Nott and Amos Diggory who had just swallowed a sip of water. They ended up spitting everything out before bursting into laughter, inflating Uncle Sirius' torso with pride.

For a good two hours, we discussed what we were going to do with the school, all that was going to be put in place, etc. We even discussed the reinstatement of the duchies, and Mulciber and Marwyn agreed to propose at the same time, because by controlling the ministry, they could finally avenge their families against the Death Eaters. I then explained to them my plan, to wait for my eleven years to claim certain titles and especially the duchies, forcing the dissolution of Wizengamot and the reinstatement of the Council of Sorcerers. Of course, we had to find a name. When I finally revealed my Pendragon ring, we agreed on two possible names: The Royal Council or the Magisterium. At the end, we chose the Magisterium, because it was decided that once King, we could allow certain families to be members of the Council, therefore Royal Council would not be appropriate because a Council is not meant to accommodate so many people.

I explained at the same time that once King, the Ministry would be dissolved but we will keep the departments in the new royal administration. My proposal was accepted unanimously.

We finally parted, Uncle Sirius, Uncle Remus, Charlie and I left for Potter Castle.

END POV

This is how the group, consisting of Harry, Charlie, Remus, Sirius and the guards used the floo system to go directly to York. When they arrived, Harry almost jumped of joy, finally getting rid of all he had to do today, and went to his room to show Charlie. He did not, however, because Sirius held Charlie aside to speak to him.

"Listen to me, Charlie. My godson, whom I consider a son, is only seven years old! Began Sirius.
-He ... Yes, of course. Charlie answered, stunned.

-And I hope you understand that he's probably not ready for any relationship, is he?" Asked Sirius again, with a smile that did not bode well.

-Yes ... M ... Mr. Black. Replied Charlie, sweating profusely.

-So if you ever behave in a way that I do not consider appropriate, I can swear to you that you and Harry would never have children, if you know what I mean. Did I make myself clear? Threatened Sirius.

- * swallows his saliva * I ... .I completely understand, Mr. Black. Charlie replied, scared.

-No that with me, call me Sirius!" Sirius said with a big smile.

Charlie could only nod, but even before he could follow Harry, he was restrained again, but not by Sirius.

"I do not doubt that what Padfoot said to you was self-explanatory, so I'm going to be direct, Charlie. Started Remus.

-Yes? Charlie asked, worried.

-If there is ever a problem with my pup, or you hurt him, I remind you that I have a friend, very furry, who loves fresh meat. And if that's not enough, tell you that I know how to use a spoon, either to eat or to castrate. Understood?" Remus asked, his eyes flashing yellow for two seconds.

Charlie had to admit that Remus Lupin was a lot scarier than Sirius. Maybe it was due to the fact that he was a werewolf, but something told him that it was more than that. Looking back, Remus looked strangely like a mother protecting her little ones, and that, he knew very well that there was nothing more dangerous. He who had always been passionate about dragons, he could have thought to be in front of a Dragon female. He could only nod his head.

"Perfect! We decided to give you the room next to Harry's, we know how important the soul-mate connection is and should not be broken. You can go. But no funny business!" Remus said with a relaxed smile, as if he had never threatened.

So Charlie followed Harry to his room. He who had lived only in a certain poverty, he was overwhelmed by so much wealth. He had to admit that his day was fantastic. Yet it had started banal.

\START FLASHBACK /
First, he was awakened by his mother, and then had breakfast with the rest of the family. Finally, the owl arrived, bringing with it the news and especially, the school lists of Hogwarts. Expecting his father's interest in muggles, he took a subscription for the Daily Telegraph, and when he read the article on the front page, he jumped out of his seat. He ends up reading it aloud.

A genius among the nobility!

By Rita Skeeter

We are celebrating a great occasion today, the seventh anniversary of the Duke of York, Hadrian James Potter. As you know, Hadrian James Potter became a national hero and received the Order of the Thistle when he survived a bomb blast on October 31, 1981 at only one year old. For those who do not know, Hadrian James Potter is the son of the late Duke James Charlus Potter and Duchess Lily Jane Potter. According to an estimate by Forbes magazine (American), our national hero would be at the head of one of the greatest fortunes in the world, thus totaling his personal fortune to more than three billion pounds, giving him the eleventh place, which makes him the child, and the under-forty the richest in the world. Yet, according to our sources, this is not the end, for his grace is also the heir of a very rich noble family, that of the Blacks, not to mention that he is said to have other accounts hiding the majority of his fortune. Would he be the richest man in the world?

We prefer to rely on the economists and editors of Forbes magazine. But this is not the main reason for our celebration, no. We have just discovered that Hadrian James Potter is a genius.

Indeed, it seems that a little over a month ago, his grace, the Duke Hadrian James Potter, passed the terminal exams of High-School to be able to enter the University. When the results were published, the whole country was able to see how clever Hadrian James Potter is.

His results were flawless, with scores above 20, making him the youngest bachelor in the UK with a total score of 26.80 / 20. We asked the examiners, and they confirmed that they had awarded additional points for his incredible intelligence, unique explanations, and forward-thinking theories.

It would appear that our national hero did not stop there, as we had confirmation from the Headmaster of the University of Cambridge that the Duke was accepted among them. Of course, some would say that every noble family can enter Cambridge, however, Hadrian James Potter was invited and not decided to go, meaning that his place is deserved, according to some.

A genius among the nobility, maybe it will change our system?

For more information on the Potter family, go to page 4.

For more information on the Black family, go to page 5.

For more information on the world's greatest fortunes, visit page 6.

For more information on the wealthiest people in the UK, visit page 7.
A silence had fallen on the Weasley family, all amazed by this revelation. Mother Weasley had exclaimed.

"But it's perfect! Oh my Ginny, you can marry him!" She had screamed.

Ginny had obviously nodded with a big smile, while Ronald Weasley was cursing the injustice of not being so rich. The twins were planning a bad blow, probably for Ronald, and William froze as he opened his letter from Hogwarts. A badge had just fallen, and this badge was that of Head Boy. Immediately, he was surrounded by his family who congratulated him.

Nobody had noticed that Charlie had frozen to the pronunciation of the name of Hadrian James Potter. He did not know why, but he understood at that moment that Hadrian James Potter was someone special to him. He ends up opening his letter. Two badges fell, that of prefect, and that of captain of the Quidditch team of Gryffindor. He was congratulated by his parents, and yet he received a jealous and envious look from Ronald. Charlie ends up returning to his room to get ready. His room was quite Spartan, with all the same dragon figurines and an old Quidditch broom.

The Weasley family went to the fireplace to go to Diagon Alley and get some money out of Gringotts. They stood in line, waiting patiently in one of the queues, when they saw three individuals, two men and a boy go directly to the master teller, and when all the goblins stopped to observe these three people, with a touch of respect and admiration in their eyes, it intrigued Charlie.

"Look Arthur, it's Sirius, Remus and Harry. We should wait for them, what do you think? Molly said.


-Is he my future husband? Ginny asked.

-Exactly, darling. You'll see, you'll be a Lady Potter." Molly replied.

The remark made Charlie frowned. He noticed immediately that Bill and Arthur were wearing the same expression. This was not the case with the twins, who had nothing to do with it and did not care, and Ronald seemed to be wearing the same expression as Molly. Yet when Charlie saw Harry in the distance, his heart sank, and a foreign emotion seized his body. Since his eleven years, Charlie had been unable to express desire or any love, if not a family love, quite limited. This had, of course, frightened the Weasley parents, and when they took their son to St-Mungo when he was 14 years old the year before, Charlie was declared asexual, unable to feel desire for another person. That's why feeling such emotion, such a desire to go to this young boy frightened Charlie.

They waited patiently for half an hour, before finally seeing the three individuals leave the office of a goblin and go out of the bank. That's when they were hauled by Molly Weasley.

Charlie finally realized that Harry was his soul mate, and obviously his mother took it very badly, because her daughter could not become the Lady Potter. The events unfolded as far as Hogwarts.
Once again, Charlie was shocked to discover that his soul mate was the future King, and above all, that he himself would be his consort, making him one of the kingdom's rulers.

\FIN FLASHBACK /

And here he was, quietly behind his soul-mate, heading for his room. Harry finally took him straight to the main wing, to the master bedroom. He brought Charlie into the huge room, and Charlie held his breath seeing the beauty of the room.

For starters, the room was large, very large, 50m². The room was very bright, as it had on the wall in a semicircle facing the door very large windows at the size of the wall, giving a direct view of the backyard of the castle and a lake. The walls were in a burgundy red tone with gilding in the form of griffins and lions. The floor was solid wood, mahogany Cuba, the most expensive wood on the market. One could see two very large wardrobes against the east wall, with a massive mahogany desk surrounded by two old bookcases against the west wall. There was a door on each side of the half-circle wall leading to a balcony on the other side of the windows. Finally, there was a huge Louis XIV style canopy bed with gold-colored blankets and curtains, white sheets and cushions and the mahogany frame of very clear Cuba. The bed was placed in the center of the wall in a semicircle, giving an unobstructed view of the lake when waking up. There were also comfortable chairs, huge carpets and a fireplace in the room, not to mention the lamps scattered around the room.

Charlie noticed a strange object on Harry's desk.

"What is it? He asked curiously.

-It's a computer, the PS / 2 IBM, an American company that I intend to buy back. Harry replied, amused.

-But what is that for? Charlie asked, intrigued by the muggle object.

-Well, you can use it to communicate with people on the other side of the world using the email service, it's faster than an owl. Then you can have games, like chess, and fight against the computer. You can also write several things and you have to print everything with a printer. Finally, you can save a lot of data, like books, and everything will be kept on the computer. It's more convenient than a library. Harry explained then.

-Muggles are capable of that? If Dad knew about it ... Charlie said, surprised.

-Yes, muggles are very smart. Since they do not have the magic to make their life easier, they decided to invent objects that will do it for them. This is called technological progress.” Harry replied, very amused.

Charlie nodded vaguely. He resumed his exploration of Harry's room, and noticed two more doors. He opened one of them, and noticed that it was leading to a personal bathroom with a toilet. The bathroom was very large, with a marble floor and a huge bathtub in the center. He noticed that several runes were engraved on the bathtub, probably to fill it, empty it, make bubbles etc. There were also toilets, sinks, finally, all that must be in a bathroom. He returned to the bedroom to open
the second door, and what was his astonishment when he arrived in a second room, slightly smaller, 40m² with about the same arrangement as the first room, without the computer obviously.

"It is your bedroom. Harry replied, blushing.


-It's normally the Lady's room of the house when she does not want to sleep with her husband.” Harry answered simply, blushing again.

Charlie could not hold his laugh, which made Harry blush to the tip of his ears.

And that's how Charlie Weasley, at the age of fourteen, discovered his soul-mate and started living with him.
Life had changed at Potter Castle since the arrival of Charlie Weasley. The latter having changed their lifestyle, being Harry's soulmate. He was often with Harry, stroking his hair quietly, or reading with Harry books about dragons and other magical creatures that he was so passionate about. Of course, they were often watched by the guards, especially Sirius and Remus. They had confidence in themselves, but they did not fully know the effects of a soulmate bond, this case being extremely rare, and therefore preferred to ensure that everything went smoothly.

For his part, Charlie had adapted quite well to the luxurious life in the castle, not to mention all the courses he had to follow with Walburga Black. The latter had decided to teach him all that was needed as a pureblood and heir to a noble house. The Weasley family had abandoned ancestral practices and teachings of the practices and customs of purebloods, which was one of the reasons for their title of blood-traitor. As a result, Walburga decided to fix it once and for all.

However, life was not so quiet for the Potter family, especially with the publication of some of Rita Skeeter's articles.

Flashback /

01/08/1987

For the first time in his life, Charlie woke up completely satisfied after a fantastic night's sleep. Never before had he woken up in a bed so luxurious and comfortable. He got out of his room but made it to the wrong door, landing in Harry's. The latter was still sleeping comfortably in his super bed. He slowly opened his eyes and smiled at the sight of his soul mate.

"Charlie? Harry asked, still sleepy.

-I went through the wrong door. I was going to have breakfast, you come?" Charlie asked sheepishly.

Harry's only answer was to reach out to be picked up by Charlie, something he did with great pleasure. So they went downstairs for their first meal of the day, drawing a smile from Remus who was having coffee, Sirius still in bed.

Harry decided to stay in Charlie's lap for breakfast, which did not bother him. Finally, Sirius finally arrived, half asleep. They chatted together quietly as one of the house elves brought in the Daily Prophet. As usual, Sirius was the first to read the newspaper, and out loud.

A Bearer Amongst Potters, Boy-Who-Lived Becomes Boy-Who-Bear!

Charlie Weasley soon Charlie Potter? A soulmate found, but that does not please everyone!

By Rita Skeeter

This is an exceptional news for the wizarding world, a Bearer is finally born. This news was hidden
for a time, and not without reason. The reason, my dear readers, was that this bearer did not really have time to be announced by his parents, expected that they were cowardly murdered by Tom Riddle better known as Voldemort, the blood-traitor. You've understood everything, Hadrian James Potter, the current heir to Peverell, Black, Gryffindor, Ravenclaw, Slytherin, Potter and Evans Houses is also a bearer, the first in the last three hundred years!

For those who do not know what a bearer is. A bearer is a wizard (man) with a very powerful magical core. This magical core is powerful enough to allow it to give birth. The Bearers are very rare, and the first bearer ever to exist was Arthur Pendragon, who, contrary to the muggles' belief, was not a Muggle King but a Wizard King capable of giving birth. I can still reassure some, Arthur was known to be the dominant in his relationship with Merlin, but when they discovered he could give birth, they did not hesitate to exchange roles.

Arthur Pendragon is also the only Bearer to have been dominant in his relationship, some believe that the reason is that Merlin was not his soul mate.

In addition, a Bearer is a person with only one attraction for the same gender, not to mention the fact that a bearer has one or more soulmates. A soulmate is an individual linked to a bearer who is unable or almost unable to feel the emotions of love and desire for someone other than his bearer, and the bond is sacred. There is, however, a potion for a soulmate to feel desire for someone other than his bearer, provided he knows that the person is a soulmate and not a sexless. This potion became illegal because it allowed evil wizards to seize the soulmates of a Bearer (seduce them) to break the bond between a Bearer and his soulmate and weaken him. It was also made illegal when a soulmate voluntarily used this potion to deceive his soulmate, the only case for the moment.

The last Bearer was Lancell Malfoy, exactly 326 years ago, who unfortunately had no children following the death of his soulmate and a categorical refusal to find anyone else.

For homosexual couples, know that there is a potion allowing men to carry a child, it costs only five galleons and is 100% guaranteed!

To come back to the facts, we have a new bearer. And yesterday, while I was in Gringotts when I heard this news, I discovered something equally amazing. Charlie Weasley, second son of Lord Arthur Weasley and Molly Weasley born Prewett, found himself as a soul mate or at least one of the soulmates of our national hero. A news that many would consider incredible, especially for a family as impoverished as the Weasley. And yet, the reaction of Molly Weasley and her daughter, her seventh child, Guinevere Weasley was not the one hoped for. I can confirm my dear readers that Molly Weasley, called the Harpy by some, was not at all satisfied, and even said loud and clear that it was not natural!

One can then wonder how a pureblood can thus criticize a natural, rare and popular fact of our society, not to mention that by this most odious comment, it insulted not only our First King, but also his companion and all families having had a bearer, including her own! Unfortunately we did not manage to get a comment from the Weasley family, what a pity!

So, would this reaction mark a separation in the perfect Weasley family? I will watch closely, I assure you. And most of all, congratulations to Hadrian James Potter and his soulmate, Charlie Weasley soon-to-be Potter? *laugh*

For more information on Bearers, go to page 3.

For more information on Arthur Pendragon and Myrdin (Merlin) Emrys, go to page 4.

For more information on the fall of the Weasley family, go to page 5.
Sirius burst out laughing at the article, just like Remus and Harry. For his part, Charlie blushed on hearing that he was in the Daily Prophet. Sirius was intrigued by the second article and burst out laughing as he read it.

St-Mungo, the hospital hub of wizarding families! In search of the soulmates.

A possible soulmate found!

By Rita Skeeter.

After the discovery of our national hero as a Bearer, it was a veritable tide of wizards who headed for St-Mungo.

Indeed, many families hope to have one of their children or even heirs as a soulmate to our national hero, and to do this, most decided to have their children tested to see if they expressed this form of characteristic asexuality of the soulmates.

It was literally a shambles because every wizarding family with a child over eleven years old came to the hospital to test their children, despite the fact that some were already in a relationship. There was almost no result.

But it would seem that there was an exception to the rule. Indeed, it is with astonishment that we have learned that Marcus Flint, son of Lord Marwyn Flint, corresponds to the traits of a soulmate, being categorized as an asexual. Marcus Flint is a student of Slytherin at Hogwarts who returned this year to second year. Could it be that he is the soulmate of our national hero?

We will try to find out more.

For more information on the Flint family, go to page 3.

Sirius's laugh stopped suddenly, and his eyes widened, horrified. He looked around to see that everyone was frozen, and that Charlie was holding Harry very jealously.

«Is it possible? Harry asked, puzzled.

-Well, yes, it's possible. Sirius answered, panicked by this eventuality.

-But I thought it was extremely rare to have multiple soulmates? Charlie asked.

-It's the case, but if Marcus Flint is also Harry's soulmate, you can not do anything about it. From what I know, normally the soulmates get along very well together, it's easier for the bearer.

-I do not like it so much. Charlie retorted, suspicious.

-I promise you I will not go looking for him then. Anyway, he'll be at Hogwarts when I get in, okay?” Harry asked to reassure his companion.

Charlie just nodded before putting his head on Harry's to sniff his hair.

\Break/
In the afternoon, they received a very interesting article from the Daily Prophet, again an ArtSkeeter, special edition this time. They met to read it, and the title did not surprise Sirius at all.

Special edition: The Hogwarts Board of Governors gives way to the Academic Council. A reformation of education at Hogwarts!

Noble families accused, with proofs, of Thief! A blow to the Malfoy family!

Heracles Parkinson Arrested for Attack on Boy-Who-Lived!

By Rita Skeeter.

This is an outstanding news that I learned today, my dear readers. It seems that yesterday, a significant change occurred at Hogwarts School of Magic and Wizardry. Everyone knows this legendary school, founded by Godric Gryffindor, Salazar Slytherin, Rowena Ravenclaw and of course Helga Hufflepuff a thousand years ago, and having since produced the elite of our society. Following the disappearance of the founding lines, the school was then governed by a Board of Governors whose positions could be purchased.

But this is no longer the case! Indeed, yesterday, Hadrian James Potter decided to dissolve the Board of Governors, as a direct and certified Heir to the Gryffindor, Slytherin and Ravenclaw Houses. According to the charter of Hogwarts, the heirs of the founders of the school can demand at any time absolute control of the establishment. In the case of our national hero, it is even truer that the Castle and its surroundings are located on the Duchy of Peverell which belongs to him.

According to Lady Longbottom, the reasons given for the dissolution were more than reasonable.

“"The young Heir and owner of the school told us that the accounts of the school were not properly maintained, that the coffers were empty because of some governors and that, to the greatest shock of some of us, tuition fees were not the same for everyone.""

She then describes the meeting. With her, another Lord, Amos Diggory, commented.

“It was a scandal when I learned that some pureblood families were paying only one-tenth of tuition fees, especially those allied to the Malfoy. Me, I remember having paid the full costs during my schooling! And I'm not even talking about duplicate fees for muggleborns, a shame!”

This revelation was really unexpected, and we received the confirmation of Lady Walburga Black, the now-president of the Academic Council, appointed directly by Harry Potter.

“I can tell you that everything that has been said is true. We have also decided to reimburse the muggleborns who have overpaid their schooling, while we will force, under pain of expulsion, families who have paid a minimum fee to pay the entire tuition. This school does not work without money, and it is not by making favors that we will obtain the funds necessary for the proper functioning of the school.”

When I asked her to explain more about the meeting, I learned a quite interesting story.

“We found out that some families, Malfoy, Yaxley, Parkinson, Smith, Rosier, and Rowle, were paid a kind of salary each month of a thousand galleons, which is huge. The most horrible thing was knowing that only they had such a salary, and that we governors did not touch anything and did not know anything about it. It's theft, and they've been doing it for years. The goblins were able to
confirm it!"

We asked the goblins, and they confirmed the version of Lady Black. Thus, we can confirm that the aforementioned families are indeed thieves, a horrible mark on their names. Some families are demanding compensation, most want the head of Lucius Malfoy who was the Director of the Board of Governors, and possibly the brain behind all this vast deception. Many gave him the title of Lucius-the-Thief Malfoy, a title that will remain forever, a stain on the Malfoy family. Let's hope his son will not end up that way.

However, it does not stop there! It seems that Heracles Parkinson, the lord of Parkinson’s House, tried to attack the Boy-Who-Lived after he revealed the deception. Fortunately, Harry Potter's soul mate valiantly defended him before he could suffer the slightest damage. Heracles Parkinson was taken directly to the Ministry by Bartemius Crouch.

But what does it mean for Hogwarts and the education of future generations? Well, to do this, I was able to get an answer from the President of the Academic Council.

“According to the wishes and direct orders of my nephew, Hadrian James Potter, we decided to divide the council into several parts. As a result, my son, Lord Sirius Orion Black was chosen for the international relations of the school and those with the Ministry. Remus Lupin was put at the head of a scholarship that would aim to help disadvantaged families, whether pure-blooded, half-blooded or muggle-born by paying half of the tuition fees, knowing that the coffer will be funded independently by the families chairing the Council, the majority of whom are owned by the school's owner. Lord Amos Diggory was chosen as Treasurer of the school, and Lady Augusta Longbottom to manage the teachers and ensure that they behave properly. Finally, the Lords Mulciber Nott and Marwyn Flint were chosen to determine the courses and other specialties to add to the school curriculum.”

You understand, my dear readers, new subjects will be added to the school curriculum. A list has already been established, and is divided into two parts:


-Optional magical courses: Alchemy (From the 5th year), depth study of White and Black Magic (from the 3rd year), Studies in Strategy and Military Development (From the 5th year for those wishing to join the Department of Magical Law Enforcement) Study of magical languages (from the 3rd year), study of the creation of spells (from 5th grade), Study of Rites and magical rituals (from the 3rd year) Study of wards (From the 3rd year).

But it is not finished. Indeed, it will be possible for the best students to get an apprenticeship directly at Hogwarts, giving the opportunity to spend an eighth year in this institution, thus developing a master's degree.

Another proposal, for the moment pending, is the introduction of muggle courses, taught of course by wizards. These courses would be in math, muggle history and science. According to some experts, muggles are extremely advanced in mathematics, which would establish new patterns for our runes. Mathematics would be considered as fundamental courses (therefore compulsory) from the first year to the fifth year, and to make optional courses in the fifth year.

For my part, I find that all this is great news, and it will prove again our superiority over other schools.
For more information on Hogwarts, go to page 3.

For more information on the Academic Council, go to page 4.

For more information on the new courses of study, go to page 5.

Sirius burst out laughing, especially at the mention of Lucius Malfoy.

«Lucius-the-Thief! Mouhahaha! Shouted Sirius laughing.

-It's all he deserves, and I'm not even talking about Parkinson's!” Remus said, amused.

\End Flashback /

Also, since getting these rings, Harry had decided to use his lessons in economics to exponentially increase his wealth in a very intelligent way.

\Flashback /

08/03/1987

Harry had finally finished his calculations with Charlie, who had his eyes wide when he saw the results. They went straight into the living room where Remus and Sirius stood to tell them about Harry's fantastic idea.

When they arrived in the living room, Remus and Sirius were surprised to see Harry's bright smile and Charlie's saucer eyes.

“What is going on? Asked Sirius.

-I found a way to increase our wealth phenomenally! Harry shouted.

-Ah good? And how? Remus asked, puzzled.

-Well, as you know, among goblins, a gallion is worth five pounds, for the moment, you follow me? Harry asked.

-Yes, we already knew, pup. Answered Sirius, jaded.

-Okay. Do you know how much is a gallion in ounces of gold? Harry asked with an amused smile.

-Hm, I'll say an ounce of gold and a half, why? Sirius asked, not seeing where Harry was coming from.

-Well, know that currently, one ounce of gold is worth about three hundred pounds!” Harry revealed.

A silence fell on the group. They had never thought about the value of gold among muggles, gold being not at all rare for wizards. In retrospect, the majority of the objects in the castle were gold, was that why muggles were so intrigued by the castle? This thought crossed the minds of Remus and
Sirius. For his part, Charlie saw a solution for his family at first, because by selling a few galleons for muggle money, and then changing that money directly to Gringotts, they could become very rich. He refused, however, to reveal this discovery to his family, wary of his mother and some family members.

“Now that you have understood that a gallion is worth about four hundred and fifty pounds sterling, you understand that goblins get considerably wealthier when a muggle-born swaps his gold for muggle money with their fee. Well, the reciprocal is true, and when a muggle-born brings money to exchange it for gold, the goblins are theoretically losers, but the wizards are limited to their economy and decide to keep the gold in circulation in a closed circuit, the goblins lose nothing at all and win when they negotiate with muggles. Harry explained.

-And what do you plan to do? Remus asked.

-Well, I was thinking of changing the equivalent of one hundred million gallons into muggle pounds by melting them to create gold bars. The problem is that the scarcity of gold means that everything will be monitored, so we will have to find an excuse to introduce such a large amount of gold. However, I have already found a solution to this problem. Harry replied with a smile.

-Oh? What is this solution, my lord? Sirius asked with a mocking smile and a bow.

-It is very simple. I noticed that among the properties we have, the duchies, there is a mountain that belongs exclusively to the Duchy of Potter, so York. So I have the idea of just finding a mine. My idea is quite complex, so hang in there! Harry started.

-To start, we will have to hire prospectors to discover the mine, for that, we will simply use our own employees. The hardest thing will be to create the mine. We will have to place a very powerful enchantment on the mine to give the illusion that there are miners and that it runs at full speed. As a result, we will introduce gold bars with the Potter crest on it. In fact, the idea of the mountain came to me from a book I read. Harry said with a little blush on the cheekbones.


-Well ... Tolkien's Hobbit. I was inspired by the story of the Lonely Mountain, or in this case, the Kingdom of Erebor, you know, a huge mountain filled with gold veins running through rocks like rivers.” Harry revealed.

Sirius burst out laughing as Charlie snorted, hugging Harry, who was as red as a tomato. After a few minutes they calmed down.

“It's a great idea Harry. But what are you going to do with all this money? Remus asked.

-It is very simple. My goal is to increase my wealth significantly so I can buy the muggle businesses I want to buy, trade money for gold in goblin banks around the world to not ruin Gringotts, giving them more power because I will empty the other banks, and I intend to buy as many gold mines as possible. I think I'll be able to negotiate with the Gringotts goblins in time for them to do the mining for me and in exchange they get a percentage. They will surely accept on a 75/25 basis, 75% for me and 25% for them. And then, goblins are able to go extremely far underground, having access to very large amounts of gold. You must know that there is a lot of gold underground, but very deeply. Said Harry.

-But tell me, pup. If there is so much gold available, why create this farce with the mine?” Sirius asked who had not followed everything.
A silence was Sirius's answer.

“Uncle Sirius, muggles are not stupid. If ever huge quantities of gold appear, besides I become the richest without reasons, they will suspect that there is a basilisk under a rock. We must therefore create a viable excuse for the sudden increase in my wealth. Harry explained.

-Oh I see. Okay, I'll let you do that then!”  Sirius answered simply, having full trust in his godson.

The only answer he got was a big smile from Harry who got himself into Charlie's arms.

\BREAK/

12/08/1987

A team of squibs and wizards working for the Potter family had just been sent to the Lonely Mountain as Harry called it, for real prospecting, and the results of which they would falsify to open a false mine, and everything went as planned. What was the astonishment of Harry, Charlie, Sirius and Remus when the geologist in charge of the team ran back to the castle, dripping sweat as if he had run a marathon.

Sirius got up quickly to learn about the problem.

“What is it Robert, a problem with Harry's project? He asked, which caught Harry's attention.

-No, no, not at all Lord Black! On the contrary, even ... began the geologist before resuming his breath.

-Be calm, if there are no problems, why so much eagerness? Remus asked, worried about the man.

-Because we found gold!” Then said the geologist.

A heavy silence fell over the whole room, and everyone was speechless in the face of this revelation. Harry's mind began to run at full speed.

“Gold? You're telling me that my fake mine is a real mine? Harry asked.

-Yes, your grace. We have done the surveys, and we are unable to determine the depth of the vein, but I can assure you that it is huge, it is unheard of. We tried to use spells to scan deeply, but it's going too far! Replied the geologist.

-Well shit, but you're so lucky my pup! Sirius shouted, bursting into laughter.

-Language! Remus said, hitting him at the back of his head.

-You are unable to estimate its depth? Have you been able to estimate the width of the vein? Harry asked.

-Yes, your grace. The golden vein is more than six hundred meters wide. Replied the geologist.

-Intriguing, a vein that is about two-thirds the width of the mountain, how come it was never discovered before? Charlie asked, curious.

-Bah, the Potters are like the Black, always rich. They did not need to search every corner to find gold, so they never had the idea of prospecting for their land. Answered Sirius.

-What are you going to do, Harry?” Charlie asked.
Everyone focused on Harry, who now looked pensive.

“I think the best thing to do is to start by contacting the Gringotts goblins to finish prospecting. Ragnok should obey me without problems. I had not planned the discovery of a real mine, but it suits our plans because it will simply make more gold for us. Who knows, I do not really need to put in circulation a hundred million galleons, but only half or less. It will of course be necessary to negotiate the exploitation with the goblins, besides it will be necessary to engage squibs and other wizards for the safety of the mine, the surroundings, and especially for an image concerning muggles, and one will not be able to not to set up illusions all in all. Harry answered, seriously.

-Do you want me to contact Ragnok? Asked Sirius.

-Yes, it's a great idea. As much to invite him here, to prove our connection and solidify his vassalage towards me. We will also have to arrange a meeting with Rita Skeeter as a Daily Telegraph journalist, and she will have to be brought here. Said Harry.

-I still have a question, Harry. Why still sell several million gallons for muggle money if you do not need it? Remus asked.

-Oh yes. Uncle Remus, one of my projects and buying muggle businesses as long as they are not too expensive, so I need money. I also want to get as much gold from the competing Goblin banks of Gringotts as possible to solidify their position, so when I name him High King, no one will be able to challenge his position as he will already be the most powerful and wealthy goblin. It's quite logical.” Harry replied with a smirk.

The wizards just nodded before going about their business. A few hours later, Ragnok arrived at the castle, surprised by this invitation, and agreed to exploit the mine in return for 10% of the gold only. Harry obviously accepted the proposal. They also decided to hire as many wizards and squibs as needed to give the mine an illusion. They would serve primarily security. The project to create a city under the mountain was then set up.

It was later discovered that the golden vein was descending deep, more than six kilometers deep, more than five kilometers below the mountain more than a thousand meters high.

\BREAK/

08/21/1987

They were quietly having breakfast, this time with Albus Dumbledore with them, when they received the Daily Telegraph, which Sirius hastened to read aloud.

**Special edition**  : The Potter Gold Rush, the booming economy.

**Exclusive**  : The interview with Duke of York, Hadrian James Potter

By Rita Skeeter

This is extraordinary news for our beautiful country on this day. An announcement was made about the creation of a new company, the Potter Mining Corporation. The creation of this new venture has, of course, raised questions to which the current President, Lord Sirius Orion Black has
responded.

“...creation of this company is our response to an unexpected discovery on the lands belonging to my godson.” He answered us.

When we wanted to know more, he then explained to us that a survey had been carried out on an unnamed mountain located on the duchy of York. The mountain has been renamed The Lonely Mountain in honor of Tolkien by Hadrian James Potter.

Geological studies of the mountain have revealed the presence of a large vein of gold and pockets possibly filled with gems and other precious minerals. Without knowing it, the ducal Potter family sat literally on a mountain of gold, which has never been exploited. The demand for gold increased more and more, so it was decided to exploit this precious resource.

Of course, this has sparked alarms on the part of environmentalists and other conservationists who are against this exploitation, believing that everything must be protected. But they can be reassured, because the Potter Mining Corporation is above all an ecological company in respect of nature. As a result, the extraction will be done without any impact on the fauna and flora. To do this, we had an exclusive interview with the current seven-year-old Duke Potter.

To do this, our team was invited into the private wing of Potter Castle, a wing in which a stranger had never entered. We can confirm the rumors about the wealth of this wing, with a lot of gold objects, paintings of great value, etc. We then joined the young Duke in a richly decorated living room in which we had tea.

Me: Good Morning, your grace, thank you for accepting me on this day.

Hadrian James Potter: Please, no need to thank me, Miss Skeeter.

Me: I notice that you are very polite despite your young age.

HJP: That's indeed the case. Be aware, however, that my young age in no way limits my intellectual abilities, something you have probably noticed with my acceptance at the University of Cambridge.

Me: Indeed, allow me to congratulate you for this achievement, if I may say so.

HJP: Thank you for that. And if we come to the questions?

Me: Exactly. First of all, can I find out how you came to the idea of exploring the mountain?

HJP: Well, you might laugh, but know that idea came to me from reading a book. Indeed, you must know that I am passionate about reading, and that I particularly appreciate the works of Sir Tolkien. You must surely know his most important work, the trilogy of the Lord of the Rings. Well, know that my favorite book is the West March Diary, though it's better known as the Hobbit.

Me: I see. And may I know how this book has given you such an idea?
HJP: When I read the book, I was particularly interested in the Kingdom of Erebor, the Lonely Mountain, and of course, the riches that roamed the mountain. I noticed then that we had a mountain, identical to this Lonely Mountain, we even have a river connected to it, like what, the coincidences exist. I then asked my godfather, who is also my guardian, to prospect the area, and he agreed to please me. We did not expect to actually find gold under this mountain.

Me: You are incredibly lucky. This explains the change of name of the mountain?

HJP: Indeed. I wanted to pay tribute to Sir Tolkien by naming this place the Lonely Mountain.

Me: Hope you will not become as crazy as Thror then.

HJP: Hahaha, I hope so too. Whatever I really like the sight of gold.

Me: Would it be possible to know more about the exploitation of this mine? Some environmentalists fear unwelcome repercussions on local flora and fauna.

HJP: I indeed noticed this little problem. Know that my family has always been ecological, and we have kept our estate in perfect condition. That's why we founded Potter Mining Corporation to avoid using a company that does not respect the environment. To do this, we used experts in the field of excavations, but also biologists and other scientists specializing in environmental protection. They have developed an interesting system that will allow the mine to operate while keeping the mountain in excellent condition. In a way, we are going to build the mountain, much like the Kingdom of Erebor in the book.

Me: But it's fantastic! I guess you will generate a lot of jobs, is not it?

HJP: Indeed, and we have already hired over a thousand employees.

Me: So many people? Is it really necessary?

HJP: Of course. We need excavators, geologists, but also a strong security, builders. You know, when I said that we would build the mountain like in the book, I was serious. We plan to create the very first city under a mountain. Of course, this city will be reserved for employees working for Potter House.

Me: Really? Could I visit?

HJP: Why not, it's an idea. I will be happy to accompany you. I must admit that it's a dream for me.

Me: You have expressed the need for strong security. Could you explain to me the reason?
HJP: The reason is simple, that's what I do not trust. Know that there is a river, and therefore I am sure that some people will try to find nuggets, or even approach the mine to get a little gold. So we decided to significantly enhance security. To do this, I made a request to the Royal Family.

Me: A request? What demand?

HJP: It's very simple. As you must know, many years ago, the ducal families had their own armies, to defend their lands. Not to mention the bannerets and other seigniorial families who also had their own militia to protect their lands and mobilize them at the call of the Duke. I asked permission to mobilize my own strength to defend my land, which is my right. In fact, according to the constitution, I am not obliged to make this request, considering that my duchy is one of the last two duchies subjected to the local justice, that is to say that of the Duke. My request is simply courteous.

Me: You want to create your own army?

HJP: I will not say that, let's see. It would be more like a Guard Corps. They will serve to protect the Duchy and maintain order. As a result, every member of the police and security forces will belong to this Guard Corps, which will answer directly to the ducal family, my family, and therefore, and being the duke, myself.

Me: I see. Do you have any other projects concerning your lands?

HJP: You do well to ask me that question. I actually planned to create a natural park, or more exactly, a reserve. This reserve will extend for ten kilometers radius around the Lonely Mountain, a total diameter of twenty kilometers. Preserving the environment is very important to me. If necessary, we will increase the size of the reserve.

Me: I see. There is only one lake missing for your perfect representation of Esgaroth.

HJP: Well, maybe I'm thinking of creating an artificial lake from the river, but hey, that's just a random idea.

Me: Can I know what you're going to do, apart from this project?

HJP: Well, I'm obviously going to Cambridge to learn all I can. If possible, I will try to obtain licenses and Master's degrees.

Me: Can I know the study path you are considering?

HJP: Of course. First and foremost, I consider an economic path so that I can effectively manage the fortune of my family as well as my businesses. If possible, I will also do a scientific course in experimental and theoretical sciences, perhaps astrophysics, but also in biochemistry for the study of the environment and the effects we have on the ecosystem. I intend, of course, to take advantage of
the University's language courses, which are the best. I have already chosen several languages, which are obviously English, but also French, German, Spanish, Italian, Latin, Old Greek and Modern Greek, but also Gaelic. I consider if possible other languages such as Japanese, Chinese, Korean, and also Egyptian who interests me greatly.

Me: Well, such a course will surely put you to the test. Depending on your choices, you will necessarily become a linguist.

HJP: Indeed. I must confess that one of my main goals is to master as many languages as possible, whether dead languages or not.

Me: Well, I think I have gone around the question. Do you have other projects?

HJP: I do have a bigger project, but I can not reveal it now, after all, we would not want my competitors to know what's going to happen to them, don’t you think?

Me: I see. Thank you for giving me this interview.

HJP: It's my turn to thank you, Miss Skeeter.

This is how our interview ended. He let me still observe the inside of the private wing and take some photographs that you can see at the end of this article.

However, this news is not only good for the Potter ducal family, but for the whole of our nation. According to the estimates of some economists, our economy could grow steadily thanks to this immense gold mine and the possible pockets of other minerals or precious stones. Will it propel our national hero even higher among the richest men in the world? This is a question that the whole world is asking, and we will be in the front row to watch his rise.

For more information on the Lonely Mountain and the Duchy of York, visit page 4.

For more information about the Potter Mining Corporation, go to page 5.

For more information about Potter companies, go to page 6.

For images of the private wing of the Castle Potter, go to page 7.

The article was considered a real success, and Sirius burst into laughter after reading everything, while Albus Dumbledore congratulated Harry for his intelligence, which made Harry blush.
It was a real upheaval that took place in Harry's plans. However, the nature reserve story was actually another of his plans, a very smart plan. What the muggles did not know was that the underground city for employees was actually a city for wizards. Harry's idea was to create a Muggle-protected city, and the inside of the mountain was perfect.

He obviously had to appeal to the goblins for most of the construction, or in any case, clearing. Information about the creation of this new city went around the magical world, exceeding Harry's expectations. Never again was a city created exclusively in stone and under the mountain had been founded or even considered, some believing that such places were made exclusively for magical creatures, and the subject was quite controversial.

However, Harry, helped by Sirius, Remus, Charlie, and Dumbledore, did not let it go, so he created his town, which he simply named Erebor, again inspired by Tolkien's work. Strangely enough, the name of the city was much liked by wizards, who did not yet know the work of Tolkien, and especially the wizards of Eastern Europe. Soon, many wizards volunteered to live there, which caused some complications with the Ministry of Magic and the new Minister, Fudge. Fortunately, some more than substantial donations were enough to make Fudge a great friend of the Potter family, but unfortunately also of the Malfoy family.

In just two years, the city of Erebor fills with wizards to quickly reach a total population of over 200,000 wizards. The city was mostly muggle-born and half-blooded, with most purebloods preferring to stay away from what they called inferior. Of course, such an influx of non-purebloods did not please Walburga Black, but when Harry explained one of his assumptions, she agreed to calm down. His hypothesis was very simple, the magic would be hereditary, and as a result, muggle-borns would not exist and would only be the descendants of forgotten Squibs lines. His thesis was fortunately corroborated by the goblins who performed inheritance tests on the so-called muggleborns, and discovered links with several families considered lost, extinct, or even existing. Thus, several descendants of the Black family were discovered in relation to the squibs thrown out a long time ago.

Fortunately, Enlargement Charms, Wards and a string of runes had been placed to dramatically expand the interior of the Mountain, creating a multi-tiered city of about 300 square kilometers, the largest and only magical city. The goal was to make it a magical capital, unbeknownst to muggles, because the existence of this city was not revealed to the muggle governments. The levels did not really have any meaning, though the highest level includes the Potter's main residence and residences made specifically for Black, Nott, and Longbottom families, Diggory and Flint. Some still felt that each level was significant in relation to a family's wealth, and that being at the highest level meant being at the top of the social ladder. There was even a residence reserved for Ragnok and other residences for the richest goblins of Gringotts.

A bank was also set up in Erebor, however, this bank was above all a property of Harry, and surprisingly, as well as for the first time, this bank was composed mainly of wizard employees. However, the Bank was insular, serving to boost the city’s internal economy, not to create a global expansion. Lastly, the goblins obtained some very prestigious posts in the Bank, those of supervisors and managers. In fact, the director of the Bank was a Goblin named Griphook, while the Deputy Director was a muggle-born who had worked in a muggle bank. The main purpose of the bank was to keep mined gold in the mountain, as well as other riches. Of course, it was decided that some of the wealth of Harry would be transferred to this bank belonging to him.

The Bank was initially a controversial subject with Ragnok, who did not understand its usefulness. Harry simply explained to him that he wished one day to put an end to the segregation of the goblins,
and because of this, wanted to create a Common Bank to begin their integration. The explanation is enough for Ragnok, but it was necessary to decide on a name for this new bank. Thus was born the Potter & Gringotts Bank, which will be named later Royal Bank when the goblins would be definitively integrated into society and that Harry would be crowned.

Soon, Harry's fortune climbed up, and new articles appeared about him. Especially when they learned that Harry had decided to leave Cambridge University, having already managed to get his masters and doctorates at the biggest shock of the whole world.

\Flashback /

03/07/1990

Now nine and a half years old, Harry sat quietly on Charlie's lap, having just finished his seventh year at Hogwarts, finally able to live with his soul-mate at last until he entered Hogwarts. Once Harry at Hogwarts, Charlie would continue to maintain his passion for dragons by visiting reserves.

They were alone, quietly eating their breakfast, Sirius still sleeping and Remus plunged into the books of the Library when they finally received the newspapers and the latest news. Harry began to read the Daily Telegraph, and his shout of delight immediately caught the attention of Charlie, who was reading the Daily Prophet quietly.

The richest man in the world is English! The Duke Hadrian James Potter, the first world fortune!

By Rita Skeeter.

It's official, yesterday, the 02/07/1990, the brand new list of fortunes worldwide was announced by the famous American magazine Forbes.

What was the shock of the entire editorial team and the world when the list of the first 400 world fortunes was revealed with none other than the young nearly ten year old Duke, Hadrian James Potter.

Indeed, Hadrian James Potter is leading the standings with the extraordinary wealth totaling forty-eight billion pounds (£ 48 000 000 000), and which is equal to the sum of impossible and fantastic eighty-nine billion US dollars ($ 89 000 000 000)! Second place is awarded to SULTAN HAJI HASSANAL BOLKIAH MU'IZZADIN Waddaulah with the sum of twenty-five billion dollars ($25 000 000 000), and less than a third of the fortune of the Duke Potter.

Thus was officially announced the wealth and importance of our country throughout the world, and the power of the Potter family led by the young Duke. For comparison, the fortunes of the royal family is estimated to eleven billion ($ 11 000 000 000), and about six billion pounds (£ 6 000 000 000)!

Some might wonder how did the Duke Potter to avoid the economic crisis that has affected the world and previous world fortunes, and the answer is simple. The Duke has simply invested continuously in the environment and precious minerals, avoiding as much as possible the areas of oil. The Potter Mining Corporation is known to have bought the majority of gold, silver, platinum and rhodium mines around the world, not to mention precious gemstones such as diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, the ruby, but also various concessions to obtain tourmaline, topaz, morganites, etc.

Thus for over a year now, his grace, Duke Hadrian James Potter controls the majority of precious mineral resources around the world, which is considered a monopoly. However, even the
institutions cannot dissolve this monopoly expected the now lack of rivalry and the control already obtained on the resources.

According to a commission of economic inquiry between the United States of America, France, the United Kingdom, Germany and Japan, the monopoly of the Potter Mining Corporation is completely legal, and they believe that the fortune of the Duke Potter is only started.

We were able to get a simple comment from his grace.

“I may be the richest man in the world, but that does not mean I have the most power.”

A sobering sentence.

For more information on the fortunes of the world, go to page 3.

For more information on Potter companies, go to page 4.

For more information on the Potter Mining Corporation, go to page 5.

Harry almost jumped in Charlie’s lap as Charlie congratulated Harry on the end. It was then that Harry was first kissed by Charlie, quite innocent and pure, of course.

Then they went to the second article that seemed to concern Harry too.

**A Duke of genius who has nothing to learn!**

_By Rita Skeeter._

It’s an exciting new addition that marks the University of Cambridge and our country. Indeed, Duke Hadrian James Potter decided to permanently leave the University of Cambridge. After only three years of study, his grace earned a total of seventeen doctorates, never seen before. That makes Duke Potter the person with the most PhDs in the history of our planet.

The doctorates are: thirteen doctorates in Culture and Literature: English, French, Spanish, German, Italian, Ancient Greek, Modern Greek, Japanese, Chinese, Korean, Egyptian, Gaelic and Latin. A PhD in Astrophysics. A PhD in Molecular Biochemistry. A PhD in Economics. And a doctorate in theory and political application.

Thus it was decided that Duke Potter would definitively leave Cambridge University, not without having received several awards from the University, including that of the best student of the University.

But what will our hero do? This question remains for the moment without answer, the Duke having preferred not to comment.

For more information on the University of Cambridge, go to page 3.

“Well, this article, I expected. And then, I wanted to have a year off before having to go to Hogwarts. Harry then said.

-You are quite right. In addition, we can spend the year together, since I finally left school. Charlie replied with a smile.
Hehehe, for once. I feel like spending time in Erebor, what do you think? Harry asked.

-Excellent idea. In addition, you said you want to create a reserve of dragons around the Mountain, that's it? Charlie asked.

-Yup. It's your gift, so you will not have to travel to Romania to see dragons. Normally, the reserve will be finished shortly before I enter Hogwarts. Harry replied with red ears.

-I love you!” Almost shouted Charlie.

End Flashback /

It was then that everything changed, once again, on the eleventh birthday of Hadrian James Potter.

BREAK/

31/07/1991

Harry was lying quietly in his huge bed as he heard a door open. It pulled him out of his torpor. He opened his eyes, and he saw the smiling face of his soul mate, Charlie Weasley.

“Happy birthday Harry.” Then said the redhead in a cheerful voice.

Harry smiled simply before reaching out his arms to be, as usual, recovered by the redhead. Harry had kept this habit of being caught in Charlie's arms, probably his Bearer side that made him want to be in constant contact with his soul mate, and then, he loved to be treated like a baby during his anniversary. After all, he could only do it for an extra month before leaving for Hogwarts and leaving Charlie behind him.

Charlie did not waste time getting it back before taking him to one of the dining rooms. The dining room was very different, as it was not the Potter Castle. Yes, Harry and Charlie had been living in the Erebor Palace for a few months, to be quiet, away from muggles, and enjoy the last year together before Harry left for Hogwarts.

The dining room was very large, carved in stone, with a black marble floor, a table also in marble, but carved so that it looks like it is encrusted on the floor. Only the chairs were made of wood. Of course, there were tapestries and carpets everywhere, after all, a marble floor in a mansion under a mountain, and it’s an extremely cold place. Fortunately, there were runes all over the mountain to warm the place.

Harry and Charlie quietly took their breakfast when they heard some noisy steps. It was none other than Sirius, accompanied of course by Remus. Sirius literally rushed at Harry.

«Happy Birthday my pup! He shouted, hugging Harry.

-Happy birthday Harry. Remus then smiled.

Harry did not really reply except that he hugged Sirius in return, glad to see his godfather. They of course finished their breakfast together, when an elf brought the wizarding journal and the letter of admission to Harry’s Hogwarts. Harry started with the letter, which he opened with gusto to read.

HOGWARTS SCHOOL of WITCHCRAFT and WIZARDRY
Dear Lord Potter,

We are pleased to inform you that you have been accepted at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Please find enclosed a list of all necessary books and equipment.

Term begins on 1 September. We await your owl by no later than 31 July.

Yours sincerely,

Minerva McGonagall

Deputy Headmistress

Harry did not waste time, of course, and read the list of school cases directly.

HOGWARTS SCHOOL of WITCHCRAFT and WIZARDRY

Uniform

First-year students will require:

1. Three sets of plain work robes (black)
2. One plain pointed hat (black) for day wear
3. One pair of protective gloves (dragon hide or similar)
4. One winter cloak (black, with silver fastenings)

Please note that all pupil's clothes should carry name tags.

Books and manuals

Each student will be required to obtain a copy of the following works:

The Standard Book of Spells (Grade 1), by Miranda Goshawk

A History of Magic, by Bathilda Bagshot

Magical Theory, by Adalbert Waffling

A beginner’s guide to Transfiguration, by Emeric Switch
One thousand Magical Herbs and Fungi, by Phyllida Spore

Magic Drafts and Potions, by Arsenius Jigger

Fantastical Beasts and Where to Find Them, by Norbert Scamander

The Dark Forces: A guide to self-protection, by Quentin Trimble

Other Equipment:

1 wand

1 cauldron (pewter, standard size 2)

1 set glass or crystal phials

1 telescope

1 set brass scales

Students may also bring, if they desire, an owl OR a cat OR a toad.

PARENTS ARE REMINDED THAT FIRST YEARS

ARE NOT ALLOWED THEIR OWN BROOMSTICK

After reading what he needed, Harry let Sirius read the paper as usual.

The Boy-Who-Lived celebrates his eleventh anniversary! An exceptional ball planned in Erebor!

By Rita Skeeter.

It's official. Today is the eleventh birthday of the Boy-Who-Lived, Hadrian James Potter. And of course, he will return to Hogwarts in September to officially begin his magical education.

To celebrate this day as it should, Lord Black decided to organize a big ball to celebrate the birthday of his godson. It is traditional for a family to hold a ball at a birthday or important event, however, this was never the case for Harry Potter, having remained largely isolated.

That's why it was a big shock when they announced this ball, and the place of the ball. Some people thought the ball would be held at the Potter's traditional home, Potter Castle, but that's not the case. Indeed, for the first time, a ball will be held at the Potter Palace, the newly built residence located in Erebor, the City-under-the-Mountain belonging to Harry Potter.

No one has yet been able to enter the Potter Palace, and today, tonight, the Palace will be open, but
not for all. No, only those with an invitation can go to the ball, and I can proudly announce that I received an invitation. Of course, the majority of wizard families were invited except, to the greatest shock of all, six families.

Indeed, the families Malfoy, Yaxley, Rowle, Rosier, Parkinson and Smith were refused.

“This is outrageous, we should be invited for such an event.” Lord Malfoy told us.

When we asked Lord Black for the reasons, he answered without hesitation.

“I refuse to have at the ball of my godson people who were rough, impolite, and what is more, tried to chant and dirty his name following the expulsion of the Board of Governors besides being of dirty thieves. Even less knowing that they were Death Eaters and that they had only for excuse, the Imperius!”

It was just as shocking to learn that the Minister of Magic, Cornelius Fudge, was in complete agreement with Lord Black.

This ball is also an opportunity for Hadrian James Potter to officially show the titles he will get today, but we do not know which ones. Also, this ball will be used to make a substantial donation to the Ministry of Magic to help the smooth running. The donation is equivalent to ten million galleons, it is the largest donation ever made.

So, my dear readers, and for the lucky ones, I tell you tonight in Erebor!

For more information on Hadrian James Potter, go to page 3.

For more information on Erebor, go to page 4.

For more information on the Ministry of Magic and its donors and contributors, go to page 5.

“Well, we have things to do today! Fit then Remus.

-Ah really? Asked Sirius.

-Yes sure, Sirius! We have to go to Gringotts for Harry's titles, shop for his school stuff, and prepare for the ball. Not to mention that tomorrow you will go to the Wizengamot, and there will be work. Remus replied, irritated by Sirius and his memory of a goldfish.

-Oh that's right. Well, we finish eating and we go then!” Sirius said jittery.

Remus rolled his eyes at Sirius before smiling. Harry and Charlie were very amused by the two men, who mostly looked like an old couple.

Harry and Charlie went to their respective rooms to dress properly and eventually joined the two marauders in the Floo Hall, a room reserved for the floo network. They then took the floo powder to go to Diagon Alley, this time passing through Diagon Hall, a place with more than twenty floo serving as the main entry point for the area, the Leaky Cauldron serving only as a second entry point with two floo.

Once again, Charlie, Harry, Sirius and Remus were accompanied by a small group of wizards for the protection, as usual. The latter kept themselves apart, so as not to disturb them while they went about their business.

They immediately headed for Gringotts, being docked by almost fanatical wizards wishing to
welcome Harry all along. When they entered the bank, they were immediately greeted by Ragnok, who was waiting with some goblin soldiers.

“Your grace, I'm glad to see you! So are you, Lord Black, Mr. Lupin and Charlie Weasley. Ragnok welcomed them.

-We are also glad to see you, Ragnok, yet I thought we agreed about my name? Call me Harry.” Harry replied with a smile.

The surrounding wizards were surprised and let out gasps of surprise at so much familiarity between their hero and a goblin.

“Ha-ha, as you want, Harry. And if we went to my office? Ragnok asked.
-Yes let's go.” Harry replied with a smile, grabbing Charlie's hand as he went by.

They followed Ragnok to his office, nothing had changed since their last visit four years ago. Ragnok sat behind his desk as the four wizards sat down in front of him. The guards remained in the Gringotts Hall.

“Well, for starters, let me wish you a happy birthday! Declared Ragnok.
-Thank you Ragnok. Smiles then Harry.

-Well, well. So what lordships are you going to claim? Ragnok asked curiously.

-Well ... Harry started.

-All!” Just interrupted Sirius with a big smile.

A silence settled in the room, while everyone stared at Sirius. Harry was not supposed to claim all his lordships today.


-I think you're ready to take everything. My pup, you manage everything from the shadows, so do everything officially. Answered Sirius.

-But we can not definitely reveal the lordships of Emrys and Pendragon anyway? Said Remus.

-And why not? Asked Sirius.

-Would it not be possible to conceal the two lordships in the eyes of the Ministry? At least the time we put in place the Magisterium? Harry asked.

-Well, we can submit later information to the Ministry. When do you plan to set up the Magisterium? Ragnok asked, seriously.

-Tomorrow. Once the Magisterium is in place, we can easily set up the crowning and all the rest. Harry answered easily.

-I still have trouble understanding. Why not immediately reveal your lineage? Charlie asked.

-It's simple, 'lie. I should go to the Wizengamot, and frankly, I do not want to hear the screaming and the like of most Death Eaters. On the other hand, we know very well that the Magisterium will only be composed of people who are already aware, so the transition of power will be much simpler. In
short, we remove the power from the hands of our enemies just before crowning me. Harry replied with a small smirk.

-And you intend to reveal your title when? Charlie asked.

-Hm, the time to finish the training and setting up the Magisterium, I will say that by the end of my first year at Hogwarts it will be good. Answered Harry.

-But nothing prevents you from claiming all your lordships if goblins can delay information, that's it? Remus asked.

-Exactly. So Ragnok, it's possible? Harry asked.

- One year delay? Yes, widely possible. Replied the goblin with a Machiavellian smile.

-Perfect. And how is this transition going? Harry asked.

-It is very simple. Whereas you already have the necessary rings, apart from that of the Black, you will only have to receive the blessing of your godfather, the Black Lord, to be able to claim your titles. Once the blessing is received, we will sign a contract with a blood-quill to validate your titles, this will update your information, which we will keep for a year. Fit Ragnok.

-Very well, do not waste time then, because time is money. Harry replied with a knowing smile with the goblin.

-Well, I'll do it then. I, Sirius Orion Black, Lord of the House of Black, godfather and guardian of Hadrian James Potter, solemnly authorize him to take control of his titles and lands, and declare him emancipate. So mote it be.” Sirius said, holding his wand.

Immediately, a magical wind swept through the room and surrounded Sirius and Harry before settling down. Harry felt slightly stronger, probably due to his emancipation and the unblocking of the rings. For his part, Ragnok took out a splendid gold parchment with an enchanted phoenix feather to be a Blood-quill.

“Well, you only have to sign Hadrian James Potter on it, and if everything goes as planned, your new title and name will be displayed.” Said Ragnok.

Harry hastily took the quill and signed the parchment, writing Hadrian James Potter in scarlet letters, feeling a slight pain in his hand, but there was no scar. They all observed the parchment that lit up then, and it was able to read:

Full Name: Hadrian James Pendragon-Emrys-Peverell-Black-Gryffindor-Slytherin-Ravenclaw-Potter-Evans

Previous name: Hadrian James Potter


Houses and Affiliations:

-Lord of the Archaic and the most Royal House of Pendragon

- Lord of the Archaic and the Noblest House of Emrys
- Lord of the oldest and most noble House of Peverell
- Heir of the oldest and most noble House of Black
- Lord of the Oldest and Noblest Gryffindor House
- Lord of the Oldest and Noblest Slytherin House
- Lord of the Oldest and Noblest House of Ravenclaw
- Lord of the Oldest and Noblest Potter House
- Lord of the Ancient and Noble House of Evans

Properties (except those of Black House): Kingdom of Avalon, Camelot Castle (Destroyed), Erebor, Diagon Alley (75%), Horizont Alley (75%), Knockturn Alley (70%), Carkitt Market (40%), Glastonbury Tor, Duchy of Great Britain, Duchy of Ireland, Duchy of Peverell, Duchy of Gryffindor, Duchy of Slytherin, Duchy of Ravenclaw, Peverell Manor (Wales), Chalet Peverell (France), ¾ Hogwarts (Scotland), Godric's Hollow (Wales), Gryffindor Manor (Scotland), Slytherin Manor (Scotland), Ravenclaw Manor (Scotland), Manor / Potter Castle (York), Godric's Hollow (Chalet Potter), Marauder's Cottage (York), Villa Potter (Sweden), Potter Cottage (Denmark), The Potter's House (France), Evans House (England), 14 Privet Drive (Surrey, rented to Vernon Dursley)

Shops (except those belonging to the House of Black): Daily Prophet (75%), Mr. Mulpepper's Apothecary (75%), Slug & Jiggers Apothecary (75%), The Diagon Dispensary (100%), Flourish and Blotts (75%), Tomes and Scrolls (100%), Second-Hand Bookshop (100%), Bufo’s (100%), Ariadne Spinners (100%), Brigg’s Brooms (100%), Broomstix (100%), Cleansweep Broom Company (100%), Nimbus Racing Broom Company (100%), Comet Trading Company (100%), Ellerby and Spudmore (100%), Flyte and Barker (100%), Universal Brooms Ltd (100%), Concordia and Plunkett Musical Instruments (100%), Dominic Maestro’s Music Shop (100%), Zonko’s Joke Shop (100%), Gambol and Japenes Wizarding Joke Shop (100%), Eeylops Owl Emporium (100%), Honeydukes (100%)
Ha, not really. The Kingdom of Avalon is limited to the United Kingdom and French Bretagne, while the Avalon Empire represents the Kingdom of Avalon with the Commonwealth due to British expansion. Whereas the English Ministry of Magic is bound to the Commonwealth, the Kingdom has become an Empire. However, it remained a Kingdom following the renunciation of the British Empire by Muggles, which split the titles, quite simply. Answered Ragnok.

-It's not very logical. Answered Remus.

-Who said that wizards were logical?” Ragnok asked.

They laughed together at this joke.

“And now? Harry asked.

“Well, I must take you immediately to Merlin's Vault and Arthur Pendragon's Vault. That's part of the obligations. You will surely be able to see your crown, but I do not know why Arthur Pendragon wanted at all costs that his heir, once become lord of the House Pendragon, goes to his Vault. Ragnok then said, thoughtful.

-In this case, let's go!” Sirius said happily.

The group then got up to borrow the goblin transport system to go directly to the Vault N° 2. The path was very long, and Harry raised his arms all the way, enjoying the way, just like Charlie. Sirius was laughing, but not Remus, who had become nauseated as he went.

They finally arrived at the end of a moment in front of the immense Vault N° 2, with a unicorn engraved on the door.

“Just put your hand on the door, as Lord of House Emrys, you will be immediately recognized.” Ragnok then said.

Harry nodded, and with Charlie, approached the huge door and put his hand on it. A noise was heard, and the unicorn glittered before the door opened wide. Harry did not waste time and entered the room, hand tied to Charlie. Sirius, Remus and Ragnok preferred to let them quietly discover the Vault and stayed outside.

Merlin's trunk was huge. There was gold everywhere, in the form of ingots and galleons, but also precious gems and other crystals. There was also a huge library filled with old books on magic, but that was not what caught Harry's eye.

No, what caught his eye was the pedestal in the center of the room, on which floated a splendid Tome with a rigid metal cover. The book was beautiful, the metal cover was made of an unknown alloy, jeweled, and the pages were perfectly preserved. Harry approached the Tome and decided to catch it.

Suddenly, a link was created between the Tome and Harry, and Harry finally understood what this book was. It was Merlin's Tome, but not an ordinary Tome, no, but a Tome serving as a focci, to use spells. Harry did not waste time reading the first page, which slightly worried his companion.


-According to the first page, this book was Merlin's latest creation. If I understand correctly, this book uses Arithmancy principles, runes and enchantments to serve as a catalyst of power, like a wand. By cons, it can focus much more power than a wand, and even more than a staff. But this book does not allow to cast lambda spells. From what I understood, it is used above all to invoke and
bind creatures to the will of the wearer. Creatures are supposed to be made of pure magic, or else be demons. Most of the time, what I could understand are some kind of elemental creatures. Harry explained, puzzled.

-Seriously? We can do that? Charlie asked, shocked.

-Yeah, it seems. Merlin has named this art, the art of Arcanomancy. He briefly explains that Arcanomancy is intended to control the power of the Arcane, a kind of power that would be at the origin of the creation of the Universe and existence. According to him, the Arcane is a dangerous art mastering Space, Time and Reality. But according to him, it would take a considerable power, something that even I do not have, to create life, or in any case, a reality. Harry said.

-A reality? What do you mean? Does it mean that there are other realities? Asked Charlie, interested.

-Well, according to this book, there is potentially a multitude of realities, parallel dimensions and plans of existence. According to him, the Arcane would be the web of the Universe, the web of existence and the origin of magic. But he did not go to school, he certainly did not have the time. I think I finally found a subject of study that will occupy me the rest of my life!” Harry yelled with joy.

Charlie rolled his eyes at Harry's reaction. When Harry released the book to put it on the pedestal, the book flew straight to his belt to hang on magically. Both eyes widened.

“Ha! I did not expect it to bond with me. Harry said thoughtfully.


-That's it, like a wand. It seems that I will never be separated from this book, but I find it a little too cumbersome. I want it to disappear!” Harry then said.

Suddenly, the book disappeared. Harry looked at the place where the book was. He thought strongly of the book, and the book appeared at his belt. Once again, he thought of making it disappear, and the book vanished.

“It is convenient!” Harry said simply with a smile.

Charlie laughed before focusing on an altar at the bottom of the vault. You could see a beautiful staff, flying above horizontally. He motioned for Harry to look at the object, and the object approached.

“I did not expect to see it someday. The famous Staff of Merlin! There are lots of legends about it, and I have no idea if they are true or not. Some say that Merlin's staff is only rivaled by the elder wand, others say that this staff has no equal. But all agree the same thing is that Merlin made this staff alone. Harry then said.

-I guess you'll take it? Charlie asked with a small smile.

-Well understood that I'm going to take it, after all, it's mine now!” Harry smiled.

He reached for the staff, and the staff went straight to him. The staff was large enough, resembling an all-metal scepter, being made once more of an unknown metal. The shaft is engraved with several runes, to solidify and protect the staff. The top of the staff was adorned with a huge blue diamond that was missing a tip. Harry looked at the Emrys Ring, and noticed the correspondence. The blue diamond of the ring was actually a fragment of Merlin's staff Diamond.

When Harry caught the staff, he felt like a wave of magic filling him, twirling his hair in all
directions. Charlie watched the scene, stunned by the aura emanating from Harry, before smiling and hugging Harry, kissing his hair.

“How do you feel? He asked.

-Perfect! I feel in a perfect state! Harry then curled into Charlie's arms.

-You know we'll still have to go to Ollivander, will not we? Charlie asked.

- Well, we do not really have a choice. But I do not think they'll find me a wand.” Harry answered.

They laughed together, before continuing their exploration. They eventually reached a kind of wardrobe in which they found a pretty outfit. A small message was written on it, which caught the attention of both boys.

To the attention of my heir, I leave you this outfit which I hope will be useful for you. Signed, Merlin / Moros.

Harry grabbed hold of it and lifted it up. It was actually a sleeveless blue overcoat with gold threads embroidered along the shoulders, around the neck and along the torso, all with gold buttons as well. There was also a belt also made of gold thread, probably to tie over the waist of the belt overcoat.

“It's pretty, and I love the color. My ancestor had good taste! Harry said.

-I confirm. I can not wait to see wearing it. Charlie said with a lustful look.

-If Uncle Sirius heard you talking like that, you'd be dead. Harry laughed.

-Ouaip, but he's not here!” Charlie replied with a big smile.

Harry decided to take off his robe, wearing Acromantula's silk trousers underneath the dress, a blue royal shirt, with embroidered gold threads on the sleeves, and dragon leather boots. He took the opportunity to slowly remove his dress, just to bother Charlie, before donning the overcoat and put the belt.

“So? How do I look? Harry asked, holding the staff.

-You look like an angel, a blue angel! Charlie replied with hearts in his eyes.

-No, more seriously, does it suits me? Harry asked again, smiling.

-Well, you look like Merlin, younger. And more cute too.” Charlie added.

The latter took a blow of staff before being tightened in the arms of his bearer. They stayed like that for a few minutes, savoring each embrace, warmth, smell, everything. They finally parted with a smile and decided to leave the vault, after obviously summoning some house elves to bring the entire library to Erebor, in the private library of Harry.

When they came out of the vault, Remus, Sirius, and Ragnok were astonished to see Harry, dressed differently, a metal Tome in the belt that Harry had made appear, and a scepter or staff in his hands.

“Whoa! Sirius said.

-My pup, but what is all of this? Remus asked.
-Well, I present to you the staff of Merlin, who has become bound to me. Same for Merlin's Tome, also linked to me, and an outfit that my ancestor bequeathed to me.” Harry answered.

It was then that he explained to them quickly what he knew about the Tome and its mysteries.

“Why not do a demonstration? Ragnok asked.

-Hm, I think it's possible, but I've never used this Tome yet.” Harry answered.

He grabbed the volume and opened it, thinking of an invocation. Immediately, the book turned on one page, and Harry had only to focus his magic on the book, and the summoning page with runes and patterns glowed.

Suddenly, a kind of portal appeared before the occupants of the place, and a strange creature out. This creature resembled a fox, shining strongly, emerald with three tails and a ruby on the head. The creature looked around before focusing on Harry and standing at his feet. That's when it exclaimed.

“Carbuncle!” The creature shouted.

A huge silence fell on everyone, wizards and goblins with wide eyes and open mouths watching the fascinating luminescent creature in front of them.

“But what is it? Sirius asked, shocked.

-Well, according to the book, it's a Carbuncle. The Carbuncle seems to be a creature made of pure magic that aims to be like a pet. He will follow me and defend me, like a magical familiar, except that I do not need to feed him, and that he has no special needs, except that of serving me. Harry answered reading the book.

-We could do it all? Asked Remus, interested.

-Hm, according to the book, yes. The problem is that it takes Tomes of invocations, like mine, but mine is unique, since Merlin has never shared his art, although I have no idea where he got the knowledge. I think it comes from one of his other dimensions that he talked about. Answered Harry.

-It must surely be possible to create these tomes, no? Asked Ragnok, very interested.

-I suppose. But it would take an excellent calligrapher for that. Answered Harry.

-If I ever find the calligrapher, would it be possible? Ragnok asked.

-Why not, but first, I'll have to sort out what's in the book. We would not want to give spells that are too dangerous to some people, is it?” Harry asked.

They nodded. Harry waved his hand, and Carbuncle disappeared into the air. They decided to go then to the Vault N° 1. Fortunately, the Vault was right next to Vault # 2, Merlin and Arthur had to create their Vaults at the same time. The Vault was very different from the Vault N° 2. First, the metal covering the door was unknown, a dark color with bluish bursts. An immense red dragon, made of an alloy also unknown, was on the door, but the most astonishing was the kind of blue barrier covering the door, like a kind of visible barrier.

“What is it? Asked Sirius, surprised.

-It looks like a magic barrier, but it is visible. It must be very powerful to be visible. Fit then Remus.
This Vault has always been like that. Then intervened Ragnok.

Do I open it like the previous one?” Harry asked curiously.

For answer only, Ragnok nodded. Harry took his courage in both hands and walked towards the safe. He held out his hand to the door, the one with Pendragon's Ring, and it crossed the barrier with ease. When he finally touched the door, the dragon roared with force, making the observers jump, before spitting a kind of electric field that opened the door by lifting it like a portcullis. The room that appeared behind was completely dark, and nothing could be distinguished.

Harry stepped forward, motioning for Charlie to follow him. However, Charlie was immediately blocked by the barrier.

“I do not think I can follow you, Harry.” Charlie said, looking sad.

-Do not be an idiot, give me your hand.” Harry answered simply.

When he finally took Charlie's hand, he managed to pass the barrier.

“My ring seems to be the key to this room, and I guess anyone who is in direct contact with me also benefits from access to the room.” Harry explained quickly.

Charlie just nodded, and they walked toward the abyss in front of them, hand in hand, not sure.

Suddenly, lights were lit all around, the walls becoming luminous.

“Fascinating! Harry then said.

What? Charlie asked, a little lost.

You see these walls that illuminate everything? Well, there is nothing magic. If you look more closely, it's technology, very advanced of course.” Harry said full of excitement.

Charlie rolled his eyes at Harry's behavior before continuing to follow him in this rather deep place. They ended up arriving in a huge room, filled to the ceiling with gold and jewels. The place was pretty fantastic, because although there are easily hundreds of millions of galleons, there were also at least ten tons of gold in the form of ingots.

“Frankly, how rich are you? Charlie asked, amazed.

We are rich, you mean. Do not forget that what is mine is also yours. I suppose, on the other hand, that only the galleons were taken into account, and not the rest of the gold. All the better, it will allow me to finish my little project. Harry said with a smirk.

-Which project?” Charlie asked.

For answer only, he had an enigmatic smile. It was then that Harry saw a pedestal in the center of the wealth of the room. This pedestal was crystal, but what mattered most was what rested on it.

A crown, made entirely of gold and encrusted with many jewels. This crown had nothing to do with that used by the muggle family, no, it was typically medieval, with no added above or religious symbols of any kind. The crystals were all magic, Harry and Charlie could feel it. Harry quickly made the comparison with his rings, and then realized that the jewels were simply colored diamonds, extremely rare diamonds, and soaked in magic. The diamonds were almost all red, with only one crystalline diamond. Harry looked at his ring more closely and then realized that the diamond in the
Pendragon ring actually came from the crown, and that it had been replaced by a lambda diamond.

“It’s really weird this diamond, while the others are red. Piped then Charlie.

-It's because the red diamond is on my ring, ‘lie. But that denotes a little, we should find a more suitable gem to replace this diamond. Why not a ruby? Harry offered then.

-Like this one?’ Charlie asked, showing a ruby on the floor.

Harry watched the ruby and grabbed it. It corresponded to the entrenchment of the crown, and approached it. He simply removed the diamond and replaced it with the ruby. Harry hesitated to put the crown on his head, but restrained himself. Charlie noticed it and could not refrain from snorting, which made Harry blush to the soles of his feet.

“In a hurry to be King? Charlie teased with a mocking smile.

-And you to be consort?” Harry replied with a small smile.

Charlie did not expect that and reddened, which made Harry laugh harder.

“I wonder where the scepter is. Charlie then said.

-I believe that the scepter is, unfortunately, the one who is at the Tower of London. Answered Harry.


-Yes of course! Answered Harry.

-And do you intend to recover all the jewels of the crown? Charlie asked, puzzled.

-No, most were created by muggles for muggles. Theoretically, their scepter too, but the truth is that the scepter is hidden under a powerful enchantment, giving it the appearance of the muggle scepter. The one who was to make the scepter in 1661 was a wizard who decided to use the scepter of Pendragon, to prevent a black wizard to have it. The secret was passed down among the Blacks as guardians of this scepter, and of course, my aunt told me everything. Harry explained then.

-And there is nothing else to recover? Charlie asked.

-Not really. There is theoretically the Caledfwlch sword, but I have no idea where it is, although it is perfectly possible that it is here. I hope so, anyway. Most other muggle objects are religious, but I'm not teaching you anything by saying that Catholicism and we are two. I prefer to continue our beliefs of ancient religions with Hecate and the other gods of the Greek and Roman pantheon, it is much simpler. Harry replied with a small smile.

-In thinking back, I never knew the gods worshiped by your families. I know mine is faithful to Hestia as the goddess of the Hearth, but other than that ...Charlie said, puzzled.

-Well, the Blacks normally worship Hecate directly, but also Hades as the god of wealth and death. I know that the Peverell are the favorites of Hades and Thanatos, the God of Death. The Potters have always worshiped Apollo as the God of the Arts, medicine and archers, which is quite amazing when you consider that the Gryffindor prefer Jupiter as the God of Roman justice. If I remember correctly, Ravenclaw prefers Minerva, Roman goddess of wisdom and culture, unlike Athena, probably because of the small side war. Hm ... For Slytherin, I think it's Pluto and Mercury, surely because one is the god of riches and the other is a messenger god who is represented by a caduceus with two snakes. Answered Harry.
"Oh! And for Pendragon, Emrys and Evans? Charlie asked intrigued.

"It's pretty amazing, but I have no idea for Pendragon and Emrys. For Evans, I think I remember that they always prayed to the goddess Juno, probably for marriage. And you, do you pray to the goddess of your family or do you prefer another? Harry asked.

"I prefer you, of course. Charlie replied with a smile, which made Harry blush.


"I prefer Venus. I know, it's pretty funny, but I'm grateful to her for putting me on your way. Charlie answered with a wink.

"Oh! I did not expect that, but I can see where you are coming from. Personally, I have no preferences and prefer to pray to all the gods, although some may say that Jupiter is my boss, since I am destined to reign." Harry said, still red.

Charlie was about to answer when he noticed a big door behind Harry.

"Where does this door lead? He asked.

"We should go see. Harry then made his way, taking the crown with him before miniaturizing it into his bag."

The two boys approached slowly but surely from the door. As they approached the door, it rose, like a wall, revealing another room. The room was very different from the previous one, because it was entirely luminous, haloed in a bluish light, with only two intriguing devices inside, as well as a kind of hole in the wall.

There was a large metal ring, with several runes engraved along it, and a small device in front with a simple button, nothing else.

"What is it? Charlie asked, puzzled.

"No idea, but I like the appearance. Harry replied with a smile.

"I wonder what's in the hole."

Charlie said, before heading for it.

Immediately, a device came out of it, made of a completely black metal, which made Charlie go back.

"Wow, I did not see it coming! Charlie shouted.

"Let me take a look, 'lie. You never know, it could react badly with you, since you're not Arthur's descendant. Said Harry.

"Okay, but for pity’s sake, be careful!" Charlie answered, wary of the strange machine.

Harry just nodded before approaching the strange device. He approached the hole, suspicious, to observe what was inside. The only thing he saw was colored lights.

Suddenly, two metal hands came out on the side of the device before grabbing Harry's head and holding it against the device, the lights then came near Harry's eyes. He gestured to try to get out of its grip, but he could not do anything about it. Charlie tried somehow to help him, but nothing happened, and he did not want to use his magic, at risk of hurting his companion. The situation lasted a good ten minutes, before the hands suddenly retracted, and Harry fell to the ground, gasping for
breath.

“Harry, how are you?! Then shouted Charlie, lifting Harry's head.

- ... said Harry

-Please Harry, I beg you, tell me something! Fit Charlie, worried.

-I'm fine, I'm fine, and I'm fine. Harry then said, which reassured Charlie.

-What has happened? Charlie asked, his voice worried.

- I'll explain everything to you, but we have to go see Sirius and Remus first.” Harry said, trying to get up.

Charlie nodded and helped him up, before taking him with him to the exit of the room, not without sending a glare at the machine. They finally left the vault, and they were immediately accosted by Remus, Sirius and Ragnok, who had noticed Harry's condition.


-I do not know anything about it! A fucking machine grabbed Harry's head for ten minutes and released him before he lost balance! Then shouted Charlie.

-Language Charlie! Fit Remus.

-Sorry.” Charlie answered simply, blushing a little.

They all watched Harry, who seemed to be somewhere else, thinking. What they did not know was that Harry was actually in his mental castle behind his occlumency barriers.

Indeed, Harry was putting away all the information he had accumulated, and it was a mess in his mind. The shelves were overturned, books scattered, so much so that one might have thought a tornado had passed in his mind. He thought of everything he had learned about his ancestors, the Alterans, or Lanteans, whatever. He then decided to completely reshape his mind, and to do so, took the example of one of the Alteran architecture. He then transformed his splendid castle into an immense Alteran city, and thus replaced his library by a room with a huge armchair in its center. Right away, he felt better, and had easier access to all the information he had gathered. He then focused on the real world.

“I'm better, do not worry. Harry then said.

-My pup, what happened in this vault? Sirius asked, worried.

-Something extraordinary, I can assure you. Oh, I have so many things to tell you! Harry exclaimed, happy.

-Would not it be better if we went back to my office? Ragnok asked.

-Yes, it would be for the best.” Harry answered simply.

Before he could react, he was lifted by Charlie and curled up in his arms, while the latter took him to the wagons to return to the surface. They finally arrived in Gringotts Hall after about ten minutes and immediately went to Ragnok's office, where all sat down except Harry who stayed directly on Charlie's lap, the latter holding him against him with a certain ferocity, which made Harry blush to the tip of his ears. The Summoning Tome had disappeared again, and Merlin's staff was floating
quietly to the side.

“Good, and if you explained to us what happened? Asked Sirius.

-Before all, I prefer to take the crown out of my bag, it's not appropriate to let it dust in it.” Harry answered.

The others nodded, and Harry pulled the crown out of his bag, bringing it back to its normal size before putting it directly on Ragnok's desk. They all looked at the crown, in a trance.

“Can Gringotts secure the transfer of the crown directly to the Potter & Gringotts Bank? Harry asked.

-Of course, Harry. Answered Ragnok.

-Very good. However, it will be necessary to steal the scepter at the Tower of London. Harry then said.

-We can also take care of it. Should we do it discreetly? Ragnok asked with a Machiavellian smile.

-But not at all, I want a scandal to break out. It will teach them to use a scepter that does not belong to them. Harry replied with a sadistic smile.

-And concerning the other jewels? Then inquired Ragnok, very interested.

-Well, I guess I can put together a little collection, what do you think? Harry asked.

-I say they do not need it. Sirius said, amused.

-Well, Ragnok, I'll let you take care of it. Harry said with a smile.

-It will be done in the next few hours. I will personally take care of the transport of the crown.” Answered Ragnok.

He snapped his fingers and a goblin approached with a mithril box in which he placed the crown before placing the box next to Ragnok. Remus frowned.

“Well, now that all of this is taken care of, can you tell us what happened, Harry?” He asked.

Immediately, everyone's attention shifted directly to Harry, who swallowed.

“Good. It is time for me to explain what happened. I'll try to keep it simple, so listen carefully. Harry started.

-We’ll listen, love. Charlie then said, making Harry blush once more.

-Good. Uh ... The device that caught my head is actually a Repository of Knowledge. To better understand, see it as a kind of super pensive that besides showing everything, makes us remember everything. Harry explained, drawing nods from the occupants of the room.

-Great. This receptacle of Knowledge was invented by my ancestor, Arthur Pendragon, but I discovered that Arthur Pendragon is not his real name. Neither Merlin by the way. Then revealed Harry.

-How is that possible, pup? Remus asked, puzzled.
From what I understood, Arthur Pendragon was in fact only a kind of reincarnation of someone else. His name was Janus, and he was an Alteran. It was the same for Merlin, who was actually called Moros. For you to understand, I will quickly explain the history of the Alteran. Harry started.

- The Alterans are actually the first species to have existed, and they were theoretically the first evolution of humans. Just like us, they had psychic powers, magic in short. However, they did not live here, but in another galaxy, on the other side of the Universe, so far away from here, on a planet called Celestis. They were a very technologically advanced people, so much so that they could travel between planets and even galaxies. They noticed, however, that no other race could compete with them, and this was the beginning of a schism among the Alterans. On the one hand, there were those who believed themselves superior to all races, and considered themselves gods who were to be venerated. They called themselves Oris. The other, there were the Alterans who just wanted to continue their exploration, and the technological development. Soon, the movement of Oris attracted more and more Alterans, and became the major faction, beginning to reduce in a form of slavery other humanoid races in their galaxy, turning them into followers. It lasted a while, but everything was turned upside down by an important event. Harry explained

- Which event? Ragnok asked, very interested.

- Well, the Alterans thought that there was a higher plane of existence, to leave our bodily forms to reach a form of existence as pure energy, immortal and omnipotent. And they were right, but unfortunately, the first ones to reach this stage were Oris. And the Oris had become completely barges with all that power, persuaded to be Gods. They began to force the Alterans to follow the Oris way, and of course, those who did not agree were hunted down. Thus a group of Alterans, only a few million, compared to the billions of Oris, decided to leave their galaxy. They created spaceships capable of intergalactic travel, these were what they called their ships of exodus. They then decided to simply go to a galaxy at the opposite of the Oris to never have to confront them again. Of course, they made stops to replenish their resources, and noticed that no matter where they went, there was no life, just resource-rich planets. Then revealed Harry.

- Spaceships? Sirius said, flabbergasted.

- Yup. In any case, they ended up arriving in our Galaxy, which they then named Avalon. Yep, Avalon, it's not for nothing that we call the Kingdom of Avalon, you understand everything. In any case, they settled on a planet named Dakara where they began to build everything again, and created a kind of hegemony, or if you prefer, a technological empire that spread throughout the galaxy. They then discovered a similar primitive race, with gray skin and plant hair. This race was called the Nox, and they were in symbiosis with nature, much like the druids. Soon, a friendship was created between them. The Alterans continued their exploration of the surrounding galaxies, and discovered the Asgards, a humanoid race that was about two meters tall, with a skull slightly larger than the Alterans, but other than that, they too looked like humans. Together, they created an alliance, the Alliance of the Four Races. Harry then said.

- Four races? But which is the fourth? Asked Remus who had followed everything.

- Hehehe, well, I think my answer will greatly interest Ragnok. Harry then said.

- What do you mean? Ragnok asked, eyes narrowed.

- Simply because the goblins were the fourth race. Well, you had another name if I remember correctly, that of Furlings. According to what I learned, you lost all of your knowledge and forget your origins. Unfortunately, there was no knowledge belonging to the Furlings in the Repository of Knowledge.” Harry revealed again.
Immediately, a silence fell on the room, and all the goblins present, especially Ragnok, had their eyes wide open, almost out of their sockets, their mouths wide open.

“We do not come from here? Ragnok asked.

-No, but your planet has been destroyed. From what I understand, you had to take refuge here, and no longer having access to your technology, you have forgotten everything. Arthur must have understood that, maybe that's why he made you his vassals. Harry offered.

-But if he knew, why did not he do anything? Ragnok asked.

-I will come here, precisely. So where was I? Harry asked.

-You just talked about the alliance. Charlie said.

-Ha, thank you 'lie. Well, as I said, they created an alliance. Then, the Alterans decided to continue their exploration, but they preferred to make sure that their trips are not useless. They then created dozens of seed-ships, equipped ships to analyze planets and place Astria Porta there. To explain, an Astria Porta is a kind of metal circle capable of creating a wormhole to connect with another one, thus allowing an almost instantaneous trip. In short, it's like our floo network, without the powder. Two thousand years later, after receiving the information from most of the seed-ships, they created the Destiny, a huge galactic exploration vessel aimed at visiting the planets equipped with Astria Porta. Understand that the seed-ships and the Destiny were not equipped with intergalactic systems, but propellers to go faster than light, the FTL engine. In any case, a team had to go aboard Destiny to explore the rest of the Universe once the ship was far away from the Earth, since it owned an Astria Porta. Unfortunately, with the ascension and for other reasons, they decided not to board. So currently, the ship is traveling through the universe, continuing its mission. I assure you, I know how to repatriate it. But the story does not end there. Harry then said.

-I see. What's next? Ragnok asked, very interested.

-Well, the Oris finally learned that the Alterans were still alive, and began to begin their ascents. They did not like it, and considered the Alterans as heretics, so they used their powers to create a plague and send it right into our galaxy. You must be aware, it was a disaster for the Alterans, who did not expect that. They soon regretted spreading throughout the galaxy, and billions of Alterans died in excruciating pain. They warned their allies to avoid Avalon, or in the case of the Nox, that they remain isolated far from them. Unfortunately, the Furlings contracted the plague, and I guess those who were not dying ended up here, but I do not know how. The Alterans, however, decided not to let it go, and then created on Dakara an immense device aiming to sow life in all the galaxy. Those who were not sick all came back to the Earth, which had become the capital, and then went up in a spaceship, a kind of flying city, named Atlantis. They immediately headed for a distant galaxy called Pegasus. Here, life was extinguished, and the device was activated to give life, thus creating various species, as well as a second form of the Alteran race directly on Earth. They had decided to recreate their race, before it becomes so powerful, even before it has psychic powers and so on. Harry explained, catching his breath.

-And after? I doubt that this is not the end. Charlie then held Harry against him.

-You are right, 'lie. In fact, the Alterans arrived in Pegasus, and they decided to disseminate life, as in Avalon. But first, they settled on a planet they named New Lantea, and renamed themselves the Lanteans, to symbolize a new beginning. The planet was mostly composed of water, and the city obviously settled on the water, hence the myth of Atlantis. Then they created and disseminated Astria Porta on all planets, recreate life, and create a new hegemony. Instead, instead of doing as in Avalon, they decided to create a fleet of city-ships to keep the Lanteans in groups, and reduce the
chances that a new plague would occur. Unfortunately, after a while, there was a new problem. One of the planets they had colonized possessed some kind of vampire insects that devoured the inhabitants, and assimilated them, to give birth to a new vampiric and belligerent race, called Wraiths. The Wraiths created their own technology, based on an older version of the Lanteans, and began a war with them. At first, the Lanteans won easily, having superior technology, but the Wraiths had created some sort of cloning factory to produce mass soldiers. So as soon as they lost a ship, two replaced it. The Lanteans were not many, and the course of the war changed very quickly, and the Wraiths began to win, being hundreds of millions, devouring everyone. Harry explained.

-And I thought that there was no worse than Death Eaters, now you're talking about Bloodthirsty monsters and Oris ...Sirius mumbled.

-Yup. The Lanteans did not let themselves go, but they did not know how to fight, despite their very powerful ships, and lost a lot of life. They tried, of course, to create a synthetic technological race to destroy them, but they abandoned the project when the robotic race took the form of the Lanteans. Personally, I think it was a mistake, but it's too late. After all, these robots were faithful, but the Lanteans were scared. In any case, the Lanteans lost, and they ended up being only a few, cloistered in their last Bastion, Atlantis on New Lantea. They suffered a siege for several years, but their shield was indestructible. This did not mean that they could reply, and they ended up fed up with this whole war. They then decided to flee the City and use their Astria Porta to return to Earth and mix with humans, and wait patiently for their ascension. They sank the city and left, simply. That was only ten thousand years ago. Then most of them mixed with humans, and others simply had children before they started climbing. Having abandoned all technology, the Lanteans' children noticed that they had psychic abilities, which they called magic. This is how our species was created, that of the wizards.” Harry revealed.

A heavy silence fell on the room, everyone astonished, reflecting on the meanings of this revelation. It was Charlie who intervened.

“And for Merlin and Arthur? He asked.

-Ha, I see that you followed, 'lie. Arthur, or his real name, Janus, was the most brilliant of all the Lanteans, a true genius, and was a member of the council of Atlantis who ruled their people. Merlin, whose real name was Moros, was the High Councilor of the Atlantis Council, the chief. Both were members of those who had returned to Earth, but they had no children, and began their ascension. But after a while, they decided to go back to Earth, this is called des-ascension. Why? Because the Alterans and Lanteans having achieved their ascension have created a rule of non-intervention, to avoid that the Oris do not notice them, and therefore, to be able to interact with the mortals, they must accomplish a descent and give up their ascension. Janus and Moros decided to complete their descent, and decided to take their place in the wombs of mothers. This is how Arthur Pendragon and Merlin Emrys were born. From what I understood, the two had not planned to meet, but it was the case. They ended up developing a romance between them, and well, we know the result. At this level, the stories are fairly faithful. By cons, Merlin eventually disappear, leaving Arthur alone, and the latter decided to leave a legacy to his future descendants, when they would grow sufficiently to become Alterans again. From what I understood, he created the Repository of Knowledge, but also order the creation of an immense city on a distant planet for his descendant. That's what the Astria Porta in the vault is for, it allows access to this planet. From what I understand, this gate is made to have bilateral access to the door of the other planet, but can not contact other planets. Surely a security. Harry finishes.

-Extraordinary. And you learned all that with this Repository? Remus asked, amazed.

-Yes, and even more. In fact, I learned everything the Lanteans and Alterans knew, and when I say
everything, that's all. Whether it's culture, art, science, names, dates, history, I know everything. I literally know enough to fill a larger library than Alexandria. Harry said with a small, mocking smile.

-And it can be accessed? Remus asked, almost drooling.

-Unfortunately, no, it seems that I am the only one who can learn everything. I'm afraid your brains are not powerful enough to hold all this knowledge, and that may kill you. But I know that in the City left to me by Arthur, there are Repositories of Knowledge with basic knowledge, a bit like school, but faster. I think you can access it. Harry explained then.

-Even me? Ragnok asked.

-Well, since the goblins will be members of my Kingdom, I do not see why you could not access this knowledge. Of course, I will have to create Repositories specifically for you, to limit the information on Alterans as you are not, but you will have access to knowledge in general. Answered Harry.

-Perfect. When could we leave for this planet? Ragnok asked.

-Why do not go right after our session with Wizengamot, tomorrow? Harry offered.

-It seems to me possible. What do you think, Remy? Asked Sirius.

-Yes it's a good idea. Well, it's time to go shopping. Fit then Remus.

-Exactly! With that, thank you, Ragnok, and I hope to see you at Harry's Ball tonight! Sirius said with a big smile.

-Of course, Lord Black. I will not miss this event for anything in the world. I want to see the wizards faces when Harry's titles are revealed.” Ragnok replied with a devilish smile.

Sirius burst out laughing before leaving the office with Remus.

“Well, thanks for everything, Ragnok. May your coffers be always full. Harry said.

-And your enemies can die at your feet, Harry. So see you tonight, too, Mr. Weasley. Ragnok replied with a smile that was meant to be friendly.

-Thank you, Lord Ragnok.” Charlie answered simply, taking Harry by the hand.

Harry retrieved his floating staff just before leaving the office. When they finally reached Sirius, he watched the staff.

“Frankly, this stick will make you noticed by everyone, my pup. And it is a little too bulky, you think it is possible to reduce it? Asked Sirius.

-I do not know at all. I'm going to try.” Harry said.

He focused on the staff in his hands, and that eventually reduced in size, to finally make Harry's size.

“I can not do better. Harry then said.

-Bah, at least, it is now adapted to your size. But it remains cumbersome, and it's really not funny. Replied Charlie, taking a blow at himself.

-Did you not make it disappear, like your Summoning Tome?” Remus asked.
Harry's eyes widened, calling himself a fool for not thinking about it. He concentrated on making the staff disappear, and the baton disappeared at once. He made it reappear to make it disappear again.

“There you go! Problem fixed, so let’s go, we have many things to buy and I want to go home.” Sirius said.

They all nodded, and went to the Gringotts Hall where they were joined by their guards, who noticed Harry's outfit but said nothing. They were not really surprised to meet Hagrid in the Hall, already knowing about the Philosopher's Stone and its safe transportation to Hogwarts. Dumbledore had wanted Voldemort out of his hole, and knew perfectly well that such an artifact would attract him, not to mention Harry. He still had difficulty convincing the Academic Council, especially Walburga, Sirius and Remus, but Harry intervened and said that the castle obeyed him and that he could easily watch the surroundings, not to mention the armor and statues that would not hesitate to defend the students.

The group went out of the bank, and decided to start with the clothes. Of course, they went to Twilfitt & Tattings to order several silk dresses from Acromantula, which they had for free.

Indeed, since his last visit a Gringotts four years ago, Ragnok had decided to follow Harry's orders and buy as much as possible in Diagon Alley, Horizont Alley, Carkitt Market and the Muggle World. Twilfitt & Tatting's now belonged entirely to the Black family, and of course they did not have to pay when they went shopping.

They did not waste time and immediately went to most shops, taking what they needed, without paying anything, being the owners of the shops. They ended up going to Eeylops Owl Emporium to finally find an animal for Harry.

When Harry entered the shop, he was immediately greeted by his employee in the shop, and made him understand that he had come to find an animal, so an owl. He then went to the owls, ignoring the majority, observing the most recluse. He then noticed a golden cage, in which stood a beautiful white, snowy owl standing upright. Harry approached.

“"My Lord, I advise you against this animal. Then fit the employee.

-Why is that? Harry asked, puzzled.

-The owl has been very uncooperative, and has constantly attacked other customers, and has been brought back three times already. No one wants it, it is too dangerous.” The employee said.

Harry chuckled before opening the cage, smiling at the owl.

“"I think a beauty like you deserves to be treated like a queen. Harry said.

-Hoot! Fit the owl in agreement.

-Oh my, can you understand me, beautiful?” Harry asked, surprised.

The owl bobbed its head quickly, from top to bottom.

“Intriguing. And what do you think of becoming my owl? Harry asked.

-Hoot? Fit the owl, seeming to ask what she had to gain.

-I see, you want something in exchange, understandable. I am a very powerful and important person, not to mention rich. Therefore, I can assure you that you will never miss food, and if you wish it you
will have a perch and a cage in the matter of your choice. Silver, maybe? Harry said.

-Hoot! Replied the Owl, displeased.

- Gold then? Answered Harry.

-Hoot! Fit the owl, happy.

-I will also have to find you a name. Why not Snow White? Harry offered.

-Hoot Hoot! Replied the owl, displeased.


The only answer Harry had was a wing shot in the face and a dark look from the vexed owl.

“Ok, ok, I understand, you do not like it. And why not Hedwig? Like the Saint.” Harry offered.

The owl seemed to think for a moment, before nodding quickly.

“Perfect! Why do not you fly to my mansion in Erebor? Everything has been installed for the movement of owls and other birds within the Mountain.” Harry said.

The owl hooted quickly before leaving the stall in the direction of Erebor, not without nibbling Harry's ear affectionately. Harry heard laughter, and turned to see Charlie and Sirius laughing loudly. He blushed then, and quickly left the store, under the amused look of Remus. Even the guards smiled at the situation.

They eventually all headed for Ollivanders, because although Harry already had a wand, he had to find one that was validated by the Ministry. They finally approached the place, an old shop with a dilapidated facade and a storefront, on which was engraved, in letters of gold, the inscription: “Makers of Fine Wands since 382 B.C.”

They decided to enter the shop, except the guards of course, the place being too narrow.

When they entered the shop, they could see several dusty shelves, covered with boxes containing wands, stacked on top of each other, patiently waiting for their future bearers.

“I was waiting for you, Mr. Potter.” Then said a voice, which made everybody jump.

They turned around in time to see an old man with big pale eyes and a mysterious smile. The old man frowned as he watched Harry.

“Oh should I say Lord Potter? Hm, no, I think there are many more titles than that, am I wrong?” The old man asked with a smile.

“You are right, I am indeed the Lord of many houses. Do you know which ones? Harry asked with a smile that was mysterious as well.

-Oh, fun, yes, very fun. Let's see, by your rings, I'll say that the Peverell, Gryffindor, Slytherin, Ravenclaw, Potter and Evans Houses have a new Lord. But do not think I can not see there are two other rings, hidden by some concealment. Ollivander said.

-I see, the assumptions about your Mage sight are not just gossip. Tell me, Garrick Ollivander, if I asked you, would you agree to keep a little secret? Harry asked, his eyes piercing.
-Of course.” Answered the old man, smiling.

Suddenly, the other two rings made their appearances on Harry's fingers, and Ollivander held his breath at the sight of Pendragon's crest. He then smiled sympathetically.

“I was wrong, it seems. I should have called you your highness. Garrick said, smiling.

-It is not necessary, in any case, not for now. Answered Harry.

-Very good. And if we come back to the reason of your presence in my beautiful establishment? Ollivander asked.

-We are here for a wand for Harry of course. Answered Sirius.

-Ha, yes, I remember, Sirius Black, 12½ inches (31cm), reed wood and unicorn hair, relatively pliable. Remus Lupin, Cypress Wood, Unicorn Hair, 10¼ inches (25.75cm), pliable. Charlie Weasley, Ash Wood, Unicorn Hair, 12 inches (27.25cm), swishy. I remember every wand I sold, even that of your parents, your highness. James Potter, Mahogany Wood, Dragon Ventricle, 11 inches (27.5cm), relatively pliable and very effective for transfiguration, and Lily Potter, Willow Wood, White River Monster Thorn, 10¼ inches (25.6cm), swishy, excellent for charms. Ollivander said.

-White River Monster Thorn? But I thought Thiago Quintana was the only one who could get these? Charlie asked, interested.

-That's right, Mr. Weasley, but fortunately for me, Thiago was a friend and gave me some of them so that I could try some tests and prototypes. But that does not explain your presence, your highness. Fit then Garrick.

-What do you mean? Harry asked suspiciously.

-You know, you know about my Mage sight, but I'm also perfectly able to see if a person already has a focci, but I see you have two. Can I see them?” Asked Ollivander.

Harry managed to hide his astonishment and nodded. He then made the Summoning Tome and the Merlin Staff appear. Immediately, Ollivander threw himself on the staff like a child in front of Christmas presents.

“Magnificent! I have never seen anything like it, and I can tell you that I saw some focci. Let's see, the metal is perfectly conducive to magic, but I do not ... Oh, I see, I should have known. Orichalcum, this explains the red highlights. However, I do not feel any heart, but instead, there is this extremely pure diamond that serves as a focal point. This staff has a formidable power, and only the elder stick could compete with. I can however feel that the size of this staff, which I consider a scepter, is adaptable to the wearer, which is a good thing. Ollivander said.

-And for my Tome? Harry asked, puzzled.

-Hm ... Merlin's famous Summoning Tome, you know, my ancestor worked with Merlin for his creation. Let's see, the book is also made in Orichalcum, and has three core, three magical gems, I speak obviously of the three diamonds on the cover of the book. From what I know, this book never misses pages, and just focus on choosing the page. In terms of power, this book is more suited for very high magic amounts, but is quite limited in spells. Ollivander explained.

-This does not prevent that I need a magic wand, the staff is too cumbersome and the volume is not suitable. Answered Harry.
-I see. However, for a sorcerer as exceptional as you, it would take a baguette just as exceptional. We will see what I can do for you.” Ollivander said with a huge smile, delighted with this challenge.

So for more than thirty minutes, Harry tested all the wands in the shop, but none of them matched him, which made Ollivander even more excited. It was then that Ollivander observed Harry's ring Peverell and had a flash of genius.

“I understood! Shouted it.

-Ha? Sirius asked, tired.

-Your Highness, you are a Peverell, and the Lord of the House of Peverell, moreover. But the ring you wear is not a vulgar bauble! Ollivander said.

-What do you mean? Remus said, while Harry seemed to understand.

-The relics? Harry asked uncertainly.

-Exactly, the relics. Your ring, or rather, the stone adorning the ring, is none other than the Resurrection Stone!” Revealed Ollivander.

Immediately, a silence fell on the room. Finally, Sirius, Remus and Harry thought back to Harry's seven years and the result of the chests. They remembered the mention of the Deathly Hallows.

“Wait, would that mean that James' invisibility cloak is actually the Cloak of Invisibility, the one given by Death? Sirius asked, eyes wide.


-It's very simple, Mr. Weasley. Your soul mate is 100% compatible with only one wand, and that's the elder wand. Ollivander said.

-But this wand is gone! Answered Sirius.

-Not quite. Ollivander answered with a mysterious smile.

-What do you mean? Harry asked, out of his shock.

-I know the current owner of the wand, and it may be that getting it is much easier than expected. Then said the old man.

-Who is it? Harry asked.

-Well, none other than Dumbledore, obviously.” Revealed Ollivander.

Silence fell on the wizards, trying to digest the information.

“Does that mean that, theoretically, Uncle Albus has two of my hallows? Since I left him the cloak for the moment.

-It would seem. But do not worry, the cloak is faithful to you because it is related to your family, and I suppose it is also the case of the ring. From the moment you claimed the title of Lord Peverell, the wand had to stop working for Albus. Ollivander answered.

-I think it would be best to see this with Professor Dumbledore tonight, he will be at the ball. Fit Remus.
-Good. But if it does not work? Harry asked.

-Well, you can do wandless magic, is that right? * Harry nodded his head * In this case, all you have to do is use any piece of wood, or reveal your prowess. As an emancipated minor, you do not have to get a wand, and you are not subject to the magical trace. Ollivander answered.

-I see. In this case, I thank you, and I hope to see you at the Ball. Answered Harry.

-If that's what you want, I'll come, after all, I have not been to a ball for a while. I will probably come with my family. Said Ollivander.

-Very good. In this case, see you tonight, Lord Ollivander.” Harry greeted him then.

They then left Ollivanders stall, still shocked to learn that the Deathly Hallows are not mere myths, and headed straight for Diagon Hall to finally return to Erebor and get ready for the ball.
Erebor. Everyone now knew this name, in any case, among the wizards. A name that was attributed to a city, a city said to be breathtakingly beautiful, fantastic and above all, magical. Erebor was a huge city, which some consider a fortified city due to its location, under a large lonely mountain, called the Lonely Mountain.

Despite its location under a mountain, the citizens could perfectly know the time, because the Mountain, or rather, its interior, was enchanted so that it was not dark, but that there was a sky with the sun. It was a form of controlled weather representing a constant spring, with cool temperatures and a pleasant climate.

The city was spread over a total area of 300km² (thanks to charms and wards) divided into nine distinct levels in the form of a huge staircase, with the first level at the top, for the richest and most powerful, and the ninth level, at the bottom, for those with average incomes. Indeed, poverty did not exist in Erebor, and beggars were not allowed in this magical city.

The particularity of Erebor was its independence from the Wizarding World, consisting of an administrative Alley, a Bank, shopping aisles, residential areas, greenhouses, not to mention the military district and some scattered guard posts on each floor. Indeed, Erebor was probably the first magic city in the world, but in addition, it had its own guard, independent of the Ministry of Magic.

The military district was primarily a training and housing area, taking almost the entire Fifth Floor, consisting of a training centre for future War Mages, a large tower serving as a centre for War Mages, Barracks for Squibs and Goblin Soldiers, an arena and quarters reserved for Erebor military personnel. The army was primarily divided into four guardhouses:

- At the top of the ladder, there were the accomplished war wizards, a kind of elite who learned to fight with a sword and a staff for the most powerful, and a sword and a focci ring for those 'being less. The wands were kept as security focci. The most powerful used a staff to theoretically have two weapons, the staff being reinforced with runes to be used in close combat. For their part, the less powerful not having the power to use a staff used focci rings instead while learning to control their swords with both hands. They also had Summoning Tomes to learn to summon Carbuncles and Elemental Creatures. They wore leather armour with a layer of goblin-forged mesh to better protect themselves from spells and other possible attacks. The War Mages emeritus had the title of knight-enchanter, to prove their elitism, and theoretically represented the Royal Guard.

- Then, there were War Mage recruits, wizards still in training or not having the expected behaviour of an accomplished war mage. They were dressed in a similar way to war mages, without the mesh and all using focus rings. They also had Summoning Tomes, but they could only summon the basic Carbuncle. The emeritus apprentices were known as apprentice-enchanters to distinguish themselves from other apprentices, and most of them were destined to become knight-enchanters.

- Then there were the Goblins, armed soldiers coming straight from Gringotts, armed to the teeth and wearing heavy armour in plate. Most had Summoning Tomes slightly modified to fit their magic more easily? They had even created a Green and Yellow Carbuncle just for them.

- Finally, there were Squibs, dressed in a similar way to the military and using projectile weapons
such as rifles. They all had a short sword and a dagger on them to fight effectively in hand-to-hand combat. Whereas they could not use spells, their equipment had been enchanted to be able to resist spells much better in order to protect them effectively.

The four guard-houses were, of course, commanded by knights based on medieval chivalry, headed by a marshal-enchanter, responsible for the captains-enchanters who led the knights-enchanters. The apprentice-enchanters were led by a captain-enchanter, the same for the Squibs and War Mages. However, the goblins were led by both a captain-enchanter and a goblin commander. The totality of the army was around 10 000 people, enough to make Voldemort green of envy with his Death Eaters. This army was responsible for the security of Erebor, but also had to take a magical oath of loyalty to Hadrian James Potter and his family. Even the Squibs had it, with enough magic to swear.

However, Erebor's army was not the only thing that made the City famous. There were also the buildings and roads, because everything was perfectly clean and maintained, the buildings were all white stone, giving the city a shiny and bright side. There were also gardens and lots of greenery throughout the city to beautify the place and increase the cachet of the city.

In short, Erebor was an Idyllic city, a dream for all wizards, where they did not need to hide from muggles, and where they could use their powers with confidence. A place where, although your rank and purity of blood has value, it is not of extreme importance. In fact, with Harry, the purity of blood was less important than your last name. As a result, a half-blood of the Black family was more important than a pureblood of a family like Bullstrode. Obviously, the twelve important families were the ducal families, and these twelve families all resided on the first floor, where were the most important people of the city, as well as some luxury stalls. They then overlooked the second floor administrative alley, where the management of Erebor unfolded.

But on this day, what interested people, what was the centre of attention was not the whole city, but one place : The Potter Palace !

The Potter Palace was known to be the largest and most important building in the city, overlooking the vastness of Erebor in all its splendour. Some considered this palace as the jewel of Erebor, a sacred place where everything had begun. A place in which no one had been able to enter, not without being a family member or an employee subject to secrecy. For many, the Palace of Erebor acted like a lighthouse in the night, shining brightly in the darkest darkness.

Rumours were rife about this place, said idyllic. Some said that the Palace contained a multitude of riches, some more impressive than the others. Others said that the Palace was at least five kilometres in length thanks to its charms, and that it was necessary to move in broom or coach inside. Still others thought that the palace contained more than a thousand rooms.

But the truth, almost nobody knew it. In fact, only the family members, the house elves and the employees who signed a magical contract, knew exactly what was in the Palace, and most importantly, what the Palace represented and represented. And yet, some rumours weren't far from foolish or far from the truth.

The Potter Palace was a huge Renaissance-style castle, vaguely resembling a mix between the Palace of Versailles, the Peterhof Palace and Neuschwanstein Castle, which eventually gave rise to a kind of French Renaissance Hogwarts with splendid white stones made of white marble outside and huge gardens. The walls were perfectly enchanted to continuously produce a white light, transforming the castle into an immense lighthouse in the night, giving it a fairy and supernatural, almost ethereal feel.

The Palace consisted of more than three hundred rooms, all divided into four wings, a ballroom and a vestibule. On the one hand, there was the south wing, reserved for the staff, be it the security or the
house elves, who could all live in the castle in a correct way, with obviously the kitchens, the cellars, the quarters of rest, an armoury and two guard posts for the soldiers. The North Wing was reserved for the family, mostly with huge rooms, a private dining room, a gym, a duelling room, a meeting room, and an office for Harry, lounges and a huge private library, reserved for Hadrian and Remus. The East Wing was in fact a kind of museum, with many decorations, collections and works of art, not to mention a huge library open to all. Finally, the West Wing was the guests, which also consisted of many rooms, a dining room, bathrooms, but also a large living room and a guard post to monitor the guests, although there never was. There was the ballroom, for special occasions, and finally, the vestibule, which served as an entrance with several chimneys to allow the entry of certain wizards, only the family, relatives and employees, or guests on special occasions.

The entrance to the Palace could be done through the main gate, leading to the vestibule that could lead directly to the South and West wings and the ballroom. Thus, to access the North and East wings, you had to cross the other wings or the ballroom that was connected to each wing. Except for the Potter, Black, Lupin and Dumbledore families, who had direct access to the internal chimney system, giving them access to a chimney located in each wing, except the Ballroom, which had no chimney? There were also indoor gardens, in addition to outdoor gardens, allowing the ballroom occupants to observe various outdoor gardens with different themes from the interior gardens high up.

Indeed, only the vestibule and the outdoor gardens were on the ground floor, with huge staircases leading to the front of the Ballroom with two corridors leading to the South and West wings.

And today, on this most interesting day, to celebrate the eleven years of Hadrian James Potter, the Potter Palace would open its doors, but only for people who received an invitation to come to the Ball organized by Sirius Black. Almost all wizarding families, be they Pureblood, Half-blood or Muggle-born were invited, well, except some families such as Malfoy, Rosier, Yaxley, Rowle, Smith and Parkinson. In addition, whole families could come, which took into account, for the first time, Squibs, but not muggles married to families. Fortunately, it was noticed that in, strange it may be, the majority of couples with Muggles produces Muggle-born and couples between wizards and Muggles, Muggles were actually descendants of squibs, giving birth to purebloods. In fact, the half-bloods born from birth between a true muggle and a wizard were very rare.

Indeed, after an investigation by Harry and the goblins, they understood that the wizards were literally attracted by other wizards, or in any case, those with a magical core, taking into account the Squibs. Thus, the Squibs rejected by their family ended up taking muggle names and either having children with true muggles, and later having their children marry with descendants of other Squib family mingling with muggles, giving birth to the so-called muggleborns, or marry wizards, giving birth to the so-called half-bloods. In the end, wizards marrying muggles rarely gave birth to wizards, creating Squibs that would later marry other Squibs, giving birth to wizards. In a way, pure blood purity and elitism about purity of blood was true, to a certain extent. Unfortunately, by staying in secular communities, avoiding mixing with other wizardry communities, as the blood was not fresh, this had created some problems and a drop in the birth rate.

In any case, what interested everyone was the Potter Palace. For the occasion, the place was once again richly decorated, with statues and sculptures in crystal and ice, decorating the vestibule and leading up to the ballroom. Knights-enchanters were stationed everywhere in the Palace, to watch the place, and prevent some people from poking around, as well as to sort the guests and avoid unwanted elements. In fact, the entire military hierarchy of Erebor was present to protect the place, while the rest of the army overseeing Erebor was led by a knight-enchanter also called Knight-Lieutenant-Enchanter with the Erebor patrols with goblin guard. The place was more secure than Gringotts.
The hours passed, and the wizards prepared for an exceptional night. This was particularly the case of Hadrian James Potter, who was quietly preparing himself in his room. For the occasion, he had decided to dress richly with a white shirt made of Acromantula silk, topped with a gold-coloured Acromantula silk vest with gold buttons inlaid with sapphires. He also had long black trousers, always made of Acromantula silk, but with a slight dragon-leather reinforcement and maintained by a black basilisk leather belt, to go with his black leather dragon boots. Finally, he had donned a long black coat covered with gold filigree along each pan, buttons, collar and sleeves. Of course, the buttons were gold too. For the occasion, the buttons had been forged by the goblins, giving them a shiny side, never dull. Finally, to finish his presentation, Harry had shown all his rings except those of Pendragon and Emrys.

"You are beautiful." Then made a deep, sensual voice behind him.

Hadrian blushed and turned around, unable to prevent a big smile from forming on his face at the sight that presented itself to him.

His soulmate, Charles "Charlie" Weasley was also richly dressed, wearing a beautiful black silk shirt of Acromantula topped with a burgundy red waistcoat with onyx buttons, black Acromantula silk trousers with silver filigree along the waist, legs, on the side, held by a black dragon leather belt with a white gold buckle in the form of the Potter's coat of arms. He was wearing long, flimsy dragon leather boots. He also wore, on his right hand, a chiselled silver ring set with a Hessonite Garnet, the heir's ring of the Prewett House. Charlie had a charming smile and looked at Harry like he was one of the Wonders of the World.

"You're not bad either, although there is still something missing," Harry replied with a teasing smile.

"Oh really?" Charlie asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Yup!" Fit Harry pressing the P.

"And what is it, your majesty?" Charlie asked, making bowing mockingly.

Harry did not answer and just walked over to Charlie. He then took his right hand, and placed a splendid white gold ring set with a blue diamond on his right little finger. Charlie stared at the ring, gaping.

"Hein?" Then fit the redhead, stupidly.

"This ring shows everyone that we are bounded together. This is our symbol of belonging, and it will be the same for my other soul mates, if I have others, of course." Explained then Harry blushing.

"I'm not enough for you? I did not know you so greedy." Then said Charlie amused, approaching his head close to Harry's before kissing him tenderly.

"Lie, you know that you're wrong, and for me, you're all I need, but you never know, and knowing my luck ..." Harry said.

"I was joking, 'ry, so this ring is a bit like an engagement ring, that's it?" Charlie asked, which made Harry blush.

"Basically, that's it ... well, I know ... that I did not ask you, but ... I ..." Harry stammered.

"Harry, calm down, anyway, I would've say yes anyway, but I would have liked to do it first." Charlie said.
"You know, technically, I have not asked for anything yet." Harry said, holding out a ring identical to Charlie's.

Charlie gave Harry a big beaming smile before grabbing the ring and watching it intently. It was similar to the one he was wearing, except that Harry's had a red diamond tip just above the blue diamond, probably to show that Harry was the Bearer. He then knelt down in front of Harry, making him blush to the tip of his ears.


"Charles Ferdinand Weasley-Prewett, it is a pleasure for me, Hadrian James Pendragon-Emrys-Peverell-Black-Gryffindor-Slytherin-Ravenclaw-Potter-Evans, to agree to marry you," Harry replied with a big smile.

Charlie did not wait for a moment before pulling the ring on Harry's right pinkie and kissing him passionately, still limiting himself to his age.

"Fortunately, we don't have to pronounce all these names anymore, it's exhausting..." Harry commented, making his soul mate snort.

"It will be like that with others?" Charlie then asked, intrigued.

"Not really, in a way, being my first soul-mate, you'll be considered my official husband, while the other soul-sisters will be my companions, so they do not have to make that request, and just need to put the ring on," Harry replied with a small smile.

"Well, it seems like I'm very lucky, but should not we go down to join everyone?" Then asked Charlie.

"You're right, we should go before Padfoot comes in and pulls our ears." Harry replied, which made Charlie laugh.

It was then that they descended hand in hand to the ballroom.

\Break/

Meanwhile, Sirius Black and Remus Lupin, dressed in their finest clothes, were in the hallway to welcome their evening guests.

Sirius had dressed in a traditional black Acromantula silk robe with silver stitching along the sleeves and lower back in the form of a Grimm. He also wore a splendid golden torque encrusted with rubies around his neck, one of the gifts Harry had made him, specially commissioned by the goblins. Not to mention his ring of Lord of the House of Black, of course.

For his part, Remus wore a splendid burgundy red dress with a huge gold moon embroidered on the back, a small gift from Harry. For once, he was wearing a gold necklace with a sapphire in the shape of a werewolf around his neck. Harry had often told him that he was not afraid of being a Werewolf, and that he should not be ashamed of it, giving him that necklace for him to remember.
The two marauders waited quietly at the entrance to the vestibule, deciding to only greet ducal families and important people, due to the large number of guests that evening. A few minutes later, one of their distinguished guests arrived. It was none other than Albus Dumbledore, dressed this time in a long golden dress with glitter. The old man wore a big smile, which widens when he sees the two marauders welcoming him.

"Professor Dumbledore, welcome to Potter Palace!" Said the two marauders duet.

"Thank you my boys, it's really beautiful, but where is my protégé?" Then asked the old man.

"He's getting ready, and will come in when all the guests are there," Sirius said, winking at him, making the old professor smile.

Albus then decided to mingle with the other guests before going to the ballroom.

Remus and Sirius barely had time to tell him later that other expected guests arrived. It was this time the Minister of Magic, Cornelius Fudge, and his undersecretary, Dolores Umbridge. If Cornelius was elegantly dressed in blue, it was not the case of Dolores Umbridge, wearing an entire outfit completely pink, screaming and hurting eyes. The fact that she had the face of a toad did not help things, and Sirius held back a shudder of disgust.

"Minister, I am glad that you could come." Sirius then greeted with a big smile.

"Of course, Lord Black, after all, I will not miss the ball and birthday of our hero for anything, and then I had to go for such a donation" Fudge replied with a sparkling smile.

"And welcome to you, Mrs Umbridge," Remus said with a friendly smile.

"Thank you," Umbridge replied with a look of disgust as she looked at Remus.

"With that, we'll leave you to mingle with the other guests, I'm sure you have something else to do," Fit then Fudge.

The two individuals eventually mixed with the crowd, leaving behind two marauders trying not to vomit against the pink thing they had to confront. They were eventually drawn from their antics when an old man arrived, followed closely by two other men. It was none other than Garrick Ollivander, followed closely by his sons, Gerold Ollivander and his brother, Goldrin Ollivander. The Ollivander followed this strange tradition of always naming their children by a name beginning with the letter G.

"Lord Ollivander, I'm very happy to see you," Sirius greeted him with a big smile.

"Well, as promised, I came. After all, I had to respect the will of His grace." Fit the old man.

Ollivander noticed the alarmed expression of Sirius and Remus.

"My sons know, and they swore not to reveal anything, I assure you," Garrick said.

"Ah, I see, in this case, welcome to all, this is the first time I see you." Sirius said.

"Indeed, I am Gerold Ollivander, the main heir of the family, and if you've never seen me before, it's just because I was digging ruins in Egypt with Gringotts." Fit the elder Ollivander.

"And I'm Goldrin Ollivander, the youngest of the family. I am currently traveling the world to find out more about other wizardry communities, and especially magical creatures." Fit the younger.
"Oh, what a marvellous idea!" Fit then Remus with a small smile.

"I think so too, but we're not going to take up too much of your time, I see other families coming in, and I'd like to talk to some people, it's been so long since I've been involved in this kind of parties. See you soon." Exclaims Garrick Ollivander with a big smile.

He then went to mix with the crowd, followed closely by his two sons. As for them, Sirius and Remus raised their heads to understand what Garrick had said, and then saw the Flint family arrive. There were only two people, Marwyn Flint, the father, and Marcus Flint, his fifteen-year-old son. Marcus Flint was a fairly handsome boy, tall enough, oval-faced, flawless, with slightly tanned skin, without imperfections. Strangely, he did not have the horrible dentition that had been attributed to him before, probably following a consultation in St-Mungo, leaving him then with a perfect white and straight dentition. Finally, he had beautiful gray eyes.

"Marwyn !" Sirius, smiling.

"Sirius ! I'm happy to see you." Replied the Lord Flint squeezing Sirius in his arms.

"I see you did not come alone, so say, who is this charming young man ?" Asked the marauder.

"Hey, Sirius, this is Marcus, my son," Marwyn said, pointing to his son.

"Merry meet, Lord Black, Mr Lupin," Marcus replied, bowing.

"Well, not that with us boy, you're a good friend's son, you do not have to be constipated like you've got a broom straight up your ass !" Sirius replied, laughing, before getting a slap behind the head.

"Language!" Remus snarled at him with a small smirk.

The four people burst out laughing, before calming down.

"So, it's your godson's birthday, Harry." Marwyn protested.

"Yup." Sirius said accentuating on the P.

"And he continues to crush his enemies ? I thought I read an article about Malfoy, it was hilarious." Said Marwyn, snorting.

"As usual, you know, we're very proud of our pup - I mean, he's seriously smarter than Remus, and even Dumbledore, I feel like he's the adult and I the Child," Sirius replied with a snort.

"That much ?" Then replied Marcus, intrigued.

"Yup ! You know, young man, it's Harry who runs everything here. This is his city, his manor, his fortune. It's even him who tells me what to do to with the Wizengamot. Fortunately, he is still a child, and although he is very intelligent, he does not spend his time in books or away from people, which reassures me a little." Sirius answered.

"I see, in any case, we're going to let you mingle with the crowd, we'll see each other again in the evening, and after all, I'd like to introduce Marcus to Hadrian." Marwyn exclaimed as he left, taking the hand of his son with him.

"Well, they left quickly, I wonder why." Remus said thoughtfully.

He understood moments later when he saw three people in the distance, walking towards him. He immediately recognized the Diggory family, Amos, his wife Karina, and their son, Cedric. Amos
then rushed to Sirius and Remus to hug them.

"Sirius  ! Remus  ! I'm really happy to see you  !" Fit Amos with a big smile.

"Amos  ! I too am delighted to see you." Sirius then answered, while Remus nodded.

"Thanks again for this invitation, I will not miss Harry's birthday for anything in the world  ! And then, like that, I'll be able to introduce my son, Cedric  !" Then said Lord Diggory pushing his son forward, who had a big smile.

"Lord Black, Mr Lupin, nice to meet you," said Cedric before smiling charmingly, then leaving the crowd.

"Well, your son is not bad at all, Amos, I guess he has to attract a lot of girls," Remus said, amused.

"Well, I'm not telling you, my son spends his time chasing after girls, when I think last year it was not possible," Amos said, exasperated.

"Oh  ? What do you mean  ?" Then asked Remus.

"Well, I found it odd that he was not reacting to girls or anything, so we went to St. Mungo's for tests, and we found out he was asexual, possibly Harry's soul-mate, but since he categorically refused to be with another boy, we put that aside, and we think he's just asexual, so we bought him several potions to uninhibit him, and now, he's spending his time drumming all the girls," Amos explained, snorting.

"Hm ... I honestly hope you're right, Amos, and that story is not going to come back to bite us in the ass," Sirius said, strangely serious.

"What do you mean  ?" Then fit Amos's wife, speaking for the first time.

"Well, I guess I do not need to draw a picture of a Bearer's reaction from a soulmate rejection." Sirius said darkly.

"Let's hope I'm not mistaken, because that would be a shame," said Amos, less cheerful than before.

"Let's hope too," Remus said.

"Okay, we'll leave you here, I thought I saw Ollivander, and I have some questions for him." Amos said then, before leaving with his wife.

Sirius and Remus turned to look away at the Diggory's son, hoping to make a mistake. They were forced to turn back when greeted by none other than Augusta Longbottom and her grandson, Neville.

"Lady Longbottom, what a pleasure to see you among us  !" Fit Sirius with a smile.

"Come on, Black, I was probably not going to miss this party, and then, what would my grandson have thought if I prevented him from coming to his best friend's birthday?" Augusta replied, smirking as the Neville's face reddened.

"Good evening, Lord Black, Mr Lupin," said the boy, all red.

"Come on, Neville, what have I told you already  ? Not that here, come on, call me Uncle Sirius  !" Sirius said, smiling.
"Okay, okay, Uncle Sirius," Neville smiled.

"So you're going to school at the same time as Harry, that's it?" Asked Remus then to change the
turn of the conversation.

"Yes, Uncle Remus." Replied Neville as he smiled.

"I see, and in which House do you wish to go?" Remus asked, intrigued.

"Well ... I just want to be in the same house as Harry, in fact, any Houses, as long as they're
nice." Neville answered blushing once again.

He then received the approving glance of his grandmother, which made him blush once more. They
talked together for a little while, before hearing a crash behind them. They then turned to see the
Weasley family arrive in full. Augusta, not wishing her grandson to mix with such people, went with
Neville to the ballroom.

As for them, Sirius and Remus shuddered at the envious glances of Molly, Ronald, and
Ginevra. They had vainly hoped that they would refuse the invitation, but with Molly the Harpy,
they should have known she would come. Besides, they could not afford not to invite them, being in
a way, Harry's in-laws. It was Arthur who greeted them.

"Remus, Sirius, good evening," said the head of the redheads with a warm smile.

"Arthur, what a pleasure to see that you have allowed you to come." Replied Sirius shaking his
hand.

"Well, at first we hesitated because we do not really have the clothes, but when we learned that
Lucius would not be here, and that we were invited, I could not stop me to let him know." Arthur
answered, blushing slightly.

At his words, everyone laughed. It was easy to imagine Lucius Malfoy's face learning that a very
poor family was invited to a ball, but not him. It was then that Molly could not help but speak.

"Where is Harry? I'm sure he'd be happy to spend some time with Ginny." Fit Molly with her more
than disturbing look.

"Molly, how many times do I have to tell you that Harry is with Charlie?" Said Arthur, exasperated.

"But Arthur, it's not healthy, let me take care of it," Molly said, drawing Sirius's glare.

"Listen to me, Molly, my godchild is a bearer, he cannot physically and mentally be with a woman,
that's how it is, and then he's now bound to Charlie, and seeing that they've spent a lot of time
together, their bond cannot be broken, so fuck off!" Fit Sirius angrily.

"Do not use that tone with me, Sirius!" Fit Molly then.

"I use the tone that I want, and if you do not like it, you can take your little greedy shits and
comments and get out!" Sirius almost shouted.

Molly didn't know how to react to Sirius' reaction, and before she could open her mouth, was taken
by her husband, who ordered her to return home immediately, with Ginny and Ronald, suspicious of
his son. She huffed like a buffalo before leaving with her two children, not without sending a glance
promising a thousand sufferings to Sirius, who returned it to her ten times.
A heavy silence fell on the group, now composed of two marauders and five Weasley.

"Well, I'm really sorry now for my wife's behaviour," Arthur said.

"I honestly cannot understand why you're not divorcing her," Remus said.

"I know, I know, but if she went out, knowing her, she would take Ginny and Ronald with her, and I do not want to lose two of my children," the Weasley Patriarch said miserably.

"Well, do not worry, if you really want to divorce without problems, do not forget that you are a Lord, you can easily get rid of her, and we will gladly help you, you know, my cousin, Andromeda, is an excellent lawyer, I think she could help you," Sirius said.

"Really ?" Fit Arthur, hopeful tone.

"Of course, and you're family, after all, your mother was a Black," Sirius said.

"I see, thank you Sirius." Arthur answered with a smile.

The two did not notice the nervousness of the Weasley children, especially when they spoke of divorce. Of course, they were on their father's side, but that made them uncomfortable. Remus noticed it then.

"Well, I see that William, Fred and George have grown up, but who is the fourth ?" Fit the werewolf.

"Oh, I almost forgot, I'm going to introduce you to my third son, Percival, whose most commonly called Percy." Arthur exclaimed with a big smile.

"Pleased to meet you, Lord Black, Mr Lupin," Percy asked seriously.

"Well, he's serious, he almost reminds me of Remus as a kid," Sirius laughed before slapping himself on the back of his head.

"Do not make fun, and at least I was one of the best at Hogwarts, not like some," Remus said with a smirk.

"What does that mean? ? You call me idiot, Remy ?" Fit while Sirius falsely hurt look.

"Exactly, and you know it very well," Remus replied with a jeering smile.

They looked at each other for a few seconds before bursting into laughter, which made the Weasley smile.

Arthur, Sirius, and Remus argued for a few minutes, preparing for Arthur's and Molly's divorce, while the children went to mingle with the crowd. Of course, Percy tried to watch the twins before they could wreak havoc, while William went to some groups of goblins to converse with them.

Arthur finally joined the Minister, while Sirius and Remus waited patiently for the arrival of their last guests. They were delighted to see one of Harry's friends, Gringotts Clan Leader Ragnok, arrive in the distance. For the occasion, the goblin had donned shiny gold armour set with gems.

"Black Lord, Mr Lupin, nice to see you," said the goblin.

"Ragnok, I'm glad to see you, Harry will be glad to know you," said Remus.
"Of course, and I did not want to miss the wizards' reaction to anything when Harry was introduced with his titles." Giggled then the goblin.

Remus and Sirius could not help but laugh at the goblin's sadism. They had noticed a funny thing, it's the shock of the guests seeing all the goblins and other magical creatures at the Ball. It is true that before Harry, no wizard had invited magical creatures to a party or any event. So it was a shock for many wizards to see goblins, Veelas, werewolves, even vampires and other creatures of all kinds. And it was obvious that these had just come to see the faces of the wizards by discovering that the famous Harry Potter, the partner and protector of the magical creatures, the boy of only eleven years, had already obtained the entirety of his titles.

"Does he intend to reveal all his titles ?" Then asked Ragnok, curious.

" No, of course not, it will be one of the last two titles tomorrow, after the board is established, and as expected, the last title will be revealed next summer," Remus said with a smirk.

"I'm really going to have fun, so I'm going to wait to see their faces, and in the meantime, I'll go see where my present is," the goblin said.

"Gift ? You brought a gift to Harry ?" Then asked Sirius, excited.

"Of course I brought a gift, after all, it will seal our vassalage in front of all wizards, I cannot wait to see their faces, and it will be a double shock tonight for them." Ragnok then burst out laughing. The two marauders could only smile at sadism on the part of this diabolic being. Ragnok finally left, with two guards carrying a chest. Sirius and Remus did not have time to guess the nature of the present as they were then accosted by their last guest of honour, Mulciber Nott. Strangely, Mulciber Nott was alone, which intrigued Sirius.

"Mulciber, nice to see you, but how come you're alone ?" Fit Sirius, tactless, as usual.

"Sirius, I'm so glad to see you, so are you, Remus." Nott replied, slightly contrite.

"Then ?" Sirius asked, inquisitive.

" Well, my husband is currently sick, nothing bad, but our son, Theodore, did not want to give up his" mother", so he preferred to stay by his side, I hope it's not a problem ?" Replied Lord Nott.

"No, of course, I hope your spouse will recover quickly." You have an idea of the disease ?" Asked Remus then, intrigued.

"Well, it's nausea !" Then responded cheerfully Mulciber, which intrigued the two marauders.

"Well, you do not look sorry for your husband," Sirius laughed.

"Sirius, that's nausea of pregnancy!" Revealed then the Lord Nott, sparkling eyes.

The two marauders reacted immediately and congratulated without waiting the future father. They talked for a few moments, telling each other amusing anecdotes, until a guard came near Sirius to announce that all the guests were present. Even Rita Skeeter, who stood in the crowd, with a piercing look.

He wasted no time and asked all the guests to head to the ballroom.
The ballroom was splendid, consisting of a huge white marble floor and white walls covered with gilding. There was even a huge crystal dome replacing the ceiling and, thanks to an enchantment, illuminating the entire room. In the centre of the room was a huge golden statue of Merlin standing proudly with his staff, one foot on a huge globe representing the Earth. The statue was more than approved by the guests, including the hidden meaning: Magic dominates the World.

Finally, there was a large two-winged staircase in a corner. This staircase led to a huge, usually sealed door that led directly to the North Wing. In this case, the gate was guarded by two knights-enchanters who stood at attention, waiting for their master.

Sirius headed for the centre, and after throwing a **Sonorus**, began his speech.

"Welcome to all of you this evening, thank you for accepting the invitation to this little ball, which is none other than the Ball, and if I may say so, the first Ball, at Erebor and more precisely at the Palace Potter: As you might expect, this Ball is meant to commemorate and celebrate the birthday of my godchild, whom I consider a son, Hadrian James Potter, whatever, I am slightly mistaken, do you see, because my godson is now much more than a Potter!

The guests began to murmurm, to heckle louder and louder, questioning the meaning of the words uttered by Sirius Black. They looked at each other, intrigued, excited, wanting to know more. Only some, such as Ragnok, Remus, Ollivander, and Dumbledore knew exactly what Sirius Black was talking about.

"But I should stop wandering ... After all, it's not for listening to me that you've all come, are you?"

Sneers could be heard and most had amused smiles on their faces.

"With that, it's time for my adorable godson to make his entrance with his soul-mate."

The doors of the North Wing opened wide, and finally Harry and Charlie entered the room, attracting more than appreciative glances at their outfits.

"Please give an ovation, after all, he deserves, to my beloved godson: Hadrian James Peverell-Black-Gryffindor-Slytherin-Ravenclaw-Potter-Evans, Lord of Peverell Homes, Gryffindor, Slytherin, Ravenclaw, Potter and Evans ! I assure you, this is only his full name, and his usual name remains Hadrian James Potter! And his soul-mate and fiancé, after all, even I see from here the ring, Charles" Charlie" Ferdinand Weasley-Prewett soon Potter !" Almost shouted Sirius.

Suddenly, classical music was heard throughout the ballroom, to the delight of purists and other connoisseurs.

Immediately, the guests began to applaud fervently, some of whom could not help but smile and laugh at Sirius's comical remarks. The most fun was seeing the stunned and hilarious faces of most purebloods in the face of the revelation of Harry's titles, as most thought he would not take those titles immediately. Some were so fixed that we could have exposed them in a wax museum, or slapped them with force, you know.

Ragnok and most of the magical creatures could not help laughing at the faces of the wizards, especially when they saw the horrified look of Dolores Umbridge, a woman so hated among them. Fudge's more than excited face still intrigued some of them.

"I wonder why he seems so happy," Ragnok told Sanguini, a magical vampire.

"If I remember correctly, Fudge is actively supported by his grace, so I guess he sees the opportunity
to stay in power without the slightest difficulty."

"Bah, the politics of the wizards, a lot of complicated techniques and speeches for not much, for us it's easier, it's the richest who runs, and if they're not happy, it's a duel to the death."

"Ah ? This is not so with vampires. We are simply following a form of temporary monarchy instituted by the Pendragon family. As soon as there is a King Pendragon, we will obey immediately."

Ragnok looked at him, shocked, not knowing this information.

"And who's leading you right now ?"

"Well, it all depends on the context, we are led by two groups, two forms of monarchy. There is a monarchy for muggle vampires, and a monarchy for magical vampires, because we have a different constitution. The magic is directed by myself, though I consider myself a mere lord and not a king, and I have taken the title of my ancestor, Dracula, thus giving me the title of Count."

The goblin nodded, as did the others.

"And for muggle vampires ?"

"Muggle vampires are led by a convent of vampires named Volturis, whose headquarters are in Volterra, Italy, they are very weak compared to us, but they do their job well, so I let them lead. To assert their power, they hide this information from other muggle vampires, but I have absolutely nothing to do with it."

"It's not a bit weird to say muggle vampires, knowing they're not so muggle ?"

"In fact, we're just saying muggle vampires because they were transformed while they were muggle, unlike magic vampires, either vampire wizards or vampire descendants, muggle vampires cannot breed together, compared to we do not have magical powers and access to a magical heart, except for a few talents, probably due to a Cracmol ancestor, and I do not speak to you from their glittery side."

The vampire suddenly had a shiver. The goblins looked at him, astonished.

"Glittery ?"

"Yes, glittery, because they're muggle, their bodies shine in the sun, as if they've been covered in glitter, it's horrible, and that's obviously not the case with the magic vampires, which seem quite We're immortal, but at least we have a beating heart, which makes us slightly warm, while muggles are totally cold, real corpses, and I wonder if it's a good thing. The idea of keeping them alive, and then, at the time of the Pendragon, these vampires were considered illegal."

The goblins, at the mention of corpses could only nod their heads. Vampires that shine like disco balls, which are cold and cannot reproduce ? Not to mention they do not have magic ? What good is it to let them live?

"Maybe you should talk to the future King Pendragon then," one of the goblins suggested.

"Maybe, but not here, it's obvious that wizards do not know anything since he did not reveal his title."

" You will be able to propose all this from next year, I reassure you, I have to present my present, stay close to me, I feel that you will love my surprise, and on all, the reactions of the wizards" said
then Ragnok.

The goblins and vampires could only smile sadistically at the wizards, some almost pissing at each other with their smiles that could only mean bad luck and damnation for them. Sirius saw their smiles in the distance and could not help but cackle diabolically, which slightly scared other wizards and gave Remus cold sweats.

As for Harry and Charlie, they came quietly down the stairs, amused by Sirius's antics. When they arrived at the bottom of the stairs, Ragnok walked towards them, followed closely by four goblins, two of them carrying a chest. He bowed immediately to Harry, drawing the attention of all the guests. Even the music was slightly diminished.

"Your grace, it is a pleasure to see you on this beautiful evening, please accept my congratulations on your social climb and your birthday, as well as those of all my brothers and members of my race."

"Ragnok, thank you very much for coming here for my birthday, and I welcome your congratulations and wishes."

Ragnok and Harry smiled at each other discreetly as they noticed the attention being paid to them by the other guests. Everything was going according to plan, and they were planning to continue this way. They easily noticed Rita Skeeter with her quill-quill scribbling at full speed on a very long parchment.

The two goblins carrying the chest came forward after a snap of Ragnok's fingers, bowing low against Harry, shocking the wizards once more. After all, it was well known that goblins showed some hatred for wizards. Then seeing goblins, especially the director of the Bank of Gringotts, bow to a wizard, could only shock them to the highest point.

The two goblins then opened the chest, revealing to all its shocking content. These were two finely crafted swords with gold filigree and small rubies. One could read clearly written on the blades: **Hadrian James Potter** on the one and **Charles Ferdinand Potter** on the other.

The few guests who recognized the metal used could only open their mouths in large, surprised and shocked, losing the use of speech.

"Expecting your official engagement with Lord Prewett, who will of course become Potter, I have decided to offer you each a finely crafted sword by our best blacksmiths. The blades are in mithril, the strongest of metals, and I can to make sure that even a dragon cannot melt such blades, so please accept these presents as a token of my commitment to your family." Ragnok explained while kneeling, the other goblins in the room doing the same.

No sooner had he uttered such words than he heard hiccups of surprise all around him, mostly from wizards. After all, never before had a goblin surrendered to a wizard. Rita Skeeter smiled ferociously, happy to have such a scoop. She knew it was a great idea to be on Harry's side, and now she was reaping the benefits of her loyalty.

"I thank you very much, Lord Ragnok, for such a present, and at the sight of such beauty, I can only accept your oath to my family, but please, look up my dear friend, you need not to prostrate thus before me." Harry replied, keeping his composure.

The two people looked at each other with a small smile, their plan going as planned, which was great for them. When Ragnok turned to observe the reaction of the other guests, especially the wizards, he stopped laughing at their shocked faces. That's what he expected, and he was not disappointed. He decided that he would place this memory in a pensive to create a painting to remember forever their
idiotic faces.

The guests, finally out of their trance, then began to applaud vigorously, especially Fudge who saw the submission of the goblins against wizards, and especially, their bank obedient more easily to wizards. Unfortunately, this illusion was broken by Ragnok.

"My lord, will you allow me to make an announcement this evening in front of your prestigious guests?" Ragnok asked with a devilish smile that did not sound good for some wizards.

Harry just nodded, and all the guests then focused on the goblin and what he had to say, while the other goblins took both swords to the Royal quarters.

"I would just like to announce that the Gringotts Bank will definitely close its doors, because after my wishes to my Lord, I will take over the management of the Bank of Erebor, and all the goblins will now come here. However, I can assure you that you will not risk anything, and that you will be transferred to this new bank at no cost, rest assured." Announced then Ragnok, taking pleasure in the shocked mines of the guests, while Harry chuckled in his non-existent beard.

The guests took a little time to understand the implications, until they finally understood that all their money would now be under Harry's control, but this being their beloved hero, they only saw one of them. Advantage. In the end, only Death Eaters would bite their fingers. Applause then resounded, the guests happy with such news. Only the Minister realized that he no longer had a hand on goblin gold, and that he was now entirely dependent on Harry. At least he would never have to worry about people like Lucius and the other death eaters. It was obvious that they would suffer enormous costs and that they would lose everything they had.

Shortly after, the guests began to circulate again, dancing endlessly in the sandstone of classical music, having fun endlessly, while Harry and Charlie mixed without problems to the guests to welcome them and discuss with them of certain things. Some wizards still glanced curiously at goblins and other creatures, but noting the ease with which Harry and his family were talking to them, they decided that these creatures were not a problem. Obviously, some people such as Umbridge were not satisfied, but they knew they could not do anything about it, and that in a way, a new age had just begun, an age in which racial discrimination is no longer news.

Charlie and Harry finally parted, Charlie going to talk a little with his family, especially to understand why his mother and two younger brothers and sisters were no longer present, while Harry continued to mingle with invited to receive congratulations on their engagement or birthday. Finally, he approached the Diggory family. Amos was very smiling with his wife, and at Harry's sight, his smile shone all the more.

"Amos, what a pleasure to see you on this wonderful evening, thank you very much for coming to my ball." Harry said to him with a sparkling smile.

"Hahaha, thank you for inviting me with my family, I introduce you to my wife, Karina, so let me call my son to introduce him, you'll see, Cedric is a real charmer." Amos answered, motioning for Cedric to join them.

Harry kissed Karina's hand before turning to stop. His heart drummed in his chest and his breath became jerky. He watched as Cedric reached him, and Harry felt his heart melt at seeing the fop. For his part, Charlie felt a slight sensation in his connection with Harry, and he realized that Harry had found another of his sisters-in-law. He turned around, giving up his conversation with his big brother Bill to watch the interaction between Cedric and Harry in the distance, smiling.

Amos and Karina immediately noticed Harry's reaction, and they whitened like never before. It did
"Hi, I'm Cedric Diggory, nice to meet you, Harry." The Hufflepuff said before shaking Harry's hand. Just as he grabbed her hand, he felt the bond that was beginning to form between him and Harry, and his eyes widened in horror and disgust. He then withdrew his hand, before frowning, leaving a puzzled and disoriented Harry in the face of this unusual reaction.

"I refuse this link, I'm not a homo!" Cedric then, his face firm.

The guests, who had heard everything, shrieked in shock, and Charlie saw Harry's face turn white as linen. He then noticed Harry put his hand on his chest, with a face full of pain and a few tears in his eyes.

"But why?" Asked the latter, not understanding the rejection of Cedric.

"Sorry, but I do not like men, and if in addition I have to share as if you were a vulgar whore, no thanks .. Frankly, it disgusts me!" Cedric said, not noticing the horrified mines of the surrounding guests, nor even the mines of his parents.

He did not have time, however, to continue his diatribes until he finished on the ground, his nose pissing blood and his jaw slightly out of line. Above him stood Marcus Flint, his face rolled up and his eyes full of hatred.

"How dare you talk about your superiors, Hufflepuff's sub-shit! Harry is the most beautiful man on this planet, and you should feel honoured to be accepted by him, you tailless dog! Be thankful I do not finish with you, and never speak like that of my bearer again!" Marcus shouted while placing himself in front of Harry as if to protect him from the worm on the ground.

Obviously, his speech and his reaction did not go unnoticed by everyone, and Harry, who at the beginning felt very bad, felt like a feeling of well-being surrounded by seeing Marcus Flint so close to him. He realized that he too was his soul mate, and he was reassured when he took him in his arms.

Cedric was then raised by Katrina, demonstrating an unexpected strength, before being escorted out of the palace.

"I'm really sorry, your grace, I never thought my son would be like that, I can assure you that he will be severely punished, and if he refuses to apologize, I can assure you that the title of Lord will be transferred to his brother." Apologized then Amos Diggory before leaving the scene, apologizing to Charlie, Sirius and Remus.

Charlie then decided to join Marcus and Harry to check if everything was fine for his porter and fiancé. The latter did not waste time and threw himself into his arms, like a lost child, to the delight of the redhead, while Marcus remained close to Harry.

"It'll be okay, my love, it'll be okay." Whispered Charlie while stroking Harry's hair.

Marcus watched the scene, without saying anything. Harry finally calm down before turning to Marcus. The two men looked at each other carefully, before Harry looked away blushing, making Marcus and Charlie chuckle. It was then that Marwyn Flint arrived.

"Are you alright, your grace?" Asked the latter, worried.

"Yes, I ... I'm fine, Marwyn, thanks to your son." Harry replied hiccupping a little.
Marwyn let out a sigh of relief. He looked at his son with a smirk before asking.

"Well, Marcus, you told everyone that Harry was your soul mate, are you sure?"

Marcus just nodded, then taking Harry in his arms, Charlie letting him go. Without further ado, he stooped to give Harry a chaste kiss, astonishing the guests who then began to heckle like gossips. For Rita Skeeter, this evening was just getting better, and her smile had become that of a shark who had sniffed blood.

The guests who were still stunned could only applaud seeing their hero discover one of his soul-sisters. Of course, some murmured about Cedric, insulting him copiously and planning to make his life hell for what he had done. No one doubts that with Rita in the vicinity, his reputation would not last long.

Sirius, Remus and Dumbledore preferred to stay at a distance, watching the situation. Anyway, they could not do anything because everything depended on Harry. However, Albus decided internally that Cedric, to whom he thought he would later issue the prefect badge, would not have done it all. Minerva was disappointed with Cedric's unpardonable behaviour, which she originally thought to be a very charming boy, but it was obvious that he was hiding his game well, what a disappointment she thought.

Finally, Harry discussed a little with Mulciber Nott and was slightly disappointed that his son could not be present. He would have liked to meet him, but alas, it was not yet time. It was then that the orchestra began to produce Harry's favourite music, a music he had composed himself dreaming of grandeur. (See Orlais Suite - Dragon Age Inquisition Soundtrack Extended)

Charlie, noticing that this music was Harry's favourite, did not waste time before taking it by the hand and taking it to the centre of the Ballroom, under the astonished eyes of all the guests present. They began to dance, not like some wizards, but indeed in a rare and intriguing way, recalling the dances of the French Renaissance. After all, Harry loved the richness of French culture, and anyway, his ancestor, Arthur Pendragon, was actually of French origin, which made sense to him since Pendragon is French, as is Malfoy (though he hates them) or Lestrange (whom he hates too). The Blacks were also French, going from Black to Black in English. In retrospect, many British noble houses were actually French. No wonder French is the language of the court.

Charlie and Harry's dance was beautiful, and several guests decided to imitate them as best as possible, Albus dancing with Minerva, Sirius with Remus and even Fudge dancing, but not with Umbridge but with Amelia Bones, who had also come for the occasion. Meanwhile, Rita Skeeter ordered her photographer to take as many shots as possible, while her quill-dancer danced too, but on the parchment and not in the centre of the Ballroom.

When they finished dancing, Marcus then approached them. He patted Charlie's shoulder, and the latter, understanding the sign, stepped back. Marcus then looked Harry in the eye.

"Would you give me that dance?" He asked with a smile.

Harry just smiled back, then accepting Marcus' hand before dancing with him. They whirled and waltzed, much to the delight of the observers who found them charming, while Charlie was happy for his carrier, although he was still very angry with Cedric Diggory. He wondered if it would be a great loss if he were to be eaten by a dragon. He thought he should look into it.

While they were dancing, Marwyn Flint approached Sirius to discuss what they would do with Marcus.
"Well, I'm glad to see that your son is Harry's soul-mate, but this little bastard Cedric does not pay anything to wait, I'm going to make his life hell, Marauder's faith!" Said Sirius looking at Marwyn, while Remus just nodded, his eyes amber.

"I think it would be beneficial for my son to stay here with you now, I know he'll spend time at Hogwarts together, but it's best if he lives with Harry, just like Charlie." Replied Marwyn Flint.

Sirius and Remus nodded, quite in agreement. It was then that Dumbledore approached them with a big smile.

"I thought I heard your conversion, I hope you will forgive an old man for this bad habit." Dumbledore said, making the audience laugh before continuing, "However, I wanted to inform you that, while Harry is a porter, in addition to being the owner of Hogwarts, he will have a separate room at Hogwarts. The rooms near my office are reserved for the descendants of the founders of Hogwarts, and Harry is currently the only heir, so his, obviously he will have access to the network of chimneys and these soul-sisters will be with him in any circumstance, I just forgot to tell Harry and Charlie about this particularity."

They did not notice Harry, Charlie and Marcus coming in behind them. They looked at each other before smiling, delighted by this last minute information that could only be beneficial for them.

"It's awesome!" Harry shouted, startling the four adults (without Charlie).

"Harry, my boy, what a pleasure to see you, I wish to congratulate you on your engagement and your new relationship with this dear Marcus." Dumbledore said with a big smile, hugging Harry quickly.

Marcus was surprised, not being aware of this grandfather / grandson relationship between Dumbledore and Harry, but he thought that deep down, nothing could surprise him with his soulmate.

"Thanks grandpa!" Harry said, smiling.

Dumbledore looked at them with bright eyes.

"It's still not a reason to stay at Hogwarts all the time, especially at night, Charlie, understand?" After all, Harry has to spend some time with his other sisters-in-law, and something tells me that there's one left and you'll meet her at Hogwarts." The old man said with a knowing smile.

Charlie then blushed at Dumbledore's insinuations, while Remus and Sirius sneered like hyenas, then taking Harry's blows on the head as he tried to shut them up, without a swallow. Dumbledore looked at Marcus Flint before handing him a small object. It was a prefect badge.

"It would seem, Mr Flint that this object belongs to you - it will surely allow you to look more comfortably at Harry." The old professor then made a wink.

They all sneered before chatting and babbling happily, though, despite his apparent joy, Harry still felt hurt at being rejected by Cedric Diggory. He sincerely hoped that magic would allow him to find another soul-mate to make up for this loss, not wishing to be destabilized because one of his soul-mates had decided to reject him. Evidently, this inner turmoil did not escape the two soul-sisters around him, each placing a hand to his waist to reassure him, soothing Harry who began to smile.

The Ball went on all night, wizards and creatures wishing to talk with Harry to congratulate him or to win his favours. Harry decided at the same time to arrange a meeting with Sanguini for the winter holidays to discuss further the situation with muggle vampires and the so-called Volturis.
The next day, Marcus returned to Erebor, this time to live with Harry and Charlie. A room was then attached directly to Harry's, just like Charlie, except that Marcus' room was in Slytherin's green and silver tones, a thing that amused Harry endlessly because Slytherin was his ancestor. So he stayed with them all August, getting to know his soulmate and future partner better? He did not know how to define Charlie in relation to him. In a way, he would be her husband too, but they would not have sex together. He preferred not to linger. They were also visiting Dumbledore's side, who had to speak with Harry urgently.

The old teacher arrived in the late afternoon, wearing a smiling face but serious at once, which intrigued the residents of the Palace (Sirius and Remus returned to Potter Castle).

"Harry, my boy, I had a strange conversation with Garrick, I'm sure you know what I'm referring to, do not you?" He said without waiting.

Harry thought back to what happened with Ollivander before he remembered that story about the Elder wand. He nodded vaguely.

"Okay, in this case we'll have to fix it without delay. You see, this wand is not mine, but yours, as your Peverell heritage should have revealed it to you. This is the wand that belonged to Antioch Peverell, one of your ancestors." Then continued the old professor.

Charlie could not help but interfere in their conversation.

"But then, the story of the Deathly Hallows is true?" He asked, shocked.

Albus looked at him with his smile of old grandpa.

"Maybe yes, maybe not, but I have another theory about the Deathly Hallows, and I think the three Peverell brothers, Antioch, Cadmus, and Ignotus, were actually Enchanters. As we can imagine, the enchanters are very rare, the last one having lived more than five hundred years ago. The enchanters are wizards specialized in the creation of power artefacts, and I think it's a recessive trait in a family, that of the Peverell. Expecting what you told me about these Alterans, I think the Peverell were also Alterans, and that the recessive trait of enchanting must come from there. In any case, to come back to my theory, I am convinced that these so-called Deathly Hallows were invented by them, and then the myth spread about Death. "Albus Dumbledore explained.

Harry thought about it, however, he noticed that of all he could learn in the Receptacle of Knowledge, there was never any mention of a recessive trait related to enchantments. Could it be that Dumbledore is wrong? But yet, his theory is more likely than Death abdicating before three wizards. Harry decided not to be interested, preferring to be interested in the present.

For his part, Charlie calmly explained everything to Marcus who seemed lost to some of Dumbledore's things.

"Fine, but how did you get that Wand, Grandpa?" Harry asked, puzzled.

"Well, this wand has a bloody past, and for short, it was stolen by Gellert in 1899 while she was in Grigorovitch's Shop, and I got it when I defeated her in a duel in 1945 Since it's your birthright, I'll give it back to you, anyway, at my age, I do not need a baguette so powerful, I do not intend to go back to duels any So you just have to disarm me." Dumbledore said.

He simply handed the Elder Wand, and Harry cast an *Experliarmus* manual, disarming Dumbledore. The Wand flew through the air, swirling several times before landing in Harry's right hand. The reaction was immediate, and the Wand began to shine, creating a splendid golden halo around Harry,
binding them together. Dumbledore just smiled, pulling his old wand from the wand case attached to his handgrip, a wooden stick of Holly with a Fumsec feather. In fact, this wand was placed at Ollivanders place after he won the Elder Wand, and it was this wand that was Voldemort's twin. After all, it was Dumbledore who gave Fumsec the feather to Ollivander to create a twin wand, wishing to know who would be chosen by the same phoenix as him.

As for Harry, he felt complete, as if a missing part of him had finally joined him to join a whole. His smile lit up his face, making the hearts of Marcus and Charlie capsize again. Dumbledore looked at them then before smiling.

"Well, on that note, I'll say goodbye, and we'll meet again in the fall." Dumbledore said before leaving the place quickly to return to Hogwarts and prepare for the start, which would no doubt be exceptional this year.

He also had to finish setting up the trap for Voldemort. He was still wondering how he would do to infiltrate Hogwarts, but he did not want to linger too long, after all, Hogwarts had an incredible number of secret passages, and the Protective Enchantments would be lowered to let in Voldemort, while preventing him from attacking school students. The principle was very simple, capture it and keep it as a stasis to prevent it from running away to find the last horcrux and destroy it.

Thus the month of August was calmly, finally, as calm as possible at Erebor, for after all, the articles of Rita Skeeter had moved the Magical World.

Special Edition: The Erebor Ball, an exceptional event full of surprises. Harry Potter becomes more than a Potter, the youngest Lord in the History of the Magic World! The end of Gringotts, the goblins submit to the Potter family!

By Rita Skeeter.

I am writing to you today, my dear beloved readers, to tell you everything that took place at the Potter Palace in the City of Erebor. For those who do not know the place, Erebor is a magical town entirely owned by the Potter family, but you can read more by reading the previous editions of the Daily Prophet.

The Ball was organized on the occasion of the eleventh anniversary of our national hero, and I can assure you that we did not miss any surprises. The Palace was magnificent and resplendent, with sculptures of ice and crystal, but also gold running all over the walls, statues and paintings of exceptional rarity, not to mention a real army protecting the place with ease. I am even convinced that there are more guards in the Potter's army, called knights, than in the entire Department of Magical Justice. But this is not what interests us, although some knights were chewable. *wink*

Indeed, my dear readers, on this evening of the thirty-first of July, Hadrian James Potter, better known by the sobriquet of Harry Potter or Survivor, has unveiled to all the extent of his titles taking the Lordships belonging to him by right. You understand me well, Hadrian James Potter is now a LORD! Either the youngest Lord in our history, the precedent having been only fourteen years old.

It has the full name and title of Hadrian James Peverell-Black-Gryffindor-Slytherin-Ravenclaw-Potter-Evans, Lord of Peverell Homes, Gryffindor, Slytherin, Ravenclaw, Potter and Evans! I assure you, my dear readers, the name used is that of Hadrian James Potter, his full name being used only on paper. But the news does not stop there my dear readers, on the contrary, everything becomes more and more impressive I can assure you.

Indeed, Ragnok, the current Director of the Gringotts Bank and one of the pretenders to the throne of the Goblin Kingdom did what never a goblin did before: He swore obedience and submitted his
clan to none other than our National Hero, who for the occasion asked to be simply referred to as a Duke Potter. Would he have managed to submit the goblins? This is a question that arises here in the Daily Prophet.

However, our shock did not stop there. To seal his vassalage, Lord Ragnok offered the Duke Potter an invaluable gift: Two swords in mithril. I wish to remind my dear readers that goblins never give weapons and other jewels forged by them, but lend them during the life of the sorcerer concerned. Thus, it is the first time that such objects are offered without them having one day returned to the goblins, thus showing to all the loyalty of the goblins towards the Duke Potter and his family.

Finally, we were all shocked when Lord Ragnok announced to all that the Gringotts Bank would close definitively shortly. We were able to receive a comment from the latter explaining the reasons for his choice and especially the effects on our economy and our property.

"I know for a fact that this news can be quite disconcerting, but know that I have a very good reason for this choice." Following my vow to the Potter family, it was decided that only one bank could survive, and that Duke Potter owns his own bank, Erebor's, which is also in collaboration with Gringotts, so we decided to end the existence of the Gringotts Bank for a total merger with that of Erebor. Duke Potter will remain the owner of the Bank and I will be appointed Director of the Bank of Erebor, but I can assure you that our clients will not be disoriented and that their funds will be transferred to Erebor as soon as possible, free of charge. We will also take the opportunity to analyse the accounts of each family to check for irregularities and, if necessary, take action. Thank you."

I do not know about you, but I am very happy to have already opened an account at the Erebor Bank.


Drama in Erebor, Cedric Diggory flouts traditions by rejecting a soul-sister bond, his actions are repudiated by Duke Amos Diggory.

We were right! Marcus Flint, Heir to the More Noble and Most Ancient House of Flint, soulmate Hadrian James Potter.

By Rita Skeeter.

My dear readers, allow me to assure you that the Ball has not missed many twists and turns. And I, your faithful journalist, will tell you everything you missed!

First of all, I'm proud to announce that our most famous couple is now engaged. That's right, I myself was surprised to discover Duke Hadrian James Potter with an engagement ring, just like Lord Charles Ferdinand Prewett-Weasley. A concretization of their relationship? I cannot wait to attend their wedding, which will probably take place in a few years. However, this event was unfortunately branded by a sad event.

It was revealed during the evening that Cedric Diggory, the son of Duke Amos Diggory, is none other than one of Duke Potter's sisters-in-law. Unfortunately, and to the shock of all, he refused the
relationship, going so far as to decree before all he hated homosexual couples and to insinuate that the Duke Potter was a prostitute. I can assure you that he did not stay for the rest of the evening, and the honour of the Duke Potter was defended by Marcus Flint, who did not hesitate to put the latter down. However, we were able to get a comment from Duke Diggory.

"The actions and words of my son are unspeakable, and I can assure you that I am wholeheartedly with the Duke Potter, which is why I decided that my son, who has publicly disgraced our family, will be the apparent heir of the Diggory, whose title now belongs to his older brother, Baptiste Diggory, who had previously decided to leave the title to travel around the world. The latter agreed to take back his title in view of the actions Unforgivable by my younger brother Once again, I apologize to Duke Potter, and I hope that my son’s actions will not detract from our relationship."

Duke Potter, however, confirmed that he did not hold Duke Diggory responsible for his son's unspeakable actions and thanked him for his support. However, this filthy rejection allowed us to discover another fact: Marcus Flint as the sister-in-law of the Duke Potter.

The latter decreed loudly that the Duke Potter was his soul-mate, and the link was proved when they became inseparable and they kissed, to the delight of the guests present. Like what, despite the misfortunes, there is always a share of happiness.

I do not know about you, but I wonder if there are other soul-sisters. Would the next be at Hogwarts? We will know soon enough.

08/31/1991

Harry, Charlie, and Marcus had dressed that morning to finally put Harry's big plan in place. They were dressed in their finest dresses and headed into the hearth of the fireplace to head to the Ministry of Magic. They were joined by Sirius Black, Albus Dumbledore, Amos Diggory, Mulciber Nott, Marwyn Flint, Garrick Ollivander and Augusta Longbottom. Everything was ready for the big show, and Harry could not help but sneer inside. They were all gathered in front of the Wizengamot House.

"Well, I'll have to enter the wing of the heirs." Marcus then kissed Harry to finally go into the wing reserved for the heirs who wanted to learn how the Wizengamot worked.

Harry watched the scene, and he saw with great pleasure the presence of his most faithful journalist, Rita Skeeter, who had obviously received an invitation from Harry to attend the Extraordinary Meeting of Wizengamot. The latter gave him a wink before entering the guests' wing, followed by his faithful photographer and his pen-to-dad.

Finally, the great doors of the Wizengamot House opened, and the various lords amassed in front entered. Harry was then followed by all the other Dukes (except the Lestrange, all locked up in Azkaban and the Hufflepuff, extinguished.) Some lords, such as Malfoy and Umbridge, realized that they would probably not like what was going to happen during this transfer.

They all took their place except Harry, who remained in the centre of the room. Dumbledore then spoke.

"I declare this extraordinary summoning of Wizengamot open, Lord Black, would you please explain the reason for this summons?" Then officially asked Dumbledore.

Sirius got up from the Black's seat before clearing his throat, enjoying the silence around him.

"With pleasure, President of Wizengamot, My dear Lords, I have called this extraordinary session of
Wizengamot to officially introduce a new lord among us." Sirius said with a big smile as he pointed to Harry.

Evidently all began to murmur, and Cornelius Fudge watched his donor attentively. Albus took over.

"Who comes before us to claim his seats?" Asked him.

"Me, Hadrian James Potter, Lord of the Peverell Homes, Slytherin, Ravenclaw, Gryffindor, Potter and Evans, heir to the Black House." Harry answered solemnly.

At his words, several seats illuminated in the ranks of Wizengamot, including five seats at the very top, representing the ducal seats.

"And who vouches for your request?" Dumbledore continued.

Sirius was astonished when he was capped at the post by none other than Garrick Ollivander.

"I, Garrick Ollivander, Lord of More Ancient and Most Noble House of Ollivander, vouch claims Hadrian James Potter."

All the seated lords looked at Ollivander, amazed at his audacity to steal the show from Sirius. The old man sent a jeering smile to Sirius, who chuckled in his corner, like most other dukes.

"Very well, in this case, your request is recognized, welcome among us, Lord Potter." Dumbledore said with a big smile.

Harry nodded before heading to the top of the seats to sit on the Peverell seat, the most central seat.

"Are there any other claims to make?" Dumbledore asked.

Of course, Harry got up, under the astonished and anxious gaze of the other lords.

"I give the floor to Lord Potter." Dumbledore said.

Harry slowly watched all the other lords, a smirk chilling on most of the lords. His gaze was piercing, and he revelled in the anxiety of people such as the Lords Malfoy and Rosier. He took a deep breath before opening his mouth.

"Dear President of the Wizengamot, as Lord of the Peverell, Slytherin, Ravenclaw, Gryffindor and Potter Houses, I expressly request the restoration of the Duchies, Duke titles, and demand the dissolution of the Wizengamot, according to our custom and by my right." Harry exclaimed then.

No sooner had he finished than several lords began to scream in denial, refusing what Harry was asking for, shouting at injustice, lawlessness, and the like, while Cornelius Fudge had become livid. Dumbledore then raised his wand before firing several warning shots.

"Silence, I said, Silence in this assembly!" Shouted Dumbledore with a Sonorus.

The cries finally shut up, and the lords sat down again, cursing endlessly.

"It's your right, Lord Potter, according to the laws in force, at least seven of the thirteen duchies must make this request. You represent five of the duchies, is there anyone else who supports this application?" Fit the old man.

Evidently, Sirius hastened to get up.
"Me, Sirius Black of the Oldest and Noblest House of the Blacks supports the Lord Potter's request!" Sirius said with a smile.

Immediately after, Garrick stood up.

"I, Garrick Ollivander of the Older and Nobler House of Ollivander support the Lord Potter's request!" Declared the old manufacturer of chopsticks.

The lords of the other noble houses understood that everything was ruined for them, especially when they saw the other potential dukes get up.

"I, Augusta Longbottom of the Oldest and Noblest Longbottom House, support the Lord Potter's request!" Declared the Dean of the Longbottom.

"I, Mulciber Nott of the Oldest and Noblest House of Nott supports the Lord Potter's request!" Mulciber then, to the greatest shock of Death Eaters present in the room.

"I, Marwyn Flint of the Oldest and Noblest Flint House supports the Lord Potter's request!" Marwyn, too, for Harry's greatest delight.

"I, Amos Diggory of the Oldest and Most Noble House of Diggory supports the Lord Potter's request!" Then exclaimed Amos with a big smile.

Dumbledore then let out a big smile.

"It is official, eleven of the thirteen duchies support the request of Lord Potter. I officially declare the dissolution of the Wizengamot and the restoration of the Ducal Council." Declared Dumbledore, tapping his hammer.

The result was immediate, and changes immediately took place throughout the room. The tapestries changed, the symbol representing the Wizengamot disappeared to make room for the ancient symbol of Emrys House below the Avalonian Crown, and most of the seats disappeared to make room for fourteen seats, one of which was higher than the others and gold, scattered in circles in the hemicycle. The dukes were automatically placed in front of their seats, while the other lords were moved directly into the observation wings. Only Dumbledore and Fudge had the opportunity to stay in the Chamber.

It was then that everyone noticed an interesting thing: Harry had not been transported to one of his many seats, but in front of the one reserved for Emrys House, which obviously attracted the curiosity and interest of all. The observers, while Rita Skeeter watched the scene with fierce greed.

"It may be time for me to reveal a little more about my story, since Magic has decided that for me, as you can see for the most part, I am currently in front of the seat reserved for the Emrys House, Merlin's House, which is why I formally announce to you my title of Grand Duke of Emrys, Lord of the Most Archaic and Noble Empress House." Then revealed Harry finally unveiling his Emrys House ring.

Gasps of stupor could be heard throughout the hemicycle by the observers, while Fudge literally fell to his knees as he heard the words of Harry, not expecting such a revelation. His face could have made anyone laugh, if not the seriousness of the situation.

"In that case, the presidency of the Council is yours, your grace." Garrick Ollivander then bowed, the other Dukes doing the same, as did most of the lords in the observation wings.

Harry nodded before sitting down on the Emrys House headquarters. Just as he sat down, mirror
images of him appeared on his other seats to his surprise.

"I guess it's a way to keep the other seats to show how many seats I have." Harry exclaimed aloud, the other dukes nodding in agreement.

"First of all, I would like to point out that Cornelius Fudge will remain for the moment Minister of Magic, but that he will have to answer this advice." Harry decreed.

The other dukes shouted "Hay!" and Fudge thanked Harry warmly, happy not to lose his job. He knew he was right to trust Harry.

"In addition, I propose a change concerning our Council and the establishment of a new decision-making body to replace the Ducal Council. Obviously, the New Council will be led by the Dukes and the Grand Duke, but other families will be able to attend and be invited to participate in decisions by providing advice and proposals. I propose the creation of the Magisterium" Harry suggested, followed by "Hay!" of each Duke.

Immediately, several small seats appeared at the feet of each ducal seat.

"I invite Houses Dumbledore, Abbot, Bones, Wood, Boot, Brown, Crouch, Davies, Dodderidge Dawlish, Greengrass Goldstein Higgs Hopkins Hogby, Lovegood, MacDonald, MacDougal, Macmillan, Marchbanks, McGonagall, Ogden, Prewett, Scamander, Slughorn, Weasley and Zabini to join the Magisterium." Harry continued, the other dukes shouting "Hay!"

Immediately, several Lords entered the Chamber, including Horace Slughorn, Martin Wood (Olivier Wood's father), Peter Dawlish, Bartemius Crouch Senior, Minerva McGonagall, Newton Scamander, Arthur Weasley and Marissa Zabini. As for Charlie, he made his entrance to sit on his seat, which was placed directly next to Harry's, showing everyone they were bound.

"I propose the appointment of Albus Perceval Wulfric Brian Dumbledore as the Official Magisterium Representative in the Minister's Office." Harry offered then.

All accepted the proposal, and Dumbledore thanked them.

"I officially announce the restoration of the Grand Duchy of Great Britain and Ireland of the Emrys Family and Duchies Black, Longbottom, Peverell, Slytherin, Gryffindor, Ravenclaw, Diggory, Potter, Ollivander, Nott, Lestrangée, Hufflepuff and Flint Whereas all the descendants of the Lestrange family are in Azkaban definitively, the control of the duchy Lestrangée returns to the Duke Black by marriage. The control of the Hufflepuff Duchy returns to the Emrys family until a Duke of Hufflepuff be designated." Harry said.

The other dukes nodded, everything went as planned. The observers realized that Harry literally controlled the Magic World and even the entire UK, be it Magic or Muggle.

"The seigniorial families will have to swear fidelity to the ducal families whose lands they occupy, officially becoming bannerets. If they refuse, all their possessions will be confiscated by the ducal family responsible. They have a period of three months to lend As well, the ducal families must swear an oath to the Emrys family in accordance with Avalon's laws." Harry continued.

Immediately, the surrounding dukes swore an oath without delay and Harry thanked them.

"With that, I declare this first session of the Magisterium close!" Harry decreed, getting up before leaving, followed closely by Charlie.

The two were then joined by Marcus outside the hemicycle, and they did not have time to breathe
that they were besieged by the bloodthirsty journalists, with Rita Skeeter and her curly hair on the
front line. She gave them a big smile, and Harry returned it. He was very fond of Rita Skeeter's
work, having made her personal journalist, anyway, it was just like.

"I accept answering your questions, but please keep your composure and some decorum," Harry said
in a loud, authoritative voice.

Unfortunately, her voice was a little tired after all these speeches, she had become more acute than
usual, making some people chuckle. Fortunately, the journalists still managed to control
themselves. It was Rita Skeeter who raised her hand first.

"Lord Potter, or should we say Duke, how should we call you?"

The murmurs of the journalists, and even the spectators around, increased. None of them had thought
about it, and yet Harry had become, by his titles, a very different person, and of course his name had
changed.

"To answer you, Miss Skeeter, you can call me 'Your Grace' as Grand Duke of Emrys, and if that's
not possible then just say 'Duke' instead of Lord," Harry said. With a big smile.

Rita frowned slightly before moving on to a second question.

"But should we continue to call you Duke Potter or do you use another of your surname?"

The question was in fact a double question. The underlying question is: do you prefer Potter or
Emrys, a much more prestigious name?

"I do not wish to denigrate the importance of my ancestors, such as Merlin, Godric Gryffindor,
Salazar Slytherin or Rowena Ravenclaw, but I prefer to continue to use my birth name, Potter. I
simply decided to assimilate all my titles and family names to combine them into one, that of Potter."
was his answer.

It was a shock for some, but not for everyone. In any case, some were slightly scandalized to learn
that Harry preferred the name Potter to that of Emrys or one of the founders of Hogwarts. They did
not, however, make any comment, preferring not to attract the wrath of the sorcerer who surely had
the most influence of the whole country, even of the World. Another journalist raised his hand.

"Irma Mêletout, of Witch Weekly. When is the marriage between you and Lord Prewett planned?"

Harry and Charlie sneered. It was Charlie who decided to answer.

"Harry and I decided to get married right after his magical maturity, and as you know, that maturity is
around the seventeenth birthday of a wizard, but that maturity can also happen long before that."

"What about the future Lord Flint?" Irma asked again.

"We have not decided yet, but I can assure you that the wedding will take place shortly after the one
with Charlie. I wish to clarify, for those who do not necessarily have the necessary knowledge that a
carrier owes to marry separately with her main soulmate, sometimes called Alpha, and her other soul-
mates, nicknamed the "betas." Of course, this earned the title of Omega to the Bearers." Harry
replied, pouting.

The journalists chuckled heartily before asking more questions. Finally, Rita Skeeter asked a sensible
question.
"Your grace, you now have half of the duchies of all the Kingdom, besides being the leader of the now Magisterium, does that make you the de facto leader of our society?"

A silence fell over the room, and everyone held their breath to hear Harry's response, which let out a smile at Rita Skeeter's sensible question.

"Indeed, I am the de facto leader of our society, expected to be Grand Duke of Emrys, but I wish to assure you that I will lead the Magisterium with the other dukes while listening to the wise advice of the Magisterium's minor members as well those of my mentor and tutor, Albus Dumbledore. Moreover, I wish to specify that I will leave the majority of the administrative tasks to our very dear Minister of Magic, Cornelius Fudge, who has proved to me by his unfailing loyalty its great importance."

The reporters nodded their heads, while Fudge, who had stayed behind, could not help but smile at the compliment as he shook his chest with pride. For his part, Lucius Malfoy gritted his teeth before leaving the Ministry dramatically.

"I wish, however, to make an additional announcement." Then said Harry, "I decided to permanently move the Ministry of Magic directly to Erebor, but I can assure you that our very skilled wizards, goblins and tongues will be able to move the whole of the Ministry of Magic: An announcement will be published in the Daily Prophet regarding the official date of the move, and I wish you a good day."

He left the Ministry of Magic with Marcus and Charlie, leaving behind reporters and citizens stunned by his announcement.

*Special Edition: Hadrian James Potter, heir to Merlin! The bell rung for the Wizengamot, place to the Magisterium! The reinstated duchies, a gradual return to a true Monarchy?*

*By Rita Skeeter.*

*You have read right, my dear readers, our National Hero is the heir of Merlin! Indeed, today, his legacy was revealed in the light of the old Wizengamot.*

*For those who were not present or did not listen to The Witch Radio, know that the Wizengamot was dissolved according to the magical constitution established by the Dukes of the United Kingdom when creating the Wizengamot. Indeed, the now Grand-Duke Potter, after claiming his seats in front of the Wizengamot has succeeded, with the support of all contenders for titles of Duke present, to dissolve the Wizengamot to reinstate the Ducal Council and the Duchies composing the United Kingdom.*

*However, it does not stop there! Indeed, after this incredible event, we discovered that the Duke Potter now has the title of Grand Duke, being the heir SOD Archaic and the Noble House of Emrys. As a result, he automatically obtained control of the Ducal Council and modified the Council as a Magisterium to integrate several noble houses (list on page 4). The Magisterium however remains controlled by the Dukes, and especially, the Grand Duke.*

*One of the first decisions of the Grand Duke Potter was to establish Albus Dumbledore as official representative of the Magisterium at the Minister's Office and for foreign relations. What's more, the Grand Duke has decided to keep Cornelius Fudge as Minister of Magic.*

*Finally, the Grand Duke Potter ordered the total restoration of the Duchies, and all the noble houses must swear fidelity to the Ducal Houses whose land they occupy, on pain of losing the entirety of their property and titles. I wish to point out that the Duchy Lestrange was awarded to Duke Black,
while the Hufflepuff Duchy was awarded to the Grand Duke of Emrys due to the lack of heirs.

For those who do not know, the title of Grand Duke was awarded to Merlin as Consort of His Majesty, Arthur Pendragon. We do not know if they have had a child so far. Moreover, the title of Grand Duke establishes the whole of Great Britain and Ireland as Duchies.

We specify that the now Bannerets (Noble Houses) have a period of three months to take an oath before being seized by the Ducal Houses.

It's the dawn of a New Era, led by our National Hero, Grand Duke Harry James Potter!

01/09/1991

Harry had finally arrived at track 9 of King's Cross station with Marcus, Charlie, but also Sirius and Remus. It was then that the siren of the train was heard.

"Everyone on board!" Said the Hogwarts Express driver.

Sirius gave Harry a big hug, under the amused gaze of everyone. As for Harry, he rolled his eyes, but still hugged with a big smile.

"Hey, do not forget I put you in the Academic Council, so you can come when you want to Hogwarts, anyway, it's my castle, so no need for so much excitement, Uncle Patmol.", Harry said.

Sirius stepped back, resting his hand on his chest dramatically.

"You're hurting me, my puppy, I'm trying to prove to you all my love, and you're so cold! O Rage, O despair ... I forgot what happened next," the marauder said with a silly smile on his face.

They all burst out laughing. Before Harry could take a step, he was engulfed in Charlie's arms.

"I'm going to miss you!" Almost shouted the redhead.

"Frankly, Charlie, do I have to remind you that you're going to spend most of your nights at Hogwarts with us? You'll miss it all day, but you'll see it again in the evening, so do not choke it like a mother hen must go there! "Marcus said with a jeering smile.

Charlie glared at him before kissing Harry, leaving behind a red boy to his ears. Remus and Sirius almost choked with laughter, while the parents and students around watched the scene with shock.

"I'll spend the week at Hogwarts, not tonight, I'll go and see Daddy to find out about his divorce, go, and most importantly, pay attention to yourself!" Charlie said before looking at Marcus, I'm counting on you to take care of him.

Marcus just nodded as Harry smiled stupidly at his fiancé's worry. The train's siren sounded again, and the two boys hurried to get on the train. Harry then moved towards the front of the train, shocking Marcus who knew that this area was reserved for the Prefects.

"Harry, this area is reserved for the prefects," Marcus said.

He then noticed Harry's amused grin and, intrigued by his Porter's reaction, raised a curious eyebrow.

"CUS, Hogwarts is mine, as is the Hogwarts Express, a wagon was magically added to the train
when I arrived, and it's reserved for me as Owner and Hogwarts Master. Of course, once you've finished your meeting with the other prefects, "Harry informed him before winking at him.

He continued to move forward, leaving behind a stunned Marcus with wide eyes, while the other students who had heard everything froze, some having completely forgotten that Harry Potter was the owner of Hogwarts. They began to murmur and some even tried to approach Marcus, to his dismay, and sometimes upset.

He let out a sigh, almost whistling as he saw some groupies staring at him like starving lionesses before hastening to the Wagon of Prefects for the meeting with the other prefects and the two Prefects-in-Chief. He cursed Harry when he realized why he was so quick to leave.

Behind him had just arrived four red heads, one he already hated and another he did not really like. The one he hated was none other than Ronald Weasley after Sirius, Remus and Charlie explained to him the young redhead's reaction to homosexuals and other 'non-ordinary' couples. The second person he did not really like was none other than Percy Weasley, who had his greatest misfortune as a prefect. Oh, he did not really have any problems with him, and even appreciated his great respect for purebred traditions, but he hated his way of snubbing and obeying orders without even thinking further. Well, there was still hope.

Finally, there were his favourites, and surprisingly, Harry's favourites, the Weasley twins. These were the only ones who were allowed to come to Potter Palace among the Weasley children still in the country (Bill Weasley now being a Spell Breaker on behalf of the Bank of Erebor, and expected his relationship with Harry and Charlie, probably the future Head of this branch of the Bank.) because they are extremely funny, smiling, alive and very intelligent. Harry had also hypothesized that if they were doing so much nonsense, it was simply to try to attract the attention of their parents, since Arthur was quite absent or was mainly interested in Bill and Charlie while Molly had eyes only for Ronald and Ginny. Marcus frowned.

'Perhaps that's why Percy is so attached to the rules and traditions of purebloods? He probably does not want to finish like the rest of his family, and since no one is interested in him ...' thought Marcus.

He then simply headed for the wagon with Percy, who quickly began the conversation to congratulate him on his relationship with Harry. He sighed loudly, surprising Percy, before just explaining that being away from Harry made him feel uncomfortable because their connection was still recent. The Weasley just shook his head, having read several books about soul-mates and bearers, he perfectly understood the situation of Marcus Flint.

For his part, Harry finally arrived in the Head Wagon reserved for the owners of Hogwarts. He smiled as he saw a car richly decorated, perfectly to his liking. Magic seemed to have done its job and all prepared for him to be perfectly comfortable.

The Wagon was very different from the others, with two large love seats and four leather chairs in Hogwarts colours, a large coffee table, and a refreshment bar with some alcoholic drinks on it. He raised an eyebrow at the Firewhisky but did not mind. Still, he decided, and fortunately Sirius was not there to make fun of him, a glass of sweet, slightly fruity white wine imported directly from the South of France. This wine belonged to him since it came straight from the vineyard located around Potter Castle, a rather sunny place on a slope with a clay-marbled land, ideal for such a production of wine.

As he sat down, tasting his wine in a refined way, he quickly heard a few blows on the front door.

"Come in!" Harry ordered.
The door opened then, letting a girl of her age in with a real brown and curly mop, hazel eyes and, to her great amusement, two rather imposing teeth. She was standing erect, frowning, and with a boy behind him whom he recognized immediately.

"Neville!" Harry said with a big smile.

The boy approached Harry directly before taking him in his arms, while the girl was open-mouthed at the hug between the two boys, not expecting such a reaction.

"Excuse me for disturbing you, Harry, but I lost Trevor when I got on the train, and since he was offered to me by Grandmother ..." said the Longbottom Heir contrite.

"I perfectly understand Nev, and I'm going to help you," Harry said before turning his gaze to the girl, "Who do I have the honour of?"

The girl blushed quickly, having noticed that she had not yet introduced herself.

"My name is Hermione Granger, I'm a muggleborn, and I was helping Neville find his toad," Hermione answered before pointing her eyes to Harry's forehead, "But you're Harry Potter, I've read so much about you in *The greatest wizards of all time*, and also in the paper, is it true that you are the Grand Duke of the whole United Kingdom? an article about you in *the Guardian*, I did not know that the wizards were also noble in the Muggle World, and then, how come you're already a Lord, you're not a little too young to lead? ."

She began to ask a number of unbelievable questions, leaving in front of her a Harry stunned by the speed with which she could cut so many questions, while Neville chuckled in his sleeve, making fun of Harry. Harry heaved a sigh before raising his hand in a sign of stopping for Hermione, who was silent before blushing.

"To answer your questions quickly, yes, I'm Harry Potter, and yes, I'm a Grand Duke, so I'm usually called Grand Duke Potter, your grace or your Lordship. Title is valid among muggles, and because of this, and waiting for my millennial title, I am at the same level as the Queen of England, without the hindrances she has.

Yes, I already have access to my titles being orphaned, and among wizards, orphans can get their full emancipation at the age of eleven provided they prove they are able to live independently.

No, I'm not too young, and seeing how I founded a huge city, run a Multinational that literally controls the economy of all Europe and even the whole world, besides I make all the decisions at the Magisterium, and that before, I made all the decisions for my Godfather in Wizengamot, I think to be perfectly fit to direct our community. Did I answer your questions?" Harry replied in a whisper before taking a sip of wine once his tirade was over.

Hermione opened her mouth before closing it, like a goldfish not knowing what to do in its jar. She then slowly nodded before focusing on the glass Harry was holding.

"You're too young to drink alcohol!" She said, giving him a disapproving look that he ignored with ease.

"Hermione, Harry is considered an adult, so he can drink, and he's very good at alcohol, I can confirm that," said Neville, bringing a smile to Harry's face.

"Well, I'm better at drinking than you are Nev." I still remember when I was ten when you decided to drink some Fire Whiskey ..."Harry began.
He did not have time to continue until Neville threw himself on him to stop him telling everything. He saw only one way to stop him from talking and kissed him chastely, silencing the young brown while Hermione blushed from head to toe. When the two boys parted, they sneered in concert.

"Are you together?" She asked.

The two boys looked into each other's eyes before bursting out laughing, openly mocking Hermione's head.

"No, we're not together, let's just say we're like twins, and when we kiss each other, we pass on a little bit of magic, so that sounds pretty ambiguous, but what can we do about it?" muggle highs have so many prejudices ...", Harry said then.

Hermione felt slightly insulted by Harry's prejudice before he noticed the term used.

"Muggle high?" She said, puzzled.

Harry gave an exasperated sigh as Neville chuckled before quietly sitting next to Harry, using a cup of Darjeeling on the way while taking a choco-frog.

"In my opinion, and having tested my hypothesis with various inheritance tests on various 'muggleborn' families, muggleborns do not exist, and I have noticed that muggle-borns are actually they are simply descendants of Squibs, and both parents are usually Squibs, while the half-breeds are also mostly descendants of wizards and squibs, in fact the true half-breeds are extremely rare, about one case in a thousand, and waited for the small magical population, that would represent a total of a thousand true half-breeds at most. A book about my analysis will be published in a month under the title of witch genealogical explanation, or how to explain the non-existence of muggleborns. "Harry explained then.

Hermione's eyes drooped before she jumped up, screaming that she had to do everything to buy the book.

"Do you think I'm related to a magic family?" She asked then.

Harry began to think quickly, before nodding.

"I think you're one of the descendants of Dagworth Granger, the creator of the Potionnistes Guild, which was said by many to be a very intelligent man with a real talent in Potions. Even said he was an amateur alchemist, you'll have to go to Erebor for an inheritance test to be sure, "Harry replied.

He then remembered the reason for their coming, and showing the Elder's Wand in his hand, he verbally cast a spell.

"Accionus Trevor!"

Immediately afterwards, Trevor appeared in front of Harry, shocking the two other guests in the car.

"I do not know this spell! Looks like the fourth-grade Accio spell, but it's different at the same time!" Hermione asked curiously.

"It's a variant of the attraction spell that I invented, and I found it totally foolish to lure an object from a certain distance while risking breaking it on the way. The desired object through an instantaneous space corridor that can also be called a microscopic worm hole. "Harry explained as if nothing had happened.
Neville and Hermione's eyes widened with joy. Hermione decided to leave, preferring to return to her wagon, while Neville stayed with Harry, who was happy to bring in his business with the improved attraction charm, deciding at the same time to teach the fate to his son. Twin of heart.

Then they heard a knock on the door, and before they could answer, a blond head followed by two gorillas made its entrance. Harry had a hard time restraining himself from scornfully sniffing at the proud, haughty boy in front of him, while Neville glared at the blond and his primate acolytes.

"I understand that Harry Potter was here, I'm going to introduce myself, Draco Malfoy, and the two gorillas behind me are Vincent Crabbe and Gregory Goyle," the arrogant boy said with a good enough air.

He then noticed the wagon's richness, and without asking anything, decided to sit in front of Harry while extending his hand. Harry looked at the hand with a look of disgust.

"I have not allowed anyone like you to get into that private car, Malfoy, so lower your hand, we're not the same level, and you should bow to me as he Should not your father have taught you anything? "Harry said in a fleeting voice that shook everyone.

Draco then blushed with anger before turning white. He knew his father was going to kill him if he learned that he had behaved badly with Merlin's Heir, but also the leader of their nation. He bowed quickly, Vincent and Gregory doing the same.

"I beg you to excuse me, your Grace, it was not my intention to insult you in your own box, and I beg you once again to accept my sincerest apologies for my obnoxious behaviour and my unwanted entrance, "Draco said in a desolate voice.

Harry and Neville opened their eyes at Malfoy's apology. However, Harry was not fooled, so he decided to quickly infiltrate Draco's thoughts.

"If father learns that I have not been able to infiltrate Potter's circle of friends, he will charge me and I will not have the opportunity to have fun with muggles. Fortunately, mother is submissive to her decisions ... 'were the thoughts that crossed Draco's mind.

Harry narrowed his eyes, trying to maintain exemplary control over his magic to prevent her from reducing the Death Eater's son in front of him to the acromantulas of the Forbidden Forest.

"Get out of my lodge immediately, and do not be afraid to come back, and next time I will not be so kind!" Thunders the young Potter.

A vein swelled hideously on Draco's forehead, but he decided to leave the place with his chin up, followed closely by his two gorillas who did not know how to react. They had always obeyed the fittest, and in this case they knew that Harry was the strongest, but their parents' orders were to take care of Draco Malfoy and protect him at all costs.

Once the three unwanted individuals came out, Neville burst out laughing, pulling Harry out of his anger. The latter blushed with shame.

"Well, I was not expecting such a reaction from you Harry!" Said Neville, sneering.

Harry continued to blush, swallowing a quick sip of his glass to ignore Neville's mockery. Marcus made his entrance, greeting Neville as he passed, and when he heard the reason for Young Londubat hilarity, sneered under his breath while promising to make Draco's life a real hell. Finally, they arrived near Hogwarts and took advantage of it to quickly change their clothes. They then left the train and were greeted by a very happy Rubeus Hagrid who put them in barges to cross the Black
Lake.

Harry climbed into a barge with Neville, Hermione and Theodore Nott, who was delighted to see Harry as a friend. Harry chuckled as he saw Theodore stick to Neville. He had noticed that Theodore often took refuge with Neville, and it would not surprise him if they were in a relationship after a while, probably when their hormones started to show the ugly tip of their noses, or when they access to their magical maturation. He then quietly discussed with Hermione, delighted to finally have a cultivated conversation with someone. After all, Charlie only talked about Dragons and magical creatures, Sirius jokes, Remus spent his time running Harry's business, and Marcus was talking mostly about Quidditch and sometimes Runes, being a real genius in this area. Only Dumbledore had very interesting conversations with Harry, but he was very often busy managing the international side of the British Magic Community, not to mention all his obligations as Hogwarts Director and Grand Manitou of the International Confederation of Wizards. Not to mention his new obligation as a representative of the Magisterium, a position similar to that of President of the Wizengamot, with all the same fewer obligations.

They finally reached the entrance of Hogwarts, and Hagrid took them directly to the entrance to the Great Hall. They were all greeted by Minerva McGonagall all dressed in green (though she is the director of the Gryfffindors) with a tern tune. She still smiled at Harry. She informed them of their future distribution before letting them prepare themselves mentally, hiding discreetly to observe the students. Harry rolled his eyes, feeling perfectly the hidden presence of Minerva, then winking at the cat in the corner of the stairs.

"Hey, Harry buddy," Ronald Weasley said.

Surprisingly, a silence came over the room, and some, such as Neville or Theodore, held their breath.

"Weasley, know that I'm not your friend or a friend, and it's not because we're distant cousins or if I'm engaged to your brother that you can afford such familiarity with yourself." you, it will be your Grace or Grand Duke Potter!" Harry replied sharply.

Ronald Weasley's face took on an ugly crimson hue, giving the impression to some that he was dying of asphyxiation.

"It's not like I want to be tied to a degenerate like you! Frankly, you're disgusting, surely you have to be caught like a bitch by my brother and this Slytherin bastard!" Then the red-haired moron insulted.

Before Harry could answer, Ronald flew across the room before falling unconscious against one of the armour, which coincidentally fell to crash on Ronald with a crash. No matter who did it, Hogwarts approved.

Everyone's eyes then turned to the person responsible for this memorable act of magic. He was a young boy with caramel skin, hazel eyes and curly hair. In short, a very beautiful boy. The latter then stepped forward, shooting Ronald Weasley's dead body, before taking Harry in his arms. Of course, Harry felt the soul-sister connection between them, thus explaining the boy's violent reaction. Yet he did not recognize it. The latter, noticing Harry's lost gaze, decided to introduce himself.

"My name is Blaise Zabini, heir to the old and very noble House of the Zabini of Italy, nice to meet you, mio Bello," he said, accentuating the last two words of a strong Italian accent.

Harry blushed deeply as he heard his soul mate's strong Italian accent, and before he could react, he was quickly kissed by Blaise Zabini. The kiss was surprisingly full of life, feelings and passion. As they drew back from each other, the students around them began to clap, while the girls for the most part screamed like mad fans. Minerva decided to enter, noticing Ronald's body on the ground.
"Enervate!" Said the witch, pointing her wand at Ronald, who regained consciousness.

"Mr Weasley, be aware that the next time you insult another member of this school, you will be stuck all year long with Professor Snape scouring his cauldrons. Do you feel happy not to be immediately fired for insulting the owner of this school, I will still send a letter to your father informing him of your behaviour, and I take a hundred points off your future home, "McGonagall scolded, darting Ron from his darkest gaze. Before turning his attention to Blaise, "Mr Zabini, you will not be punished because you have only defended the honour of your Bearer and soulmate." What's more, I assign fifty points to your future home for having valiantly defended a comrade, not to mention your porter."

The students were stunned by McGonagall's diatribe before applauding. She let out a small smile before winking at Harry.

"With that, follow me, the Dispatch Ceremony is going to start," said the assistant director, opening the doors to the Great Hall, under the amazed eyes of the students.
Part V

Previously:

"With that, follow me, the Sorting Ceremony will begin," said the deputy director while opening wide the doors leading to the Great Hall, under the amazed eyes of students.

The students then followed McGonagall into the Great Hall, Blaise and Harry holding hands with a big smile. When they made their entrance, Marcus immediately noticed their tied hands, and when he raised an eyebrow at Neville, he just nodded, raising his thumb with a big smile. Marcus let out a snort. Like what, Dumbledore was right from the start.

The students were led to a stool on which was enthroned a Magical Hat impatient to be able to push the song that he had struggled to compose all year long. A tear then opened wide, and the old hat began to bawl.

"Oh you may not think I'm pretty,
But don't judge on what you see,
I'll eat myself if you can find
A smarter hat than me.

You can keep your bowlers black,
Your top hats sleek and tall,
For I'm the Hogwarts Sorting Hat
And I can cap them all.

There's nothing hidden in your head
The Sorting Hat can't see,
So try me on and I will tell you
Where you ought to be.

You might belong in Gryffindor,
Where dwell the brave at heart,
Their daring, nerve, and chivalry
Set Gryffindors apart;
You might belong in Hufflepuff,
Where they are just and loyal,
Those patient Hufflepuffs are true
And unafraid of toil;

Or yet in wise old Ravenclaw,
if you've a ready mind,
Where those of wit and learning,
Will always find their kind;

Or perhaps in Slytherin
You'll make your real friends,
Those cunning folks use any means
To achieve their ends.

So put me on! Don't be afraid!
And don't get in a flap!
You're in safe hands (though I have none)
For I'm a Thinking Cap!"

Immediately after, applause rang out. The sorting was fairly fast, with most of the students in Hufflepuff or Gryffindor. Evidently, Malfoy, Bullstrode, Parkinson, Crabbe and Goyle were sent to Slytherin. Hermione was sent to Ravenclaw, Neville to Hufflepuff, Theodore was surprisingly sent to Hufflepuff, surely having convinced the old leather ragtag not to separate him from his protector. Finally, it was Ronald Weasley's turn, and after five minutes, surprising everyone, the hat burst out laughing.

"Headmaster Dumbledore, I cannot sort out this student!" Exclaimed the millennial artefact.

Surprise hiccups echoed throughout the room. It was probably the first time that the Sorting Hat did not know where to sort a student.

"Alistair, what's the problem?" The old professor asked with his twinkling eyes.

"I cannot sort this student because he has no place in Hogwarts! He is so disloyal that Helga would
have a heart attack, so stupid that Rowena would go to a madhouse, so fearful that Godric would cry and so disgraceful and tactless that Salazar must turn in his grave! He does not match any of the four houses and therefore has no place in Hogwarts. So unless you create the House of the Cowards, Traitors, Idiots and Disgraceful, I see no solution!” cried the Magical Hat so loudly that he was heard throughout the castle.

A monstrous hubbub echoed throughout the Great Hall, students heckling endlessly, committing as ever and for the majority, snorting without stopping. For their part, the twins burst out laughing while Percy cast a disappointed but not surprised look at his younger brother. Even Argus Filch laughed like never before, for though he was a Squib, he was allowed to be sort by Dumbledore, becoming a loyal member of the Hufflepuff House, probably for his hard work. He, who had always thought of being a Slytherin member, told him that his incredible loyalty to Hogwarts, his hard work and his willingness to reframe the students to get them back on track made him the very archetype of Hufflepuff. Moreover, he was like sporting a beautiful robe Harry offered with the arms of the house Hufflepuff and of Hogwarts on the right shoulder and Concierge badge in gold letters on his chest. Evidently, Miss Norris was at his feet, purring like never.

Dumbledore did not know what to do. He looked at the teachers sitting around him. There was Quirinus Quirell, professor of muggle studies coming straight from Muggle London, Filius Flitwick the teacher of Charms, in-depth study of white and black magic and duels, Andromeda Black the Professor of Us and Customs, Etiquette and Politics of the Magic World, Pomona Sprout the Professor of Herbology, Aurora Sinistra the Professor of Astronomy, Veronique Vectra the Professor of Arithmancy, Batsheda Babbling Professor of Runes, Alastor Moody as Professor of Defence Against the Dark Arts and Studies in Strategy and Military Development, but also various other professors like Mireille Delarue teaching Biology. In short, there were a total of about thirty professors to teach all subjects, be they magical or muggle, not to mention optional subjects requiring to bring in speakers. Even Alchemy was taught, offered by none other than Nicolas Flamel. Since the Academic Council's intervention, the school has become extremely famous for its outstanding courses worthy of the best Muggle schools, not to mention the fact that Hogwarts had secured first place among the academies of Magic.

"Unless we meet the Academic Council, I do not see any other solution." Fit then one of the teachers.

Dumbledore looked pensive before glancing at Harry, who nodded. The old man then began to smile.

"No need to meet the Academic Council and wait while we have the owner of the school and therefore, great decision-maker, in front of us! Harry, what should we do according to you?" Asked the old man.

All eyes were on Harry, as Harry stepped forward, students stepping aside from his path.

"Whereas Ronald Weasley does not have the slightest quality that corresponds to the ideals of the founders of Hogwarts, I do not want to flout the traditions of my ancestors by placing him in a House that is not suited to his ideals. Ronald Weasley is not fit to study as a student at Hogwarts College of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Therefore, he will be sent home. Expectedly, the resources used by the Scholarship to pay for his tuition and school affairs will not be the subject of a request for reimbursement from the Academy, and Mr Weasley will be able to keep his already paid school goods, however he will have to be recruited in a magical school within three months or be subject to a tutoring approved by the Department of Magical Education in order to keep his wand, on pain of being broken. ", Announced then in an authoritative voice while watching Ronald right in the eyes.
Once again, hiccups of surprise rang throughout the room, while Ronald blushed with shame. He grabbed the hat before tossing it to the ground. His shock was great when the Sorting Hat, by some kind of prowess, threw himself at Ronald with a shout of war, knocking him to the ground while screaming obscenities that would make a drunkards of Knockturn Alley blush.

The teachers froze at Alistair's reaction as the students burst out laughing. Even Percy Weasley, who had never liked his little brother but was still serious, laughed at the aggressive behaviour of the Sorting Hat trying to strangle Ronald Weasley. The boy was struggling and flaying his arms everywhere while shouting for help.

He was finally saved by Minerva McGonagall who grabbed Alistair who was waving as much as a hat could to try to jump on Ron again. The latter then rose to be led to a fireplace by Argus Filch who could not help laughing all along. Ron could still hear in the distance.

"You filthy idiot, I'm going to make you eat your dirty red-haired freckles, you filthy mongrel! You'll see, no one treats the Great Alistair like that, and NO ONE throw me! I curse you and your future spawns, next time I see you, I'll make you eat your tongue and your arms I swear so on Godric! Your father should have drowned you at birth, and it's not even your father, son of a bitch! Son of Pettigrew!"

Hearing the last words of Alistair, the laughter was silent to give way to shock. Dumbledore got up quickly.

"Alistair, are you sure what you're saying?" He asked.

"Of course I'm sure, that little shit knows perfectly well that his father is only a rat! The rat with him is his father! His sister too, and I dare not tell you what else I saw in his fucking head!" replied the Magic Hat.

Dumbledore then called one of the Hogwarts elves to order him to stop Argus from firing Ronald Weasley from Hogwarts. The order was transmitted in three seconds, and the elf immediately returned with Argus and Ronald. It was then that Dumbledore saw a rat come out of the red-haired man's pocket and run as quickly as possible to the exit. Hogwarts reacted quickly, closing with force to ruthlessly slam on the rat, who in shock, turned into a small man resembling a rat. He did not have the time to open his mouth that he caught a score of *Stupefy* in full pear under the frightened eyes of the students seeing a criminal recognized. They then applauded when they saw the man on the ground.

Dumbledore turned around, feeling a strong, magical aura, and when he saw Harry's dark, dark eyes, he realized that Harry was going to end Peter Pettigrew once and for all. The old man did not have time to react as two armours entered to catch the rat, escorting him out of the room while beating him. Dumbledore put his hand on Harry's shoulder to calm him down, his eyes turning green again, he looked at his grandfather.

"As Grand Duke and leader of the Magisterium, I order the execution of Peter Pettigrew for the betrayal of Lily and James Potter and all the crimes that he committed as a Death Eater. The execution will take place tomorrow morning at dawn in the Hogwarts Court, not all students who can stand the sight are asked to see," coldly announced Harry.

The students did not know how to react, however, none dared to comment. All knew through the newspapers the hatred that Harry harboured for Peter Pettigrew. Most decided that once in their dormitories, they would write a letter to their parents to warn them of the execution. As for Dumbledore, he gave Harry a sad look before nodding, fully understanding his gesture. Harry then took the Summoning Tome to his belt, summoning a huge jet-black Carbuncle, shocking all those
unaware of the Tomes of Summons.

"You're going to go watch Peter Pettigrew, at the slightest misstep, you make kick him," Harry ordered.

The Carbuncle made a small jump with a lovely yap before leaving the place very quickly under the amazed eyes of students and teachers. Dumbledore cleared his throat before looking at Ronald Weasley who had remained frozen.

"Filthy traitor!"

He turned to see the Weasley twins standing and faces distorted by anger, just like Percy Weasley.

"Argus, please bring back Ronald Weasley Pettigrew at the fireplace and if you could get Arthur to come to my office immediately. As long as you're there, please contact Bartemius Crouch to explain the situation quickly so he can go to Molly Weasley, who seemed to know exactly where the traitor Peter Pettigrew was hiding," Dumbledore asked Filch, who hurried off leaving with Ron and a creepy smile.

The Weasley children sat on their seats, disgusted by their mother's filthy behaviour. They decided to talk with their father when he arrived at Hogwarts.

"Now that this situation is settled, I ask you all to have a good time, the Sorting Ceremony will resume," Dumbledore announced before sitting down in his seat and sighing.

He felt a rickety headache about the Weasleys. At least, the divorce would be accelerated, he told himself. Minerva, who had finished calming the hat that had stirred again when he saw Ronald, began to summon the students. She decided to put Harry Potter last, summoning Blaise Zabini to Hufflepuff, shocking everyone who knew him. But after all, he was extremely loyal to his Porter and therefore very protective, like a true Hufflepuff.

"Hadrian James Potter!" Exclaimed Minerva.

A silence fell on the room, everyone began to hold their breath, while Harry advanced to the stool to sit.

When the metamorphosis professor put the old patched hat on his scalp, Harry was immediately transported in his mind, appearing in the Control Room of a city-ship. He was not really surprised when he saw a handsome thirty-year-old man with a distinguished air coming in through the Astria Porta and heading straight for him. Harry had to admit he was very charming and that Sirius would not hesitate to jump at him. He noticed a peculiarity of this man: He wore Alterans clothes.

"Young prince, glad to finally meet you, I'm Alistair, at your service!" Said the man, bowing to Harry.

"Alistair, thrilled to finally be able to discuss with you. Yet, I did not expect you to appear to me as such, and I must say it is a good surprise." Then Harry replied by raising distinguished manner an eyebrow.

Alistair chuckled behind his right hand.

"Indeed, I suppose it must be a real shock to you, my prince, do you allow us to sit down to discuss it in more detail?" Asked Alistair, lowering his head again.

Harry gladly agreed, leading Alistair into the representation of the Atlantis Council Room. Once
there, Harry sat down at the end of the table while Alistair took a seat to his right. He cleared his throat to get Harry's attention.

"I suspect you want to know everything about me, so I'm going to explain everything. First, let me tell you my story quickly, if you do not mind.

My real name is Caïlan Salen'en, and I am, as you probably must have doubted, born thousands of years ago in another galaxy. In fact, I was born in a city-like vessel representation of your mind, or Atlantis on Lantea Prime in the Galaxy Lantenos you name Pegasus. When we fled our beloved city to Avalon, I decided to ascend to leave my carnal envelope and become a pure energy being, something that I managed brilliantly. So I ascended and stayed with those of my people who had succeeded before me.

However, I ended up interested in a very curious fact, that of the meeting between Merlin and Arthur, so Moros and Janus, who had accomplished their descent and integrate a cycle of reincarnation to perpetuate their work on Tellus. With the approval of my peers, I myself completed my descent, and with the help of Ganos Lal, I could remember all my memory. However, I stayed in the shadows, helping as I can these two people.

From one thing to another, I arrived at Hogwarts and became an excellent friend with the founders. I must admit that they were very funny, especially Salazar and Godric who spent their time bickering. When they married the children of Moros and Janus, I decided to take care of them. And when Merlin came to Hogwarts for distribution, I did everything not to be recognized. In fact, and this is probably the most fun, I had turned into a Sorting Hat to sort him, it was an idea of Godric. This is how the Sorting Hat was born, with execrable behaviour and able to sort you against your will. After all, who can compete with a Lantien worthy of the name? In any case, and thanks to Magic, I took the final form of a hat to sort the future students of this establishment once my friends died and took the name of Alistair. I have not left this form since, and I always took care of the School, I reassure you, "said Alistair.

Harry opened his mouth and closed it in shock. He did not expect such a revelation from Alistair, and above all, did not expect to be in front of one of his ancestors.

"But why call me young Prince?" He managed to ask.

Alistair then gave him a splendid smile before answering.

"Simply because Magic has decided that. You see, when we discovered our powers, we were convinced that they were only a result of our advanced cognitive abilities pre-ascent. But we were fooling ourselves, and I ended up discovering that Magic was actually a talent, but more importantly, a genetic recurrence in our code, proving that we are therefore a race apart. Even our body is more robust and adapted to all situations, which explain why wizards do not need to do a lot of sport and live that long.

I have several weird theories about the origin of Magic, and the most likely is that there are higher planes than Ascension. I had a lot of time to learn about magic, being literally the oldest wizard that exists to this day, and I think there is some kind of Ultimate existence plan, beyond all that we think we know and that would be governed by beings representing each a domain. I prefer to call them the Aspects. "

Harry nodded before frowning and squinting pensively, giving him a cute side that made Alistair smile.
"Does that mean Death really does exist? I mean, entity or Aspect, it does not matter," the boy asked as he thought back to the infamous Deathly Hallows.

Alistair nodded.

"I think that indeed the Aspect of Death exists, but I wonder if he's really called Death, I think I know what you're thinking about, and it's possible that these Deathly Hallows are what they claim to be, a means of control over the very Aspect of Death, or a form of enslavement that would make you his eternal servant, it is better to hope that it is neither of them, for servant would not let his master die or a master wont let his hard-earned servant die, then making you an eternal, immortal being, and forever alone with Death for company alone, "replied the thirty-year-old.

Harry's eyes widened at his answer.

"And according to you ...," Harry began.

"You can call me Alistair by the way, young Prince," interrupted Alistair.

Harry nodded slightly, thoughtful, before nodding.

"In that case, you'll have to call me Harry in private," he said as Alistair nodded, "As I said, what do you think are the other Aspects that would govern our Universe?"

Alistair thought thoughtfully, having never thought of the question before.

"I think, but we have no proof for the moment, that the Aspects must be conditions present at all times in the Universe, so there would be Time, Space, Life, Death, Order, Chaos, Magic and Destiny: Given the strong representation of Destiny through Moirai, Parcae or Norns, whatever the name given to these three women, that would amount to confirming my hypothesis, I suppose it is possible that others exist, but as I said earlier, we have no way of knowing it, "explained Alistair.

Harry nodded, fully understanding the situation. After all, there were myths about them, but none was seen in their lifetime.

"So, let's go back to this splendid sorting, from what I see, you have so much knowledge that you would make Rowena die of envy, you're so loyal to yours that we might think you're one of the descendants of Helga, you are so ambitious and cunning that Salazar has to boast to anyone who wants to hear him that you are his descendant, and your exceptional courage, not to mention your boldness, prove that you are the worthy descendant of Godric. That great, and since you're now the owner of Hogwarts, I know exactly where to put you, "said Alistair with a smirk.

Feeling that they were getting out of his mind, Harry asked him to stop, stoking the curiosity of the stranger.

"I want you to recover your original form, Alistair, of course, you can keep this new name, but I want you in your original form by my side. We can create a real Magic Hat to replace you, with your memories. "Harry said with a grin.

Alistair raised a questioning eyebrow, and Harry decided to be magnanimous.

"You'll be the Royal Family's Chamberlain so you can keep watch over my family and me, as you so desired," Harry explained in Alistair's incredulous eyes.

Then they came out of Harry's mind, and Harry had barely had time to get back to him that he heard a resounding.
"Founder!"

Surprise hiccups sounded like never before in the whole room, and Harry could observe, to his delight, the shocked looks of most of the students. Most expected to hear Gryffindor, Slytherin or even Ravenclaw, but surely not Founder.

Harry's clothes then changed to white, strangely reminiscent of the Lanteans holding the Hogwarts shield on his shoulder and chest, and most importantly, in gold letters on the collar, the word 'Founder' with the word 'Descendant' in silver letters next to it.

Dumbledore then decided to applaud to break the silence that had settled, followed closely by the other professors sitting around him. The students, hearing the applause, began to do the same, and a loud applause echoed throughout the Great Hall with students shouting. After all, only the Survivor could get a house different from the others.

No sooner had Harry set the Sorting Hat on the stool than an aura of magic exploded around the leather antique, surprising everyone by the way except Harry, especially McGonagall who was about to pick up the Sorting Hat. It was then that they heard reasoned words across the Great Hall, all recognizing the voice of the Magic Hat.

It's time for this old Sorting Hat,
To say farewell to my good friends,
The houses of my old friends,
Will have to do without this old hat,
It's the end of Alistair's era!
Goodbye and good morning,
To the Grand Chamberlain Potter!

Suddenly, a huge white light engulfed the old piece of leather, blinding all the occupants of the room. When finally they could open their eyes, they then saw a man in front of the stool who was not present, and above all, there was no longer a Sorting Hat.

Surprise hiccups sounded, students as teachers were stunned. The man was a medium-sized, slightly muscular man with well-curly silver curly hair reaching his neck and expressive blue eyes. He was between thirty and forty years of age, and had a short, silver-trimmed beard giving him an aristocratic air. Finally, his clothes were similar to Harry's, except that the word 'Chamberlain' could be read in silver letters on the collar. He then quickly advanced to Harry to finally kneel before him.

"Young master, I'm delighted to finally be able to meet you in the flesh and again, Alistair, to serve you," said the man in a soft, husky voice that made the hearts of most of the witches skip a beat, as well as several boys.

"Likewise, Alistair, but you did not tell me where I had to sit," Harry replied, sending him a mocking smile.

Alistair stood up, giving a little sigh.
"As soon as I begin my service, my young master is already making fun of me," he said dramatically as he put his hand over his forehead, "Other than that, you can sit wherever you want. If this is not the case, just ask Hogwarts, young master."

He winked to Harry, who understood the meaning. Harry mentally made a request to Hogwarts, who gladly responded to her master's request.

Suddenly, the Grand Hall expands while jostling the tables with students on the side to leave a large passage in the centre of the room. A table then appeared, different from the others. This table was simply round and adorned with four seats. Harry did not waste time and went to sit on one of the seats while Alistair sat on the opposite seat.

For his part, Dumbledore had followed everything, and Hogwarts had mentally explained to him who Alistair really was, who explained it to the other teachers to reassure them. He got up then to approach this new table.

"Alistair, nice to see you in your true day, no longer a Sorting Hat, can I find out what you're going to do at Hogwarts now?" Dumbledore asked, shaking Alistair's hand.

Alistair noticed that all the attention was on him. He smirked when he saw the amazed faces of everyone.

"Albus, I too am delighted to meet you in the flesh and again, I know that I belong to my young master, Hadrian James Potter, and because of that, I am his personal butler, although he prefers to give me the title of Chamberlain, I will obviously assume the role of Principal Professor to represent him on the Teachers' Council," replied Alistair with a big smile.

"All right, we'll have to find a solution for next year's sorting," Dumbledore said, looking pensive and eyes twinkling like a thousand suns.

"I'm reassuring you, the problem is already settled. A Sorting Hat has been placed in your office, he has a copy of my memory and will be able to assume his new position, however, he prefers to call himself Caïlan, so avoid calling him Alistair," Alistair commented with a big smile.

Dumbledore, delighted, quickly thanked Alistair before returning to his place to wish his welcome address. As agreed, he announced the ban on access to the third floor, having deliberately weakened Hogwarts' protections to allow Voldemort to enter. Everything was ready for his capture.

Once the meal appeared and consumed, Harry got up to go directly to his personal quarters. He was accompanied by Dumbledore and Alistair.

"Marcus and Blaise will probably join you later in the evening, they have to go to their dormitories first, and in Marcus' case, he has to take care of the early years. In the meantime, I propose to discuss your job with Harry," Dumbledore said as they reached Harry's quarters.

The latter shook his head, and when he approached the door, it opened automatically. He smiled at the sight of Hogwarts before entering, followed closely by the two adults. They went to sit in a lounge set up to chat.

"Expected your schooling, I thought the Muggle courts were useless, so you only got Potion, Charms, Transfiguration and Defence Against the Dark Arts. Would you like to add more courses?" Asked the old professor.

Harry pretended to think before smiling.
"I'll still take the music class to continue to develop my piano and violin skills, and the painting class to learn how to create a magical canvas." If possible, I'd like to take the Alchemy course, even if it's normally accessible from the fifth grade, anyway, I've had a great teacher, "Harry said winking at his grandfather.

The latter laughs heartily, accompanied by Alistair before shaking his head. Dumbledore then redirected his attention to Alistair.

"Alistair, your room is right in front Harry's, but I'll want to know if you're going to teach a subject here, after all, you have a lot of experience," said Dumbledore.

Alistair nodded.

"Indeed, Albus, I want to teach a course that is, in my opinion, extremely important, however, it will be reserved for an elite because of its great difficulty. I would like to teach a course in Primordial Magical Engineering. This course will consist of learning to mix engineering and magic to allow increased use of muggle objects, and most importantly, it will give them the basics of Alteran technology." Alistair then said.

The other two occupants of the room widened their eyes. Harry began to pounce on the spot.

"I know I do not need to attend this class, but I really want to attend," Harry said, making the other two laugh.

"Of course you can attend, Harry, after all, you already have the knowledge, you only miss the practice, but this course will only be available from the fifth grade, and only for those who will have Optimal ratings in Arithmancy and Runes." Alistair then looked at Dumbledore, who nodded.

They chatted for a few minutes when they were disturbed by a few knocking at the door. It was only Blaise and Marcus.

"Professor Dumbledore, Arthur Weasley, Bartemius Crouch Senior and Amelia Bones are waiting for you in your office," Marcus said, taking Harry in his arms.

Dumbledore's eyes widened before getting up quickly. He had forgotten the Pettigrew affair. He quickly wished Harry a good night before heading to his office to deal with the dirty Weasley affair.

"With that, I'm going to join Dumbledore myself, I have some business to deal with a filthy brat!", Alistair said with an evil smile.

Harry shook his head, amused. Molly, Ronald and Ginny Weasley were going to suffer like never before. He began to sneer diabolically, giving chills to these two sisters-in-law. He was eager to execute Peter Pettigrew. He did not have time, however, to think he heard the hearth roar. When he turned his eyes, he saw Charlie making his entrance, worried and on the verge of hysteria.

The redhead wasted no time, snatching Harry from Marcus' arms to hug him and kiss him quickly.

"I was with my father when they told us everything about Peter Pettigrew and the betrayal of my mother. Are you okay love?" Then asked Charlie quickly.

Harry nodded while curling up in the arms of his soul mate. It was then that Charlie noticed an extra presence, gently arching an eyebrow. Marcus rolled his eyes.

"It's Blaise Zabini, Harry's third soul mate," the Slytherin explained.
Charlie nodded before reaching out over Harry's head to shake Blaise's hand who gave him a big smile.

"I sincerely hope the bed is big enough for us ..." Charlie said with an amused smile.

Immediately after, Harry blushed under the amused laughter of Blaise and Marcus.

"And if we go to sleep, I do not want to stay awake longer than necessary, tomorrow we have a lot to do, and I'm sure you'll be able to ask your father what happened, or Alistair, "Harry said.

"Alistair?" Charlie asked, puzzled.

Harry quickly told him Alistair's story as he walked to the room where a huge, comfortable bed was waiting for them. The four boys lay there quietly, Harry sticking to Charlie, while Marcus and Blaise each put a hand on his chest.

In Albus Dumbledore's office things were not so good.

"How could Peter Pettigrew be caught here?" Amelia Bones yelled, glaring at Dumbledore, the deputy director of the Department of Magical Justice.

"Do I have to remind you that this rat was burrowing in the burrow? It's not Albus' fault, "Alistair said, returning his gaze to Amelia.

The latter closed her mouth, darting the former Hat with a glare, while Dumbledore and Bartemius watched the situation amused and Arthur Weasley sat on a chair, white as a towel.

"So, Ro ... Ronald and Ginny are ... are not ..." stammered Father Weasley.

"Are not your kids? Exactly, these little ingrates are not your children, and you should consider yourself happy, because of their dirty character and dirty mouths! I knew this Molly Prewett was just a tramp running after 'Money like a whore after filled biscuits!' "Alistair then said, congratulating himself for his play on words.

Amelia, Bartemius, and Arthur stared at Alistair, not expecting such a vocabulary from such a distinguished person.

"When you have passed the next millennium under the appearance of an old leather patched hat with for only company barmy old guys and a phoenix who spends his time saying filthy things, you can criticize my language!", Said Alistair by staring at them.

Dumbledore's eyes widened before looking at his phoenix, which seemed to bend his chest, proud of him.

'I did not know that Fawkes was so perverse. At least that explains why he's always looking Minerva or Aurora ... ', Dumbledore thought, glancing at his phoenix.

Oddly enough, he had the impression that his phoenix had understood him perfectly and that the latter gave him a wink. He redirected his attention to the other adults when he heard Bartemius's voice.

"Anyway, it's obvious that Molly Weasley born Prewett knew exactly where Peter Pettigrew was hiding, if what you said is true, Alistair, we're going to join the Burrow to arrest Molly Weasley and place in custody Ginevra Weasley and Ronald Weasley for concealing evidence and a culprit as well as an attempt to line-theft by pretending to be Weasleys when they knew they were not Weasleys. As
a precaution, inheritance tests will be taken in Erebor, the Department of Magical Law Enforcement having already been relocated. "Bartemius then declared.

"I want to go with you, I have some things to settle with young Weasley," Alistair said with a frightening smile that did not bode well.

Bartemius nodded.

"Anyway, if it is revealed that Ronald Weasley is indeed the son of Peter Pettigrew, and waited until he knew perfectly where the rat was, he will be accused of complicity. As the Grand-Duke ordered the execution of all Peter Pettigrew's accomplices, the young Weasley will not be spared, at best his magic will be sealed forever and he will be sent to Azkaban until he is seventeen, then he will be executed or locked up for life. "Bartemius then replied before continuing," We'll come back tomorrow morning to Peter Pettigrew's execution, I guess for the occasion, the entire Magisterium and all Departmental officials will be present, in addition to the Minister of Magic. You should prepare the premises."

Dumbledore shook his head as Bartemius, Amelia and Alistair left the place by the chimney. For his part, Arthur remained prostrate in his seat, surrounded by twins Weasley and Percy who tried somehow to comfort him.

"Arthur, know that Harry has asked me to send you a message," said Dumbledore.

Immediately afterward, Arthur looked up to look at Dumbledore, his eyes filled with tears.

"Harry has decided to cancel your marriage with Molly for her despicable behaviour. Molly Weasley is now Molly No-Name again, and Ronald and Ginny will also declare themselves as No-Name or Pettigrew. " the old teacher said.

Arthur burst into tears while thanking Dumbledore. Percy decided to ask a question.

"Professor Dumbledore, should not our mother get the name of Molly Prewett?" He asked, curious.

Dumbledore shook his head in negation.

"Perceval, know that your brother, Charlie, is now the head of the Prewett family as Muriel Prewett, the former head of the Prewett family, has already given up her title this morning. Your Brother must have banished Molly, Ronald and Ginny from the Prewett family, "Dumbledore explained quickly.

Percy's eyes widened before nodding.

"I confirm, when we heard the news, Charlie was so pissed off that he immediately banished them from the Prewett family," Arthur Weasley said as he dried his tears.

"Arthur, Harry has instructed me to take you directly to Potter's Palace to rest, I guess you should not be in a hurry to go back to the Burrow with all this," Dumbledore said, sending the Patriarch a sorry look to the Weasley family.

Arthur nodded before getting up to follow Dumbledore to his chimney, while the three Weasley children returned to their dormitories.

"When I think that Alistair will be able to explode the mouth of the little shit and that I am cloistered there like a nun, fuck this shit!" Exclaimed Cailan, the new Sorting Hat.

Fawkes began to sing while laughing.
"Oh, shut up, Fawksex!" Shouted the Sorting Hat as the phoenix burst out laughing.

09/02/1991

Harry fluttered his eyes as he opened his mouth wide to yawn. He then extended his arms to arch like a cat before releasing, then heaving a sigh of relief. He had oddly slept well, dreaming of a big cat running a rat and catching it before he had a party. He looked around and saw his sisters-in-law scattered in the bed, sleeping his eyes tightly. He smiled as he saw this peaceful scene.

Finally, he noticed dawn rising through the window, and a carnivorous smile made his appearance on his face. Peter Pettigrew would die today and Harry's parents would be avenged. He looked around to find out how to get out of bed. He decided not to go four ways and stepped over Charlie. Unfortunately for him, he could not go very far because the arms of his soul-mate suddenly grabbed him to stick to the redhead. Harry noticed that his eyes were open and looked amused.

"Did you plan to leave without saying hello?" Charlie asked with a faintly disappointed look, "I thought I was not just a one-night shot."

He sniffed as best he could, but Harry was not fooled, certainly not with that radiant smile on his face.

"Good morning. Now can I go? "Harry asked, quickly kissing his sister-in-law's cheek.

The latter nodded, doing the same for Harry. He took the opportunity to shake the other two who grumbled.

"Hey kids, wake up, I remind you that we have a rat to kill," Charlie said.

The words "rat" and "kids" seemed to hit as the two boys suddenly opened their eyes, getting up very quickly, bumping in the process to finally fall off the bed in a tangle of arms and legs. Harry let out a melodious smile as he saw that, while Charlie burst out laughing nonchalantly.

"You're going to pay, Charlie," Marcus mumbled, getting up before kissing Harry's cheek while ruffling his hair, much to the delight of the little brown man.

Blaise said nothing, but the look he sent to Charlie was perfectly clear on what he was thinking. He kissed Harry's cheek before he went to the bathroom. Grabbing the handle, he turned around, sending Harry a leering look.

"You can join me if you wish, Harry," Blaise said in a voice that was meant to be sensual while licking his lips.

Marcus and Charlie then grabbed Harry while Avada stared at Blaise, who winked at a red Harry before going to his toilet.

"You had to find a perverted Italian ..." Charlie exclaimed, holding his head in his hands, annoyed.

"Do not worry, I'll stop the Italian from jumping him," Marcus said, glaring at the door through which the young Italian had escaped.

As for Harry, he continued to blush at all insinuations and the protective embrace of his soulmates. Fortunately for him, Hogwarts heard his cry for help and, coincidentally, another bathroom materialized on the side.
"Praised be Moros!" Exclaimed the young brunette as he rushed into the other bathroom under the amused glances of the other two boys.

He washed quickly before leaving, leaving Charlie to clean himself, while Marcus waited while continuing to slam the door behind which was Blaise while complaining of the divas who put hours in the shower. When Charlie came out of the bathroom, he rushed into it.

"Blaise is still not out of the other bathroom?" Charlie asked incredulously.

As if called, the Italian chooses that moment to leave, leaving behind him a swirl of steam. He delicately arched an eyebrow as he noticed the incredulous looks of Harry and Charlie.

"What? It takes time to maintain such perfect skin," Blaise commented simply with an amused smile.

Charlie and Harry rolled eyes together. A perverse Italian diva, they were definitely not out of the inn. When Marcus finally came out of the other bathroom, he glared at Blaise.

"The next time you spend a century, I'll get in and wash you myself then throw you out. Understood?", He thundered in a dark voice and promising a thousand sufferings.

Blaise paled before frantically nodding, worse than a toy on springs. Fortunately he was saved by a knock on the door. Harry did not have time to answer that Alistair made his entrance, smiling broadly and looking pleased. Harry narrowed his eyes as he saw that satisfied smile and his radiant face. He arched an eyebrow at his Chamberlain, and the latter gave him a wink.

"I kept my promise about young Pettigrew," he said.

Charlie frowned before widening his eyes as he understood the meaning of the sentence.

"So Ronald is really Peter Pettigrew's son?" He asked, scowling.

Alistair nodded, sending a sorry look at Lord Prewett before he smiled again.

"Unfortunately, yes, I took care of his case, one thing is for sure, he will never be able to mistreat a hat in his life," he said proudly, laughing diabolically.

"Do I really want to know?" Harry asked rhetorically in a snorting voice worthy of Snape.

"Let's just say that his arms and tongue have failed him," Alistair smiled mysteriously.

The occupants of the room narrowed their noses of disgust as they imagined the scene. Even if the scene could be quite nice, to see a boy as disgusting as Ronald could disgust anyone, even his own half-brothers now.

"It has also been decided that Molly No-Name will be executed for complicity in murder, concealment of evidence, concealment of a culprit, line-theft and ..., said then Alistair cringing teeth at the end.

"What?" Asked Harry, curious.

"And preparation and fraudulent use of the potion of Amortentia ", then finishes the Chamberlain looking at Charlie with pity.

"My father was under a love potion?" Charlie yelled, red with anger and his jaw clenched. You could even see his temple jogging to the side.
"In fact, she used reduced doses to make people believe in mutual love, and as a precaution, she stopped doses when she decided to have children to prevent them from being born unable to love. She also prepared for Ginny Weasley a very strong dose for Harry, having planned to use it next year when she starts at Hogwarts. Obviously, waiting for the overwhelming evidence, Ginny No-Name or Pettigrew will never be admitted to Hogwarts," Alistair explained.

Charlie wavered, just catching up with Marcus who supported him as well as he could. With the help of Harry and Blaise, he put the redhead on one of the loveseats in the living room. Likny then appeared with a cup of tea in which were a few drops of a Draught of Peace. Charlie thanked him before swallowing the cup offered, exhaling quietly once the effect of the philtre felt.

"Are you okay?" Harry asked, very worried about his soul mate.

"I'm fine my love, I'm fine, thank you Likny," Charlie said as he looked at the house elf who bowed before disappearing into an ottoman.

"I also came to inform you that the members of the Magisterium as well as the Ministry Department Directors accompanied by the Minister of Magic and a good number of Lords and Parents have arrived to witness the execution of the rat in the courtyard," explained Alistair.

Harry nodded before heading to his closet.

"Okay, in that case, I have to get dressed properly, you too are Charlie, you are now Lord Prewett," Harry said, changing into his Magisterium Chief robes.

Charlie hurried to robe in his Magisterium robe under the amused glances of the other occupants of the room. Once ready, they all went down to the courtyard, under the admiring glances of the students who were not used to seeing this kind of outfits.

They were joined on the way to the court by Albus and most of the teachers. Harry then noticed something amazing, the vindictive look of Severus Snape. He remembered that Snape and his mother were great friends, and remembered the wizard crying over his mother's still hot body. At least he was not the only one looking forward to Peter Pettigrew's death.

When they finally arrived in the courtyard, they were attacked from all sides. There were reporters everywhere, and surprisingly, Rita Skeeter calmly waited in the back near a tribune set up for the Magisterium leaders. She was used to it now and knew perfectly well that Harry would give her time, as usual. In fact, she now longer worked for the Daily Prophet but for The Alteran Prophet (TAP) as Chief-Editor and she continued to take care of Harry's interviews and articles. Moreover, she was now dressed much more professionally, and obviously, much more luxurious, which contrasted strongly with her old way of dressing making her more like a cabaret dancer than a journalist.

Harry nodded to her before climbing into the elf-mounted platform. There he obviously found the Dukes, but also Cornelius Fudge, Bartemius Crouch and Amelia Bones. Not to mention the Weasley family he had exceptionally allowed to settle. Even Bill had returned from Egypt for the occasion. He took the opportunity to greet all, and finally, when he took the place before the podium set for the occasion, a silence took place. Sirius, Remus, Charlie, Blaise, Marcus, and Walburga stood beside him.

Everyone's eyes were focused on him, while Harry watched not the journalists huddled in front of him, but the platform behind them on which Peter Pettigrew was going to be executed. He cleared his throat before throwing a Sonorus on his throat with the Elder Wand.
"Good morning. I would like to thank you for your presence and support on this very special day for my family and me, but before anything else, let me explain the circumstances that led to this situation.

It is no secret that Peter Pettigrew was the guardian of the *Fidelitas* secret used to protect my parents and myself when Tom Riddle committed atrocious crimes under his ridiculous Voldemort nickname. He was in fact a Death Eater having infiltrated the ranks of the Order of the Phoenix, an unofficial group led by none other than my grandfather of heart, Albus Dumbledore, and he abused the confidence of all to betray them to the profit of his true master. We obviously know the result of this infamous betrayal. The question is: What happened to Peter Pettigrew?

Well, we discovered it yesterday. Peter Pettigrew had turned into a rat, his form of animagus, to escape the Aurors scattered around the country to arrest him. He decided to take advantage of the kindness and credulity of the Weasley family, well, that's what I thought. Unfortunately, that's not the case," explained Harry, taking Charlie's hand.

The photographers gave themselves to their heart's content, taking advantage at the same time to take some shots of the Weasley family. Harry cleared his throat to draw the journalists' attention again.

"The truth is unfortunately much more sordid and pernicious, my friends, because Molly Weasley nee Prewett recognized Peter Pettigrew and, to my shock, decided to hide the traitor in the home of her family under their eyes. The reason was actually very simple: Peter Pettigrew was the father of her youngest son, Ronald, and his newly born daughter, Ginevra "Ginny". Molly Weasley had in fact broken her promises of fealty and loyalty to her husband, using his credulity and attraction to muggles to enter into a muggle marriage without the bonds of the wizarding marriage preventing any form of deception. In addition, we eventually discovered that she was misusing the Amortentia to control her husband, Arthur Weasley.

Obviously, this trick could not last, and thanks to Alistair Salen'en, whom you all knew as the Sorting Hat, everything was revealed in broad daylight. Molly Weasley had been stupid enough to inform Ronald Weasley about the truth, and he did not know how to resist our artefact, I say, millennial friend. Peter Pettigrew was captured while trying to escape from Hogwarts, having introduced himself as a rat with his son.

This is why, in my authority as Grand Duke and Head of the Magisterium, I officially declare the immediate death sentence of Peter Pettigrew, but also of Molly No-Name, having granted the divorce to Arthur Weasley. They'll still receive a mock judgement. The futures of Ginny Pettigrew and Ronald Pettigrew are still undecided at a young age, but I can assure you that they will not go unpunished for this affront.

Justice will be restored today! "Said Harry, spreading his arms like a messiah.

Applause echoed throughout the courtyard as the reporters took endless photographs and the pens began writing endlessly on the scrolls.

"Bring the convicts!" Harry thundered in a cold, imperious voice, shivering the audience.

The doors of Hogwarts then opened wide, and Harry's Carbuncle made his entrance, followed closely by the Hogwarts armour escorting Peter Pettigrew. The escort was followed by Erebor War Mages and a few goblins with a Molly chained like the criminal she was. Even Ronald and Ginny were escorted to attend the execution of their parents.

Peter Pettigrew was taken to the stage, in the public eye, and the spectators began to boo him, some of whom did not hesitate to take out their chopsticks, ready to fight.
"Peter Pettigrew, you are found guilty of associating with Dark Wizard Tom Riddle also known as Voldemort, for betraying and unveiling the Potter family's position to this Dark Wizard, and for voluntarily joining the Order of the Death Eaters, "said Harry.

"I am innocent, you must believe me, the Dark Lord has forced me, I swear he has forced me! Pity, do not kill me, I will tell you everything I know!" shouted Peter Pettigrew like a pig that was slaughtered.

"And it was Voldemerde who forced you to sleep with my wife?" Shouted an Arthur Weasley, wild and furious, shocking everyone.

Go find out why, Pettigrew threw his chest like a peacock while sending a smirk at Arthur.

"It's not my fault that you married a whore! Everyone knew she was a prostitute of the lowest floor at Hogwarts besides you!" Said the rat under the eyes bewildered by the spectators.

"Peter Pettigrew, for your crimes, I convict you, and your sentence will be death!" Harry interrupted them, glaring at the whitening rat.

Before he could say anything, Harry continued.

"Your death sentence will surely be the most painful one ever, Peter, I'm ordering Anima Reducto's ritual!" Harry said with a sadistic smile.

Gasps of stupefaction resounded. Never again was this ritual used, reserved only for crimes deemed unspeakable. The ritual consisted simply of the total destruction of a soul, preventing it from ever joining the cycle of reincarnation, and was judged as one of the darkest rituals of existence.

Without waiting, four War Mages moved around Peter Pettigrew who was screaming endlessly that he was sorry, but to no avail. The War Mages each took their sword before plunging their blade into a part of the non-mortal body of the condemned while murmuring various words.

It was then that under the gaze of spectators in trance, the Magi removed their blades, leaving behind a sort of red and blue thread tied to the body. It was actually four links directly attached to Peter Pettigrew's soul. The latter arched then, mouth open and eyes rolled in a silent scream, so painful that no sound could escape from his mouth. Slowly, a small white ball began to escape from Pettigrew's body, it was his soul, but it was surrounded by son connected to the swords. Then the Magi plunged their swords into the little white ball, and they ignited. A cry from beyond the grave resounded in all Hogwarts, it was that of the soul. Under the astonished eyes of the onlookers, the soul exploded in a cloud of dust, and Peter Pettigrew’s lifeless body collapsed on the platform before blazing to ash in less than three seconds.

The spectators were forbidden in front of the stage, and Molly No-Name had become so livid that one might have thought she was already dead. The four war wizards then signaled the goblins to take Molly to the platform. The latter tried hard to resist while Ronald and Ginny screamed, but to no avail, and the two Pettigrew children were silenced with a well-placed Silencio. The Mage who placed the spell received many appreciative looks from the spectators.

The goblins placed Molly just above the Pettigrew centre stack before giving her a vicious blow behind her knees to knock her down while smiling sadistically. They had not appreciated the woman's Banshee's voice at all, and were happy to let him know. Harry then looked at Bartemius Crouch Senior and gestured for him to step on the podium to take care of the woman, only interested in Peter's fate.
Bartemius stepped forward while staring at the prostrate woman before clearing his throat while throwing a *Sonorus* to amplify his voice.

"Molly No-Name, formerly Weasley, you are before us on this special day to answer for your many crimes against the Potter family, the Weasley family and the Magical World in general. What are you pleading?" he asked in an impartial voice.

Molly stared at him with a cruel look before loudly exclaiming.

"Not guilty!"

Obviously, the audience began to boo, some not hesitating to throw her rotten vegetables (supplied by cheery house elves) while insulting copiously. Of course, the Weasley twins never losing an opportunity to have fun were at the front line for the vegetable throwing, under the dismayed eyes of Percy.

"The crimes for which you are charged are: Concealment of evidence and a notorious criminal, the line-theft of Weasley House, fraudulent use of a potion prohibited by the Ministry of Magic, complicity in murder by association with Peter Pettigrew, an attempt to steal the Peverell, Black, Gryffindor, Syltherin, Ravenclaw, Potter, Evans and Emrys lineage, and finally Resistance to your arrest, "recited Bartemius, his voice becoming more and more serious with each accusation.

As time passed, the shocked eyes of the spectators widened, not being aware of certain crimes. They began to heckle and chat cheerfully while sending dark glances to Molly who had remained banned.

"Given your numerous crimes and your admission to Veritaserum after your capture, while taking into account that you persist in denying your involvement in these crimes, I condemn you, according to the authority conferred on me, to the Dementor's kiss!" said Bartemius.

Molly's eyes widened in horror as a dementor appeared, closely watched by war mages. He then approached Molly, taking her face in his flesh-rotting hands before literally sucking up her soul under the amazed gaze and trance of the witch population. For many, it was the first time they had attended a performance by the Dementor's Kiss.

Once the soul was sucked, Molly's body fell to the floor, staring into space like an empty shell. The war wizards looked at Harry, who nodded. The body was embarked to be 'offered' to Sanguini, who had offered to get rid of the body once without soul. Harry whispered something in Bartemius' ear, and nodded.

"By order of the Magisterium, Ronald Pettigrew and Ginevra Pettigrew will be judged immediately for their crimes, and bring them to court before this hearing!" Bartemius ordered while surprising the audience.

Ronald and Ginny were led onto the platform, above the heap of ashes of their father under the accusing eyes of the witch population. When they raised their heads, they saw the betrayed and disgusted looks of their half-brothers and the man they had pretended to be their father. The latter then gave them a look capable of tearing a soul in two as he was sad.

"Ronald Pettigrew, do you admit to having voluntarily concealed from all your true origins and your connection to your true father, Peter Pettigrew, to have voluntarily claimed to be a child of the Weasley House, to hide the place where your father, the notorious criminal Peter Pettigrew was hiding, conspired with Molly No-Name and Ginevra Pettigrew to line-theft, to help Peter Pettigrew infiltrate Hogwarts and endangering students? " Bartemius asked coldly.
Ronald looked him straight in the eyes, before nodding.

"Please answer orally!" Bartemius asked, frowning at the lack of respect.

The redhead then blushed with shame before opening his mouth to show that he no longer possessed a tongue. Some noticed Alistair's proud gaze, but no one commented. Bartemius then analysed the red from the bottom up and then noticed that the latter was not chained, and for good reason: He had no more arms. Surely the guards had not seen the usefulness of rebuilding everything while waiting for the boy's judgement.

"In any case, awaiting the admission of your crimes, you are found guilty of all charges, and under the authority given to me, I sentence you to the maximum penalty. You'll be incarcerated in a cell in Erebor in the minimum security zone until you turn seventeen, and transferred to the maximum zone until the end of your life. You will have the opportunity from the age of seventeen to ask for Dementor's kiss if you do not want to live longer, take him away! "Bartemius said.

Two mages then took Ronald to transfer him immediately to Erebor. The Erebor Prison was located in the slums of the city, far from any light and guarded by the Erebor Guard, the Dementors being now watched and isolated on the ancient island of Azkaban through a runes system Azkaban was considered too archaic. Moreover, all the prisoners had been transferred to Erebor in better conditions of life, to their great pleasure. According to Harry, even a criminal deserved a minimum of comfort.

"Ginevra Pettigrew, do you admit that you voluntarily concealed from all your true origins and your connection to your true father, Peter Pettigrew, to have purposely purported to be a child of the Weasley Old House? To have hidden the place where your father, the notorious criminal Peter Pettigrew was hiding, conspired with Molly No-Name and Ronald Pettigrew to line-theft, to have prepared with your mother, Molly No-Name, the Amortentia potion?" asked Bartemius, looking at the girl.

Ginevra then glared at him, a glance that one would never have thought possible on a person of that age.

"I do not admit anything, anyway, Harry had to marry me, I'm the future Grand Duchess Potter and you cannot do anything about it!" Shouted the young redhead.

The spectators were forbidden in front of the girl's words while Harry gave him a half-disgusted look, frightened by so much madness. Fortunately for him, his soulmates were there to support him in this ordeal, and they did not hesitate to glare at the speckled bitch on the wooden platform. For his part, Bartemius let out a sigh.

"As you wish, I would like to remind you that you are trying to deny your crimes, which you are accused of despite the overwhelming evidence, and under the authority given to me, I convict you of all the charges and you sentenced to the maximum penalty. You will be incarcerated in a cell in Erebor in the minimum security area until your seventeen years, and transferred in maximum area for the rest of your life. You will have the opportunity from the age of seventeen to ask for the Dementor's kiss if you do not want to live longer, take her away! "Bartemius then judged the guards to take the screaming redhead away.

Once Ginny was taken away, the crowd began to disperse to return home for parents and adults, or to go about their business in the case of students, the classes starting the next day. Harry decided to apologize to the patriarch of the Weasley family.

"Thank you, Harry, but you know it's not your fault, it's all Molly's fault, and it's mostly up to me to apologize, after all, my family has hidden the responsible for all your misfortunes in our home, "Arthur explained.

The Weasley children nodded.

"I'm not able-" began Fred Weasley.

"To believe that-" continued George Weasley.

"Our mother did all that!", The Weasley twins finished at the same time.

Harry chuckled as he heard the expression so characteristic of the twins.

"You know, this story gave me a lot of thought, and I decided to order the review of the judgments of all the prisoners so that they could be subjected to the Veritaserum to make sure they were all guilty. I have a proposal for you, Arthur, "Harry said, smiling.

Arthur inclined his head to the side, curious. The other Weasley children were also intrigued by Harry's proposal, especially Charlie, who knew nothing at all.

"I understand that the poverty of the Weasley family was due to a conflict with the Malfoy family. After I took control of the entire economy of the Magic World, I was able to peel the accounts of the Malfoy family and, to my shock, Ragnok discovered irregularities in your family.

Indeed, 1/5 th of the Malfoy wealth comes from what belonged to the Weasley family. Therefore, I simply want to give everything back to your family. If I'm not mistaken, this will restore the Weasley family's title of nobility, which will allow the Weasleys to become the Ancient and Very Noble House of Weasley.

What's more, and since I will no longer have to endure this snarling shrew that serves you as a woman, I want to offer you one of the Manor houses located on the first floor of Erebor. After all, our families will be forever connected, "Harry said, smiling at the end.

He did not have time to react as Arthur hugged him crying loudly and thanked him all the time, followed closely by the twins and Charlie, while Bill and Percy stayed behind with big smiles. Fortunately, Harry was saved in extremis by Sirius passing by, while his other two sisters-in-arms laughed as ever.

"Hey, do not kill my godson, I still need him to take my place!" Exclaimed Sirius, snorting as Harry glared at him.

"Seriously?" Harry said with fake anger.

"No, I'm Sirius!" Sirius joked as everyone laughed.

"Thank you again, Harry, and yes, I accept your offer," Arthur said with a big smile.

It was then that Lucius Malfoy made his entrance, walking slowly with his cane while glaring at all this small world. Sirius then decided to show him his cane.

"So Lucius, what do you think about my Pimp Cane? Well, I know mine did not see as much holes as yours, I cannot help it, I do not have as much experience as you! "Sirius said with a mocking smile.
Lucius sniffed disdainfully before stepping off furiously at Sirius and Weasley's laughter as Remus and Harry shook their heads, bemused by the stupidity of the great Sirius Black.

"By the way, Harry, Barty told me this afternoon there will be Veritaserum's interrogation of Bellatrix, Rodolphus, Rabastan, and Barty Junior, so do you plan to attend with Neville?" Sirius asked as Neville came front to get to be right next to Harry.

Harry looked at Neville who nodded.

"Yes, we'll attend, I want to know why they did this to my godmother and her husband," Harry said as he took Neville's hand, who was shaking slightly at the mention of his parents.

Sirius nodded before leaving with Remus to go to Erebor, followed closely by the Weasley (including Charlie). As for Harry, he simply decided to return to the Castle with Neville and his other two sisters-in-law. They decided to go straight to Harry's apartment, followed closely by Alistair under the eyes of the students. It was obvious that they were the object of their gossip, but Harry had nothing to do with it. Today Justice was returned.

They chatted quietly in Harry's quarters and finally, Alistair gave Harry his schedule. He had Enchantments with Ravenclaws, Herbology with Hufflepuffs, Transfiguration with Gryffindors and Potions with Slytherins. His classes in Alchemy, Primal Magic Engineering, Music and Arts were mixed as they were selective and optional.

"So, Alistair, some students have volunteered to join your class?" Harry asked, puzzled.

Alistair nodded with a big smile.

"Indeed, I had a few requests that I have to sort out. As little as I saw, we will be thirty, about twenty of whom lived among humans," explained Alistair.

Fortunately for him, his slip was not noticed since all those present in the room were perfectly aware of the origin of the Sorcerers.

"I know some?" Asked the young brunet.

"Me," Marcus said, hugging Harry tightly.

Alistair nodded, winking at them.

"Yes, there is Marcus, but also Nymphadora Black, who has taken this course in addition to the one in Strategy, and if I understand correctly, she wants to join your Knight-Enchanters," Alistair explained.

Harry's eyes widened as he raised both eyebrows, not expecting this information.

"I would have thought she would have told me, she does not have to do all that to get into the ranks of my knights, after all, she's my cousin." Harry frowning.

Neville rolled his eyes. As much as Harry was a genius he could be silly in some cases.

"'Ry, Nympha surely wants to prove to everyone that she deserves her place and not just get it because she's from your family,"' Neville explained, jostling her twin sister.

Harry blushed under the amused laughter of Blaise and Marcus. He had not thought of this eventuality. According to Harry, you mustn't hesitate to use your relationships and other links to get
what you want, as after all, others do not hesitate to do so and the world is ruthless.

They continued to chat for a while, also taking the time to have lunch directly in the suite. Alistair then threw a manual Tempus.

"Ah, it's almost time, we should go to the Erebor Courthouse," the Chamberlain said as he got up.

Harry and Neville nodded before following him into the fireplace while Blaise and Marcus decided to stay at Hogwarts to mingle with their homes.

Harry, Neville and Alistair arrived directly at the Erebor Palace of Justice, the nerve centre of the Erebor Army and the Department of Magical Law Enforcement. They were joined by Dumbledore and the entire Black family, including Walburga who hastily took the heir to his family in his arms with a big smile, under the shocked gaze of those who knew her as a taciturn woman.

Finally, Augusta Longbottom came in, almost rushing to Neville to see if he was okay. She greeted Harry and the Blacks before quietly chatting with Walburga, both of them old friends. After a few minutes, the doors of the main Audience Hall opened and the case of Bellatrix Lestrange was announced. They hurried to enter the room to put themselves in the front row, while Bartemius took his place in the tribune.

"Today, and according to the will of the Magisterium, the case of Bellatrix Lestrange will be reviewed regarding the crimes of which she has accused and found guilty. The crimes are: Association of criminals, use of unforgivable spells, torture and murder of witches and muggle as hate crimes, torture of the Longbottom family to madness ... ", Bartemius then said, listing all of Bellatrix's crimes.

Once done, he ordered the Aurors (who were now Knights working for the Department of Magical Law Enforcement) to bring in Bellatrix. The latter was now clean thanks to the new living conditions she had in Erebor. At the very moment when they forced the woman Lestrange to sit on the judgment chair (a chair created especially to check the conscience of the accused), a siren sounded in the room and Bartemius frowned.

"It seems that the accused is under a powerful curse of control and submission, and I order the activation of the cleansing runes," he said, shocking the audience.

Suddenly, the chair shone, its runes glowing like fireflies while the siren was silent. The result was instantaneous and the crazy look on Bellatrix Lestrange turned into a sad and broken look.

"Administer the Veritaserum to the accused," Bartemius ordered, looking at Amelia Bones.

The latter nodded, and using an advanced version of Veritaserum, poured three drops on Bellatrix Lestrange's tongue.

"We can begin, first of all, what is your name?" Asked Bartemius.

"Bellatrix Ursa Lestrange born Black!" Said Bellatrix in a neutral and emotionless voice.

Amelia looked at Bartemius before nodding. The serum worked perfectly.

"Have you voluntarily tortured the Longbottom family?" Asked the judge.
"No," Bellatrix replied, shocking Augusta and Neville.

"Did you voluntarily join the ranks of Tom Riddle, also known as Voldemort?" Bartemius asked curiously.

"No," Bellatrix answered once more.

"Please specify," Bartemius then said as the audience focused entirely on Bellatrix.

"My husband, Rodolphus Lestrange forced me to join the ranks of the Death Eaters by the use of the Imperius. After my forced marriage with him by my father, and after discovering my feelings for his younger brother, Rabastan Lestrange, he placed us both under the Imperius spell and used the liquid Imperius potion to keep us under his control, he forced us to commit all the crimes of which I am accused and forced me to join the ranks of the filthy half-blood, he also forced me to abort the child I was carrying, which was his brother's, "said Bellatrix as tears ran down her cheeks.

Audience members shrieked as Andromeda Black began to cry as she learned of her sister's sad fate. As for Bartemius, he rose abruptly.

"Go get me Rabastan Lestrange immediately!" He ordered to one of the Auroras.

The mage quickly shook his head before slipping away to the courthouse cells to retrieve the youngest member of the Lestrange family. When he returned, a second judgment chair was placed, and just as for Bellatrix, the siren sounded and the runes activated to purify the magical heart of Rabastan. Amelia administered Veritaserum to her.

"What's your name?" Asked Bartemius.

"Rabastan Licorus Lestrange," replied the young Lestrange in a monotonous voice.

Once Veritaserum was effective, the same questions were asked to Bellatrix. Rabastan then confessed to all that he had been forced to join the ranks of the Death Eaters by his father, Runalus Lestrange, while his older brother, Rodolphus, had done so voluntarily. He fell in love with Bellatrix Lestrange, his brother's fiancée, and had a relationship with her that ended in Bellatrix's pregnancy. When his brother heard about it, he placed them out of the Imperius to join the ranks of the Death Eaters, not forgetting to cast the spell of the Cruciatus on the young couple in order to have Bellatrix abort and punish them.

He ends up unveiling a last shocking news: Bartemius Crouch Junior was also victim of the curse of the Imperius by Rabastan, Barty being the best friend of Rabastan, he was suspicious of the sudden change of behaviour of his best friend, and was sadly caught by Rodolphus who saw in him a perfect opportunity to infiltrate the Department of Magical Law Enforcement.

Horrified cries echoed throughout the room, and of course Bartemius had his son questioned under veritaserum. Just as with Bellatrix and Rabastan, the chair reacts violently before purifying it, and the latter admitted that he was forced to join the Death Eaters and of course, to torture the Longbottom family. Obviously, the audience reacts strongly by learning the odious crimes of Rodolphus Lestrange.

Bartemius then struck several times with his ring to silence everyone. Finally, he decided to pronounce his verdict.

"By virtue of the rights conferred upon me, and in my capacity as Judge and Director of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, I declare Bellatrix Lestrange not guilty of all the counts
and the immediate annulment of her marriage with Rodolphus Lestrange. Moreover, I declare Rabastan Lestrange not guilty of all charges. Finally, I declare Bartemius Crouch Junior not guilty of all charges.

The accused will be released immediately and will have to rest at the New Hospital of St. Mungo's, here in Erebor. Financial compensation equal to one thousand galleons for each year of confinement will be paid. The judgment of Rodolphus Lestrange is postponed following the new accusations, proofs and crimes. The meeting is adjourned, "said Bartemius, striking his ring.

The audience then began to applaud as Bartemius rushed to his son, hugging him while shedding tears.

For their part, Harry and his family literally threw themselves on Bellatrix while Andromeda squeezed her sister into a stifling embrace while crying loudly. As for the Longbottoms, they did not really know how to react. They did not expect Bellatrix, Rabastan and Barty Jr. to be victims in this story. They ended up approaching Bellatrix, uncomfortable. She looked at them before looking down.

"I'm really sorry for what I did to you and your family," the now black girl apologized.

Augusta clenched her fists, looking at Bellatrix straight in the eye, and seeing the sadness, and above all, the honesty in her eyes, was getting tighter.

"It's not your fault, Bellatrix, but I can swear to you that your former husband will pay dearly for it," said Augusta before turning to leave the courtroom.

Neville thanked Harry for allowing him to attend this trial before joining his grandmother, not without casting a last indecipherable look at Bellatrix. The latter then rushed to Rabastan to kiss under the dumbfounded gaze of all. Sirius then whistled, slapping his head behind Remus's head under Harry's amused sneer.

Two healers then came in to take the couple to the New St. Mungo's while Bartemius insisted on accompanying his son himself, whom he had himself sentenced to prison. He then lamented inwardly to have refused the last wishes of his wife and to have an exchange between the two.

"I decided to move to Erebor to be close to my family Sirius, Andromeda, I hope you will prove to me that you know how to behave properly," said Walburga before leaving the premises in a decided step.

Sirius began to weep in a comical manner, lamenting his sad fate, shouting at the injustice and infamy as Andromeda whitened like never before. Living with Walburga was going to be a hell. Finally, Sirius began to cry more forcefully under the intrigues of everyone.

"Kreacher will live with us!", He cried.

No sooner had he pronounced the name of Kreacher than the house-elf made his appearance, giving Sirius a sly smile.

"Kreacher will take good care of his master, yes, yes!", Said the house elf before disappearing in a terrifying cackle.

Harry and the other members of the Black family (aside from Sirius) laughed jovially, mocking Sirius's sad fate. Even Remus let out a laugh as Sirius cried warmly on the shoulder of his werewolf.

"He's going to interrupt us every time, I know it!" Sirius complained under the incredulous looks of
"Sirius Orion Black, are you telling me that these duel sessions between you and Remus were not duelling sessions?" Andromeda asked, glaring at the marauder.

Sirius stiffened suddenly, and before Andromeda could react, ran hurriedly to one of the chimneys under the hilarious laughter of the spectators as Andromeda chased him while threatening him of castration. As for Remus, he was red with shame, frozen on the spot and a look of horror on his face.

"I knew you were in a relationship," Harry said with a smug smile.

Remus blushed again before leaving. Ted wished Harry a good end of the day while Nymphadora went with him to return to Hogwarts with Dumbledore, who had not missed a beat of it all.

When he returned to Hogwarts he was greeted by Blaise, Marcus, to whom he explained what he had done at the courthouse. The rest of the day went quietly, and he was not surprised when the same evening, owls delivered during the meal a special edition of the TAP. Evidently, mayhem broke out throughout the Great Hall as the students began to read this special edition, and even the teachers began to gossip. Even Snape could not help discussing the front page of the newspaper with Minerva. He looked at Blaise, Alistair and Marcus, who were sitting at his table, before taking the newspaper.

**The Alteran Prophet**

Special Edition: Peter Pettigrew caught and executed, the Potter family avenged!

From Molly Weasley to Molly No-Name, betrayal revealed in the open and justice done!

The Weasley become a rich family, the Malfoys denounced as usurpers?

The true story of Bellatrix Black and Rabastan Lestrange, an idyll turning into a nightmare!

Bartemius Crouch Junior, innocent of all his crimes, Bartemius Crouch Senior, new candidate for the post of Minister of Magic!

By Rita Skeeter, Chief-Editor of The Alteran Prophet.

This article is brought to you by none other than your favourite journalist, Rita Skeeter. For those who do not know, the Daily Prophet has been replaced by The Alteran Prophet, a professional journal run by none other than your devoted servant. This journal is the possession of the Potter family.

My dear readers, know that this day was very rich in emotions, and I obviously have to tell you everything in order to keep you informed.

Yesterday evening at Hogwarts, traitor Peter Pettigrew was captured trying to infiltrate the facility, we think, to finish the job he started by murdering Grand Duke Potter. This tragedy was fortunately avoided thanks to an extraordinary intervention of the Sorting Hat also known as Alistair.
Indeed, the Sorting Hat could not sort Ronald Weasley (now Pettigrew) as he did not match the features of any of the Hogwarts houses. He also revealed that the young Ronald was not the son of Arthur Weasley (Lord of the Ancient and Most Noble House Weasley) but indeed Peter Pettigrew, who was hiding at the Burrow (Former Weasley family home) thanks to Molly Weasley (now No-Name).

This event unveiled and foiled a plot targeting the Weasley family, but also the Emrys, Black, Peverell, Gryffindor, Slytherin, Ravenclaw, Potter and Evans families, Hadrian James Potter being the intended target.

Peter Pettigrew was publicly executed today in the Hogwarts yard by the ritual of **Anima Reducto**, a ritual totally annihilating a soul to prevent reincarnation.

Molly No-Name (after being banished from the Prewett family by Lord Charlie Prewett and the Weasley family by Lord Arthur Weasley) was also executed in the form of the Dementor's Kiss for her crimes.

The bastard children of the Molly-Peter couple have also been sentenced to life in Erebor prison and will have the opportunity to benefit from the Dementor's Kiss as soon as they enter adulthood.

In their misfortune, members of the Weasley family still heard good news. Indeed, following the removal of the Wizard Vaults at the former Gringotts Bank to the Bank of Erebor, it was discovered that one-fifth of the assets of the Malfoy fortune and several lands were illegally acquired by various fraudulent acts and faked contracts. The land and fortune stolen belonged to the Weasley family, specifically to Septimus Weasley, who had previously divorced Lucretia Malfoy because of her inability to give birth despite the care taken to marry another.

Grand Duke Potter has decided in his great magnanimity to restore the property stolen from the Weasley family with financial compensation equal to the interest that the Weasley family would have had if they had had these lands. The Malfoy family preferred not to comment while their fortune was halved, remaining only thanks to the dowry brought by Narcissa Malfoy born Black.

Another event occurred, but this time during the afternoon. Indeed, Grand Duke Potter ordered a review of all judgments to ensure that none of the prisoners were victims of an injustice. And thankfully, my dear readers, because we discovered during the judgment of Bellatrix Black (formerly Lestrange) a news of the most terrifying.

Bellatrix Ursa Black has indeed been subjected to a very great injustice. It was discovered that for almost two decades, Bellatrix Lestrange was kept under the spell of the **Imperius** by Rodolphus Lestrange, forcing her to commit all her crimes. It was then revealed that Rodolphus Lestrange placed his wife under the unforgivable following the discovery of her true feelings for his younger brother, Rabastan Lestrange. An idyll turned into a nightmare, and Rabastan Lestrange was also placed under this spell.

He also tortured Bellatrix with the **Cruciatus curse** while she was pregnant with Rabastan Lestrange, thereby losing her child. She and Rabastan Lestrange were obviously acquitted of their crimes, while Rodolphus Lestrange was executed under Magisterium order. The Duchy Lestrange was handed over by Duke Black to the now Duke Rabastan Lestrange, who officially asked for Bellatrix Black in marriage at the New St. Mungo's. May they be happy.
Finally, and this is the last interesting news my dear readers, Bartemius Crouch Junior has been acquitted of his crimes after discovering new evidence. Indeed, he was also victim of the spell of the Imperius of Rodolphus Lestrange. Following this revelation, he was declared not guilty of all his crimes. Bartemius Crouch Senior, his father, then took the opportunity to candidate once more to the post of Minister of Magic. For those who do not know, elections will be held in ten months. I do not know about you, my dear readers, but I feel a change in the air.

For more information on Peter Pettigrew's crimes, go to page 3.

For more information on the crimes of Molly No-Name, Ronald Pettigrew and Ginevra Pettigrew, go to page 4.

For more information on the crimes of Rodolphus Lestrange, go to page 5.

Harry raised his eyebrows, surprised. He wondered then how his favourite journalist did discovered the story about the Weasley and Malfoy. Anyway, everything was perfectly explained and unambiguous, and of course, the Malfoys and Death Eaters in general had once again taken a hit. He noticed then that a letter had been deposited in front of him, it came from Sirius. He frowned while squinting. Sirius and he had seen each other in the day, why send him a letter now? He decided to read it.

Harry

I received an urgent visit from Narcissa, my dear cousin married to the Pimp King. She explained to me that she was married to Lucius Malfoy against her will, and seeing Bellatrix now free, she begged me to reinstate her in the family by breaking the contract between her and Lucius. I personally do not see any problem, and we can even get the dowry, but I do not know what to do about her son, Draco. As far as I understood, he is like his father. According to you, is he solvent or should I banish him while breaking the marriage?

Lots of love, your super uncle Padfoot!

PS: Remus and I were caught by mom while we were "training" (because of Kreacher, I hate him!), She lectured us for an hour ... I'm going to kill this elf!

PPS: Here Remus, do not listen Sirius, if he was less noisy and especially less bad with Kreacher, we would not be in this shit. Lots of love pup.

Harry barely managed to burst out laughing at the startled looks of the other three. He explained to them the situation quickly.

"You should write to him that the young Malfoy is irretrievable, I've read his mind and I can confirm it to you, did you know that being poor is his worst nightmare?" I cannot wait to see that, "said Alistair with an evil smirk.
Marcus and Blaise burst out laughing as Harry returned the letter to directly write on it. Hedwig seemed to feel her urge to send a letter as she made her appearance, enjoying herself on Harry's plate before taking the answer and taking her directly to Sirius while hooting with joy.

"This is the first time I see an owl anticipating the needs of a wizard," Marcus said, surprised.

"Hedwig is tied to Harry by a familiar bond, that's quite normal, and in due course she'll be transformed into a more fit form," Alistair said with a mysterious smile.

Harry gave him a curious look, but Alistair just smiled at him while winking at him that made the youngest smile. He finished his meal quietly before going to sleep, closely followed by his two sisters-in-law and joined by Charlie directly in the room. He fell asleep quietly surrounded by his soul-sisters.

The next morning he heard a heart-breaking cry on his way to the Great Hall, and as he entered the room, it was to see a Draco Malfoy prostrate while holding a newspaper. He grabbed a newspaper given by an amused Andromeda.

The Alteran Prophet

The fall of a fortune: The Malfoy family loses its title of Noblesse (Noble) as well as its fortune following its divorce with Narcissa Black (formerly Malfoy).

Lucius Malfoy arrested, Draco Malfoy banished from the Black family, the heir of a family now ruined.

By Rita Skeeter, Chief-Editor of The Alteran Prophet.

This is a resounding news in the Wizarding World. The Malfoy family is no longer one of the richest families, but one of the poorest.

Indeed, following yesterday's events, Narcissa Black (formerly Malfoy) filed for divorce by denouncing her husband as a violent individual and did not hesitate to reveal to everyone that he was a volunteer death eater. The news reached the ears of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, Lord Crouch ordered the arrest of Lucius Malfoy, interrogating him under Veritaserum to verify the words of Narcissa Black.

Charges were proven and Lucius Malfoy was incarcerated in Erebor in the maximum zone. His judgment will take place today, but I can assure you that the sentence is already known: Death. For his part, Sirius Black, the Duke of Black House decreed a breach of the marriage contract, declaring it obsolete and claimed the entirety of the Black dowry. The Malfoy family being ruined, the dowry was offset by the requisition of Malfoy lands including Malfoy Manor, where various forbidden objects of Black Magic were discovered, incriminating even more Lucius Malfoy.

There is only one Malfoy left now, 11-year-old Draconius Lucius Malfoy, who is at Hogwarts in Slytherin House. What will happen to him? We do not know, and one thing is certain, he will not be
A grin appeared on Harry's face, and when he handed the paper to Marcus, he heard a resounding Dump. He then turned to see Draco's unconscious body with a urine stain on his dress. His worst nightmare had come true, and when he heard Alistair's thundering laugh, he realized that he had been pleased to warn Rita to write this article.

The day went quietly and Harry attended his classes, particularly enjoying his Alchemy class with Nicolas Flamel, who found Harry a most fascinating disciple. His last class was unfortunately the hardest, that of Potion.

Indeed, the Potions Master was pleased to ask Harry more and more complicated questions, which he answered with ease, shocking the professor who developed a strong interest in the son of his worst enemy, but also his best friend and sister of heart. Before leaving, Harry spoke in a trailing voice worthy of Voldemort.

"Know that I intend to have all Death Eaters questioned to find out the real reasons they joined Voldemort's upstart. If I discover that you did it for more than hateful reasons, you will not have the opportunity. If I learn that your reasons were laudable, or at least understandable, then you will be spared and you will be able to leave your teaching position to devote yourself to research."

He left behind a wide-eyed dungeon bat.

The rest of the week went quietly, and Harry learned through the prophet that Lucius actually received the Dementor's kiss, not without denouncing several Death Eaters who had proclaimed Imperius. Thus, Malthus Rosier, Corban Yaxley, Heracles Parkinson and several other Death Eaters who were members of Voldemort's inner circle were captured and interrogated before being sentenced for the most part to the Dementor's kiss. Evidently, Severus was also denounced, and when he was interviewed, it was discovered that he had never participated in the "activities" of the Death Eaters, only preparing potions to help them. He was indeed the infiltrator of Dumbledore, and he was declared clear of all suspicions, under cries of injustice of Sirius who continued to call him Snivellus and greasy bastard.

Harry obviously respected his promise, and Severus was fired from Hogwarts to be replaced by Horatio Slughorn. Severus was sent to Erebor to work in the R & D department of the Potter Corporation as a deputy director of this branch due to his great abilities, the branch being led by none other than Perenelle Flamel.

The weeks went by, and the ranking of the first years was interesting according to Harry.


The ranking of students in all grades was fun for Harry, being #1 again, closely followed by Percy Weasley, Marcus Flint, Nymphadora Black and, surprisingly, the Weasley twins who accepted.
Harry's proposal to give work thoroughly in exchange for a service that would be asked later (he shuddered in advance).

It was, however, the day just before the winter holidays that was most interesting at Hogwarts. Indeed, an alarm sounded in Harry's room during the night, causing him to jump. Fortunately, he was alone that night, Blaise and Marcus being in their dorms to spend more time with their classmates and Charlie being at Potter's Palace to prepare for Harry's arrival.

He had hardly time to get dressed as Dumbledore and Alistair entered his room, his faces serious and ready to fight. The alarm was that of the room in which rested the Mirror of the Rised with the false Philosopher Stone deposited by Nicolas Flamel, laughing in advance, thinking of Voldemort's face realizing the deception.

"It's time, and just before the holidays, what a nice present from him," Alistair said in a sarcastic and caustic tone that made Harry laugh.

"Indeed, let's go!" Said Dumbledore before leading them to the third floor. When they entered, they noticed that Fluffy was asleep thanks to a magic harp. Harry took the opportunity to take out his wand and reduce the dog to a more adequate size before taking it in his hands, waking him up. The dog cried for joy before licking Harry's face with his three heads to finally fall asleep in his arms. Dumbledore chuckled.

"You'll never change my boy," the old man admonished him with his twinkling eyes.

Harry pouted adorably.

"I cannot help it if he's so cute!", Then decreed the young Grand Duke, making Alistair snort.

Dumbledore just smiled before lifting the hatch. He gave a password that made stairs appear and went down, taking the time to use a Lumos Solem to spread the wire and the devil present. They did not waste time and continued their advance, crossing the room filled with flying keys and using the passwords to avoid carefully the tests.

When they passed into the room prepared by Alastor, they blanched by seeing all kinds of inflamed traps, spades but also dozens of corpses of Acromantulas and models of wizards destroyed everywhere. Alastor had gone to great lengths for this event, and although he knew that Voldemort had to be allowed to succeed, he still had a hard time.

"Holy Moody," Harry said as he saw one of the dummies falling to the floor with a thud.

Albus chuckled before continuing to quietly arrive at one of his favourite events, the leap of faith. When he walked into the void, he felt like Merlin in person, which made Harry laugh.

"It gives me an extra reason to call you grandfather!" Exclaimed the younger, making Alistair laugh aloud all the way.

Arrived in the hall of the giant chessboard, Harry insisted on playing a game, and in less than thirty seconds defeated the opposing player, the school. Finally, they arrived at the last trial, that of Severus.

Harry rolled his eyes before taking all the potions, mixing them into a great cocktail under
Dumbledore's flabbergasted gaze and curious Alistair, before taking a bezoar out of his pocket, throwing it into the cocktail while whispering two words fast while shaking it all. Finally, he took a sip, handing the vial to the two others who decided to trust him and drink the concoction.

"There was a sleeping pill but also a lethal poison, so I mixed everything by incorporating a bezoar to neutralize the poison and an incantation to purify the mixture while retaining the beneficial properties, in this case a resistance to heat," Harry explained then under the inquisitive eyes of the two adults.

"Excellent my boy, I expected no less from you," Dumbledore congratulated him.

"Nicholas taught me all that," Harry said with a smile.

"Hmph, he never taught me that, I'll have two words with him later," Dumbledore grumbled.

Alistair just smirked, and the three advanced to finally arrive in the mirror room. They then saw a red-haired woman in front of the mirror with a snake at her feet constantly murmuring in front of the mirror. When she saw the reflections of the other three, she turned around. They could then see his red eyes.

"Harry Potter and Albus Dumbledore, what a joy to see you again," said the woman in a masculine voice.

"I see you found yourself a puppet, Tom," Dumbledore said, glaring at the woman.

The woman's lips stretched in a hideous smile freezing their blood. Alistair grumbled to one side.

"What about poor Alistair? No one care of Alistair.," He mumbled sulking.

"Well, we know the reason for your presence, and frankly, I do not want to talk to my parents' killer, I have better things to do, like going back to sleep, for example. Can we just take of it so I can go back to rest? ", said Harry in a snapping voice worthy of Severus Snape.

Albus chuckled slightly as Alistair shouted "Yeah!" in the back. As for Voldemort, he did not seem to like how Harry talked to him.

"Nagini, attacks!" Voldemort then ordered in Parseltongue to his snake.

The snake did not waste time and rushed on Harry. Before the snake could bite Harry, Alistair made the Gryffindor sword appear in his hand (which he had kept with him for this occasion) and gladly beheaded the snake in midair while shouting "I want snakeskin purse!".

Voldemort's eyes widened in terror as Harry raised an eyebrow, jaded.

"Seriously Alistair, a snakeskin purse?" Harry asked.

"It seems like it's fashionable among muggles," the old man simply replied before grabbing Nagini's corpse to wrap it around his shoulders while taking a pose with the sword, smiling.

Seeing such disrespect, Voldemort howled with rage and unsheathed his wand to start a fierce duel with Dumbledore. The latter responded with force and the fight began.

They exchanged a multitude of spells, Alistair staying behind to protect Harry (though he did not need it the least). Taking advantage of Voldemort's distraction, Harry and Alistair circled him to execute their plan. Harry then pointed his wand at the Rised mirror while whispering "Magia
"Now!" Shouted Harry to Alistair. The latter did not waste time and, using the *Accio* spell on Voldemort, pulled him towards the mirror. The latter, noting the danger was about to leave the deadly envelope, but Dumbledore took advantage of it to use a *Depulso* and send him right into the mirror, which absorbed him at once.

Harry murmured a simple *Finite* on the mirror, and the surface became solid again. When the three approached the mirror, they could see Voldemort banging against the surface of the mirror while shouting insults (thankfully inaudible). The trap was designed to be able to hold souls, and although the person inside could not produce sounds, she could still hear what was happening around her.

"And now, we'll put you in the Vault at Potter's Palace and take care of your last horcrux, do not worry, Tom, you're not going to stay in jail for a long time," Dumbledore explained, then nodded to him. 'farewell.

Voldemort continued to scream as two house-elves appeared to take the Erised mirror and take it straight into Harry's Vault in a secret room at Potter's Palace, specially designed for Voldemort in case he could succeed by we do not know what a feat to escape from the mirror. The hall was riddled with runes to resist a multitude of attacks, but also to drain the magic core of all those not registered in the runes. Finally, they were specially made to prevent a spectre from leaving the premises, which was the case of Voldemort.

"Any idea where the last horcrux is?" Harry asked, looking at the two adults.

"Alas, boy, it will not be easy to find the last horcrux of Tom, who had to hide it in a secure place," Dumbledore said thoughtfully.

Alistair frowned. "Did not he hide one of the horcrux in the Lestrange Vault?" He asked, puzzled.

The other two nodded simultaneously.

"If I'm not mistaken, Bellatrix, at the time when she was obviously under control, was one of her most fervent supporters and a member of her inner circle, would it be possible that he had entrusted a second horcrux to the one of them? "he proposed then.

"It's possible, but we'll never be able to verify it, they're all dead, and Severus was never put in the secret, Tom had to suspect he was a double agent." Dumbledore replied with a small smile.

Harry rolled his eyes at the behaviour of his 'grandfather'. The latter had a kind of passion for Muggle spy movies that he found very 'interesting', and obviously, he liked to use some of their terms when he had the opportunity.

"We should be interested in it after Yule - anyway, Voldy is now trapped and his Death Eaters have been executed," Harry then eyed brightly as he thought of Pettigrew's death.

"Unfortunately not all of them, my boy, we have not caught Fenrir Greyback, who continues to wreak havoc while trying to 'recruit' werewolves and remains one of Tom's most vicious Death Eaters, and Surely the most dangerous, given his abilities, "said Dumbledore, whose sparkle diminished.

Harry and Alistair flinched slightly at the mention of the word 'recruit'. After all, Fenrir did not make
the effort to start talks or negotiations, no, he just attacked young children and other adults to turn them into werewolves and put them into his pack by forcing an alpha link on poor people. He did not even hesitate to violate those who tried to resist in order to force the alpha / omega link on the poor individuals. His latest victim being a boy of just eight years old according to rumours.

"One thing is certain, he will suffer the same fate as Pettigrew," said Harry in a polar voice that made the two adults shudder.

They decided to leave the room to finally return to their quarters. Dumbledore went to his office, leaving Harry and Alistair between them.

"By the way, Harry, do I stay here or am I coming with you?" Asked the Chamberlain, referring to the winter holidays.

Harry looked at Alistair, shocked by the request.

"Of course you're coming with me, Alistair, after all, how could you be my Chamberlain and Butler if you're not by my side? You even have your own room directly at the Potter Palace in the North Wing so to be able to watch over my family at all times, but I just thought about it, I wanted to know if you were immortal. ", Harry replied, looking at Alistair straight in the eye.

Alistair's eyes widened and a strange emotion appeared in the eyes of the thirties. He was just happy to be accepted so easily by the descendant of his old friends.

"I'm not immortal, Harry, I just have the life of an Alteran, since my desascension was not done by the reincarnation cycle but by the restoration of my body and thanks to the Alteran technology I used, I have two thousand years to live, even a little more ", explained to him then Alistair with an amused grin.

Harry just nodded.

"With that, it's time for me to go to sleep. Tomorrow I'm going back to Erebor, and I'm sure I'll have a few assignments at the Magisterium to put in place new decisions about the rights of magical creatures and probably abrogate an incredible number. There are laws passed by Death Eaters, not to mention my date with Sanguini regarding the restoration of the crown to muggle vampires," Harry said before heading to his room.

"You know, in the time of Arthur and even the founders of Hogwarts, muggle vampires were already banned because they represented an extreme danger to the magical population. These are theoretically abominations, so I advise you to get rid of them. We will surely never be able to ship them with us when we leave this world, becoming a vampire does not make them Alterans , " said Alistair before heading to his room for his own sake. to occupy a certain bag.

Harry made a simple wave of his hand to signify that he had heard it. He was too eager to go back to bed to answer Alistair's remark. When he lay down again in his big soft bed, he gave an amused smile on his face, everything went as planned.

Finally, he quietly woke up on the first day of the winter holidays, and without losing a moment, returned home, deciding for the opportunity to take the Hogwarts Express with his sisters-in-law Blaise and Marcus, Blaise having sent a letter to his mother to warn her of the discovery of his bond with Harry, although he does not need it since it had made the first page of "Witch Weekly."

When they arrived at Station 9 ¾, they were greeted by a playful Sirius Black, but also a Marissa Zabini eager to meet her future son-in-law. The woman was beautiful, measuring about 185 cm with
caramel skin and long curly brown hair. Her face was very much like Blaise's, more feminine of course, and with amber eyes that Blaise had happily inherited. She was dressed in a muggle haute couture dress, Harry easily recognizing one of Yves-Saint-Laurent's famous dresses, and looked like jewels of all kinds giving her a magical side.

All in all, Marissa Zabini was breathtaking and Harry finally understood where the incredible genes of his Italian soul mate came from.

"Grand Duke Potter, I'm delighted to finally meet you in person, Marissa Zabini, Lady of the Very Ancient and the Noblest House of Zabini of Italy," Marissa introduced herself, quickly bowing.

Harry, always respectful of the traditions, did not hesitate to take the gloved hand of the latter to delicately kiss it. He then noticed an appreciative gleam in the woman's eyes, and he realized that he had passed a silent test. He heard Blaise letting out a sigh of pleasure beside him.


Before he could react, he felt the woman's hands on her face, pulling her cheeks while screaming for joy.

"He's so cute! Oh my beloved Blaise, you found yourself the perfect soul mate! I knew you could not be asexual, being so much like me!", Marissa then jumped from joy.

Sirius did not lose the North and laughed at seeing Harry being treated like the kid he was, while Marcus hid his smile behind his sleeve as best he could. As for Blaise, he had become red with shame at his mother's overreaction.

"My Harrynouchet, Aunty Bella will save you!", They all heard in the distance.

Before any of them could react, Harry was raised in a stifling embrace by Bellatrix Lestrange-Black (following her marriage to Rabastan Lestrange, the two decided to take the two surnames in order to differentiate themselves from Rodolphus now dead) who had recovered from the beast thanks to the good care provided by the healers (who received implicit threats from Walburga if they did not do their job properly). She was followed by her husband, Rabastan, who was also better off.

"Aunt Bellatrix, glad to see you're doing a lot better," Harry said, trying in vain to escape his deadly embrace.

"I told you to call me Aunty!" The Black admonished.

Harry sighed. Unfortunately, all her years under Imperius without counting the years in Azkaban had had effects on the psyche of Bellatrix, making her slightly crazy, and this for life, or at least until they have access to the Alteran technology. Fortunately, it was much less pronounced in Rabastan, and Dumbledore had assumed that the loss of the child was the real reason for Bellatrix's madness. In any case, despite her grain of madness, the Lestrange-Black had remained an excellent duellist and gifted in Runes and Arithmancy, while Rabastan had kept all his talents in Potions and surprisingly, Herbology and Care for Magical Creatures.

Indeed, it wasn't well-known but Rabastan was originally a very gentle person who liked to take care of plants and animals. If Harry did not know better, he might have thought Neville was his son.

"Bella, let him breathe a bit," Rabastan said before looking at Harry, "Hello Harry, I hope you had a good trip, oh, and hello others."
Harry smiled at him before nodding while sending him a look full of gratitude. Bella sulked slightly but still let Harry escape from his clutches, under the slap of his godfather, who was kicked in the back as a thank you for his 'help' from Harry.

"Lady Zabini ..." Harry began.

"You can call me Marissa, after all, we'll soon be from the same family, and do not hesitate to get in touch with me," exclaimed the Italian with a strong accent.

Harry nodded.

"As you wish, as I said, Marissa, I want to invite you to live on the first floor of Erebor where the ducal families and other very important families live among the magical creatures," Harry said.

Marissa pretended to think, but no one was fooled.

"Very good, but I hope my mansion will live up to my expectations," said the Italian while raising her head snobbishly.

Harry chuckled, fully recognizing Blaise through his mother's manner, before nodding.

"Of course, the Zabini Manor will obviously be refurbished by one of my best architects and interior designer with whom you can talk to make sure his plans are to your liking," Harry replied while tilting slightly off his head.

Marissa nodded before giving him a big smile. They then decided to leave the station to go directly to Erebor through the chimney network. When they arrived at Potter Palace, they were greeted by the entire Black family, including Narcissa, who had become completely dark again, but also the Weasley and Flint families.

They chatted quietly, Harry and Charlie kissing quietly under the jealous eyes of Marcus and Blaise who wanted such treatment, something that Harry was happy to do. In the evening, Harry went to bed, not forgetting to mention that here in Erebor, they would be in separate rooms, to the chagrin of Blaise who did not expect this news, which made Marcus and Charlie laugh. Once in his room, he laid down Fluffy, who had remained in miniature form and asleep in his cloak. He now had a pet dog, and he knew perfectly well that Hagrid would not mind him.

The holidays began quietly, and there were interesting Magisterium meetings during which Harry took the opportunity to annihilate all existing anti-creature laws, but also to formally integrate Goblin, Dwarf, Veelas, and Werewolf races as Magical citizens, granting them the same rights as wizards, things they liked, especially goblins and werewolves.

Obviously, this news was not very well received by Fenrir Greyback, who saw a ruse to take away all power on the werewolves, no longer able to enjoy the hatred between wizards and hybrids. His answer was then to attack a small wizarding village, but unfortunately for him, one of his 'betas' sent a message to the DMLE. So he arrived in a completely deserted village with a complete guard of Knights-Enchanters sent specially by Harry to 'welcome' Fenrir as it should be.

The result was bloody, and Fenrir Greyback was captured for public trial in Erebor, where he was punished by Anima Reducto under the cheering of the jubilant population, and especially the werewolves who were prisoners of this monster. Unfortunately, there were twenty deaths during the capture of Fenrir, the latter having come with several members of his pack, all volunteers. None survived.

Harry took the opportunity to publish his book, Explanation of the Wizards, or how to explain the
non-existence of muggleborns which he had to postpone due to the Pettigrew problem and other small things. The book was a hit among the Magical population, and an incredible number of muggleborns and half-bloods decided to do an inheritance test. That’s how many extinct families revived and the Black family surpassed the hundred wizards with Sirius (officially only, unofficially was Harry) at the head of the Black family. Even the Potter family got some wizards, cousins far away, and as a result, Harry was at the head of a thirty-member family (taking into account all lineages except the Blacks). And do not even talk about the Weasley family ...

There was also the very famous Yule ball organized by the Ministry of Magic. For the occasion, it was held at the Potter Palace, the central seat of the government and it was a real success. Harry danced with a lot of personalities, and most of all, for his own pleasure, had Ragnok's confirmation of the recovery of the crown jewels that were stored in Harry's Erebor's No.1 safe.

(Twilight arc)

Finally there was the long-awaited meeting with Sanguini taking place on the last day before the end of the holidays. Exceptionally, and for the occasion, Sanguini asked Harry to come directly to Italy to deal directly with the Muggle vampire problem. Mistrustful of the Muggle vampires, Harry decided to bring with him a complete guard consisting solely of Knights - Enchanters with his Marshal-Enchanting who was none other than Alastor Moody. The latter was both Professor and General, because according to him, none other than him can form future generations.

When they arrived in Volterra, Italy, they were greeted by Sanguini and a representative of the Italian Ministry of Magic named Marco Tolino. The latter took the opportunity to welcome Harry to Italy while assuring him that no matter what would happen with the Volturi, he would be fully supported by the Italian MoM before leaving. Sanguini was also escorted by two magical vampires who were born of the vampiric nobility, the pure-bloods (nothing to do with the pure-blood wizards).

"And do not forget, Constant Vigilance!" Alastor said, looking at his captains.

"Hay!", They all sung in heart, like real little soldiers trained for war.

Harry rolled his eyes but had to admit that Alastor was right about this constant vigilance story, after all, this vigilance would surely have allowed his parents to survive, or to avoid the existence of Voldemort in general. Sanguini stepped towards them.

"It is time for us to meet these dear Volturis, and I hope they will be courteous and courteous about you, your grace," Sanguini said as he bowed to Harry.

Harry nodded before following the vampire. He noticed that many muggles stared at them, surely it was due to their medieval accoutrements, or were they focused on the beauty of Sanguini and his family? Noting his thoughtful look, Sanguini could not help but comment.

"Their eyes are fixed on you, your grace, let me compliment you on your most beautiful clothes," the vampire said with a smile.

Harry could not help but blush while Alastor snorted. Indeed, Harry had decided to put on one of his best outfits for the occasion to show his presence and importance. The outfit was composed of a splendid and very long burgundy red robe filigree with gold in marvellous arabesques. Above this robe was a long ermine-blue night coat with a white collar, all set with several buttons in real silver (goblin silver) themselves set with blue gems. All that without counting the boots made of Horntail leather and his many signet rings.
"I say it's that necklace that catches the eye, and the sword," Moody snickered.

Sanguini nodded as Harry frowned. He then observed his necklace which was quite opulent, made entirely of gold with an incredible number of coloured diamonds, and above all, four small pendants, a dragon (for Charlie), a Thestral (for Marcus), a fox (for Blaise) and a phoenix (for Harry). He shrugged while adjusting the sheath of his sword, which was offered by the goblins, which he had named Mitral. (Charlie having named his Smaug, which Harry found amusing)

"Maybe we should have used some notice-me-not spells?" Harry said.

Sanguini shook her head.

"It's useless, anyway, everyone living here knows the existence of vampires, they must be think of us as members of the Volturis," the vampire explained.

Harry and Alastor nodded, accepting Sanguini's explanation. Finally, they arrived at the Cathedral overlooking all Volterra and did not hesitate to enter it. They were then greeted by two vampires looking like teenagers. There was a girl who had a psychopathic look and a boy who seemed to be bored.

"Lord Sanguini, Lord Aro is waiting for you and your guests, please follow me," said the girl without waiting before taking them to the catacombs of the cathedral.

The further they went, the more they noticed vampires. The vampires were astonished when they saw the calm and amused glances of their guests. Were they not afraid to be surrounded by so many vampires? When finally they arrived in front of a large double door, the little vampire knocked before entering.

The room in which they entered was spacious and made of marble, with on a small esplanade three vampires sitting quietly in three thrones. Two of the vampires had a wife each while the third was alone. Harry detailed them quickly. There was a cheerful and smiling vampire, probably called Aro. There was one who had an edgy and stressed side, surely the so-called Caius. And finally, the third, the one who was alone, seemed to want to die. It must have been Marcus.

"Jane, Alec, I see you're bringing us our prestigious guests," Aro said with great gestures while smiling.

"Yes master," Jane said simply before accepting a hug from her patriarch.

She and her brother then stood on their side, like watchdogs. Sanguini cleared his throat to attract the attention of the Volturis.

"Sanguini, my old friend, what a pleasure to see you again after so many years, it must have been at least two centuries since we did not see each other," said Aro, still smiling as he looked suspiciously in the direction of Harry's group.

"Aro, I too am glad to see you and your brothers again, but allow me to introduce you to my guests," Sanguini said as he pointed to Harry's group, "I present you Lord Alastor Moody a very powerful wizard who is also Marshal-Enchanter as well as his escort composed only of Captains-Enchanters, an elite of War Mages."

The Volturis stiffened at the mention of the word 'enchanters' and immediately suspected that there was an eel under the rock. It was Caius who noticed that Sanguini had not introduced the youngest member of the group.
"And who is it?" He asked pointing at Harry.

When he pointed at Harry, he immediately noticed the Captains and Moody stiffen, ready to attack him, which further stoked his curiosity.


Deciding to play the card of caution, Aro decided to bow quickly, the others doing the same.

"Your grace, let me welcome you to Volterra, you are here at home, of course," Aro said, astonishing those who did not know about the Pendragon.

"Thank you for that warm welcome, Aro," Harry replied simply with a grin.

"Could we know the reason for your presence?" Asked Marcus, who had been silent until now.

Harry glanced at Sanguini, who nodded before stepping forward.

"As you must know, vampires vowed allegiance to the ancient line of Pendragons, and that allegiance is the reason for our presence, because it's time for all vampires to re-allegiance to their legitimate ruler, that is to say, our prince, but also to my lineage being the one designated to lead the vampires. This, my dear friends, is the reason for our presence, "Sanguini explained as his eyes began to shine. 'a dangerous glow while watching the three lords Volturis.

Sanguini could see Aro swallowing for his greatest delight. However, his joy was interrupted by Caius who stood up abruptly, alerting the magi.

"And what would happen if we just refused to submit to vulgar cattle?" He asked harshly as Aro took his head in his hands, disappointed by the belligerent attitude of his brother.

"Why not an example?" Harry said with a smile that did not reveal anything good.

Caius nodded before beckoning Dimitri to come forward. However, before anything could happen, a vampire interrupted to quickly mutter something in the ears of the Volturis. Aro then glanced at Jane and Alec, giving them a silent order that they followed without waiting.

"Your grace, would it be possible to temporarily quit this little duel? It seems we have a small problem, and if you allow it, we would like to fix it before continuing," Aro said, smiling at Harry.

The latter returned his smile.

"Of course, you will not have any problem with me staying here, are you?" Harry asked, defying the vampire with his eyes.

He gave him a big smile before snapping his fingers to order Dimitri and another vampire to bring two seats for Harry and Sanguini. For the occasion, the seats were placed next to those of the three Volturis, making Harry smile. Aro was trying to brush it in the direction of the hair, and he had to admit that he appreciated his manners.

For his part, Moody sniffed disdainfully before taking a pebble in his pocket and throwing it right next to Harry. He then used his stick to turn the pebble into a seat while transfiguring Harry's seat so
he could sit on a seat more appropriate to his condition, all under the vampires' amazed gaze, and the one now wary from Dimitri. If he was going to face a mage, then he'd better be wary.

Harry did not have to wait long to finally know the reason for their interruption. Indeed, Jane and Alec returned to the room, accompanied by several vampires with different eyes, similar to topazes, as well as a girl lambda. Harry stiffened immediately when he saw the girl, just like the mages. A muggle was in front of them.

"Carlisle, what a pleasure to see you again in such lovely company, is that your convent?" Aro asked, shaking the hand of a blonde-haired vampire in his late forties.

"I'm also glad to meet you Aro. Let me introduce you my convent. This is Edward, Rosalie, Emmett, Alice, Jasper, and you know my wife Esme obviously," said Carlisle.

Aro nodded before turning his attention to the girl he had not introduced. The latter was being glared at by Rosalie while Alice seemed to hug her. Harry glanced at Sanguini, and he shook his head. He did not know them at all.

It was then that the vampires came to notice that there were two more thrones, and above all, about fifty non-vampires armed to the teeth. Of course, Bella could not help commenting on Edward's ear, forgetting that everyone in the room could hear it.

"Who are these funny guys dressed like idiots from the middle Ages?"

She only noticed her mistake when Aro glared at her while Carlisle and the rest of his family swallowed. That did not bode well.

"Could one of you explain to me why one of my children had to stop this young Edward from revealing our identity to everyone?" Aro said while keeping his plastic smile.

"It was just an act of rash madness Aro, my son thought that this young woman was dead and wanted to kill himself after you refused to kill him," Carlisle said, trying to appease his old friend.

"If he wanted to die so much, he could have just thrown himself into a chimney or a volcano, that's not what's missing," Caius commented viciously.

Carlisle nodded.

"I know, but he was desperate, I can assure you it will never happen again," the vegetarian vampire promised.

"And who is this girl, who seems to be responsible for all these emotions?" Asked Marcus in a sneering voice worthy of Snape.

The Cullen swallowed in unison.

"Introducing Bella Swann, a ... my son's classmate," Carlisle said.

"You dared to bring a human here, in this sacred place, do I have to remind you, Carlisle, what is the punishment for such an act?" Aro said, glaring at the Cullen.

An idea had sprouted in his head. He was going to make sure to direct Harry's attention to the Cullens so he could escape his anger, if possible. To hell with old friends when you have to choose between your life and theirs.
"I'm really ..." began Carlisle.

"Enough, I did not come here to watch your squabbles, let alone a filthy Muggle who has no place here!", Thundered Harry while standing up.

A silence fell over the room, while Edward glared at Harry and Rosalie gave him a good look. For her part, Bella was stuck on the word 'Muggle', a word the Cullens had never used around her.

"I do not see what you're doing here, you're not vampires either," Edward said as Aro cheered inside.

The Cullen was digging his own grave, and that suited Aro's business well. As for Harry, he glared at Edward for daring to reveal this information. He then noticed how much the vampire looked like Cedric Diggory and glared at him twice more.

"We should execute them once and for all, the way they dare to speak to us, endanger our world, not to mention their way of feeding themselves. Revolting!", Caius said, putting oil on the fire.

"Their way of feeding?", Asked Sanguini, intrigued.

Aro smiled before looking at the Count.

"Indeed, Count Dracula!", Said Aro, relying on the word Count to make Carlisle react, "The Cullen Convent feeds exclusively on the blood of animals, refusing to kill humans in order to integrate them more easily."

Harry frowned as Sanguini turned his nose disgustedly.

"Aro, are you telling me that these 'Cullen' prefer to kill animals that are becoming scarce instead of feeding on humans that are crawling everywhere like ants?" Harry said.

Harry was extremely protective of animals, and much less so for humans. In any case, the wizards were not human, and so the fate of humans mattered little to Harry. Moody snorted at Harry's comment, because after all, it was a logical way of thinking. There were so many humans, and they were reproducing so fast that they represented an unlimited supply of food, so why kill animals that were becoming rarer and rarer?

For their part, the Cullen's eyes widened, not expecting such a comment, especially Carlisle who had never thought of the ecosystem.

"It's healthier, and at least we prove we're civilized, compared to others," stupidly replied Edward continuing to glare at Harry.

Harry glanced at Moody, who meant 'Did-he-dare-call-me-a-savage?' while he replied with a 'Yup'. The young prince redirected his gaze to Edward.

"In your place, I would bow to my superiors instead of boasting. If vampires feed on human blood, it's simply because it contains what they need to be in the best shape. You're becoming weaker and weaker if you only feed on animal blood, and you'll quickly take a bite of your pantry by your side," Harry said, mocking him slightly.

Edward bit down on the hook, and in a cry of rage threw himself at Harry. He did not have time to take a step that he was sent to the other end of the room while Alastor was standing with his staff and sword in his hand.
"Try a little, shithead!" Shouted the Marshall-enchanter.

All the vampires watched Moody, still shocked to see him send a vampire several meters away with a simple stick and without even touching him. Edward got up before heading straight for Moody. Jasper tried to stop him while Emmett chuckled to the side, but Edward continued his advance towards Moody anyway.

Harry just nodded, knowing that Moody's magic eye was watching him. The old War Mage then smiled fiercely before winking at Dimitri, who was watching the scene closely.

When Edward physically approached Moody, he smiled as he saw the blade come straight to him, convinced that she was going to break. This was the last thing he saw. Indeed, the blades of the Mages were enchanted, especially Moody's, made especially by goblins. It cut the vampire with ease while igniting, reducing him to ashes under the frightened cries of his family and Bella. Moody spat on the ash pile representing Edward.

"Well, it was not even a warm up," Alastor said before returning to sit under the frightened vampires' eyes.

"I decided to be magnanimous today, I give you the choice, go away or die, it's up to you," Aro said victoriously.

Carlisle did not have time to answer. Indeed, Sanguini got up before heading straight for Rosalie and Emmett, shocking the two vampires. He watched them for a moment before turning back to Harry.

"Your grace, it seems that these two vampires are Squibs, I think I can, thanks to my blood, make real vampires of them." Sanguini then exclaimed under the shocked eyes of the Volturis and those curious Cullen.

Harry nodded, giving his approval while Sanguini redirected his attention to Rosalie. Using a little Legilimency, he began to read the spirit of the beautiful vampire and his smile grew. He had found the perfect argument.

"Dear Rosalie, let me make a unique proposal: If you agree to become a true vampire by joining my clan, then I can promise you that you will be able to give birth again," said the magic vampire.

Immediately, Rosalie's eyes widened in the face of this proposal. Could her dream come true? She searched for Emmett's eyes, which wrapped her hand before she looked Sanguini straight in the eye.

"Is it really possible?", She asked, her tone full of hope.

Sanguini nodded before giving her a small smile.

"Of course, after all, I'm a true vampire, and I'm the son of a vampire couple," the Earl said.

Rosalie looked at the Cullen, who gave him a look of betrayal before nodding. She was ready for anything to finally have a child, even to change her convent. Sanguini's smile widened before biting his hand to make the blood run. He held out his hand to the two vampires in front of him while ordering them to drink. Emmett and Rosalie did not waste time and drank a little of his blood.

The effect was immediate, their eyes went red as they heard their hearts begin to beat very slowly.

"Welcome to the Dracula clan" Sanguini proudly announced, pushing his arms wide.

"What about us?" Carlisle asked as Rosalie and Emmett were escorted out of the Cathedral.
"For you it'll just be death," Harry said as he stood up and snapped his fingers.

The Captains-Enchanter reacted immediately to Harry's signal. They unsheathed their blades and simply killed the vampires, ALL muggle vampires, under the frightened eyes of Aro and the other Volturis. Jane and Alec tried to protect their masters with their powers, but these powers were useless against Occlumens masters. In just five minutes, the Volturis and Cullen's Convents were annihilated while Bella Swann was an unfortunate victim during the debacle.

"Count Sanguini, I'll let you take care of the other muggle vampires, I do not want these abominations to become members of my empire, and if you find other vampires squib, do not hesitate to turn them. I'm going home to enjoy my last vacation," Harry said as he left the scene with Moody and his guards.

"As you wish, your grace," Sanguini then said while sitting quietly on the throne of Aro.
Courses

Chapter Summary

Here's the courses list at Hogwarts

Courses taught at Hogwarts:

**Wizard Courses:**

Alchemy
Arithmancy
Astronomy
Spell creation
Defence Against the Dark Arts
Duels
Divination (Special)
Wards
Decorum and Politic of the Magical World
Further Studies of White Magic
Further Studies of Grey Magic
Further Studies of Black Magic
Muggle Studies
Military Strategy and Development Studies
Herbology
History of the Magical World
Primordial Magical Engineering
Transfigurations
Potions
Magical Rites and Rituals
Runes
Care of Magical Creatures

Customs of the Magical World

Flying lessons

**Mundane Courses:**

Art (Painting, engraving, Sculpting…)

Biology

Chemistry

History and Geography of the Magical and Mundane World

Art History

Languages (Choices: Magical or Mundane)

Mundane Literature (English/French/German/Spanish/Italian/Chinese/…)

Magical Literature (Goblin/Wizard…)

Mathematics

Music (Magical Music History + learning of choice instrument)

Philosophy

Physical Education

Economic and Social Sciences
The return of the winter vacation went off without a hitch and the year ended quietly for Harry and his soulmates. The only interesting event that occurred during the rest of the school year was the election of the Minister of Magic and the unveiling of his last lineage. For the occasion, Harry had publicly announced his support for Bartemius Crouch Senior, believing that the British Magic World needed a strong and fair representative, aware of the issues faced by other Departments, something that Bartemius was perfectly aware of, unlike Cornelius Fudge. Secretly, Harry just wanted to get rid of the super pot of glue and his horrible frilly pink toad that literally gave him hives. He must surely have an allergy to unregistered amphibians, or to unidentified pink things. After the UFO, (which Harry was convinced to be a joke of Asgards or Nox), there was the UPO (Unidentified Pink Object) which seems like the name of a venereal disease.

30/06/1992

This is how the thirty June 1992, Harry stood in the Magisterium with Charlie by his side while Blaise and Marcus were in the guest wing. He rolled his eyes, tired of attending this meeting and only heard the end of his grandfather's speech.

"... and that's how I declare Bartemius Crouch Senior as Minister of Magic," the old man said with thunderous applause.

Bartemius Crouch Senior rose from his seat as a minor member of the Magisterium before bowing to the semicircle while Cornelius Fudge let out a sigh of defeat, his shoulders lowered and his eyes lost. He had lost his position in the ministry and did not know what would happen to him. Behind him, Dolores Umbridge vibrated literally with rage, knowing that her hour had finally come.

Bartemius approached the podium dedicated to the Minister of Magic before clearing his throat.

"Thank you all for your support, and I especially thank Grand Duke Potter for his incredible support through these elections, and I can assure you that with me, the Ministry of Magic will be completely reformed to show the entire Magical World that we are strong and determined to lead by example, "announced the Minister of Magic in a confident and strong voice.

The applause echoed again, Harry doing the same. He was eager to see the wizards' faces when he revealed his last line, something he had decided to do in a few minutes. Harry sent a glance at Ragnok who was sitting right next to Sanguini in the chamber, goblins (Ragnok), Vampires (Sanguini), Veelas (Juliette Delacour) Centaurs (Magorian) and Werewolves having been integrated into the Magisterium. The goblin nodded with a smile that frightened many spectators. He stood up, and using his wand that he had loved so much since he could get one, threw a powerful Sonorus on his throat to amplify his voice.

"I would like to make one of the most important announcements!" He declared and interrupted the applause.

Immediately after his announcement, the applause fell silent to make room for an abrupt silence and shocked looks. Bartemius nodded before sitting in the Minister's seat and Dumbledore looked at the goblin.
"You have the podium, Lord Ragnok," said the old man with a knowing glance.

Ragnok gave them all a broad smile, showing all his teeth almost demonically.

"As you know, goblins are divided into several big clans such as the Gringotts or the Vartuk clan, and many have to wonder why the goblins no longer form a vast kingdom led by a high king. Very simple: None have been appointed, well, that was the case, "Ragnok then said, pausing expressly to catch his breath and look at the shocked and anxious minds of the wizards.

The last time the goblins had had a King, the latter had rebelled against the wizards and the war had been bloody. What did it say for the next few days if a new king was to be crowned? Several wizards began to murmur each other, imagining situations some more far-fetched than the others.

"What you probably do not know is that the goblin royal family is by no means chosen by other goblins, but by a wizard, and not just any wizard, no, I'm talking to you of a very important wizard, for us as for you, I am talking to you none other than the heir of the Pendragon family, which means, your rightful ruler! ", Ragnok then shouted proudly.

Gasps of stupefaction echoed in the semicircle while several journalists from around the world gave themselves to their heart's content to take photographs. It was probably the scoop of the century and it was going to take off the career of many.

"Today I have the pleasure to announce that the goblins have a new High King, appointed by the heir of the Pendragon family. I, Ragnok the first of Gringotts officially declares to be High King of all the goblin race! "announced the goblin as a gold crown appeared on his head.

Applause resounded, mostly magical creatures, but also from the Ereborians while other wizards remained stoic, shocked or dubious, not really knowing how to interpret the news. For his part, Dumbledore followed the plan.

"And who is this heir Pendragon, King Ragnok, who is the legitimate ruler of the Kingdom and the Avalon Empire?" Asked the old man with a firm face, though his eyes betrayed him by their amusement and brilliance.

Harry rose from his seat, shocking all the wizards (except the Dukes and Dumbledore) present.

"I, Hadrian James Potter, officially declares to be the legitimate prince of Avalon and the Lord of the Pendragon House, so mote it be!", Said Harry as a symbol representing a huge roaring dragon appeared over his head.

Cries of astonishment and acclamations could then be heard from all sides while the journalists gave themselves to their heart's content to take as many photographs as possible. The entire British witch community was stunned by this incredible news, and some of them even lost consciousness after this terrible shock.

Harry cleared his throat to be heard, but nothing helped. People were so shocked and in such turmoil that a cacophony reigned supreme in the Chamber, despite Dumbledore's attempts and his summonses to demand silence. For its part, Ragnok watched the scene with a certain delight, as if savoring a fine wine, and kept laughing at the wizards running in all directions like chickens with their heads cut off. Even Sanguini giggled at the spectacle offered to him.

"Silence!", Sounded all over the chamber with such force that the walls trembled.

It was none other than Walburga Black who was pissed off. An immense silence settled in the room and Harry thanked her for the look, to which she replied with a grin worthy of a Black.
"It is time for me to reveal to the whole world my true identity. I am Hadrian James Potter, the last heir of Merlin and Arthur Pendragon, legitimate Prince of the Kingdom and Empire of Avalon, but also of the United Kingdom and the British Empire, Lord of the Houses of Pendragon, Emrys, Peverell, Gryffindor, Slytherin, Ravenclaw, Potter and Evans, Heir to the House of Black, "announced Harry in a voice that was meant to be final.

Applause echoed as several wizards chanted his name like a hymn. Harry raised his hand to silence them before continuing his little speech.

"Whereas my emancipation and my young age, I officially announce that my crowning ceremony will be held July 31 1995, at the dawn of my fifteen birthdays. Meanwhile, I leave the Ministry of Magic in the hands of Bartemius Crouch in whom I have full confidence, thank you, "Harry finally finished as he quietly left his seat to leave the Magisterium, under the ovations of a cheering people.

No sooner had he left the Magisterium than he was approached on either side by journalists eager for information of all kinds, like blood-thirsty mosquitoes. He quickly answered a few questions, and announced that the coronation ceremony would be open to all, thus enjoining the leaders of the Wizarding World, and the ICW (International Confederation of Wizards) to come to attend this glorious ceremony which would mark the advent of a new age for the Wizarding World. He also unveiled where the ceremony will take place: The Great Hall of Hogwarts for the official ceremony. Indeed, he decreed that Hogwarts would be perfect for such a ceremony, being the oldest magical building in the British Magic World, in addition to being located on the largest telluric node in the world and announced that the post-coronation ceremony would have take place at the Potter Palace to accommodate more people and celebrate the event with a big Ball that would remain in the annals.

The only question he did not answer was the date of marriage concerning his soulmates, himself not having thought about it, although he had already given the engagement rings to Blaise and Marcus. When he went to the Potter Palace, the final exams had already taken place a week ago, he asked himself this question, under the curious eyes of his soulmates and his family. Harry sat down on his favourite seat in the Great North Wing Salon, under the perplexed gaze of the other people present.

"Mio bello, what's bothering you so much?" Blaise asked, loudly expressing the question everyone was whispering.

"I was thinking about the question asked by one of the reporters," Harry replied simply, still thoughtful.

"What question, my puppy?" Sirius interjected, wanting to know more.

"The date of marriage, now that I think about it, I have no date, and I do not know if it would be better to get married before or after the coronation ceremony." Harry said puzzled.

Sirius and the others raised their eyebrows, before taking pensive looks. They had also forgotten the story of weddings, so used to seeing them together. Dumbledore then decided to give his opinion while savouring one of his sherbet lemon.

"My boy, maybe I have a solution to your problem, why do not you marry Charlie before the coronation ceremony, and with Blaise and Marcus right after that? Charlie would be crowned as King-Consort as well while Blaise and Marcus would become Grand Dukes like Merlin was for Arthur, when this kind of relationship was not very accepted among muggles, obviously, since this coronation ceremony will not take place among muggles, Charlie will have no problem receiving the title of King-Consort, "the old professor then offered with a smirk and blue eyes full of life still..."
"It's a great idea," said Walburga, satisfied with Dumbledore's proposal.

Marissa Zabini and Marwyn Flint frowned slightly, and it was Nymphadora, who had not followed everything, who asked the itching question.

"Why could not Blaise and Marcus get the title of King-Consort?" She asked, curious.

"Just because you can only have two monarchs, otherwise it would get way too complicated. Of course, they too will have the titles of Consort, but it will be easier to distinguish them from Charlie by using the titles of Dukes, specifically reserved for this problem. That's why in the old days, Arthur Pendragon was married to his queen, Guinevere Pendragon, and that Merlin was the Grand Duke, because muggles did not accept this kind of relationship after their problematic religions, we simply decided to continue this tradition in the case of Harry's expected number of soulmates, and Charlie being the first soul-mate as well as the Alpha of this couple, the title of King-Consort is his right, "explained Dumbledore in 'teacher' mode.

Marissa and Marwyn relaxed on hearing the old professor's explanation. Finally, Harry decided to put in a pinch of salt.

"Without forgetting that in our original language, the Alteranne language, I will be the Imperator-Rex while Charlie will be the Imperator-Rex and that Marcus and Blaise will be the Impera-Rex. The titles being similar, it will be easier in our original language as there is no difference between men and women in titles. ", then explained Harry.

The occupants of the room nodded in unison, preferring these titles largely as those in English. Harry continued to think before casting an inquiring glance at his soulmates, who understood the unspoken question, nodded, blooming an immense smile on Harry's face.

"I accept your idea grandfather. I think we should arrange the wedding between Charlie and I at the earliest to prevent all events from happening in the same amount of time." An idea of the date? Harry said, glancing at his family.

Several dates were proposed and refused, debating for a long time. It was then that Narcissa, who had so far shrugged her voice.

"And why not on the twenty-fifth of December, 1993 during Yule's winter equinox? That would be the ideal date for such an event, magical energies being very present at this time, and that will leave plenty of time before the coronation ceremony, the only problem in my opinion being the honeymoon at your young age, "proposed Lady Black.

Harry and Charlie blushed in concert at Narcissa's insinuation as the others burst out laughing, Sirius, Remus and the Weasley twins in the lead.

"I think it will not be a problem for the honeymoon - after all, Harry being a bearer, his body will be ready for mating as early as his thirteenth birthday. Not to mention that with marriage, there is a good chance that Harry will mature immediately, but I will do some research on the subject, especially to see if it will affect the young Zabini's magical maturation, as Marcus will normally have reached maturity. " Dumbledore frowning.

The problem was the rarity of the case, and therefore information about the bearers, despite the fact that they are revered. To believe that no one had thought to correctly note all there is to know about this case. Albus sighed inside, he was going to have to do some research in Alexandria.
Indeed, and despite Muggle popular beliefs (and even witches), the Library of Alexandria was in perfect condition, the earthquake being a ruse of Greek wizards to hide the huge Lighthouse and Library. This fact, however, was known by very few wizards, the members of the ICW and the Greek Ministry of Magic. He realized then that he had forgotten to reveal this fact to Harry, being the leader of the British Wizarding World. The best thing would be to reveal everything after his coronation, he told himself.

"In this case, everything is perfect in the best of all worlds! Oh, I can not wait to organize this wedding!" Narcissa exclaimed with a big smile.

Immediately, Narcissa, Andromeda, Bellatrix and Marissa began to squeal and make big gestures, under the frightened eyes of the men who wanted to run away. Harry was not very surprised when he saw Dumbledore running away quickly, followed closely by Sirius and Remus. The only one who dared to stay was Ted, Andromeda's husband.

Charlie and Harry looked at each other before nodding. It was better not to get in the way of these women and let them organize everything.

"Ladies, I trust you completely, and I give you carte blanche, my vault are at your disposal, so organize me a marriage worthy of our families!", Harry said then before disappearing, followed by Charlie, Blaise and Marcus.

The four women looked at each other before smiling demonically. Carte blanche? Unlimited Funds? They were going to go crazy!

The holidays went off quietly, and when Marcus received his NEWTs results, a party was held in his honour. Indeed, thanks to Harry's tutoring, Marcus had passed his exams hands-down, and thus obtained (O) everywhere, including (O +) in Runes, Arithmancy and Primal Magic Engineering. Not having to find a job as he was Harry's soul mate, Marcus decided to devote himself to developing new Runes and therefore Fundamental Research, much to Harry's delight.

However, an event occurred towards the end of August, shortly before the start of the school year.

Indeed, Harry had ordered a complete restructuring of civic rights and duties to easily integrate magical races among wizards, but some wizards did not comply. Of course, these wizards were the purists who survived the death of the Death Eaters led by Dolores Umbridge, a fervent anti-hybrid racist.

Of course, Harry did not let it go and decided to make Dolores an example. Following her attack on a family of Werewolves, Harry's punishment was to transfer the entire property of the Umbridge family directly to the victim family. Dolores obviously made threats against Harry, and sealed her fate.

When she was interrogated under veritaserum and all her crimes were exposed, she and her supporters were sent to Erebor to serve a life sentence. But Harry had plans far more ... insidious than that. He had, with the help of Marcus, developed an arrangement of runes that would not seal the magical heart of an individual but destroy it entirely while keeping it alive. Obviously, there was a consequence to this act, a total loss of magic of the person, but for Harry, it was not a disadvantage, quite the contrary.
Thus, Dolores and the other wizards were subjected to this treatment before being sent among the Muggles whom they hated so much. No one was surprised when they were later locked up in Psychiatric Asylum.

Finally, it was Harry's third year, which went off without a hitch. He continued his friendship with Hermione, and managed by shock treatment to make her understand that her attitude of boot licking and intransigent madness was not appropriate to make friends. He then quickly realized that this attitude was only the result of a social rejection since his early childhood awaited the intelligence of the girl and her tendency to read complicated books.

Since then, Hermione had become more tolerable, though she still remained a little ... how to say ... boring on the edges, but we could not help it.

Harry also befriended Luna Lovegood, understanding that she was a real clairvoyant in a state of constant trance making her see a sort of parallel sub-dimension, thus explaining the creatures with wacky names that she never stopped talking about. All in all, the girl perceived things differently, and Harry soon discovered that the young medium was being rejected by her peers in the Ravenclaw House, which enraged him to the highest degree. He did not hesitate to declare the girl as one of his protégés, officially declaring that she deserved the family name Ravenclaw. That's how Luna Ravenclaw-Lovegood was born. Obviously, this article made the front page of Xenophilius Lovegood Quibbler, happy to know that his daughter was now protected.

In fact, Harry quickly made friends with several Hogwarts students who did not make a whole deal about his titles. These students were Seamus Finnegan, Dean Thomas, Anthony Goldstein, Daphne Greengrass, Colin and his brother Dennis Creevey, Parvati and Padma Patil, and many others.

But Harry also had some enemies, such as Draco Malfoy, Vincent Crabbe and Gregory Goyle, and of course Zacharias Smith, who was extremely jealous of Harry. Probably because Harry now had the Hufflepuff Cup, or because his family destroyed any chance for the Smiths to claim the name of Hufflepuff.

And of course, an event occurs a few days before the start of the winter holidays and so Harry's wedding with Charlie.

On December eleven, 1993, an unexpected event took place at Hogwarts. As Harry was chatting quietly with Blaise in the Great Hall a few hours before leaving Hogwarts, he heard a scream.

"I guess you have to be proud of yourself, Potter!"

Harry and Blaise, and even everyone in the Great Hall looked at the man who had exclaimed. It was none other than Draco Malfoy, who was staying for the holidays at Hogwarts, having no more family.

"And what should I be proud of, son of Bad Faith?" Harry asked in a snarling voice worthy of Snape, which made the occupants of the room smile, some coughing to hide their snorts.

Draco blushed while glaring at Harry.

"If only the Dark Lord had not missed his shot, we would have been rid of you and my dad would still be alive!" Draco then said with a haughty smile.

Several gasps of stupefaction sounded in the hall, students and teachers being shocked by Draco's words. For his part, Harry narrowed his eyes, annoyed, and the atmosphere of Hogwarts became
overloaded. Blaise jumped up before spitting at Draco's feet.

"Do not dare talk about the one I love, son of a Death Eater, you should consider yourself lucky to be allowed at Hogwarts, Harry could have ordered your expulsion a long time ago," Blaise said staring up at Draco as if he were a vermin.

Evidently, Crabbe and Goyle stood up to stand beside Draco and try to protect him. They did not know anything else anyway. Evidently, Draco, not feeling the danger, decided to continue his diatribe.

"You think you're better, that you're superior to me, you who are with him like a doll he can get rid of? Oh, he's just a glorified whore who spreads his legs to have everything he wants, as his whore of a mother did to have his idiot father! ", replied the Malfoy son.

No sooner had he finished that sentence than Draco had propelled himself out of the room with the two gorillas, landing like a vulgar dung outside the Great Hall. All eyes went to Harry, whose eyes had narrowed to become just two bright green dots like Greek fire. He had not moved an inch, and yet, we knew full well that he was responsible for this act. The students and teachers then noticed that his hair was flying in the wind and that a sort of aura revolved around him, some then swallowed their saliva while sweating in big drops.

There was one universal rule about Harry: Never insult your family and your partner on pain of suffering.

And Draco broke that rule. Dumbledore stood up before heading for Malfoy, his gaze hard and without the usual spark. He was not happy at all.

"Draco Malfoy, your behaviour is a real shame for this school, and since you've been treated as an obnoxious behaviour since your arrival at this school, I'm obligated to declare your final removal from Hogwarts. This applies to both of you, Gregory Goyle and Vincent Crabbe, " said Dumbledore in a dry voice so uncharacteristic of the old man

Draco and the two gorillas widened their eyes, and before they could do anything, their wands rose in front of their eyes to break with a resounding crack. That's when Harry's voice rang.

"Draco Malfoy, I declare you and all future Malfoy persona non-grata at Hogwarts, Erebor and Avalon, so mote it be," said the Prince of Avalon, doing the same for the other two.

The result was immediate, and in cries of pain, Draco, Vincent and Gregory disappeared, expelled by the magic itself out of the Kingdom of Avalon. Unfortunately for them, they were sent to the worst place for them, Central Africa, in front of a hungry Nundu. One thing was sure, we'd never hear of them again.

Of course, following Harry's decree, the remaining possessions of the Crabbe, Goyle, and Malfoy families were passed on to Harry, including a very likeable house elf who appeared in front of Harry.

"Dobby is thrilled to meet his new master ... Har ... Harry Potter ?!" shouted the young elf, ecstatic jumping for joy.

Harry immediately went out of his angry state to watch the elf in front of him, amused.

"Oh, Lord Harry Potter Harry Lord is Dobby's new master! Dobby is so happy, so happy! Harry Potter Lord!", Proclaimed the elf as he stood on all fours in front of Harry while crying tears of joy.

Everyone watched this scene, not knowing how to react. At the sight of the elf, it was obvious that
he had not been treated very well by his master, which went against the laws established by Harry. He frowned before beckoning to the young elf to get up.

"Likny!" Harry said loudly.

Likny made his appearance beside Harry, and seeing the young Dobby, he immediately understood the situation and what he had to do. He did not waste time before taking Dobby to take him to Potter's Palace and heal him, and surely perfect his education afterwards.

A few seconds after their departure, applause echoed in Hogwarts as the students were delighted to finally be rid of Draco and his henchmen.

And so began the winter holidays. Of course, when Harry told the news to Narcissa, the woman cried a good deal before recovering. Anyway, Draco was no longer her son, so what's the point of feeling sorry for the fate of a banned offspring? She decided that her next child would be someone respectable. For her part, Bellatrix lamented, she would take care of Draco herself, which made the Blacks shudder.

Finally, the long-awaited day by Harry and Charlie arrived on the twenty-fifth of December. It was an event forever marked in the annals.

25/12/1993

The magical citizens of Avalon were in states that could have been laughed at. Yet the reason was perfectly understandable, their future monarch would marry his first soulmate and therefore alpha, and obviously, their future ruler. So it was a very important day, and the city of Erebor was decorated in a very festive way, not forgetting that it was also Yüle.

For the occasion, the weather had been changed in Erebor to represent a mild winter with lots of snow, enveloping the city in a white shroud and resplendent, giving a fairy-like appearance. There were decorations everywhere, with giant magic screens scattered throughout the city so that everyone could witness this wonderful moment.

But the most beautiful place was obviously the Potter Palace, which for the occasion was open to all and whose large gardens had been specially arranged for the wedding ceremony. The gardens were richly decorated, with topiaries, rose bushes and shrubs scattered everywhere with ponds filled with carp and other interesting fish. Not to mention the huge fountains representing animals and Roman-Greek gods, drawing heavily on the gardens of Versailles. There was even a large Japanese garden with cherry trees constantly in bloom, and the wedding was organized in this garden.

There was a magnificent marble arch covered with runes, dozens of benches but also various spheres of magical retransmission to retransmit on the giant screens. Indeed, the Potter company had developed its own television with several channels, especially for the magical population, with channels such as Vampirevelas (channel of romantic series), Avalon 1, Avalon 2, Avalon 3 ... Avalon Info, Quidditch Plus, Goblin Exchange (economic channel), EroVeela (channel of charm), MoonHowl (action/thriller channel), AstroCentaurus (scientific channel) etc. In short, there was a whole film industry, controlled entirely by the Potter and Avalonwood families. And for the occasion, all channels would broadcast the same thing, the marriage of Harry and Charlie.

The driveway was beautiful, made of marble slabs covered with cherry petals. All in all, it was an idyllic scene, and Black sisters (and Marissa Zabini) had done an extraordinary job.
But two people were extremely stressed for the occasion, and it was easy to see. Harry was pacing up and down in his room, Charlie being for the occasion preparing for Weasley Manor.

"All will be fine, my love," Marcus said, hugging Harry.

"He's right, carino, everything will be fine, you'll see, and Charlie and you will have a wonderful time that will end in beauty, Hehehe," said the Italian with a lecherous smile.

Marcus and Harry looked at him before rolling his eyes. As usual, the Italian only thought about sex, it did not surprise them in the least. Harry caught his breath before looking at himself in the mirror.

For the occasion, he wore a beautiful, hypnotizing green dress that brought out the color of his eyes. The dress was covered with gilding and arabesques forming two dragons around, with a magic wand and a sword in the center. Harry wore a lighter outfit under his dress, consisting of a white Acromantula silk shirt with white silk pants and even his shoes were white. After all, it was still a representation of his purity, and he had to wear white for this occasion.

It was then that three blows rang out at the door and that Blaise went to open. He then brought in Sirius Black, who was also dressed for the occasion with a beautiful burgundy red dress with an embroidered dog on it, which made Harry laugh.

"Then my pup, ready for the big day?" "Finally, one of the big days, after all, you have the coronation and your marriage with the other two munchkins," Sirius pointed at Blaise and Marcus.

The three occupants of the room snorted, allowing Harry to relax.

"It must be, I'm just scared of shuffling like shit on the driveway," Harry said, blushing slightly.

"If you're lying down, I'll be there to catch you - after all, I'm going to escort you!" Sirius reassured him while giving him a wink.

Harry looked at him before giving him a big smile. He could trust Sirius, so there would be no problem. He motioned for Blaise and Marcus to join the ceremony, which they did, not without kissing him before leaving.

"Ready?" Sirius asked, extending his arm to Harry.

"Ready," Harry replied, taking his godfather's arm.

So both went to the Japanese garden where the guests were and, of course, Charlie. When they approached the garden, they heard a music played on the harpsichord. Unlike traditional wedding music, Harry had personally composed this one, which he felt was perfect for such an occasion. Finally, they saw the driveway, and Harry's breath cut off.

One could have easily thought of herself as a whimsical Japanese girl with cherry blossom petals fluttering in the air and dotting the alley leading to the altar in front of the arch. Harry quickly noticed the benches on both sides of the aisle and all the guests whose eyes were fixed on him. He recognized many, like the Ducal families, his own family, but also all the members of the Magisterium, and of course all his friends.

He and Sirius began to march down the aisle toward the altar, and when they finally reached the altar, Harry's eyes widened. Charlie stood in front of him, dressed like a prince with a smile so huge that it would inevitably hurt the zygotic later. The redhead was dressed in a splendid blue night dress making it also bring out his eyes, with the same arabesques as Harry's dress. Surely the work of Narcissa, the queen of fashion.
There was also Dumbledore behind the altar, having been chosen to finalize the ritual as the oldest Sorcerer present (Nicholas Flamel did not expect his appearance). For the occasion, the old man wore a dress as eccentric as usual, gilded with animated silver stars. Harry obviously noticed the gleaming look of the old man before giving him a big smile.

"I'm giving you my pup, Charlie, I'm counting on you," Sirius said, handing Harry's hand to Charlie.

"I swear I'll never give him up," Charlie replied, taking the hand of a young red-brown to the ears.

Sirius just smiled before joining her husband (Yes, he had married Remus, who took the name of Black) and the rest of his family on the side. He took the opportunity to wink at the two groomsmen, Blaise and Marcus.

"You're gorgeous," Charlie whispered as he took Harry to Dumbledore.

"You too," was the only answer that Harry managed to get out without stuttering.

Dumbledore watched the scene before clearing his throat for attention, giving them a big smile, slightly masked by his huge cut and coiffed beard for the occasion.

"My dear friends, thank you for coming on this wonderful occasion ..." Dumbledore began.

A long speech then followed, but Harry ignored it, completely hypnotized by Charlie, who seemed to be just as much with him. They were really made for each other.

"... Charlie Ferdinand Prewett, do you agree to take for husband Hadrian James Potter, take care of him for ever, cherish him to your last breath and be faithful to him? on your magic, "Dumbledore continued.

"I, Charlie Ferdinand Prewett, swear on my magic and my soul to protect, love, cherish and be faithful to Hadrian James Potter, so mote it be," Charlie then swore, looking straight into Harry's eyes.

Immediately after, a snap could be heard in the air, the magic sealing Charlie's promise. Dumbledore nodded before asking the same question to Harry, who answered exactly the same thing.

"In this case, as a representative of Magic for this union, I declare you united until your death and beyond by the sacred bonds of marriage and magic.I think a kiss to seal the union is required, "the old man said with a smile.

Charlie rolled his eyes before grabbing Harry's waist to kiss him unceremoniously. The moment his lips landed on Harry's, an event occurred. The couple began to shine, forcing guests to temporarily close their eyes. Finally, when they were able to see the couple again, various sighs of astonishment rose in the crowd.

Harry had changed, now measuring 176 cm (which was small), while his body had grown. He seemed to have reached his magical maturity, probably due to the soul bond that materialized in the marriage of the two wizards. Applause rang then, no one noticed that Blaise also changed apart the family. The soul bond had forced Blaise's maturity, which was a good thing.

Immediately afterward, they all went to the huge Potter Palace Ballroom, not forgetting to change, specially prepared for the occasion. Marissa and Bellatrix had particularly insisted on a Roman theme, which explained the presence of huge statues (* cough * Borrowed * cough * indefinitely to several temples and museums around the world, mainly those of Italy) representing the Roman gods, not to mention huge tables covered with food but also candles and incense.
In sum, the ballroom looked like the inside of a vintage Roman Palace, and guests decided to play the game by wearing appropriate clothes for the occasion, the men did not hesitate to wear togas and sandals while the women wore beautiful bright dresses.

The most impressive for many was the huge candlestick standing in the center of the room, made entirely of crystal representing a gigantic Dragon. Harry was not surprised, then, when Charlie literally smiled at the art object, which amused the Weasley and Black, who knew Charlie's passion for dragons so well.

When the couple danced in the middle of the room, Charlie snorted.

"I'm going to have to get used to being called Lord Potter now," the redhead whispered, winking at Harry.

"You do not really have a choice, but if you want, you can always call yourself Potter-Prewett," Harry replied, clinging to Charlie's chest.

Harry felt the vibrations from his now-laughing laughter, and he began to smile. Evidently, shortly thereafter, Harry was dancing with his two other soulmates and several members of his family, who congratulated him on his happy (hopefully) marriage. Harry ate a little (he never admitted it) seeing Blaise's new body, which was 185 cm tall, slender and carved, reminiscent of statues alen tower.

Finally, it was time for Harry and Charlie to leave the premises to enjoy their night and a honeymoon. They decided to go to the Villa Potter in Sweden for the occasion to get away from the family. Of course, they spent their first night together, and it was memorable.

The two men had just arrived in Sweden at Villa Potter in the middle of the night. Charlie watched the place before whistling. The Villa was splendid, and above all, to his liking. She was both sophisticated, warm and above all muggle. Harry had explained to him that the Potters took pleasure in buying certain places and adapting them to Muggle life, curious and intrigued by the inventions devised by non-mages. Harry wanted to find the place when Charlie lifted him to throw him on his right shoulder before quickly climbing the stairs to the door of the Villa. He was in a hurry to finally be able to 'discover' his husband, waiting for several years.

Harry laughed in a melodious voice, having fully understood the intentions of her husband, and fully agreeing with him. Charlie quickly found the much-needed room before putting Harry down on the big four-poster bed while kissing him fiercely, his tongue fighting with her husband's.

Harry moaned as he felt the wet tongue of his husband invade his oral cavity, and he quickly gave up the fight with when it touched a point he was not aware of at his palace. Slowly, Harry removed the pin now attached to Charlie's toga, revealing his tanned and muscular body. Noticing that he was the only one to have lost his gown, Charlie did not waste time before placing butterfly kisses along Harry's neck, pulling Harry's pin to remove his toga, leaving him there. only with his underpants.

Charlie stepped back to observe her husband who had turned red with shortness of breath. Her husband was 176 cm tall with porcelain skin worthy of Asian porcelain dolls. Harry was very slender while the muscles of his body were fine and well drawn, and above all, there was not the slightest hair on the body of the youngest. Charlie licked his lips as he saw Harry's desirable body, and it was obvious that Harry had to think the same about him waiting for the tent in his crotch.

For his part, Harry was completely drunk when he saw Charlie's body that he had never seen in his entirety. Measuring 190 cm, Charlie was the largest of his soulmates, with tanned skin, broad and
developed muscles, some scars (probably due to his time spent with dragons) and a thin trail of descending hairs from his navel to finish behind his underpants. Harry blushed to his ears as he saw the ... mast under the undergarment of his soul mate. The latter seemed very well equipped, and that made him very anxious.

"Tonight is our night," Charlie said hoarsely from his excitement.

Harry just nodded before approaching Charlie. He wanted so much to see the member of her husband that he decided to lower his underpants, Charlie leaving him to do. A member about 28cm long and quite thick was unveiled, with a tuft of red hair at the base. Charlie's breathing quickened as Harry placed his right hand on the blood-filled organ, trying to encircle it with his hand, but it was impossible.

Slowly, he began small movements back and forth, enjoying the soft texture of the member of his husband, the latter throwing his head back while closing his eyes to appreciate the gesture of his soul mate. Deciding to be a little more adventurous, Harry decided to place his left hand on the balls of Charlie, massaging them gently, before approaching his mouth of the glans of Charlie to delicately lapping.

Charlie's eyes widened before he let out a groan of pleasure that made Harry smile. The latter decided to lick the shaft before taking the glans in the mouth, surrounding him with his tongue as he would with a lollipop. He then continued his come and go, being able to take only a small part of the member in the mouth, while Charlie prevented as much as possible to give thrusts, not wishing to choke his young husband.

That's when Charlie put both his hands on Harry's shoulders to stop him.

"Your turn now," Charlie said, seeing Harry's questioning look.

He then knelt before quickly removing Harry's underpants, revealing a limb full of blood proudly standing 19 cm tall. It was not exceptional, but being a Bearer, it was quite normal for Harry. Charlie did not waste time before taking it in the mouth, Harry then throwing his head back while letting out a mew of pleasure by placing both hands in the hair of her husband to catch them.

Charlie sneered as he felt Harry's excitement, and the vibrations amplified the sensations Harry felt. That's how Harry let go of Harry completely, surprising them completely. Charlie still managed to swallow the seed before raising his head. The vision that was offered at his sight almost gave him an orgasm. Harry was completely red, breathless and his eyes dilated with excitement. It was a real dream vision, and Charlie was planning to make that vision happen again and again.

He whispered a spell that Bill had taught him, surrounding his fingers with lubricant. He then presented a first finger to Harry's lair, gently surrounding the ring of flesh so as not to rush him. When he introduced his finger, Harry gave a little cry of pain, and Charlie hurried to kiss him to calm him down.

"You'll see, the pain is only temporary, then you'll only feel pleasure, I promise you my love," Charlie whispered as Harry nodded, trusting Charlie.

Seeing that Harry was starting to relax, Charlie decided to introduce a second finger, and to his shock, Harry did not react. He moved his fingers, shearing Harry to continue to prepare, not hesitating to push them to the knuckles. It was then that he felt like a little lump of nerve, and when he pressed it, Harry let out a cry of pleasure that made him smile.

He had just found his prostate, and he expected to enjoy it. He then began to press several times,
tearing groans and mewls of his husband, before taking the opportunity to introduce a third finger, he did not feel pain, so he felt pleasure.

For his part, Harry did not know what to think. He had never felt such a sensation of pleasure before, when he had been dubious in feeling the pain at first. Now, he hoped it never ended. It was then that he felt an unexpected burning sensation, and he quickly realized why: Charlie had just introduced a fourth finger, probably to prepare it correctly, given the width (and length) of his limb.

Charlie continued pounding his husband's prostate gland while kissing Harry's body, noticing certain areas. Finally, he felt that Harry was ready, and he pulled out his fingers, tearing a little disappointed cry from Harry. He then grabbed him to move completely onto the bed, laying him down while placing himself between his husband's spread legs.

"I want our first time to be perfect," he murmured into Harry's ear before kissing him.

Taking advantage of the distraction, he spread the remaining lube on his member, the latter being already thanks to the saliva of Harry. It was then that he stood at Harry's den, looking him straight in the eye.

"Are you ready?" He asked, his voice rocky and sweet.

Harry nodded shyly before kissing him, taking his head in his hands. Charlie took advantage of the kiss to slowly penetrate Harry. It was a unique sensation, Harry being so tight around his limb, Charlie moved very slowly while blowing to avoid finishing too quickly. He noticed that Harry did not seem to feel any pain, and on the contrary, seemed ecstatic.

When he was pushed to the hilt, he caught his breath as Harry spread his arms to the sides, his eyes slightly veiled.

"Shut up, I beg you, move on," Harry's voice cracked.

Charlie was happy to obey his husband, and retreated to the glans to snap back, then began a slow back and forth, withdrawing almost completely each time to recess to the guard.

Both boys moaned, enjoying the intoxicating sensation of their first time while giving themselves languid kisses. That's when Charlie changed his angle, touching Harry's prostate. For the young brunette, it was the seventh heaven, and he made it understand by letting out a cry of pleasure that Charlie was happy to swallow.

The latter then accelerated the pace, giving faster shots while continuing to withdraw entirely each time. He quickly felt the pressure rise in his balls, and seeing Harry unable to form a word, he understood that he was in the same situation. He then placed his hand on the member of the latter whose belly was covered. He then pumped the member, while accelerating the pace of his thrusts.

The result was immediate and Harry arched, letting out a mew of ecstasy as his eyes rolled back under the force of pleasure. He had literally reached the seventh ... No, the hundredth heaven. For his part, Charlie also reaches the climax of his pleasure, the den of Harry tightening like a glove of love around his hardened member. Thus the redhead blew Harry erratically while uttering a hoarse cry before biting greedily at the base of Harry's neck to place a hickey. His arms no longer supporting him, he placed himself next to Harry not to crush him with all his weight while withdrawing from the young brown.

They both caught their breath before Harry was hugging Charlie's chest, the latter wrapping him around with his arm, a big smile on his face.
"It was ... wow!" Charlie said while stroking Harry's silky hair.

Harry just snorted before falling asleep, exhausted all day. Charlie looked at him before deciding to do the same, joining him in the land of dreams.

It was only the day after their night of passion that they noticed that they had not used protective spells to avoid making a child, fortunately for them, they could use one later to prevent Harry being pregnant a little too early. They had come close to the disaster.

So they spent the rest of their honeymoon before returning to Erebor on the last day of the Winter holidays, where they were questioned by Sirius who wanted to know the crisp details. Of course, he was cropped by Remus (who will never admit to having also wanted to know the details) and Walburga Black. The only ones who had the details were the other two soulmates, who were green with envy. However, they had promised not to have sex with Harry before the wedding, and Charlie was happy to brag while enjoying Harry to the fullest, under Sirius' hilarious laughter.

When they returned to Hogwarts and finished the year, Harry decided to get his OWLs ahead by the end of the year, believing that his appearance was a bit too old to start back in the fourth year. Blaise decided to do the same thing, and it was therefore decided that they would make their seventh year return to spend their NEWTs at the same time as the seventh years.

That's when Dumbledore unveiled one of his projects to Harry. Indeed, he wanted to reinstate the Triwizard Tournament, and taking advantage that this is the last year of Harry, he wondered if he would accept to apply. After much thought, Harry decided to accept, and so it was decided that the triwizard tournaments would be organized at Hogwarts with the participation of Beaubatons and Durmstrang.

The summer holidays went quietly and Harry began organizing preparations for the coronation with Ragnok, Sirius, Bartemius and many others. After all, the ceremony was going to be broadcast in the entire Wizarding World, ICW members were invited, and they would only have two weeks to prepare Hogwarts, having decided to close the school early.

Fortunately for Harry, his incredible funds allowed him to organize everything with ease, and the government was now his, he had decided to inject several million gallons in the coffers of the Ministry of Magic to ensure that there have more financial problem.

Finally, the school resumed on the first of September, nineteen ninety-four, and Blaise and Harry's last school year began.

When Harry entered the Great Hall, he immediately noticed a noticeable unexpected change. Indeed, his usual chair at the Founders' Table had changed to an ornate throne, similar to Dumbledore's. Harry knew immediately that he was destined for him. After all, he was now the Prince of Avalon, and probably would not sit on a simple seat, as comfortable as it is.

Of course, all the students looked at him, astonished, amazed, anxious ... Their faces showed so much emotion that Harry could not decipher them. He shrugged before sitting down in his seat, followed closely by Blaise.

Shortly after, the new students came in to be spread out, and finally Dumbledore spoke.

"Welcome to all for a new school year at Hogwarts I would like to make a few announcements First, please note that Mr. Filch's list of prohibited objects has been extended by three hundred new
prohibitions. Concierge’s office for consultation, "Dumbledore began as the Weasley twins fainted under Argus’ sadistic smile.

"Then, I have an important news, mainly for those who are not aware of it, and we are honored to have Prince Hadrian Potter, who is our rightful ruler, as a Seventh Year student. He and his companion have been transferred to their NEWTs in the seventh year, and I wish to point out that Prince Hadrian has had the highest scores at Owls, regardless of subject, since the creation of Hogwarts. "Dumbledore continued.

Immediately afterwards, students began to clap and whistle as Harry rolled his eyes. His grandfather was pleased to praise Harry's merits, after all, he had taught him everything he knew. Dumbledore raised his hands to order silence in the room.

"I finally have one last big news to announce, and it is with great pleasure, and with the support of the Magisterium and his Grace Hadrian, that I declare to you the restoration of the Triwizard Tournament which will take place this year at Hogwarts. For this, we will welcome the students of the Academy of Beaubatons and the Institute of Durmstrang. Unfortunately for some, the Quidditch Pitch will be requisitioned for the occasion, so the games are cancelled this year! Our Director of the Department of Audiovisual, Games and Magic Sports, Barty Crouch Junior, the care to explain this in more detail. ", then finished saying the director under the ovations of the students.

Barty, who had recovered since his release, got up. Indeed, Barty had decided that he did not want to integrate into the Aurors but benefited from the training of War Mage, obtaining the coveted title of Captain-Enchanter. However, he proved to be an excellent organizer with great imagination, which gave him the position of Director of the Department of Audiovisual, Games and Magic Sports.

"Good evening to all As Director of the Department of Audiovisual, Games and Magic Sports (DAJSM), it is my duty to announce some rules regarding the Tournament." "Given the danger represented, the Ministry of Magic has decided to limit the age of participants to seventeen unless they have a special derogation or have already achieved their magical maturity. This is obviously for your safety, because know that these games will be extremely dangerous. Barty began while some of the students complained, "Well, it's my have to tell you that the tournament reward has been changed. Normally, the reward is a thousand gallons in addition to eternal glory. However, our esteemed Prince decided to increase the reward, finding it inadequate. That's why I announce that the lucky winner of the Triwizard Tournament will receive a prize of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND GALLEONS!"

A cacophony exploded in the Great Hall under the hysterical howls of the students on hearing the reward. This reward was enough to allow a wizard and his family to live a lifetime without needing anything or more. Never before had such a reward been proposed.

And so began the last school year of Blaise and Harry, with a thunder of applause. The second important event was, of course, the arrival of the delegations from the other two schools.

Harry was sitting quietly with Blaise, Hermione, Neville and Theo in his chair, waiting patiently for the entrance of the delegations that had arrived at Hogwarts a few hours ago. He must have welcomed them as the owner of the place and the leader of the British Magic World, and he had to admit that he adored the Beauxbâtons coach.

Finally, Dumbledore made his entrance to stand behind a podium under the eyes of the students.
"It is time for us to welcome our guests as they please, please give a standing ovation for the lovely students of Beauxbâtons, and their headmistress, Olympe Maxime!" Said Dumbledore as the Great Door opened wide.

Several students of Beaubatons made their entry, and while the boys in blue uniforms advanced with dignity, the girls danced while using enchantments to let fly some butterflies. Finally, Olympe Maxime entered to be dignified by Dumbledore who kissed his hand, under the sneer of Harry face the ridiculous scene. Dumbledore was a real dwarf to the woman.

"And now, place to the proud students of the Durmstrang Academy, and their headmaster, Igor Karkaroff!", Announced Dumbledore, looking at Harry suspiciously.

Harry stiffened then, having completely forgotten to get rid of this Death Eater. He frowned before relaxing. Igor Karkaroff had turned out to be a forced member of Death Eaters, and he had denounced many without the use of veritaserum, so he deserved his freedom. But Harry would still keep an eye on him.

Durmstrang's students then said their entrance with their red outfits and furs, stepping forward with sticks that Harry found lousy. He sneered when he saw them doing some acrobatics and using fire enchantments to represent their school, while Dumbledore shook Igor's hand.

"Before we begin our sumptuous feast, our Prince wishes to make a welcome speech," Dumbledore said.

All eyes were on Harry, who got up under the intrigued eyes of the students of Durmstrang and those interested students of Beaubatons. He then stepped slowly and decided towards the podium, his reasoning steps on the stone. When Harry finally found himself in front of the podium, he threw a manual Sonorus speechless.

"As Prince of this Kingdom, I have to wish Welcome to the charming students of the Academy of Beauxbâtons and the proud students of the Durmstrang Academy, I wish above all to assure you that no harm will be done to you and that you will be treated with all the respect and dignity you deserve.

I sincerely hope that this Tournament will bring our three schools together, and therefore our three Ministries. That's why, as a welcome gift, I decided to offer each of our guests a present. Welcome to Avalon! "Harry exclaimed before making a big gesture.

Immediately after, a huge dragon made entirely of flames and lights descended from the ceiling of Hogwarts, astonishing all students. When the dragon passed over the delegations, gifts fell to land in the hands of each dignitary, some of whom hastened to open to let out hiccups of surprise.

Indeed, there were in the present pectoral pins (for boys) and hair (for women). These brooches all had the appearance of a dragon made of gold with ruby eyes, with their names engraved on them. Obviously, all the students began to applaud seeing this scene. Once again, Harry had charmed the crowd.

Evidently, this had earned him ... fans ... among the students of each school, and it was not at all to the taste of his soul-mates, who kept darting the students of the two schools, especially Fleur Delacour, François de Montcarnasse, Victor Krum and Alexia Volknov. This situation amused Harry a lot.
Finally, the names of the students were taken out of the Goblet of Fire. Victor Krum for Durmstrang, Fleur Delacour for Beaubaton and Hadrian Potter for Hogwarts. What had astonished many people was when Harry's name came out a second time, but as Harry Potter and not Hadrian, which proved that it was not the Prince of Avalon’s work, last always using his name and not nickname.

Of course, there was a small crisis cell concerning this second entrance, which proved that someone wanted to harm Harry, which did not bode well. Harry still wondered why Hogwarts had not responded to this threat, the protections being extreme. He saw only one explanation: The one who had placed his name was a descendant of the founders, but there remained only one missing descendant, that of the Hufflepuff.

In any case, the rest of the year went quietly while Harry and Blaise continued their classes as if nothing had happened. Harry had decided for the occasion to focus on the creation of spells but also on his hobbies, music and painting. After all, he already excelled in other subjects, so enjoy it. He had first come to Hogwarts to socialize and show himself to the witch population before his coronation, not to relearn what he already knew.

That's why he spent a lot of time with Dumbledore training, or debating complicated philosophical topics, or even discussing the future of the Wizarding World once Harry crowned. He had explained that after his coronation, he was planning to go to the hidden city created by Janus before starting the Great Return of the Alterans and their immense Empire. The farther away from Muggles, the better Harry would be. Besides, he had even done some research on the origin of the Muggle World, and he had burst out laughing.

He had discovered that ‘Muggle’ referred to an old Alteran word meaning ‘subspecies’, in short, vulgar creations or worthless toys. He was quite hilarious, and he laughed a lot with his family. Moreover, Dumbledore, who was known to be pro-Muggle, had drastically changed his mind when he learned that, in the end, muggles were not of the same race at all. After all, if they were to strengthen their relationships with other species, they would do so with magic species before muggles.

When it was time to examine the wands, Harry gave Ollivander the honor of telling everyone that he owned the Elder's Wand. Obviously, foreign journalists (Rita being perfectly aware) began to take an incredible number of photographs while harassing Harry with questions. Dumbledore and Barty personally intervened to stop the bloodthirsty leeches, not hesitating to release them from Hogwarts before Harry did.

Finally, it was the moment of the first test. Harry knew exactly what was going to happen in each trial, since as a leader he had to know everything about his Kingdom. He was not surprised to learn that he was going to have to confront a dragon, and he sneered a long time when he learned that the dragons used were those raised by Charlie.

"And now, place our last and third champion, our beloved prince, Hadrian James Potter !" announced Ludo Bagman.

Immediately, applause could be heard, and Harry entered the arena to confront his dragon, a bloody Hungarian Horntail, the most dangerous of the dragons. When he saw the dragon in the distance, he rolled his eyes before taking his head in his hands. He knew this dragon.

It was Minnie, named by Charlie in honour of McGonagall, who thought they had the same character. Fortunately for Charlie, Harry never informed the teacher of this information, or he would have one less soulmate. The problem with this dragon is that it is in a foul mood, and above all, very
However, the dragon does not like those who are close to Charlie, Harry tops the list. In short, he had before him his worst enemy. Besides, he was persuaded to see a sadistic smile appear on the head of the dragon as she watched him. He would have to fight while avoiding killing the 'baby' of his soul-mate. Oh shit!

"I'm going to take the opportunity to show this tramp that Charlie is mine!" Harry thought then before stiffening, wand in hand.

The dragon wasted no time and blew a flaming fire at Harry, under the frightened cries of the spectators seeing that the latter had not cleared to the side. Harry simply raised his wand to create a powerful shield to absorb the fire of the dragon. Seeing that it did not work, the strap stopped.

"I'm warning you big one, Charlie is MINE!", Harry shouted as he waved to the dragon.

The audience watched the scene, dumbfounded as Harry's family took their heads in their hands. Their prince had just lost his temper against a dragon because he was jealous of a dragon. That did not bode well for the flying lizard. Charlie, meanwhile, blushed slightly as he heard his husband's words before smirking under the amused glances of Blaise and Marcus.

The worst was the reaction of the dragon, which scowled before grumbling menacingly. Without waiting, she threw herself at Harry by breaking her chain, under the frightened cries of the spectators.

Harry frowned before smirking. Seeing his smile, the dragon stopped momentarily. The smile had frightened her, but she decided to ignore her instinct to crush Harry.

"You're not the only dragon here, Pendragon is not just a name!"

This voice echoed throughout the arena as Harry began to change his form in front of the audience. He grew up extremely, his neck lengthening, his hands and feet turning into clawed paws, and wings growing on his back. Surprise gasps sounded in the arena, not seeing a wizard, but a second dragon.

But this dragon had nothing to do with the horntail, no. This dragon was larger, and most importantly, looked like a dragon on the Pendragon's banner, a four-legged Western Dragon, two large wings in the back, and most importantly, a red scaly skin with emerald green eyes. Harry had turned into a bloody red royal dragon (an extinct breed for centuries), his animagus form.

"Our prince is a dragon! He's a dragon! He has managed to get a form of animagus never reached!" Shouted Ludo Bagman, screaming as ever.

The dragon fell back when she saw Harry's new form, less sure of herself. She who was 15m long and 4m high was in front of a dragon at least 30m long and 8m high, which is double. Harry stared at her before grunting menacingly, flames coming out of his nostrils and burning the ground in front of the dragon. The latter then showed her nape as a sign of submission before retreating, while Harry advanced to recover this bloody golden egg, pushing with his claws to the entrance.

When he retransformed, he looked at the strap before sniffing disdain. He then left the stage, under the hysterical cries of the spectators and the... dreamy? Admiring? Lustful? Post-Orgasmic? look of Charlie. Anyway, Charlie was happy, and in the end, that's all that mattered.

"And so in record time, Harry Potter has overcome a Hungarian Horntail and retrieve the golden egg with spells worthy of the greatest wizards! What grade is awarded to him by the judges? Me, I give him a TEN!" shouted Ludo, spinning his wand and revealing a giant ten.
Dumbledore also gave him a ten, to the acclaim of Hogwarts students. Barty Crouch Junior did the same thing, just like Olympe Maxime, with even more applause from the students. And to the greatest shock of all, Igor Karkaroff also attributed a ten, although his face betrays his anger easily. However, Igor knew perfectly well that Harry should not be challenged, and he did not want to fight that dragon.

Of course, Harry did not need to open his golden egg, but he did not know what to do with the Yule Ball. After all, as a Bearer, it was up to his soulmates to invite him, and he did not know which one would have the honour of inviting him. It was finally Blaise who invited him, while informing him that the other two would still be present.

Harry was delighted to hear that Neville had FINALLY asked Theodore Nott to accompany him to the Ball, telling him at the same time his attraction to the Nott son, who was pleased to accept, much to Neville's delight.

For his part, Percy Weasley shocked everyone when he came to Hogwarts to invite Hermione, which annoyed a bit Victor Krum who wanted to do it. The Russian had to bring himself to invite one of his friends, avoiding the English fans ... he did not know how to describe their looks, but one thing was sure, he was totally frightened.

So was the famous Winter Ball of the Triwizard Tournament, Harry being accompanied by Blaise, Victor Krum from an unknown Russian and Fleur Delacour from ... Fred and George Weasley? Well, you should not try to understand.

Harry danced a long time, as he had to dance with his three soulmates, who profited widely to steal some kisses. Blaise and Marcus also did everything they could to keep Charlie from spending the night with Harry, believing it would be unfair for them to have sex and not them. The redhead pouted for a moment under the hilarious laughter of Harry and his family.

There was, however, a small problem with the third event. Indeed, the champions had to recover the most precious person at the bottom of the lake, but Harry had three. It was finally decided that Harry should recover Blaise, being the only one to be a student of Hogwarts.

The test went very fast, Harry deciding to use a very special spell. The spell was called Atlantios and was invented by a Greek wizard remembering the legend of Atlantis. The purpose of the spell was to give an individual the ability to speak, swim quickly and breathe underwater. This spell was originally invented to allow wizards to search the oceans in search of Atlantis, or even to found their own city to take refuge there from muggles. Unfortunately, this spell had ended up being forgotten after the fall of Troy (the Greek wizard being one of the wizards of Prince Priam's court) and their exile in Italy. Fortunately, some traces remained, and the spell made its appearance in the Library of the Black, but also that of Emrys and Peverell.

He also took the opportunity to recover the young Gabrielle Delacour, Fleur having been attacked by Grindelows before going back, unable to save his own sister. Harry once again had the maximum score, remaining first, followed closely by Fleur and finally Krum.

Finally, it was the moment of the Third Test, the labyrinth. Everything went quietly, Harry arriving at the cup just before the two other champions, but there was an unexpected. Indeed, someone was waiting near the cup, and it was Cédric Diggory. However, this Cedric seemed slightly different from the previous Cedric, since he had red eyes, reminding ...
"Tom?" Said Harry, seeing Cedric's red stare, and most importantly, the book he held in his left hand.

"Interesting, I see you're as smart as it sounds, Potter," said 'Cedric' in a low, petty voice.

"At the same time, it's not too complicated in your eyes so characteristic of your universal stupidity," laughed Harry with a jeering smile.

Voldemort's eyes narrowed, furious, before a vicious smile appeared on Cedric's face.

"You know, it was so easy to own this body." The boy found my diary, I do not know how, and he began to babble, explaining how disgusted he was with being linked to a Bearer, how it was disgusting and he had rejected it, he also explained that you were responsible for his social downfall, the loss of his title of heir ... Thanks to you, Potter, I had no harm to take hold of his body, "Voldemort scoffed.

Harry's eyes fogged slightly. Although he did not intend to admit it, Voldemort's remark about his soul mate's feelings had hurt him, especially since Harry knew that in this case Voldemort had no reason to lie. All was unfortunately true.

Voldemort then took advantage of this moment of weakness to cast a sore spell on Harry, which he barely avoided, regaining awareness of the situation he was in.

"There's no point in escaping you, Potter, I'm going to kill you here and now, and finally, the Great Voldemort will prove to all that he's the greatest Dark Mage of all time!" Voldemort shouted with a disturbed smile that did not really fit on Cedric's face.

As for Harry, he was in a dilemma. If he attacked Voldemort, he attacked Cedric at the same time, but if he did not do anything, he would die. All in all, he did not know how to react, and had to be content to avoid or block Voldemort's spells. Not to mention that the dark wizard was happy to use the unforgivable as a kid would throw rice at a wedding. In short, many unforgivable.

"Oh, you do not dare counterattack, Pathetic, Potter," Voldemort said, throwing an umpteenth Avada Kedavra.

Harry avoided the green beam as he thought fast. There were basically three ways to stop a possession. The first, and probably the simplest, was to kill the possessed. He could not do that. The second solution was to use a purification ritual, but in this case it was not possible. There remained only the third solution: Destroy the anchor of the owner, and in this case, the damn book he held in his hand.

Harry had a genius idea. Voldemort had said his 'diary', so nothing stopped him from trying.

"Accionus Diary of Tom Riddle!" Harry shouted loudly to circumvent the magic shields on the book.

Voldemort's eyes widened as he saw his possession book slip out of his hands and go straight to Harry. The latter grabbed the book with a smile that did not bode well for the horcrux.

"You know Tom, I forgot to say something, I destroyed all the other horcrux, which means that once that one is destroyed, you'll die forever!" Harry said with a mocking smile.

Voldemort screamed before throwing a resounding Avada Kedavra at Harry, who was happy to swing the book to intercept the ray. The result was immediate, and the book burned as a black
essence came out before exploding in the air. Cedric's body fell to the ground, and Harry hurried to join him.

He quickly checked if he was alive, and once he was assured of his survival, grabbed him by the sleeve before catching the cup. Turning around, he noticed the astonished and amazed looks of Fleur and Victor, who seemed not to have missed a crumb. He winked at them before being swept away by the portkey.

Finally, Harry arrived in front of the labyrinth, greeted by music and applause.

"And the champion of the Triwizard Tournament is Prince Hadrian Potter!" He heard.

Quickly, several other adults headed towards him, Dumbledore and Amos Diggory in mind, but also his soulmates and obviously all the Black troop.

"Thank you for saving my son Harry," Amos said, hugging him.

Harry frowned. How could they know? Noticing his look, Sirius chuckled.

"Let's say that for the final, we decided to broadcast what was happening in the labyrinth with our Videocculus. We saw everything, but we could not act because you had insisted on placing a damn anti-apparition ward," Sirius replied, then hugged him.

"In any case, I congratulate you on your grace, you have definitely defeated Vold ... Tom Riddle, my congratulations," said Bartemius Crouch Senior with a friendly smile.

Harry noticed that Igor Karkaroff seemed to have a pain in his forearm. Seeing that all eyes were on him, Igor decided to lift the sleeve to show them an amazing fact. The tattoo had just faded, leaving a burn.

"The ... the Dark Lord is dead!" Said Igor, astonished with some tears of joy.

There was a quick shout of joy all around. Remus frowned before whispering in Harry's ear.

"I thought he still had a body in the ERISED mirror?" Remus asked.

Harry frowned, before looking at Dumbledore. It was then that both whitened.

"We forgot to feed him!" The two men said in sync.

Everyone who knew about the ERISED mirror burst out laughing. Tom had finally died of muggle death, starvation. A well-deserved death, but accidental ... Better to believe that the book was the real reason for Voldemort's death, it was more ... glorious.

And so the Kingdom of Avalon was definitely rid of the great Voldemort, 'Voldemerde' as Sirius liked to say. Besides, the latter had made a grave especially for him with the inscription.

*Here lies Voldemerde*

*Alias Tom Riddle*

*May he ever rot in hell with a colic!*

Of course, it made everyone laugh, and the grave was placed at Erebor in the royal garden with a
monument describing Harry with a sword in his hand and Voldemort's head in the other. It was very artistic.

In any case, the grand prize ceremony was held on the last day of school (only at Hogwarts) in the Great Hall where Harry received the award, which he distributed to the greatest clash between Victor and Fleur. After all, he did not need it at all. In any case, his gesture was very appreciated and greeted by the crowd. Harry insisted, however, on NEWTs at the same time as everyone else, which greatly amused Blaise, Dumbledore, and Alistair.

Cedric was also asked about how he got the book. It was quickly learned that he had found it at Borgin & Burkes, wishing to find an artifact to make Harry pay for everything he had suffered. He planned to offer the cursed diary to Harry to drive him to madness, but did not expect to be controlled by it. Evidently, it was decided that he would suffer the same punishment as Umbridge for attempted murder of a member of the Royal family. They learned at the same time that if Tom had not been spotted at Hogwarts, it was because Diggory was one of the descendants of Helga Hufflepuff.

It was specifically decided by Harry to award the title of Hufflepuff Duke to Amos Diggory, who quickly agreed before deciding to give this title directly to his son, thus allowing him to participate in the decisions. This is how Baptiste Diggory became the Hufflepuff Duke.

Shortly after the exceptional closing of the school, the Great Hall was completely refurbished for the coronation, and it was finally the long-awaited coronation day.

For the occasion, Hogwarts was open to everyone, while Videocculus was posted everywhere to broadcast the event WORLDWIDE. After all, Avalon was the last Magic Kingdom in the World, all the others having become Ministries or Mage Councils. In short, there was only one Monarchy left, and of course the event was considered exceptional.

Expected the great opportunity, the Royal Guard of Erebor was full at Hogwarts with the Royal Guard Gobeline. The entrances and exits were very guarded to avoid an act of assassination of any Black Mage coming from abroad, and finally, the Statues of Hogwarts were active and patrolled the Castle as well as the surroundings. Hogwarts had become an impenetrable fortress.

But the most watched place was obviously the Great Hall. The place was beautiful, with huge tapestries representing the symbol of the Pendragon family mingling with that of the Potter family, benches spread along a large alley on which was a huge red carpet, and most importantly, a throne of great beauty located at the end of the driveway with another throne, just as big but less enjoyable.

The throne of the King was exceptional, made entirely of gold with runes and engravings describing various scenes of Arthurian legends but also some scenes describing Harry facing a dragon or killing Voldemort. One could also see at the top of the throne a huge red stone, a ruby of impressive size in the middle of the file. The throne of the Consort was less immaculate but equally decorated, with the stone less.

There were guests everywhere, placed quietly in front of the benches, the proximity to the throne being linked to their ranks. This explained why in the foreground were the Ducal families, the Foreign Ministers and the leaders of the Magic Citizens.

As for Albus Dumbledore, he was standing beside the throne waiting patiently. He had been appointed to lead the ceremony by Harry, and the old man was very happy. Moreover, he had decided to exceptionally agree to wear different clothes than usual, a long blue and black dress with
silver arabesques, which changed many of these eccentric outfits.

It was then that music began to play in all Hogwarts. The guests all rose while the Great Doors opened.

You could see two people followed by the Dukes. First, there was Charlie, wearing a large white and gold dress with an ermine trail. He wore on the side the sword specially forged by the goblins.

Then there was Harry. For the occasion, the young prince wore a long checkered gold robe with a long ermine cape held by the Dukes, all wearing ceremonial attire. Many noticed the sword attached to Harry's belt, and most of them gasped.

The sword was identical to that of the legends. It was the famous Caledfwlch, better known as Excalibur. Fortunately for Harry, the sword was found in the old Merlin Chest, stored by his ancestor. Harry's face was firm and impassive as he walked with his husband to the throne where Dumbledore was waiting for him.

When they finally arrived at the throne, Harry smiled at his grandfather. The latter nodded. Dumbledore motioned for Harry to turn around, and the latter, standing before his throne, turned to face the guests.

"Hadrian James Potter, you are present on this day according to your rights and those of Magic as a pretender to the throne of the Kingdom of Avalon and the Avalon Empire," Dumbledore said in a thundering voice.

"Aye!" Harry replied, looking straight ahead.

"Are you ready to rule the Kingdom and the Avalon Empire?" Asked Dumbledore.

"I am," said Harry simply.

Dumbledore nodded as Sanguini made his approach, holding in his hands a cushion on which sat Avalon's scepter. Harry then grabbed the Scepter, and a first wave of magic burst, dazzling the audience.

Then Ragnok approached with another cushion on which Avalon's crown was resting this time. Dumbledore grabbed the crown.

"As a Representative of Magic, I crown you on this day Hadrian James Potter, King-Emperor of the Kingdom and Avalon Empire," said Dumbledore before placing the crown on Harry's head.

Harry sat on his throne with a big smile. For his part, Dumbledore repeated the quick ceremony with Charlie, declaring him King-Emperor-Consort of the Kingdom and Empire of Avalon. Unfortunately, with over a thousand years without a king, the wizards had lost the entire ceremonial and enthronement speech, so they had to improvise as best they could.

The ceremony lasted a total of two hours, and finally ended in Erebor with the Grand Ball. It was a real success, and Harry took the opportunity to strengthen his power by forging links with foreign ministries, especially the European Ministries.

However, and shortly thereafter, Harry decided it was high time for him to return to the Old Gringotts where the Astria Porta was. He had decided to be accompanied for the occasion by his three soulmates, Sirius, Remus, Alistair and Dumbledore.
The group had finally entered the old Bank vault, more precisely, in the Chest of Arthur. They did not waste time and went straight to the second room where the Receptacle of Knowledge and the *Astria Porta* were.

When they arrived in the room, the wizards (except for Harry and Charlie) whistled as they saw the huge metal ring.

"So, here is the famous *Astria Porta*," said Dumbledore, curious.

"This door is not one of the old Avalon but one of the last we made in Lantea, and I recognize Janus' work," said Alistair with a big smile.

Harry nodded before approaching the *Clavis* to press the single button present. Immediately after, the door locked before opening in an interesting 'Fwoosh'. Harry sneered at seeing other people's expressions before rolling his eyes.

Without waiting, he decided to cross the gate, followed closely by the group. The sensation was quite strange but also pleasant. Finally, the group arrived in a room where it was very cold. Alistair sighed as he saw the place.

"Seriously, Janus could have sent us directly to the City instead of sending us to this old outpost," grumbled the disgruntled Alteran.

Harry chuckled.

"I think he did that to prevent the door from communicating with an outer door to the planet, after all, each planet can have only one interplanetary *Astria Porta*," Harry replied as the others nodded.

Alistair looked at Harry before accepting his explanation.

"I notice that the outpost is out, I hope this city is not in another galaxy, or we can never feed the wormhole," Alistair said, looking at the *Clavis*.

Harry shook his head. Fortunately for them, the city was in the Avalon Galaxy, although the planet is located in the solar system closest to the Mega Black Hole of the Galaxy. Harry looked at the door, and giving a mental order, activated him towards the city. Immediately after, a vortex opened, already stabilized.

"We can finally go," Harry said before crossing the vortex, followed closely by the others, who had lingered a little while looking at the outpost.

It was then that they arrived in a Great Hall, similar to that of Atlantis, but ten times larger and imposing. They all whistled at seeing the place, even Alistair.

"It's huge ...", Sirius then looked at the scene.

Harry advanced to the center of the room before raising his hand over some kind of plaque, from which a pillar came out. He placed his hand quietly on it, and the city seemed to react. Suddenly, a hologram of Janus appeared next to Harry.

"Welcome, I'm Olympus, the holographic representation of the city," the hologram looked at Harry.

"I am Hadrian James Potter, King-Emperor of Avalon and leader of the Alteran High Council,"
Harry said, looking at the hologram.

The hologram nodded.

"Identification done, welcome, Imperatori-Rex," Olympus replied.

"What's the state of Olympus?" Harry asked as the others stared at the scene, stunned.

"The city is 100% functional and ready to take off, the Infinite Generator is fully operational and the structure is undamaged," said Olympus.

"Infinite Generator?", Alistair asked.

Harry looked at him before smiling.

"Yup Janus has completed the Arcturus project after his reincarnation, he decided to run the generator with Magic, which helps prevent overheating. It is very ingenious, but this generator is limited to the city-ships and planets, you cannot put it on mere ships," Harry replied as Alistair widened his eyes.

Janus had managed, before his death, to create a generator that could produce a gigantic amount of energy indefinitely. This generator could easily create an impenetrable shield around the city. If only they could finish this damn project at Lantea, then the Wraiths would have been defeated with ease.

"Very good. Definition of Charles Ferdinand Potter as Imperator-Rex, Blaise Zabini and Marcus Flint as Impera-Rex. Definition of the Potter family as an Imperial family and reinstatement of the Alteran Empire with families aristocratic definition of families Ollivander, Black, Nott, Flint, Gryffindor, Slytherin, Ravenclaw, Hufflepuff, Lestrange, Peverell, and Diggory as Ducal families.

Definition of a new Alteran High Council named Imperial Alteran Council headed exclusively by the Ducal families and the imperial family. Definition of a new decision-making body named Magisterium with 100 seats to be awarded by members of the Imperial Alteran Council. "Harry then ordered looking at the hologram.

"Request accepted and made.", Then made the hologram after a few seconds.

"Perfect, in this case, Olympus, description of the current star system." Harry asked.

Immediately after, a huge hologram showing five planets with a giant star appeared in the room.

"The Olympus system is made up of five planets, including three habitable planets, and there are two M-class planets and one O-class planet among habitable planets. The Olympus Prime planet is a giant M-class planet with a diameter of 54,340 kilometers and consists of 63% water, three continents and one supercontinent, and the other habitable planets have no nomination.

Among the two other non-habitable planets, there is a class-Y planet located 50,000 kilometers from the star Olympus and a class F planet extremely rich in metals. There are also three asteroid chains that are extremely rich in raw materials, "Olympus replied.

Harry and the occupants of the room stared at the description of Olympus Prime. In sum, the planet was 8.5 times the size of the Earth, which was huge.

"Are there ships ready for use?" Asked Alistair, puzzled.

"There is currently no ship ready, the building station in orbit being disabled," the hologram replied.
"Olympus, teleport our group to the Knowledge room," Harry ordered.

The others did not have time to say anything that they were teleported to another room, in which there were several receptacles of knowledge. Harry smiled as he saw their incredulous looks.

"You will all put your heads in the repositories of knowledge to learn what you need, the repositories of knowledge have already been calibrated for you, they will give you the basic knowledge of an Alteran and you will be able to choose two specific databases. Then we'll all go to the infirmary for total activation of your Alterans genes, which will significantly extend your life and make it easier for you to control our technology," Harry said.

Albus was the first to go to one of the receptacles, choosing Diplomacy and Administration as specialties. Seeing the old man did not hesitate, the others decided to do the same, except Alistair who did not need it. Charlie chooses Politics and Animal Biology, Marcus chooses Engineering and Advanced Mathematics while Blaise chooses Culture and Diplomacy.

Once the transfers were made, Harry had them transported to the infirmary for their check-up and total activation of their genes. He burst out laughing when he heard Sirius exclaim that he felt smarter before being hit by Remus.

Finally, they went to the Olympus Conference Room, which Harry simply renamed Council Room. Once seated, they began to discuss how they were going to reintegrate the wizards into the Alteran Empire.

"The problem is not to integrate them, after all, with the receptacles of Know there will be no problems, no, the problem is to convince the other wizarding governments to follow us," others.

"Even if we just convince ICW members, foreign politicians will categorically refuse to lose all power, that's our real problem," Dumbledore said, trying to find a solution.

Harry's eyes widened before he smiled sadistically, which did not bode well.

"Olympus, do we have the necessary schematics for a humanoid nanite factory?" Harry asked.

"Olympus has twelve nanite factories, each with the necessary schematics for humanoid nanites," said the disembodied voice of Olympus.

Harry nodded under the curious eyes of others.

"We could just create humanoid nanites to replace all the corrupt politicians, it will be a peaceful takeover of the wizarding world, avoiding political problems," Harry offered.

"It's a bit ... radical, no?" Charlie asked, slightly worried.

"Bah, foreign politicians are like Malfoy, and since I've dealt with them, I can assure you," Sirius snickered.

The others nodded slowly. Harry then ordered the deployment of a probe to Earth to probe the politicians of the various Ministries and Magic Councils of the planet to create their true copies.

Olympus did its elevation shortly afterwards to go directly into orbit around the Earth. The city was huge, 40 km in diameter with arms of about 15 km each. The city was able to accommodate a total of one hundred million people thanks to huge towers, some up to 2000m high with the main tower...
reaching 4,500m high.

By the time they were transported, Harry decided to place several runes in biospheres specially arranged for a move. He was planning to carry all the wizardry, even the buildings. Thus, the biospheres had a total capacity of 2,000km, largely enough to recover the buildings of the Wizarding World.

When they finally arrived on Earth, they decided to transport the gate at the outpost directly to Erebor to allow easier migration.

For two months, they then set up their puppets to take control of the Magic World before revealing the true story of their people.

Of course, when they revealed the true story of Wizards, most were shocked, but the evidence was indisputable, they had to resign themselves to accept the truth. And when Harry suggested that they return to live among the stars, FAR from humans, wizards and magical creatures jumped at the chance. It was then that the Great Alteran Migration began.

Fortunately for Harry that Janus had planned everything, setting up a huge Room of Knowledge composed of about fifty receptacles of knowledge. By cons, Harry had to make some genetic changes in some breeds. Indeed, Harry had forgotten that the Furlings (Goblins) did not have the Alteran gene and thus make some modifications to include the genetic key in the Furlings so that they could use the technology like everyone else. He also proceeded to a genetic modification among the Werewolves to remove this infection, making them become Alterans again. There were only four races that he did not know what to do with it.

The Giants, the Trolls, the people of the sea and the centaurs. He finally decided to dedicate biospheres to them in Olympus before assigning the three terrestrial races one continent each on the second M-class planet and placing the people of the sea on the more appropriate class O planet. The decision was accepted by the races (except the trolls, too stupid to understand).

They also had to use the Olympus teleporter to retrieve magical creatures, especially the most warring ones and buildings. Harry even insisted on recovering Erebor, deciding that the city would be an excellent form of retirement for those wishing to temporarily separate from all technology.

But Harry forgot a little detail. Indeed, some wizards (especially him) were very well known and important in the Muggle World. After all, what would happen if the big Potter group disappeared, taking with it 1/3 of the world's wealth. Harry was finally persuaded by Dumbledore to simply erase all traces of the wizards with their computers while using a powerful Infinite Engine powered *Obliviate* spell to permanently erase all traces of the wizards, and also Harry. Harry still decided to ship all his gold. It was his, and the Furlings were in complete agreement.

Yes, they would no longer use gold as money, no longer needing it, but gold remained a very good quality metal, and above all, very pretty. After all, nothing prevented them from turning gold into statues and other works of art. Moreover, Ragnok had managed to convince Harry to build a city entirely made of gold that would serve as a museum for the story of the Wizarding World and Goblin.

Thus in 1995, the Alterans returned to live among the stars, leaving behind a muggle world depleted of a third of its wealth.

When they arrived in the Olympus system, Harry decided to rename Olympus Prime and the entire system. Thus the Olympus system became the Malteran system and the planet became Malteran Prime. Indeed, Harry had decided that just as their ancestors had done while leaving in Pegasus, they
too had to change the name of their race. Whereas they were Mages, he decided that Malteran was an appropriate name to name their race. Which gave Alteran → • Lantean → • Malteran. After all, their powers differentiated them a lot from the Alterans and Lanteans.

When they arrived on Malteran Prime, the construction of a huge Malteran metropolis was ordered to distribute the population on the supercontinent named Camelot. The city of Olympus was obviously placed in the centre of the metropolis, while Erebor was placed at the other end of the continent, allowing the Malterans wishing it (usually the oldest) to lead a life similar to the previous one, far from technology. Erebor had officially become a Retreat.

"I declare the session of the Imperial Malteran Council open," Dumbledore announced before sitting down.

Harry, his soulmates, the dukes, Dumbledore, Bartemius Crouch Senior, Ragnok, Sanguini, and Apolline Delacour sat around the huge council table on the penultimate floor of the main Olympus tower.

"Very well, as you already know, we must first appoint Departmental Directors, our ancestors simply called them Councillors, but I prefer Director, which is more appropriate. The Directors will be accountable directly to this Council for important decisions, and will be the leaders of the Magisterium. ", Harry then said.

"What are the departments?" Asked Ragnok, intrigued.

"There is the Department of Malteran Justice (DMJ), the Malteran Military Department (MMD), the Department of Relations with Magical Creatures (DRMC), the Department of Foreign Affairs (DFA), the Department of Malteran Education (DME), the Department of Malterans Games and Sports (DMGS) and finally, the Department of Mysteries (DM). We have no longer to hide and we are all related, the departments of Accidents and Cooperation has been removed. However, we need to create new departments. As a result, we now have the Department of Engineering (DoE) and the Department of Scientific Advancement (DoAS), "Harry replied with a smirk.

The others nodded, it was quite logical.

"I propose Remus Black to DRMC and Albus Dumbledore to DFA," Sirius said with a big smile.

"Aye" sounded in the room, and Albus and Remus thanked those present.

"I propose Bartemius Crouch Junior to DMGS and Minerva McGonagall to DME," Harry offered with a smile.

Once again, the motion was accepted.

"I would like to nominate Amelia Bones at DMJ and Alastor Moody at MMD for his loyal service," said Bartemius Crouch Senior.

"I was planning to propose Alastor Moody to the DMM, but I would like to say that the DMM will not be headed by a Director but by a Supreme Admiral," Harry explained quickly as the others accepted the proposal.

"In this case, only the Mystery Department remains," Sanguini then said.
"Why not name Augustus Rookwood? After all, it was proven that he was not a Death Eater," said Marwyn Flint.

Harry nodded.

"It will be easier for us to wait for him to know this department already. Okay, Augustus Rookwood will be the director of the Department of Mysteries. While we are there, I declare Albus Dumbledore as Representative of the Imperial Council Malteran and Bartemius Crouch Senior as Grand Magister, "Harry then announced to the applause of the other council members applauding Albus and Bartemius.

"I would like to say that, while awaiting the reconstruction of our Empire, we will enter a phase of isolation from the rest of the galaxy for an approximate period of ten years in order to allow us to build all that we need and to verify the the state of the Galaxy using our probes, and we will need to reconnect with the Nox and Asgards and prepare a plan to return to Lantea Prime to permanently eliminate the Wraiths."

"Yes, we must after all check the state of the galaxy, who knows what has happened since we left the space of Avalon and Pegasus," Dumbledore said, puzzled.

"Not to mention the problem Ori ..." Charlie said, morose.

They all lowered their heads. The fight against the Ori would surely be the hardest for them.

"From the little information I was able to get from my ancestor, Janus, I discovered that Moros has started researching to eliminate them, and he may have hidden his research somewhere in Avalon, or even On Earth, however, we'll be interested in it in no time, no need to rush, "Harry exclaimed.

The council nodded. After all, they now had the time and resources to do what they wanted.

"I also intend to restore the Malteran hegemony in all its splendor, and if possible enlarge it. After all, Avalon and Pegasus are ours! We were the first beings of this Universe, and seen how the other races seem to act, even humans, so it's our job to lead them to prevent these kinds of problems, "Harry said, getting up, followed closely by his soulmates.

"But will we have time?" Asked Mulciber Nott, intrigued.

Harry nodded before smiling at him.

"After all, we can live millennia, so yes, I think we have plenty of time," Harry said before leaving the room.
"Mom, come on, wake up mom!"

Harry groaned in his cushion before opening a haggard eye. He watched as the eight-year-old bounced in front of him, full of energy.

"Padre, Father and Dad are already eating with Lily, Janus and Albus!", The child said, looking at his father with his mischievous eyes.

Harry groaned again before slowly getting up, watching around him. He noticed then that he was indeed alone in his huge bed. No sooner was he raised than he had his arms full. He smiled as he looked at the package in his arms.

"Hello Moros, were you forced to wake me up so soon?" Harry asked, looking tenderly at his son.

Moros looked at him with amused eyes. The boy was tall enough, with curly, red hair like Charlie, tanned skin like Blaise and an angular face like Marcus. He also had Harry's green eyes, which pleased him the most.

"You told me you had an important meeting today, I thought it would be better for you if you were in good shape," Moros replied with a smirk.

Harry rolled his eyes. He knew perfectly well that it was just an excuse and that his son just wanted to wake him up to give him a hug. He nodded his head all the same, the excuse was well thought out.

"Fine, what if we went to lunch with the rest of the family?" Harry asked as his son nodded quickly.

The two then went to the huge dining room where they found the whole family.

Towards the end of the table, there was Charlie Potter, Marcus Potter and Blaise Potter, who were still watching him with so much love in their eyes. But Harry redirected his attention to the other children around them.

First, there was Janus Arthur, the younger twin of Moros Merlin. The two boys were identical and shared a twinning relationship, not to mention that one of them was a bearer, Janus. Charlie was happy to explain that it probably came from him, since the Potters, the Flint and the Zabini did not have twins in their families, unlike the Prewett who had many twins. The twins had been named in honour of Harry's ancestors.

Then there was the third child, Albus James. He had Harry's hair, Marcus's blue eyes, a face like Blaise's, and most of all, Charlie's character. Besides, he was wearing glasses. Harry thought James looked a lot like his namesake. The child was six years old. Albus had been chosen for the seat later in the Imperial Council of Potter-Flint.

Finally, there was the apple of his eyes, Liliane Marissa Potter. The little four-year-old was adorable,
with her long curly ebony hair (from Harry and Charlie), her purplish eyes (Blaise's) and most of all, her taciturn and stern character (coming from Marcus). She looked like two drops of water to Bellatrix, who was therefore named her Godmother, to her great pleasure.

Harry smiled watching his family before sitting down, not without kissing his husbands. During their exile, which was going to end today, he had been busy. He had directed the reconstruction of their Empire, prepared the reconquest of their former territories, without forgetting of course his three pregnancies which were a nightmare for his husbands.

"So, ready for this meeting?" Charlie asked, smiling.

"Well, after all, we're not going to stay in exile forever," Harry said as he slipped a chocolate muffin brought by Kreacher.

The trio of soulmates nodded. Harry was right, they could not stay in exile forever either. They had done it with the muggles, and the muggles had begun to evolve out of their control. They were not going to make the same mistake.

"Mom, is it true that I'm going to start school this year?" Lily asked curiously.

"Yes darling, that's right, after all, before you go to Hogwarts, you have to have the necessary knowledge," Harry snickered.

"I do not think it makes sense, I mean, here I have access to everything I need, so why go to a school of preparation and not just wait to be old enough to go to school? Hogwarts when I was eight? "Lily asked as Janus and Moros shuddered.

The twins had no desire to make their comeback with their maniac of a sister. Oh no!

"It's all about socializing my heart, after all, you can not stay indefinitely far from the people you reign on, you're a princess el mio prezioso," Blaise replied, looking at his daughter.

"Not to mention that you brothers could have asked for exactly the same thing," Marcus said with a petty smile.

Lily whitens then. Spend even more years with the infernal duo and Albus the know-it-all? Oh no! She still preferred to go to school in a class far from them. Charlie sneered at seeing the frightened look of his beloved daughter. He knew very well what she thought, having himself experienced an infernal duo...

Harry manually threw a Tempus and seeing that it was soon time for the meeting, stood up. He then quickly headed for the room to change and put on his usual King outfit, which consisted of a blue robe richly decorated with the symbol of the royal family. Without forgetting his crown, obviously. When he returned to the dining room, he looked at his husbands.

"What are you going to do today?" He asked.

"I'm going to go to inaugurate the new dragon reserve on the Avalon continent, then we'll go and visit my father with the twins," Charlie said as the twins jumped for joy.

For them, going to see Arthur Weasley meant mostly going to see Fred and George Weasley, from whom they held their joking behavior ... In short, a nightmare for Harry.

"I'm going to accompany you to the meeting, I have nothing else planned for the day," Marcus said before standing next to Harry, already dressed in his Consort / Grand Duke crown.
"I decided to go see my mother with Albus and Lily. It's been a while since I have seen her, and I wonder how she's doing with her seventh husband ... I think." Blaise said, hiding a petty smile behind his sleeve.

Harry snorted inside. Marissa Zabini had not changed at all, and she continued to marry while her husbands died 'accidentally'. Nothing surprising in itself.

"Okay, then we'll see you later, I feel like this meeting is going to last a moment, not to mention the launch of our new fleet," Harry said before leaving.

They were on the top floor of Olympus' main tower, and only had to use the elevator to reach the penultimate floor of the Council Chamber.

When they entered the Council Chamber, they immediately noticed that they were the last to arrive. They took the opportunity to greet them all. There were Albus Dumbledore, Amos Diggory, Frank Longbottom, Marwyn Flint, Rabastan Lestrange, Garrick Ollivander, Ragnok Gringotts, Sanguini Dracula, Apolline Delacour, Bartemius Crouch Sr. and Sirius Black. There was also Hermione Krum as Director of the Department of Science and Engineering, specially invited to this meeting.

Harry sat on his throne at the end of the table with Marcus next to him.

"Hello everyone, as you know, today we must decide how to go about exiting our exile, but before I discuss it, I want to address other issues of this Council." smiling.

"Well, I'll want to talk about the Infinite Engine if possible," Hermione said.

Harry nodded, urging her to continue.

"We have finally completed our analysis of the outcome of the Arcturus project, and here are our conclusions: The Infinite Engine is actually producing a continuous amount of energy without interruption, however, it only produces a given amount of energy. After our investigation, we concluded that an Infinite Engine produces the energy equivalent of a Supernova, which is equal to one hundred Potentias at a time.

However, like everything else, the engine has a fault. First of all, the way it is built does not allow it to be placed on ordinary spaceships. Because of this, it can only be used in the City Ships or the planets. However, we are currently finishing the Imperial Admiral's flagship, and it should be able to be installed on it.

Then, despite its high energy production, this engine is not really infinite. We did test simulations by testing shields powered by this engine. The shield eventually turns off when the shield is subjected to a very large attack pressure. This is due to an overload of systems, and we have not found a solution. Even runes are limited, but that makes sense. It is after all normal that nothing is invincible, it is the first law of the Universe. I wish to point out that in the simulations, the shield has yielded after a thousand years under the fire of a hundred Wraiths-hive ships. According to my estimates, the shield is powerful enough to withstand a Supernova for thirty minutes.

That is why I wish to rename the Infinity Engine has Magia Motricia or Astria Motricia. "Hermione explained while under the watchful eye of the Board.

Harry thought of the implications of what his friend had said. He nodded.

"Go for Magia Motricia, the engine works with magic after all," Harry replied as the board members said "Hay!"
"I have another topic to talk about if possible - it's about our ships," Hermione said.

Harry nodded again to urge him to continue.

"As you know, we have a very limited number of ships at the beginning. We have the *Navo Portas*, the *Auroras* and of course the *Navo Civitos*. These ships obviously have subliminic, interstellar and intergalactic engines. They are able to launch drones equipped with a neural interface, there is also the cannons for *Aurora’s* and shields for *Auroras* and *Navo Civitos*.

With several research teams, we decided to improve our current vessels. As a result, we decided to equip the *Navo Portas* with shields and interstellar engines by integrating a *Potentia* in order to significantly strengthen the power. Obviously, energy control runes had to be installed in order to limit the energy supply and avoid an overload.

Then we decided to change the aesthetics of *Auroras*. The outer appearance of the vessels has been heavily modified to provide a smoother structure similar to that of the *Navo Civitos*, which is aesthetically more pleasing. We also decided to install a total of three *Potentias* per ship to significantly increase the power of the cannons. We also added our last cannons, the exotic particle cannons (EPCs), in short, magic cannons. These guns have the peculiarity of launching rays similar to *Bombarda Maxima* and by deflecting all power on them, the rays become similar to *Fiendfyre*. In order to facilitate our movements and avoid misuse of our teleporters or our *Apparitions*, I decided to integrate an *Astria Porta* on each ship.

Finally, we have decided that from now on, every *Navo Civito* will be powered by a *Magia Motricia* with an emergency power room of twenty *Potentias* should ever a problem occur with the main engine. These ships will also have five towers placed at cardinal points equipped with exotic particle cannons.

I wish to point out that thanks to various enchantments and runes, we have been able to significantly increase the quantity of drones of each ship by multiplying the quantities by 100. "Hermione then explained while bending the torso, proud of her.

Board members stared at each other before quickly applauding Hermione for her ideas. The latter then reopened the mouth, having not finished.

"Finally, I would like to move quickly to the topic of the Admiral-Ship, and as you all know, we have decided to create an Admiral Ship, which I think deserves the name of Imperial Vessel transport for the imperial family, and as a result, we decided to make it as strong and imposing as possible.

That's why I can proudly announce that we have completed the **PENDRAGON**. This vessel is exactly 10,000m long and 4,250m wide. It is equipped with our latest technologies and many magic cannons, not to mention that unlike other vessels, it is currently being equipped with a *Magia Motricia*. I can safely say that he is our most powerful ship to date. "

Of course, new applause echoed as a hologram of the ship appeared on the table. Harry had to admit that he already liked this ship and that he was planning to make the most of it.

"Thank you Director Krum, do you have anything else you want to inform us about?" Albus asked with a smile.

Hermione nodded, intriguing everyone. What more could she say?

"Indeed, Minister Dumbledore, I would like to propose a project of space stations serving as outposts, I already have the plans, and with your approval, I intend to build one in order to test
it, Lantea would be the perfect one test place. "Hermione said.

"Could we know more about this Station, Director Hermione?" Asked Bartemius, intrigued.

"Of course, Grand Magister Crouch. This station will have a star shape with three branches at obtuse angles, which means that the branches will be slightly closed. My project is, if possible, to create the centre of this star a *Maxi Astria Porta* that can be used to carry our spacecraft directly. The door will have a total diameter of 11 000m so that all our standard vessels can pass, only Olympus couldn't cross this door.

The station will obviously be powered by a *Magia Motricia* with various backup systems. There will be research stations, living quarters, etc. One could theoretically say that these stations are intended to replace our *Navo Civitos* in space. The branches should measure a total length of 30,000m.

Obviously, these stations will have drone platforms, and will normally be surrounded by four defence satellites. These satellites will be named *Astria Stationas*, "Hermione said while showing a hologram.

"Would not it be dangerous to send the first station to Lantea? After us, we would not want to wake up the Wraith too soon," Mulciber said suspiciously.

Harry shook his head, catching everyone's attention.

"Fortunately for us, the Wraiths are in hibernation, so they have very few patrols, and thanks to the probes, we have learned that they are avoiding the Dorne system at all costs, and we all know why. So, if all goes well, then we will begin Doranda's restoration and modifications will be made to the Arcturus Project to turn it into a *Magia Motricia*."

Hermione's eyes widened. She was finally going to be able to take care of her Big Project. After all, she was planning to name the first station Hermione to go down in history, and she knew that Harry would accept the name. She nodded quickly before leaving the Council Chamber to get to work, excited.

"Anything else?" Harry asked, looking at the other members.

"My husband, Remus, gave me his report on the installation of the creatures. The planet Maltera Secundus now has a large population of Trolls, Giants and Centaurs. They breed very quickly, and Magorian, the Chief Centaur gives us his thanks.

Regarding Maltera Tertium, the population of the Merpeople has been almost multiplied by one hundred. The population numbers more than one million, which is an excellent thing. They obviously continue to pick up various rare ingredients and drop them off at our warehouse on the mainland so they can be used in our potions.

In short, everything is fine in the best of all worlds. Remus would like to say that Troll's population should be reduced. Their violence seems to be degrading the ecosystem, and if it continues, in about two centuries, they will have ruined their continent, "said Sirius quickly making his small report.

Harry nodded before giving his approval. If you have to eliminate some trolls to survive, then they will. It was then that Dumbledore decided to speak.

"As you know, I'm the Director of Foreign Affairs, but also Information. I received a lot of information about Avalon's business, and I must admit that the news is worse than expected.

First, humans have discovered one of our *Astria Porta* for eight years now. However, the gate does
not come from our outpost but from a goa'uld vessel that abandoned it thousands of years ago in Egypt.

Regarding these Goa'ulds, it seems that it is a parasitic species from an unimportant planet. They managed to seize the body of bipedal creatures, and one by one, got human bodies. They use remnants of our multi-million-year-old technology to pretend to be gods. They are currently at war with a Lord named Baal, the previous one named Anubis having been defeated on Earth. I do not know yet how he was defeated.

I also learned two interesting news. First of all, our old allies are still alive. The Nox are currently on Gaia and have cut the bridges with the rest of the Galaxy after our disappearance. Information I received, they just want to live in peace.

However, the information regarding Asgard is very disturbing. First of all, it seems that they have formed 'relationships' with humans, "said Albus as the rest of the Council looked disgusted," Then I discovered that they were suffering from a genetic problem. Indeed, in their immeasurable stupidity, they decided to use cloning to avoid dying, and because of this, their genome has not evolved as it should. They are now small, gray with big heads and asexual. According to my information, their race should die in a few years only if it continues.

They have also managed to get in the way of replicators. These are simply our Nanite technologies that have been reprogrammed. Of course, they still have source code that prevents them from attacking us. Here's all I learned about Avalon, "Dumbledore said with bright eyes.

"Little and gray? Are you telling me that bullshit muggles about little gray men were true?" Sirius asked incredulously.

When Albus bobbed his head, they burst out laughing. The Asgards really had to be pathetic to have regressed so much, and especially, to appreciate muggles.

"Well, obviously we have a lot of work to do to rebuild our Intergalactic Empire, and I think we should start by re-establishing contact with the Nox, and I intend to integrate them into the Empire, whether they like it or not.

Then we will have to quietly deal with the Goa'ulds. We should take control of their Hegemony by replacing them with copies to integrate their people into our Empire. They will make excellent second-class citizens.

We'll take care of the muggles and the Asgards later, "Harry said as the others nodded.

The meeting continued for several hours, and Harry and Marcus were exhausted when they left the room. The two decided to enjoy a meal in their neighbourhoods before heading to the Arkos Space Construction Station located above Maltera Prime.

Once there, they were received by Supreme Admiral Moody and his second, Admiral Longbottom.

"Alastor, Neville, nice to see you," greeted Harry with Marcus as the two greeted him respectfully as they bowed.

"Majesties, welcome to Arkos," Moody greeted them with a small smile.

Alastor Moody had changed a lot over time. Thanks to the Malteran technology, he had recovered the lost limbs from his body, but decided to keep the scars to remain recognizable. For his part, Neville had grown well, built well with a big smile.
"How's Theodore?" Marcus asked Neville.

"He's fine, thank you, he's currently at the Manor looking after our son, Hadrian Junior," said Neville, winking at Harry.

Harry growled slightly, lowering his head. Since his coronation, there has been an increase of children named 'Harry' or 'Hadrian' in his honour. There was even an incredible number of 'Charlie', 'Blaise' and 'Marcus'.

"Well, stop joking." Harry said as Marcus chuckled behind him.

Alastor nodded before pressing a button, showing a huge hologram of the station with several bridges and ships attached.

"As your Majesty knows, our fleet is now operational, with about 50 Auroras and four Navo Civitos, the only ship that is not yet ready is the PENDRAGON, which will have its own launch tomorrow if you Permit," Moody told them before pressing another button to officially launch the signal.

Immediately after, the ships came to life before breaking away from the station to form a huge fleet.

"Introducing the First Malteran Fleet!" Moody said with a ferocious smile.

Harry nodded before smiling. It was a great thing, and they had something to fight for now. He watched the ships quietly.

"I sincerely hope that this fleet will allow us to take care once and for all of the Wraiths of Lantea. In the meantime, I want the production of three additional fleets. After all, I do not intend to settle for Avalon and Lantea. There are other galaxies waiting for us, and then we have Oris to eliminate," Harry said with a cruel smile that pleased Moody.

"Exactly, and do not forget, Constant Vigilance!" Said Moody, smiling.

Harry and Marcus then left the premises to return home where they were welcomed by the rest of their family. The next day took off from their ship, and Harry decided it was time for them to make their comeback.

He boarded with Charlie and the Royal Guard before going directly to Gaia. When they arrived over the planet, their detectors immediately noticed the Nox movements. Despite their Pacific side, they had not abandoned their technology, and a ship as huge as the PENDRAGON did not go unnoticed.

Harry looked at Olivier Wood, the captain of the PENDRAGON.

"Stay here and wait for my orders, in the meantime dial Gaia's address," Harry ordered before heading to the ship's Astria Porta with Charlie and a dozen royal guards, including two furlings.

When they passed the door, the Malterans immediately sensed the presence of the Nox, with a simple gesture the disobeyed, to their greatest shock. The guards immediately put the Nox in the game.

"I am the Imperatori-Rex Hadrian Potter of the Malteran Empire, and here is my Husband and Consort, the Imperator-Rex Charles Potter. You knew us under the name of Alterans once, when we had our great covenant." Harry introduced himself, looking at the three Nox in front of him.

Immediately after, the Nox's eyes widened as they saw their allies (and mentors), though they changed dramatically.
"On behalf of the Nox, I wish you the Welcome to Gaïa, Imperatori-Rex, to you and to your people, we are happy to see our friends and mentor of yesteryear. This is a great joy for everyone. I am Anteaus. Here's my daughter, Lya, and one of our elders, Ohper, "the Nox bowed, crossing his arms.

"I want to speak to the Council of Elders as soon as possible, I have a lot to say," Harry asked as he looked Anteaus in the eye.

Old Nox nodded quickly before motioning for him to follow him. Immediately after, an immense flying city made its appearance, and Harry was driven on the city thanks to a teleporter with Charlie and his guard.

As he crossed the city, he noticed that all the Nox were watching him. They had admiring and interested looks, most of them delighted and happy. It would seem that they did believe that the Alteran race had died out.

Finally, the group was led to a sort of huge Temple, the Council Room of the Ancients, the governing body of the Nox.

Harry and Charlie entered the room, the guards staying outside. They immediately saw in front of them a large table with five seated Nox and two vacant seats to which Anteaus and Ohper went to sit.

"We welcome our allies to Gaïa, and are happy to know that they are alive," Anteaus said before sitting down.

"I thank you for your warm welcome, but I would like to introduce myself again, if you will. My name is Hadrian James Potter, Imperatori-Rex of the Malteran Intergalactic Empire, and Supreme Leader of my people. Here's my husband, Charles Ferdinand Potter, Imperator-Rex of the Malteran Intergalactic Empire.

As you know, our people disappeared millions of years ago as a result of the Great Scourge having decimated almost all life in Avalon. What you do not know is that my people have gone to another galaxy, Lantea, to rebuild themselves and find a cure for this disease.

For several million years, we developed and rebuilt our immense Empire, but unfortunately we were attacked by an unexpected enemy, and despite our technological superiority, we lost. We did not know how to fight after all, and as a result, we returned ten thousand years ago to Avalon, more precisely to Tellus, which you surely know as Earth. ", Harry said with a smile.

The Nox's eyes widened slightly as they heard the word "Earth". After all, they had already met humans, and these humans did not seem to know that they had the creators of the Gates of Stars with them.

" We decided to give up all technology in order to develop our mental abilities and other acquired powers. With time, we founded a new society, hidden from humans while our metapsychic powers evolved beyond comprehension, ultimately allowing us. The humans called us wizards, the Furlings also survived and decided to live with us, and the humans called them 'goblins'.

However, nine years ago, we decided to return to the stars with the restoration of our hegemony and the order in not the Galaxy, but the Universe. We are the first beings in this Universe, and it is our duty to take care of it.

This is the reason for my presence in these places. I hope not to restore our alliance, which I believe
was a failure, but to officially propose to the NOx to join the Malteran Empire to help us. Obviously, a NOx of your choice will get a place at the Imperial Malteran Council and several NOx can be integrated into the Magisterium.

I am perfectly aware of your pacifist tendencies, and I personally pledge never to force you to fight. After all, we are above all a research and scientific people, and we have developed art and medicine beyond what has never been done before, "Harry said using magic on his voice to convince the NOx.

The NOx looked at him, intrigued. They did not really expect such a proposal, but they had to admit that it was interesting.

"Your proposal is interesting, but what do we have as proof of your honesty?" Asked one of the elders, intrigued.

"Know that through our evolution, we have developed a second heart, invisible and intangible, representing our ability to control our powers. We call this heart our Magical Core, and awaiting the immense variety of our powers, we have coined the term of 'Magic' in order to categorize them.

Our life is tied to this core, and when we swear on our magic, then we swear on our life. When we betray our promise, we can lose our magic in the best of times, and lose our life in the worst, "explained Harry.

The NOx nodded, slightly understanding the principle that they themselves had begun to develop these capabilities, although they are probably thousands of years behind the Malterans, or even millions.

"I, Hadrian James Potter, swear on my magic not to force the NOx to fight if they do not wish so long as they enter the Malteran Intergalactic Empire, so mote it be!", Harry proclaimed.

A blue aura surrounded him then before a resounding snap was heard throughout the room, under the appreciative eyes of the NOx and the worried look of Charlie.

The NOx looked at each other, communicating telepathically. After five minutes, Anteaus got up.

"Imperatori-Rex, after consultation with the Council of Elders, we decided to accept your proposal and join the Malteran Intergalactic Empire.", Anteaus then bowed with a smile.

The other NOx arose then before bowing. As for Harry, he smiled as Charlie took him in his arms to kiss him.

"I sincerely thank you my dear friends, have you decided who will join the Council?" Asked Harry, interested.

"I was chosen to join the Council, your majesty." Anteaus replied.

"In this case, you will just miss the genetic therapy followed by the Furlings to allow you full access to our technology. I will order the despatch of one of our Navo Civito to here to facilitate the therapy. Moreover, we will install a second Astria Porta permanently connected to Maltera Prime to facilitate the transition.

I guess you want to keep Gaia as the main NOx world? "Harry asked as the NOx nodded.

"In that case, I'll leave you, we have a lot to do and we plan to take over the Goa'ulds," Harry informed them before leaving, followed by Charlie and Anteaus.
They reached the door of the stars before returning to the PENDRAGON. On board the ship, Harry contacted Alistair to ask him to start the preparations for the integration of Nox.

The ship then headed for Maltera Prime, under the impressed look of Anteaus seeing all this technology.

When they arrived in the Malteran system, Anteaus widened his eyes as he saw the Malteran fleet. He knew that at that time, three million years ago, the Alteranian fleets were already able to destroy whole solar systems, whereas to think of the current fleets, which had evolved a lot since then?

"Your Majesties, we are coming to our destination, do I have to teleport you or do you want to use Astria Porta?" Olivier asked, looking at Harry.

"Teleport us immediately to the Ministry of Intelligence with Anteaus," Harry replied as he held Charlie's hand.

Olivier nodded before sitting on his chair. Two seconds later, Harry, Charlie, Anteaus and the Royal Guard disappeared in a flash of light.

When the trio opened their eyes, they noticed that they were in a huge room with Malterans walking everywhere, computers and other interfaces in every nook and cranny, and of course, Dumbledore waiting for them with a big smile.

"My boy, glad to see you were able to do so fast, I've already received the information about the integration of the Nox, and I'm happy about it, but do not take me all my work, after all, I'm the Minister of Foreign Affairs and our interplanetary representative," Albus greeted them with a sneer.

Harry rolled his eyes before taking his grandfather in his arms.

"Grandpa, let me introduce you to the new Imperial Council member, Nox Anteaus," Harry said under Anteau's intrigued gaze.

Upon hearing "grandfather", Anteaus immediately understood the more lax attitude of his now monarch. He bowed to Albus, who welcomed him before shaking Charlie's hand.

"Then how is the 'Slytherin' plan going?" Harry asked, puzzled.

Dumbledore's eyes glittered like stars. It was obvious to those present that the old man already had something.

"Follow me, I'll show you," the old man answered mysteriously before heading for a sealed room.

When they entered the room, Harry immediately noticed one of his best characters, Viktor Krum.

"Anteaus, let me introduce you to Viktor Krum, our best ambassador, and most importantly, our Cerberus," Dumbledore said as Viktor blew his pride chest before shaking the hand of the Nox and hugging Harry and Charlie.

"Cerberus?" Asked Anteaus, intrigued.

Harry rolled his eyes as he saw Dumbledore pose for surely making one of his great speeches showing his wisdom and importance while subtly proving to be dangerous. A true Art.
"But let me first introduce myself, my name is Albus Perceval Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, Honorary Potter, I am one of the members of the Imperial Council Malteran, representative of the Council on the intergalactic scale, Minister of the Department of Foreign Affairs.

However, being Minister of the Department of Foreign Affairs represents two very different positions. First of all, I am responsible for our interactions with other species. But I am also the head of the Intelligence Service, which is part of Foreign Affairs.

I'm not going to lie to you, the Intelligence Service, more commonly known as 2I or Imperial Intelligence, is our spy and sabotage network that allows us to control in the dark by avoiding open warring. The Director of the 2I called Cerberus. He is my second and directs everything.

Then there are the Operators, our field agents responsible for everything. They are the elite of the elite, and I can assure you that you would be unable to unmask them. Then we have the Observers, who are responsible for processing the information collected and acting as a link with our Operators. Finally, we have the Watchers, a kind of Secret Police in charge of the security of the Emperor by verifying that no one wishes him harm. Surely those who have the least work expect that anyone who joins the Empire must swear an oath of magical loyalty to the Emperor, but you never know, "Dumbledore explained with a smile.

Anteaus opened her eyes again, not expecting that. But thinking about it, he found that logical. After all, why fight in open war if you can solve the problem discreetly. He nodded in understanding as Albus smiled.

"Coming back to our" Slytherin "project, I'm pleased to announce that we've made good progress, and I'm going to let Viktor explain that," Dumbledore continued, giving Cerberus the floor.

"Thank you, Minister Dumbledore, we have indeed made progress on the preparations for our project, after a strong deployment of our probes and thanks to the information provided by our Operators, we managed to infiltrate the Goa'ulds ranks currently the Lo'taur of Grand Master Baal, the dominant Goa'uld of the Galaxy.

Originally, we wanted to take control of all the Grand Masters, however, we decided to change our minds. Indeed, we find it easier to simply replace Baal. We currently have two possibilities: We can either replace him with a Nanite body that will absorb his memories, or we could simply order Operator 6 to replace him and recover his memories. Because their technology is based on ours, we can easily reconfigure it for use without having to inject naquada.

Once the takeover takes place, we intend to intensify the war between Baal and the other Grand Masters to take control of their territories. Meanwhile, 'Baal' will educate his people to bring a new age and make them future citizens. Expected to be too weak and immature, we cannot submit them to our therapy, so they will become second class citizens of our Empire. They will benefit from most rights.

If I had to make a quick comparison, the 'Jaffas' and other humans will become 'commoners' while the Malterans will be 'nobles', "explained Viktor with a slight Russian accent that made Harry and Charlie smile.

The two monarchs nodded while Anteaus approved the plan. Although he did not like the principle of war, he knew that the Goa'ulds were a violent species, so peace was impossible with them.

"It would be best to replace Baal with Operator 6. Who is it?" Asked Charlie, intrigued.
Dumbledore chuckled.

"Operator 6 is none other than Goldrin Ollivander, the second son of Duke Ollivander of the Imperial Council," the old man replied, looking shocked at the two monarchs.

Harry nodded slowly.

"I see that he has found his vocation, so it's perfect, I agree with this plan, we'll leave you, it's time to launch the Astria Porta Big Update." Harry before leaving with Anteaus and Charlie heading for the Olympus Main Tower.

When they arrived in the Control Room, they immediately went to Harry's Administrator and Personal Secretary, Percy Weasley. The latter rose to greet the three.

"Percy, everything is ready for the Update?" Harry asked.

Percy nodded before answering.

"Indeed, Harry, everything is ready for the Update." According to calculations, it lasted fifty-six minutes to allow data to be uploaded to all Avalon doors. We currently have three-million-six-hundred-year-two-hundred-fifty years late, therefore, and following the changes of axis, on more than six hundred thousand Astria Portas, only five hundred are currently usable, and out of these five-hundred, only three hundred and eighty are used regularly, "Percy explained.

"May I know what this update will do?" Asked Anteaus, intrigued.

"The update aims to calibrate the Astria Portas again to allow to use again the original addresses of the doors. With our accesses, we can all activate them at the same time to send the information directly in the databases of our doors, and we decided to update the security protocols to prevent manual activation bypass.

After all, who knows what could happen if a primitive civilization would not use Clavis and manually activate a door, or use other primitive means such as computers. They could fall on a black hole or a supernova, something that security protocols prevent. "Percy said, explaining all he could about the doors.

"Not to mention that we can, if we wish, save various genetic codes to prevent a person from using our doors. If they come through, then they will be disintegrated immediately. We may do it with the symbiots expected their danger, "Harry said with a slightly sadistic smile.

Anteaus seemed to disapprove of it, but decided to nod his head anyway. After all, the Nox revered life above all else, so it was inconceivable for them to eliminate a species, despite its bellicose tendencies.

"Launch the Update," Harry ordered then.

Percy nodded before pressing a button while other Malterans bustled behind him, quickly tapping on their consoles. It was then that the Stargate opened.

**Meanwhile at Cheyenne Mountain.**

Two soldiers were discussing.
"The sergeant instructor told me that I would find a lot of details about how it worked in last year's manual. You can lend it to me, it would save me time? What? Thank you."

Sheppard walks down the hallway past the two soldiers and arrives in the departure lounge.

"Colonel," Sheppard said, looking at them.

"If you all want to get together," Dr. Weir exclaimed.

Dr. Weir climbed onto the catwalk of the Stargate. Daniel and Jack were in the control room, watching what was going on downstairs.

"You too there. Well, the moment has arrived. We will try to establish a connection. We are not able to predict exactly how much energy it will take and we may not be entitled to a single attempt. If we can get a sufficiently stable vortex, nothing should stop us from missing this opportunity. We will send the probe MALP checked viability and we will cross the door, without having the right to the slightest hesitation... You have all volunteered for this mission... You represent more than 12 countries, each in your specialty, you are the best in the world and if we consider the adventure in which we are about to embark. You are also the bravest. I hope we all come back one day after discovering a new field of exploration for humanity. But I know you are aware... that it is not certain that we are returning among men. I leave everyone with one last chance to give up this dangerous adventure." said Elizabeth Weir, looking at the members of her expedition.

The members looked at her, curious and above all, silent.

"Dial the address on the pad," then ordered Dr. Weir to the control room.

That's when the door came on.

"Unprogrammed activation of the Stargate!", They heard then.

Immediately thereafter, the military took place around the gate while General O'Neill was watching the gate incredulously.

Once the door was alight, he quickly ordered the closing of the iris.

"What's going on?" He asked, puzzled.

"I do not know, General, we have no SG team on mission, and we do not get any signals of visiting our allies, I do not know... wait!" Exclaimed Sergeant Walter.

"What's going on?" Asked Daniel Jackson, intrigued.

"I do not really know, we get an astronomical amount of data from the Stargate, it looks like... an update, I do not know what to say...", Walter said, intrigued.

It was then that Dr. Weir made his entrance with Colonel Sumner, both intrigued by this prolonged activation.

"What's going on?" Asked Weir, puzzled.

"It looks like we're getting some sort of update from the Stargate, it's never happened before," O'Neill said, pointing to one of the screens on which an incredible amount of Ancient language and binaries appeared.

Daniel then approached the screen, trying to decipher what was written.
"It's fascinating, from what I can understand, it's actually a sort of update, I can understand the words" axes "," codes "," doors "but also" security ". I wonder where this update can come from, after all, only the Ancients can do it ... ", said Daniel, intrigued.

The members of the room looked at each other, still in shock. Where could this damn update come from?

"How long will this 'update' last?" Sumner asked, not impressed for two pennies.

"No idea, as I said, it's the first time it happens, but I'm detecting some kind of ... energy flow The door may stay on for more than thirty-eight minutes usual, "Daniel replied, looking at the data.

They looked at each other, intrigued, before shrugging their shoulders. It was only after fifty-eight minutes that the vortex closed. When Walter observed the data he received, he almost had a heart attack.

"What's going on Walter?" Asked O'neill, intrigued by the sergeant's reaction.

"Sir, the amounts of data are ... incalculable, I'll almost say that the data received by the Stargate are superior to all the data accumulated on Earth, and again, I'm not sure." Walter, surprising the others.

"General O'neill, can we go? We have a city waiting for us," Weir exclaimed, eager to get to Atlantis.

O'neill nodded vaguely as Jackson looked desperate looking at O'neill. He really wanted to go with them, but Jack had absolutely nothing to do with them. He then ordered the activation of the door for Pegasus.

In the departure lounge, the members of the team watched the rafters carefully, one by one.

" Chevron # 5 turned on," Walter said into the microphone.

In the control room, Rodney arrived at the side of Dr. Weir, General O'Neill, Sumner, and Dr. Jackson.

" Chevron # 6 turned on, " Walter said into the microphone.

"We are there ! Your agitation makes me feel uncomfortable. Try to calm down. Weir looked at Rodney.

"I've never been so excited in my life," Rodney McKay exclaimed, excited like a flea.

" Chevron N ° 7 engaged, " exclaimed Walter.

At this last rafter, the vortex of the stargate opened. In the departure lounge everyone applauded.

" Send the MALP," then ordered Dr. Weir.

The MALP then entered the vortex. In all control room had their eyes on a screen where it indicated is " No Signal "

" That's the MALP sends data," Walter said, looking at a screen.
"What to think about that? Weir asked, seeing a dark room.

"I'm going over the Zero index," Walter said.

"The radar detects a vast enclosed space," said Rodney, intrigued.

"With intact structures," Jackson continued, slightly sullen.

"According to the atmospheric sensors, there is oxygen and it does not perceive a toxic danger, the environment is viable, it looks like, we can not go backward," Rodney exclaimed, looking at Weir.

"You can go, Dr. Weir," O'Neill nodded with a big smile.

"Thank you very much, General," Weir thanked him sincerely before heading to the Boarding Room with Rodney and Sumner.

"We do not waste time! Our energy reserves are low. Security Unit 1 and 2, you pass by, all members of the expedition will wait for the green light. Get on the other side keep moving forward and clear the landing area. At my command..." Sumner exclaimed with his gun in his hand while looking at the soldiers of the expedition.

"Wait colonel! We cross it together!" Weir interrupted, preventing him from crossing the door first.

"It's legitimate," Sumner nodded.

The colonel and two of his men went first, then it was the turn of Dr. Weir before passing the door look has a final SGC boarding lounge. Jack O'Neill and Daniel Jackson were in the control room and watching the scene. Dr. Weir then engages in the vortex of the Stargate.

For his part, Daniel Jackson tried by all possible means to convince his old friend.

"Jack? There is still time to take...", Daniel then began with beaten dog eyes.

"No," Jack interrupted with a sadistic smile.

"It would be enough for me to catch my...", Daniel tried again with a supplicating look.

"No," Jack replied one last time with a jeering smile and a victorious look.

"Package...", Daniel Jackson lamented with a sigh of sadness.

In the Boarding Room, John Sheppard and Ford Ltd were about to pass the blue vortex of the Stargate. In the control room Colonel Sumner (on the radio) indicated that "the way is free, no problem for the moment". General O'Neill made an announcement at the microphone:

"To all members of the team, forward."
"What effect does it make?" Sheppard asked, slightly worried by the kind of blue jelly.

"A terrible pain, youhou...", replied Lieutenant Ford before throwing himself back into the vortex.

Sheppard gave him an incredulous look before taking a deep breath and closing his eyes. He then stepped into the vortex.

Several weeks passed quietly on Maltera Prime. The second fleet had been inaugurated and his command had been entrusted to Neville as Admiral, while the first remained under the control of Moody.

For their part, the Nox were perfectly integrated, and many chose to integrate the Departments of Health, Science or Magic Creatures to take care of these creatures. The Nox were filled with unicorns, phoenixes, and other luminous creatures, though they remained suspicious of dark creatures, especially the Lethifold and Nundus. The most amazing thing was to learn that a hundred Nox decided to become War Mages to join the Royal Guard.

Moreover, Anteaus' daughter, Lya, started working with Luna Lovegood in the Magic Creatures Department. The two women got along very well, which was a great pleasure for Harry, glad to know one of his friends with someone who could understand her.

Of course, there was a huge party in the Malteran system for two whole months to celebrate the arrival of the Nox in the Empire. There was obviously a Quidditch Competition, and Harry accepted for the opportunity to participate with his husbands. It was an exceptional match, and Harry's team put the opposing team, led by Viktor Krum, to the brink of applause from spectators. The match took place at the Gryffindor Stadium on the second satellite of Maltera Prime, knowing that the planet had three.

Harry went for once alone directly to the Council Chamber. They finally had the results of Operation Slytherin, and Dumbledore was going to report to the Council. He was eager.

When he entered the House, he noticed that as usual, he was the last to arrive, which was normal since he was the monarch. He greeted everyone before sitting down.

Dumbledore spoke.

"Hello everyone, as you know, this meeting is to inform you about the 'Slytherin' operation launched three months ago, so it's time for me to share my findings with you please.

First of all, the replacement of Baal was a complete success, and the body of Goa'uld was completely disintegrated thanks to a Fiendfyre launched by Goldrin Ollivander, our undercover agent. The latter brilliantly succeeded in replacing our victim and taking control of his Empire.

He has indeed ordered the establishment of an advanced education adapted to their technology. According to the data, the Jaffa will very soon be ready to enter a new era as our citizens.

In accordance with our wishes, Agent Goldrin launched a galactic-scale war against the other Goa'uld Masters, and by using our old technologies, as well as by demonstrating some of our powers, he knew to be afraid of other spatial parasites. Under his pseudonym Baal, Goldrin controls 69% of the Goa'uld hegemony, and if everything goes as planned, by the end of the year, he will
have completely conquered the Goa'uld space. Then we can finally begin to integrate this people into our vast Empire, "Dumbledore explained.

A thunder of applause echoed in the Council Chamber while Dumbledore bowed slightly, accepting the ovation. When he got up, he spoke again.

"However, we have a slight problem, we have sent a probe into the Othala Galaxy about the Asgards, and we have unfortunately learned that their war with the 'replicators' has resumed in a very important way.

They momentarily managed to trap them in a time loop through a black hole in their mother galaxy Ida after abandoning it, however, the replicators managed to escape, which is not surprising Whereas these are our creations.

If we do not intervene at the earliest, then I'm afraid the Asgard race will go out sooner than expected , "Dumbledore informed them.

Council members frowned. It was not planned at all, they had to act so that everything went as planned.

"I propose to develop a weapon to quickly destroy the threat, or to reprogram quickly for reuse." Amos Diggory, intrigued.

"I'm saying we need to reprogram them, so we can use them for the construction of the Hermione station," said Ragnok, seeing a possible saving.

Harry nodded. He totally agreed with Ragnok.

"All right, it will be easy to integrate a new code into the replicators, and we just need to send one of our nanite bodies to them," Harry said.

The council members nodded.

"Anything?" Harry asked, looking at the limbs.

Anteaus decided to speak.

"I would like to know if it would be possible to work on the Asgard genome, and if I understand correctly, their ideals are at odds with ours, which will not make it easy for us to integrate them into the Empire. if we could find the solution to their cloning problem, then we could use this solution to convince them to join us, "the Nox proposed.

Harry's eyes widened before he applauded slowly, under the astonished eyes of the council members.

"That's a great idea, Duke Anteaus, after all, if we came up with the solution to the Asgards, I'm sure they'll be happy to join in. Their race is dying, and obviously they'll never find the solution is that they are far too under-evolved.

Information obtained, it is easy to see that the Asgard have not changed so much, despite the fact that we left them one of our databases. It's pretty sad to say, but it seems that without us to guide them, the Asgards have regressed and committed an incredible number of mistakes. It's time for us to rectify all that, "Harry exclaimed at the applause of his advisers.

"In this case, and if you allow me, I'll take care of it immediately." I was currently the head of the
Nox biological department on Gaia, and I think I have the solution, which with Malteran technology, will be a game of "In addition, creating bodies will be 100% Malterans, which will facilitate the integration of their race." Anteaus replied with a big smile.

The other members of the council nodded. It was then that Bartemius decided to speak.

"As you all know, in a few months we will celebrate the tenth anniversary of our great comeback, and I wish to organize a special event that lasted two full months throughout the Empire.

I had the idea of first organizing a huge Quidditch Tournament to celebrate the event. However, we should do more than that. I had the idea to organize a huge Magic Tournament that will take place over two months. This Tournament will be accessible to all the citizens of the Empire, and we will have to find a suitable reward for the great winner. ", Bartemius then proposed under the interested glances of the members of the Council.

Let's see the opportunity to party, Sirius did not hesitate to give his opinion.

"Why not propose a unique reward that has never been proposed ... Ah, I know! A ducal title! We could propose a ducal title as a reward, and thus raise a new family to the Council.", Then proposed Sirius with a winning smile.

Harry nodded.

"It's a great idea, but I do not want to add too many people to this title, so we'll have a Lordial title instead of the Magisterium, but unlike most places in the Magisterium, that's title will be hereditary and definitive. " Harry announced as the limbs nodded.

"We could also organize parades of our army and demonstrations of space battles," added Sanguini, very interested.

Harry nodded once again. It was after all a good idea, and who knows, it could convince more citizens to engage in the military in a definitive way.

Two months later, Harry and his three husbands made their way to the Scientific Department where Anteaus was waiting with Hermione Krum. Fortunately for them, their three children had started school, so they were finally free to do what they want.

When they arrived in the department, they were very amused to see a very excited Hermione watching a body on a table. A body created entirely thanks to Malteran technology. Beside her was an Anteaus, proud of him and holding a magic wand in his hands while launching an incredible number of analysis on the body to nod, satisfied.

"So, can I find out why you asked us to come here?" Asked Harry in an amused voice.

Blaise chuckled behind him as he gently kissed his neck. He slapped Marcus behind his head. It was not the time for this kind of thing, but unfortunately, Italian was insatiable. Finally, Marcus was no better, but he knew how to contain himself, unlike others.

"Ah, Harry, good to see you! It's wonderful what I managed to do with Anteaus. I did not know that the Asgard DNA was also complicated, yet compared to ours, it's nothing Oh, and then ... "Hermione began to babble under the amused gaze of the audience.

Harry noticed from the corner of his eye that several scientists and engineers began to sigh. It seems she has not lost her bad habit of talking without stopping.
"Hermione, you're babbling ...", Charlie simply said, looking at Hermione.

The latter stopped short before blushing to the ears under the laughter of the royal family and Anteaus.

To sum up what Hermione was trying to say: We have simply managed to get around the Asgard cloning problem by creating a soulless Malteran body in which an Asgard memory can be fully transferred.

By doing this, the Asgards will become pure Malterans, and they will be able to get a magical heart like everyone else without going through therapy. On the other hand, there will be an anchoring of the soul, which means that if the Asgards save their memories in databases, then these memories or rather, traces, will be automatically erased.

"Then did Anteaus while Hermione continued to blush.

Marcus was the first to react.

"This is great news, but we will have to contact the Asgard ...", said the Grand Duke thoughtfully.

Hermione's eyes lit up. She had an idea for that.

"If the Asgards have gone back to war with the replicators, and we have not yet sent our Nanite body, then it will be easy to meet them, we just need to attract the replicators and I am sure that an Asgard ship or even an entire fleet will follow them," Hermione offered with a big smile.

"Excellent." In this case, we will have to create a tag to attract the replicators to prevent them from appearing randomly in Avalon. The beacon will be placed in the star system of the outer border in the axis of Ida. When will we be able to prepare all this? "Asked Harry.

"In a week's time, that's enough?" Asked Hermione, intrigued.

Harry just nodded before agreeing. Immediately after, he left the place.

A week later, Harry was aboard the PENDRAGON followed by the first fleet led by Moody. They were in the star system Metraus, a system of the outer border, and the closest to the Ida galaxy. He was accompanied for the occasion by the entire Imperial Council and Hermione, as well as a huge royal guard. His husbands had stayed in Maltera in case of problems.

"Your majesty, we're ready to activate the beacon," Alastor Moody informed them, present on the bridge alongside Harry.

"Activate the beacon," Harry ordered.

It was then that a beacon placed on one of the planets was activated. Beside this beacon was obviously a Nanite body ready to integrate with the replicators.

In the Othala Galaxy on Orilla, while the Asgards fought fiercely against the replicators to repel them, they noticed something amazing. Indeed, the replicators had just stopped. It was then that they all regrouped very quickly to form several ships and to leave Ida's galaxy at full speed in the direction of the Milky Way.
The Asgards were completely upset by such a reaction, and noticing the direction of the replicators, they ordered Thor to follow the replicators with an Asgard fleet to prevent them from attacking the Milky Way. The latter decided to use their latest ship, the O'Neill, to try to destroy the replicators.

In Avalon, the Malterans waited patiently for the arrival of their creations. It was then that Olivier Wood exclaimed.

"Majesty, I detect several spatial-plane fields," said Olivier.

Harry smiled as he heard the name. Indeed, they discovered that their ancestors were wrong on the principle of sub space or hyperspace. The first theory was simply based on a principle of existing sub-dimensions, but they had discovered that there were no different dimensions. In fact, they are existence planes, which has nothing to do with it.

Thus a new theory was born among the Malteran people. Indeed, it is established that there exist various planes of existence, for example the ordinary material plane in which they are, or the ascensional plan of their ancestors. The theory obviously speaks of the Supreme Existence Plan belonging to entities representing conditions, such as Life or Death.

The theory, called The Potter Theory, as it was formulated by Harry, states that each entity has its own plane of existence. As a result, Hyperspace is actually the use of the plane of existence of Space allowing to cross places quickly, and this plane would be linked to that of Time. The Theory also states that the Wormholes are also included in this plane of existence.

However, Harry theorized that there is a plane mixing all the other planes, and that it would be that of Magic. According to him, the Malterans are the only ones to have access to this plane of existence, for some reason. As a result, and thanks to a mixture of magic and technology, the Malterans engines now use the Magic Plane and not the Space-Time Plan, so they no longer use the so-called subspacial or hyperspacial fields.

Harry returned to his thoughts as several replicating vessels headed straight for the beacon, completely ignoring them. He smiled amused at seeing Hermione's admiring gaze as she saw the replicating ships.

"I detect other spatial-plane fields with a different trace, these are the Asgards," said Olivier.

Harry nodded as Moody began to order everyone to get ready.

It was then that the Asgard fleet made its appearance.

On board the O'Neill, Thor paused momentarily at the sight of the huge Malteran fleet. In spite of half a year, he was perfectly aware of the ships, and he did not know how to react. He decided to contact the main ship.

On board the PENDRAGON, Olivier looked at Harry.

"Majesty, the main ship Asgard is trying to contact us," Olivier informed him.

"Fine, engage the hologram," Harry ordered.

It was then that a hologram of Harry appeared on the bridge of the O'Neill, surprising the passage Thor and the Asgards present on his ship. Never before had a hologram been able to cross their shields with such ease.
"I am Supreme Commander Thor of the Asgard Fleet, who am I to deal with?" Thor asked as he looked at the man wearing a wreath.

Harry looked at him with a closed face, gauging his greyish, disgusted body.

"I'm Hadrian James Potter, Imperatori-Rex of the Malteran Empire formerly known as Alteran Hegemony, we were waiting for you, Thor," Harry replied simply.

The eyes of all the Asgards widened as they heard Harry's answer. They now had proof that their old allies were back, and seeing Harry's eyes, they did not look happy with them.

"Could you explain, Imperatori-Rex? I wish to say before that we are delighted to know our former allies live," Thor added quickly at the end to avoid being rude.

Unfortunately, they were not used to interacting with other races because they were too inferior, but that was the opposite.

"You see, what you call 'replicators' are actually deprogrammed nanites created by our people, and we are in the process of completing their reconfiguration so that they can not harm you anymore. apologies," Harry said, tilting his head slightly.

It was then that Thor heard a woman's voice back telling Harry that the re-configuration of the replicators was over and that they were sent to Maltera prime for the "Stationnes" project. As a precaution, he quickly ordered the rest of the fleet Asgard not to attack the replicators.

Harry refocused on Thor.

"I want to go to the Asgard High Council as soon as possible to discuss something urgent," Harry then asked, looking Thor right in the eye.

The Asgard widened his eyes again before taking a stone to quickly establish contact with Penegal, a member of the Asgard High Council to inform him of the return of their allies, the defeat of the replicators and their request. Evidently, Penegal gave his approval. Thor turned to Harry's hologram.

"Very well, however, since we are now in the galaxy of Othala, we do not have a Stargate, so we will have to go by ship, and I give you the coordinates of Orilla, our mother-planet," Thor said before sending the coordinates.

A few seconds later, the hologram of Harry disappeared and the Malteran fleet disappeared in turn entering a field Magic-Plan, surprising the Asgards who easily noticed that they did not use the subspace like them. Thor ordered the Asgard fleet to return immediately to Orilla.

Thanks to the Magic-Plan field, the Malteran fleet only took two minutes to arrive in the Othala galaxy, followed two hours later by the Asgard fleet, surprising them in passing by seeing their time in advance.

When the Malteran fleet arrived over Orilla, they easily noticed that the planet was still under construction, which amused them slightly. Like what, they were not the only ones to rebuild everything. Harry was then teleported directly to Orilla's Great Hall (Gladsheim) with his three husbands and the entire Imperial Council.

They looked around and saw various Asgards appear everywhere in huge seats. Harry immediately noticed that one of them wore a special stone around his neck in addition to being in a different
seat. It must have been the Grand Archon, leader of the Asgard race.

"My name is Odin, leader of the Asgard High Council, and I welcome you to Orilla, and we are glad to hear that our allies and mentors have survived," Odin said, looking at Harry, Anteaus, and Ragnok.

"My name is Hadrian James Potter, Imperatori-Rex of the Malteran Intergalactic Empire who was formerly the Alteran Hegemony, and I introduce you to my husbands, Charles Potter, Imperator Rex of the Empire, and Blaise and Marcus Potter, the Impera-Rex of the Empire.

With us are the members of the Imperial Malteran Council. This is Albus Dumbledore, who is also our Minister of Foreign Affairs, Bartemius Crouch Senior, our Grand Magister and leader of the Magisterium. Dukes Amos Diggory, Sirius Black, Marwyn Flint, Mulciber Nott, Frank Longbottom, Garrick Ollivander and Rabastan Lestrange of the Malteran-wizards. We also have Duke Ragnok Gringotts of the Malterans-Furlings and the Duke Anteaus Solem of the Malterans-Nox," said Harry, pointing to each member of the Imperial Council.

"You wanted to meet us urgently, could we know why, Imperatori-Rex?" Asked Freyja, intrigued.

Harry just nodded before making a simple wave of his hand to conjure up a magical image while telling the story he told the Nox again.

Once the story was over, he watched the expression of the Asgards. The latter then noticed that the majority of Malterans (in short, all except Anteaus) looked at them with ... disdain?

"We decided to rectify our mistakes, and I must admit that I am disappointed by your race. You have made one of the worst mistakes possible: You have decided to go against evolution by your fear of death. The Asgards remind me of Voldemort in a way," said Harry.

The other members of the Imperial Council nodded. The mistake of the Asgard was inexcusable.

"What do you mean?" Asked Penegal, slightly worried by the turn of events.

Harry glared at the Asgard. Marcus decided to speak.

"You have gone against our most sacred principle: Respect for the soul and evolution. Your cloning and your safeguarding of your personal memories, you have prevented the transmission of your soul in the cycle of We have an appropriate term for what you are: HORCRUX! "Marcus said with a disgusted look as he looked at the gray beings.

"It's unforgivable!" Said Marwyn Flint.

"This mistake must be corrected immediately," exclaimed Mulciber Nott.

"We can not let them go! It's our job to fix their wrongs and punish them properly!" Ragnok then shouted with a ferocious smile.

The Asgards did not feel safe anymore. They focused their attention on Harry, who was the decision maker. The latter nodded.

"It's very simple to know what we're going to do, so I'm going to ask a simple question, and the answer from the Asgards will determine what to do," Harry said, looking at Odin.

Thor was silent during the procession, but it was obvious that the question was going to be special. He just hoped they would be able to answer correctly because he knew they would not be
able to fight the Elders. After all, they had created replicators that were just toys for them.

"We are listening to you," Odin replied, his voice betraying his anxiety.

"What do you think of Humans?" Harry asked, squinting.

The Asgards felt comfortable. The question was simple, and it was obvious that humans were waiting for a sympathetic response as humans were their descendants.

"We think humans are on their way to becoming the Fifth Race," Thor replied simply.

The Asgards were then shocked when the Malterans (except Anteaus), went into an uncontrollable giggle. They were literally twisted with laughter so much the answer had amused them.

"You ... you ...", Blaise tried to say, but his laughter prevented him from expressing himself properly.

"After all, these are your descendants," Thor said, puzzled by the Malterans' laughter.

Suddenly, the laughter stopped. The Asgards quickly noticed the change in behaviour of the Malterans by seeing their black looks and pissed.

"How dare you insinuate that these dirty MUGGLES are our descendants?" Exclaimed Mulciber Nott.

Harry straightened up before glaring at the Asgard, dissatisfied. He had not appreciated this answer at all.

"You dare to compare these muggles to our glorious race? These are only failed and violent creations, barbarians with limited intelligence and bellicose behaviour. No, humans are and will NEVER be the Fifth Race. These are our creations our toys, and most importantly, our servants," Harry said, sending an icy glare at Thor, who was paralyzed on the spot.

"Your response is inadequate, and of this, no be a decision is taken."

Then Dumbledore announced, the serious look.

Harry looked at the Imperial Council, and seeing all the members nod, he looked at the Asgard High Council.

"You have gone astray, we have already found a solution to your genetic problem, and we will remedy it as soon as possible. By Imperial Decree, all Asgard will be transferred to suitable Malteran bodies and subjected to an appropriate judgment to answer for their crimes against nature.

If you agree to submit, then your sentences will be lighter, and we will allow you a member to the Imperial Council. But if you refuse, then you will be forced and you will have no rights to the Imperial Council. What's your answer? "Harry asked as he watched the little gray beings.

The Asgards stared at them, stunned. They did not expect that. They decided to consult each other all the same. They knew perfectly well that they were wrong with cloning, but the Malterans reminded them strangely of the Goa'ulds in terms of their behavior.

"We do not have the strength to fight them, and according to our calculations, only their main ship, the PENDRAGON, is capable of destroying our fleet and destroying this planet, we have no choice!" then Freyja looking at the other members of the Asgard High Council.

"We must not submit, if we must, we will die, but we will not become slaves,"

Thor countered,
confident and supported by Penegal.

The High Council voted, and unfortunately Thor's proposal was accepted. Odin looked at Harry then.

"We refuse to give in to your requests," Odin announced, looking at Harry.

It was then that Harry's smile became carnivorous, which did not bode well.

"We were looking at that answer," Harry said simply before disappearing with the Malterans in a beam of light.

Before the Asgards could react, the city began to shake and they received an alert from their fleet.

"Supreme Commander, the Malteran fleet opened fire on our ships! We can not hold, already five Beliskner were destroyed, and the O'Neill is in the process ... The O'Neill is destroyed!" one of the Asgard captains.

Odin looked at Thor.

"It's all your fault, Thor, you've led our race to ruin! Command the immediate evacuation to Olnirus!" Said the Grand Archon before teleporting to one of Orilla's evacuation vessels.

Back on the **PENDRAGON** , Harry watched with the rest of the Imperial Council the massacre.

"It's a shame the Asgards have refused to submit, whether they want it or not, they will answer for their crimes," Harry said before heading to his private quarters with his husbands.

Anteaus shook his head, but he could not do anything. The Nox had fully agreed to join the Empire, but unfortunately their former allies had gone astray.

**A few days later, SGC.**

Jack O'Neill was quietly sipping his coffee when a hologram of his old friend, Thor, made his appearance.

"Thor, man, how are things going now?" So, how's it going with the replicators? "O'Neill asked briskly.

He noticed that Thor was ... hurt? It was the first time he had seen the Asgard in this state.

"O'Neill, I have unfortunately a good and a very bad news. The replicators have been defeated, but unfortunately for us, a much worse threat has appeared, and we can not do anything about it.

This message I sent you is simply a goodbye. The Asgard race has been defeated by the Malterans who are ... "Thor began before his hologram disappeared.

O'Neill spat out his coffee, understanding the meaning of Thor's words. The Asgards had been defeated by another race while the replicators no longer exist? Who could have destroyed an entire race? He decided to immediately contact the President to inform him of the news, as well as General
Hammond on Prometheus.

This message arrived on the Daedalus that had just arrived in the Pegasus Galaxy to help the members of the Atlantis expedition against the Wraith invasion. When Hammond heard the news, he collapsed on the ground, astonishing the crew members.

On Maltera Prime.

Harry was currently in the huge building representing the Supreme Malteran Intergalactic Court. For the occasion, thousands of Malterans were present while transmission orbs flew everywhere to retrieve on the Intergalactic scale (only for the Malterans territories) the trial that was going to take place.

He was sitting in the Imperial lodge with his entire family, while Amelia Bones was going to deal with the judgment as Supreme Judge.

The accused in the centre of the room was Thor Falgrson, the former Supreme Commander of the Asgard Fleet, and now Malteran imprisoned and tried for his crimes. He was the last to be judged.

Indeed, in just a few days, the Malterans had completely conquered the Othala Galaxy and recovered that of Ida. The Asgards were all transferred into bodies, and most were quickly integrated into the Empire. However, their leaders were judged for refusing to cooperate but also for being responsible for the cloning fiasco.

"Thor Falgrson, you are here today to answer for your numerous crimes against the Malteran Intergalactic Empire. The charges are: Refusal to obey, Partial responsibility for the establishment of cloning and therefore the creation of HORCRUX, the outbreak of the Malteran-Asgard war, and finally, you are accused of disclosing compromising information to the Tellus muggles, what are you pleading? " Amelia Bones asked, looking at the Asgard.

Thor looked at the Malterans in front of him. He had, however, been able to witness the judgments of his colleagues, and he knew that according to his answer, his judgment would be different. He had seen Penegal plead not guilty, and the latter had the right to a ritual of effacement of the soul. For his part, Odin pleaded guilty, and he had simply been sentenced to 50 years' imprisonment in a high security cell in Azkaban prison on one of the Maltera Secundus continents.

"Guilty," Thor then pleaded, looking at the Malterans.

Amelia Bones nodded.

"Whereas the accused pleads guilty, we will immediately proceed to the sentence. Thor Falgrson, you will serve a hundred years sentence in the prison of Azkaban in a cell of high-security. And when you leave there, you will be able to join us. However, be aware that you will NEVER be able to gain access to a major position in our administration. The meeting is adjourned! ", Bones then decreed, striking with his ring.

Thor was immediately teleported to Maltera Secundus while the Malterans applauded vigorously (except for the Malterans-Asgards who were still in shock). That's when all the orbs focused on Harry and Harry stood up.

"My dear fellow citizens and subjects, today is a great day for our people, and today we are
celebrating the full integration of the Asgard among us, and so we are celebrating the end of the Great Alliance, which gives way to our glorious Empire!

And all this on the tenth anniversary of the Malteran Intergalactic Empire. That's why I have the honour to announce the beginning of the festivities! "Exclaimed Harry, gesturing.

Applause echoed in the hemicycle as fireworks exploded everywhere on all the planets of the Empire.

The Intergalactic Empire Malteran had in a very short time managed to develop in an extreme way. As a result, it now accounted for 54% of the Avalon Galaxy (the Goa’uld lost to Goldrin) and the Ida and Othala Galaxies.

Thanks to the absorption of the Nox, Jaffa (under Goa’uld reign, not those of the Free Jaffa Nation) and Asgards, the population had increased significantly to reach a population of two billion due to human loss (just human) very important. In addition, Harry had finally decided to implement his parasite plan by integrating the Goa’uld genetic code into the Astria Porta. Therefore, the Tok’ra’s were unable to see their discoveries because most of them had been eliminated.

Indeed, despite their important control of Avalon, the Malterans had decided not to take control of all the planets in their area yet, which explained their small population (the estimated total population of their domain being over one hundred billion inhabitants). After all, they wanted to avoid arousing the suspicions of certain races, and above all, they had other concerns, such as the deployment of the Hermione station, the recapture of Lantea, the destruction of the Wraiths and so on. In short, many things.

So for two whole months, it was party time throughout the Empire, and of course, many people participated in the Magic Tournament that was done in three major events, such as the Triwizard Tournament.

First, there was the first test. Respecting the Triwizard Tournament, the test was that of courage. In order to honour Harry, it was decided that the event would be similar to that of the Triwizard Tournament, and as a result, participants had to face dragons and other dangerous creatures to retrieve a key to unlock the door to access the Second Event. Out of more than ten thousand candidates, four thousand successfully passed the test and not a single magical creature lost its life.

The second event was more complicated, so the participants had to escape from a giant Labyrinth in an allotted time in which were various creatures, puzzles, obstacle courses and of course, their competitors. Only five hundred candidates passed this test.

Finally, there was the third event which consisted of a general melee where all the spells except the Unforgivables were allowed. It was a fantastic fight in which the candidates knew how to be creative and cunning to succeed. The big winner, raising his family to the Noble family title, was surprisingly Griphook Tarknok, one of the Malterans-Furlings.

There was also the Great Quidditch Tournament that pitted various teams, and surprisingly, the winners were the all-new Malteran-Nox team, The Furious Snare Devil. It seems that the Nox are indeed very comfortable in the air, which amused Harry. He was even more amused when he saw Charlie sulk and give a dragon gold sculpture to Anteaus, surely after losing a bet.

Three months later
Harry and his three husbands, in addition to the Imperial Council, were standing in the Magnus station in orbit of Maltera Quintus, the class F planet of the Maltera system. They watched through the windows, the huge station built by their people, called Station Hermione.

By the way, Hermione was currently finishing the explanation of the station with a big smile. When she finished her explanations, a thunder of applause rang out in the Construction Station.

She gave way to the couple Finnegan, Seamus and Dean. Indeed, Dean Finnegan had been appointed Commander of Hermione Station, and of course, his husband (and their two children) had decided to follow him.

"It is a great honor for me to be here in front of you, I sincerely thank you for your confidence in being the pioneer of our Grand Return to Lantea, and I hope I do not disappoint you," Dean announced clearly, with a big smile.

He was teleported with his husband directly to Hermione Station. It was then that the engines of Station Hermione were activated, and that the Station disappeared in a Magic window, accompanied by two Malterans ships of class Aurora.

Two days later, they received a signal from the Lantea Galaxy: The Station had deployed perfectly over Doranda in the Dorne system. The Magia Motricia was activated as it should, and the Maxi Astria Porta was now ready. The Malterans would finally be able to make their comeback in what was once called the Lantean Hegemony.

End Notes

Si, I hope you liked it. Must I stop this fiction? Must I keep writing it? I do wonder, but I know that your comments could help me.

As I said earlier, I need to know the pairing of Harry, and I already choose Charlie Weasley. Yet, I can choose more people, I need some help to know. Here are some characters I can pair harry with:

NO DRACO (he is a blonde ponce always whinning in daddies dress robe) NOR SEVERUS (death munchkin really old with a big nose) NOR RONALD (Did you really
think I would pair my poor Harry with this red walrus?), NEVER!

-Cedric Diggory (as the Hufflepuff heir, because, he really loves hufflepuff. It could unite the four houses xD)

-Neville Longbottom (long time friend revealed to be a soul mate, like a novel romance. But with who will I pair Luna after? sniff)

-Theodore Nott (One light wizard with Charlie, one dark wizard with Theo? Hm, it could be fun, and Theo being the son of two males in this story, it could be logic)

-Weasley twins (Why not, after all, two for one price, but it could be complicated to write...we'll see)

-Marcus Flint (but this time, he'll go to the dentist first, seriously, his teeth scared me in the movie, worst than a Horror movie.)

-Blaize Zabini (Hm...Italiano, sexy, well, he seems to be a good catch)

-John Sheppard (much later thought, but still possible I actually read a story base on a John/Harry fiction that I loved, and some scenes were really hot)

-Daniel Jackson (Well, why not? I mean, he technically looks like Harry, so why not? It could be fun, but what about Daniel's wife?)

-Propose one please xD It's just a list, you can present another character, I will not kill you xD

And I really need a beta corrector/reader xD

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!